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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

The Index to the Twenty-ninth Volume of Truth *will be forwarded, post-free, to any address on application to the Publishing Office,* 10, *Bolt-court, Fleet-street, E.C. The half-yearly Volume can be obtained at the same address, price* 25*s.*

ENTRE NOUS.

THE "private" wedding next Monday, upon which the Queen has insisted, is expanding into a very big affair indeed, and it will require an expert in Court functions to explain in what respect it differs from a "semi-State' ceremonial. The invited guests, who will be conveyed by special train from Paddington, are all to be seated in their places in the choir of St. George's Chapel by half-past three. The first procession up the nave and through the choir will be that of the Royal family, in which the German Emperor and Empress are to walk. Then the Queen will come in alone, attended by the Duchess of Buccleuch and Lady Ampthill, and conducted by the great officers. Then will come the bridegroom, arrayed in his military uniform, and "supported" by his father and brother. Last will come the bride, "supported" by her father, who is to give her away. After the wedding the Royalties are to "process" out of the chapel, but not in the same order, and they will at once drive back to the Castle—the bride and bridegroom going first, then the Queen, and lastly the Royal Family. The guests are to walk up to the Castle, where they will have an opportunity of refreshing themselves, and the Queen and the newly-married couple are to pass through the Waterloo Gallery while the company are there. The bride and bridegroom are to drive off to Clieveden about six o'clock, and then the guests will all depart for London.

The wedding guests have been invited from a list drawn up by Prince and Princess Christian, and approved by the Queen, who, I hear, added a few names to it on her own account. The Ministers and the wives of those who are married have been invited, and the list also includes:—

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, the Duke of Buccleuch and the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duchess of Portland, Lord and Lady Howe, Lord and Lady Bradford, Lord and Lady Wimborne, the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, Lady Dudley and Lord Dudley, Lord Calthorpe, the Bishop of Rochester and Mrs. Davidson, Lord and Lady Clanwilliam, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Lord Hartington, Lord and Lady Derby, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Dufferin, Lord and Lady Brereton, Lady Downshire, the Bishop of Ripon and Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, Canon Courtenay and Lady Caroline Courtenay, Mr. and Lady Emily Van de Weyer, Lord and Lady Coventry, Lord and Lady Ellesmere, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord and Lady Spencer, Canon Duckworth, Sir William Jenner, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lord and Lady Wharncliffe, Lord Bridport, Lord Alington and the Misses Sturt, Sir Theodore Martin, Lord and Lady Ormonde, Lord and Lady Colville, Sir Francis and Lady Jeune, Lord Rowton, Lord and Lady Wantage, Lord and Lady Willoughby De Eresby, the Dowager Lady Churchill, Lord and Lady Arran, Lord and Lady Cranborne, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, Sir Frederick Leighton, the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, Lady Lathom, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Grey, Mrs. Wellesley, Lady and Miss Biddulph, Count and Countess Deym, Count Hatzfeldt and the members of the German Embassy, Sir Edward and Lady Ermyntrude Malet, Count Albert Mensdorff, the Dean of Christ Church and Mrs. Liddell, and M. and Mdme. de Staal.

The Duke and Duchess of Anhalt, with Princess Alexandra, Prince Edward, and a numerous suite, will arrive at the Buckingham Palace Hotel this (Wednesday) afternoon.

It is not true, as has been stated, that the Queen has taken the greater part of the Buckingham Palace Hotel for the suite of the German Emperor and Empress. Only some thirty odd rooms have been taken. The "greater part of the hotel," therefore, which has recently been lit with electricity throughout, and extensively refurnished, will be open to the public as usual.

The Queen and the German Emperor and Empress are to be at the Marlborough House garden-party to-morrow week from five until six.

Emperor William is bringing over with him to England his brother-in-law, the Duke of Augustenburg, the nephew of Prince Christian, for whom his Majesty wishes to arrange a marriage with one of the daughters of the Prince of Wales, for whom the Duke would be a miserable match. He is exceedingly proud and arrogant, desperately stupid, and by no means rich.

The Prince of Wales had a long interview with the Queen at Windsor on Sunday, for the purpose of discussing and finally settling a number of infinitely perplexing and vexatious questions of etiquette and precedence which have arisen in connection with the visit of the German Emperor and Empress at the wedding next Monday. Every one is aware of the morbid sensibility of Royalties concerning all such trash; but even their vanity and folly are exceeded by those of their flunkeys, male and female, both of high and low degree. There has not been so much botheration of every sort and kind at our Court since the wranglings which distracted and divided the Royal Family at the time of the Queen's marriage. The Emperor William is a hundred times more unreasonable and exacting, and generally troublesome and tiresome, than ever was the Emperor Nicholas.

When a foreign Sovereign visits England, an elaborate programme is arranged for him, in which every hour not engrossed by meals or sleep is appropriated. The Emperor William, however, has "kicked" at the notion of having all his movements settled for him; and he telegraphed a peremptory request that his three mornings in London may be left free. He has also particularly objected to the proposed review on Wimbledon Common, saying that he "would not care for it," and adding that if there is to be any military function he would prefer to have it at Aldershot.

The Emperor's protest against the Wimbledon Review is most reasonable, for on the date fixed for it—viz., Saturday, the 11th, his Majesty and the Empress are to lunch at the German Embassy at half-past one, and afterwards they are to hold a reception of their countrymen there. Then at five o'clock their Majesties are due to arrive at the Crystal Palace. Now, under these circumstances, it is somewhat preposterous to expect them to take part in a review at Wimbledon at half-past three.

Lord George Hamilton professed his inability to inform the House of Commons on Friday night either when or where the German Emperor and Empress will arrive in England, although, by the way, the desired information was to be found in last week's TRUTH. Lord George's pretence of ignorance was most ridiculous and nonsensical, for the full programme of the Emperor's movements during his visit to this country was printed on Saturday week, directly after the Queen's arrival at Windsor Castle.

The Emperor William has invited the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Clarence to attend the German autumn manœuvres, which are to take place in the neighbourhood of Erfurt between September 14 and 19.

I hear that the military authorities have been driven nearly distracted by the inordinate requisitions of the Court Officials for troops for ornamental purposes, and for escorts and guards of honour during the Imperial visit. On the day of the Royal wedding the route from the principal door of Windsor Castle to the west entrance of St. George's Chapel is to be lined on both sides with troops, and, inasmuch as full escorts and guards of honour will be required for each and all of the Imperial and Royal personages attending the ceremony, special and costly arrangements will have to be made by the War Office for the occasion, the expense of which falls, of course, upon the country.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to proceed early on Saturday afternoon to Windsor Castle, where they will stay on a visit to the Queen until next Wednesday, when they will return to town, after attending Prince and Princess Christian's garden-party at Cumberland Lodge.

A steam launch is being built at Portsmouth for the Duke of Connaught at the public expense. The vessel is 67 ft. long, and she is constructed of oak and teak, with a speed of eleven knots, and her fittings are to be "very handsome." This seems to be a most profligate waste of money; for, surely, among the numerous small craft at Portsmouth, one might have been found which could be made available for the Duke's use. His predecessors in the Portsmouth command contrived to get along very well without any such vessel, and, inasmuch as the Duke is not often afloat on service business, he might have been content to obtain a yacht from the Port Admiral whenever he required one.

It is a pity that the Duke of Connaught was induced to associate himself with any function in connection with that egregious offspring of the aberrations of the "upper clergy," the Church House. Nine-tenths of the Church people in this country strongly disapprove of such hide-bound cobwebberies as the wasting of large sums of money on the erection of what will be, practically, a clerical club; and all sensible persons would have greatly preferred to see the funds which have been raised devoted to some really useful and praiseworthy object. The essentially idiotic nature of the whole scheme is shown by the fact that the Church House is estimated to cost £250,000, of which only £84,000 has been raised, after several years of most vigorous begging and canvassing. The site has cost £52,000, £8,000 has been expended in fitting up temporary premises, and £24,000 remains with which to construct a Church House the great hall of which alone is estimated to cost £25,000.

The *St. James's Gazette* is wonderstruck that the Emperor of Austria, although he has reigned for forty-three years, "had never set foot in any sense upon British territory" until he last week went on board the flagship of the Mediterranean Squadron at Fiume. As a matter of fact, the Emperor Francis Joseph did pay a flying visit to England a few years ago, in the course of a tour which he made through Normandy and Brittany; but he maintained the very strictest incognito during his travels, and had only an equerry and a couple of confidential servants with him, so that his identity was never discovered; nor was it known in Vienna that his Majesty was abroad, as it was officially announced that he was residing at one of his hunting-seats in the remote recesses of the Styrian Alps.

Prince George of Wales is to return from the West Indies early in August, when he will vacate the command of the *Thrush*, and go on leave for two or three months, and he will accompany his mother to Denmark, where she is going to pass six or seven weeks during this autumn.

The affairs of the Congo—financial and otherwise—appear likely to cause a European scandal, which may have most serious consequences in Belgium. Colonel Williams, of the United States Army, who knows the whole subject thoroughly, has just published a pamphlet in which he makes a ruthless exposure of the financial speculations of certain very highly placed personages, and the matter is to be discussed in the Belgian Chambers.

For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 40 in the present issue.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 41.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see page 42.

Sir Henry Ewart and General Lynedoch-Gardiner are to proceed to-day to Windsor Castle, as Equerries-in-Waiting on the Queen, in succession to Colonel Byng and Colonel Carington, and they will remain on duty until her Majesty goes to Osborne.

Lady Ampthill will be succeeded next Tuesday, as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, by Lady Downe, who is to accompany the Court to Osborne; and she will be replaced on the 21st by Lady Antrim, who stays until August 1, and then the Dowager-Duchess of Athole arrives for her second and last wait of this year. Lady Ampthill is to stay on at the Castle until after the departure of the German Emperor and Empress on Wednesday afternoon.

Many indignant communications have been addressed to me respecting the recent dance at a Fancy Dress Ball at Ootacamund, in which Lord Wenlock, Sir James Dormer, and half-a-dozen officers masqueraded as fiends, with horns and tails, and performed a quadrille with eight ladies disguised as "reluctant" angels. The performance appears to have created much excitement in Madras, especially in religious circles. I am always reluctant to express an opinion on a matter of taste; but I really cannot see why, if there is no objection to a lady appearing at a ball as Mary Stuart, or Cleopatra, or Pope Joan, or to a gentleman figuring as Charles II., or Tippoo Sahib, either fiends or angels should be excluded from these entertainments. Probably we shall have this ballet reproduced over here, with aristocratic mashers in search of heiresses figuring as the fiends, and American heiresses in search of aristocratic mashers as "reluctant" angels.

The weather was only partly propitious during Lord Zetland's visit to Limerick. It did not, however, prevent the carrying out of any portion of the Viceregal programme. The Lord Lieutenant visited the Horse Show on two afternoons, besides which he had a general "look round" at all the Limerick industries, prominent among which are bacon and lace. On Friday evening, the ball got up in his honour at the Rink, in Limerick, was highly successful. The number of pretty women present fully sustained the South of Ireland reputation for beauty. Lord Zetland was accompanied by Lord Craven and Captain Lumley. He and his suite go for some fishing on the Shannon, to stay with Lord and Lady Massey, at Hermitage, Castle Connell. Lady Zetland's absence was the only disappointment of the visit. The ornamental rôle being the leading one in Viceregal functions, the play was shorn of much attraction, though the part of Hamlet was not absolutely left out.

Mr. Hulse, M.P., writes to the *Wiltshire County Mirror* to explain his gift to the Prince of Wales of baccarat counters, as "the Editor of Truth has ingeniously attempted to connect my name with the recent Baccarat case, presumably for political purposes." "It is true," he says, "that I gave some time ago to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales a box of leather counters manufactured in Vienna, such as are in common use in all round games on the Continent." I can assure Mr. Hulse that in stating this I had no deep political design. As he is a Conservative, I trust that he will be beaten at the next General Election; but, low as my opinion of the intelligence of Conservatives is, I should hardly suppose that any one of them is likely to be deterred from voting for him because he gave some counters to the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Gladstone's attack of influenza was more serious than was known. For some days his temperature was so high that there was serious cause for anxiety. When he caught a fresh cold, this affected his bronchial chords, but there were no serious symptoms. At present he is rapidly regaining his strength.

Mr. Morley has been more weakened by the influenza than Mr. Gladstone. It is not probable that he will take any further part in the business of the House of Commons during the present session. He has been ordered rest and change of air.

The young lady to whom Lord Ailsa is engaged is not, as has been erroneously reported, an American, but a pure-bred Scotch lass. Both her father and mother came, I am told, from a village near Crieff. The father went out when a lad to India, and made his pile, in the approved Scotch fashion, and while so engaged sent home for his sweetheart, who came out and married him. Those who are anxious for the perpetuation of our old nobility, ought to rejoice to see them breaking through the fatal traditions of caste in the way that Lord Ailsa has done.

Several papers, in their account of the wedding of Miss Alberta Ponsonby, have credited her with tastes and accomplishments which are as purely imaginative as the statement that her mother, Lady Ponsonby, was one of George Eliot's most imtimate friends.

Sir William and Lady Gordon-Cumming intend to pass the shooting season at Gordonstoun, their place near Elgin, as Altyre was let several months ago to Mr. Agnew until November.

Lord Carlingford, who proceeded to Ireland on leaving Chewton Mendip Priory, his place in Somersetshire, has returned to town after a brief stay at Ravensdale Park, co. Louth, and he is going shortly to Switzerland for two months. I regret to hear that the recent improvement in Lord Carlingford's health has not been maintained.

The death of Mr. Turnbull, of Abbey St. Bathans, is much regretted at Edinburgh and in Berwickshire. He was one of the most eminent Writers to the Signet in Scotland, and had a large and lucrative business, in which he succeeded his father. He was a thoroughly sound lawyer, and really loved his profession. Mr. Turnbull inherited a fine estate in Berwickshire, and Abbey St. Bathans is one of the most charming country seats in the south of Scotland. Its late owner took a most active and prominent part in all county and local business, and really rendered invaluable services to his neighbours, for during a number of years he practically bore the burden of Berwickshire affairs. He was a very liberal landlord, and a large and generous employer of labour. Mr. Turnbull

was a staunch Liberal, and at any time he could have come into Parliament for Berwickshire. It was mainly through his influence and energy that Mr. Robertson, of Ladykirk (afterwards Lord Robertson) carried the county for the Liberals at the famous election of 1857, when the Tories brought forward the late Sir John Majoribanks, of Lees, who was a nephew of the Liberal candidate. Mr. Turnbull became a Unionist in 1881, principally, his friends believed, because he dreaded that a Liberal triumph would bring about the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland.

Lord Lovat's celebrated Killin shootings, in Inverness-shire, on Loch Ness, which extend over 17,000 acres, have been let for the year to Sir Robert Harvey, of Langley Park.

Major H. E. Stuart-Wortley, who now holds a staff appointment at Aldershot, is to inherit Highcliff Castle, the late Lady Waterford's charming place on the Solent, near Christchurch.

The Doncaster Show of the Royal Agricultural Society was in every way a great success, the exhibits being of a high class, and the number of visitors who passed the gates having been exceeded only on two previous occasions. Lord Polwarth carried everything before him with Shorthorn cattle, obtaining four first prizes and the championship. Lord Coventry, as usual, did remarkably well with Herefords, and Mr. Colman equally so with Red-polls. In Shire horses the honours fell to Mr. F. Crisp, Mr. Walter Gilbey, and Mr. J. Rowell. The Prince of Wales's victory with Southdown sheep was very popular in the yard, and is a feather in the cap of Mr. Frank Beck, who has recently succeeded his father, Mr. Edmund Beck, in the management of the Sandringham flock and herd.

Mr. James Blyth's Jersey herd showed well, taking a first prize for cows and the second for heifers. Two first prizes were also secured by the Jersey butter from the new model dairy which has just been erected at Stanstead; and Mr. Blyth also scored minor successes among the Shire horses and Southdown sheep.

The largest house-parties for the Show were those of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, at Wentworth Woodhouse (I gave a list of their guests last week), and of the Duke of Portland (men only) at Welbeck, where Lords Bridport, Houghton, Ribblesdale, Lathom, Mount-Edgcumbe, Wharncliffe, Ravensworth, and Combermere were entertained.

The statement in last week's *World* that Mrs. Grimwood was present at the Commissionaires' parade on the previous Sunday is entirely without foundation.

A very interesting little work has been sent to me apropos of the description which I recently published of the fashions which are alleged to govern public bathing by ladies in certain parts of Eastern Europe. The book in question is a reprint, with a French translation (published at Paris, 1876), of an account of the baths of Bade (or Baden), in the canton of Zurich, as they appeared in the fifteenth century to that distinguished Florentine ecclesiastic, Poggio Bracciolini, or, as his French translator calls him, "Pogge." Poggio appears to have gone over to this festive spot as a relief from his official labours at the Council of Constance, then sitting, and there is little room to doubt that he found all the distraction that he was in search of. A more lively narrative could hardly be written in a dead language.

At Bade Poggio found not only ladies of all ages bathing *coram populo* in the public baths, as described by my correspondent in Roumania, but men, old and young, disporting themselves by their side in the water. In the private establishments a barrier separated the sexes, but it was pierced with little windows at which the parties on either side could chat and take refreshments together. Around the baths were corridors and promenades, open to the public, to which the bathers of both sexes would betake themselves, and where those from one bath came to make calls upon those in another, "*visendi, colloquendi, jocandi, ac laxandi animi gratia.*" The learned Florentine evidently spent much of his time here; in fact, he admits that he could do nothing but run from one bath to another. In common with the rest of the distinguished party from Constance, he received many invitations to join one or other of the water picnics that were always going on. The other clerics accepted with alacrity, but Poggio preferred to remain a mere spectator—not, he is careful to explain, from any sense of delicacy, which would have been, under the circumstances, out of place, but on account of his ignorance of the language. It would have appeared ridiculous, he thinks, for an Italian gentleman to be rollicking in the water with a party of ladies without having a word to say to them, and unable to do anything but eat and drink in silence.

I am strongly of opinion that this little book should be translated into English, and distributed among our County Councillors at the expense of the ratepayers. Zæo, "in her modest attire," would appear to be excessively, not to say prudishly, dressed, by comparison with the fair Germans on whom Poggio feasted his eyes at Baden; and when the younger damsels indulged, as seems to have been the regular practice, in various sports and exercises, even such clothing as they wore appears to have become the merest matter of form. The attire of the male bathers, on the other hand, at any rate in the public baths, was apparently identical with that still in vogue at English watering-places. Yet no one thought any harm. So far from that, a company of nuns arrived on one occasion, and, having temporarily laid aside the veil, mingled with the other bathers. The Italian repeatedly expresses his amazement at the simplicity of the good Germans, but he never breathes a doubt of its sincerity, and he winds up with a panegyric on their manners "so different from ours." Had he been possessed by the modern spirit of Purity, he would have denounced the licentious depravity of the place, and would have called aloud for laws and policemen and Vigilance Associations to make the people virtuous. So completely has virtue, in the eyes of the virtuous, come to be regarded as a question of clothes!

To the Member for South Paddington.

[After reading the First of his Letters from Mashona-land.]

If this, then, Lord Randolph, 's the best you can do,
When, freed from political fetters,
You begin your account of your African tour
In your series of much-bepuffed letters;
If this is the smartest account you can give
Of your recent Mashona-land gadding,
Why it's clear that, as Member for Paddington, you
Are quite at home also with padding.

Can it truly be you, though, who penn'd that dry stuff
About tropical plants in Madeira?
Was it you, too, who prosed just as though your Cape trip
Was something quite new in this era?
And, in sooth, was it you who such interest felt
In the swifts which your steamer would follow?
Was it you who dilated about flying-fish,
And found the cook's efforts so hollow?

No, no, when one reads all the twaddling report
Of your tour, and has leisure to note it,
The strongest of efforts, Lord Randolph, it needs
To make one believe that *you* wrote it.
For where is the banter we look for from you,
The dashing and vigorous rallies;
Oh, where, I'd inquire, is your strong common sense,
Your satire, your humorous sallies?

However, if you in reality penned
That description—so often done better—
Of what was the life every day upon deck—
The details of which fill your letter;
If 'twas you, past all doubt, who described how you yawned,
And idled, and gambled, and quoited,
If 'twas you who have worked with such dulness profound,
A field that long since was exploited,

Then pray, dear Lord Randolph, permit me to say
That your present your past life impeaches,
For if you can write but dull letters like this,
Why, how could you make such smart speeches?
Nor can you protest, if I ask the "ghost's" name,
To whom we have owed our enjoyment;
And why, in consistency's much-abused name,
You do not *still* give him employment?

Lord Randolph Churchill's luck on the turf did not desert him in South Africa. Having been made an honorary member of the principal Club at Capetown, he took a ticket in the Derby sweep and drew Common.

A letter from Kimberley informs me that Lord Randolph Churchill expressed himself in by no means flattering terms respecting the country he had traversed to Sir Sidney Sheppard, the Administrator of British Bechuanaland. Dr. Jameson, the Chief Lieutenant of Mr. Rhodes, has informed Lord Randolph that he declines to guarantee either the safety of himself or his party when in Mashona-land. In all probability Mr. Rhodes is not very desirous to have any one who is not absolutely dependent upon him taking notes. The fact is, that this Chartered South African Company is like the penny-gaff of old: "all platform outside, and nothing within." It is simply Company-promoting on a gigantic scale, and this is beginning to dawn upon the silly people who bought its shares. Not long ago the £1 shares were sold for £6 or £7; at present they can be bought at a little above par. What amount of money out of the capital subscribed is now unexpended? Very little, I suspect, and that little is diminishing every day. Even assuming that the country under the sway of the Company is rich in agricultural and mineral wealth, years will elapse before it can be made a paying asset, and during these years millions will have to be expended without any return. In the meantime, the ingenuous Mr. Rhodes must be carefully watched, otherwise the British taxpayer will find himself playing the monkey to that worthy's cat.

The marble statue of the late Emperor Frederick, by Sir Edgar Boehm, which the Queen has placed in the south aisle of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, originally cost her Majesty about £200; and there has just been a considerable extra expenditure on this work of art in consequence of two very ornate shields, which bear the German and Prussian arms, having been placed upon the base.

Professor Anton von Werner, the well-known German painter, has arrived in London from Berlin, having been commissioned by the Emperor to paint a series of pictures representing the principal scenes during his Majesty's visit to England, the first of which is to depict the Emperor and Empress's reception by the Queen and the Royal Family at Windsor Castle.

With reference to the future destination of Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, "The Light of the World," Messrs. Clarke & Micklethwaite, the architects of the side chapel at Keble inform me that they consider the picture unsuited for an altar-piece in that building, and, as Mr. Holman Hunt is of the same opinion, the picture is to be hung at the side of the chapel, wherever the best light can be obtained.

Lord Normanby's library from Mulgrave Castle, Yorkshire, which was sold at Sotheby's the other day, realised only £800, most of the lots going very cheap indeed.

The letter which I recently published from Mr. Felix Joseph respecting the spelling of the name commonly written "Buhl," has called forth a vast number of rejoinders and corrections. One of my correspondents insists that it is a "conventional error" to spell the artist's name "Boule." Mr. Joseph, however, from whom I have had a further communication, points to the catalogues of several famous collections in Paris in support of his contention, and I see that he is also backed up by Mr. George Augustus Sala, whose authority I regard as pretty well conclusive on a matter of this kind.

Herr Wurm, the leader of Herr Wurm's White Band, writes:—

Dear Sir,—In the "Letter from the Linkman," in your issue of June 25, it is stated that Herr Drescher's band played for Lady Hillingdon at Camelford House last week, and also at Lady Headfort's dance,

As my "White Band" had the honour of playing at both Lady Headfort's balls as well as at Camelford House, I shall be extremely obliged if you will correct the error.

Superfluous Hairs, Wrinkles, &c., permanently and painlessly removed by Electrolysis, at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-st., London, W. Special Consulting-rooms are set apart for Ladies. Experienced nurses are in daily attendance. Terms moderate.

The Carpet Beating Season.—The *Queen* says, "A good place to get your carpets cleaned is the Compressed Air Carpet and Tapestry Cleaning Co., Brook Green, Hammersmith. Dust blown out. No beaters.

There was a funny incident at Cambridge on the occasion of the recitation of the prize exercises and the conferring of honorary degrees. The Vice-Chancellor had just placed himself at the table, with all the medals spread out before him, when there was a shout from the gallery: "Have you brought your own counters with you?"

Mr. C. G. Montefiore has founded a yearly prize at Girton College, as a memorial of his late wife, and has endowed it with £1,700.

A bazaar was held last week at Bath College, for the purpose of clearing off a debt of £400 on the College chapel, and providing a further sum for the purchase of an organ. To whom does this school belong, and how are the profits, if any, derived from the management applied? I have been given to understand that it is owned by a joint-stock Company, and that the profits belong, in the ordinary course, to the shareholders. Is this possible? Because, if that is the state of the case, here we have a joint-stock Company appealing to charity for purposes which ought to be provided for by the capital of the shareholders. A bazaar might just as well be held for the purpose of paying the dividends.

The President of Queen's College, Galway had, I think, more advantage than he was entitled to by my publication last week of his letter respecting the college accounts before I had communicated with my original correspondent. I have now not only heard from my first correspondent, but I have obtained the original report of the Queen's College for the year in question, my remarks having been founded upon an extract. I was, perhaps, inaccurate in speaking of "last year's report," the year referred to being 1888-89. It appears that the sum entered as the "stipend to college auditor" is £12. 12s The bursar's name is, as I originally stated, the only one attached to the accounts, and as the President has not traversed my suggestion that the bursar was paid for auditing his own accounts, I conclude that the twelve guineas did go to the bursar.

The only other question is as to who received the £50 credited to the "Delegate to University of Bologna?" Dr. Moffett, the President, says "the President was not that representative." I, of course, accept his statement. But I am assured by a gentleman who ought to know what he is talking about that *a* Dr. Moffett appeared as the representative of the College. This is, perhaps, explained by the fact that the name of Moffett is borne also by the Professor of English Literature and History, and by the Professor of Logic and Metaphysics. I should, perhaps, understand the whole mystery if I knew how many Dr. Moffetts there are, and which of them was the delegate of Queen's College at Bologna. But the question would still remain, why it was necessary for the Queen's College at Galway to pay £50 to a delegate at Bologna, while no such expense was incurred by the Colleges at Belfast and Cork.

The jubilee of the restoration (under Dr. Hook) of the famous parish church of Leeds is to be celebrated this month. On Sunday, the 12th, the Archbishop of Canterbury is to preach in the morning, Bishop Barry in the afternoon, and the Bishop of Hereford in the evening. On the 19th the Bishop of Derry is to preach in the morning, and the Bishop-nominate of Truro in the evening. There will be special choral services on the evenings of Wednesday, the 15th, and on Friday, the 17th, at which the preachers will be the Bishop of Chester and the Bishop of Ripon respectively.

I learn that the new Bishops of Truro and Lichfield are to be consecrated together by the Primate on August 24, probably in St. Paul's Cathedral. They will do homage to the Queen, at Osborne, a day or two afterwards, so that they can both get to work in their respective Dioceses by the first week in September.

Lord Grimthorpe has delivered himself of a weighty and seasonable protest against the nonsensical ceremony known as the "confirmation" of Bishops. The fact is that the previous ceremony of election is equally useless, and both ought to be abolished forthwith. They continue to exist only in order to multiply the fees which are payable by newly-appointed Prelates, and they cause an inordinate and most inconvenient delay between the period of appointment and the date when the Bishop commences his diocesan work.

The Vicarage of Lewisham, which is vacant through the appointment of Canon Legge to the See of Lichfield, is Lord Dartmouth's family living, and is worth about £1,200 a year, with house. His Lordship, however, loses the patronage on this occasion in consequence of the promotion of the Vicar to the Episcopal Bench, and the presentation falls to Mr. W. H. Smith.

Lord Salisbury has made a very good appointment to the deanery of Worcester. Dr. Forrest is an Evangelical of the enlightened school, of which the Bishop of Winchester and Dean Vaughan are the leaders. He is a most eloquent preacher, and during the last twenty-one years he has been one of the most prominent and successful parish clergymen in London.

The Royal Commission on Westminster Abbey has made its report. The Commissioners consisted of three practical men, who knew that the size of a coat must depend upon the size of the cloth, and of three unpractical men. The former suggest that, if the Abbey is to be enlarged, there is a vacant space belonging to the Abbey lying immediately south of the great cloister on which the enlargement could be made at small cost; the latter suggest that half-a-

Surgeon-Major Cuffe, M.R.C.S., Clarges-street, W., writes:—"Pepsalia promotes the digestive process of food. It cannot be too highly recommended." Pepsalia used as table-salt, and in similar quantities, absolutely effects digestion, and restores dyspeptics to a condition of health and comfort. In bottles, 1s. and 2s., from chemists, or G. & G. Stern, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

Osler's Crystal Glass.—China—Table Decorations.—Patterns or illustrations free of charge.—Osler's, 100, Oxford-street, W. Manufactory, Birmingham.

dozen houses should be pulled down to throw open the view of the Chapter House, and that a dead-house should then be erected on the site, which would again mask the Chapter House. If the Dean is a wise man he will act on the former suggestion, provided that he can obtain the funds needed by public subscription. He is not likely to obtain any public money for either plan, as the taxpayers consider that it is silly to enlarge the Abbey for distinguished corpses of the future, when there is room in St. Paul's for more distinguished corpses than are likely to need a last home in the next five centuries.

The preachers at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, during this month will be: the Sub-Dean, next Sunday; the Rev. A. L. B. Peile, Master of St. Catherine's Hospital, on the 12th; Prebendary Harry Jones, on the 19th; and Prebendary William Rogers, on the 26th.

Bishop Wilkinson, who is residing at Eastbourne, has refused to take the pension (£1,000 a year) to which he is entitled on resigning the See of Truro. His successor, Dr. Gott, who possesses a large fortune, will, therefore, receive the full stipend (£3,000 a year) from the date of his appointment.

The resignation of the Rev. E. L. Berthon, who has been vicar of Romsey for more than thirty years, is much regretted in that town and throughout the neighbourhood. He has made himself widely known as being one of the most popular and active parish clergymen in the diocese of Winchester, and his very eloquent and forcible sermons have brought him a great reputation. Mr. Berthon has interested himself most zealously in the restoration of Romsey Abbey—which, indeed, is almost entirely his work. His income from the living has always been expended on the curates and in the parish generally.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells, who has just started for a two months' holiday, has appointed Bishop Bromby, late of Tasmania, to be his "episcopal curate." Bishop Bromby is to reside in the neigbourhood of Taunton, and it is understood that he will relieve the Bishop of the diocese (who is in his eighty-fourth year) of confirmations and other routine work.

Your recent statement, Edmund, that "the living of Oswestry is one of the most important in North Wales," would be fairly accurate but for the fact that Oswestry is not in North Wales at all. The town is situated in Shropshire. The Church, indeed, treats it as in Wales, the living being in the diocese of Bangor. But are we to consider the views of the Church and the *World* as identical?

A gathering of all the Sunday School teachers of the diocese, to the number of about 1,200, was held a few days back at Chichester. The party were taken round the Cathedral and other places of interest, and regaled with a sumptuous tea by the Dean and Chapter. The idea originated with Dean Pigou, and might be usefully borrowed by other Deans.

The great subject of gossip at Rome just now is the deficit in St. Peter's Pence funds, which is said to amount to upwards of £500,000, of which at least £200,000 is absolutely lost. Monsignor Folchi, the administrator, has been made to resign his office; and the accounts of the fund are being investigated by a commission of Cardinals nominated by the Pope. Monsignor Folchi is reported to have lent large sums to many of the Italian nobles, nearly all of whom are in serious pecuniary difficulties, and very necessitous, so that they are unlikely to be able to repay their debts to the Vatican, and the late administrator is accused of having acted without due authority. It is also alleged that some of the Monsignor's investments have turned out very badly.

A correspondent expresses a justifiable astonishment that the following flagrantly blasphemous advertisement should have been suffered to appear in a recent number of a journal entitled *The Christian*:—

Wonderful Symbolical Plant.—Calvary Clover, leaves three in one, with blood-like spot, seed vessels surrounded with mimic crown of thorns. Grows freely in pot or open ground. Healthy plants, two for 1s. free.

The Society of Typists intends to have its second meeting at the Westminster Town-hall to-day (Wednesday). The objects of the society are excellent. They wish by means of certificates to keep up the standard of work, and to see that a fair price be paid for efficient work. There is, I fear, a good deal of sweating in type-writing. Whilst the public are charged a reasonable price, in many instances the women and others employed by agencies &c., are ground down.

I find that I did an injustice to Mrs. Horlock, whose "Holiday Homes" at Southend have been doing excellent work for many years past, by stating in a recent number of Truth that she published no balance-sheet. I have just seen the reports of the Home for the last three years, and each of them contains both an audited balance-sheet and a list of subscribers. Mrs. Horlock's Homes are available for all classes of the working population, but they are specially designed for the benefit of factory girls and the working classes; and no one can question that the money given to these objects is well spent.

The following amounts have been sent to me towards Lady Jeune's fund for sending poor and sickly London children into the country for a holiday:—W. N. G., 10s. 6d.; South Walian, 2s. 6d.; A. J. T., £1; Mrs. F. Edis, 5s.; Mrs. Inson, £1. 1s.; C. H. T., 5s.; P. M., £2. 2s.; Mrs. Frank Brace, £1; O. R. D., £5; Sylvia and Jessop Shield, £5.

Race Meetings, Picnic and Boating Parties. Luncheons packed with service complete. All Luncheons supplied are high-class, at moderate prices. Detailed list and estimates on application to Morel Bros., Cobbett, & Son, Ltd, 186, Piccadilly; 18 and 19, Pall Mall; 143, Regent-street.

Electric Light without Glare.—The new Patent Bead Ray Diffuser, the only possible means of preventing glare without decreasing the light, will fit on any existing electric lamp. Sample forwarded, carriage paid, 7s. 6d.—Rashleigh Phipps & Dawson, 53, Berners-street, W.

A most outrageous job has been quietly perpetrated at the War Office for the benefit of Lord Wolseley, who has so long pulled the strings at that hot-bed of favouritism and nepotism. The Irish command has always been a Lieutenant-General's berth, with emoluments amounting to £2,558 a year. It has now been made the command of a full General, the result being that Lord Wolseley will in future receive £3,588 a year. This has been done without a shadow of justification, and Parliament has not been consulted in any way whatever. There never was a worse job, even in the scandalous times when the Duke of York ruled at the Horse Guards.

I have received a strong, but very reasonable, complaint from a military correspondent as to the lavish manner in which honours and rewards have been dispensed during the last eight years among the officers who had the good fortune to participate in Lord Wolseley's burlesque campaign which terminated at Tel-el-Kebir. My correspondent points out that the last Birthday Gazette actually gives C.B.'s to several officers for no other reason than that they played in that Egyptian farce, and he contends, with reason, that it is a grave scandal that there should be so heavy and so long-continued a storm of decorations, considering the miserably meagre manner in which real hard fighting in India and Burmah has usually been rewarded.

A perennial subject of complaint with men in the ranks is the amount levied from them in subscriptions to various regimental funds, and the absence of any voice or control on their part in the spending of the money. I came across a soldier the other day who was subscribing to four several "funds," for all of which, though the subscription is nominally optional, his contribution was deducted without the preliminary formality of asking his consent. At the least, as this man justly observed, those who did him the favour to take his money from him in this way, might pay him the further compliment of informing him what they did with it. But no account has he ever seen in connection with any of the "funds."

That much of the money collected in this way is muddled away by commanding officers without the slightest regard to the tastes or wishes of those to whom it belongs, may be judged from the following experience in a certain artillery battery. An officer who some time back took over the command of this battery instantly spent £12 out of the regimental funds on the purchase of a small portable gymnastic apparatus—a very useful thing, no doubt, but one which, if necessary for the men, ought to be provided for them by the Government; certainly not one which they ought to be compelled to provide for themselves. The next step of the same officer was to furnish all the barrack window-sills with flower-boxes — a very good thing for the man who got the order, but not for the occupants of the barracks, if they happened to have no taste for horticulture. At the end of a month this officer was superseded. His successor at once furnished the barrack-room walls with a whole gallery of pictures. Next, he served out somebody's "Harness Composition," in order that the valises of the force might be made to shine better. Then, not being satisfied with the appearance of the forage-caps, he served out new ones all round—still out of the same funds. If Tommy Atkins did not feel aggrieved at his money being spent for him in this way, would he not be more than human?

A correspondent, writing on the subject of Soldiers' Institutes, tells me that the only purely unsectarian establishment of this kind that he has discovered is situated at Dover. This Dover Institute appears to be simply a comfortable, sensibly-managed club, where, for a very modest subscription, men can meet, talk, read the papers, play billiards, cards, or chess, and procure all kinds of refreshments, including beer. There is no "room set apart for religious instruction," and nobody appears to feel the want of it. This seems to me to be precisely what a Soldiers' Institute should be. But this institute, of course, was not allowed to share in the benefits of the Military Exhibition.

The following excellent remarks on this subject are sent to me by an officer who has had large experience in the management of Soldiers' Homes at Shorncliffe, Chatham, and elsewhere, and who had an active share in the promotion of last year's Military Exhibition:—

> The Church of England Soldiers' Institutes are described as being "*absolutely unsectarian and non-proselytising.*" I deny that this description is by any means a correct one. It is true that men of every religion are freely admitted to the Homes, but a room is set apart for religious instruction by the Church of England Chaplain and the Church of England Scripture-reader on certain days in the week, while the Homes are closed to the teaching of the Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, and other religious bodies. Why should not any of the latter have equal right to use this room?
>
> I hold that the Soldiers' Institute should be the *Soldiers' Club*, just as much as the working man's club is his club, and while I would not allow beer or spirits to be sold (at all events just yet), I would knock on the head very much of the religious intolerance that goes on in many of the Soldiers' Homes that are supported by the public but not by the soldier. What are called "social evenings" are got up, and these as a rule mean a lecture on intemperance, diversified by the singing of a hymn. In some of the Soldiers' Homes—notably those excellent ones ruled by Miss Daniell—secular music is encouraged, but in most of our Church of England homes this is not encouraged in any way. You have only to go down to Chatham and compare the working of the Soldiers' Institute, ruled over by a committee of officers in Chatham barracks, with Miss Daniell's Home in another part of the town, to find my remarks thoroughly endorsed. Had I known that no Soldiers' Home, except those immediately under the control of the Garrison Church of England chaplains, were to benefit from the funds of the late R.M.E., I, in common with many other officers, would have declined to lend a helping hand to this Exhibition.
>
> If Soldiers' Institutes are to be really popular, they should be made more *secular*, and those who use them should be invited to pay a small nominal subscription and help the management. They would then be looked on with more favour by Tommy Atkins than they are at present, and he should be allowed to share in the management of his club, instead of the whole management being vested, as it now is, in the manager of the Home, who takes, in addition to most of the profits of the bar, a substantial salary from the fund provided annually by a too-confiding public.

There is an anomaly, which certainly deserves attention in the present pay of the orderly-room sergeants in the Royal Artillery, who receive sixpence a day less than the sergeants in the same regiment. Why? There can be no reason. In infantry regiments an O. R. sergeant begins at twopence a day more than an ordinary sergeant; in the cavalry the pay is the same. If it be argued that the O. R. sergeant is practically a clerk, and does lighter duty than his messmates, the fact remains that a military staff clerk, whose duties are very similar, commences at 3s. 6d., rising to 5s., against the O. R. sergeants' 2s. 8d. rising to 4s. 2d. I imagine that the special treatment meted out to these men in the Royal Artillery is the

result of an accidental oversight, and, as the R.A. orderly-room sergeants are so very few in number, there ought to be no delay in putting the matter right.

I have received the following further letter from Mr. Sidney Low in reference to a report to which I called the attention of the Committee of the Light Brigade Relief Fund last week. The subscribers to the fund will, no doubt, be glad to read it:—

Light Brigade Relief Fund, 20, Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, S.W., June 27, 1891.

Sir,—In your issue of the 25th inst. you assert that a "statement" has reached you to the effect that more than half of this fund is to be used to erect a statue to the dead Balaclava heroes, instead of being employed, as the subscribers intended, to assist the living veterans of the Light Brigade. Be good enough to allow me to inform your readers that this statement is an absolute falsehood, without a shadow of foundation or justification. No such suggestion has been made to the Committee; nor, if it had been, could so gross a breach of trust have been contemplated for a moment.—I am, your obedient servant,

Sidney J. Low,
Hon. Secretary, Light Brigade Relief Fund.

In the Manchester *Sunday Chronicle* of last week, the writer who has been dealing with this subject confirms the view which I formed of Mr. Low's contradiction of the previous allegations in regard to Richardson. He also gives his reasons for declining to accept the statements of the Committee respecting the relief which has been distributed. I really cannot act any longer as an intermediary in the interesting quarrel between these two parties; but I would suggest to Mr. Low that it would be more effective if he were to state his version of the facts relied on by my Manchester contemporary, instead of contenting himself with generally branding his critic's statements as "lies." This polemical style, however suitable to party journalism, is a little out of place in the office of a public charity.

A grievance, which I recently noticed in the case of certain N.C.O.'s, appears to press specially hard upon bandsmen. By an Order of last year, a bandsmen who incurs an entry in the regimental books is struck off the Band establishment for three months certain, and, failing a vacancy, may have to wait a considerable time before he recovers his position. The effect of this is to deprive him, at the completion of his twenty-one years, of his title to pension for "continuous service" in his particular rank, which, in the case of a full-corporal or bandsmen of twelve years' "continuous service," amounts to 1s. 8d. per diem. So far, this is practically the same thing as I pointed out the other day in the case of a sergeant, but I understand that bandsmen are liable to suffer specially, inasmuch as in some regiments, at any rate, they do not get a warning before punishment. I am strongly of opinion that, in any case, a man ought to have a vested right to pension in proportion to the years he has served, and that he ought never to lose it unless for some offence of extreme gravity. To impose a life-long punishment for one momentary venial transgression is utterly indefensible.

With reference to my recent remarks upon the invidious position occupied by officers in the Coast Brigade of the Royal Artillery, an officer in that branch of the service writes:—

I fear that it will be longer than you think before the arbitrary barrier is removed which excludes us from higher promotion, at present surrounds us must be broken down. An officer in the R.A. who has served in the ranks is for the present, with very few exceptions, treated as an outcast from Society by his brother officers. Their example is followed by others, including civilians, who systematically exclude the "ranker" from such social attentions as they bestow on other bearers of her Majesty's commission. I wonder how many "rankers" who are now serving at Woolwich, or have been stationed there, have been made honorary members of the mess. I am told that they have a room in some hotel.

This is the very quintessence of offensive and brutal snobbishness. But my view is that it is fostered and encouraged by the official stigma laid upon the Coast Brigade officers, and that nothing better can be expected until the regulations are altered.

Lord Wantage's Commission of Inquiry into the unpopularity of the army—for this is what it really amounts to—has examined a host of witnesses, consisting of military officers high up in the service, but it has totally ignored the views of the non-commissioned officers. Now, surely it is perfectly obvious that the only way to obtain valuable information as to the real cause of military discontent is to question the representative classes, and not those who are completely out of touch with the men. Under the circumstances, it is impossible to hope for any good result from the inquiry.

With reference to the report that the vacancy consequent on the retirement of Colonel La Coste, of the Chatham Division of the Royal Marines, may possibly be filled by the return of Major Hobart to the Active from the Seconded list, an officer writes:—

In a corps like the Royal Marines, when the seconding of an officer for his own convenience means a reduction in the number of officers on the foreign service roster available for sea service, and hence the chances of a more frequent embarkation and increased regimental duties to those remaining to do the work of Marines, it is surely only fair that the latter should benefit by the slight acceleration of the flow of promotion which the system of seconding should ensure, if the regulations are properly carried out. If the rumour now current respecting the present vacancy be correct—and there is, from what I hear, little doubt of it—the officers first for promotion in the captains' and subalterns' list will lose about a month certain to begin with, and the indefinite period in addition between this and the next step. This sort of thing gives rise to a general feeling of uneasiness and distrust in those authorities who it is felt should at all times be looked to by the corps to favour their interests and advance their just claims.

I congratulate the Committee of the Royal United Service Institution on the interesting lecture delivered under their auspices on Friday last by General Sir Drummond Jervois, on the "Supremacy of the Navy for Imperial Defence." Whether the day be near at hand or far distant when our great colonies make up their minds to cut the painter, it stands to reason that so long as we in England depend on a trans-oceanic food supply, and pay for it out of the profits of our marine carrying trade, we cannot dispense with a powerful Navy. This Navy, located as most of it is in distant waters, depends for supplies on our fortified and defensible coaling-stations; and these naval bases ought surely to be under naval control, whereas at present they are garrisoned and governed by soldiers. The subject has often been mooted before, but never so frankly and fairly as by General Jervois. He advocates the transfer of the coaling-stations to the Admiralty, and suggests that they should be garrisoned by marines, under the Admiral on the station. In this way efficiency would be increased, by the abolition of dual control, while expenses would be reduced, as the present

There can be no doubt that our present arrangement is a bad one, if, indeed, it is workable at all; but there are many difficulties in the way of a change such as General Jervois proposes, and Home Rule for the Navy, if it is ever to be an accomplished fact, will have to be brought about gradually. At present, as one gallant officer naïvely admitted during the discussion which followed the lecture, the chief obstacle in the way of General Jervois's scheme is "vested interests." If the coaling-stations were handed over to the Navy, the marines would be increased and the Army correspondingly reduced in numbers; and many a pleasant billet now occupied by "Tommy" would be held by "Joey."

A Parliamentary return has recently been issued, which shows that seventy ships belonging to the British Navy have been lost otherwise than in action during the last half-century. Among those described as having "capsized" are the *Captain*, which foundered off Cape Finisterre in September, 1870, and the *Eurydice*, which turned over in a sudden squall off the Isle of Wight in March, 1878. Five vessels, including Franklin's ships, the *Terror* and the *Erebus*, were abandoned when among the ice in the Arctic regions, but one of these, the *Resolute*, having been recovered by an American whaler, was ultimately restored to the Government. Except the *Birkenhead*, which is remembered owing to the heroic courage which was displayed by all on board after she struck (out of 630 persons, 438 were drowned) off Point Danger, Cape of Good Hope, the other vessels in the list are utterly forgotten. When the *Vanguard* foundered off the Irish coast in September, 1875, after having come into collision with the ram of the *Iron Duke*, no lives were lost, but the vessel was valued at about £400,000.

If our Naval authorities only took as much care of the pounds as they do of the pence, the British taxpayer would be a much happier man. A shooting match was arranged the other day at Exmouth between a team from the local Volunteer Corps and one from H.M.S. *Research*, which has lately been engaged on surveying work at the mouth of the Exe. Although there were several thousand rounds of ammunition in the magazine of the *Research*, the whole of that which was used in the match had to be provided at the private expense of the Volunteers. After this illustration of the care with which naval ammunition is guarded, it is not surprising to find that the Volunteers had things all their own way in the match. Our Naval authorities presumably think it will be time enough for the men to learn to shoot when they are in sight of the enemy.

In connection with the recent loss of the *Utopia*, the Royal Humane and Albert Medals have been awarded to people at Gibraltar who were never afloat through the whole of that terrible night; while the officers and men of the Channel Squadron, who saved among them 316 lives (the *Anson's* boats alone saved 100) have received no acknowledgment of any kind. This, I understand, to be due to the attitude of the admirals and the captains, with whom it rests to take action in the matter, and who treat the services rendered by the men of the fleet on this occasion as a mere performance of duty. I never yet heard, however, that a captain or an admiral who had performed any distinguished exploit in the discharge of his duty was above accepting any special reward or decoration that might be offered for it. Lord Wolseley has added innumerable handles to his name, and is now in the House of Lords for simply doing his duty. It is far more within the scope of a general's duty to take command of a military expedition when ordered, than within that of a sailor to risk his own life in order to save shipwrecked foreigners from drowning.

The following story comes to me from Bombay. Recently at Calcutta one of the Indian Marine steamers was about to be inspected, and it was discovered that the ship had on board some hundred coils of rope, some tons of paint, and about 12,000 rounds of ammunition, all of which the returns showed as expended. The ship had been drawing every six months a fixed quantity of stores, irrespective of consumption, with this result. It was not thought desirable that these surplus stores should appear at the inspection, and the Captain could not sell them, for he would not have known what to do with the money. The stores, therefore, were disposed of by the simple expedient of throwing them into the river. My informant tells me that this wholesale destruction of stores is not an uncommon thing. For instance, the issue of ropes to the *Dalhousie* is based on the scale of what would be required were she a sailing vessel, whereas she has no yards whatever. A return showing the quantity of stores issued to the *Clive* and to the *Dalhousie* from the Bombay and Calcutta dockyards during the past five years would probably throw a considerable light on this subject.

A triumph of senseless and reckless expenditure appears to have been achieved by the Indian authorities over the attempt to provide pack bullocks for the transport service in Manipur. Over 500 of the animals were purchased. More than 400 of these were condemned outright on reaching the scene of operations, and less than twenty are now left, of which none have been beyond Gologhat. An Indian paper, putting the original cost at half a lakh of rupees, and adding Rs.15,000 for the steamer which carried them up the river, not to mention the railway carriage, reckons that the surviving beasts have cost the country 6,000 rupees per head. Is it wonderful that India is always on the verge of insolvency?

The important and lucrative office of Inspector-General of the Ceylon Police has just been placed at the disposal of Lord Knutsford by the resignation of Sir George Campbell, who was appointed in 1870, after he had been for several years employed in reorganising the Indian Police Forces. The post is worth £1,500 a year, with a residence at Colombo, and all travelling expenses.

I am indebted to a large number of correspondents for some interesting communications on the missionary question. Most of them relate to China and India, and they present a remarkable confirmation of the views which I published last week from correspondents familiar with those countries. As, however, letters continue to reach me, and many naturally come from a considerable distance, I defer any further discussion of the question till a future occasion.

The Lord Chancellor has just added eight names to the Commission of the Peace for the City of Exeter. Now parties in Exeter are very evenly divided, so that any reasonable person would suppose that at least three of these new Magistrates would be Liberals. Lord Halsbury however, with characteristic effrontery, and with a callous indifference to public opinion which no Chancellor since Lord Eldon has exhibited, has positively selected only one Liberal, five of the others being Tories, while two are Liberal Unionists, and all of course are ardent partisans of the sitting Member. This jobbing is the more reprehensible inasmuch as there are several Liberals in the city who are in every way admirably qualified for the Bench.

When the Liberals come into office after the next elections, with a swinging majority behind them, it will be Lord Herschell's duty at once to nominate an adequate number of Liberals as Magistrates in every city and borough, in order to redress the heavy balance against our party which Lord Halsbury's unscrupulous manipulations have created. The fact is that Liberal Chancellors have always been far too squeamish in these matters; while, as a rule, the Tories have thought only of party considerations, and have been thoroughly indifferent to public opinion in their scandalous manœuvrings. Lord Lyndhurst, in his day, was very bad, but Lord Halsbury is infinitely worse.

The late Mr. Bradlaugh was indefatigable in his laudable efforts to stop the shameful pollution of Loch Long by the Clyde Navigation Trustees. Lord Kyllachy has just "interdicted" these Trustees from depositing any more dredgings from the river in Loch Long, and it may be hoped that his judgment will be upheld by the Inner Division of the Court of Session, to which the Clyde Trustees have appealed.

I have been served with a writ, calling upon me to pay Mr. Wilfrid Francis Tempest, J.P., the sum of £1,000, on account of my observations in regard to the action of the Bench of Magistrates at Pontefract towards Mary Baldy, and my refusal to insert an apology for the said observations. In respect to this demand, I shall take the liberty to place myself in the hands of a jury, for I really fail to perceive where the libel is. Mr. Tempest may consider the sentence that he inflicted on the woman a proper one. I do not. He may be right, or I may be right, but if the Press is not to be allowed to comment unfavourably upon Magisterial sentences, all control over these gentlemen would disappear.

In the meantime, I shall continue to express my views upon what I deem improper sentences by Magistrates. For instance, last week, a tramp, having already been locked up for a week because he stole water-cress valued at twopence from Mr. E. R. Fisher Rowe, J.P., was sentenced by the Guildford Bench to a further imprisonment of two weeks for this offence. I assert that this sentence is a monstrous and scandalous one, and that the Magistrates who inflicted it ought to be ashamed of themselves. When such perversions of justice come to my knowledge I see no reason why I should conceal my indignation, but many reasons why I should express it. To lock up a man for a week on such a charge before bringing him to trial is bad enough, but to lock him up for a further term of two weeks when this fearful crime is proved against him is, to my thinking, far worse than to appropriate water-cress, value twopence, belonging to a Magistrate.

An extraordinary magisterial proceeding at Solihull has just been exposed in the Birmingham papers. A lad named Lee was convicted at this place on May 2 of the awful crime of playing pitch-and-toss, and was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. He had not appeared to the summons, but on May 6 he applied to the police, and was told that the warrant for his commitment had not been made out. On May 16 an unsuccessful application was made for re-hearing, and the Magistrates then declined to say whether the sentence would be executed or not. No further steps were taken till June 18, seven weeks after the conviction, when the lad, who was in work and living with his parents, was suddenly seized and taken off to prison. The original sentence in this case was an infamous one, and, coming at the present time, could only have been designed to teach the poor that they are subject to different laws from the rich; but the Magistrates seem to have thought it necessary to give an additional sting to the punishment by playing with their victim as a cat plays with a mouse.

Aldershot has had a "Cass case," which throws a lurid light upon the conditions under which respectable girls of the lower or lower middle class must live in garrison towns. The police in this case arrested a perfectly virtuous girl and exposed her to the most degrading charge, having nothing to offer against her but their own unfounded statements. Either they acted with deliberate malice or reckless stupidity, and in either case their conduct is equally disgraceful, and equally alarming to those whose lives are always at their mercy. Their share in the matter, however, is even less extraordinary than that of the Magistrates. These gentlemen, who ought to be the protectors of respectable citizens against the blunders or misconduct of the police, forced the unfortunate girl to submit to the most humiliating ordeal in order to establish her innocence, and when this was established, contented themselves with administering to the police the mildest of gentle rebukes. By what right they adopted the course they took in order to settle their doubts in the case I am at a loss to understand; but there can be no two questions as to its being the wrong course, and the public safety requires that it should not be taken again. It now remains to be seen what wisdom Mr. Matthews has learned from Miss Cass.

It seems very difficult to bring the good people of Manchester to a sense of the folly and mischief of committing young children to prison on any trumpery pretext. Not-

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withstanding the vigorous efforts which Mr. Charles Lister has made to elevate public opinion on this subject, the *Manchester Guardian* (which ought to know better) recently published an article exhorting the police and tramway company to exert themselves for the purpose of "securing a few convictions" of children for taking surreptitious rides upon tramcars. Apparently, it is left to the Tory Press in that part of the kingdom to enunciate sound doctrine upon this question. I notice in the *Courier* a very sensible article upon a recent decision at Barnsley. It seems that a young cashier helped himself to £160, but without concealing the transaction, which he entered in his employer's books as a loan to himself, writing at the same time to his employer to inform him of what he had done. After commencing proceedings, the prosecutor expressed his desire to withdraw the charge, and offered to take the young man back into his service. The Magistrates, however, insisted on convicting, and sentenced him to two months' imprisonment. When previous character is all in a prisoner's favour, when the prosecutor is willing to give him another chance, and when the Legislature has passed an Act the whole object of which is to give offenders in such cases an opportunity of redeeming their characters, what right have a wooden-headed bench of Magistrates to insist on branding a man with the stigma of gaol-bird?

Another scandalous example of the manner in which magistrates neglect duties they have undertaken to perform was afforded at the Alfreton (Derbyshire) Petty Sessions on Friday. There were a large number of cases for hearing, but only one J.P. was present. The result was that the hearing of certain summonses had to be adjourned, and *several prisoners* who were in custody were further remanded. These prisoners are, therefore, being kept locked up, though not yet convicted, simply because some magistrate neglects to fulfil his engagements.

A variation of the familiar "sleeping-out" charge occurred at Worcester Police-court the other day, when two girls, one seventeen and the other eighteen years of age, were convicted of the dire offence of "lodging in the open air." There is a Militia encampment near the city, and the defendants, who are supposed to have been attracted by the red-coats, were seen in the neighbourhood at three o'clock, and again at six o'clock in the morning—at the latter hour they were found "sitting on a fence." This was their "crime," and Messrs. J. Stallard and J. S. Wood sent each of the girls to prison for seven days with hard labour. I should now like to see the two Magistrates condemned to "sit on a fence" for seven nights each.

Colonel Clitherow, sitting at Brentford Police-court last week, sentenced two young women to fourteen days in the House of Correction for sleeping in a shed on a farm. I trust that it will not be long before some alteration is made in the law under which these monstrous punishments are inflicted. The enormity which this artificial offence of "sleeping out" possesses in the eyes of the average J.P. may be judged from the fact that a few minutes before the above conviction, on a man of admittedly bad character being charged with being in possession of a quantity of property of which he could give no satisfactory account, Colonel Clitherow discharged him with a present of half-a-crown from the poor-box.

At Axminster Petty Sessions last week, a labourer, residing at Dalwood, named Collins, and his wife, were convicted of horrible cruelty to a child named Jessie Bolton, who had been entrusted to their care by the authorities of the Bristol Union, who paid 4s. a week for her maintenance. For months past this child of four years old had often been severely beaten, and when at last the neighbours interfered, she was found to be "one mass of bruises from head to foot." The unfortunate child had "a large wound on her head, two wounds in the back, cuts on the thighs, a wound on the left leg, and the flesh on her thumbs was cut to the bone, which was laid bare." The two miscreants were sent to prison for three months, with hard labour, but this sentence was most certainly inadequate to the extreme gravity of the offences of which they had been convicted. It seems to me, moreover, that the authorities of the Bristol Union are much to blame for consigning a child of this tender age to the care of persons at a distance, of whom they apparently knew nothing; and surely it was their duty to inquire, through the parish clergyman or some other responsible person, whether she was being properly treated.

The case of cruelty at Dorchester County Sessions on which I commented last week does not seen to have been so bad as appeared the reported facts. The facts as I gave them were that a man had stabbed his dog with a pocket-knife, dashed its head again a wall, and cut its throat. It seems that the dog snapped at him, and that he stabbed it in a fit of temper, but all that he did after that was with the view of putting an end to its sufferings, he having cut the animal's throat at once and then knocked its head against the wall to make sure that it was dead. It is clear, therefore, that the Magistrates had good reason for taking a merciful view of the case.

Let me warn the Editor of the *Lady* against allowing his correspondence columns to be exploited by the girl-flogging profession. A letter appears in the current number of that paper which is only intelligible on the supposition that it is written in collusion with a professional girl-flogger of the "Mrs. Walter Smith" type. The writer professes to be the mother of two girls, aged sixteen and thirteen, who are so incurably vicious that "nothing but pain has any effect upon them at all." She has tested the beneficial effects of this remedy in the case of an elder girl (now happily married), whom she caused to be thrashed by a professional girl-flogger

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until the victim was "cowed," the mother assisting to hold the girl down, in the course of which operation, I am thankful to hear, she received a bite which has left its scar for five years. The woman now wants to find an establishment where the same discipline will be pursued with the younger girls. I doubt the genuineness of this letter, because I cannot believe that any mother would publish a confession so shameful to herself from every point of view. But whether it be genuine or not, I should hope that no respectable journal would assist the girl-flogging interest by publishing the information which it purports to ask for. It may interest the editor of the *Lady* to hear that I have received letters from several subscribers to his paper, declaring, in various terms, the determination of the writers not to allow the journal which could publish such a letter to enter their houses again.

From a number of circulars which have been forwarded to me from all parts of the country, I learn that a party calling himself "Scott & Co." has "something special for the Northumberland Plate that will do you a bit of good, and enable you to go away and enjoy your summer holiday." It is added that Scott & Co.'s "next week's wires" will be "10s. as usual." From this it would seem that the something special is also designed to do Scott & Co. a bit of good, and possibly also to enable him to go away and enjoy his summer holiday. But, if this worthy man's motives are not purely philanthropic, why, I would ask, does he not himself utilise his superior knowledge in connection with the Northumberland Plate, instead of seeking to retail it for paltry half-sovereigns?

At the annual meeting of the Association of Reformatory and Industrial Schools, held at Birmingham last week, I am glad to notice that Lord Leigh and one or two other speakers strongly condemned the mischievous practice of sending boys to prison before they are admitted to reformatories. With over forty years' experience as a gaol visitor, Lord Leigh was able to speak with weight of the great harm wrought by this system. The wonder is that any practical, sensible man can support it. I am, however, forced to the conclusion that the members of this Association are not all practical, sensible men, for some of them actually urged that it was good to begin a boy's preparation for a better life by committing him to gaol!

A gentleman complains to me that he has received a circular from "Mr. J. Franklin Brown (of San Francisco)," offering to cure him of (*inter alia*) dipsomania, hysteria, nervousness, excessive smoking, the opium, cocaine, morphine, or laudanum habits, &c., by hypnotic treatment. As my friend is not suffering from any of these weaknesses, he feels that he has a grievance against Mr. Brown (of San Francisco). So do I; but I do not quite know how the grievance is to be redressed. I see from this medico's circular that he will kindly make appointments for consultations, in presence of the family physician or a personal friend, at a fee of one guinea. I should vastly like to know what the family physician's fee would be for attending a consultation with Mr. Brown (of San Francisco).

A fortnight ago I commented upon the absurd piece of red-tape which required a Board of Guardians to make a special application to the Local Government Board for permission to grant "relief" in the shape of a pair of shoes to a young girl going out to service from the workhouse. One of the Easingwold Guardians, at whose Board meeting the incident referred to had been discussed, then wrote to me to say that he had been for seven years on the Board and had never heard of such a regulation. I am afraid that my correspondent has not been very regular in his attendance. I have now before me a report of the meeting of the Guardians at which the matter was mentioned, and it appears that the clerk there and then stated the practice to be precisely as I described it.

When there is a Tory majority on a public body, jobbery in the appointments made follows almost as a matter of course, but the fact is not often so unblushingly acknowledged as it was at the meeting of the Blackburn Board of Guardians the other day. The Board had to appoint an assistant-overseer for Lower Darwen, and there were fifty applicants for the office. The majority, strengthened for the occasion by the presence of a number of ex-officio members and three chairmen of Conservative Associations, elected a stonemason, whose particular qualification was his activity as a Tory. A Liberal member denounced this as "another Tory job," and thereupon a Mr. Greenwood bluntly admitted the fact, and added that so long as the Conservatives had a majority "they would recognise the services of the party men by giving them such appointments." After this disgraceful avowal, the Liberal ratepayers of the Blackburn Union should make a determined effort to change the composition of the Board, but the public will never be adequately protected against this systematic jobbery until the vicious system of ex-officio Guardians is abolished.

Apropos to the suggestion made by one of my correspondents a few weeks ago that a portable stock of oxygen ought to form part of the equipment of the Fire Brigade and the Royal Humane Society's officers, I am informed that this idea has already been carried out by the Sapeurs Pompiers of Paris and by a French Society corresponding to the Royal Humane Society. As Captain Shaw is at present entertaining representatives of the former force, he would do well to seize this opportunity of informing himself and the powers above him respecting the use of oxygen for this purpose. Its virtues are equally potent I am told in all cases of asphyxia—notably from mining accidents.

Last week a bricklayer's labourer, one Alexander Phillips, presented himself at the lodge of the Stock-

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port Infirmary and demanded admission, as he felt very ill. The porter concluded that he was intoxicated, refused to admit him, and shut the gate against him, whereupon he fell down and died in a moment. Surely an infirmary porter (of all people) ought to be able to distinguish between a drunken man and one who is ill and dying!

It has always been my contention that the prophets of the "Social Purity" movement are merely men of naturally unclean imaginations, who discover vice and impropriety where decent people perceive nothing objectionable. That this view is correct is conclusively demonstrated by the history of Mr. County Councillor Parkinson's crusade against the Royal Aquarium. Mr. Parkinson visited the Aquarium and there saw certain marionettes, which, in the course of their performance, indulged in gestures suggestive, to Mr. Parkinson's mind, of some nameless indecency. No other living soul saw anything of this character in the performance. Numbers of witnesses were called—all of them apparently specially qualified to judge of this matter, for all were confident that, had there been any impropriety, it could never possibly have escaped them. Mr. Parkinson endeavoured to avoid the inevitable conclusion by admitting that his observation was "imperfect." That convicts him of supreme folly, but it does not acquit him of an uncleanliness of imagination, for it is not what he failed to see which is in question, but what he (no doubt quite honestly) believed himself to have seen. What this was, he is quite unable to explain, and we shall now, probably, never know; but it was something so shocking that Mr. Parkinson felt compelled to relieve his mind by denouncing the marionettes in the County Council. It has now been conclusively proved that this unspeakable horror was nothing but the figment of an abnormal, unclean imagination. Mr. Parkinson has, consequently, learned that instead of being very much better than his fellow men, he is several degrees worse, and at £250 so useful a lesson is decidedly cheap.

Of all the strange Companies that have come out for many a year, commend me to the Licence Insurance Corporation. Public-houses have a licence for one year. At the end of the year the Magistrates are not obliged to renew. Most of these one-year licensed houses belong to the brewers. Some are absolutely their property, others are "tied" to them, which, practically, is much the same thing. The brewers, fearing that their remunerative monopoly was coming to an end, very wisely converted their businesses into limited liability concerns, and handed them over to the public, charging huge sums for goodwill. They now kindly propose that the public should raise a vast sum, to be given to them either if the Magistrates do not renew licences, or (what is more probable) the Legislature place the licensing power in the hands of the ratepayers, who would make very short work with the perpetuity of licences. I do not contemplate subscribing to this fund, but what an opportunity it is for the Tories! They hold that brewers ought to be compensated, if their licences are not renewed. They tried to secure this for them by means of legislation, but happily failed. They can now subscribe to the shares of this Company, and thus show that they believe money in their principles.

So far as I can make it out, the Congressional Party is entirely in the right in the Chilian difficulty, and President Balmaceda is entirely in the wrong. The telegraph from Valparaiso is in the hands of the latter, consequently all statements emanating from there are unreliable. At Iquique there are many representative British mercantile houses, and telegrams from these may be taken as fairly correct. The Chilian Republic, both financially and politically, is far ahead of all the other South American Republics, and it is to be regretted that joint action is not taken by the Great Powers to recognise the Congressional Party as belligerents; indeed, it seems to me that they have a better claim to be recognised as the Government of Chili than President Balmaceda. So outrageous has been this man's conduct, that any person furnishing him with arms ought to be deemed an enemy of law and order.

According to the *Spectator*, Home Rule is losing its popularity in England and in Ireland. In England the Gladstonians "are anxious to get Home Rule in the shade." In Ireland the "ecclesiastics are reconsidering their position," and the "most vigilant of the party managers are doubting whether they would not get better terms for the people, as well as more influence for the Church, by breaking altogether with the political Radicals." Nevertheless, there is a danger. This pernicious Home Rule "may be forced upon the electors by the mere inertia of its already-acquired momentum," and so "a policy which almost every leader half regrets may be yet victoriously carried and receive the assent of a really unconvinced nation."

Well, if this explanation of what is certain to happen makes the *Spectator* happy, no great harm is done. But who are the Gladstonians, who are the Irish ecclesiastics, who are the party managers, about whom this grandmotherly journal prates? Can it cite one? Are we to suppose that they all have betaken themselves to the office of the *Spectator*, and privately confided to the Editor their longings to throw over Home Rule? I quote from this article, because it is a fair specimen of the reasoning of Liberal Unionists. They are so absolutely convinced that they, and they alone, are the depositaries of all political wisdom, that they are unable to understand how any persons can entertain a counter opinion upon any political issue. Incalculable are the number of newspaper articles that have been penned against Home Rule, but for unabashed impudence I think that this article takes the palm.

So the Liberal-Unionists are girding up their loins for a campaign on behalf of Liberal-Unionism! These very superior persons wish to perpetuate their creed, which is that Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Heneage are seers sent into the world to teach Tories

and Liberals how to think and act in matters political. Unfortunately for them, no one seems inclined to take them at their own estimation. If any of them are returned again to Parliament, it will be by Tory votes, and only on condition that they support a Tory Administration. Were they not puffed up with conceit, they would avow themselves Tories, and drop all this humbug of calling themselves Liberals, which is about as absurd as fancying that arsenic becomes a harmless draught if it be labelled milk. For what is a Tory? Surely a man who supports a Tory Government.

I happened last week to be down in Rossendale, and I came to the conclusion that Lord Hartington has not a chance of being returned again for that constituency. On the present registry, he would lose by about five hundred votes, and as we have an energetic local candidate, it is probable that he will lose by one thousand votes if the election takes place next year.

May Mr. and Mrs. Parnell be happy! But I would suggest to them whether it might not be well for them seriously to consider if this happiness is not more likely to be attained by indulging in the bliss of privacy than by endeavouring to prolong a hopeless struggle, which has already done great harm to the cause and to the country whose welfare Mr. Parnell professes to have at heart. Mr. Parnell loses no opportunity of stating how much he owes to his Egeria, but it is hardly likely that the Irish will (with all respect to the lady) accept her as their uncrowned Queen, and allow her to rule under the nominal headship of her husband. Antony may have been right or wrong in giving up the world for Cleopatra, but he had the sense to see that he gave it up when he followed Cleopatra in her flight.

The letter of Mr. Parnell in regard to the Campbell trial is a curious one. Mr. Campbell sued a newspaper for saying that he was concerned in the secret hiring of houses for the residence of his chief and Mrs. O'Shea. Letters were produced purporting to be written by him in regard to this hiring, and it was shown that letters to him on the same subject had been opened, apparently by Mr. Parnell. Mr. Campbell denied on oath that he had written the letters or that he had opened the letters, and he further swore that he had not given authority to Mr. Parnell to write or to receive letters written by or written to him. One of these letters was in the handwriting of Mrs. O'Shea. Mr. Parnell shirked the subpœna to appear as a witness at the trial, but no sooner was the trial over than he wrote to say that Mr. Campbell had given him authority to write and receive these letters, although the nature of them was not known to his secretary. In other words, Mr. Parnell asserts that his secretary's memory was so defective that he had inadvertently perjured himself. Mr. Campbell has met this declaration of his chief by an affidavit denying Mr. Parnell's statement.

The reason why Mr. Parnell wrote the letter is obvious. As the issue stood, Mrs. O'Shea was proved to have used Mr. Campbell's name without his permission. To protect the lady, Mr. Parnell took this letter on his own shoulders, and justified it on a general permission given to him to write and receive letters as his own secretary. So far, I do not blame him. But by shifting the blame from the lady to himself, whilst he absolves Mrs. O'Shea, I hardly see how he betters his own position.

I am against all tinkering of the Education Bill. We want no half-measures. The worse the measure, so far as control is concerned, the more likely is it that it will be thoroughly revised as soon as the Liberals have a majority. We want free education, and control wherever there is only a voluntary school within reach of parents who are obliged to send their children to school. The Tories grant assisted education by their Bill and refuse control. We ought to accept the recognition of a principle to which the Tories have assented, avowedly in the hope of getting votes at the General Election, and submit the question of control to the electorates. What is the use of trying to get a moribund Parliament, in which the Tories have a majority, to do what they are fully determined not to do?

The Tories have made a thorough miscalculation. They fancied that, if they freed parents from the obligation of paying the school pence, the parents would show their gratitude by voting for them. But parents, although they may be agricultural labourers, are not such fools as the Tories take them to be. They are disgusted at the men who have raved against free education, and declared that the payment of these school pence was the very corner-stone of civil society, eating their own words in their wild endeavour to rivet Tory rule on the country for another six years. They have the sense, too, to perceive that if village schools are to remain in the hands of the Parson, and the funds to pay for them are to be provided by the community, this is really a fresh endowment of the Established Church. Against this they rebel. They do not like the Parson. As a teacher of a particular form of religion he is all very well, but they want him, like the minister of every other sect, to be supported by the voluntary contributions of those who are of his sect. Underlying this demand for public control over the village school is a fixed determination to devote the public funds now in the hands of the Established Church to the support of the village school. I believe that, if the Liberal Leaders would go to the country on Disendowment and Disestablishment of the Church, their majority on the next General Election

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would be even greater than it is likely to be on the present programme. This matter is ripe for a solution.

If the German Emperor likes to come over here, by all means let him, although when he arrives with fifty attendants he is somewhat of a nuisance. I suspect, however, that the young gentleman is in hopes that he will convince our statesmen that we ought to make common cause with the Three Allies. "It is," says the *Observer*, "to Germany, and to Germany alone, that this country can under various possible, though we trust improbable, contingencies look for either moral or natural support," and, therefore, his cordial reception "will be welcome to all who have at heart the true interests of our country." Nothing is more likely to prevent his cordial reception than the publication of nonsense of this kind. Germany wants to retain Alsace and Lorraine, and consequently she is desirous that all other Powers should make any attack by France on these two provinces a *casus belli*. She has induced Austria and Italy to take this view, and she wishes that we should also take it. She has convinced Lord Salisbury, but Lord Salisbury is not England, and the German Emperor may rest assured that any English Minister who took any action likely to drag us into war, in order that Alsace and Lorraine should remain German, would at once cease to be an English Minister. Prince Bismarck deprecated these annexations of French territory, and they were forced on him by the military advisers of the Emperor William. If France ever deems herself strong enough to seek to re-acquire her lost provinces, the sympathies of the great majority of Englishmen would be with her.

This Triple Alliance has two objects—one is to help Germany to retain her conquests; the other is a sort of bond of kings to cold-shoulder France, in order that it may be brought home to her that a Republican form of government is a mistake. As a sympathiser with this latter object, Lord Salisbury declined, after consultation with the Continental Kings, to recognise the last French Exhibition, because it was intended to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the French Republic.

SCRUTATOR.

A CONVICT PRISON SCANDAL.

A LARGE number of shocking and shameful facts have come to my knowledge respecting the treatment of certain of the warders at Portland Convict Prison, and more especially with regard to the way in which they are housed. The warders' quarters are situated, as I understand, on the very top of Portland Island, where the Crown has practically unlimited space at its disposal. The site is a magnificent one, and only a judicious expenditure of a very small sum of money is required in order to create here a block of residences as good as any man need desire. Instead of this, what do we find? I will give the picture in detail, just as I have received it from unimpeachable eye-witnesses.

On one staircase, six families are accommodated, two on each landing. Each tenement comprises three rooms—a living-room and two bedrooms. The height of the rooms is only 8 ft. 6 in. throughout. The living-room measures about 15 ft. by 13 ft., and is without a scullery or any special accommodation for cooking. The bedrooms are each 11 ft. by 8 ft. In one of these tenements there were recently living the warder and his wife and nine children—eleven persons, packed at night into two bedrooms 11 ft. by 8 ft. The eldest child of this family was a girl of fifteen; the next, a boy of twelve. In another set, there was a family of nine. In a third, and, in some respects, the worst, were the warder and his wife, with four children, ranging from twelve years old to twenty—two boys and two girls. By no possible ingenuity could this family be accommodated in any way that would not involve a gross outrage on decency. For these dens the men are forced to pay £9. 2s. per annum, and occupation of them is compulsory. The men would gladly seek homes elsewhere on the island if it were permitted. Nor are the deficiency of cubic space and the violation of decency the only bad features in these premises. In many of the sets it is an absolute impossibility to light a fire in the living-room when the wind is in the east. At such times the cooking is done at little, foul-smelling oil-stoves, while for days together, during the bleakest and most trying seasons of the year, the family have to go without firing. The suffering which this entails during a winter such as the past is not difficult to imagine, when it is remembered that we are dealing with one of the bleakest and most exposed spots on the Channel coast. The drainage and sanitary arrangements are equally defective. They were strongly condemned last year by the Portland Medical Officer of Health, and the same officer has in the plainest terms pronounced the overcrowding of the quarters to be "most dangerous to health." In the face of this report, it will be idle for the Home Office authorities to dispute the facts which I have stated, or to plead ignorance of the condition of the buildings. Indeed, up to a point they have themselves admitted the facts. The "E" quarters, to which the above description applies, contain tenements for seventy-two warders, and out of these, twelve have recently been condemned as unfit for occupation; and it is impossible to suppose that when this decision was arrived at the condition of the adjoining tenements was not taken into consideration. It is, therefore, not only certain that the Government are maintaining at Portland a set of pestilential dwellings which would render any private owner amenable to the law, but that the responsible officials are fully aware of the state of the case.

These warders have many other grievances. They are working excessively long hours—over sixty-seven per week, which is a good deal more than any private employer can get out of his men in the present day without a struggle. They are also very shabbily treated as regards retirement and pension. A fair test of the justice of their complaints in this respect is to compare their position with that of the local police. The Dorset County Police retire after twenty-five years' service on two-thirds' pay. The Portland warder, who works harder, and is exposed to continuous

risks, much more serious than those of the police, has to serve for thirty years, and then only retires on half-pay. Another genuine grievance is the slow flow of promotion during recent years, the fact being that an assistant-warder, who a few years ago generally became a full warder after about seven years' service, now rarely reaches that position within fifteen years. These, however, are minor evils. The point to which I desire to draw special attention is the fact that these men, with their wives and families, are housed by a Government department in a style which defies not merely all current ideas of decency and sanitation, but the requirements of the law itself. There are very few private landlords who would find it safe in the present day to house their tenants as the families are herded in these Government hovels. If, therefore, the Home Office does not at once proceed to set its houses in order, steps should be taken to enforce the law in the same way as would be done in any other case.

WAGES IN THE MATCH-BOX TRADE.

I have more than once called attention to the low rate of wages paid by Bryant & May for match-box making. Messrs. Bell and other firms pay more. The same price per gross is paid, whether the boxes are made in the factory or in the homes of the workers, although in the former paste and hemp are provided, and firing for drying the boxes. A week's work in the factory would bring in on an average 7s.; outside, about 5s. The Salvation Army has started a factory for match-making and for match-box making. The average wage earned by the match-box makers is 10s. per week, and they work one hour less per day than at Bryant & May's, but a first-class worker could earn 15s. per week. Taking one size of boxes as a sample, the wages are as follows:—Salvation Army, 4d. per gross; Bell's, 2½d. per gross; Bryant & May's, 2¼d. per gross. It is not by any means easy to average the amount that can be earned outside the factory at the Bryant & May rates. Here is, however, a test case. Mrs. —— has made match-boxes for twenty-six years! She gets 1s. 9d. for seven gross, expending 2¼d. for materials, not including firing. Working hard, she earns about 5s. per week. The daughter of Mrs. —— is working for the Salvation Army. One week she earned 13s. 8d., and another week 13s. 4d.

That Bryant & May's wages are far too low does not admit of a doubt. They ask people to buy their matches because they employ East-enders. As a matter of fact, however, a great deal of the work is done in Sweden, where wages are much lower. Even, however, assuming that this were not the case, as the matches of the Salvation Army, of Bell, and of Bryant & May are equal in quality, a person wishing to encourage a fair wage for a fair day's work ought to prefer Bell's matches to those of Bryant & May, and the Salvation Army matches to those of both. The women employed are too poor to strike, consequently, the only way in which their position can be improved is by the public giving the preference in their purchases to vendors who pay the highest wages.

I do not agree with General Booth in everything. But in this matter he has done exceedingly good work. If supported, I hope that his action will lead to these poor women no longer receiving starvation wages.

I have confined myself to stating the case of the match-box makers, but the wages paid for making matches by the Salvation Army average a good deal above those paid by Bryant & May. In my investigations I have come across the following complaint against Bryant & May's:—The composition used by them is of a more deleterious character than that used by Bell & Co. for dipping. The result is that at Bryant & May's factory cases of "phossy jaw" are frequent, whilst at Bell's they are unknown. This disease absolutely unfits its victims for work, and they are obliged to leave the factory for once and all. In other respects, Bryant & May's factory is stated by the girls to be satisfactory. None of them, however, has ever seen a factory inspector. This complaint about the composition used may be based on error. I would suggest that some factory inspector should inquire into it.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE FÉLIBRE CELEBRATION.

THIS celebration at Sceaux was in some points interesting, and in all respects very French. Nobody can tell me exactly what the word *Félibre* signifies. But I take it now to mean provincial particularism in respect to language. There were "Breton Félibres" and "Provençal Félibres" on the programme drawn up for last Sunday, and Brittany came out best in this rivalry of dialects. The Bonaparte Wyses have long identified themselves with the rights of the Provençals to have the tongue of *Oc* taught in their schools, as well as the tongue of *Oil*. It was, therefore, meet that Madame Rattazzi de Rute should, leaning on the arm of M. Napoléon Bonaparte Wyse, her brother, shine as the muse of the celebration. She came from Paris with him and a following of bards and other authors, actors, actresses, and the illustrious M. Renan. He forgot his martyrdom to gout, and was delightful company, in a quiet sort of way, down to Sceaux and back. There was no possible rivalry between *la muse grande dame* and the Félibresse Estèlo, an Arlésienne of a winsome style of beauty, and a figure which, if she hired herself out in studios as a model, might bring her a handsome income. Estèlo looks taller than she is, has native grace arising from the harmony of her whole person, and her gestures are very charming. She has an artless style of singing and acting, free from rustic clumsiness. Her *business* is to rear silk-worms; but her *calling* is poetry, song, and play-acting. She wears the Arles costume.

Madame de Rute was as elegant as Doucet and a couple of skilled femmes-de-chambre could make her, and bravely faced the crude sunlight of a June morning. She wore a yellow crêpe dress over yellow silk, with a collar, Swiss sash and cuffs of jet, and sapphire-blue cabuchons. The hat, a large grey straw one of Trianon shape, was placed on a wreath of blue flax and cornflowers, which were brought into the external garniture with cowslips

House Drainage.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

and blue silk muslin. She wore old-fashioned and most graceful First Empire earrings of sapphires and brilliants. Her manner was gentle and indolently quiet, and she had the amiability of a child in its Sunday clothes which tries to be as nice as they are. M. Renan, who travelled in her compartment, was agreeably impressed with her *beaux atours* and many feminine graces. With him were Henri Fouquier the Deputy, Anatole France, Mounet-Sully, and Paul Mounet, and the writer of these notes. A special train was in waiting for the Félibres and Félibresses, and with flags flying the engine whisked us from Paris to Sceaux. That borough, though so near Paris, is like the country town of an opera-comique scene. Standing on a high plateau, with a sandy soil, and girdled with woods, the air stimulates one like champagne. The Mayor had been busy making festive preparations, and he and his *administrés*, with *toute la force publique*, were awaiting in front of the station the company from Paris. "*La force publique*" consisted of the fire brigade, the gardes champêtres or rural police, the gymnasts wearing white gaiters and knicker-bocker trousers, with red shirt jackets and white caps, and a brass band. Flags flew everywhere, and musical instruments kept up a-fifing, and a-drumming, and a-trumpeting. The blare of the brass band was quite stirring. All who wore uniforms and badges, or who carried banners, acted as though the eyes of Europe were upon them as they escorted the distinguished strangers. We did not go into the quaint old church, but, with M. Renan and Madame Rattazzi leading the way, marched to a place where there is a commemorative slab of marble in honour of Florian, the fabulist. And Félibre stood under it with his back to the wall, and M. Renan standing in the same position with his against another wall, listened to an improvisation eulogistic of Florian. It was very eloquent. But as the author of "La Vie de Jésus" was expected to speak also, ears were strained to hear what he might say. A respectful circle was formed round him, and below him downhill *la force publique* and gymnasts were drawn up, facing towards us. M. Renan, when his turn came, explained that, suffering from gout, he preferred to deliver his speech sitting, and in a room. The order was then given for the escort to lead us to the busts of Florian and Aubanel. We went there in what state Sceaux could offer. The natives were enchanted at all the stir. What we sophisticated Parisians most enjoyed was the artlessness in all that was meant to be theatrical. The busts stand on pedestals in the churchyard, which has long ceased to be a cemetery. A further speech was made about Florian, who, if he was like his bust, must have been a desirable person to know. The face is rather classic, though round, and tranquil, and kindly. Florian was first a soldier in the Duc de Penthièvre's regiment, and was then admitted to the Duc's personal service as a gentleman of his household. He was told by his patron that he must give up writing naughty comedies and give the world *littérature honnête*. So he became a fabulist, but never overtook Lafontaine. He owed his luck to a letter of recommendation from Voltaire, also a native of Sceaux (or its suburb Châtenay) to M. de Penthièvre. The apotheosis was brought to a close by a Félibresse crowning the busts with thick wreaths of double peonies. Never crown a bust! The fresh flowers jar with the bronze, and give it a burlesque character. The only use to make of them on such an occasion is to hang them on the pedestal. We then went to the mayoralty, where other business was to be got through. A bureau, with a president of honour (Renan), a president, and assessors, was formed. After some speeches to make the running, the author of "La Vie de Jésus," read his delicious homily on the virtue of being joyful, the greatness of France, the amiable weakness, and fine qualities of Paris. He was the reverend Father Renan, and reverential, except when his eye twinkled as he was about to shoot a well-winged dart. This he did often, and he joined in the laughter he had raised. He sat as he read. I admired the variety of his by-play and his intonations, and the power of expression of different kinds that he put into his eye, and in the easiest and most natural way imaginable. When he had done, he came down in front of the platform with Madame Rattazzi. The dramatic part of the entertainment gave us opportunities to hear Estèlo sing in Provençal rustic ballads and speaking songs, into which last she brought arch and laughter-causing mimicry, though of a graceful kind. She also acted the part of a cruel country lass, whom a rustic drover, more clown than fool, loves, and is laughed at for pressing his suit. This also was in Provençal, a more sonorous tongue than Italian, and one to carry far in a theatre. A young lady, less lovely than Estèlo, but having a finer voice, sang, as she played a guitar, an old ditty about a false-hearted lady and a troubadour. The star of stars was Yann Nibor, a Breton sea-poet. Yann has just as much local colour as the Druidical stones of Carnak. He seems built of granite. The legs are slightly bowed, and planted on the ground as though he were aiding in hauling up an anchor or a shark. His gesticulation is simple, natural, and grandiose. He is the very incarnation of Brittany and the sea which beats round her, and is not aware that he is. I never heard finer poems than he recited. He and those who went before him for long generations must have loved them. Yann wrote them first in Celtic, and then translated them into French. They are so permeated with the spirit of the sea of his picturesque country, and of its superstitions, as to be living forces. If West-end London understood French as well as it does English, Yann Nibor could not help crushing, if brought out there as a bard, every other lion of the season.

Having an engagement to dine at the Château of Sceaux with a small and non-Félibre party, I did not stay for the *cour d'amour* or the banquet. This château stands in a park of royal proportions. The château was built by Colbert (Louis XIV.'s Minister) in the Louis XIII. style, on the brow of a high table-land, and the park was greatly enlarged and laid out by Colbert's Lenôtre for his son, the Marquis de Seiguelay, who created grandes eaux, canals, and ponds, which are still clear and

THE NEW RACING OVERCOAT (the "Sandown"), "the fashion of the day," of the makers, at Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

deep. The trimming of the chestnut-trees in the avenues, and the box hedges (seven or eight feet high) along the alleys cost 40,000 francs a year. About the house, and wherever there are long avenues with fine perspectives, the trim Lenôtre style is preserved. Elsewhere nature is allowed to assert her rights. The views from the grand château are enough to take one's breath away. The air is cooler, the slopes of the park run south, the soil is gravelly, but all the water in the hollows prevents it being parched. A petit château, built by the Duc de Penthièvre (grandfather of Louis Philippe on his mother's side), and the wealthiest landholder in France, is used by the Marquis and Marquise de Trévise when they are staying by themselves at Sceaux. It is their Trianon. If the Marquis had been a Hirsch or even a Gentile speculator, the château and park would have been ere now divided into small lots, and sold to peasants and builders of villas. But during his ownership, it will not be turned to the same purpose as Holland Park. M. de Trévise is an artist and is willing to go on owning this estate at a heavy loss, for the artistic satisfaction he has in driving about it, and making it near the house just what it was when, after the Colbert family sold it to the Duc de Maine, his eccentric, high-handed, and intriguing wife kept her court there. The Pavillon d'Aurore, where she let herself be courted and passed those extraordinary nights about which the memoirs of her contemporaries speak, is just what it was when she lived at Sceaux. It was decorated by Lebrun. A few shots were fired at the painted ceilings by the Prussians, but the marks of the bullets have been effaced by a restorer of pictures.

The Marquis de Trévise is a grandson of Marshal Mortier, Duc of Trévise, who refused to sit in judgment on Ney, was banished, and was killed by Fieschi's infernal machine. Mortier was one of the rare Marshals of Napoleon who received a good education. He was a schoolfellow of Wellington at Valenciennes, learned English at a college kept by English priests, and when sent to negotiate a capitulation in Portugal, found out from what the British officers said among themselves, that they were far worse off than the French had thought. He stood out for better conditions than he was told to ask for, and obtained them. When Wellington was shut up in some Spanish town and besieged by Mortier and Victor, his old schoolfellow sent him in every day, hidden in a cart, fresh fruits and vegetables for his table. In 1815 Wellington thanked him for his kindness. It would have been unseemly to offer a handsome present in return. But the Iron Duke said "there can be no objection to your accepting this field-glass, through which I have often watched you operating against me." This relic stands on the desk of the Marquis de Trévise.

Mortier's grandson was a dashing officer of the Guides, under the Empire. But he kept aloof from the Imperial Court, his father having been brought up with the Duc d'Orléans, and campaigned with him and the Duc d'Aumale in Algeria. He looks rather a Spanish Don than a French Militaire, is courtly, courteous, and his conversation sparkles with delicate and kindly wit. But he cannot walk in his ideal park, his nether limbs being nearly paralysed. The doctors tell him that his house (one of the most artistically-planned in Paris), at the corner of the Champs Elysées and the Rue de Berri, is not the place for an invalid suffering from a nervous disease to live in much. Sceaux, being close to Paris, cannot be regarded as a place of exile. The best chef in Paris is down there, at Le Petit Château, where the most exquisite dinners are prepared for small parties of friends. The Marquise, though a beauty, willingly gives up the "distractions de Paris" for the Marquis's sake, and enters with intelligence and spirit into all his plans for embellishing the park. They are worshipped in the neighbourhood by both gentle and simple folk, but especially by the latter, and are lovable and beneficent in their ways. The dynamite explosion at their Champs Elysées house is a cause to him of deep distress. Its authors have not yet been discovered. But it is thought that they mistook the house of the Marquis de Trévise for the one belonging to the Marquis de Massa at the corner of the Rue de Colisée and the Champs Elysées, a furlong or so away.

The police remember that to prevent the people of Paris at Victor Hugo's funeral from scaling his garden wall, and standing or sitting on it, the latter had the top studded with heels of broken bottles. They fearfully cut the hands of those who attempted to climb as was intended. Vengeance was vowed. Was the vow remembered on the morning of May Day, and the terrible explosion the consequence? If so, the Hôtel de Trévise must have suffered very innocently. The Marquis de Trévise refuses to believe about the broken bottles. But the incident just related, nevertheless, took place on the day of Victor Hugo's funeral. On that very day the Marquis de Trévise, who had a party of friends at lunch, showed his civility to the people of Paris in the most marked manner, by throwing open his gates and allowing all-comers to see the funeral cortége of Victor Hugo from his terrace facing the Champs Elysées.

The Princesse de Cystria, who was one of the belles of Lady Lytton's garden-party, and appeared there in a summery dress of lemon foulard, and roses in her hat, is the only daughter of the Marquis de Trévise. Being young, and having every advantage that a lady born to occupy a front-seat in the best circles and married to a brilliant young husband can wish for, she is naturally very fond of Paris. I know no place in which a fortune could be spent more agreeably by a nobleman of taste and fortune—two things becoming singularly rare in France—than at Colbert's country house. This seat is a noble structure, standing high and dry, and commanding a splendid prospect.

The Princess Lætitia has scandalised the Parisians by her lax observance of the mourning etiquette to be observed for one's father. She and Prince Louis went to a bull-fight, where they met Queen Isabella with the

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Marquis Villaseguira, and the whole party enjoyed themselves as though they were schoolboys out on a holiday. Lætitia was in a dress of roseate lilac—a colour invented by a French chemist to express *la douleur expirante* of widows impatient to cock their caps again at eligibles of the other sex. She was at the dinner at the Italian Embassy in white mousseline de soie. This might be considered second mourning. H.R.H. the Duchess also went, since she came to visit Paris, to a concert in the same dress with pink sashes, and was yesterday at the Auteuil races in black lace, with roses in her hat and on her parasol. One cannot blame her for not being devoted to the memory of Prince Napoleon; but one wonders at her want of tact in not feeling how the pink roses look to Parisian eyes, seeing that Prince Napoleon is only three months in his grave. Yvette Guilberti was one of the singers at a concert which the Duchess of Aosta honoured with her presence. She is not a singer of requiems. The Duchess of Aosta is delighted with "*la vie Parisienne.*" She was brought up like a nun, was married to an ascetic uncle, and is now glad of an opportunity to kick a loose leg.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DEAR LADY BETTY,—Through the ingenuity of my waste-paper basket correspondent, I have been enabled to secure the accompanying fragments which once apparently formed part of the common-place book of some eminent personage. It is particularly difficult to authenticate manuscripts that reach me from this source, but there is a ring of genuineness throughout the notes that carries complete conviction to my mind.

* * * * *

Wisdom consists in never offending the prejudices of others—and in having no prejudices whatever oneself.

Solomon trespassed—and his people were punished. I have transgressed—and my people have punished me! Solomon must have been a very wise man indeed. Or, perhaps, his people were particularly foolish!

The Book of Baccarat.

Chapter I.

The Use and End of Baccarat. An Exhortation to flee the company of the wicked, and to hearken to the words of the world.

1. To understand Baccarat, and to impart instruction in judgment and equity.
2. To give subtilty to little ones; and to the young man knowledge and experience.
3. A wise man shall see and be silent; and he that understandeth shall possess counters.
4. The fear of the law is the beginning of wisdom. Fools despise the law and publicity.
5. My son, hear my instruction, and forsake not the rules of the game.
6. That counters may be added to thy store: and that a chain of gold may bind thee to my friendship.
7. And if they shall say: Come with us; let us lie in wait; let us hide snares for the player.
8. Let us swallow him up in the act, even as one that goeth down into the pit.
9. Cast in thy lot with us; let us have but one witness.
10. My son, walk not with them; restrain thy foot from their paths.
11. For their feet run to scandal; and make haste to the courts.
12. O, ye little ones, understand subtilty, and ye unwise, take notice!

* * * * *

ATTENBOROUGH HOUSE.

Garden Party, Thursday, July 9, 1891.

Programme.—Part I.

1. Selections from "Guillaume Tell" ..... *Rossini.*
2. Selections from "Le Nozze di Figaro." ..... *Mozart.*
3. Song: "As I'd Nothing else to Do." ..... *J. L. Hatton.*
4. "Allons Jeunes Gens, allons Belles Dames." ("Roméo et Juliette.") *Gounod.*
5. "Allons, Allons, Dressons la Table." (Pré aux Clercs.") *Hérold.*
6. "Baccarat ci, Baccarat là." ("Il Barbiere di Siviglia.")
7. "La ci darem la Mano. ..... "Don Giovanni."
8. "Quand vous Passez." ..... *Giulio Alary.*
9. Duet: "Kind Captain, I've important information. Sing hey the gallant Captain that you are" ("H.M.S. *Pinafore*") *Sir A. Sullivan.*
10. Song: "Oh, dear! what can the matter be?" *Richard.*
11. Song: "I've watched him" (in G and E flat) *G. A. Macfarren.*
12. "I'm a pub-lic guardian wa-ry,
    And of myself I take good care" ("Geneviève de Brabant") *Offenbach.*
13. Solo: "Avant tou-te chose
    Il faut être mys-té-ri-eux" ("La Vie Parisienne") *Offenbach.*
14. Song: "Act on the square."

Part II.

1. "Tout est dit, du silence" "Pré aux Clercs." *Hérold.*
2. Arietta: "Il Segreto" ..... *Carlo Moroni.*
3. Rondeau: "Vous souvient-il, ma belle,
    D'un homme qui s'appelle?" "La Vie Parisienne" *Offenbach.*
4. "Donc je puis me fier à vous" ..... *Ibid.*
5. "Let us speak of a man as we find him" *J. R. Thomas.*
6. Solo: "Oh, what a world this might be!"... *G. Barker.*
7. "If sorrow have taught me anything" ..... *Ibid.*
8. "For lack of gold he left me" ..... *Gounod.*
9. "I'm hunted away" ("Lischen und Fritzchen") *Offenbach.*
10. "Willie, we have missed you" ..... *Old Song.*
11. "Mother says I musn't" .....
12. "I'm not as happy as I used to be" .....

"God Save the Queen."

* * * * *

On Friday last, Captain Shaw, who for thirty long years has held the post of chief officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, sent in his resignation to the Fire Brigade Committee of the County Council. Thirty years' incessant duty, night and day. Thirty years, morning, noon, and night, attached, not only metaphorically but almost literally, to the very centre of a network of electric bells and electric signals. Thirty years of gallantry, labour, perseverance, and indomitable energy. Never a mishap, never a mistake! Thousands of lives saved, hundreds and hundreds of thousands of pounds saved. A system organised such as no other city in the world possesses! And this is the man whose services London has now forfeited.

As to the why and the wherefore of Captain Shaw's resignation, it would, perhaps, be at present inopportune to hint at.

Captain Shaw was never in the Army—as the *Times* and other papers have asserted in their official notices—but was for a short period enrolled in the Militia. Perhaps

China and Glass.—Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

the best-known man in London of to-day, Captain Shaw is certainly the most universally popular, his popularity extending far beyond the bounds of that mere clique which we in our ignorance claim to be so all-important. Gifted with a constitution of iron, he has weathered fatigue such as, perhaps, no other living man has ever yet been called upon to endure for any considerable length of time. He has made innumerable friends, no enemies, and, far and above these, he has won the true affection and esteem of the little band of heroes, who, working under him, night after night and day after day, hold their lives in their hands, ever prepared to sacrifice them willingly to save the life of even the meanest of their fellow-creatures. The love of his fellow-citizens and a hearty acknowledgment of his unbroken record of duty nobly achieved, is the fittest tribute we can offer to the retiring Fire-King.

It is with sincere regret that I report the death of Mr. Augustus Yorke, which took place at St. George's Hospital at half past four in the afternoon of Monday last. Some ten days back Mr. Yorke, in some inexplicable manner, whilst lighting his candle, contrived to set his night-dress on fire. Losing his head, apparently, he ran out into the street, where the clothes were absolutely burnt to cinders on his back. Fortunately, I believe, he suffered but little for the last few days, and his end appears to have come quite peacefully. Mr. Augustus Yorke, who was barely twenty-seven years of age, was the only son of Mr. Reginald Yorke by his first wife. Great sympathy is felt for his family by an exceptionally large circle of friends.

"Les malheurs n'arrivent jamais seuls." Miss Filmer, Lady Filmer's pretty daughter, met with a somewhat serious accident on Friday, whilst crossing the Row in front of Albert-gate, being run over by a horse. At first Miss Filmer was considerably dazed by the shock, but, on her recovery, it was found that, beyond a slight injury to her arm, no damage of any consequence had been done.

Grosvenor House did not distinguish itself materially on Monday, when, after a big banquet, the Duchess of Westminster gave a small dance, to which a little over a hundred guests were invited. That it is a graceful act for the Duke to call in the assistance of the band of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, of which regiment he is Colonel, none will deny. But that for purposes of dancing this band is the best that could be provided, is an opinion the contrary of which is held by many. As a matter of fact, so unsatisfactory was the music that only a few couples persevered in dancing, and what should have been a brilliant entertainment was utterly spoilt by this unfortunate blemish. It is to be hoped that a similar fate will not attend the Grosvenor House ball on Friday, July 17, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales are to be present.

The second Foreign Office party was not of the same brilliant character as was the one given by Lady Salisbury to celebrate her Majesty's birthday. The absence of Royalty was scarcely made up for by the presence of the second-rate Ambassadors and representatives of Oriental and South-American Governments. It was eminently a complimentary function, designed to wipe out old debts amongst the humbler supporters of the Government. Beauty was, however, fitly represented in the persons of Mdlle. de Brienen, Miss Tombs, Miss Chandos Pole, Lady Olivia Taylour, Lady Violet Milles, Miss L'Estrange, Lady Granby, and Miss Hallyburton Campbell. Invitations for the Foreign Office reception in honour of the German Emperor are being fought for with quite unprecedented energy, perseverance, and—— daring.

The second meet of the Four-in-Hand Club at the Horse Guards Parade on Thursday was a singularly depressing show. A terrible crowd, some seventeen coaches half-hidden in a corner of the Parade, and little or nothing to see. The Horse Guards' Parade is quite the most inconvenient place to hold these functions, and it is to be hoped that next year the Club will once more revert to the old system of meeting at the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park. Mrs. Panmure Gordon gave an At Home to witness the performance in Carlton House-terrace.

Mrs. Mackay opened her new house in Carlton House-terrace on Thursday night for the first time since it passed into her possession from that of Mr. Sandford, Lord Revelstoke's adviser in his injudicious South American speculations. Mrs. Mackay has contrived, with the practical assistance of the firm of Collinson & Lock, to embellish and improve what was already, perhaps, the most magnificently-decorated private residence in London, and, by the addition of some exquisite French tapestry, has shown her characteristic taste. The crowd at the commencement of the evening was somewhat excessive, but as this gradually dispersed, no further cause for complaint, even on this score, remained. Drescher's band surpassed itself. Mrs. Mackay gives a concert to-night—Tuesday.

Lady Rothschild gave a very smart and successful concert on Saturday evening, under the direction of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz. Mr. Edward Lloyd, M. Lassalle, Messrs. Hollmann and Johannes Wolff being among the executants. The company present included the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, the Duchess of Manchester, Madame and Miss De Staal, Count and Countess Deym, and the Earl and Countess of Lathom.

Lady Iveagh's reception on Saturday night, in Grosvenor-place, was very thinly attended, and evidently was but a supplementary entertainment to the brilliant concert which took place here on Friday week last. The Blue Hungarians played, and Lady Iveagh's more humble Irish friends strolled round the rooms, awed into temporary docility by the fine portraits, the thousand-guineas sofa, and the many artistic and luxurious wonders which the house contains.—Believe me, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THERE is an absolute stagnation in the Leger betting, pending the performances of Common and Mimi at Sandown Park and Leicester respectively. People must be swamped in Stygian quagmires who back such hopeless candidates as Bosphorus, Orvieto, Ermak, and The Deemster. If anything happened to Common (a most unlikely contingency, for there is not a more sound horse in training), Révérend and Mimi might be trusted with confidence to hold all the others perfectly safe.

Bosphorus won the North Derby at Newcastle cleverly enough, but he really had nothing to beat, the field being so moderate that such a creature as Henry VIII. was actually made favourite, although he had no pretensions to stay the course. How any one suffered to be at large could be so infatuated as to bet odds on Henry VIII. in a field of fifteen over this distance it is wholly impossible to conjecture. Sarawak, who was second, was giving Bosphorus 6 lb. High Havens, who was the hope of the clever people at Newmarket, ran very creditably.

There were no fewer than twenty-two runners for the Seaton Delaval Plate, the favourite being Crusoe, who had been so well tried at Middleham that 2 to 1 was taken about him, and next in demand was the Duke of Hamilton's Persistive, by FitzJames, for whom 520 gs. was paid at Doncaster last September. Persistive won by a head from Earl of Annandale, who was unlucky in being beaten, and he was in front a stride after they had passed the post. Cantire, who was not backed for a sou, will do much better when more forward in condition. Palatine, who was reported to have done well in a trial, ran badly. Rouge Dragon (the 1,700 gs. brother to Martagon) will improve on his performance later in the season, when he is more fit for racing.

Queen's Birthday started a great favourite for the Northumberland Plate, and he won very easily indeed,

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

having been purchased shortly before the race from Mr. Lascelles for 4,000 gs. by Major Joicey, who was a most sagacious man to buy a sound horse, of whom something tangible is known, instead of squandering thousands in fashionably-bred yearlings, of which nine out of ten turn out to be worthless. Every season there are to be seen a herd of flighty, vapouring jackasses bidding crazy sums for animals of which nothing more is ever heard. The importance, however, of Queen's Birthday's victory seems to me to have been most extravagantly exaggerated, and his eulogists appear to have already forgotten how very easily Morion beat him at Ascot. Let it be remembered, moreover, that, whereas Queen's Birthday had every possible advantage in the race for the Cup, Lord Hartington's horse was seriously interfered with at a critical point. The performance of Queen's Birthday last week shows what a great horse is Morion, and increases one's regret that he will not meet Common at Sandown Park next week. I see it is stated that Queen's Birthday will now be "the Cup horse," which appears to be nonsense and rubbish of the most niddy-nodding kind. He is not entered for either the Goodwood Cup or the Jockey Club Cup, so the only race of that class for which he can start this year is the Doncaster Cup, in which I do not for a moment believe that he would beat Morion, although he would have an advantage in the weights of 7 lb. as compared with the Ascot running. Next year we shall have Common coming on as "the Cup horse." Queen's Birthday has no engagements, which is unlucky for his owner, as he is not likely to be given much chance in handicaps, and there will always be something in front of him in the weight-for-age races.

The Stockbridge meeting was not a success, and the Cup resulted in a walk-over for Amphion (although there were twenty-nine entries), and it is said that General Byrne's horse is to join the Hampton Court stud next season, which will be an advantageous arrangement for that establishment, as it is grievously in want of new blood. Goldfinch was not started for the Champagne Stakes, which was won by a very handsome filly by Charibert, out of Court Beauty, who had been highly tried, and who was heavily backed, but would have been beaten by President if he had run game. The Zetland Stakes fell to the gigantic Crevasse, who is grandly bred, being by Macheath out of Corrie Roy, but he is a very long way from being a flyer, for he could only beat the moderate Simonetta by a head. Norval was favourite for the Mottisfont Plate (now degenerated into an auction race), but Mr. Combe is quite out of luck, for his steed was cleverly beaten by Philmont, who had been well backed, and of whom a high opinion must be entertained by his owner, for he was bought in at an advance of 610 gs. upon the selling price. Lady Hermit won the Hurstbourne Stakes, in accordance with my prediction, but it turned out to be by no means the good thing which was anticipated, as she could only beat Adoration (a rather backward sister to Thebais and St. Marguerite) by a neck, and as they were running at even weights, it is clear that either Colonel North's filly is off at present, or else she is not nearly so smart as she was supposed to be before her defeat at Ascot. Adoration is a very promising filly, who will next be seen out at Goodwood, when she is in the Molecomb Stakes, which she ought to win.

There were a number of very close finishes at Stockbridge. The gentlemen riders' races were most successful, and some of them were exceedingly amusing. Lord Dudley rode remarkably well on Tuesday, when he won on Bog Myrtle from Sea Song.

When writing after Ascot I noted that Pierrette had run well in the Hunt Cup, and on Friday she won the principal handicap at the new Portsmouth Park Meeting, beating Nunthorpe, who was giving her 17 lb. more than weight-for-age. Colonel North overworks his horses in a most fatuous fashion. I am sure that Nunthorpe must want a rest by this time, and he has certainly earned it. It is quite malodorous stupidity, moreover, to knock about a good horse in paltry handicaps, when he carries a welter-weight, and is, of course, beaten, after a punishing race, by some creature who has been thrown in. Nunthorpe ought now to be allowed to rest until the late autumn meetings. The two-year-old race here was carried off by Knockany, the winner of the Ascot Biennial.

A correspondent writes to inquire the particulars of "the Reindeer betting transaction," a not very creditable episode, which has long since been forgotten. The Reindeer correspondence was printed in the daily papers early in November, 1862. The *Sporting Times* would, no doubt, furnish a *précis* of the affair if requested to do so; but if my correspondent desires full particulars, he had better consult a file of any daily paper of the date mentioned.

One of the best horses in the history of either the turf or the stud has recently died in the United States. Mortemer, by Compiègne (son of Fitz-Gladiator) by Comtesse, by Nuncio, was bred at Dangu by the late Count Lagrange in 1865, and he remained sound and in training until the close of the season of 1871, by which time he had started for fifty races in France, England, and Germany, of which he had won twenty-three. He was sold in 1870 to M. Lefevre, and in 1871 he ran second, carrying a very heavy weight, for the Chester Cup, which was won by the "thrown-in" Glenlivat. About the same time Mortemer showed how good a horse he was over all distances by defeating the speedy Typhœus in a T.-Y.-C. race at Newmarket, and a month later he won the Ascot cup very easily indeed, beating an excellent field. He was not in good condition when he ran for that sensational Goodwood Cup which Shannon won so cleverly from him and Favonius. He was a great success at the stud. The best of his progeny was Chamant, winner of the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates, and of the Two Thousand, and who, if he had kept sound, would have walked in for both the Derby and the Leger, as Lord Falmouth estimated him to be a stone superior to Silvio, who carried off those races. Mortemer was also the sire of that fine stayer Verneuil, who in 1878 won the Gold Vase, the Cup, and the Alexandra Plate at Ascot; and also of St. Christophe, winner of the Grand Prix in 1877. In 1880 M. Lefevre sold Mortemer for £5,000 to Mr. Lorillard, and he was sent to America; but the voyage across the Atlantic did him no good, and his achievements in his new country were not brilliant; so that when the Rancacas stud was dispersed about three years ago he fetched less than £500.

LEICESTER AND SANDOWN PARK.

There ought to be some very good racing next week, but probably the fields will not be nearly so large as might reasonably be expected, considering the value of the stakes which will be run for, and the enormous number of entries.

The Midland Derby, at Leicester, is a stake of £1,500, which will cost the fund nothing, in consequence of no fewer than sixty-seven horses having been left in (each of which pays £21) out of an original entry of ninety-seven. Neither Common nor Gouverneur will start, but Cereza, Peter Flower, Belvidera II., Simonian, Henry VIII., Mardi-Gras, Adieu, and Friar Lubin or Grammont, may come to the post, and I am disposed to fancy that Lord Zetland's candidate will win.

The Zetland Plate of £1,500 is another brilliant success from the Managers' point of view, for seventy-four two-year-olds are left in (each of which pays £21), and the owners' subscription considerably exceeds the value of the race. The best of the public lot are Bouthillier, Le Chesnay, Rueil, Lady Hermit, Shade, Dunure, Bushey Park, Desdemona, Katherine II., and Bonavista. The elaborate arrangement of penalties and allowances practically converts this race into something very like a handicap, and I shall not attempt to predict the winner, as several of the best of the above lot may not be sent to Leicester.

The Prince of Wales's Stakes of £6,000 is a case of

Minton's (Limited).—Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

50 gs. each, p.p., so there will probably be a large field, as many owners may run animals which have, apparently, no chance whatever, in the hope of getting the £600 which the second horse receives, or the £300 which goes to the third. The starters may include Siphonia, Gouverneur, Révérend, Dorcas (who certainly ought to have won the Coronation Stakes at Ascot), Martenhurst, Peter Flower, Mimi, Orvieto, Springtime, The Deemster, Cleator, St. Simon of the Rock, Simonian, Henry VIII., Friar Lubin, Orion, and Ordnance. It is certain that Mimi will be favourite, but, over this easy course, I quite expect that she will be beaten by Gouverneur if he comes fit and well to the post.

The Knighton Plate of £800, a stake for two-year-olds, may be left for Colonel North's candidate, whose most dangerous opponent will be The Smew.

At Sandown Park the great event will be the Eclipse Stakes of £10,000, but the interest of the race has been vastly diminished by the very unfortunate withdrawal of Morion, forfeit having been paid for Lord Hartington's horse on March 4, 1890, when, by an equally disastrous blunder, Blue Green was also struck out. Thirty-eight horses are still left in, but most of these can only have remained on the list by accident, for under no conceivable circumstances could more than a dozen have the ghost of the shadow of a chance of winning. What General Owen Williams could have been thinking about when he left in such creatures as Porteous, Conway, and Bilberry, it is impossible to conjecture, but the blunder will cost him one hundred and fifty guineas. The Duke of Beaufort also might have saved a hundred guineas by striking out his pair. The runners may include Gouverneur, Rathbeal, Belvidera II., Alloway, Common, Le Nord, Surefoot, Dorcas, Memoir, Martagon, Wraysbury, Orion, and Ordinance. I shall give a most unhesitating plumper for Common, who ought to win easily, for Memoir will not be really fit, and the distance is too far for Surefoot. The original entry for the Eclipse Stakes fills eight pages of the Book Calendar. The race will not cost the proprietors of Sandown a farthing, for the owners' subscriptions considerably exceed £11,000.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—If the world were coming to an end, or a great European war were in sight, I could perhaps, understand the wholesale throwing overboard of securities in all departments which is now taking place. Yet not only is there no fear of any such extraordinary calamity happening, but there is an abundance of money, which will be further increased by the release of the July dividends. Three months' bank paper is being discounted at 1½ per cent., and call-money is to be had at ½ per cent. The position of the Bank of England has been fortified against all demands by large accumulations of gold, and the money outlook for the rest of the year seems favourable. Why, then, this continued sagging of prices, and this want of all enterprise or speculation?

What is the Matter with the Markets?

I am afraid the answer spells: Distrust, unreasonable and unreasoning, yet powerful for evil. The protracted discussion of the affairs of Messrs. de Murrieta seems to have given new zest to the nervous feeling which has prevailed so long, although, as a matter of fact, these difficulties are now considered as practically arranged. Nor would their effect upon the markets have been at all marked, if the matter had not been settled, as the position had been greatly scaled down, and no other firms would have been involved. But the mere breath of difficulties nowadays has an exaggerated effect, and when a settlement is announced the rally does not bring up prices to the old level. The fall in Argentine stocks opened the ball with the Baring collapse; then followed other South American securities. Foreign stocks specially affected by Paris and Industrial shares also broke away, and now we have a downward movement in English Rails. Unfortunately the old leaders of the markets are not in a position to give a helping hand or to show the way to an improvement, and so the stocks sag until they touch bottom, when a natural recovery must take place. In many securities that point must almost have been reached, and in others it will come all the sooner, if holders refrain from sacrificing their stocks. I cannot refrain from commenting upon a most scandalous *canard*, which gained currency for a short time on Saturday, respecting the position of one of our first firms of brokers of reputed wealth. A story was hatched by some malicious person, with the fullest circumstantiality, of alleged difficulties of the firm in consequence of their connection with an operator whose account in American and Home Rails, &c., was said to have been closed with heavy loss. Not only did this firm of brokers never transact any business for the operator in question, but the magnitude of the latter's account was grossly exaggerated, apparently in the interest of the "Bear" party. The whole story has since been officially and completely contradicted, but it is to be hoped that the matter will not be allow to rest there, and that a determined attempt will be made to trace and punish the perpetrator of these lying rumours—which were, of course, put about from interested motives.

Home Rails.

Home Rails have been affected by the fear that the discovery with regard to the defective state of the bridges on the Brighton line, might necessitate extensive alterations and repairs on other lines. These considerations and anticipations of unsatisfactory dividends caused a decline all round, the fall being heaviest in Dover A, which lost 3¼ at 83¼. I have never been an advocate of Sir Edward Watkin's line, and I can but confirm the regret, which I expressed a week ago, that he declined to come to terms with the Chatham and Dover Company, in which case his line would not have suffered nearly as much. The Scotch stocks, too, are weak, rumours of further fighting between the Caledonian and North British, and forebodings of increased capital expenditure on the part of the new manager of the North British, causing a decline of over 2 points in Caleys, 3 in Caledonian Deferred, and 2 in North British Deferred. As usual, the heavy fall is frightening nervous holders into selling. Great Eastern Ordinary lost 3 on the report that a large coal traffic was lost to the line. This stock was, as I have repeatedly pointed out, far too high on its merits, and the decline is likely to make progress, if the present temper of investors continues. Of the Heavy brigade, North-Eastern have lost nearly a point, other stocks keeping up remarkably well, especially my favourite, Midlands, which have scored with an increase of ¾. Chatham stocks have sympathised with South-Eastern with a decline of 1 in the Ordinary, and 3 in the Preference. On the whole, the bridge business is considerably overdone, and unless frightened holders should make further sacrifices, a rally would not be unnatural. But it is difficult to say nowadays where a scare will end, and I do not, therefore, wish to prophesy as to the time when a turn will come in Home Rails. When the various chairmen get a hearing on the part of their shareholders, either in directors' reports or at the forthcoming meetings, they will probably succeed in calming the apprehensions of their constituents. Until then, however, the "Bears" will no doubt do their level best to create and exploit scares. With regard to the Brighton line, I can but confirm my last remarks. The week's traffic has shown a marked recovery, and during the recent scare Brighton "A" met with influential support. Without that support they would no doubt have given way with the rest. If it is

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continued until Mr. Sam. Laing has an opportunity to address the shareholders, the stock will probably not drop far below 140, in the neighbourhood of which it has kept of late.

The Yankee Market.

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley." Perhaps there was never a more telling application of Burns's homely saying than that presented by the present experience of the Yankee market. For the last six months preparations have been made in New York for a grand coup with American railway stocks this autumn. The Jay Goulds and their confederates depressed quotations to such an extent that European holders sold out and let the Yankees have best part of their stocks, with the result that the big men in New York have now got control of the bulk of the stocks. Big "Bull" pools were started, such as that in Milwaukees, and the little wizard himself is known to have loaded up with Union Pacifics, Atchisons, Missouri Pacifics, &c. Splendid crop prospects, now in full realisation, supported the view that a great opportunity would arise for a "Bull" movement. It became evident that Europe, and especially France, would have to take enormous quantities of American grain in view of deficient harvests on this side. Then came an unprecedented efflux of gold to Europe. First the Bank of England extracted several millions sterling from the United States, then France and Germany followed suit, considerable sums being utilised for satisfying the Russian demand. The country stood the drain wonderfully, the sum remitted to Europe amounting to some 67,000,000 dols. But the drain lasted longer than had been anticipated, and the last shipments to Paris and Berlin caused considerable nervousness and a fall in the prices of stocks, although it is expected that the efflux will come to an end very shortly. I have it, moreover, on the best authority that the Bank of France is preparing to return, in August and September, some 12 millions sterling in gold to the United States in payment of grain shipments. The only real question, therefore, is if these shipments will commence early enough to replenish the American exchequer, which has been drawn upon to so great an extent. The balance of trade does not account for the continued gold shipments to France—those for England now having been suspended for some time—and it is known that a good many millions in American gold, at present reposing in the coffers of the Bank of France, are actually under contract to be returned to New York within thirty days. England will probably have to send only small amounts of gold to the States, as we have sold large blocks of American Railway stocks to New York, and the flow of American Railway bonds to this country, which used to reach millions in past years, has almost entirely stopped. At the same time, it is quite on the cards that the United States will attract quite as much gold from other centres as will be necessary for their purposes, in which case the long-expected boom, which is for the moment put off by unforeseen circumstances, may yet come about. At all events, prices are low whilst traffic prospects are excellent. Even traffics in the immediate past have been good, although May is, as a rule, a crucial month. It was generally expected that there would be an appreciable falling off in March, and certainly in April, but it appears that the roads have held their own during the month of May, as compared with an enormous increase in the same month last year, and that too when the month this year contained five Sundays, naturally entailing a reduction of a little more than 3 per cent. in the monthly earnings. There must be a very strong and healthy growth of general business, which has sufficed to overcome the depression in the iron and coal trade naturally contingent upon the coal strike, although where the earnings for May of last year showed a larger increase over the previous May than was ever known before, paying nearly 15 per cent., there is a slight gain this year. In fact, the earnings in May this year on a much smaller number of roads are very nearly as large as they were in May last year, when a much larger number made reports. It must, under the circumstances, be admitted that the gross earnings in May and for the first five months of the year, as stated in the following comparison of 137 roads, were most satisfactory:—

	1891. Dols.	1890. Dols.	Inc. Dols.
Month May	36,774,414	36,655,029	119,385
From January 1..	180,042,038	172,712,257	7,329,781

It is not for me to say when the gold shipments from New York will cease. Theoretically they ought to have stopped long ago. That they can constitute only the fag end of the movement in view of the approaching gigantic shipments of grain and cotton from the States is a foregone conclusion, and the stoppage of the exodus of the yellow metal will mark a recovery in the Wall-street Market, which will be as marked as the recent decline. The latter has been helped by rumours of difficulties on this side, which have been, as usual, greatly exaggerated.

Foreigners and South Americans.

There is little to be said about Old World securities. The Paris Bourse has again taken up the cudgels for its own specialties with varying fortunes, but in the end Portuguese and Spanish are not far from the point at which they were a week ago. Greek bonds are lower, but will no doubt improve again. The contradictory reports with regard to Messrs. de Murrieta have been weighing on the South American market. This affair is endowed with an exaggerated importance on the Continental Bourses, and in North and South America, and when the final announcement of a settlement is made, it will be none the worse for South American stocks. The *deus ex machinâ* in this case is Baron Hirsch, who is again staying at the Albemarle Hotel. He seems to have behaved with remarkable good sense in this matter, a loan to a considerable amount having been agreed to by him, on what must be considered, in these days of distrust, very moderate terms. Argentine stocks have maintained themselves at about the recent level. The "gold ring" in Buenos Ayres is evidently shaken a good deal, as at one time the gold premium in Buenos Ayres was down as low as 229, and, although it is now up again to 250, it is the view of those intimately acquainted with the position that the premium is bound for a much lower level. The interest on the 1886 loan and on the Custom House bonds, as far as issued, will, of course, be promptly paid on July 1, and it is apparently the decrease in Government remittances to Europe consequent upon the funding scheme, which is at last bringing the gold premium under control. Uruguay bonds show considerable dulness, as the advent of the new emissary from Monte Video is being looked forward to with mixed feelings. Venezuela bonds have advanced, for no particular reason. There has been a greatly improved tone in Costa Rica Bonds since the official announcement that the interest on the A and B bonds would be paid on July 1, although this was never for a moment doubtful. The A debentures are now quoted 70-75, the B, which are very cheap, at 65-70. The Costa Rica Railway is to be taken over by the Company from the contractor on July 1, and the First and Second debentures are, under the circumstances, a very promising purchase, as the change will, no doubt, lead to a more energetic working of the line. Brazilian bonds have shown greater steadiness. Chilian bonds are, on the one hand, favourably affected by the prospective payment of the dividend on July 1, while, on the other hand, the endless civil war must prevent any lasting recovery for the present. Mexican Rails are being pushed up by a Bull clique who are apparently bent on a "Bear hunt." Interoceanic of Mexico Preference shares have at last begun to move up to 6¾-7¼, and the Debentures have also gained a point.

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My Letter Box.

In the prolonged slump which has taken hold of the markets ever since the Baring catastrophe shook all confidence, nearly all securities have experienced a severe fall, and unless an investor has been content with stocks yielding something like 3 per cent., he must invariably have suffered. Even Home Railway stocks are now strongly affected by this general depression. Few, if any, of my correspondents are satisfied with 3 per cent.; in fact, most of them want 5 or 6, and some are not even content if they get 10 to 15 per cent. in American Brewery stocks. I am, however, only too glad to place on record that my correspondents generally are most reasonable in their views, and do not blame me for a general tendency of the markets, which no one can control, and from which all have suffered, unless, as I have said, they were content to have their money on deposit or invested in Consols, &c. There have been some disappointments in industrial undertakings, but in the majority of cases referred to there seems every prospect of the Companies recovering their position. The worst feature is that, as soon as any stock shows signs of weakness, every one turns a seller, thus causing declines which are altogether unjustified. The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Cantab.—I consider your selection of American Brewery stocks 1-5, Peter Schoenhofen, St. Louis, San Francisco, Denver, and Bartholomay a very good one, and have no doubt that the investment, which you intend to make, will turn out well. I do not care for the English shares No. 6, but No. 7 would be suitable. *T., County Tyrone.*—You were wrong to go so heavily into one class of securities, and if your holding of Bartholomay (Rochester) Brewery shares is too heavy why not sell some at the present price of 10¾ x.d. They must have paid you handsome dividends. The other shares, being at a very low price, should be held. *Stump.*—1. I should rather buy Eastman's Ordinary than Prefs. considering the relative prices at present. 2. I never consider mining shares in the nature of investments, but you will be quite right in buying Australian Broken Hills as a speculation at anything like present prices. 3. Yes. *Ignoramus, Kelso.*—Of the three stocks, I should prefer Denver and Rio Grande First Cons. Mortg. *Investor.*—1. I cannot tell you. 2. No. 3. Because they have not received an official quotation. *Ignoramus, Devizes.*—Of the Brewery shares mentioned, San Francisco Ordinary are the best purchase at anything like their present price of 5½. Hammond's Meat are a good speculative "lock up" at their low price. I do not recommend the other shares mentioned. *Joven.*—If you have patience, you will find East Broken Hill Consols come out all right. *G. B., Bloomsbury.*—I can only reply through my letter-box. If you hold the two stocks in question, you will make money by them, but you must have some patience. *Hopeful.*—Your view is quite correct, and the shares will recover. *Weybridge.*—1. A speculative investment. 2. Good of its class. 3. Very speculative. *J. C.*—You should hold Cordoba Central (Central Northern Section) bonds. With an improvement in Argentine finance, the Custom-house bonds, in which the interest is funded, will improve in value, when Cordoba Central Bonds would also recover. *City Clerk.*—Hold, and you will find that the price will fully recover. *"Truth" Reader.*—The shares have fallen with the securities of other Trust Companies. It is a fair speculative investment. *Nemesis.*—I do not care much for the electric shares. No reason to sell Great Eastern Four per cent. Prefs. Hold Goldfields of South Africa at present prices. *W. E., Pontypridd.*—1. I cannot possibly tell by what time the shares will recover to your figure, but it is most likely that they will. 2. Yes, of the Prefs. 3. I do not care for them. 4. I do not like this Trust at all. *M. M. W.*—You have done wrong in going into this concern. Perhaps a solicitor's letter will get you the money back. The firm named by you are outside dealers, and you had better be careful. *Kent.*—I do not see any temptation to buy Maxim-Nordenfelt yet, and am sorry that I have not heard anything encouraging respecting the Company. *A. M.*—Thanks for the cutting from the *Australian Mining Standard.* The remarks do not appear to be of any importance, and those connected with the mine fully maintain the accuracy of previous statements. *Sykes.*—You have made an unpleasant experience with your investment in Great Northern A, but you will find that Home Rails generally are lower. *New Club.*—There has been some forced selling and a temporary reduction in the output, but those connected with the mine think as well of it as ever. *C. N. S.*—With patience the Argentine Stocks which you hold will improve again. This also applies to the Tucuman Extensions of the Rosario. *Fox.*—Hold; they will recover again. *Lex.*—You are quite mistaken. I did not recommend these shares. *Shareholder in Mysore Goldfields.*—Goldfield of Mysore shares have fallen during the past few months in sympathy with nearly all mining shares. The position of the Company itself continues very strong. Some holders are doubtless disappointed at not having received an allotment of Mysore shares before this, but transfers of such properties as these take time to effect. I believe negotiations are still going on with the Balaghat Company. *N. N.*—Sheba Reef shares do not look a bad purchase at the existing quotation, but you know how unsettled the mining market is. *Kelso.*—The Trusts No. 1 and 2 belong to the better class of these Companies, and I cannot advise you to sell at present quotations. They are in no way affected by the Murrieta affair, which is, moreover, as good as settled. 3. This is a speculative industrial investment on which I do not care to express an opinion. *S. M. E.*—I quite agree with you that the new bonds are not so desirable as the old ones, and if I were you I would dissent. I do not think that the conversion is compulsory. *Medicus.*—You will have seen the circular of the secretary, and on the whole I should think it far better to hold. *Enquirer.*—With regard to your American shares 1-3, I can but advise you to hold until the gold shipments are over. I have never recommended Grand Trunk Ordinary. 4. You should sell them on the next improvement. 5 will recover again. 6. Hold for the present. 7 and 8 ditto. This applies also to 9-11. No reason to sell 12. I cannot advise you respecting 13. *Liverpool.*—I think you are unreasonable in your complaint that my reply was not sufficiently explicit. 1. Is a fair trust share, as these go, but whether you will run the risks connected with these is a matter for you to decide. 2. I read the name given by you as British *Shop* Investment, which I do not know. 3. I do not see any temptation to buy. 4. Same reply. *Mexico.*—What investments do you wish to insure, and in what way? *Doherty.*—My letter gives my views with regard to Berthas and Doras. The future depends upon investors themselves, but I should not feel inclined to sell now.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

Patience is a virtue, which must be practised more particularly by speculators in mining enterprises than in any other department of the Stock Exchange. Just now the operator in mining shares has to be especially patient, for the Kaffir Circus shows little sign of life, and it remains to be seen if the result of the June crushings of the Randt Mines will be such as to infuse some life into the market. Such shares as Jumpers, Durban Roodepoort, &c., are certainly very cheap at present. There has been more business in Great Gold Zone, in anticipation of advices from the second exploring expedition. With regard to the recent severe fluctuations in Australian Broken Hill, it is understood that some large "Bulls" of the shares were compelled to sell, while some options in connection with the Newgass estate were not called, the consequence being that a considerable number of shares were thrown on the market and absorbed. The output for the fortnight also was smaller—23,416 oz. of silver—which may, perhaps, be explained by the fact that the previous output had been remarkably rich. The information was added in the cablegram that "the rich vein below the 280 level west promises well for important developments." In the meantime, those closely connected with the mine profess the greatest confidence in it. The meeting of shareholders will, I understand, be held on July 14, and will, no doubt, furnish an opportunity to the directors to explain the whole position. A favourable report is, moreover, expected in about a week's time. The market for Indian mining shares has been neglected, and prices have fallen away. The announcement of the reconstruction of the Mysore Reefs Company and the call of 6d. per share made on Indian Consolidated have assisted the decline. Mr. Malcolm Low, the chairman of the last-named Company, has issued a circular regarding the position of the properties which he has recently visited. This circular is not cheerful reading to the shareholders; planting in the Wynaad is to be abandoned, but mining will be continued in that district as long as the operations pay expenses. The hope of the Company lies in the Colar properties. Nothing very stimulating is said about these; it is a case of "hope deferred."

Various Investments.

There is little animation in the miscellaneous department. Nitrate shares remain very dull, there being no encouragement in the market for nitrate of soda, which remains very weak. The San Jorgé Company, whose meeting was held last week, has, however, managed to pay two interim dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, E.C.—165, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—8, Haymarket, S.W.—18, Westbourne-grove, W.—Nos. 19 and 20, Railway-approach, London-bridge, S.E.—Manchester address, Bridgewater-chambers, 6, Brown-street.—Brighton address, Central-chambers, The Quadrant. No commission on speculative accounts. He buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired. Telephone No. 1,578.

annum for the year 1890. Amongst American Brewery shares, San Francisco are coming to the fore again. It is understood that this Company has now turned the corner. The severe competition which it had to encounter is lessening, and prices of hops and malt, which had been very high, are falling. An expert who has recently investigated the position on the spot gives it as his view that the full preference dividend will be paid, and that matters will now improve. In the meantime it is stated that the accounts which are expected almost immediately will show net earnings sufficient to pay an ordinary dividend variously estimated at the rate of 5 to 8 per cent. per annum. This is, of course, in addition to the interim dividend already paid at the rate of 10 per cent. Under these circumstances and with improved prospects the shares seem exceedingly cheap at $5\frac{1}{8}$, and ought to be picked up. Brewery stocks generally are steady, and will appreciate sensibly as soon as people leave off throwing their shares away, for which there does not seem the slightest reason in the majority of cases. The only explanation of the temporary success of the renewed "Bear" raid on Bell's Asbestos shares seems to be the rumour that the interim dividend may be put off somewhat, as the working of the mines in Canada was interfered with to some extent by the severe weather during the first months of the year. But it is the plain duty of the directors to make a straightforward announcement, explaining at the same time the promising position of the Company, for which they possess every material in consequence of the recent visit of the managing director to Canada. To act otherwise would cast upon them the odium of playing into the hands of the "Bears," and place them in a very unpleasant position. According to the interview which I had with the managing director a week or two ago, the Company is doing excellently, as set forth in my remarks on that occasion, and it is quite time that the Board should inform the shareholders officially of this state of things.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

QUEER STORY.

THE MAN WHO GOT IN AT BRUGES.

MR. PORTMAN BROWN was a prosperous elderly gentleman, of quiet ways and fixed habits. A small circle of familiar friends supplied all his social needs, he concerned himself little with the rest of humanity, belonging to the class who can live side by side in the same street with a fellow-creature all their lives without so much as knowing him by sight.

Amongst Mr. Brown's fixed habits was a yearly tour. But he did not take it, like most people, in the summer months, but in the early spring. Regularly, as the first week in March came round, he went abroad. A commonplace tour in beaten tracks, following the usual routine of travel in steamers and trains, and lodging at palatial hotels. No adventure had ever broken the uneventful record of these tours for over a quarter of a century; no more exciting incident than an unusual over-charge at some hotel had come within Portman Brown's personal experience.

In 18—, when March came round, he made the usual preparations for his yearly tour in his usual way. On the evening before his departure, an old City friend, Mr. Goldsmith, dined with him at his house in Harley-street. When about to leave, Goldsmith drew a small case from his pocket.

"I brought this with me, on the chance that you were going to Cannes. You will do me a great favour by giving it into my brother's hands there. It contains a brilliant of such rare value that I could entrust it to few. It will give you no trouble being so small—there is no risk, as no one will know you have such a thing with you."

"Anything to oblige a friend," said Brown, lightly. "I would take the Koh-i-noor as a travelling-companion under the same circumstances."

The two men were standing at the study window, the blind of which happened to be up. Whilst in the act of placing the case in his pocket, Brown's eyes wandered to the street. At the moment the light from a lamp in front of the door struck on the face of a man who was passing—or had he been standing there?—a peculiar dark face, with straight black whiskers.

The man moved on; Brown drew back hastily.

"None of your people knew that you were giving me this commission?" he inquired of Goldsmith.

"Not a soul, my dear fellow; the matter is entirely between you and me. My head clerk alone knows of the existence of the brilliant."

"What is he like?"

"Like you, like me. Respectability itself! What are you thinking of?"

"Has he black whiskers?"

"Grey as a badger's—white even! But, bless my soul, what is the matter? What do you mean? Have you seen any one?"

"A man was standing there by the lamp-post as you handed me the jewel-case. He was apparently looking at us, and might have heard what we said."

"Then he must be in the street still," said Goldsmith, throwing up the window and putting his head out; Brown did the same. The night was bright. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere—the street was quite deserted.

"A neighbour or a neighbour's butler. He has gone into some house." Goldsmith withdrew from the window. "In any case, no one could have heard, nor, I should think, have seen us. As for my clerk, Travers, I boast myself an honest man, but I don't hesitate to acknowledge that he is the honester of the two. Your imagination is playing you tricks. I didn't know you were given that way. Perhaps you would rather not take charge of the brilliant?"

But Brown would not hear of this. Already shame-faced over his hasty and somewhat ridiculous suspicions, he dismissed them abruptly.

"Not for worlds would I give up the charge," he said. "I'm not such a fool as I seem. The man probably is one of the new neighbours; there are a good many newcomers in the street."

Portman Brown set out next morning for Lucerne *viâ* Brussels and the Rhine, staying a few days at Ostend on the way. He took his place in the undeniable comfort of a first-class carriage in the express to Brussels with a mind as free from care and uneasiness as elderly gentleman ever possessed. A life of plain undiluted prose had, up to this, kept his imaginative faculties in complete abeyance; lunatics, hypnotists, murderers, &c., as possible fellow-travellers had never entered his mind. As a rule, indeed, his fellow-travellers no more excited his interest or notice than his near neighbours at home. On this occasion he was just conscious, in leaving the station at Ostend, that an elderly couple were the other occupants of the carriage; he merely gave a passing glance from his newspaper at the man, a stranger, who got in at Bruges and sat down on the opposite seat.

Nearly an hour had passed before Brown laid down his paper and glanced round the carriage. He was thinking of the Parliamentary debate he had been reading, and of the lost tradition of good breeding in the House of Commons, and not at all of his fellow-travellers, when, on a sudden, his eye caught that of the man opposite curiously fixed on him. Each becoming aware of the other's glance, withdrew his at once, not, however, before Brown's attention had been engaged. Was the man a complete stranger, as he had supposed? Had he not seen the face before? And when? Where? Or was it merely a case of chance likeness to some acquaintance? Parliamentary shortcomings passed from his mind whilst he racked his brain on this subject. The face was peculiar, with straight black whiskers. During Brown's furtive study of him from behind the *Times* the stranger turned his head sharply, the light from the window struck full on his face. With the suddenness of a flash Brown's memory was illumined. The man opposite was the same who had stood in the lamplight outside the window in Harley-street. There was no doubt of it, no mistaking the unusual face

HEADACHES.—BISHOP'S Effervescent Citrate of Caffeine cures headaches arising from nervous debility, biliousness, &c.—Of all Chemists, and of the Inventors, 48, Spelman-st., London.

and remarkable whiskers. On a sudden impulse Brown put up his hand to feel the jewel-case in his breast pocket; as he did so, his eyes met those of the stranger fixed on him with a peculiar expression.

By a chain of reasoning, of which he felt half-ashamed, Brown, before reaching Brussels, decided on changing his usual hotel, the Bellevue, for the less-known Nassau. Setting out for the latter, he lost sight of his fellow-traveller on the crowded platform of the station.

Fixity of habit as a creed cannot be lightly renounced. Brown was miserable at the Nassau, simply because it was not the accustomed Bellevue. Discontent with himself and everything else was the result. "What an ass I have made of myself about that man!" was the burthen of his thoughts whilst smoking his after-dinner cigar. "His being in the train was a mere coincidence. He probably has never cast a thought about me. I must walk this nonsense out of my brain."

As Brown left the room he passed, at the door, a late guest being ushered into a solitary dinner. With a certain revulsion of feeling he recognised his fellow-traveller. The object of his thoughts!

The earliest train for Cologne next morning saw Brown's departure from Brussels—an alteration in his usual programme, which always included a day or two in that bright capital. The closest scrutiny of the train did not discover his bugbear; there was no sign of him at Cologne.

A tranquil night in his accustomed hotel restored Brown's mental balance. Reverting to his usual habit, he took his way by boat up the Rhine. Spending one night at Mayence, the following found him at the "Three Kings" in Bâle, his last halting-place before Lucerne.

In the pleasant coolness of a moonlit night he sat on the terrace of the hotel overlooking the Rhine. His mind was undisturbed as the peaceful scene around. The slight stirring of sentimentality, inspired by a honeymooning couple who sat near, holding each other's hands and whispering together, could not be called disturbance. The pale spectral might-have-beens, raised by the sight of wedded happiness, moved his elderly heart in the gentlest possible manner. An audible sigh escaped him when the departure of the lovers left him, as he thought, alone. A slight movement, however, made him look round, breaking the chain of his sentimental reflections. For the first time he became aware of another man on the terrace. At the moment this individual rose from his chair, which stood far back under the verandah, and, moving into the clear moonlight, paused at the stone balustrade overlooking the river. He remained there pensively, watching the flowing waters beneath. To Brown's eyes were abruptly revealed the face and figure of the man with the black whiskers.

The shock was tremendous; its suddenness was too much for Brown. On the moment, without a pause for thought, before taking in whether or not he had himself been seen, he hurried stealthily from the terrace, and, seeking his room, only breathed freely again when he was safely locked within it.

All the clear reasoning by which he had convinced himself of the groundlessness and folly of his alarm at Brussels was now overthrown and swept out of sight. He was shadowed by the man below! That was beyond a doubt. Whoever he was, the secret of the diamond was known to him. Either chance or design had made him acquainted with it on that night in Harley-street.

Never within the whole course of his experience in foreign parts had Brown passed a more wretched night; the morning found his nerves in a sad state. He, who had never before known himself the possessor of nerves! The fidgety man who made fussy arrangements about starting by the first train for Lucerne, and whose eyes had a way of casting furtive—not to say apprehensive—glances around, was strangely unlike the self-satisfied, phlegmatic Briton who had arrived the evening before at the Three Kings.

The success of his manœuvre in leaving Brussels made him repeat it, and besides, he was in a perfect fever to get to the end of his journey and rid himself of the charge of the diamond. His spirits rose considerably as the hour of the train's departure drew near without any appearance of the "shadower" in the station. Brown remained on the platform until the last moment, then, with a fervent sigh of relief, he entered the railway carriage. The train was just moving off, when the door was suddenly opened, a breathless porter dashed in a hand-bag and parcel of rugs, followed by a still more breathless traveller. The door was shut, the engine shrieked the last departing signal, the train moved from Bâle station. In one corner of the carriage sat Brown; in another—the farthest on the opposite side—sat the man with the black whiskers!

How often—in fancy—we place ourselves in heroic situations, and there—in fancy—act with invariable heroism. It is quite different, however, when the heroic situation is a reality; our consequent actions are liable to be quite different too. The position in which Brown now found himself might well have appalled the bravest. He was alone in a railway-carriage, with a scoundrel who had followed him from London; Brown had utterly abandoned surmise since last night, and accepted each idea as an absolute certainty—the object in this scoundrel's view was the capture of the valuable diamond, which was at that very moment on Brown's person. A long journey lay before them, and Brown was unarmed. At this review of the situation his heart sank; he drew back instinctively into the corner. His eyes suddenly met those of the other man; a deep flush suffused his face, which seemed to find a reflection in the other's. Brown hastily took up Baedeker and affected to read, the man opposite simultaneously did the same. A transparent unreality on both sides. Brown's furtive glances invariably caught—quickly withdrawn though they were—those of the other man levelled on him. Whilst this went on, the slightest change of position, the least movement in the opposite corner made Brown start. Might it not herald the approach of danger? A spring, a rush, the attack!

The tension was terrible; to remain inactive almost impossible. Brown had an inspiration, as a man in extremity sometimes has. Though he was not armed, he would pretend to be. That might do something; produce hesitation or delay, at least. Accordingly, he deliberately assumed a bold, even threatening demeanour. Casting a truculent glance across the carriage, he plunged his hand into his pocket, affecting to grasp an imaginary revolver. To his intense delight the ruse took immediate effect. The man opposite gave an unmistakable start, and shrank back into his corner. So far, so good. But how to keep up the pretence? What to do next? At this crisis the whistling of the engine suddenly distracted Brown. Good Heavens! He had forgotten the long tunnel! They were coming to it now! His eyes, with a quick, involuntary movement, sought the lamp. It was not lighted!

Entrapped! Doomed! The wildest thoughts rushed confusedly to his brain. With a shriek the train plunged noisily into the tunnel, into darkness. The din and rattle outside contrasted sharply with the silence within the carriage. Crouched in his corner, Brown, his hearing sharpened to agonising acuteness, listened for a stir, a rustle, the sound of human breathing drawing nearer to him. Every moment fancy detected a step, a stealthy, cat-like movement. His imagination, after the neglect of a lifetime, was now taking ample revenge. Uncontrolled and uncontrollable were its wild flights. Every railway murder of which he had ever read flashed before him with all the ghastly details. The spring upon the victim, the struggle, the death-stroke, the body thrown out on the rails. How idly he had read of these things happening to other men! But now to realise himself as the victim; his, the body! Absolute panic seized upon him; hardly knowing what he was doing, he tried softly to open the door. It was locked, however. His movements must have been heard, there was a stir at the other end of the carriage. The fatal moment had come, the assassin was advancing to the attack. In the extremity of his terror Brown sank swiftly on the floor and crawled under the seat.

For what length of time he crouched there, half-stifled

Porcelain and Glass.—Messrs. Mortlock solicit an inspection of the magnificent collection now on view in their extensive galleries, Oxford-street and Orchard-street. It far surpasses any other collection in London or elsewhere, and fully maintains the pre-eminence they have so long enjoyed.

and scarcely daring to breathe, Brown knew not. Agony cannot measure time. A sudden and extraordinary rush of air made his heart first stand still, and then sent the blood coursing wildly through his veins. The far door was swinging open! Something had happened! And what?

His straining ears detected no sound but the outside rattle and roar of the train through the tunnel; within all was silence. He remained listening in intense excitement and amazement until the hope which had hardly dared to stir in his breast grew into vigorous life. He was alone in the carriage! He was saved! Deliverance had come miraculously—why and how, he knew not!

The tunnel was coming to an end; light began to stream into the carriage. Cautiously and slowly Brown peeped from under the seat. He was quite alone. The man had disappeared.

The fact of his escape was, at the time, enough for Brown. Afterwards, in thinking over the adventure, he surmised that the man, deceived by his (Brown's) attempt to turn the handle of the door, had followed in supposed pursuit.

At the station, just outside the tunnel, Brown—alighting almost before the train had stopped—changed his place for one in a crowded second-class compartment. A few hours later the brilliant was safely transferred from his charge into that of Goldsmith's brother at Lucerne.

The rest of his tour was uneventful; he neither heard of nor saw his persecutor again.

* * * * *

Brown's adventure made quite a sensation on his return to London. He was the hero of the hour in his circle. Whether or not he related the circumstances exactly, as here set forth, need not be mentioned. His friend Jones, amongst others, gave a dinner-party in his honour. Brown, with his usual punctuality, was the first of the guests to arrive.

"By-the-way," Jones said chaffingly to him, as the two stood chatting together on the hearth-rug, "You must look to your laurels to-night, Brown. Do you know Leroy, your neighbour in Harley-street?"

"Never saw the man in my life. What's the joke?"

"A rival adventure! In Switzerland, too, and culminating in a tunnel—not sure that it wasn't the Olten one also!"

"Dear me! What an extraordinary coincidence!"

"In his case it was a lunatic, not a robber. He was shadowed at hotels and in trains. You must hear the story from his own lips; he's dining here to-night. The climax is terrific. Shut into a railway-carriage, alone with a lunatic, aforesaid lunatic armed with a revolver. A long tunnel, an extinguished lamp, the lunatic crawling in the darkness to the attack, an escape by the skin of the teeth. Leroy had sufficient presence of mind to open the door, and pretend to get out, in reality crawling under the seat instead. The ruse saved his life. He supposes that he fainted in the stifling air, for when he was next conscious the train had left Olten and he was alone in the carriage, from which all traces of the lunatic had disappeared."

Jones was so engrossed in telling the story, he did not remark its curious and startling effect on Brown.

Just then the door was thrown open, and the footman announced "Mr. Leroy."

Jones, springing forward with effusion to greet the newcomer, led him gushingly up to Brown.

"You two must know each other," he said.

And they did. The recognition was instantaneous on both sides. With a gasp, Brown stared in speechless wonder on the man with the black whiskers, whilst Leroy started back aghast on encountering the gaze of the lunatic!

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is, 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

MUSIC.

THE operatic collision on Saturday, which ended in a double running off the line, is not the least extraordinary event of this very extraordinary season. Both Verdi's "Otello" at Covent Garden and Solomon's Indian opera at the Savoy had been in preparation for many months, and at Easter it seemed any number of thousand chances to one that the laughing prophesy that both would be announced for the Handel Festival week would remain unfulfilled. Not only, however, did the event come off, but both Mr. Harris and Mr. Carte, holding over till after the Festival was past, wanted to bring an opera out last Saturday night. Mr. Carte was the first to give way. Although duly warned that "Otello" might, after all, be postponed, he preferred the safer course, and consequently he put off the Savoy production till Tuesday, thus giving himself the opportunity for an extra full rehearsal on Monday afternoon. All, therefore, seemed plain sailing for Mr. Harris, when M. Jean de Reszke, for only about the third time in his English career, fell ill, a slight inflammation of the larynx keeping him within doors for a day or two. "Otello" was accordingly postponed, "Tannhaüser," with MM. Maurel and Perotti and Madame Albani, being given instead. If any one had foretold that on the last Saturday evening in June the musical critics, jaded by a Handel Festival, *plus* a large assortment of operatic representations and concerts which various entrepreneurs had provided for their delectation and comment, could, for want of any engagement, be enabled to sit beneath the leafy trees and drink the claret-cup of leisure, he would have been deemed a lunatic.

Mr. Solomon's new Savoy opera cannot, of course, be critically dealt with this week. I may, however, say that the libretto, for which, at least, three gentlemen are more or less responsible, is obviously based upon the Gilbertian model, and that the opera will owe the degree of success which it may achieve almost as much to the luxurious Indian dresses which Mr. D'Oyly Carte has provided, and to the stage display which has been arranged by Mr. Charles Harris, as to the book or the music. Mr. Rutland Barrington is the Rajah, whose son, Mr. Courtice Pounds, falls in love with a pretty Nautch girl, Bee Bee, and is perpetually bothered by questions of caste; Mr. Wyatt is the manager of the travelling troupe of Nautch girls, and Mr. Denny is an irascible idol who for two thousand years has "sat by myself all alone upon my shelf," but who now comes to flesh and blood, and woos Chinna Loofa, who, in the agreeable person of Miss Jessie Bond, sings with the rescuscitated idol the duet "Viva la Libertà," in which Ibsen, Mrs. Mona Caird, and other matrimonial faddists are gently satirised. There are also a chorus and dance of Nautch girls under the tall palms of an Indian upland, a song, sung by Mr. Wyatt, descriptive of the dances of various nations, an Indian lullaby sung by the heroine in the courtyard of the Rajah's palace, an unaccompanied chorus, a funny song by the Rajah on the lines of the "House that Jack Built," and a great many topical allusions.

The Handel Festival which ended on Friday is now rather stale history. It may, however, be said that although the choir have been criticised for a slight sinking in pitch in the opening chorus of "Israel," and for some shakiness in the more difficult choruses in the second part of that oratorio, yet that such complaints are of triennial occurrence, and that finical criticism only shows the degree of excellence which has been achieved. Some defects, when so large a body of voices is employed, are, in fact, almost unavoidable. The points which will be held in remembrance of the Festival of 1891 are the magnificent rendering of "For unto us," the "Hallelujah," "Immortal Lord," the "Hailstones," and "The horse and his rider," which have never been better sung on the Handel orchestra, besides Mr. Santley's delivery of "Why do the nations," and Mr. Lloyd's spirited performance of "The enemy said."

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London, 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

The attendance was rather over 80,000, that is to say, not quite 6,000 fewer than during the previous Festival, and rather more than 4,000 above the average. The falling-off is attributed almost entirely to the non-attendance of the season-ticket holders, who are admitted free, but without any right to a seat. It is conjectured that a good many people were frightened away by the letters to the newspapers concerning the snail pace of the special trains. The Railway Companies, however, on the whole, did not do their work badly; and, indeed, to transport some ten miles by railway and seat in specified places an army of upwards of 20,000 men and women within little over an hour, would be considered a very creditable feat by many a German General.

"Lucia" was revived at Covent Garden last week, presumably for the sake of the prima donna, as the public showed in the only manner possible to them that Donizetti's once-popular opera has now lost its interest. The revival of "Marta" on Friday was, it has been supposed, due to M. Edouard de Reszke, who played Plunket. He sang very creditably the song in praise of beer, but he lacked the lightness of touch of Mr. Santley, who played the part frequently twenty or more years ago. The Russian soprano, Mdlle. Mravina, was an acceptable exponent of Marta, a role which was once a favourite with both Madame Patti and Madame Christine Nilsson. The days of "Marta" at the Royal Italian opera are, however, over, the public no longer caring for the ridiculous libretto and flimsy, if pretty, melodies of the school of which it is a very fair example.

A paragraph has been going the rounds that a New York manager has purchased the sole right of representation in England, Australia, and the United States of several Viennese operas and operettas. Before he clinches the bargain the manager in question would do well to inquire what rights an Austrian composer can possess in this country. We have no copyright treaty with Austria, which country also is not a member of the Copyright Union.

The Philharmonic Society have not had a particularly brilliant season, and so far as novelties are concerned the series of concerts which ended on Saturday, was almost a blank. Next year, however, the Philharmonic directors propose to make an important change. In the height of the season, from the end of April till mid-June, Thursday is not a convenient evening for the concerts, if only because it frequently clashes with other important musical engagements. Wednesday would far better suit those of the subscribers who belong to the fashionable world, and to Wednesday three of the summer concerts are accordingly changed, the spring concerts as heretofore being given on Thursdays. The best features of the concert last Saturday were Madame de Pachmann's rendering of Chopin's Concerto in E minor, and the performance by the band of Beethoven's Symphony in F.

A charter has been applied for by certain gentlemen who desire to found "The Incorporated Society of Musicians." The addition of one to the numerous musical societies, examining bodies, and institutions that exist for sundry purposes—from the granting of diplomas, before or after examination, to the wearing of "hoods" and other millinery—does not particularly signify. But a charter is altogether another matter. The only chartered institutions which now exist for musical purposes outside the Universities are, I believe, the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music. In regard to the Universities, I learn that Victoria University, which has its headquarters at Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds, is about to hold examinations and grant degrees in music. Very soon the musician who does not hold a degree of some sort promises to be the honoured exception.

Badges, gowns, and hoods are becoming so numerous that it seems they can now be had at fairly moderate rates. Somebody has sent me the official organ of a guild which boasts the Bishops of London, Ely, Wakefield, Sodor and Man, Bedford, and Marlborough, together with several minor clerical lights, and Mr. F. H. Cowen as representatives of musicians among its "honorary patrons." In the newspaper in question it is announced that "new badges" may be obtained at various prices from £6, in 18-carat gold, down to the humble shilling for these ornaments in white metal, or "9s. per dozen to choirs in union." It is added:—

> These badges are most artistically designed and executed, bearing on one side the guild insignia, and on the reverse side a beautiful shield of three surpliced choristers, with an organ in the background. They should be worn on public occasions suspended round the neck by a crimson silk ribbon, about one inch wide.

Thus ornamented the musician may strut about in his glory, and all for the comparatively modest sum of ninepence. As to the question of University hoods, the same newspaper has a light and airy method of explaining it. "Hoods were worn by the monks before the Universities were founded. There is no such thing as a chartered right to a hood," it declares. It would, perhaps, be useless to argue that purchasers of ninepenny badges are not necessarily monks. There is also no such thing as a chartered right to a hat. But a Cardinal's hat must, I suppose, be considered a different matter.

The late James Davison, who died only a very few years ago, could recollect the time when the musical critics had to travel part of the way to the Three Choirs Festival by coach. "On revient toujours à ses premiers amours." In point of fact this old-time method of locomotion is to be revived next month by Madame Valleria, who at the head of a party consisting of Miss Rees, Messrs. Harley, Foli (who acts as guard), and Arditi will coach it through Wales, the Lakes, and the West Riding, giving thirteen concerts in Wales and seventeen elsewhere. A thunderstorm would probably send the coach and all its artistic freight to the nearest railway station; so we will all heartily wish the party fine weather.

There is a little story connected with one of Signor Arditi's drives with the Valleria party which will bear telling in print. The prima donna took the conductor through Kenilworth, Warwick Castle, and other historical points, so that when they all arrived at Stratford-on-Avon the composer of "Il Bacio" was very tired. He, in fact, entirely failed to display the necessary enthusiasm in regard to the Shakespeare monument. "Shakespeare! Oh, yes, Shakespeare!" he murmured, wearily; and one of the party volunteered the hint, "You recollect, Maestro, "Amletto," "Romeo e Giulietta." The popular conductor then began to be interested. "Ah, yes," he replied, "I quite understand. Ze librettist!"

The concerts of the week have not been so numerous nor so important as heretofore, concert-givers knowing perfectly well that they stand little chance against the Handel Festival. M. Paderewski (who, by the way, has been sitting for his portrait to Mr. Alma Tadema, and for his bust to another artist) has given his last recital till October, when he will return to play at a single Chopin concert prior to his journey round the world. Miss Georgina Ganz, the accomplished daughter of the well-known pianist, has given a successful concert, at which she sang songs by Bizet, Dessauer, Gounod, and others. The Welsh ladies, under Mrs. Clara Novello Davies, have returned from Cardiff to produce a light but melodious Welsh cantata, by Mr. Roeckel. M. Joseph Wieniawski, Herr Schönberger, and about a quarter of a hundred others have announced performances of various sorts. On Monday, too, the Wagner Society held possession of the Richter concerts, and besides performing the "Tristan" prelude and closing scene, and allowing Madame Nordica to sing two of Wagner's earlier songs, Dr. Richter conducted for them, with a small orchestra, Haydn's "Clock Symphony," about as un-Wagneresque a work as was ever penned, and an abstruse and not particularly interesting Symphony in D minor, by Wagner's devoted admirer, Anton Bruckner.

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LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Schopenhauer, you must admit, whatever your view of his philosophy, is the keenest of observers, the shrewdest of reflectors, and the soundest of advisers upon matters of everyday life, and of every man's concern. His books are less like the stars—to use Bacon's image for the discourses of the philosophers—"which give little light because they are so high," than like the Psalmist's "lamp unto our feet," which throws a bright, if narrow, circle of light to guide us step by step. Here, for instance, is another of Mr. Bailey Saunders' admirable translations of him, "The Art of Literature," (1) where I have found in a few pages as much wisdom as goes to a ton of average Mudie light reading. And yet it, too, is "light reading," so bright and taking is the style; and "style," says Schopenhauer, "is the physiognomy of the mind, and a safer index to character than the face"—a definition, by the way, that seems to me to fit the truth more closely than Humboldt's "Style is the man," which says too much; or Lord Chesterfield's "Style is the dress of thoughts," which says too little. How a man who could express luminous thought so luminously should have been so long in winning appreciation for himself is a problem which cannot be solved adequately by the philosopher's own "cussedness"—to use an expressive and irreplaceable Americanism—since much of this "cussedness" was itself due to that heart-sickening hope deferred, which is the penalty paid by genius for being so far beyond its generation as to be out of its sight. Here is his own delightfully humorous image of the difference between our appreciation of genius in life and after death: "The simple man of learning, in the strict sense of the word—the ordinary professor, for instance—looks upon the genius much as we look upon a hare, which is good to eat after it has been killed and dressed up. So long as it is alive, it is only good to shoot at." He has himself, also (as always), in view (since as Goethe says: "Nur die Lumpen sind bescheiden!"—It is only knaves who are modest!) in his classification of authors as meteors, planets, and fixed stars. "A meteor makes a striking effect for a moment; you look up, and cry 'There!' and it is gone for ever. Planets lasts a much longer time, and often outshine the fixed stars, and are confounded with them by the inexperienced; only because they are near. It is not long before they, too, must yield their place; nay, the light they give is reflected only, and the sphere of their influence is confined to their own orbit—their contemporaries. Their path is one of change and movement, and with a circuit of a few years their tale is told. Fixed stars are the only ones that are constant; their position in the firmament is secure; they shine with a light of their own; their effect to-day is the same as it was yesterday, because having no parallax, their appearance does not alter with a difference in our standpoint. They belong not to *one* system, *one* nation only, but to the universe. And just because they are so very far away, it is usually many years before their light is visible to the inhabitants of this earth." This is as much more than a mere illustration as a reflection in a mirror is more than a picture—so circumstantial, minute, and perfect is the parallelism. Wagner, who, I presume, by this has received authoritative musical canonization, is as good a contemporary example of a fixed star shining with a light of its own, whose rays by reason of its distance above us took a long time to make themselves manifest to us. Judging by his "Letters to Dresden Friends" (2), which I have just been reading, he had the repellant "notes" of Titanic egotism and morose irritability supposed to be characteristic of genius. But what must not be forgiven to a genius whose command over our emotions is as absolute and overpowering as that of the moon over the rise and fall of the tide? "The performance of the 'Tannhäuser' overture has now taken place; it surpassed all my expectations," he writes to his friend Uhlig. "You can best judge of this by its effect, which was quite terrific. I do not speak of the burst of applause which immediately followed it, but of the symptoms of that effect, which came only gradually to my knowledge. The women, in particular, were turned inside out; the impression made on them was so strong that they had to take refuge in sobs and weeping. Even the rehearsals were crowded, and marvellous were the accounts given me of the first effect, which expressed itself chiefly as profound sorrowfulness; only after this had found relief in tears, came the agreeable feeling of the highest exuberant joy. Certainly this effect was only made possible by my explanation of the subject matter of the overture. . . . It has given me anew a great opinion of my talent for making the impossible possible." If you will read these letters, and also a really admirable and admirably written account of "Charles Gounod's Life and Works" (3), by Mademoiselle Marie Anne de Bovet, you will at least understand, if you do not accept, the theory I broached to you in a recent letter, that love and emotional religion, having a common source, naturally find their least inadequate expression through the same channel—music. Apropos of love and music, I am tempted to quote for you a clever *jeu d'esprit* which I came upon—of all places in the world—in a note to my old favourite, Sir Thomas Browne. I really think it good enough to find a place in the most admirable collection extant of occasional verse, Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson's "Lyra Elegantiarum" (4). I should not venture to quote it for you if it were now to be found anywhere except in this note to the "Pseudodoxia Epidemica," which is not precisely a popular book:—

When Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see,
He tuned up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonished a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far—but how vast their surprise,
When they found that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due for his fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
But hell had not torments sufficient he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding soon vanquished his heart,
And pleased with his playing so well,
He took her again, in reward of his art;
Such power had music in hell!

Have you ever noticed, apropos of misogyny, how as children take to smoking in imitation of men, so young men affect the cynicism of disillusioned age? The young curate preaches the forlornest sermons upon the hollowness of life and the imminence of death; while the young poet raves about the worthlessness of women in the lucid intervals of his successive enslavements to them. Here, *e.g.*, in a little book, "Lapsus Calami," (5) our young poet gives you the bitter sum of his wide and woeful experience of the sex:—

A Thought.

If all the harm that women have done
Were put in a bundle and rolled into one,
Earth could not hold it,
The sky could not enfold it,
It could not be lighted nor warmed by the sun
Such masses of evil
Would puzzle the devil
And keep him in fuel while Time's wheels run.

While on the subject of the unexpected views young folk take of the world just opening to them, I must recommend to you a curious, amusing, pathetic and interesting child's diary written half a century ago, "Journal of Emily Shore" (6). As you read these thoughts of rich

(1) "The Art of Literature." A series of Essays by Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated by T. Bailey Saunders, M.A. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)
(2) "Richard Wagner's Letters to his Dresden Friends." Translated by J. S. Shedlock. (London: H. Grevel & Co.)
(3) "Charles Gounod: his Life and Works." By Marie Anne de Bovet. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
(4) "Lyra Elegantiarum." Edited by Frederick Locker-Lampson, assisted by Coulson Kernahan. (The Minerva Library of Famous Books.) (London: Ward, Lock, & Co.)
(5) "Lapsus Calami." By J. K. S. (Cambridge; Macmillan & Bowes.)
(6) "Journal of Emily Shore." (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)
(7) "The History of Pickwick." With a Bibliography. By Percy Fitzgerald. (London: Chapman & Hall.)
(8) "The Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens." By Robert Langton. (London: Hutchinson & Co.)

promise of a child who died while yet in her teens, you are reminded of Bellario's pathetic appeal to Philaster :—

'Tis not a life;
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away!

When you think that the writer of this exquisite line, the greatest English dramatist, perhaps, next to Shakespeare—Beaumont—died at twenty-five, you wonder more and more at that inexplicable mystery, the prodigal, and even prodigious waste in life as in nature. Do not suppose, however, that there is any other association between Beaumont and Miss Emily Shaw than this line, notwithstanding the perfect seriousness of her editor's comment upon her girlish criticism of "Henry VIII." "Henry himself," says the Journal, "Katharine and Wolsey, though they display a degree of character, are not half so vigorously drawn as I had expected, or as I could, methinks, have done it myself." From such criticisms the editor rashly infers that she would herself, had she lived, have won fame as a dramatist. With all my admiration for the precocity and promise of the Journal, I cannot endorse this daring induction; since I find hardly more evidence in it of creative power than in her abridgment, compiled when thirteen, of Malkin's "History of Greece," whose preface makes this deliciously naïve admission :—"It is true that we may in some instances be accused of plagiarism, where we have nearly copied word for word the corresponding passage in Malkin; but children are to be our critics, and if the language is plain and intelligible, no matter the source whence it came."

A similar acknowledgment would have been in place in a preface to as arrant and poor a piece of book-making as I have come across for some time—Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "History of Pickwick" (7). The little that is original in the book—such idiotic criticisms as the following—make Dickens ridiculous :—"'I'll tell you what I shall do to get up my shooting again,' said Mr. Winkle, *who was eating bread and ham with a pocket-knife*, 'I'll put a stuffed partridge on the top of a post and practise at it, beginning at a short distance, and lengthening it by degrees.'" "This cutting slices of bread and ham with a pocket-knife," comments Mr. Fitzgerald, "seems somehow appropriate to a vain and complacent state of mind, and the words, 'get up my shooting again,' are delightfully absurd." That Dickens, who flashed on the world as a meteor, is nevertheless likely to be one of its fixed stars, is suggested by the mass of parasitic literature which still lives upon him—a grotesque mixture of metaphors I admit. Here, for instance, is another book of Dickens literature, which, however, no Dickens lover should be without, an *édition de luxe* of "The Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens" (8). It is well edited, beautifully illustrated, and exquisitely got up. But I must now close in some haste, remaining, dear Mr. Wyndham, very sincerely yours, DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—This has been a brilliant week in society, with a State Concert, a Levée, a meet of the Four-in-Hand Club, one or two great balls, two weddings in the highest circles, crowded parks, and a delightful haymaking party for children given by Lady Aberdeen at Dollis Hill. With all this going on, London was at its brightest, and was not to be perceptibly dimmed by thunderstorms and grey skies.

Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein has some lovely lingerie in her trousseau. Heliotrope is her favourite colour for under-wear. The lace and embroideries are beautifully fine. A lovely tea-gown is in dove-coloured cashmere trimmed with blue fox, and with a front of white pongee silk. The upper sleeves, much fulled, are in the cashmere, and from the elbows they are made of gauged pongee, as is the collar. Another tea-gown, in dark crushed-strawberry cashmere, has the sides and the wing sleeves in accordion pleating. The front is very handsome, being composed of shot silk, grey and strawberry, with inch-wide stripes of plain grey. There is a vest to the waist of gathered white chiffon, and long sleeves in this ideal fabric are under the wing-sleeves. A wide girdle of finest grey gimp mixed with strawberry colour defines the waist, ending in silken tassels, and a small ornament of the same hides the beginning of the folds at the back.

A black surah tea-gown is made with a draped front of yellow silk, caught in at the waist with a pointed jet belt. The fronts are bordered with a narrow jet fringe. The high Medici collar is lined with yellow, and bordered with jet. The over-sleeves fall in points over the upper arm, the surah bordered with jet. The long under-sleeves are in the yellow silk. This is a deliciously pretty gown.

A lovely opera-cloak is in "old pink" cloth, lined with pale maize silk, and bordered with white and pink ostrich feathers curled over upon themselves. The high collar is lined with these. The back of the collar, as well as the square yoke, is embroidered in dull, greenish gold, jewelled with crystals, and a deep crystal fringe falls from the yoke, back and front.

A purely delicious dust-cloak is in silky, silver-grey alpaca, through which blushes the lining of rose-pink silk. A quilting of pink ribbon forms the collar, and the long ends of the ribbon tie under the chin and fall over the front of the cloak.

There is a white Sicilienne cloak, probably to be worn during the drive to Clieveden on the wedding-day. The back and front go in a point to the waist and are covered with lovely silver embroidery. There is a border of white feather trimming, and the high collar is lined with feathers.

The "going-away" headgear is, after all, to be a hat, made of the finest white chip, the small, low crown garlanded with the curly tips of white ostrich feathers. A little Brussels lace is tastefully arranged upon the brim.

The wedding shoes are white satin, embroidered in raised satin stitch. A pair of tan Russia leather riding-boots are to be worn with a brown cloth riding-habit. The low-crowned hat is brown as well. I never could become reconciled to the wearing of brown and black together, could you? There is a peculiar charm in a toilet of which every detail has been carefully thought out, and in which nothing jars upon the eye.

Much of the trousseau was made in Windsor. The house-linen came from Belfast, and the handkerchiefs were all marked by the work-girls employed by Miss McCulloch, of Bangor, co. Down. So, you see, Princess Christian has remembered the "disthressful counthry" in giving out the orders for her daughter's trousseau. Several dress lengths of beautiful Spitalfields silks and brocades are included in the trousseau. A particularly lovely brocade is in pale blue, with a design of chysanthemums.

As I could not decide which of the many functions on Saturday you would most like to hear about, I joined a river-party, and had a glimpse of a wonderfully pretty floral fête at Richmond, in which the boats were decorated with flowers. One was all pink and white roses, with a white swan at the prow. Another floral boat was in white and yellow, and two pretty girls in white sat in it. The sculls were wreathed with ivy. On another, there was a canopy of greenery and roses above the girl who steered, while arches of flowers and foliage spanned a fourth.

River-dress is again blue serge and shirt this season. But the shirt has lost much of its starchy stiffness, and is gradually resolving itself into a blouse—the best made of which fit quite tightly under the arms. I am told that Gorringe's is the place to get them. I fancy that we are to have an epidemic of frills down the fronts of our blouses a little later on.

How delicious is the *dolce far niente* on a well-cushioned boat, with the cool, rippling murmur of the water in one's ears! Doing nothing can, in such circumstances, be exalted

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into a science and an art. You know, dear, we cannot, as a rule, be called really energetic, we Londoners. Except when we are dancing or playing tennis, something within us seems to perpetually sink and flag. When you dear, good, energetic people from the country come to see us and stay with us, your early morning alertness is incomprehensible to us. Your lively conversation at the breakfast-table is delightful to hear, but fatiguing to respond to. After breakfast, you are still full of "go," and ready to engage in conversation, while we feel that life is not worth living if dialogue is expected of us before noon at earliest. The languor of the young men of the town is only half assumed. Most of it is the natural consequence of life in city air, late hours, and "drinks" at every turn and corner of the day and night. We women show the languor less, and perhaps feel it less, because, as a rule, we do not have stray "drinks" between meals, nor does an endless procession of cigars engage our lips and help to exhaust our vitality. But when our country cousins come to town, we compare ourselves with them, and have to acknowledge ourselves very much their inferiors in point of energy and vigour.

We heard all about the Literary Ladies' Dinner from a friend of ours who was present at it. She says it was so funny, pairing off with each other to go in to dinner, and she feels sure that she detected small grins of derision on the faces of the waiters. When all were seated at table, it reminded her of school on dancing-nights, when evening dress was donned. There were some pretty women present, and one who was beautiful. The toilets were fresh, and evidently carefully made. An American lady fairly glittered with diamonds. Prismatic rays of light danced about her as they do about a crystal chandelier. The most picturesque head at the table was that of the queen of women journalists, who had come from her home in a Continental city for the occasion. The daughter of a well-known statesman was remarkable also for her fine countenance and brilliant eyes. A well-known novelist was one of the quietest of the guests; but our friend says that the twinkle of her eyes proved that the fun was by no means lost upon her. Another novelist, with hair thrown back from a clever face, exalted her vocation in one of the speeches, and pertinently asked, what the world would be to many of us without fiction? What, indeed?

But I am too previous, Amy dear. I must not get to the speeches before discussing the menu. The dinner, we heard, was a good one. The only fault that could be found with it was that the champagne was too sweet. Doubtless the Criterion people deemed it exactly suited to the palate of ladies. But it was far back in the days of Leech that women liked sweet champagne, if they really did then, or only pretended to do so, for some excellent reason best known to themselves.

When coffee arrived, the head waiter, with much solemnity, locked one of the doors, and vanished through the other. Hereupon a box of cigarettes was produced, and five ladies out of the thirty-five prepared to smoke. But nobody had any matches, and an excursion had to be made by a spirited member of the party in search of some. They were soon procured, and the five select spirits lighted up, one of them (or rather its human envelope) scientifically striking her match upon her shoe. The chairwoman, a lady who edits something and has written books, had provided herself with a small hammer, and with this she rapped on the table, and said that the Queen's health was about to be proposed by the journalistic lady to whom I referred. She made an excellent speech, and then some one recited something. We all agreed, in discussing the matter, that with so many clever women present, there was no need to fall back upon the products of other minds, and that the recitations were a mistake. They rather checked than aided the feast of reason and the flow of soul.

By the way, the toasts were drunk in coffee. An American poetess rose and paid a graceful tribute to the English women present, and, in particular, eulogised the pretty gowns that had been donned, though only for a women's dinner. A young and pretty woman, whose ideas on marriage were not long ago made known to the world in a magazine article, was to have made a speech, but the doctors had forbidden her. A young actress proposed the Drama, and evidently felt strongly about the curiosity evinced by the public about the private life of actors.

That is all I can remember of what our literary friend told us. She was delighted with the opportunity of seeing so many people in whom she felt interested, but suggests that the ladies should all wear a label on the next occasion, so that every one should know who everybody else is.

We went to an al fresco fête at Clapham, given in aid of the funds of the South London District Nursing Association, a most excellent charity, which provides nurses for the sick poor in their own homes. The Home is at Marmion-road, Lavender-hill, where seven nurses live together with the Superintendent. They are all in full work, and, in fact, an additional nurse is needed, so great is the demand for their services, the doctors of the district alone having sent 580 cases during last year. Think, Amy dear, of what the work of nursing must be in the homes of the very poor, where even the commonest appliances are too often absent! Even clean water cannot always be obtained without difficulty. As to clean linen, towels, and things of that sort, it is out of the question to expect to find them. How one honours the women who cheerfully undertake and conscientiously execute such tasks as these. That their labours should be restricted for want of funds seems a strange irony, does it not?

But I am forgetting the fête. It was a "Three-days' Monster Midsummer Fête," and the weather for it was a blend of tropical thunderstorms with heavy rain and leaden skies. I write of the opening day, the only one on which we visited it. By some extraordinary error, the address of the residence, in whose grounds the fête was held, was given on the admission tickets as Wandsworth-common. When we arrived at that station, we were told that it was at least a mile and a-half away, and that there was no cab available, the only one that had been sighted that morning having already started for the scene of action with a more fortunate party. We should have booked for Clapham Junction, it appeared, where there were always cabs. So we travelled back again to that bewildering station, and at last arrived at Bramblebury. There was a millinery competition, which appeared to be rather a failure, very few entries having been made. The doll competition was just a trifle better. The fête was pleasant enough in one way. There was hardly anything to sell, except flowers, so that one could not be bored by being asked to buy.

The Duchess of Westminster opened the fête, and, probably for the first time in her life, found herself facing a crowd of whom not a single individual raised his hat in acknowledgment of her presence as the lady invited to act officially on the occasion. There was a very pretty procession of children, dressed as flowers, carrying banners, and wheeling a huge basket of flowers. The colours were lovely, and might have been planned by that king of spectacular plays himself, the great Augustus Druriolanus. Numerous tents, shows, swings, cocoanut shies, &c., had been erected on the grounds, but the grass was so damp that pathways composed of three planks placed abreast had been laid down from tent to tent. There was a very good concert, and a clever girl, Miss Blanche Leigh, pleased us mightily in reciting "The Wind and the Moon."

For my part I much admire the sanguine disposition that leads people to organise out-door festivities in a climate like ours. At the same time I cannot help feeling thankful that in the majority of men and women there is a sufficient admixture of prudence and foresight to counterbalance this excess of hopefulness and confidence, the unfortunate results of which involve others as well as the too trustful themselves. A great quantity of money had evidently been expended upon the preparations, and I sincerely hope that the two fine days of the fête enabled its promoters not only to recoup themselves, but to have a surplus to hand over to the charity.

Our visit to Clapham prevented our seeing the Meet of the Four-in-Hand Club at the Horse Guards. It was rather a smart occasion, I fancy, from the accounts given in the dailies. Many Royalties assembled, but our Bright Particular Star, whose presence "makes the assembly shine" for us, was on her way from Wentworth Woodhouse to her own red-brick residence in Pall Mall.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

Dearest Madge,—To all of you in the midst of the "Season" the break in the weather has come, no doubt, as an unmitigated misfortune. Not so to me, in my garden. Though, as a personal experience, I regret the cloudless skies and hot summer sunshine, the horticulturalist within me rejoices at the grateful refreshment brought by the rain to the thirsting earth. Gardening develops one's sympathies, teaching them to extend even to the vegetable world. That the rain came with too great a flourish of trumpets, too much pomp and circumstance of thunder-claps and lightning flashes, I admit. Here let me parenthetically observe—though I yield to none in a hatred of puns, including also their perpetrators—that the style of approach to our shores of a certain *reigning* sovereign furnishes a somewhat parallel case, at this special time. After the first shock it was delightful to watch the grass and leaves growing green again, and all the sprouting things pushing up from the softened earth. Only for some of my blooming flowers had I regrets. Indeed, at one time I had serious thoughts of setting up an umbrella over my pet rose tree.

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this," whilst I, with happy heart and cheerful eyes, watch the pouring but beneficent rain, I imagine you disconsolate, gazing with doleful spirit on the streaming window-panes. No park, no fêtes, no possibility of wearing the charming work of art, in the latest fabrics and colour-tones patronised by fashion, laid out in preparation for a festival day. Truly there is nothing like a multiplicity of interests in life for promoting the philosophy of always "finding in loss a gain to match." If we invest our happiness in a number of varied securities, the chances are, unless in cases of great and rare disaster, they will not all run down at the same time; some will remain buoyant, though others are low.

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar paid a visit to Dublin last week, staying for a few days with Sir John Banks at his residence in Merrion-square. The genial Prince had the opportunity of meeting as many of his old friends as were to be found at this empty season in the Irish capital, Sir John Banks giving several dinner parties in honour of his guest. On Thursday the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on Prince Edward by Trinity College, in consideration of——well, here I must myself stop to consider. Not because of scientific, literary, or artistic distinction, nor for special erudition of any kind. Hardly for distinguished military service, since that all seems to have begun and ended in the Crimean War, so much an affair of ancient history, that one almost classes the sieges of Sebastopol and Carthage together, and would as soon expect a conferring of university graces for being concerned in the Punic as in the Crimean War. All things considered, I have come to the conclusion that the princely degree must have been given, like the good conduct prize at school, for general all-round amiability, sociability, and easy-goingness. Prince Edward was easy of approach, and responsive to social effort in his favour. It cannot be said with truth, that the social traditions of the Royal Hospital were kept up during his rule there. With a Prince, however, hospitality has the double blessing of mercy; it blesseth him that takes, as well as him that gives.

On the same occasion Lords Ardilaun and Iveagh also received honorary degrees. I can understand people at one and the same time disapproving of the way in which they make their money and approving of the way in which they spend it. But why, for either one or the other reason, the stamp of learning should be set upon them is not so easy to understand. Does anything surpass in folly this idea of an honorary degree? And to think that it emanates from Universities where wisdom is supposed to be the special cult! However—between ourselves—do we ever expect common-sense from a corporation of men only?

A leading figure in Dublin society and, in especial, at Dublin Castle has passed away in Lord Clonmell. Bishopscourt is little more than an hour from Dublin, in Kildare; it never met the fate of being shut up like so many big country houses of late years in Ireland. Lord Clonmell was a constant resident and constant visitor to Dublin. He was one of the most faithful of the not very numerous list of Earls yearly attendant at the Levées in Dublin Castle. His brother who succeeds is a widower, without children. I am not sure if there is now an heir to the earldom. Will the peerage, perhaps, die out like the Howth, Miltown, Clanricarde, and other Irish peerages destined to that fate? The extinction of Irish peerages is, as a rule, an affliction to be philosophically borne. In only too many cases the family honours stand rooted in dishonour, which, indeed, can be said of a good many other besides Irish peerages.

I believe the Kaiser of Germany is to visit our shores, or at least our harbours at Kingstown and Belfast, on his way from the South of England to Scotland.—Yours ever, Clare.

Beatrice was at Lady Salisbury's reception at the Foreign Office, on Thursday night, and writes:—

My Dear Madge,—The display of diamonds was Magnificent—with a capital M! They gleamed on all sides, and in every imaginable kind of setting, but the palm was carried off by a young lady, the cynosure of all eyes, who positively blazed with these much-to-be-desired gems. She had a tiara on her head, a lovely open-work collar of diamonds, besides a necklace, while the front of her dress was nearly covered with an enormous radiating spray, which I can only compare to a large branch of bracken suddenly crystallised into diamonds. Tiaras were very plentiful, a handsome one being worn by a pretty brunette, whose gown of white corded silk was simply draped and relieved with touches of pale blue on the shoulders. A short lady had her hair drawn back from the face, raised high in front, and then studded with jewels, diamonds and emeralds predominating. A necklace which roused all the latent covetousness of my nature was composed of a string of large, single rubies, each set in a circle of splendid diamonds, and another of turquoise also caused a yearning sigh. As regards the dresses, Lady Salisbury wore a mixture of brocaded satin of a greyish hue, with dark velvet and beautiful lace. Her diamonds were splendid. The flower decorations were beautiful, the wall of the centre staircase being a mass of rhododendrons and other richly-coloured blooms, while the mantelpiece of the principal reception-room was hidden behind a flower pattern in red and white, topped with dark foliage. One of the crystal standard chandeliers rose from a graceful group of Iceland poppies, both yellow and terra-cotta coloured—but here dear Madge, I must pause, with the single additional remark that the band of the Royal Engineers delighted our ears during the evening.

You may remember my writing to you about some of Benoist's exhibits at a cookery exhibition, from his well-known establishment in Wardour-street. Well, dear, he has now opened palatial premises in Piccadilly, just opposite St. James's Church, whence he will supply all kinds of delicious things. He has an album containing hundreds of carefully thought-out menus, and a hostess can go and select from these, arrange about terms, and thus secure an unimpeachable dinner, luncheon, supper, or wedding-breakfast. Here is one of his dinner menus at a guinea a head:—

Hors d'œuvres.
Potage Bisque d'Ecrevisses.
Consommé à la Royale.
Saumon à la Chambord.
Whitebait à la Diable.
Tournedos à la Choron.
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Selle d'Agneau à la Renaissance.
Cailles rôties sur croustades.
Salade à la Française.
Asperges d'Argenteuil.
Timbales à la Parisenne.
Bombe pralinée.
Savoury if desired.

We saw there a capital picnic hamper, which contains not only the food and necessary articles, but the table even. This folds into the hamper by means of joints in the legs, and can in a moment be raised to the usual height. An oak tray fits into the middle of the table, leaving space for three plates at either side. The tray holds the dishes and the condiments, and is so constructed that all fit tightly into the spaces. It is so odious to have a shaky table and things knocked over by some clumsy person just when one is going hungrily to begin upon them.

It has been quite lately discovered that pure blackberry jam gives great relief in cases of dropsy. It is taken in the form of tea, boiling water being poured upon the jam in the proportion of a pint to a pound. If any of your poor old women are suffering from this distressing ailment, send for some of Beach's blackberry jam, and you will be able to relieve her.

Make your cook try this way of serving chicken. I believe you will like it:—

Boil a fine chicken, and when it is cool proceed to skin and bone it, being careful to raise unbroken the fillets from the pinions and breast. Prepare an aspic jelly from a quart of strained white stock (made from the bones of the chicken), a tablespoonful of vinegar, half a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of sherry, and pepper and salt to taste. Place in a tin saucepan, and allow it to gradually heat. Soak 1½ oz. of gelatine in a gill of water for a quarter of an hour, then pour it upon the other ingredients and stir until dissolved. When nearly boiling, add the whites and shells of two eggs, and whisk gently until it boils. When the jelly rises to the top of the pan, put on the lid, remove it from the fire, and allow the filter to settle for twenty minutes; then strain through a towel, colour half of the jelly with cochineal, and pour a portion upon a shallow dish to be cut into rounds when cold. Now prepare the mask Melt 2 oz. of butter in a *sauté-pan*, and stir smoothly into it 2 oz. of flour, a gill of white stock, a seasoning of pepper and salt, a gill of milk, and a few spoonfuls of rich cream.

Dress and Habit Makers.—Messrs. John Redfern & Sons have now on view in their Show Rooms, Conduit-street and New Bond-street, a collection of original designs of outdoor Gowns, Coats, Wraps, and Hats, especially prepared for the "Summer Season."

Boil for two or three minutes, and then add half a pint of the jelly, and allow the sauce to cool. Mask each piece of the chicken by dipping them separately in the sauce, and setting them on a sieve to drain. Have ready a fresh salad of watercress and lettuce, and arrange it round the outer border of a shallow dish. Sprinkle a handful of shred lettuce in the centre and place upon it the rougher fillets of chicken, then a layer of chopped aspic-jelly (mixed), a seasoning of salt and pepper, and a sprinkling of watercress, and repeat until the dish is full. The last layer of salad should be of shred lettuce, and upon this the finest fillets of chicken must be grouped. Pass the yolks and whites of two hard-boiled eggs, separately, through a wire sieve, and alternate them with the red and white chopped jelly in small cones about the sides of the dish. Arrange the prepared rounds of jelly with slices of hard-boiled egg among the bordering of salad, and crown the whole with jelly (red and white) and the heart of a fine lettuce. The average cost of this excellent and effective entrée would be from five to six shillings, and its appearance is of the daintiest.

The following ought to be good. We are going to try it:—

Cut and trim two white-hearted spring cabbages; lay them in cold water, with a small lump of salt, for two hours. Parboil, and drain them in a colander, and take out the hearts very carefully, without breaking the outer leaves. Mince and pound in a mortar 1 lb. of veal, the same quantity of streaky bacon, the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, and two boned anchovies. Add two minced mushrooms, the crumbs of a stale French roll, and the hearts of the cabbages finely minced; season with a few leaves of thyme, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and pepper and salt to taste. Mix all together with the juice of a lemon, and enough milk to moisten. Fill the cabbages with the forcemeat, fastening the leaves safely with tape, lay in a stewpan with some rashers of bacon and 2 oz. of butter, and cover closely. When well heated, dredge in one tablespoonful of flour, add a quart of good stock, one onion, a bundle of sweet herbs, and let all simmer gently for one hour. Then take out the cabbage, and, after removing the tape, lay it on a hot dish, with half-a-dozen nicely-grilled veal chops round it. Throw into the gravy a glassful of red wine; let it come to the boil, and pour it through a sieve over the cabbage. Garnish with crosses of lemon and tufts of parsley.

Tomatoes dressed in this way are well suited to hot weather:—

Gather—from the plants if possible—a dozen large plum tomatoes. Cut a cone-shaped piece out of the side, so that it will fit in again tightly, then scoop out a little of the interior. Scald, bone and skin three anchovies, and pound them in a mortar, with half a pint of freshly-skinned shrimps. Add 1 oz. of boiled truffles minced, a tablespoonful of tarragon leaves, a pinch of salt, and a dash of cayenne pepper. Mix all together with a tablespoonful of grated ham. Fill the tomatoes carefully with the mixture, and put on the tops, insert a cherry stalk in the end that has been affixed to the plant, and lay them on a bed of curly cress and chervil. Colour a mayonnaise sauce with the juice of a boiled beetroot, and pour it over the tomatoes. Slightly screen the whole with grated cheese, and dust over it a little coralline pepper. Garnish with bunches of red currants and set on ice till perfectly cold.

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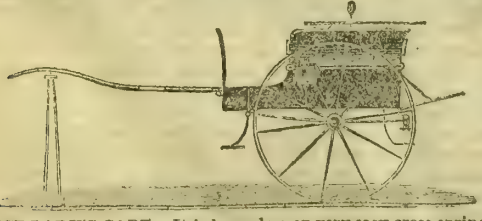

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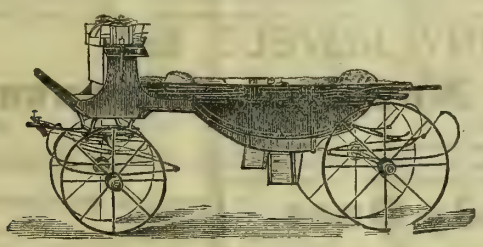

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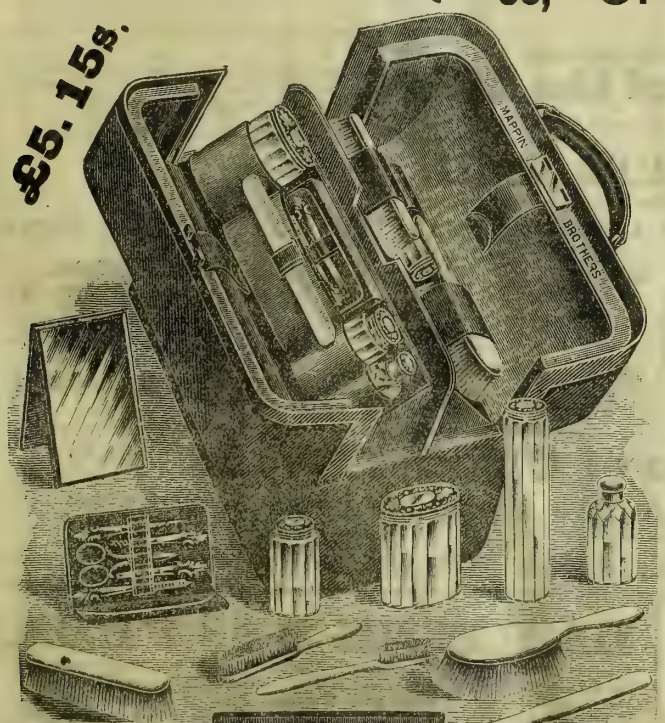

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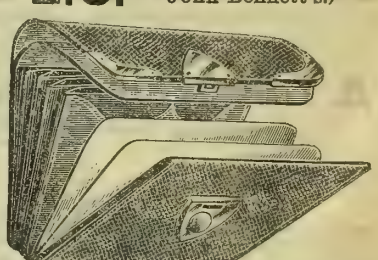

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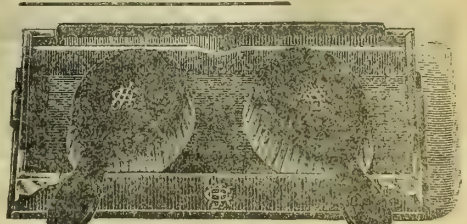

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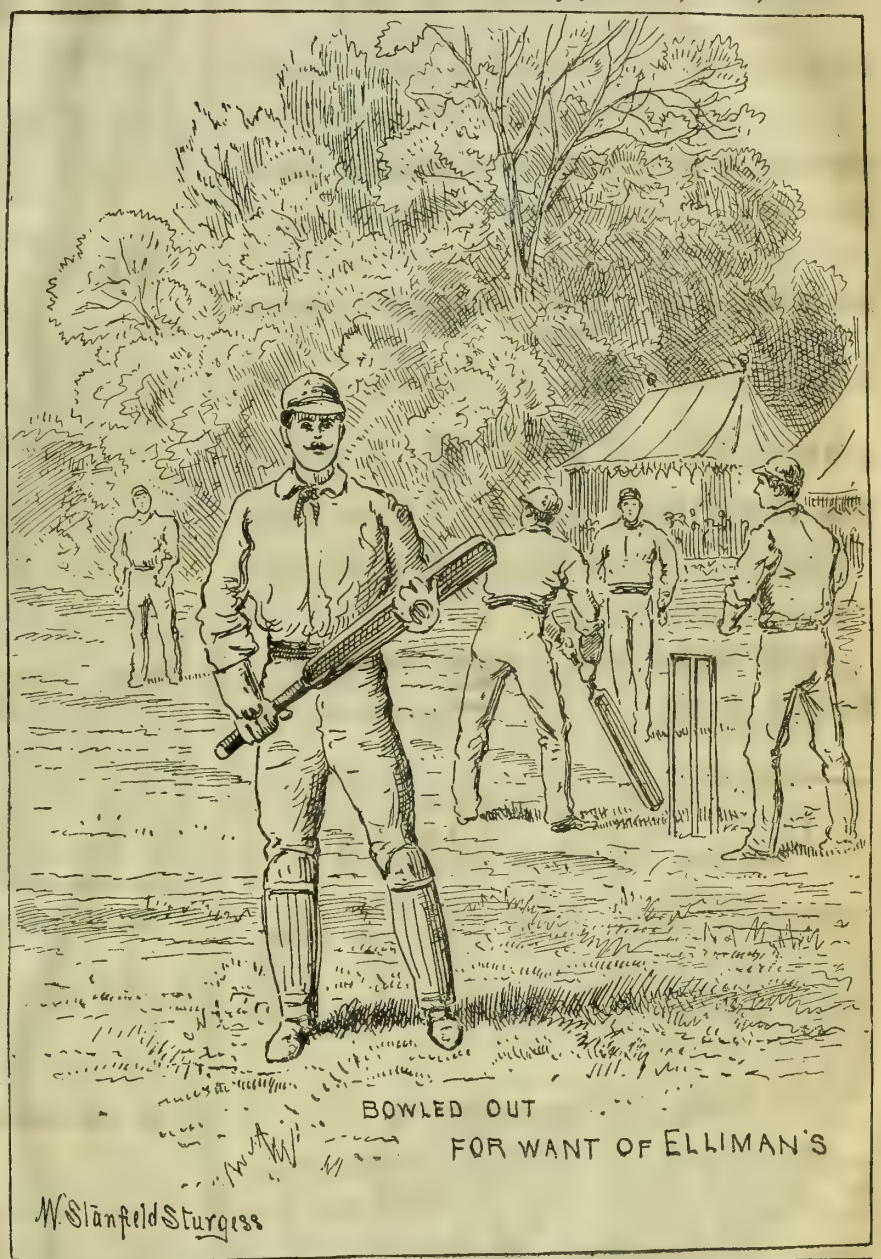

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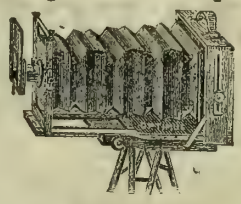

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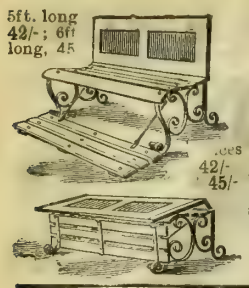

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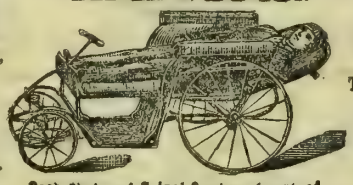

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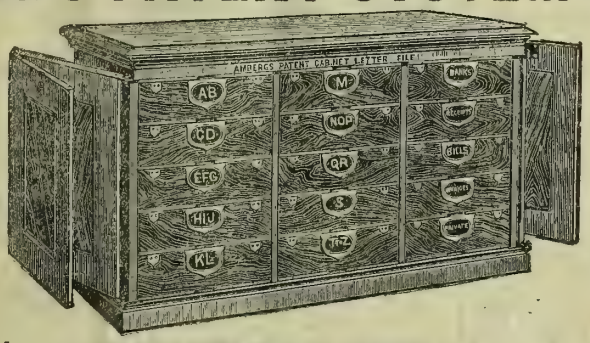

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"CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is entirely free from any poison or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious ingredient, and is a good, safe, and useful medicine."—ALFRED SWAINE TAYLOR M.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology.

"Bahama Cottage, Oaksey, Malmesbury, Wilts, November 14, 1890.
"I feel that I ought to tell you what great benefit I have received from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' Since two or three years old I have suffered much with Eczema, but especially shortly after my arrival in England four years ago, when I came from America for my health, being very weak. Directly I began to grow stronger I was troubled more than ever with my old complaint. Being persuaded to try your Mixture I took twelve bottles, and am glad to say it has cured me. I used your Lotion, which I found most effectual in stopping the irritation.
"Though not wishing my name to be made use of publicly, I shall be happy to recommend 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' to anyone suffering as I did.
"Believe me, yours sincerely, "A. P. B."

"Bahama Cottage, Oaksey, Malmesbury, January 19, 1891.
"It gives me great pleasure to answer your inquiry concerning Clarke's Blood Mixture, for, having suffered from Eczema myself, I am only too glad if my experience of its curative power can be of any service to anyone suffering from the same complaint.
"I took twelve bottles. After the sixth I almost despaired, but was advised to continue, and I soon had such faith in it that I would have taken another dozen if required; but am now completely cured, and only one who has been troubled with the disease can know how thankful I am. Using the lotion is painful at first, but I dried it quickly with a fan.
"I strongly advise you to try it and persevere; the cure is certain. Having suffered fearfully myself, I have the greatest sympathy for you. I have been quite free from it the last two years. Trusting you will find relief, I am, yours sincerely, "A. P. B."

CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE is a guaranteed cure for all blood and skin diseases. It is the most searching blood-cleanser ever discovered, and it will free the system from all known blood-poisons, be they animal, vegetable, or mineral. As it is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Scurfs, Discolourations of the Skin, Humours and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally carried out of the system in a short time by the use of this world-famed medicine.

How is it that CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE has obtained such great popularity? is a question which has perplexed many. The answer is, that it is unquestionably the finest Blood Purifier that science and medical skill have brought to light, and thousands of wonderful cures effected by it have stamped it as one of the most extraordinary discoveries of modern times.

Sold in bottles, 2s. 9d. each; and in cases containing six times the quantity, 11s.—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases—by all CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world; or sent to any address on receipt of 33 or 132 stamps by the Proprietors, THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN.

Trade Mark, "BLOOD MIXTURE."

ASK FOR CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE,

AND DO NOT BE PERSUADED TO TAKE AN IMITATION.

The Subscription Lists will open simultaneously in London and Glasgow, on THURSDAY, the 2nd of July, and close on or before SATURDAY, the 4th of July, 1891.

BABCOCK & WILCOX, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

CAPITAL ... ... £240,000, divided into

10,000 six per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each £100,000
14,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each £140,000

The Preference Shares will rank in priority to the Ordinary Shares, both as to Capital and Dividend.

Of the above Shares, 3,333 Preference Shares, and 4,666 Ordinary Shares (being the largest proportion of each class of Shares allowed by the rules of the Stock Exchange), will be allotted to the Vendors as fully paid up, in part payment of purchase-money, as hereinafter mentioned, and the remaining 6,667 Preference Shares and 9,334 Ordinary Shares are now offered for subscription, payable as follows:—

£1 per Share on Application.
£2 ,, Allotment.
£3 ,, the 20th of August, 1891.
£4 ,, the 1st of October, 1891.

Or the whole may be paid upon allotment, the Shares ranking for Dividend from the date of payment.

DIRECTORS.

Andrew Stewart (Chairman), Chairman of A. & J. Stewart & Clydesdale, Limited, Glasgow.
Sir William Arrol, Dalmarnock Iron Works, Glasgow.
Arthur Telford Simpson, M.I.C.E., M.I.Mech.E., 38, Parliament-street, London, S.W., Chairman, James Simpson & Co., Limited, Engineers.
J. G. Mair-Rumley, Member Council Inst., Mech.E., M.I.C.E., 101, Grosvenor-road, London, S.W.
Charles A. Knight, Managing Director in Europe for the Babcock & Wilcox Company, 114, Newgate-street, London, E.C.
James H. Rosenthal, London Manager of the Babcock & Wilcox Company, 114, Newgate-street, London, E.C.
Henry F. Knight, Paris Manager of the Babcock & Wilcox Company, 15, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Paris.

BANKERS.

Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, Ransom, Bouverie & Co., 54, Lombard-street, E.C., and 1, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.
The Commercial Bank of Scotland, Limited, Glasgow.

BROKERS.

London—Cazenove & Akroyds, 52, Threadneedle-street, E.C.
Glasgow—James Watson & Smith, 40, St. Vincent-place.

SOLICITORS.

Hollams, Sons, Coward, & Hawksley, Mincing-lane, London, E.C.
Fisher, Watt, & Hayes, 183, St. Vincent-street, Glasgow.

AUDITORS.

Cooper Brothers & Co., 14, George-street, Mansion House, London, E.C.

SECRETARY.—Walter Shaw.

REGISTERED OFFICES.—114, Newgate-street, London, E.C.

OFFICES.

LONDON: 114, Newgate-street, E.C.
GLASGOW: 21, Bothwell-street.
MANCHESTER: 28, Deansgate.
PARIS: 15, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.
BRUSSELS: 14, Place de Brouckère.
SYDNEY, N.S.W.: 280, Sussex-street.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of carrying out an agreement with the Babcock & Wilcox Company, of New York, for the purchase of the several Letters Patent mentioned below, and the goodwill and plant of the business as a going concern, in connection with the manufacture and supply of their well-known Water Tube Steam Boilers heretofore carried on by that Company in Glasgow, London, Paris, and elsewhere, other than in the United States of America and Cuba.

The advantages of the Water-tube Boiler system are now generally recognised, and, owing to its safety and design, the Babcock & Wilcox Boiler complies with the compulsory regulations in force in many continental places. Its success may be attributed to the attention devoted during 23 years to the development of the principle of its construction, described and illustrated in the Babcock & Wilcox Company's publication, *Steam*.

From information furnished to the Directors, it appears, that the first Babcock & Wilcox Water-tube Boilers in the United States of America were manufactured in 1867; and the growth of the business is shown by the fact that the certified sales, for the United States only, were, in 1890, 74,791-h.p.

The increase of the business in the United States induced the Babcock & Wilcox Company to extend their operations to Europe, and in June, 1882, they commenced business in Glasgow, and arranged with the Singer Manufacturing Company for the construction of the boilers and accessories at Works erected by that Company at Kilbowie, near Glasgow. Since June, 1882, the volume of business has steadily increased, as is demonstrated in the table below, showing the horse-power supplied in each year to the present time:—

Year.	H.P. supplied (including Cuban shipments) at nominal rating of Company, *i.e.*, 11½ square feet of surface.
1882	1,994
1883	5,133
1884	6,774
1885	12,416
1886	16,994
1887	16,970
1888	21,743
1889	43,647
1890	46,412

The Sales in 1891, to date, including 11,822 h.p., carried forward from 1890, are 48,919 horse-power.

The orders for boilers now on hand, and as yet unexecuted, to the extent of about 25,000 h.p. (equivalent to more than six months' work at last years' rate), will be taken over by this Company.

Besides its direct Offices, the Babcock & Wilcox Company have agencies in some of the most important centres in the world.

Unusual facilities for the manufacture of the boilers in this country have been enjoyed by the arrangement above referred to with the Singer Manufacturing Company, and it is believed that it will be advantageous to the interests of this Company to continue this arrangement. A provisional agreement has been entered into with the Singer Manufacturing Company, by which they agree to manufacture for this Company, for three years, and thereafter indefinitely under six months' notice. If it should be found expedient to discontinue such arrangement—which appears exceedingly improbable—this Company can do so at any time upon six months' notice, and the working capital has been fixed at an amount sufficient to provide suitable premises to which the manufacturing plant may be transferred, and the manufacture carried on independently.

The books of the Babcock & Wilcox Company, in relation to the business now sold, have been examined by Messrs. Cooper Brothers & Co., Chartered Accountants, of George-street, Mansion House, London, E.C., who have given the following Certificate:—

14, George-street, Mansion House, London,
25th June, 1891.

We have examined the books of the business of the Babcock & Wilcox Company, carried on in Glasgow, for the three years ended 31st December, 1890, and find the net profit after adjustment, excluding profit on the shipments to Cuba (or America), to be as under:—

Year ended 31st December, 1888	£15,074 18 8
,, ,, 31st December, 1889	21,422 1 7
,, ,, 31st December, 1890	30,763 5 11
	£67,260 6 2

These figures are arrived at after providing about £8,000 for depreciation and expenditure in perfecting new plant during the three years, but without charging the remuneration of the Managing Partner, or interest on capital employed. COOPER BROTHERS & CO., *Chartered Accountants.*

From information furnished by the Vendors, the Directors believe that the profits have increased every year since the commencement of the business in Glasgow, and that owing to reductions in the cost of manufacture, which partly took effect in 1890, better results may be anticipated in future. Assuming no increase on the profits of the last year certified, it is estimated that the surplus, after providing for the dividend on the Preference Shares and Management expenses, will be more than sufficient to pay a dividend of 12½ per cent. on the Ordinary Shares.

The price fixed by the Babcock & Wilcox Company as the Purchase-money for the business as a going concern, including the orders in hand, the plant, machines, and tools, the patent-rights, and goodwill, is £190,000, leaving £50,000 of share capital available for the provision of working capital, and extensions if necessary.

The purchase consideration will be paid to the Vendors as follows:—

£46,660 in paid-up Ordinary and £33,330, in paid-up Preference Shares, being the largest number permitted by the Stock Exchange Regulations, and £110,010 in cash.

The business will be taken over on the 1st July, 1891, from which date all profits will belong to, and all contracts not executed will be taken over, by this Company. The stock on hand will be taken over at cost price on the same date, and the book and other debts of the business, and the liabilities connected therewith up to the 1st of July, will be received and discharged by the Vendors.

The business will be carried on without interruption with the present staff. Mr. C. A. Knight, Mr. J. H. Rosenthal, and Mr. H. F. Knight have agreed to act as Managing Directors of this Company for a period of five years. Mr. C. A. Knight will be General Managing Director, Mr. J. H. Rosenthal will be Managing Director in London, and Mr. H. F. Knight Managing Director at Paris and Brussels.

The following Contracts have been entered into:—

(1) Contract dated 30th June, 1891, between the Babcock & Wilcox Co., of New York, of the one part, and this Company of the other part.
(2) Contract dated 30th June, 1891, between the Singer Manufacturing Company, of the one part, and this Company of the other part.
(3) Contract dated 30th June, 1891, between this Company and Messrs. C. A. Knight, J. H. Rosenthal, and Mr. H. F. Knight.

All costs and charges incidental to the formation of this Company up to and including the allotment of Shares will be borne by the Vendors.

It is intended to apply for a Stock Exchange settlement and quotation in due course.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, the contracts, and all other documents referred to, may be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

Application for Shares should be made on the form accompanying the prospectus, and forwarded to the Bankers of the Company, together with the amount payable on application.

Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number of Shares allotted is less than that applied for, the surplus will be credited to the payment due on allotment.

Prospectuses and forms of application for Shares can be had from the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, and at the Offices of the Company.

PATENTS.

The 32 British Patents, of which year and number are annexed, are to be transferred to this Company:—

1891, 21,005; 1890, 1,453, 5,165, 17,673; 1889, 12,393, 18,950, 19,739; 1888, 13,506, 17,804; 1887, 3,059, 7,622, 8,228, 8,229, 11,789, 11,887; 1886, 3,038, 3,039, 5,887, 6,960, 6,961, 7,747, 12,108; 1885, 1,836, 4,133, 4,134, 15,639; 1884, 12,189, 13,041; 1881, 5,289; 1880, 2,645, 5,232.

Also the undernoted 53 Foreign and Colonial Patents:—

18 Belgian, 9 French, 5 German, 4 Austro-Hungarian, 3 Swiss, 2 Spanish, 1 Russian, 1 Italian, 1 Indian, 8 Australian (3 New South Wales, 2 Victoria, 2 Queensland, 1 South Australia), 1 New Zealand.

London, 1st July, 1891.

THE STOCK CONVERSION AND INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

This Company begs to direct the attention of investors to the Preferred and Deferred Stocks issued by it, and which are quoted on the London and leading Provincial Stock Exchanges.

The Preferred Stocks possess security similar to that of Railway Preferential and Preferred Stocks, but yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more income, thus affording to holders of many of the former Stocks an opportunity of adding to their revenue without decreasing their security.

The Deferred Stocks, whilst returning an average income in excess of that yielded by the Railway Ordinary Stocks, against which they are issued, contrast most favourably with all other Deferred and low-priced Ordinary Railway Stocks, and afford the only opportunity to small investors of participating, by means of low-priced Stocks, in the future of these two leading railways of the country.

Any further information with regard to these Stocks can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 12 and 13, Nicholas-lane, E.C.

PREFERRED STOCKS.	Price.	Return per cent.	Amount of Free Revenue beyond amount required to provide Dividend on these Stocks.
London and North-Western— 3½ % First Charge Preferred Stock...	98	£3 11 5	£1,475,958
London and North-Western— 4 % Second Charge Preferred Stock	103	£3 18 1	714,174
North-Eastern— 3 % First Charge Preferred Stock ...	82	£3 13 2	724,538

DEFERRED CHARGE STOCKS.	Present Price.	Last Dividend paid.	Annual Average of Dividend on result of last 10 years.	Returns on basis of last Dividend.	Returns on Average Dividend of 10 years
London and North-Western Ordinary Stock	27	1¾	£1 7 3 %	£6 9 7	£5 0 11
North-Eastern— Ordinary Stock	40	2¾	£2 5 6 %	£7 3 9	£5 13 9

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.

Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.

No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY,

58, Old Broad Street, London.
Capital, $3,000,000.
5 per cent. Deposits received for periods of not less than Six Months.
5 per cent. Debentures issued for a period of Five Years.
6 per cent. Freehold Mortgages. Principal and Interest guaranteed by the Company.
ATKINSON & CO., Managers for the United Kingdom.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.

THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803). 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £12,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.
This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.
ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, Jun., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

SUN FIRE OFFICE,
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1890,
£361,500,000.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.
C. HARDING. Manager.

ACCIDENTS
AT ALL TIMES—IN ALL PLACES
INSURED AGAINST BY THE
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1849. CAPITAL £1,000,000.
64, CORNHILL, LONDON.
W. D. MASSY, A. VIAN, } Secretaries.

NEW ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION, LIMITED.
CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED AND PAID-UP £600,000
With power to increase to £2,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE: 40, Threadneedle-street, London, E.C.
WEST END OFFICE: 25, Cockspur-street, S.W.
EDINBURGH OFFICE: 19, St. Andrew-square.
DUNDEE OFFICE: 6, Panmure-street.
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES.—Australia, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, Straits, Madagascar, Mauritius, Seychelles, Aden, Paris, New York, San Francisco, Zanzibar.
Money remitted to any part of the World by draft, letter of credit, or by telegraph. Bills of Exchange, Interest Warrants, and Coupons collected and cashed. Circular Notes issued, Current Accounts opened, Banking Agency business generally undertaken.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.
At 3 months' notice ... ... 3 per cent. per annum.
At 6 months' notice ... ... 4 " "
At 12 months' notice ... ... 4½ " "
For 5, 5, or 7 years certain 5

Established 1868.
THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,
20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.
Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary. H. TEMPLE.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.
UNION DEPOSIT BANK,
No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE
Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From £30 to £5,000.
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
DEPOSITS of £10 and upwards received at 4½ per cent. per annum, subject to 14 days' notice of withdrawal.
Subject to three months' notice of withdrawal, 5 per cent.
Subject to six months' notice of withdrawal, 6 per cent.
INTEREST PAID MONTHLY OR QUARTERLY.
The Bank reserves the right at all times to decline deposits.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

TO PROVIDE A GUARANTEE FUND AGAINST LOSS OF LICENSES.

The Licenses Insurance Corporation
AND GUARANTEE FUND,
LIMITED.
Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1886.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000,
To be increased to £5,000,000 Capital as may become necessary

SHARE CAPITAL (Founders' Issue), £250,000,
Divided into 24,500 Ordinary Shares of £10 each (£5 to be called up) and 500 Founders' Shares of £10 each.

— ISSUE OF FOUNDERS' SHARES. —

FOUNDERS' SHARES will be allotted to the first applicants for Shares at the rate of one Founders' Share in respect of every fifty Ordinary Shares allotted. The Founders' Shares will be entitled to 50 per cent. of all profits available after a cumulative dividend of 8 per cent. has been paid on the ordinary paid-up capital of the Company, and provision for the Reserve Fund, &c., has been made.
The ORDINARY SHARES are entitled to a cumulative preferential dividend of 8 per cent. per annum, and also, subject to provision for a Reserve Fund, to 50 per cent. of the surplus profits, the remaining 50 per cent. belonging to the Founders' Shares. Ordinary Shares payable 10s. on application, £1 10s. on allotment, £1 one month after allotment, £1 two months after allotment, and £1 three months after allotment, making a total of half paid (viz., £5). Founders' Shares £1 on application and £9 on allotment.

DIRECTORS.
A. W. Ruggles-Brise, Ind, Coope, & Co., Burton-on-Trent and Romford, Director of.
W. H. Walker, Peter Walker & Son, Brewers, Liverpool, Director of.
The Hon. R. Parker, Tadcaster Tower Brewery, Yorks.
C. Page Wood, Tamplin & Son's Brewery, Limited, Director of.
Lord E. W. Hamilton, M.P., Connaught Mansions, London, S.W.
J. D. Alexander, Banker, Imperial Fire Insurance Company, Director of.
F. W. Butterworth, Gresham Life Assurance Society, Director of.
T. R. Dewar, John Dewar & Sons, Whisky Distillers, Perth and London.

PROVINCIAL BOARD.—LIVERPOOL.
W. H. Walker, Peter Walker & Son, Brewers, Burton and Warrington, Director of.
Ald. John Hughes, Miller, Peel, & Hughes, Liverpool.
G. E. Holt, Birkenhead Brewery Company, Limited, Chairman of.

LONDON VALUATION COMMITTEE.
Orgill, Swann, & Orgill. | Tabernacle & Son.
Henshaw, Beard, & Watts. | Barker & Cathie.
J. W. Truman, Auctioneers and Public-house Valuers.

BANKERS.
Messrs. Hoare, Fleet-street, London, E.C.
The National Bank of Scotland, Limited, Edinburgh and London.

SOLICITORS.
LONDON—Steadman, Van Praagh, & Sims, 23, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—Miller, Peel, & Hughes, Cook-street, Liverpool.

AUDITORS—Turquand, Youngs, Weise, Bishop, & Clarke, Coleman-street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES, pro tem.
LONDON—William Olliver, 72, King William-street, London, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—Geo. Holt & Son, Orange-court, Castle-street, Liverpool.

In consequence of the judgment of the House of Lords in re Sharpe v. Wakefield, and other risks now incurred of non-renewal of licenses, this Corporation has been formed to insure and guarantee compensation to license holders for losses incurred in the event of refusal.

Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained from the bankers and brokers, and at the offices of the Company.

Player's Navy Cut

Original

560,000,000 PIPES OF TOBACCO!

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,

In his speech on the Budget, April 23rd, 1891, stated that the increase in the Consumption of Tobacco represented at least **FIVE HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILLION PIPEFULS**. This is without doubt in a measure due to the great and ever-increasing popularity of

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

Ask for it at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c. and take no other. Sold in 1 oz. Packets, and 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz. and 1 lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking condition. The genuine bears the Trade Mark "**NOTTINGHAM CASTLE**" on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES in Packets, containing 12.

OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eleven days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on the morning of the second Monday succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14, letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 644.—SUGGESTION OF A NAME FOR THE NAVAL EXHIBITION.

"C." (Real name and address will be given next week)..... £2 2 0

"TRUTH" COLONIAL AND FOREIGN. PUZZLE, No. 21.

It is proposed to close this competition as soon as the next Australian mail is in, and I shall then in due course announce the winner of the Prize.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 645.

The most general fault to be observed in the Naval Exhibition Alphabets was that many of them dealt with Naval items generally rather than with those special Naval features now to be seen at Chelsea. There were some incorrect rhymes, too, and several competitors failed in the matter of metre. On the whole, I think the best Alphabet, taking the various desiderata of the competition into account, was that written by FERREUM COR, to whom the Prize is accordingly awarded. Let me add that Rhymed Alphabets by Ipse Dixit, E. P. D., Shadowland, and Erjor were put into type with a view to publication last week, but had to be omitted owing to lack of space.

PRIZE RHYMED ALPHABET ON THE NAVAL EXHIBITION NOW BEING HELD AT CHELSEA.

A is the Admiral put in command;
B is that staple attraction, the Band;
C is the Cockpit where Nelson was placed;
D is the Dinner—to suit purse and taste;
E is the Eddystone Light, high and clear;
F is for Franklin, whose scraps are all here;
G is the Gardens, the favourite resort;
H is the "Home" which we wish to support;
I is the Ironclads, massive and strong;
J is Jack Tar, good at fight, dance, or song;
K stands for Keppel, whose deeds never fade;
L is the Lake where the sham-fights are played;
M is the Models, a fleet of great beauty;
N gallant Nelson, devoted to duty;
O is the Ordnance, threatening and dire;
P is the Pictures which all must admire;
Q stands for Queen, the Show's patron and friend;
R is the Relics, of which there's no end;
S is the Shilling we pay at the gate;
T the Torpedo, which all seamen hate;
U is the Uniforms, seen in full glory;
V is the *Victory*, famous in story;
W the Waxworks, with which she is manned;
X is the Xebec from Barbary's strand;
Y is the Yard, with its canvas like snow;
Z is the Zeal the officials all show.

FERREUM COR.

TRUTH PUZZLE, No. 649.

It will be interesting, I think, as the visit to England of the young Emperor of Germany will soon be an accomplished fact to give the many skilful anagrammatists who take part in the TRUTH Puzzles a chance of showing their ingenuity. A prize of Two Guineas is, therefore, offered for

THE BEST ANAGRAM FORMED OUT OF THE FORTY-FIVE LETTERS IN THE WORDS "WILLIAM THE SECOND, KING OF PRUSSIA AND GERMAN EMPEROR."

I need hardly add that no anagram can be considered a perfect one in which all the forty-five letters in the given words are not included. Competitors are at liberty to send in more than one anagram on condition that all their attempts reach me by the morning of Monday, July 13.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** One competitor who sent in a long list of answers to Puzzle, No. 643, on white foolscap paper, omitted to append any name.

VIDA.—You are quite right. The name for the Naval Exhibition suggested by you was "Navalia," and it was printed "Navalico" in error.

CARUS.—In a similar way, your suggested title, "Shipmateries," was misprinted "Shipwateries."

WITS.—I will not fail to shortly repeat the competition to which you refer.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 646.—ANSWERS TO THE REBUSES AND PUZZLE SENTENCES PUBLISHED ON JUNE 11.

*** It will, I think, most interest competitors who have taken part in this competition to see a complete list of the answers originally sent in with the Rebuses, &c., by those who constructed them. To examine the lists of interpretations received will be a work of considerable time. Meanwhile I may say that I have received complaints, in many cases well founded, from DRALLAM and other competitors in Puzzle No. 643, pointing out errors more or less misleading in the printing of their Rebuses, &c. It will be readily understood, however, that the printers had a particularly difficult task in setting up the Puzzle Sentences, and that it was very hard to express in ordinary print many of the suggested combinations; but I shall have more to say on this matter when I come to award the Prizes for Puzzles Nos. 643 and 646.

LIST OF CORRECT ANSWERS TO REBUSES, &C.

1. Ah, next to nothing after all is undertaken by Government overseers to put a stop to underground slavery; or, I see the Government overseers essay next to nothing after all in *re* underground slavery.—X. Y. Z.

2. One to-day is worth two two-morrows.—X. Y. Z.

3. In time of prosperity friends will be plenty. In time of adversity not one in twenty.—X. Y. Z.

4. Great boast, little roast.—X. Y. Z.

5. "Is this a dagger that I see before me?"—X. Y. Z.

6. Walking along between two friends, we joined two men carrying coal on their backs. They, crossing the road, came to a full stop, and, putting the coal on the ground, pause for awhile.—Spot.

7. As each succeeding score of ten was piled on to the already large overnight score, so the onlookers became more engrossed in the game, and the uproar was without parallel.—L. I. C.

8. If capital be small, enlarge it; if over-large, why, invest it.—Tom Nissed.

9. Do you understand botany? Colonel Dash, who is in command here for a period, does. I overheard him say that the aster is kin to the Michaelmas daisy.—Dallington.

10. Mr. Dashwood, being seriously seedy, sent for his relatives, who wired at once for Doctor Long and Doctor Short; but what between Doctor Long and Doctor Short, poor old Dashwood hopp'd the twig.—Asthma.

11. Between you and me you are not over-wise; so, before you come again, take lessons under some star teacher for a period, and afterwards call on me.—Nacnud.

12 The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.—J. Fitz-Vulture.

13. Before the period of "Womans' Rights" our wives undertook not to be above looking after our comforts. Between you and me I don't like the idea.—Bobus.

14. You in fun following others danced after a capital tea. I intending ditto fell over a line.—E. S.

15. Men's eyes are indexes pointing to the questionings, crochets, and scruples dashing through the heart minute after minute.—Cestrian.

16. Little Harry walked out in the country one day
To gaze overhead at the stars;
But instead, he saw seven small lambkins at play,
So dashed after them and their ma's (Mars).
He trampled on daisies (daycc) hid in the grass weedy (wee "d"),
Ran along after moths with his hat;
Then pausing to rest still (two rests till) a little bit seedy,
On the top of a high fence he sat.

Parsonides.

17. After overwhelming pressure, I over-hastily undertook to oversee under Government a semi-colon-i-sed part of Africa.—Ebor.

18. He insulted me, and put upon me, so I turned my back upon him (reversed the letters).—Richman.

19. I jumped over a gate, several dogs after me, in great fear.—Richman.

20. Rose (rows) between two thorns.—St. Eloi.

21. War and love have various cares,
One sheds blood, the other tears;
War has spears, love has darts,
War breaks heads, love breaks hearts.

Katherine.

22. For example, it does not follow you undervalue this paragraph because you don't understand what was to be found out; therefore, I undertake to overcome the same, errors excepted, as much as you please, which see and compare with

the general assembly in its place, that is in TRUTH'S puzzle pages for the time being.—Katherine.

23. Love is to you as is war to me;
Between you and me a point I wish to square,
For Bob Tanner, half-seas over, came you to see;
Deny it if you dare. Katherine.

24. Wise Members on both sides of the House foresee a long period between the Tory upset soon upon us and another Government without any go. Those thinking otherwise are indisputably without eyes.—Knarf.

25. I will double you up in a half minute if you belong to my over-bearing upsetters who write notes of admiration about my foes and notes of interrogation about my character.—Knarf.

26. The most overbearing men under the stars are, when undervalued, in many instances beside themselves with indignation.—I. B. B.

27. Once, after a capital tea, Emmie asked to go out for a short time. "Not above an hour," I replied. As she was not back before dinner I went between eight and nine and essayed to find her. In a little while I came upon her. She was under a large tree overhanging the river about to seek a grave in the depths beneath. The river being full. "Stop," I said, creeping up behind her, "thy phenomenal parent, he's Islamitic, forbids it. You are a naughty girl."—Pseudonym.

28. Excuse a budget, as I calculate after May to cross over seas to embrace you. Notes of interrogation must rest over till we meet. We have on board a boat in four sections to float on the lake for use in line-fishing.—Esperanza.

29. He's indeed surrounded by luxury. e's in deed (surrounded by) luxury.—Heathfield.

30. The 86 wags and their (little) ones ate (8) (next to) nothing.

31. Man (is made a little lower than) the angels (and crowned with) glory and honour.—Nitram.

32. Between you and me let us undertake upon ourselves to be friends and overthrow our enemies. —Drallam.

33. A man in the ring with a huge under-jaw and thin under-lip hung his coat over a bracket, and in a note above D. exclaimed "By the stars above me, I will make a handsome offer just to make a start in front of others. I'll lay a tenner to a sovereign against the Overton filly." An over-credulous youth, without a query, dashed upon the scene, to exonerate his overburdensome pocket. The numbers were hoisted overhead, but the Overton filly, being overtrained, was understood to be scratched. The youth, overcome, paused, and, in a comatose condition, withdrew beneath an adjoining colonade.—Neewod.

34. Why cross-question? For you are nought to stop you see.—Ebor.

35. A fond lover.—Crusoe.

36. One's sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.—Waldmeister.

37. To see you, I'd forego ease, dash through thick and thin, cross over brooks, camp under the stars, take little rest. I find the difference in labor without you (u); with you (u) honour is won. —Excelsior.

38. Between you and me I ought to be first.—Phantom.

39. Two tea-dealers undertook to make money by bringing over in a ship two wise Chinese, who understood the English alphabet, to advertise their teas at Charing-cross, where they sell one ounce a penny and cry out "Truth before the world!" and amass a thousand cash monthly, and send it over the sea to Pekin.—Ipse Dixit.

40. An honest endeavour day by day and week after week to score over the Editor in TRUTH is equal to extraordinary (extra *ord* in airy) labour greater than one can understand, unless it determine us (deter minus) to become attentive (to be comma ten tive) over trifles, and not to sigh for (cipher) after things effeminate.—Parsonides.

41. I command you not to dash coal on the grate before you see Ellen.—Mayfly.

A POLITICAL TALE.

42. Once upon a time a certain fox was greatly admired on account of his brush, the most beautiful thing in tails ever seen; he always carried it well up in the air, and he painted on it the word Caucus. His principal perplexity was the king of the forest, eighty years old, called GOM; and see, because the grand old lion saw no reason why this fox should be consulted on every occasion, therefore Mr. Fox sulked in the lion's council. But after a time he decided to do some deed to cause his own fame to rise. He said, I will catch a big fish out of Conservative pond; therefore he put Liberal-Unionist on his tail instead of Caucus. He then put his tail underneath the water; but instead of landing a big fish, the big fish, knowing his tricks, bit his tail off. Being wily, he put a bold face on, and told his relations and dependents that he took off his tail for the best reasons; therefore the relations and dependents took off all their tails, because they always did exactly as Mr. Fox told them to do. Oh! the GOM, when he saw the foxes with their stumps of tails, would smile in the most aggravating way. There are some foxes to-day who'd give a good deal for tails again.—Dora.

With apologies to the *Pall-Mall Budget* of May 21, 1891.

43. Let everyone be upright before others always, and naught underrate; otherwise they may be inclined to, after all, wrong some.—Mozzle Toff.

44. Captain Forbes said to his hardy forces, extend your lines, use your daggers, turn backwards and overthrow the Indians while the stars above you shine.—Yelruh.

45. A bobby in the area, overwhelmed with confusion upon the entrance of the mistress in the middle of the meal partaken of in the kitchen (part taken of "in the kitchen") after he had squared the cook.—Surgeon.

46. A man in ambush under a colonnade spied overhead on a cross beam several figures. A bobby spots him, saying "Ah! Joey Brown, Mr. Tanner wants you in double-quick time." "Oh, you undersized figure!" replied he, "leave me in peace to study art overhead and above your comprehension. See! our lines are far apart."—Arten.

47. Lovers scruple not over marriage but be wise in time, as beauty decays, therefore why on earth disaster risk over inexplicable effeminacy.—Caledonia.

48. Three milliners undertook to work overtime in winter, and indulge in a long holiday at midsummer. Repeated privations induced a state of health far below par. Ellen's great economy in small fires might be excused, but to put no coal on was a narrow-minded procedure, greatly injurious to three; to overrate one's power is questionable wisdom. Lucy gave up when Elsie broke down. Sigh, Oh sigh, for Ellen nought could dash Ellen's hopes before, now, inexorable fate stop, at their expeditions.—Simla.

49. Half-a-league, half-a-league, half-a-league onward.—Redhair.

50. Cannon to left of them, cannon to right of them.—Redhair.

51. I am right, oh no, I am below, I am left, and it's no wonder, I am; above such tricks, as sell, potatoes by the hundred.—Sco. Rif.

52. Je bois sans eau (sans "o") à votre santé (sans "t").—Gadabout.

53. Paid in full, stop dunning.—Richman.

54. I overheard my overseer's exclamation.—Richman.

55. I sent a note of interrogation to ask if I might see you home *after* supper *before* the stars go out.—Richman.

56. Captain Seaton, after bringing his hardy forces to a full stop, said to them, the Indians are after you, extend your lines, use your daggers, turn backwards and overthrow them while the stars above you are covered.—Yelruh.

*** Lists of answers for this competition have been received from Benchmark, Pseudonym, Oriole, Maximillan, Ynyswitrin, Bausé ant, Sclanidge, Parsonides, E. T., Ipse Dixit, Ombra, Abu, Orville, Gloucester, Sedgeford, Teazer, Spot, Aargan, Dora, Coaly Tyne, Vera, Guelder Rose, Selah, Maina, X. Y. Z., Richman, Bobus, Snooks, Trout, Eneksa, Antony, Gloucester, and C. M. P., in addition to those whose names have already been published.

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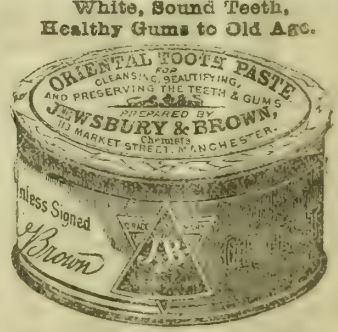

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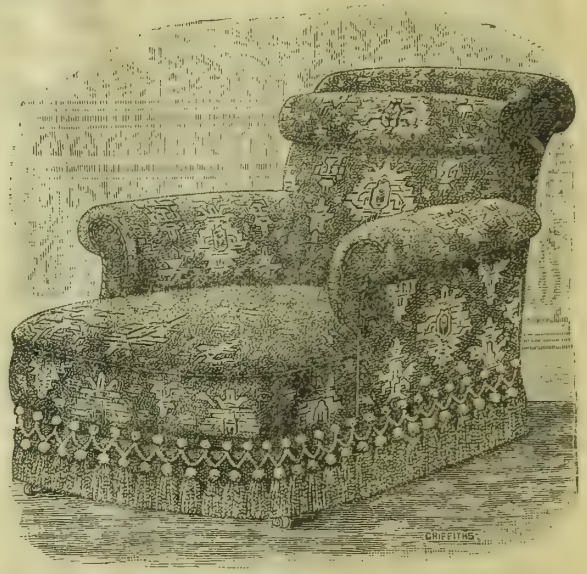

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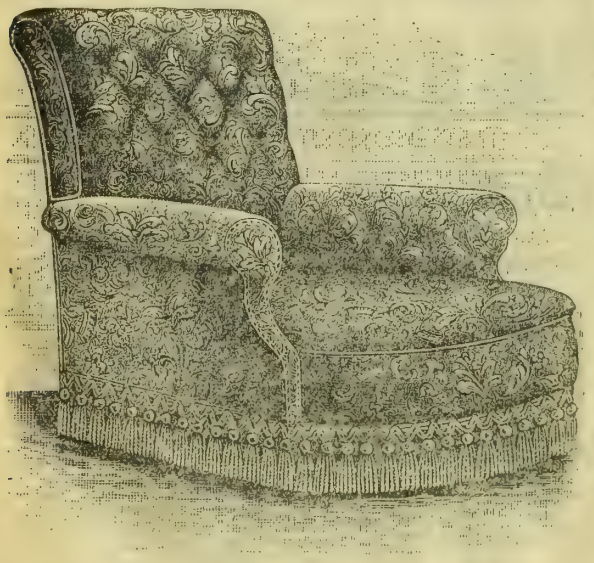

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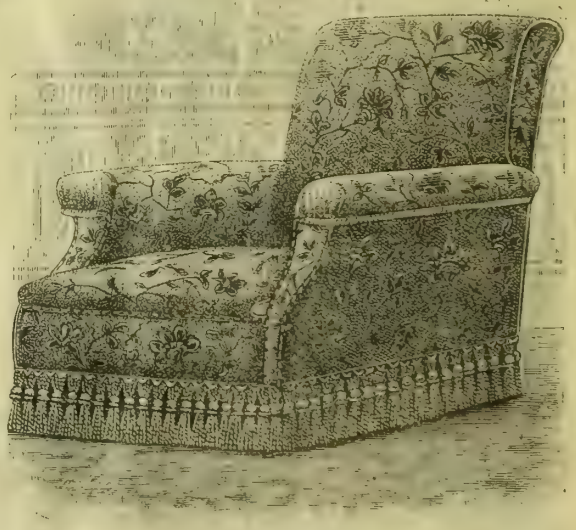

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NOTICES.

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No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE private invitations to the State Ball which is to be given at Buckingham Palace on Friday night have not been issued from the Lord Chamberlain's office in the usual way, but from a list which was rigorously revised by the Queen herself, as her Majesty was resolved to exclude all social tag-rag and bobtail from the function, and particularly plutocratic slip-slop. Even the official list has been carefully weeded on the present occasion.

"Full dress with trousers" is the costume which has been commanded for the State performance at Covent Garden to-night.

The State apartments at Windsor Castle which have been apportioned to the use of the Emperor and Empress are the same which were occupied by Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie in April, 1855. They are very magnificent in all respects, but are neither comfortable nor cheerful. The last time these rooms were inhabited was during the Jubilee, when some of them were occupied by the ill-fated Archduke Rudolph of Austria. The carpets and the splendid furniture do not belong to the apartments, but they are simply placed in there for the few days during which they are in use. By way of compliment to her grandson, the Queen has caused the portraits of the Emperors William and Frederick, of King Frederick William IV., and of Prince Frederick Charles to be placed in his rooms. They usually hang in the private apartments of the Castle.

At Buckingham Palace the Emperor and Empress are to occupy the apartments which are known as the Belgian Rooms, which are on the garden side, and they were last used by the Empress Frederick. This is the best suite in the Palace, and the rooms have been partly redecorated and temporarily refurnished for the occasion.

The official programme of the German Emperor's visit was printed four times over, in consequence of the vast number of alterations in the arrangements. During the fortnight which elapsed between the Queen's return to Windsor and the Emperor's arrival there, upwards of two hundred telegrams (many of them of great length) were transmitted between the two Courts, as well as dozens of letters.

Emperor William is terribly tenacious of his dignity and precedence, and he appears to have been thoroughly resolved to impress his mother's family with a due sense of his prodigious importance. The idea of the Queen's three sons all being despatched to Sheerness to receive their imperious nephew has amused every Court in Europe. The original arrangement was for the Duke of Connaught to welcome the Emperor on his landing, but a hint reached Windsor that this would not be considered an adequate reception, so the Dukes of Edinburgh and Clarence were also ordered to go down. Even this expansion of the original plan did not satisfy the Emperor's susceptibilities, and on Thursday it was settled that the Prince of Wales should go also—a most inconvenient arrangement; for the Prince was to have gone down to Windsor on Saturday morning, in order that he might be with the Queen when the Emperor arrived at the Castle, which would have been in every respect seemly and suitable, and far more acceptable to everybody. I only wonder that the Emperor did not stipulate for the attendance at Sheerness of Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Cambridge, the Primate, and Lord Tennyson. I thank Heaven that the young man is not my grandson, for I feel that I should be much troubled by his perpetual endeavour to teach me to suck eggs.

I am told that ever since the Emperor's "Sovereign" visit to England was decided upon he has been hunting up precedents in order to make sure of his receiving every possible honour which he was entitled to claim. The details of the visit of the Allied Sovereigns in 1814, of Frederick William IV. of Prussia in 1842, of the Emperor Nicholas in 1844, and of Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie in 1855, have all been carefully looked through; and it is said that the earnest desire to be met at Port Victoria by the Prince of Wales originated in the Emperor's discovery that in 1855 Prince Albert travelled from Windsor to Dover to meet Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie when they landed there. Prince Albert was the most important male member of the Royal family in 1855, and in 1891 the Prince of Wales is the most important male member, so his Majesty apprehended that he would have been slighted if H.R.H. had not been in waiting for him when he landed in England.

THE KAISER'S SONG.

I am so versatile!
If aught's to be done I'm in it,
I drill and direct,
Inquire and inspect,
For I can't be still for a minute.
From early to late I manage the State
In the most *staccato* style,
I coax and coerce,
I bless and I curse,
I am so versatile!

Refrain.

I am so versatile! I am so versatile!
I'm here! I'm there!
I'm everywhere!
I *am* so versatile!

I am so versatile!
That at home I cannot stay,
So I make long trips
In trains and in ships,
In the most erratic way.
And Statesmen stare at my eager air,
And in vain would me beguile,
For they own, with doubt,
They can't make me out,
I *am* so versatile!

Refrain.

I am so versatile! I am so versatile!
Yes, nobody knows,
How I next shall pose,
I am so versatile.

What funny people Royalties are! If I were to visit a Persian in his home, it would never occur to me to put on a flowing robe and a sheepskin hat, and to expect the Persian to receive me in European garb. But Royalties never seem able to meet without exchanging clothes. For instance, when the Emperor arrived at Port Victoria, his Majesty made his appearance in the garb of an English Admiral, and the Prince of Wales responded to this delicate attention by donning the dress of a Blücher Hussar, whilst his brothers and son masqueraded as German Hussars and Uhlans.

The Queen had proposed to appoint Sir Geoffrey Hornby to be the naval officer in attendance on the Emperor during his visit to England, but the health of the venerable Admiral-of-the-Fleet would not allow him to accept the post. Sir John Commerell is the best officer that could possibly have been chosen, for he is personally known to the Emperor, who, moreover, likes him very much.

Emperor William's irrepressible habit of delivering harangues of the most crackbrained description is well known, and it has caused very great anxiety to the Queen ever since his Majesty's State visit to England was arranged. The Emperor has made many foolish and mischievous speeches at Berlin which have never reached the press, although they have caused stir enough in Court and Diplomatic circles; and over and over again his Majesty has been reduced to the ignominious necessity of having his oration rigorously revised before it was printed in the official journals, or of announcing that he had been incorrectly reported. This is all vastly fine in Germany, but if the Emperor indulged in any injudicious vapourings at the Guildhall, it would be utterly impossible for him to wriggle out of the scrape, and there has all along been a strong apprehension at Court that his Majesty will either startle the company with some unfortunate reference to Russia or France, or that he will make an embarrassing declaration on the subject of the Triple Alliance. I understand, therefore, that the Queen has very wisely stipulated that the Emperor shall write out his City speech or speeches, and submit his proposed observations to her for approval; and at the Guildhall his Majesty will either read from the paper or repeat the orations which have been sanctioned by the Queen. The most safe plan would be to read, as the Emperor is terribly apt to be carried away by his enthusiasm when once he gets upon his legs, for he is as "incontinent of tongue" as his great-grand-uncle, William IV. The Queen and Lord Salisbury will not be at ease until the City function is over.

It is really difficult to understand how the conductors of the daily papers could be so benighted as to print the farrago of nonsense entitled "The German Emperor's Official Programme," which appeared in their columns last week, and in which there were positively as many errors as there were assertions. It was a fit beginning to this blundering *galimatias* to state that the arrangements described "have received the sanction of the officials of the Lord Chamberlain's Department." The only persons whose "sanction" was necessary are the Queen and the Emperor. It is the business of the Lord Chamberlain's officials to carry out the orders which they receive, and their "sanction" is not a matter of the slightest concern to any human being. It might just as well be announced that Lord Londonderry's luncheon to the Emperor to-morrow is given with the "sanction" of his upper servants.

The silver dinner service which was used at the table of the Emperor and Empress at Amsterdam last week originally belonged to this country, for it was manufactured at the public expense for William III.; but after his death it was mysteriously removed to Holland, although bearing the Royal Arms, which were erased recently by King William IV., who substituted the Dutch Arms. This service is valued at £100,000, but it would fetch far more in the market, as the chasing and ornamentation of the pieces are exceedingly beautiful. The Emperor must be constantly struck with the lavish liberality of his mother's countrymen; for when he dined with the King of the Belgians at Ostend last year, the table was adorned with a magnificent silver dinner service which his host's father had brought away from England. The astute Leopold would no doubt have carried off all the plate and jewels which he obtained by his marriage with Princess Charlotte, but George IV. was sharp enough to reclaim nearly everything, on the plea that the things, being really Crown property, had only been lent to the Princess and her husband.

Emperor William has been anxious to confer the Order of the Black Eagle upon Lord Salisbury, and the Queen will probably allow the Prime Minister to accept

For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 94 in the present issue.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 95.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see page 93.

this decoration, following the precedent of the Duke of Wellington, who was a Knight of the great Prussian Order for nearly forty years.

The arrangements for the visit of the German Empress to the Isle of Wight have been countermanded, and she will go next Monday to Felixstowe, near Harwich, where she is to reside for a month with her children, and two villas have been engaged for their accommodation. The Empress is to embark at Harwich when she returns to Germany.

I suppose that M. Blowitz's account of the scene that took place in Prince Bismarck's home on his resignation of the Chancellorship is correct, and, if so, he must have received the details from Count Münster with a view to their being published; but the indiscretion of the Count is most scandalous, for these details should never have seen the light without the consent of the Prince. Count Münster went to his house at a moment when he was in a state of great excitement. Not only does he recount what the Prince said to him, but what happened between the Prince and his family; indeed, he seems to have learnt a good deal by listening through the door to what transpired between his host and hostess in the next room. As the case stands, a more gross violation of the usual rules which regulate the relations between gentlemen never took place. Count Münster was long in England, and he was always regarded by those with whom he came in contact during his residence here as a man of strict honour. What, then, possessed him to confide all that he had espied or heard during his visit to Prince Bismarck to M. Blowitz for publication? Was it by order of the Emperor, or in order to curry favour with the Emperor? The general impression in diplomatic circles is that either Prince Bismarck or Count Herbert Bismarck will send a challenge to Count Münster.

It is, I believe, a fact that the old Emperor William did consider that Count Herbert's appointment as Minister for Foreign Affairs a little premature, but it is entirely contrary to fact that Princess Bismarck has ever egged her husband on to quarrel with the Emperor. She is a most estimable lady, with much of the German *Hausfrau* about her, fond and proud of her husband, but far more inclined to counsel peace and quiet than an attitude of hostility.

Orders have been received at Portsmouth that moorings are forthwith to be laid down in the Solent, off Cowes, for the German Emperor's yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, and for Prince George of Wales's vessel, the *Thrush*. The *Hohenzollern* is to arrive at Cowes about the 29th (after the Emperor's cruise), and she will remain there until August 8, and during his Majesty's stay he is to take part in a review of the fleet at Spithead. The *Thrush* is due to reach Cowes from the West Indies on August 2 or 3, and she is to stay there during the R.Y.S. regatta week, after which Prince George will take her round to Sheerness, and he is then to be granted three months' leave of absence, after which he will relieve Commander Milne in the command of the *Osborne*, being appointed to that yacht on promotion.

Of all the follies of the present Board of Admiralty, the recall of the *Thrush* from the West Indies is, perhaps, the most astonishing. Only fifteen months have elapsed since this vessel was commissioned. Why, in the name of common sense, has not she been left to complete her term on the North American and West Indian station? The *Thrush* has not developed any defects, so that it is really monstrous that the public money should be wasted in this profligate manner; and, to make matters worse, the vessel is to be paid-off on her arrival in England. The whole arrangement is a costly *bêtise*, for which it would not be easy to find a precedent in the Admiralty archives of the last sixty or seventy years. Prince George could perfectly well have returned to England by mail steamer, and another officer should have been appointed to take over the command of the vessel, which, it seems, is to be relieved by the *Tartar*.

There is no foundation for the report, which has been circulated during the last week, that Prince George of Wales is to be created Duke of Kent when he returns to England next month. The Queen has no intention at present of conferring a dukedom upon Prince George, nor does the Prince of Wales wish her to do so just yet.

The Prince of Wales's yacht, the *Aline*, is fitting out at Cowes, in order that she may be ready for the Squadron regattas, and she is to be sailed for the Queen's Cup against the German Emperor's recently-purchased racing cutter, the *Meteor* (late *Thistle*), with which it is to be feared she will stand but a poor chance. Prince George of Wales is to sail the *Aline*.

H.R.H. goes to Newmarket next Tuesday morning, to stay until Thursday afternoon, when he will return to town.

An imaginative "London correspondent" reports that "a quite unusual mark of respect" was offered to the Prince of Wales at the last Levée, and he surmises that H.R.H. "must have been at once surprised and delighted." This was the attendance of nearly all the officers of the two Household cavalry regiments which are now stationed in London. This is really sad nonsense, and founded upon the most intense ignorance. The officers of these regiments were expected to attend one Levée during the year, and, having all postponed the duty as late as possible, they were, of course, obliged to come to the last one. Their attendance was simply a matter of course, and there was nothing whatever "unusual" in it. This romancing London correspondent might just as reasonably have discovered something remarkable in the attendance of the Great Officers at the Levée. By the way, all the Levées this season have been very

Pfungst Freres' Extra Quality Champagnes.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

Surgeon-Major Cuffe, M.R.C.S., Clarges-street, W., writes:—"Pepsalia promotes the digestive process of food. It cannot be too highly recommended." Pepsalia used as table-salt, and in similar quantities, absolutely effects digestion, and restores dyspeptics to a condition of health and comfort. In bottles, 1s. and 2s., from chemists, or G. & G. Stern, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

miserably attended. Even the fullest of them was far below the average of past years. The last Levée was the smallest of all, and, not only were there very few presentations (nearly all of them officials) but the attendance was excessively and strikingly limited.

On Monday the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are to proceed to Devonport for a month, after which the Duke will take his long leave, which he is to spend in Germany, and the Duchess is to return to Coburg for the autumn. The Duke of Edinburgh is expected at Kissingen about August 13, for a stay of three weeks.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to return to Portsmouth next Monday, when his leave of absence terminates, and they will stay there until the end of August, when they are going to Germany on a round of visits.

I learn that the Grand Duchess Xenie, the elder daughter of the Czar, who is shortly going to be betrothed to the Grand Duke Alexander Michailovitch, is to have a dowry of £500,000, which will no doubt be safely invested out of Russia. Her father is also to present her with an estate of eighty square miles of corn lands in the province of Kherson. The Grand Duchess Xenie is to obtain, too, the famous opals which her grandmother, the late Empress of Russia, was in the habit of wearing, and which are the finest in the world.

The Prince of Naples, who is to arrive in England towards the end of next week, will travel incognito, but he is to pay a visit to the Queen at Osborne, and I hear that it is the intention of her Majesty to confer the Order of the Garter upon him.

Personally, I am against statues being erected to any persons during their lifetime. I therefore do not contemplate sending any money to Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, in order to raise a statue of her Majesty in Hyde Park, although, as I have a great respect for the lady, I shall be happy to contribute my mite to this object if I survive her. If a statue be artistically beautifu a town gains by its being erected in it. Why however, this touting for subscriptions? I note sixty names as committee-men, &c., on the circular of Prince Edward. Let each committee-man subscribe £100, and this would produce a fund of £6,000, for which an excellent statue might be made and set upon a handsome pedestal. I doubt, however, whether this suggestion will find favour, for between subscribing to a statue and asking others to subscribe to one there is a vast difference.

I see, however, that above £1,700 has been already subscribed, of which W. R. Maseron, contributes £10, and the Right Worshipful S. H. Soper, Mayor of Brighton, £5. It is probable, therefore, that what with Right Worshipful Mayors and unknown Maserons, who like to see their names on lists of this kind, the money will be forthcoming. If this be so, I do trust that some sculptor of note will be selected, and that we shall not have Hyde Park made hideous by another Byron or Achilles monstrosity. This is all the more important, as the scheme, although fathered by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, appears to have been originated by Augustus Frickenhaus, the honorary secretary, who is himself an artist.

After the departure of the Court from Windsor Castle, the Queen will dispense with the attendance of the Lord-in-Waiting until she returns there from Balmoral in November, so Lords Romney, Henniker, Elphinstone, De Ros, Bridport, Waldegrave, and Churchill will all escape their turns of duty.

The Groom-in-Waiting only attends at Court when the Queen is at Osborne or at Balmoral if he is specially summoned, and the same rule applies to the Equerries-in-Waiting.

Lord de Ramsey and Lord Frederick Kerr are to proceed to Windsor Castle next Tuesday as Lord and Groom in Waiting, in succession to Lord Churchill and Sir Fleetwood Edwards, and they will remain at Court until her Majesty removes to Osborne.

The Horse Show week at the end of August is already being looked forward to in Ireland. Lord and Lady Zetland, should nothing unforeseen occur, will return to the Viceregal Lodge in August, and entertain, as usual, a large party for this week, giving a dance and other entertainments. There will also be cricket, the Zingari paying their customary autumn visit to Dublin. The Duke of Clarence will be amongst the visitors to the Horse Show, as at that time the 10th Hussars will be established in their Irish quarters.

Lord Zetland made no stay in Dublin on his return from Limerick, merely passing through and leaving his throne at Dublin Castle in possession of the Lords Justices. It is no secret that Lord Zetland has no great taste for "reigning"—in fact, he has nearly as little as his predecessor, who had to be "gartered" to his throne. Conservative noblemen do not seem to think "To reign is worth ambition, though in hell"—or Connaught, or the whole of Ireland.

The Kingstown Regatta, which always precedes the "Cowes week," will take place during July. It is expected that the German Emperor's yacht will take part in it. The *Sheila* was in Kingstown harbour last week. The weather in the Channel has been very rough, with a boisterousness more like that of November than of Midsummer.

The party given by Mr. Stanhope in the Whitehall Banqueting-room cost £2,000. A statistician has calculated that this was at the rate of £15 per minute.

Lord and Lady Hindlip, who have resided for many years at Doveridge, Lord Waterpark's seat in Derbyshire, are to remove at Christmas to Hindlip Hall, their place in

For antique and original Electric Light Fittings visit Rashleigh Phipps & Dawson's elegant show-rooms, 53, Berners-street, W. Particular attention paid to the adaptation of existing fittings, and private house lighting a specialty. Ivory switches a specialty.

Worcestershire, which has been hitherto inhabited by the Dowager Lady Hindlip, who has now taken Hadzor House, near Droitwich. Lord Waterpark is endeavouring to sell the Doveridge estate.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen are going to Canada again next month, and they will remain there until November. Lord Aberdeen has recently purchased a large farm in British Columbia.

The Duke and Duchess of Argyll intend to proceed to Inverary Castle for a residence of several months when they leave town the week after next. The Duke will go on a yachting cruise among the Hebrides before settling at Inverary for the autumn.

Lord and Lady Ashbourne, with their family, will take up their residence at Palmerston, Lady Mayo's house in Kildare, during the present month. They have rented it for a short time, not including the hunting season. Lord Ashbourne, in his double capacity of Irish Chancellor and Cabinet Minister, rivals the most active of Cook's personally-conducting agents in the number of his annual journeys by sea and rail. He has been known to go backwards and forwards between London and Dublin three times in the same week. It is to be hoped that he is a good sailor.

Mr. Gladstone has almost entirely recovered from his influenza attack, but, in view of the usual weakening effect of this malady, he has been recommended by his medical advisers to keep quiet until the autumn. It is not likely, therefore, that he will be seen again in the House of Commons during the present Session.

Mr W. H. Gladstone sat in Parliament for twenty years, but he made no mark in public life—and, indeed, he had no ambition to do so. His temper was too serene and his nature too kindly for him to be suited to the turmoil of political life. His tastes and pursuits were of a refined character, and he had well cultivated his mind, both in literature and art. Mr. W. H. Gladstone was a most accomplished musician, and among amateur organ-players he took a high place. He composed several pretty and effective anthems and services. He was very popular at Hawarden, and he was always most generous and considerate to the tenants on the Castle estate, and did everything in his power to promote the comfort and raise the condition of the labourers and villagers. He was in all respects a model country gentleman.

The late Miss Anne Mozley was one of the most talented members of a very brilliant family, of which the most widely known were the famous Regius Professor of Divinity (described by Dr. Liddon as "the Butler of our time"), and the author of the entertaining "Reminiscences of Oriel," who was for many years one of the principal leader writers of the *Times* in its really great day, Mr. A. A. Knox then being his colleague. Miss Mozley came but little before the world, but to a limited circle she was known as a most admirable writer for nearly half a century. She contributed to the *British Critic* (a famous publication in its day), and later to *Blackwood*, and to the *Saturday Review*. Her appreciative and discriminating notice of "Adam Bede," in the long-since-defunct *Bentley's Review*, so greatly pleased George Eliot that she sent a copy of her next work to the writer of the article. Miss Mozley was sincerely religious without austerity or ostentation, and she was profoundly affected by the Oxford Movement. She was the literary executor of her distinguished brother, Canon J. B. Mozley, and a few years ago she published a most interesting volume of his correspondence. The work led to important results, for Cardinal Newman was so pleased with the manner in which it had been executed that he resolved to leave the Anglican portion of his own life and correspondence in the same competent hands, and Miss Mozley lived just long enough to complete the task which had been confided to her. She was a very intimate friend of Dean Church, who entertained the highest regard for her. She was a kindly, generous, highly-cultured, and very clever woman.

The will of the late Mr. Cavendish Bentinck has excited much surprise, because he appears to have left nothing to his eldest son. I understand, however, that Mr. George Cavendish Bentinck inherits the large fortune which was left to his father by Lord Henry Bentinck, who died in 1869, and which was strictly settled upon male heirs.

Prince de Wagram has taken Castle Menzies, the family place of Sir Robert Menzies, in the Strathtay district of Perthshire. The house stands in charming grounds, and is surrounded by some of the most lovely scenery in the country. The shootings extend over 20,000 acres, including 2,000 acres of woods and cover, and there are 6,000 acres of first-rate grouse-moor.

There was nearly being a tremendous row during the Royal Agricultural Show at Doncaster, as a prominent agriculturist had intimated his intention of publicly denouncing Mr. Chaplin's conduct with respect to the pleuro regulations, which have excited widespread dissatisfaction. However, the efforts which were made to prevent the threatened explosion proved successful. According to the *North British Agriculturist*, Mr. Chaplin's "wretched mismanagement and imbecility of purpose is calculated to bring the Board of Agriculture into contempt."

If the Committee of the M.C.C. had desired to turn their inclosure and stands into a bear-garden, and to raise the whole club in revolt against them, they could not have chosen a better plan than that adopted at the Oxford and Cambridge match of issuing tickets without reserving seats. In the confusion which this idiotic arrangement created, large numbers of ticketless strangers managed to get in, while members of the club with ladies were seeking in vain for a resting-place; and perpetual squabbles took place owing to the feminine practice of occupying double the legitimate quantity of space, and

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth. Also The Belle Vue and Pier Hotel, opposite the Pier, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach, General Manager, late of the Bath Hotel, Bournemouth.

the persistent attempts to reserve unoccupied seats by depositing garments and wraps upon them. The last evil was only aggravated on the second day by the attempt of the Committee to prevent seats being reserved more than half an hour. I have received a whole sheaf of complaints upon the subject, but as long as the M.C.C. is governed by a Committee which has again and again shown itself sublimely indifferent to the opinions and feelings of the members at large, my wonder is, not that reserved seats are not granted on the great match-days, but that any member is allowed to show himself on the premises at all. The club at large have the remedy in their own hands.

The golf-players at Wimbledon are in a state of high indignation at the thought of their links being cut up by the intended Volunteer Review. There is no accounting for tastes, but I should have thought that more amusement might have been provided for the German Emperor by giving him the opportunity to see Mr. Balfour and other golfers play their favourite game than by our Volunteers—sulky and ill-disposed at being brought down so early in the day—marching past him.

I am asked to inform billiard-players that the Sub-Committee of the Billiards Association have had a model constructed showing the size and shape of pocket openings, with a view to obtaining some general expression of opinion upon it, which will enable them to recommend it for adoption by the Association. The model is now on view at 140, Fleet-street, and an inspection of it by all interested in the question is invited.

The Scottish salmon fisheries have been exceptionally productive during the last few months, and during the four weeks of June there was an increase in the quantity which reached Billingsgate from Scotland of 146,400 lb., as compared with the supply during the same period of last year. The Kyle of Sutherland and Dornoch Firth fishings yielded five tons of salmon and grilse in six days.

"L'Enfant Prodigue" has set the fashion, and we are likely to have many plays without words, which, as the words in most of our plays are generally not very remarkable for their wit or beauty, is what the dramatic critics call a "distinct advantage." Last week there was a performance of one of these wordless plays at the house of Lady Alexander Gordon-Lennox in aid of the funds of St. Elizabeth Hospital. The authors were Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox and Mr. Colnaghi, and with the aid of Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, they were the performers. The play was a pretty story, and exceedingly well acted; indeed, the performers showed themselves as good pantomimists as the "Enfant Prodigue" himself. The music plays a very important part in these performances, and Mr. Cotsford Dick composed it and played it. Mr. Dick ought really to bring out this play at some theatre, for the music alone is well worth hearing.

Last week, I heard Miss O'Neill Potter give one of her dialect recitals in a drawing-room. She may, says a contemporary, be aptly described as a "child of the forest, for her earlier days were spent in a primitive log-cabin in an Indian settlement." Very possibly she may, but whether she hails from the forest or the plain, she may be described as a pretty girl, who really gives her recitals in drawing-rooms with much force and quaintness.

I am not enamoured, as a rule, of the performances of amateur artists, more especially in the dramatic and musical lines. Could all amateur clubs and societies, however, show such a record as the Minnehaha Amateur Minstrels of Manchester, all criticism of their artistic merits would be silenced. In eleven seasons this Society has handed over to various charitable funds and institutions no less than £5,848, and this total only gives an imperfect idea of what the Minstrels are doing at present, for whereas in 1880 the earnings were only £67 odd, and in 1881 £58, in 1889-90, they reached £1,238, and, last year, £1,069. Such results speak as highly for the musical merits of the Society as for the business management.

The Magistrates of Northumberland have presented Sir Matthew White-Ridley, M.P. (Chairman both of Quarter Sessions and of the County Council), with a life-size portrait of himself, by Professor Herkomer, which is to be hung at Blagdon Hall, his family place, and a replica is to be placed in the Grand Jury room, in the County Buildings, at Newcastle.

Readers who have enjoyed the first two volumes of Mr. Ernest Law's "History of Hampton Court Palace," will be glad to hear that the third and last volume will shortly be published. This volume will bring down the history from the conclusion of the Stuart period to the present time.

The Hook Memorial at Leeds, which has cost nearly £50,000, is to be formally opened in October by the new Archbishop of York.

One of the good sayings recorded in the Life of Archbishop Tait is the description which was given to him by a late Vice-Chancellor of Oxford of the average University sermon. "He classifies four characteristics: Altitude, Latitude, Platitude, Longitude. All tolerated but the last."

During the last University year at Cambridge, 952 students matriculated, a number which has been slightly exceeded only in five previous years.

The list of select preachers at Cambridge for the next University year is an exceptionally strong one, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Winchester,

Yachting, Fishing, &c.—Morel's new list of Yacht Stores, Specialties and Novelties in Preserved Provisions, just published, on application to 186, Piccadilly, W.

Bournemouth.—Royal Bath Hotel. The only hotel on the East Cliff. Grounds of Five Acres. 1,000 feet sea-frontage. South aspect. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited

Lincoln, Derry, Chester, St. Asaph, Southwell, and Dover; the Dean of Norwich, Archdeacon Wilson, and Canons Ainger, Body, and Browne.

I see it is stated that the Crown obtains the patronage of the valuable living of St. Jude's, South Kensington, by the appointment of Dr. Forrest to the deanery of Worcester, "and it will be interesting to see who will be selected by Lord Salisbury." This is nonsense. If the patronage passed to the Crown for this turn, Mr. W. H. Smith would present, but the appointment of an incumbent to a deanery does not deprive private patrons of their right, and the Crown can no more "claim" the patronage of St. Jude's than it can "claim" the contents of the Dean of Worcester's plate-chest.

The Bishop of Peterborough is to be the special preacher at Westminster Abbey next Sunday evening. Dr. Creighton has not often been heard from London pulpits, but his sermons at Cambridge and at Worcester always drew large congregations, and were much admired.

There was a vast congregation in Winchester Cathedral at the afternoon service on Sunday week, with an offertory for a special object, and the amount given was just £9, which was at the rate of considerably less than a penny for each person!

I am glad to hear that it has been the invariable practice of the Archbishop-nominate of York to give livings to the clergy belonging to his diocese, a custom which is discreditably rare among prelates. During the last thirteen years Bishop Maclagan has presented to seventy benefices, and all but two have been given by him to clergymen belonging to the diocese of Lichfield. This will be good news for the working clergy in the archdiocese of York.

The premature death of the Rev. Edward Venables (who only two years ago succeeded the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies in the Crown living of Christ Church, St. Marylebone) has removed one of the most popular, active, and zealous parish clergymen in London. He was an admirable preacher, and was beloved by all classes of the parishioners among whom he worked so hard. Mr. Venables was a man of remarkable tact and sound judgment, and he was generously and wisely tolerant of the feelings and views of those persons who were not just exactly of his own party in the Church. He is a very great loss to the diocese of London.

Lord Middleton is a staunch Tory, but he has shown a good example to other landowners by generously granting to the Wesleyans of Settrington an excellent site for a chapel on nominal terms. There has been a Wesleyan congregation at Settrington since the close of the reign of George II., and hitherto they have worshipped in a room in a farm-house. The new chapel has cost £430.

Grave searchings of heart are suggested by a correspondent of the *Christian World* respecting the possible results to morals of Sunday-night choir-practices in Welsh Chapels. It seems that these pious exercises result in young men and women being kept out of doors till "the unseemly hours of nine or ten at night," and "it is obvious that these nocturnal walks through dark lanes and lonely places of young persons under such circumstances is (*sic*) open to the gravest objection." If the young Christians of Wales are really made of such stuff as this writer suggests, or if the influences of the Welsh meeting-house are so demoralising, it would be safer, I should think, that the services for men and women should be held separately, so that the two sexes might not even experience the temptation of looking at one another from their respective pews.

The Scottish Mission to the Jews can boast of having last year converted six Jews into Presbyterians, at the easy rate of about £975 each! It has been calculated at Jerusalem, which is the head-quarters of the puddling operations of all these societies, that the total cost of each Jewish convert is about £10,000, and many persons have been known to make a regular living by frequent changes of religion. There is an amusing passage in "Tancred" which should be perused by any simpleton who may feel disposed to waste money in subscribing to these preposterous societies for converting very indifferent Jews into exceedingly bad Christians.

The Duke of Westminster is sending out an appeal on behalf of the Church of England Temperance Society. The appeal is dated from Grosvenor House, upon paper bearing the ducal coronet and monogram, and is accompanied by a lithographed form of draft or order on a banker, which the recipient is expected to fill up and return. Apparently these ducal attentions are designed exclusively for the benefit of ladies. I confess that I regard with some suspicion the utilisation of our old nobility as charity touts. It bears too close a resemblance to the position which they have so often filled in connection with Company promoting.

I have received from the President of Queen's College, Galway, the following further letter, which I am bound to say seems to dispose finally of all the points raised in my remarks upon this matter last week:—

Queen's College, Galway, July 4, 1891.

Sir,—Referring to the remarks in your paper of the 2nd inst., permit me to say that I presumed my assertion—that "there is no truth whatever in any of the other statements"—was a sufficiently intelligible traverse of your "suggestion that the bursar was paid for auditing his own accounts."

While apologising for not having anticipated a slowness of apprehension most unusual in the Editor of Truth, you will, I am sure, allow me to correct his error by saying that, 1, The Bursar does not audit his own accounts; 2, He is not paid for doing what he does not do.

You, Sir, are as well aware as I am that it does not follow because "a gentleman ought to know what he is talking about," he either does know it or say it.

The knowledgable gentleman to whom you refer could have cleared up the mystery which so seriously puzzled you if he had

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sent you my Report for 1887-88, and if he had informed you that the Professorship of History, English Literature, and Mental Science is at present held by me, in conjunction with the Presidentship of the College.

He will also find, if he extends his inquiries, that Queen's College, Cork, *was* represented by one of its Professors at the Bologna Commemoration.

A reference to page 7 of my Report for 1887–88—which I send herewith—will show that Dr. Allman, Professor of Mathematics, was the representative of Queen's College, Galway, at Bologna, and that I was a delegate of the Royal University of Ireland.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, T. W. Moffett, President.

Miss Eva Booth is reported to have closed an argument with the Mayor of Eastbourne, the other day, by going down on her knees and praying for that functionary's conversion. The Mayor, however, being a Scotchman, was a match for his antagonist in this line, and, falling on his knees also, he prayed for the conversion of the law-breaking Salvationists. I am the last to breathe a doubt upon the efficacy of prayer in due season, but the proceedings at Eastbourne since this historic meeting seem to show that neither Miss Booth's prayer nor the Mayor's has yet been heard. The truth is, I am afraid, that if all the prayers offered up throughout the world daily could be collected and analysed, it would be found that half of them are contradicted by the other half, much as in the case of Miss Booth and the Mayor.

An Eastbourne Episode.

Said Miss Booth to the Mayor of Eastbourne,
"Ah! your heart is hard, I see;
You are stubborn and stiff-neckéd,
And refuse to grant my plea.
So I'll pray to heaven that softer
Your decisions may be made."
And with that the "General's" daughter
Knelt her down and loudly prayed.
"For," said she, "strong faith must triumph; and so great's the power of prayer,
It must even turn the purpose of a persecuting Mayor!"

Said the Mayor to the "General's" daughter,
"P'rhaps, the charge you make is true,
But, at least, you can't deny that
You are very stubborn, too;
And till you are less stiff-neckéd
Things in Eastbourne won't go smooth,
So I'll follow your example
And will pray for you, Miss Booth!"
So they both knelt down and stoutly, then and there, engaged in prayer
Did that obstinate young woman and that most hard-hearted Mayor!

And they prayed, till they both were weary,
With much fervency and glow,
And, of course, when they had finished,
Things remained *in statu quo;*
The "General's" stubborn followers
Broke the by-laws, as of yore,
Whilst the Mayor sent them to prison,
Just precisely as before!
Which, once again, shows clearly it is foolish and unfair
To expect that mundane matters can be set to rights by prayer.

I have received £3 from E. McK. H., and 10s. from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Andrews, towards Lady Jeune's Fund.

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Army Chaplains are writing to me from all parts of the Empire with reference to my recent remarks on their position and treatment. Some of them have evidently only seen my first reference to the subject, and all write at so much length that it is out of the question for me to publish the letters. I find, however, that there is a strong and unanimous feeling among them that the present retiring allowance is inadequate, and, as I have already said, I agree that this ought, at least, to be raised to a minimum of 20s. a day as the starting point, more especially in view of the fact that the "prizes" open to this branch of the military or clerical profession are so small and so few in number.

One of my correspondents points out that, unlike the worst-paid curate, the Army Chaplain has not the remotest prospect of obtaining a comfortable piece of preferment either by merit or interest. There is some force in this, and if the Chaplain is expected to cast in his lot for good or all with the Army, some better prospects should be secured to him. A combatant officer, writing on this subject, says that the Chaplain whose complaints I recently discussed has omitted to bring into the account "all sorts of allowances" which Chaplains draw when abroad. But, allowance or no allowance, there seem to be many cases where the pinch of poverty is felt very severely. I have one before me—a case of a Chaplain with a family, who returned from foreign service at heavy expense, and much injured in health, five years ago. Next year he will have to go abroad for another six years. For the sake of health and education, he must leave his children behind. After providing for himself, what sort of an establishment can he keep up for his family at home out of his 17s. 6d. per day?

The War Office authorities have decided to dismantle Fort George, and all the guns are to be removed, so the place will cease to be used as a saluting station, after an existence of nearly a century and a half. Boswell gives an entertaining account of the hospitalities which he and Dr. Johnson received from Sir Eyre Coote at Fort George when they stopped there on their way from Calder Manse to Inverness.

I stated last week my intention not to act further as an intermediary in the controversy between the Manchester *Sunday Chronicle* and the Light Brigade Relief Fund, being of opinion that there was no object to be gained by pressing the matter further. I have now received a very lengthy communication from Mr. Sidney J. Low, which he requests that I will publish either in its entirety or not at all. I adopt the latter alternative, and should have done so had the letter been considerably shorter. In the first place, the letter appears to be founded on at least two misapprehensions, one being that, in advising Mr. Low as to the best method of conducting a controversy of this kind, I have given him a "challenge" to go on in the same strain; and the other that I have imputed something offensive to Mr. Low personally and the Committee at large. In the second place, if I published the letter at length, I must answer it at length, which I do not think it deserves. In the third

place, the letter is altogether wanting in that courtesy which I expect in a general way from those who ask me to publish their communications. In the fourth place, it would infallibly expose me to an action for libel from the proprietors of the *Sunday Chronicle*. I trust that these are sufficient reasons.

Mr. Low is the Editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, and I, therefore, would suggest to him to publish in his own columns puffs of himself and denunciations of those who think that his scheme might have been a better one and the arrangements in connection with the distribution of the money that was subscribed have been better than it has been. Heavy Cavalry and Light Cavalry charged at Balaclava. The latter had the advantage of a Poet Laureate, but the Heavies were just as worthy of a monetary testimonial as the Lights. A large sum was contributed, a portion was expended in gifts of sums of money to some of the men, and half has been retained in order to secure little annuities to some of the others. But many of the men who received the gifts have spent them, and, consequently, it would, to my thinking, have been a far better arrangement only to give annuities. I suppose that I have as much right to my opinion as Mr. Low has to his. I have never dreamt of making a charge of unfair dealing against him and his Committee in regard to these moneys. Mr. Low—for all that I know to the contrary—may be the best of human beings, but it does not follow that he is the wisest.

The Provisional Battalion, composed of depot companies from different regiments, has not been long in justifying the general condemnation with which its formation some little time ago was hailed, seeing that its members were "the prime movers" in the Folkestone military free fight last week. If another infantry battalion is absolutely necessary, it is the business of the War Minister to apply to Parliament for powers to raise one in addition to those already existing, not to pitchfork into one heterogeneous mass fragments of different corps which exist for another and a totally different purpose. A mob of men collected from several different regiments cannot be expected to behave as well, under any circumstances, as a single and homogeneous corps. Discipline and *camaraderie* suffer alike from such an unholy union.

The following addition to the Queen's Regulations for the Army was published on Friday last:—

> Officers on full pay are not permitted to join the directorate of any public, industrial, or other Company, without permission from the Commander-in-Chief.

There is one officer of the highest rank in our Army who, by virtue of his exalted station, is invariably recognised as sole director of any Company in which he may find himself. I venture to think that the Commander-in-Chief would do more to further the interests of the Service of which he is the head by endeavouring to influence this illustrious subordinate of his as to what manner of company he enters, than by any pettifogging attempt to infringe on the already much-curtailed civil rights of those who occupy lowlier positions in their country's service.

Shooting, Sporting, and Travelling Garments are now occupying Messrs. Benjamin's special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

I condole with the Royal Regiment of Artillery on the loss it has sustained by the recent death in India of one of its most popular and most promising young officers, Lieutenant John Haggard, Royal Horse Artillery. He was well and widely known at home and in India, both in and out of his regiment, as a thorough soldier and an all-round sportsman. It was of him that the Inspector-General of Artillery in India is reported to have said: "He is the best Horse Artillery subaltern I have ever seen"—a remark which did equal credit to Jack Haggard's soldierly qualities and to General Nairne's powers of discernment. Though followed to his last resting-place by a less-imposing cortège, Jack Haggard will be longer remembered and regretted than many a general who goes down to the grave full of years, full of honours, smothered with decorations, and escorted by troops of mourners.

The Indian Government has recently issued a very high-handed and arbitrary order in the case of four Bengal regiments, which have been "mustered out" and replaced by new regiments raised from different classes. The order in question requires the officers of these regiments to hand over the funds and properties of the bands and messes to their successors. Now, the Government have clearly no jurisdiction over either of these matters. Their contribution to the band and mess funds is notoriously small and inadequate. It does not cover in the one case the salary of the band-master, or in the other the rent of the mess-house. All the rest of the outlay, including the provision of instruments and music for the band, and furniture, plate, glass, &c., for the mess, is met by the subscriptions of the officers. For the Government to order how this property shall be disposed of is, therefore, an act scarcely distinguishable from confiscation.

In dealing the other day with the shortcomings of the Jersey Militia, I inadvertently treated this force as being supported by local taxation. But in point of fact it is the British taxpayer who keeps up this Falstaffian Army. The matter, therefore, concerns us all—to the tune of £18,000 a year—and it becomes the duty of all Radicals in Parliament to see that the Jersey Militia is either mended or ended.

The unfair apportionment of service on home and foreign stations, which strikes me as being one of the worst grievances in the Navy, seems to press quite as hardly upon the writers as upon any other branch of the service. To all appearance the grossest jobbery has been perpetrated in this direction. There ought by rights to be one permanent appointment at each port, and one only; but of late years the number seems to have been perpetually on the increase, and every addition to the permanent home billets means, of course, a corresponding addition to the period of foreign service thrown upon the sea-going part of the establishment. Except, perhaps, in the case of one or two appointments here and there, no difficulty can be found in arranging a system under which the duty would be fairly distributed, and the first Board of Admiralty which has any regard for the popularity of the service will see that this is done.

The *Superb*, which has just undergone a thorough overhaul and refit at Sheerness, at a cost of £100,000, is under orders to proceed to Greenock, when it will take the place of the *Ajax*, as guardship of the Firth of Clyde.

I observe from the official programme of the Naval Manœuvres, which has just been issued, that four separate fleets are to be assembled, two of which are to take no part in the proceedings beyond steaming to Leith and Bantry Bay, where the ships' companies will be exercised in what the *Times* terms "anchoring and *disanchoring*." The extravagant folly of this proceeding is obvious, as, if it is necessary to practise our seamen in these simple evolutions —with which I believe they are already thoroughly conversant—equally good results could be obtained without commissioning a single ship.

The gunboat *Speedwell* was unable to be present with the Channel Squadron on Saturday to receive the Kaiser, owing to defects in her screw-shaft bearings, which have been renovated for the third time during the last few months. We have eighteen of these useless vessels built and building, and yet no means have yet been discovered of preventing the bearings from wearing down through the action of the shafts. Now, how comes it that, whilst the *Speedwell* is thus constantly breaking down, the Chilian gunboats, *Almirante Lynch* and *Almirante Cochrane*—which are precisely similar—have recently been able to steam thousands of miles without deteriorating?

Mr. Edgar Tripp, Russian Consul at the Port of Spain, writes to contradict a statement noticed in TRUTH several months ago, as to the execution of two of the crew of the Russian frigate *Minin* while on a visit to Jamaica; and he forwards me a letter which, he says, disproves the only one of the alleged facts which is capable of disproof. I suppose, however, that if all the facts alleged are untrue, there is nothing to prevent the Russian Commander, or his superiors, from disproving them. I am glad to hear that the facts are traversed; but, after all this lapse of time, I do not see that anything is to be gained by publishing an imperfect denial from a third party.

An Australian gentleman favours me with some sarcastic remarks in reference to the recent suggestion in TRUTH that the *Swinger* (which my printers kindly metamorphosed into the *Sovereign*) should have been sold in Australia, instead of being brought over here at great expense in order to be disposed of.

The Admiralty (writes this gentleman) did try to sell her to us at double her value, and precious near got us to take her, too. We are awfully green out here, you know, and usually pay you astute Britishers about double value for everything, except loans. Some special Providence saved us from the *Swinger*, and she was not got rid of in Australia, but it savoured of your usual kindness to us to wish that she had been.

If the Admiralty really tried to sell the ship for double her value, that only makes the case against them so much the worse. I never suggested, of course, that the boat ought to have been made the subject of a swindle, but that her rotten old carcass should have been sold for anything that it would fetch.

The apology offered by Lord G. Hamilton for the costly blunder that has been perpetrated in regard to this vessel makes the matter distinctly worse. He admits that a reserve price of £5,000 was put upon this rotten, useless vessel, and that in consequence the ship could not be sold in Australia—where material fetches about double the English price—and he excuses the decision on the plea that the Admiralty have effected a saving of £1,300 in passage money. Now I am in a position to assert with confidence that the *Swinger* will not fetch £2,500 in this country, in the event of her ever reaching her destination; and, further, that £3,000 was offered at Sydney; but besides this, fully £400 was expended in refitting the ship before she commenced her homeward voyage, whilst, as the *Swinger* cannot sail, and consumes about 10 tons of coal a day at the maximum speed of five knots an hour, it is obvious that the coal bill will be tremendous. Lord George was misinformed as to the time which the vessel will occupy on the voyage, for, as a matter of fact, she is due at Plymouth, not in October, but on November 18—a period of six months and one week from the time of leaving Sydney. Somebody ought to be dismissed from the Admiralty for this exhibition of ignorance and stupidity.

"A Well-Wisher" has been good enough to write all the way from India to inform me that the circular in which Sir George Greaves rebuked officers for travelling second class was a "confidential" document. I really do not see that this is a very material fact. There are cases, of course, in which, by the unwritten laws of society, a "private" communication is sacred. If a man writes to me in my editorial capacity a "confidential" communication, I consider that I am bound to go to the stake rather than disclose his identity. But if a man writes a letter which may do harm, or is intended to do harm, or is otherwise objectionable, I do not see what right he has to screen himself or the document by marking it "private." In the case referred to, I take it that the officer who received this circular in the first instance thought it for the public interest to make it known that illegitimate pressure was being put upon officers for a stupid and mischievous purpose. I think that he did right, therefore, to communicate the document ("confidentially") to me, and I hope that his example will be followed in all similar cases.

Great dissatisfaction has been excited among the officers and crews of the vessels forming the Channel Squadron by their being kept for a long time at so inconvenient a station as Portland for no purpose whatever, as they were put to useless trouble and expense when taking their week's leave, and it is estimated that nearly £2,000 of the public money was wantonly wasted in sending all the stores which were required to Portland from Portsmouth and Plymouth.

The egregious scheme for handing over the Indian troopships to the Orient Company has collapsed, and it is to be hoped that the proposal to transfer the head-

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quarters of this service from Portsmouth to Southampton will also be abandoned, for it would not only be very inconvenient to all concerned, but it would involve a large additional expenditure of the public money.

Is it in support of Sir John Gorst's proposition that mediocrity is dear to our Indian Government, or is it simply from Tory love of jobbery, that Lord Harris has asked Lord Cross to sanction the appointment of Mr. W. C. Webb, barrister-at-law, as third Presidency Magistrate at Bombay? The regulation requirements for this post are that the person appointed should, for at least ten years, have been a practising barrister; that he should have gained exceptional distinction in his profession; and that he should possess a thorough knowledge of the vernacular language. But I am informed that Mr. Webb has never had any practice; that his qualifications are of a strictly mediocre kind; that his knowledge of the vernacular is rudimentary; and that he has been tried as a Magistrate in temporary vacancies, and has been found wanting. Both in letter and spirit the proposed appointment seems to be a flagrant breach of the rules intended to prevent needy and incompetent Anglo-Indians being foisted upon the Indian taxpayer. Moreover, the declared policy of the Secretary of State is that appointments of this class should, as far as possible, be reserved for natives. But if Mr. Webb is appointed, there will not be a single native on the Magisterial bench of the Presidency town. This will be the less excusable because the Bombay Bar, which gave Mr. Justice Telang to the High Court, is strong in its native members, and among them competent and legally-qualified men are available for this appointment.

The Government have been more embarrassed by the devils' dance at Ootacamund than most people have any idea of. It has only been by the most skilful jockeying that the matter has been kept out of the House of Lords, and I understand that the denizens of the India Office have been almost as much worried about it as they were about the Manipur disaster. Moreover, this seemingly innocent gubernatorial recreation has given great offence throughout India. The natives are accustomed to look for dignity of demeanour in their rulers. Their own Princes are invariably solemn, always behave decorously, and are never known to smile, and they therefore cannot understand or respect a Jubraj who flirts with other men's wives, or a Senaputty who cuts capers in a ball-room, dressed up as the Father of Lies. One of the first duties of an Emperor, we are told, is to look like an Emperor; surely, therefore, it is incumbent on a Jubraj or a Senaputty to behave "as such."

I had a talk with an eminent Anglo-Indian on this subject a few days ago. Here are his criticisms:—"If we want to bring the British Raj into contempt among the natives a few more such balls would do it. But the most extraordinary thing in this one was the ladies' dresses. I've been to 'Ooty' myself, and a capital place it is—doesn't err on the side of over-righteousness. But the ladies of 'Ooty' as angels! Ah!—but I forgot; it was a fancy dress ball."

One of the minor sources of irritation and dissatisfaction in the postal service is the "Appointments Board" at St. Martin's-le-Grand. A case recently came to my notice in which a recommendation by a provincial postmaster had been in the pigeon-holes of this Board for several months before it was submitted to the Postmaster-General, and I find on inquiry that such cases are the rule rather than the exception. In pursuance of a departmental revision, approved by the Treasury about this time last year, recommendations for appointments in a large number of provincial offices were sent in many months back; but at Bristol, Exeter, Bath, Nottingham, Hull, York, Derby, Southampton, Portsmouth, and other towns, not one of these appointments has yet been filled up. There can be neither reason nor excuse for such delay.

The exposure of the "grogging" swindle in Truth of the 25th ult. did not, I find, do full justice to the abilities of the gentry who are engaged in this trade. Spirit intended for export to foreign parts, or for the manufacture of "methylated spirit," is not liable to duty, and when duty has been paid on spirit which is subsequently applied to either of these purposes the duty can be recovered. By means of the grogging trick, as has already been shown, the merchant or distiller obtains possession of large quantities of spirit as "duty paid" on which nothing has been paid. Not content, however, with this stroke of business, some of the grogging fraternity have the audacity to take their spoils back to a bonded warehouse, enter them there as "compounded British spirit" under the above-mentioned regulations, and receive back in hard cash the duty which is supposed to have been paid on the stuff. I understand that the credit of having perfected this masterstroke of roguery is due to the astute citizens of Belfast, where the mixture of Scotch and Irish blood is well known to have produced a remarkable type of intellect. But of what breed are the Excise officers under whose eyes such things are possible?

Deputations from Corporations, which are nothing more or less than pleasure excursions at the expense of the ratepayers, have long been a scandal to municipal life, but a little trip arranged by the Manchester City Council last week certainly eclipses everything hitherto done in this line. This Council has actually appointed a deputation of eleven members to visit the Continent for the purpose of "obtaining information in regard to technical education!" The deputation will be on the Continent sixteen or seventeen days, and will travel 2,500 miles—and the Manchester ratepayers will pay the bill. To argue that this is a *bonâ-fide* business is, of course, utterly preposterous, because there is a report of a Royal Commission which contains full particulars, gathered by experts, of the Continental technical schools. If the people of Manchester are willing to be befooled and robbed in this barefaced manner by their representatives,

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that is their look-out. We who do not belong to Cottonopolis can only regret that they are not blessed with a little more spirit and intelligence.

With reference to a case noticed in last week's TRUTH, in which a man had killed his dog after the animal snapped at him, "A Parish Doctor" asks to be allowed to express his sympathy with the hero of this adventure. My correspondent apparently considers that anybody who kills a snapping dog is a public benefactor, and I rather fancy that if I were a parish doctor, or engaged in any profession which required me to go much into strange houses occupied by strange dogs, I should be of the same opinion. This "Parish Doctor" goes on to offer the following suggestion:—

> May I suggest that the owner of a dog which violently attacks any one who enters a room or knocks at an open door, even though such animal may never have actually inflicted a bite, should be made to pay a fine on proof of each such offence; and also, if it were demanded, to pay compensation to the person attacked?
>
> In estimating the gravity of the nuisance, besides the danger and anxiety arising from a dog bite, we have to consider the inevitable harassment of mind, due to mingled feelings of fear, helplessness, and vindictiveness that attend such attacks, even when harmless, as well as the shock to self-respect and public morals that results when a person who aims at a certain seriousness of demeanour is involuntarily led into the use of gestures and language more free and forcible and applicable to the circumstances of the case than agreeable to the character of the representative of a grave profession.
>
> By giving publicity to this expression of my own aggrieved feelings, you will, I am sure, be uttering a sentiment with which numerous medical men throughout the country must be in more or less hearty accord.

A lady "knowing my sympathy for dumb creatures" sends me a piteous account of the ill-treatment of cattle by drovers at a large market town near where she resides. But she does not give me her name nor that of the market town. As I receive a good many letters of this character in the course of a week, I take this opportunity of pointing out to my lady readers that, though I am always happy and proud to hear from them, much more practical good might be done by their setting the law in motion against any acts of cruelty that they may witness than in writing descriptions of them to TRUTH. The weakest woman is capable of appearing as a witness in a police-court, and if she will only lay her information before the officers of the S.P.C.A. they will relieve her of all further trouble in the matter.

Erratum: For "Bristol Union," in a paragraph in last week's TRUTH respecting a cruelty prosecution at Axminster, read "Barton Regis Union." The child whose treatment was in question was boarded out by the Guardians of the latter union, and it is to them, consequently, and not to the Bristol Guardians, that my criticism applies. The Clerk to the latter body writes that "since the adoption of the boarding-out system the Guardians have always made inquiries as to the suitability of homes proposed for children before sending the children to them, and they also see that the homes are regularly visited by members of the Boarding-out Committee." I should have hoped that no Board does less, but the fact remains that the most infamous cruelty was freely practised upon this little pauper from Barton Regis.

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A gentleman who has apparently just seen Reading railway-station for the first time, sends me an account of the impression left on his mind by the fearful and wonderful traffic arrangements at that spot. A good many people must have experienced similar sensations of horror. Both the up and down platforms at this important station are situated on the same side of the line, so that every up train stopping there has to cross the path of every down train, including the expresses on the down line, which dash through without stopping. The same murderous plan was in operation at Slough until within the last few years, and that it should have been carried on at both Slough and Reading since the opening of the Great Western line without a gigantic disaster is indeed a monument to the skill and vigilance of the Company's servants. As the Company are now engaged in widening their line from Maidenhead onwards, I presume that the days of the present Reading station are numbered, and for the sake of all interest concerned I trust that the number is very small.

The Great Eastern Railway Company have set an excellent example in providing a second-class dining-car on some of the trains running in connection with their Continental service. It is to be hoped that this step will move some enterprising manager to try the experiment of a third-class refreshment-car on some of the long journey trains. My letter-box last week contained a very bitter complaint from a commercial traveller respecting the want of cheaper refreshments, and especially cheaper non-alcoholic drinks, for railway travellers; and it is quite certain that the increase of third-class travellers, and the great improvement in the train-accommodation afforded to them, has not been accompanied by any corresponding advance in the cheaper class of refreshments. It is a serious grievance that the third-class passenger cannot assuage his thirst under fourpence, except by a glass of ale or stout.

A few years back the experiment was tried on the Brighton line of supplying penny glasses of iced water during the summer months. A great deal more might be done in this direction. Milk, milk and soda water (from syphons), draught (not aërated) lemonade and ginger-beer, might all be retailed at bars or carriage-windows at a penny or three half-pence per glass, to the profit of the vendor and the vast comfort of travellers—especially women and children. I commend this subject to the consideration of the many railway directors who are earnest workers in the temperance cause.

A report presented by a specially appointed licensing committee at the Cheshire Quarter Sessions last week contains some highly instructive figures. There are in the county, exclusive of the boroughs, 1,629 licensed houses, and of these no fewer than 865 are "tied"—that is to say, they belong to firms of brewers. In fifty-one townships there is not a single "free" house. Taking the whole county, the proportion of licensed houses is one to 233 of the population; but there are two townships in

which there is a public-house for every fifty-six inhabitants, and there are many other places almost as well supplied with drinking facilities.

Certain proceedings before the county magistrates at Huddersfield last week show that the law relating to defaulting rate-collectors is amazingly defective. As assistant-overseer for the parish of Meltham, George Taylor received poor-rates amounting to £1,096. 19s. 8d., and for this money he has—to adopt the euphemism used in such cases—"failed to account." A distress warrant was issued, but Taylor had no goods and chattels to satisfy it, and he coolly told the policeman that he should go to prison, as they could only give him three months. Incredible as it may seem, this was quite true, the full penalty which the Act of Parliament enabled the Bench to inflict upon Taylor being three months' imprisonment *without* hard labour. Why the Legislature should have dealt so much more tenderly with the servants of the ratepayers than with the servants of private employers passes my comprehension. Clearly the Act should be amended at once; for at present it must strongly tempt assistant overseers to "fail to account" for a thousand or so on the terms enjoyed by Taylor. The fact that cases of this kind are not more frequent speaks volumes for the honesty of these officials.

That the liability of employers for injuries sustained by their workmen is far from being satisfactorily determined by the existing Act was plainly shown in an action tried in the Stockport County-court a few days ago. Last November a bridge over the Mersey was being widened, and James Williams, the plaintiff, was in charge of an engine attached to a travelling crane. He told Mr. Eadie, the contractor and the defendant, that the tramway carrying the crane was unsafe, but the reply he received was, "Go on; it's safe enough. If you go into the river, I'll look after your widow." A few days afterwards the structure did give way, and Williams fell into the river and sustained serious injuries, which kept him in the hospital for six weeks, and under medical treatment for five months afterwards. The Judge held that Williams, knowing the tramway was unsafe, voluntarily undertook whatever risk there was, and non-suited him. This is a conspicuous example of the mischief done in the Court of Appeal a few years ago, by the introduction of the precious *volenti non fit injuria* fiction into questions of employers' liability.

A prosecution under the Registration Acts, which calls for some further notice, was heard last week before the Justices at Callington, in Cornwall. Edward Doidge was charged at the instance of the Superintendent Registrar with giving false information in registering the birth of his child — an offence entailing a fine not exceeding £10, or imprisonment for not more than two years, or penal servitude for not more than seven years. The facts were that Doidge had gone through a form of marriage with his brother's widow, and that in registering the birth of the child he had not stated that it was illegitimate. It does not appear that he stated anything that was actually false, nor need he have done so in order to fully comply with the registration form. On subsequently discovering, however, that the mother was not lawfully married, the Registrar sent to Doidge a form of statutory declaration of his child's illegitimacy for the purpose of rectifying the register. This the man refused to execute, and his refusal on this occasion constituted the "wilful" tendering of false information which was necessary in order to complete the offence.

Now, how did the Registrar discover in this case that "Mary Doidge," the mother, was not the lawful wife of "Edward Doidge," the father? Obviously, there must have been some malicious informer at work here. And when the Registrar had obtained his information, why did he not get the party who was so anxious about the correctness of the register to verify the information by declaration (as the statute allows), and use that, instead of insisting on a declaration from the father? The magistrates, I am glad to see, "considered that the prosecution was a harsh one, which should not have been taken up," and on this view of the case they only imposed a fine of one shilling. But they would have done much better not to convict at all. It is evident that the offence was, at the worst, but of the most flimsy and technical character. Equally clear is it that the prosecution was inspired by some busybody desirous of making an example of the parents. A gross abuse of the Registration Acts, for an indirect purpose, has taken place, and the share of the Registrar in the proceedings requires immediate explanation.

At Upton-on-Severn Petty Sessions on Thursday there were several cases to be heard, but there was only one Magistrate, and so they could not be taken. The novel excuse was that all the Justices were attending the Judge at Worcestershire Assizes. This scrupulous exactness in the display of respect for "my Lords, the Queen's Justices," is really gratifying; but if the loyal and worthy Magistrates of the division had only taken the trouble to announce beforehand the postponement of the session, they would have saved a great deal of inconvenience. A county Justice, however, is, I am afraid, seldom considerate, and, as a rule, regards no one's convenience but his own.

A raid seems to have been made two or three Sundays back upon Bradford people who were "trespassing" in some woods at Cottingley, a few miles from Bradford. In one case, some tangible damage was proved to have been done by digging up ferns; but in another case the sole offence proved was that the defendant's children, while walking along the public footpath through the woods, had strayed a few inches from the path and

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gathered some bluebells and fern-leaves. For this offence the father was prosecuted and fined a shilling, and the usual monstrous amount of costs. I blame the magistrates less for this result than the landowner, Mr. W. Ferrand, who must be, indeed, a churl of the most repulsive kind if it is by his instructions that children gathering worthless wild flowers beside a public footpath are pursued by all the terrors of the law.

By the way, in this case one of the two men who captured these juvenile depredators proved to be a constable in plain clothes belonging to the West Riding Police. This man seems to have been posted in the wood along with one of the landlord's keepers. I recommend the West Riding ratepayers to consider seriously whether they keep up a police force in order that its members may be told off in this way to keep watch over the wild flowers and bracken on Mr. Ferrand's sacred territory; and, if not, by whose authority the men are so employed.

An extremely heavy sentence was passed by Bailie Stevenson at Dundee last week, on two labourers charged with "loitering" about a railway goods yard. It is said that they were "suspicious-looking characters," but even if they were, that surely cannot justify their committal to prison for three months with hard labour. To inflict such punishment on men who are not convicted of any actual offence, but who are simply regarded with suspicion, is clearly a gross abuse of magisterial power.

Although I am to be sued by the Chairman of the Pontefract Bench for my opinions about the sentence passed by him upon one Mary Baldy, there is, I suppose, no reason why the woman herself should suffer. Perhaps, therefore, Mr. Wilfrid Tempest, J.P., or the police authorities at Pontefract, or any of the other officials who have been concerned in this case could oblige me with Mary Baldy's present address. A benevolent lady who takes my view of the case is anxious to send some money to the woman, and having failed to trace her by other means, has applied to me. Should it be supposed that I have any ulterior motive in making this request, I shall be happy to send the address of the lady in question to any one who will communicate with her on Mrs. Baldy's behalf. Perhaps Mr. Tempest, J.P., would do this himself.

Mr. Hannay seems to be a much better magistrate than Mr. Cooke. Mary Ann Edgeley, whose husband is said to be a highly respectable person, holding a position under Government, was brought before the latter magistrate, on a charge of stealing a number of goods from Mr. Whiteley's shops. She was remanded, and came before Mr. Hannay, who delivered himself of the following admirable remarks:—

> He held a contrary opinion to Mr. Cooke, who seemed to think that the prisoner might be dealt with as a first offender and fined. He always held that a person with money and comfortable surroundings committing thefts was a much greater offender than the poor wretch who stole because of want of resources.

But the prisoner was again remanded, and when she came again before Mr. Cooke she was let off with a fine of £3. Within a day or two of this, having to deal with a case of theft by a servant-girl, in which Mr. Partridge had expressed a desire to be merciful, and had remanded the girl for inquiries into her character, Mr. Cooke found that the case was too serious for him to deal with, and committed the prisoner for trial. Here we have practically conclusive evidence that in this magistrate's opinion mercy must be measured solely with regard to the means of the offender.

At the Blackburn Quarter Sessions, on Friday, John Jenkinson, aged fourteen, was sentenced to one day's imprisonment and twelve strokes with the birch for breaking into a house with another lad, who was sent to a reformatory. "Jenkinson, on receiving his sentence, showed his temper," says a local newspaper, "by violently striking the woodwork of the dock, which caused the Recorder (Mr. Mattinson, M.P.) to increase the sentence to one month's imprisonment." It appears to me that the Recorder "showed his temper" quite as badly as John Jenkinson, and that to give a juvenile offender one month's imprisonment for "violently striking the woodwork of the dock," when one day and a birching were considered sufficient for a burglary, was an outrageously excessive and disgraceful punishment.

Last week, at Lawford's Gate, near Bristol, a widow, who pleaded that she was "very poorly off, and just managed to eke out a living by selling papers," was fined 2s. 6d. and the usual costs, for pursuing her calling on Sunday. It may or may not be a good thing for newspapers to be sold on Sunday. I am of opinion that it is a good thing; and even if I am wrong in that, I still think that those who buy newspapers on Sunday, and those who produce and publish them, should be punished equally with those who retail them. But we must take the law as we find it, and the scandal and shame of a case like the above seem to me to be that while this poor widow is harried and persecuted and fined, a vast trade in Sunday papers is carried on without interference in London and other large cities. Sunday papers are published by the hundred—some of them at high prices. They are openly supplied to all classes, from Cabinet Ministers down to dock labourers, and no policeman or Sabbatarian agency ventures on so much as a protest. Is this administering justice "indifferently"? Let the musty and idiotic statute, under which this Bristol prosecution took place, be either enforced everywhere and against everybody, or let it be repealed without more ado.

I called attention last week to the iniquitous partisanship of the Lord Chancellor, who has appointed eight new Magistrates for the city of Exeter, of whom only two are Liberals. I am informed that, for some reason best known to himself, Lord Halsbury did not follow the usual custom of submitting to the City Council the names of the individuals whom he proposed to add to the Commission, in

The Carpet Beating Season.—The *Queen* says, "A good place to get your carpets cleaned is the Compressed Air Carpet and Tapestry Cleaning Co., Brook Green, Hammersmith. Dust blown out. No beaters.

order that he might learn whether there were any objections to the intended appointments. All Lord Halsbury's predecessors have invariably taken this course, and it would be interesting to learn why he departed from the customary routine. Had some Tory wire-puller warned the Chancellor that objections would be raised by the Council to so large an addition to the Bench, or that possibly the qualifications of some of his nominees might be criticised? Lord Halsbury has earned a most unenviable notoriety from the outrageous manner in which he has flooded the Magistracy all over the country with Tories, many of whom can only have been recommended to him for the Bench from their political zeal.

An election of a Coroner took place in Hanley last week. Ten of the candidates were solicitors, and of these the junior but one was the Mayor's son, Mr. Huntbatch, admitted a solicitor in 1886. In the final ballot Mr. Huntbatch and another candidate each polled the same number of votes. The Mayor thereupon remarked that they knew which way he would give his casting vote, and proceeded to give it for his son accordingly. There is a genial frankness about this worthy gentleman's jobbery which makes it difficult to deal severely with him. To a certain type of mind, I suppose, this sort of abuse of a public trust is a mere matter of business. That, however, only makes it the more necessary that the law should prevent gentlemen like Mr. Huntbatch, senior, from being placed in such positions of temptation.

A gentleman at East Molesey sends me a correspondence from which I gather that the rascal Stockham is still carrying on his house-agency swindle at his old address in Southampton Buildings. The present correspondence differs in no way from any of those which have been noticed in Truth on previous occasions, and it appears that in spite of repeated exposure, and in spite of the defeat of his preposterous claims in a law court, this man still has the impudence to threaten legal proceedings against those who have signed his "contract." I expect some day to hear that an irritable client, after the receipt of one of these epistles, has called at Southampton-buildings and thrashed Stockham; and considering the indifference which the police have shown to the man's proceedings, I do not see how any one can be blamed for taking the law into his own hands.

The following incident shows what an elaborate system of spies and confederates must be employed by the more unscrupulous of the London money-lenders in order to put them on the track of likely victims. A lad of eighteen, coaching for the Army, stayed in town for a few weeks in furnished apartments. He was an eldest son, fatherless, and with good expectations. While he was in town he received a circular in the usual terms from Jackson, of Duke-street, addressed to him in his own name at this very place. Presumably, therefore, Jackson had some accomplice either in the house or somewhere close about the boy. It is a comfort to think that there is a probability that by this time next year a repetition of this game will land Mr. Jackson in the nearest gaol.

There is a money-lender in Manchester who calls himself Haddon. He emblazons his business stationery with a crest and the motto, "In cœlo quies." It would be interesting to know what Haddon understands by this motto. I take it to mean that in Heaven there will be no money-lenders.

According to a circular just issued from 161, Queen Victoria-street, the *Galignani Messenger* "is now partly owned by the British Embassy at Paris;" an arrangement which is apparently expected to result in the paper being "worked in a still more energetic manner than before." Whether this means that some of the gifted diplomats serving under Lord Lytton are about to throw some of their superfluous energies into journalism I can only conjecture. It is a question, however, for the taxpayers whether the owning of newspapers is one of the purposes for which Embassies are maintained abroad, and it is a question, I should think, for the Foreign Office, whether British diplomacy is likely to be assisted by this intimate connection with the Press.

My old friend, Colonel Ord, has, I see, disappeared from the secretaryship of the Primrose Club. In his place, one Major Persse is now announcing to all and sundry that the Committee have decided to admit gentlemen holding official or professional positions at a nominal subscription. The last gentleman to whom this offer has been addressed is the Honorary Secretary of the Taunton Radical Association. If this gentleman could have been induced to see the advantages thus offered to him, I have no doubt that he would have been a very valuable acquisition to the Club. That special terms should be offered, however, to the officers of Radical Associations in order to induce them to join seems to indicate that Primrose principles must be somewhat at a discount in this queer institution.

An interesting correspondence has been forwarded to me by a Primrose Leaguer who is in revolt against the Government Education Bill. The example of this good gentleman is in every way full of instruction for other Primrose Leaguers. In August, 1888, Mr. Neish paid down a subscription of £2 to the funds of the League, this sum being, as I understand, a compounded subscription, or "life tribute." On June 10, 1891, having seen the terms of the Education Bill and perceived that it meant the adoption of one of the Radical principles which Primrose Leaguers were pledged to resist *à outrance*, Mr. Neish wrote to the Registrar of the Primrose League, and demanded the return of his subscription. This brought on to the scene the "Vice-Chancellor" of the League, Mr. George Lane-Fox, who stated (1) that the subscription could not be returned, because it had been expended; (2) that the Primrose League is "not pledged to support any questions of policy nor any

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party in particular, but solely certain principles." A lengthy correspondence follows, the "Vice-Chancellor" sticking to the position that the League is only concerned with "principles," and Mr. Neish insisting that in supporting the Education Bill it was abnegating its principles. After the two parties had held one another at arm's length in this way, Mr. Neish closed the discussion by announcing that he should send the correspondence to the Editor of TRUTH. Had he consulted the Editor of TRUTH in 1888, he might have learned then the wisdom which has now come to him, and have still been in possession of the £2 which the League declines to part with.

What this correspondence chiefly shows is that the "principles" of the Primrose League are just the same pitiful humbug as its forms and ceremonies. The "Vice-Chancellor's" answer to Mr. Neish only strengthens his adversary's position. If this egregious organisation is, as it pretends to be, devoted to a few grand principles, and bound to no party, the education question was the opportunity, if ever there were one, for it to come out in its true character. Instead of that, it only comes out as a party organisation of the lowest type, without independent voice or conscience, and knowing no other principles than that of the party leaders and wire-pullers—to keep in office at any cost. I sympathise deeply and sincerely with the honest Conservatives like Mr. Neish, who really have principles in which they believe. But whether they put their trust in Primrose Leagues or in place-men on the Front Bench, they are equally doomed to disappointment. As a political force genuine Conservatism has ceased to exist. Its place is taken by an unscrupulous Opportunism, which does not encumber itself with any principles, but lives from hand to mouth on what it sees its way to steal from the rival show.

The intimate connection between the Church and the public-house is strikingly brought out in the following passages from a speech by a Mr. Smart, who is the President of the Bristol Licensed Victuallers' Association. Why the existence and interests of these two grand Conservative institutions should be so intimately bound up together I cannot say; but it is beyond question that, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, to touch the public-house is to bring down the Church—and *vice-versâ*. I dare say that they are right:—

> He wanted to know what those people who would destroy the licensed victuallers, annihilate their trade and make their wives and children homeless, would do next. Why, they would destroy the Church. The same people who destroyed the public-house would destroy the Church; in fact, no interest was safe except their own. How was it to be met? The answer was that at the next General Election they must put men into the House of Commons who would look upon and acknowledge their trade as legitimate as any other, then the public-house would be safe, and the Church would be a great deal safer (applause).

On Thursday last the House of Commons was almost deserted. It was announced that Mr. Chamberlain was receiving Duchesses on the Terrace, and down went most of the Members to see the reception. There he sat at the top of a long table dispensing tea and muffins to these dames, who ministered to him much as, in their turn, clerical devotees treat the curate at a tea-party. The most amusing part of the performance was, when a lady approached the Duchess of Teck, and made a low curtsey. Having done this, she turned round, and made a still lower curtsey to Mr. Chamberlain, imagining him to be a German Emperor, or something of that sort. Mr. Chamberlain responded by a bow, courteous but dignified, regal but affable. The great man's little band of followers watched the scene from a distance in unspeakable admiration, and I expected them every moment to break out in cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" I understand that the Duchesses, following in the steps of the curates' ladies, are working a pair of slippers for the future Duke of Brummagem.

It was, indeed, a triumph for the Duchesses. Here was their enemy—the man who had demanded their extinction, exhibited to his brother-legislators, captive of their titles and their charms, humbly ministering to them. They must have felt like Delilah when she had cut off poor Samson's hair; like Omphale when Hercules was spinning wool for her; like Cleopatra when Antony gave up the world for her; only more so—much more so.

One of the most prominent leaderesses of the Woman's Suffrage movement asserts that she and Mr. Parnell ascended into the spiritual world just after the O'Shea divorce case, when he told her that he was an innocent and maligned man, and that the defence would appear in the *Times* on May 18. This eminent lady cannot understand why the publication has been deferred. She applied to one of the leaders of the Liberal Party, as she wished to communicate to him this convincing proof of Mr. Parnell's virtue, and his consequent right to remain Irish leader. It is remarkable that the spiritual Mr. Parnell should have selected the *Times* as his organ, and it seems to me that this tends to the conclusion that there is an alliance between the gentleman and the newspaper.

We have another instance of Mr. Parnell's utter disregard of his own declarations. Believing that the Carlow election would go for him, he announced that it was to be the test election of Ireland, and that if it went against him he should give up the game. No sooner, however, did he think that it would go against him, than he declared that, whether he won or lost, he should "fight on." Fight on, indeed! and with whom? With the Irish people? And what for? In order to force himself upon them against their will? No wonder Mr. Parnell lauds Tories and Tory ways. The Tories hold that Irish opinion is not to be consulted, and that, willy-nilly, the Castle Government is to be forced on the Irish. Mr. Parnell holds that he ought to be forced on the Irish. We Radicals stand to the Radical doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, and, therefore, we are equally opposed to the Castle and to the Parnell endeavour to ride rough-shod over the expression of the national will.

Carlow is one of the few rural constituencies where it was thought that Mr. Parnell might have a chance of victory; and his defeat there would be proof positive that he could not

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return a single Member in any Irish rural constituency. There are only sixteen urban Nationalist constituencies in Ireland; of these four are in Ulster, which, thanks to Mr. Parnell, the Tories may possibly win. Assuming, therefore (which is hardly probable), that Mr. Parnell wins half the remaining urban constituencies, his Party (including himself) will not exceed six.

The Tories have been bitterly disappointed. They found that their friends the parsons were by no means in favour of free education, because they had the sense to perceive that free pence necessarily involves control, in the opinion of the Liberals, and that, consequently, control is certain, so soon as they have a Parliamentary majority. The recent elections also brought home to the Government that the agricultural labourers are not likely to sell their political birthright for a mess of pottage, in the cooking of which they are to have no voice. So they hoped against hope that the discussions on the Bill would be so prolonged that there would be an excuse for shelving it. We were not such fools as to play into Tory hands. They have kindly obliged us with a plank in our electoral programme which will secure to us the vote of the rural constituencies. Control is like that blessed word Mesopotamia to the agricultural labourers. They have been so lectured and bullied by their parsons, that the idea of a village council sitting in judgment on the lecturer and bully is delightful to them. Poor Tories! they have voted against their most cherished convictions and pastured on their broken pledges, whilst all that they have got for this is the certainty of defeat at the General Election. If their Education Bill was forced on them by their Liberal-Unionist allies, I wish them joy of their allies.

It is curious that these Liberal Unionists should have wrecked the Liberal party at the last General Election, and that they should wreck the Tory party at the next General Election. They are a disturbing influence in politics, like Mr. Parnell in Irish politics, and their fate seems likely to be the same as that gentleman's.

If a young German gentleman comes over to England, he is entitled to civil treatment; if the young gentleman is the head of the German Empire, it is only befitting that he should be received with official ceremonial. But when the German Emperor makes his appearance over here after signing a triple alliance against France and Russia, and the newspapers of his country tell us that his object in visiting us is to drag us hand and foot into this league, it is full time to assure him that our civility to a guest is no evidence that we are likely to quarrel with France or Russia in order to make the grip of Germany over French provinces secure.

The German Empire has an Emperor, an Army, and a Constitution. The two former are the guardians of the latter, which means that the representative system is subordinate to militarism. If the representatives of the German people agree with the Emperor, they are allowed to express this agreement; if they disagree, as the Emperor lately announced, they are to be "smashed." With such a form of government we have nothing in common.

I am pretty certain that if a war took place between Germany and France, owing to the latter seeking to re-acquire Alsace and Lorraine, our sympathies would be on the side of France. But, be this as it may, I am absolutely certain that ninety-nine Englishmen out of every hundred would turn out any Ministry that sought to interfere directly or indirectly on behalf of Germany. If Italy likes to guarantee French provinces to Germany she has a right to do so; but should she get into trouble by this course of action, she will have to accept the consequences. We shall not stir a finger to save her from them. What the views of Lord Salisbury on this subject are is a matter of very small importance, for before the end of next year he will cease to be an English Minister, and the affairs of the country will be in the hands of the advocates of the old Liberal watchwords, "Peace, retrenchment, and reform."

SCRUTATOR.

THE LATEST THING IN FORTUNE-TELLING.

HAVING been, for reasons which shall be explained presently, a good deal struck by the accounts which have appeared in the Press of the performances of Miss Nina Kennedy, who is telling fortunes in Bond-street, I last week determined to have my fortune told by deputy. The young lady in question does not, it is true, call herself a fortune-teller. She knows, I take it, much better than that. Wisdom is justified of her children, and, in order to bring the show strictly "up to date," Miss Kennedy calls herself an "Inspirationalist," and her peformance an "At Home." One of the points, however, on which I shall leave the reader to form his own conclusion at the close of these remarks is whether Bond-street Inspirationalism is anything but old-fashioned fortune-telling with a new-fashioned (and very stupid) name.

The gentleman whom I deputed for this purpose found the prophetess, to all appearance, doing a roaring trade. A servant in livery, or a nobleman in reduced circumstances, receives the cash, and makes appointments in a book, after the style of the butler of a fashionable physician. The Sybil's fee is 10s. 6d. for ten minutes' interview, and from a cursory inspection of the Sybilline book in the hall my deputy estimated that the money taken at the doors cannot average less than ten or twelve guineas per day. I shall spare my readers any detailed description of the appearance, features, voice, costume, or *modus operandi* of the priestess of this shrine, for they have all been described as fully as they deserve, or more so, in the daily and weekly press. It is enough to say that, having got the seeker after truth into the "two pair back," and caused him to write his name in a book, the damsel takes him by the wrist, and after a brief preliminary canter, pours forth her "inspirations" with that vehemence and rapidity which has been from time immemorial associated

with the workings of a divine afflatus. What my representative learned from the oracle was something like this:—He was of a highly-strung temperament, artistic, and poetic. There was magnetism about him, and he would make a powerful mesmerist. He had a strong will, and at some past time had cast off his old associations and companions, and had entered on a new sphere of life. There were great possibilities in him, and he might be very successful; but, on the other hand, owing to his wilfulness, he might come to utter grief. There were two women in my representative's life. On one he had turned his back. The other, to whom he was now inclining, was more beautiful, but less virtuous. He would never know happiness with her. An appointment was shortly to be offered to the gentleman, and if he took it, he would rise rapidly to fame and wealth. He would also benefit shortly by the death of a dear friend, and there was one day in the year fraught with momentous consequences, but whether for good or evil was more than the prophetess could tell. Expand all this into a ten minutes' rhapsody, and you will have all that my representative appears to have got out of the oracle. He had a little conversation with the young lady on things in general, and he was dismissed with a parting warning, which I hope will not be thrown away, against the second woman, and, indeed, against the tender passion in all forms.

From so much of this inspired rigmarole as is mere character-reading, I gather that Miss Nina Kennedy is a fairly acute practitioner in that line. In other words, I should myself have formed very much the same estimate of the young gentleman whom I sent to represent me as the Inspirationalist appears to have formed. Any tolerably sharp observer, with an eye for physiognomy, could do as much, or as little. As for that part which professes to be historical, any one can see that it amounts to no more than a few shrewd guesses on the same basis. And as for the prophetic portion, what is it but the old gipsy's stock-in-trade as displayed on every race-course and at every country fair? Here are all the familiar properties, the "dark man" and "the fair-man," or the "good woman" and the "bad woman," who are always striving for the affections of every girl or boy that crosses the gipsy's palm; the prospect of impending advantage from the death of a friend; the chances of a magnificent future which, however, will be marred if you don't happen to do the right thing at the right time. If any one feels any doubt about it, let him compare the revelation vouchsafed to my representative with the following account of her experience given last week by a writer in the *London Figaro*:—

> As yet I cannot say how true she may be in her inspirations, but I am not likely to forget what she told me. Amongst other things, I was soon to have a position offered me, which would seem very unimportant at the time, but Miss Kennedy advised me to take it as it would lead on to higher things. Through an elderly person, not a relation, and not through their death, good fortune was to come winging its way to me, and that a very little way off. May 5 was to be a most special date for me, but Miss Kennedy said she could not say why. She could see it ahead, the date standing clearly out she said, but nothing to indicate what would happen. Does it not sound gloriously mysterious?

"Gloriously mysterious," indeed! But I trust that the good lady for whose benefit it was concocted will be able to see a little deeper into this glorious mystery when she discovers that at least one other party has had a future predicted for him which corresponds with her own step by step, except for such trifling variations as the shifting of the great mystery day from May 5 to a date a few weeks later on in the year.

Now, I occasionally dabble a little in divination myself, though it is on a rationalist rather than an Inspirationalist basis. I have been trying my hand upon Miss Nina Kennedy, and I shall not charge 10s. 6d. for making known the result. I find that this young lady hails from Birmingham. She was then understood to be the daughter of a clergyman, but unless there is a lying spirit abroad, she has been more closely connected with the "bar" than with the church. It is certain, however, that the "marvellous gift" which she is now exhibiting in Bond-street was first demonstrated at a side show in connection with a Church Bazaar in Birmingham. Here her personal charms or her prophetic powers so captured the hearts of the local reporters that she was extravagantly puffed in the Press, and the bazaar became, in consequence, a great success. So much for the past. The present I have already discussed, and, if modesty will allow me to say so, I think my reading of the Inspirationalist's character will bear comparison with any of her own efforts. As for the future, the spirit moves me to predict with certainty that *if* the police do their duty honestly and impartially, Miss Kennedy will shortly be brought before a magistrate and dealt with on the same lines as other ladies and gentlemen of her profession. Whether her ultimate fate will be a fair man or a dark man I cannot yet foresee, but for the present I strongly advise her to beware of a gentleman in blue.

Seriously, I do not wish to be hard on this young woman. If boys and girls, and men and women, are willing to pay half-a-guinea for the pleasure of hearing more or less inaccurate guesses at their character and past history, and more or less childish pretences at predicting the future, I cannot see on what intelligible principle they should be precluded from gratifying their singular tastes. But our ancestors seem to have thought differently, and they have embodied their views on this subject in sundry Acts of Parliament. These statutes are enforced with masterly vigilance and merciless severity against anybody who does for sixpence what Miss Kennedy does for half-a-guinea. Scarcely a week passes but what sentences of imprisonment or heavy fines are passed for offences of this class. A week or two back I cut from a newspaper a report of a large batch of such convictions at Manchester. In none of these cases did the fortune-teller's fee exceed 2s.; in the majority it was sixpence or ninepence; but for all that, most of these prophetesses went straight off to prison. Again, only a fortnight ago, an advertising "Astrologist" in Pimlico, who was in the habit of reading the stars for the modest fee of twelve stamps, was sentenced at Westminster Police Court to a fine of £5, or fourteen days' imprisonment. This was a police prosecution, as are all of this class, and what I desire to ascertain is how it comes about that the police net catches all the small fish with such unfailing certainty, and lets all the big ones escape?

Minton's (Limited).—Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

Why are "the classes" allowed to enjoy *ad libitum* the mysterious pleasure of having their fortunes told, while "the masses" are debarred from it? Why is the gipsy who tells a servant-girl's fortune for sixpence laid by the heels, while the ten-and-sixpenny "Inspirationalist" is allowed to keep open office in Bond-street and to be puffed in every newspaper in London? Miss Kennedy's is not an isolated case, be it remembered. Again and again attention has been drawn in TRUTH to the Professors of Palmistry, and other occult arts, who never perform under a guinea, who have their "chambers" at the West-end, and advertise freely in the daily papers, but never attract the notice of the guardians of the law. This is not a case in which there is one law for the rich and another for the poor; but a case in which the police take on themselves to enforce the law where the poor are concerned, and allow it to be openly defied where the parties are rich. Such a state of things is not merely discreditable to the administration of justice, but exposes the honesty of the police to the gravest suspicion. The matter deserves much more attention than it has received.

A JUDGE ON JUSTICES' JUSTICE.

One of my legal contemporaries recently reported certain *dicta* of one of the Scottish Judges which will have a peculiar interest for all who, like myself, have devoted much time and thought to the administration of justice by the unpaid magistracy of this country. The Judge in question was Lord Kingsburgh (Lord Justice Clerk), and his remarks were made in the course of an address at Glasgow, in which several comparisons were drawn between Scotch and English law, much to the advantage of the former. This, it is true, has been witnessed in other matters than law, when comparisons of this character have been drawn by Scotchmen. The following passage, however, deals not with matters of opinion, but with matters of fact, and the facts deserve to be brought home to every Englishman.

> As regards the judicatory, the Scotch system is admittedly not open to exception. Except for petty offences, where the power of the magistrate is limited to two months' imprisonment, the magistrate must be a skilled lawyer, holding a high and independent position under the Crown. Even in the case of petty offences, the tendency is more and more to have them tried by a judge of professional legal attainments, where they are of a nature which calls for legal knowledge and experience in the tribunal. Further, even the Sheriff is limited in his power of punishment to two years' imprisonment, and it is only in the Supreme Court that penal servitude can be inflicted.
>
> Here, again, the contrast is very marked between Scotland and England. There a Chairman of Quarter Sessions, who may be a country gentleman who knows nothing of law but what he picks up for himself, or gets from his official clerk, can send off a prisoner to a long term of penal servitude. Country squires and clergymen, sitting in petty sessions, can sentence prisoners to a half-year's imprisonment. Such a state of things is looked upon by a Scotchman as semi-barbarous. In olden time the bailies in burghs of regality claimed to exercise high jurisdiction, and to be of equal power with the Sheriff. But the practical sense of the community put an end long ago to such anomalies as the subject's liberties being for long periods at the mercy of untrained and uneducated magistrates, and accordingly all jurisdiction in those not versed in the law is limited to petty cases involving punishment of comparatively trifling severity.

I am unable to say whether the Lord Justice Clerk is a student of TRUTH, though I should surmise that such is the case. If he were, he would have had no difficulty in furnishing, from the results of his reading in these columns, scores, if not hundreds, of cases pointing the moral which he teaches in the above passage. I am far from being insensible to the services of the unpaid magistracy, and I am glad of this opportunity of mentioning the fact. The majority of these gentlemen devote a great deal of time and trouble to the performance of what they consider to be a public duty. It may be—I should say it is—true that they are inspired and sustained by a pleasing consciousness of the grandeur and dignity of the position they are filling; but, after all, that is a harmless, if not a laudable, weakness; and if a man can be got to work without salary merely in consideration of some incidental gratification which the work affords him, I should be the last to grudge him a reasonable remuneration in that shape.

But it is quite possible to hold this view, and to see at the same time the radical faults and dangers of the system. The worst of these lies in the fact that the magistrate has no special qualification for his work. He is assisted, it is true, by a professional lawyer in the shape of a clerk; but the clerk cannot make him a judge of the niceties of evidence; the clerk cannot teach him to estimate the merits of a case solely by the facts before the Court; above all, the clerk cannot free his mind from the bias that comes of class and selfish interests, the instincts and prejudices of the game-preserver, the landowner, the beneficed parson, or the employer of labour. A paid lawyer may not be free from some of the last-mentioned defects, but at least the public has in his education and experience some promise of higher judicial qualifications than in the case of a man appointed solely because he owns so many acres of land, or has rendered some nondescript service to a political party, or is a distant relative of the Lord Chancellor. When I see who the magistrates are and how they are made, my wonder is not that a dozen or two more or less outrageous travesties of justice are perpetrated every week, but that anybody ever gets justice done to him at all. Should we, then, dispense with the services of these gentry altogether? I do not say that—at any rate, until we are in a better position to afford the luxury of stipendiary justices than we are at present. But I am sure that if we were wise, we should greatly limit their powers; and the Scotch law, as stated in the above speech of the Lord Justice Clerk, shows the very minimum of what should be done in this direction. Two months' imprisonment is even more than I would allow an amateur magistrate in Petty Sessions to impose. A month is the utmost limit that he ought to be entrusted with. Two years' imprisonment, again—the maximum penalty wielded in Scotland by the Sheriff—is a very ample punishment to entrust to a Chairman of Quarter Sessions; and if none but Judges of the High Court were allowed to condemn prisoners to penal servitude, the interests of justice would not suffer. The whole tendency of the time is in favour of reducing and rationalizing criminal penalties, and we could not find a better place to begin than the Courts of Petty Session.

CHINA AND GLASS.—Messrs. GOODE, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

AN INDIAN OPERA.

I learn that Sir Arthur Sullivan has agreed to write a new comic opera for the Savoy early next year, though more probably in collaboration with Mr. Mark Melford than with Mr. Gilbert. Consequently "The Nautch Girl," despite the wealth that has been lavished upon costumes and scenery, will, I suppose, not be wanted for more than a limited number of months. It indisputably has its good points, for plenty of fun is got by Mr. Barrington out of the part of the comic Rajah, and, although he comes on so late in the evening, the Idol of Mr. Denny is a distinctly whimsical creation. But "The Nautch Girl" is weakest precisely at the point where Gilbert and Sullivan are strongest. Nobody supposed that Mr. Solomon would venture to measure swords with Sir Arthur; but he might easily have strengthened his first finale, relieved us of conventional songs, furbished up his orchestration, furnished us with some more effective examples of four-part choral writing, and generally have given us better music than is contained in the new Indian opera. It may, of course, be immensely humorous to follow the reference to "the hallelujah person whose lungs are made of leather" with a strain from the "Hallelujah Chorus," but, unfortunately, the idea was obviously foreshadowed in "L'Enfant Prodigue," where, moreover, the few bars given from Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" have a distinctly satirical touch, which, at the Savoy, is wanting. It may also be excruciatingly funny to imitate the "black-haired pussy cat," a bird, and a cuckoo whenever those creatures are mentioned, to give us a strain of "There is nae luck" when somebody sings of the ill-luck of whistling in a room, and at the line, "On Twelfth-cake Day the mistletoe must also disappear," to play a few bars of "The Mistletoe Bough." But, unfortunately, Mr. Solomon has done it all before in Guards' burlesques and musical farces, and a joke so frequently repeated necessarily loses its point. Constantly recurring waltz and other dance rhythms likewise are apt to become wearisome, and Mr. Solomon, while, let me freely confess, offering his audience quite a crowd of pretty melodies, has neglected that relief which variety alone can afford. There are similar defects in the libretto, for which it is understood Mr. Dance is only partly responsible. The Gilbertian model is not easy to imitate, but so long as he sticks to Gilbert the librettist is on tolerably safe ground. The fundamental ideas of the piece; that is to say, the satire on Indian caste—the Prince who has debased himself by eating "potted cow" discovering that his sacrifice is vain when his lady-love proves to be of higher caste than he—the continuous search by Miss Jessie Bond after her "affinity," and the wooden Idol who comes to life, and is guilty of the very human weakness of falling in love with the first pretty girl he meets, are all laughter-provoking enough. But the details and workmanship are unequal. Punning is usually considered a sign of literary weakness, but "Don't address me as Rajah, I'd Rajah you didn't," was so indifferent, even as a pun, that it hardly gained a laugh; while the reiterations of "I think," and "It's all my eye," are poor fooling. On the other hand the Rajah's song, on the model of "The house that Jack built," the pretty duet of the hopeless loves of Jack and Jill, Mr. Wyatt's excellent burlesque of the clinging-skirt dance of modern stage-life, and the comic carmagnole are distinctly among the successes of the work. In effect, although "The Nautch Girl" may be much funnier than the usual run of comic operas, it is not up to the Savoy standard. If it were not a sort of rule at the Savoy never to make any serious alterations after the first night, the opera would indisputably be improved by the excision of some of its drawing-room songs, a strengthening of the early part of the second act, and the introduction of the Idol before half-past ten at night. Plenty of people, however, will no doubt go to the new opera if only to enjoy the fun of Mr. Barrington and Mr. Denny, the excellent singing of Mr. Pounds and Miss Bond, and the lovely Nautch and other dresses of Indian gauze and embroideries. But they will assuredly yawn at dull moments; they will not, I think, consider the engagement of the new American soprano, Miss Snyder (beautiful to the eye, if not always so grateful to the ear) as sufficient compensation for the absence from the cast of that excellent vocalist, Miss Brandram, and notwithstanding all the trouble and money which Mr. D'Oyly Carte has lavished upon it, they will hardly expect "The Nautch Girl" to attain the run of "The Gondoliers."

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London, 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

MARRIAGE AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

We are sick of the attempts of the De Rohans (De Léon branch) to boom themselves socially. The vanity and *vantardise* of that family came finely into play again on the occasion of the religious wedding of Mlle. de Rohan-Chabot and Comte Louis de Tallyrand-Périgord. Everything was so managed as to serve as a grand advertisement. The Prince and Princesse de Léon have nothing short of a genius for spreading small bits of butter over any quantity of bread. In preparing for the nuptials of their daughter they aroused expectation to an extraordinary degree, and brought together not only *une société*, but *une publique* to gaze at, admire and envy the bridal party. What with scattering invitations broadcast, and getting the boulevard gazettes to herald the event with flourishes of trumpets, about 5,000 spectators were netted. The Church of St. François Xavier was hardly large enough to hold them. Indeed, the company which attended was so much a public as to leave no space for the ladies' dresses to be seen in their proper sweep and perspective. They were crowded one upon another. It was a case for saying *les arbres êmpêchent de voir la forêt.*

It sounds big to hear that the Duc de Mouchy represented her Imperial Majesty the Empress Eugénie. But as that nobleman is not a person of a stately air, the mission he vicariously discharged wanted prestige. Any one might divine in the Duc the ladies' tailor. The Duc, you perhaps know, is his wife's *couturier*, and is in all respects qualified to act as the overseer of the cutting-out department at Worth's.

Queen Isabella was among the prize guests, and was

conducted in solemn state to a sort of throne set up for her use in the chancel, near the Gospel reading-desk. She had for her *vis-à-vis* on the Epistles side the Bishop of Vannes, who came all the way from his far-off Brittany diocese to give the nuptial benediction. Her Majesty, being still in courtesy deemed "Most Catholic," was treated almost with reverence, though she did not look a bit reverential. At the same time, she was a good processional figure, despite her laborious mode of walking, and her exceptional embonpoint. She nodded to right and left (throwing into her eye an expression of friendly recognition) as she advanced up the aisle, and when enthroned in the chancel, used her fan a good deal. Queen Isabella could not get on without a fan in public. She uses hers with an address and an expressive grace rare in this country. Were I writing an essay on the language of fans I should instance Queen Isabella as an example of one who is a mistress of it.

Widor, the composer of Hippodrome Opera, performed in the organ-loft and surpassed himself in a wedding march which he had specially composed for the auspicious event. The singing was fairly good. It would have been unreasonable to expect more, so many of the first-rate French vocalists being now in London. After the wedding there was a select reception at the Hôtel de Verteillhac, the ancestral residence, near the Invalides, of the Princesse de Léon; and in the evening the young couple went to spend the honeymoon at the seat of the Aguados, near Fontainebleau.

What possessed the Queen to invite the Comte and Comtesse de Paris to lunch just before the German Emperor went to England? One wonders still more what could have possessed them to accept her invitation, her Majesty having the name in France of dictating a German policy to Lord Salisbury. If she wishes the Comte de Paris to succeed to the Throne from which Louis Philippe drove Charles X., she defeats her object in showing them civility just now. The lunch she gave them is coupled with the German Emperor's visit, and the inference drawn from their availing themselves of her Majesty's hospitality is that they want to return in the artillery waggons of a German army.

The intended visit of the Czarina to Paris should not be taken for more than it means. No doubt it is intended to draw closer the diplomatic relations between the Elysée and the Court of St. Petersburg. But the primary objects of the Empress are to choose elegant French raiment for her now grown-up daughter, who is soon to be married, and to keep the Czarewitch out of bad company when he comes as a tourist here. The Czarina has been hearing so much from her youngest son, who is dying of consumption, of the great kindness that he met with in Corsica and Algeria, as to feel gushingly grateful to President Carnot, who, also, when her eldest son was in Cochin China, daily apprised her by telegraph of his doings. Directly it was known at St. Petersburg that the German Emperor was to come to London and to be feasted by the Lord Mayor, it was decided to send the Czarewitch to Paris by way of *tit* for William's *tat*. William fancies that he has, by his "socialism," got hold of the British workman, and that, as he already had the Queen and Lord Salisbury in his hand, he can any day he pleases lead England to commit herself to an auxiliary course with the Triple Alliance.

The Czar, in visiting the French Exhibition at Moscow, was most interested in the exhibits of those manufacturers of "articles de religion" so numerous about the church of Saint Sulpice. They had been up to date in manufacturing Greek crosses and Virgin Maries and Bambinos in the Orthodox Greek style. His Imperial Majesty, after making divers purchases, ordered an image of the Virgin for his Crimean Palace, which is to cost £3,000. The Czar is a Mariolater, and avowed himself one to the artificer whom he most patronised. Oddly enough, the latter is a Jew, who sells articles of religion just as the Gadarenes sold swine to their heathen neighbours, or as a Church Elder in Birmingham takes an order for an assortment of idols. I hasten, however, to add that for convenience' sake, and to further the interests of his house of business, he conforms outwardly to the Catholic Church, and is at Moscow as a Christian. The frame of the image that has been ordered by the Czar is to serve as a reliquary.

In connection with this work of art, I have been told that the Czar's animosity to the Jews greatly arises from his zealous desire to heal the heart-wounds inflicted on the Virgin by the Jews in crucifying her Son. A German savant has brought him to see that the Galileans, among whom she was born and reared, were not Semites but Gentiles. This has been a source to him of much comfort, as he never felt he had a free hand in dealing with the Jews so long as he believed the Saviour's Mother was a Jewess. The Czar dislikes his Protestant subjects because they ignore the Virgin Mary, and he objects to the Catholic Church for having arisen out of Cæsarism, which, through Pontius Pilate, was the accomplice of the chief priests at the crucifixion.

In his Imperial Majesty's eyes the Greek and Armenian Churches alone are innocent, though methinks the former spring just as much out of Roman Imperialism as the one headed by the Pope. What were Constantine and that doctor of laws and theology, Justinian, but debased Cæsars? And Theodora? Had she not every right to wear the yellow peplum which Julia and Messalina so often donned? If I mistake not, Theodora was a mother of the Orthodox Church.

It is injudicious of a certain wealthy friend of the Prince of Wales to keep on defending him in a few journals a good deal read in *le monde où l'on s'amuse*, but no others. This keeps tongues going, and printed matter of another kind coming out. The Prince of Wales, never wearing a mask of any kind when he comes abroad, is better known on the Continent than in his future realms. He is classed rather as *bon garçon* and a bit *mauvais sujet* than as a *viveur aimable et distingué*, though credited with amiability of a good-humoured sort. The *entourage* is treated as the scapegoat which ought to be sent into the wilderness. Every one who knows the Prince admits he has two virtues, one of which is rare in France. He

likes to be civil, and he is punctual to keep appointments. However late the supper that follows an evening spent at the theatre, he is next day sharp to the minute at a nylunch to which he has accepted an invitation. He also comes well-valeted, and looking spruce and good humoured. He is no longer easy to amuse. Formerly anything made him laugh, and he found pleasure in the company of some of the dullest men. In saying this, a certain Polish Count starts up in my memory. He was to the Prince as David to Jonathan. He had not a single quality to make his company agreeable to a person hard to amuse, or who might have been fond of gilding his amusements with the conversation of men of wit or cleverness. The Prince of Wales is idolised by the chefs of those wealthy people at whose houses he dines, and of the different restaurants at which he lunches and sups when over here. He always does justice to the dishes prepared for him, and says what he thinks of them. This is repeated to the culinary artist downstairs. He accordingly does his best to prepare appetising menus. It should be remembered by all who write about the Prince, that no human being was ever so beset with the kind of temptations which, if yielded to, materialise a man, and land him in old age before he has well got through middle age. I recollect having seen him (and all within the course of twenty-four hours) exposed to the fire of fast ladies' eyes at a garden party, and to the allurements of Réjane dancing the cancan, of Milly Meyer as a naughty warbler, of Mdlle. Magnier as something else, and in the evening of Jane Hading before the footlights and behind the scenes at a boulevard theatre. Next morning there was a restaurant breakfast with an English Countess of great beauty, and on conquest bent; and in the afternoon a walk in the Jardin d'Acclimatation with an American Society lady who flatters herself on having a genius for the stage. So far from being down upon the poor Prince for taking about his baccarat counters, the Nonconformist ministers should feel thankful that he is devoted to *le Dieu Hasard*. The passion for gambling is an exclusive one. There is not among the seasoned gamesters at Monaco a single one who really enjoys the cuisine of the Hôtel de Paris, or who has an eye for the sirens who flock there. It is for the novices or wholly inexperienced that Patti and other great vocalists are brought down, and the most skilled culinary artists are employed.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DEAR LADY BETTY,—The human soul within its living cell incessantly endeavours to reveal to its neighbouring captives that unappreciated or misunderstood self which lies concealed behind the walls of its narrow prison. What efforts, what sacrifices do we not all cheerfully make to secure the appreciation of our fellow-men! How we toil, how we dissemble, how we intrigue, to impress upon our neighbours a favourable estimate of the individual personality that lies concealed within! And all this self-denial, all this dissimulation, all this anxiety, for what end? Were Jones to die to-day, Smith would to-morrow at the Club casually remark to Robinson:

"Have you heard? Jones is dead."

To which the answer would inevitably be:—

R. "Really" (with an inflection of mild regret). "Poor chap! . . . . When did he die?"

S. "Yesterday evening."

R. "Poor chap" (feelingly). (Pause) . . . . "Are you lunching here? Let's lunch together."

And with this curt conversational obituary the life-long toil of Jones, his eager, incessant anxiety to achieve affection, esteem, and respect would all be dismissed into eternal oblivion.

Or, is it Crœsus Flint that should embark on the final journey, Robinson would inquire:—

"Is it true that old Crœsus is dead?"

S. "Yes (mournfully); he died on Wednesday."

R. "Hum! . . . . No more dinners." (Pause) . . . . "I wonder what he died worth?"

S. (dubiously) "I shouldn't think very much. He spent almost every shilling he made in doing the thing well. Dreadful old tuft-hunter. Never missed a chance of doing a good turn if he thought it might eventually prove serviceable to him."

R. (with a slight smile of reminiscent depreciation) "Yes . . . . He gave capital dinners, though . . . . Poor chap!"

With this exhaustive summary, all the popularity, the generosity, the hospitality of the departed Crœsus would be wiped away for ever.

Or, Mrs. Jones it is that has crossed the boundary line into eternity, and little Mrs. Chenevix, having contrived to secure the first news of the catastrophe, promptly hurries around the town to communicate the exciting intelligence.

"My dear Polly, *have* you heard (tantalisingly)? . . . Poor Jemima Jones died this morning in the most horrible agonies. They say it took two doctors and all the footmen to hold her down" (picturesque accentuation on the "all").

Mrs. R. "You don't say so (with mixed awe and pleasurable excitement). Why it was only the other day that she was here painted up to the very eyes, as usual. How shocking! (a pause to allow the exquisite horrors of the situation to permeate properly). . . . I wonder what Brown will do now?"

Mrs. C. "Just what struck me, my dear (appropriate expressiveness of the eyes). . . . Thought you would like to hear the dreadful news . . . . Good-bye" (cheerily). And hastens off to communicate the intelligence to other mutual friends—or enemies—indiscriminately, with a happy consciousness that the early news of poor Mrs. Jones's death will somehow beneficially associate her personally with the temporarily absorbing incident.

It is for this that we struggle and worry! The London world is a singularly superficial one. Selfishness, shallowness, and insincerity are the primary characteristics of this eminently frivolous *coterie*. You can trust your enemies here where you cannot possibly rely upon your friends. The former, at least, are more or less straightforward in their aversion, whilst the latter are seldom longer your friends than prosperous circumstances render advisable. They bid you to luncheon or to dinner and straightway publish your names in the papers *pour encourager les autres*. If you possess anything to give, even if you refuse to give it, they will rally round you like starving sparrows impatient to be fed. Should the suspicion of adversity come your way, they shamelessly exhibit the littleness of their natures, and abandon you abruptly without even deigning to explain the reason of their desertion. It is a striking reproduction in high life of the housemaid instinct, which prompts uneducated servants to take suppressed delight in the ruin of their masters.

Would that I might deliver a severe series of sofa sermons! If the lives of the great are instructive, how much more so would be an exhaustive series of Conversations with Disappointed and Unsuccessful Men!

The assertion published by several contemporaries that

notwithstanding his name having been removed from the Army List, Sir William Gordon-Cumming would receive the commission-money due to him, is utterly unfounded. He has forfeited all claims and privileges whatever of this kind by being summarily dismissed the Service.

The plain facts concerning the Volunteer review on Wimbledon Common on Saturday next are simply as follows: The German Emperor expressed an ardent desire to inspect a large body of Volunteers. As his visit to this country commenced on Saturday and ends on the Monday week, there was, of course, but one Saturday available for this purpose, and the only hour vacant in the already-arranged programme for that afternoon was from half-past four to half-past six. At first the War Office authorities contemplated holding the Review in Hyde-park, but the Commissioner of Police immediately declined to be responsible for the consequences in the event, the crowds nowadays attracted by such displays being far larger and far more difficult to control than formerly. Moreover, those entrusted with the welfare of Hyde-park at once protested, pointing out that it practically would lead to immense injury being done to the Park and the numerous flower-beds, and would entail several thousands of pounds of damage.

Colonel Howard Vincent, characteristically ignoring his previous disastrous failure, on the occasion of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade review on the Horse Guards parade, proposed that so long as the men engaged to assemble at Wimbledon by three on Saturday afternoon, they might safely be permitted to choose their own time in mustering. Sir Redvers Buller, the Adjutant-General to whom the organisation of the meeting has been entrusted, very naturally refused to allow himself to be dictated to by this amateur warrior, or the success of the review to depend practically upon chance in this way. Fourteen thousand men, more or less, are not so easily handled. But as a clencher to this proposal came a notice from the Railway Company, who, in view of Sandown Park races, absolutely refused to impede their natural traffic, and notified that not a single Volunteer should be conveyed along their lines after one o'clock. Meanwhile the Stock Exchange has decided to close for the day, and the War Office will defray all travelling expenses of Volunteers down to Wimbledon, and back, and will give money grants for the provision of their food.

Unquestionably, however, it would have been better had a monster review of Volunteers generally, from every part of the country, been organised, such as assembled on the return of the Prince of Wales from India. This would have been an imposing sight to present to our Imperial guest.

Anything more ludicrous than the display at Windsor on the arrival of the Emperor can scarcely be conceived. The whole show instinctively suggested a semi-serious reproduction of the "Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein." All the English Royalties and officials were attired in German uniforms, and the unfortunate Prince of Wales looked literally melting under his oppressive fur cap and warm, ill-fitting clothes. The only individual wearing an English uniform was the German Emperor himself. And, by the way, the Emperor attired as an Admiral, reviewing a sentry at Port Victoria, is really too funny for mere words to describe. The crowd from Windsor Station to the Town Hall was of the very scantiest description; and the celebrated royal ponies could scarcely draw the Imperial carriage up the hill. Indeed, had it not been for many blows and the opportune halt when the address was presented, they would, in all probability, never have reached the Castle at all.

Of the contretemps at Port Victoria, when our Imperial guest was kept waiting for an hour for his official host, the least said the better. Surely the Prince should have foreseen the possibility of a premature arrival, and a six-penny telegram could easily have summoned him from London an hour before the time previously decided upon.

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The German Emperor will, according to present arrangements, reach the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon at half-past six precisely, when the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, under Captain Shaw, will be paraded before him.

The foreign diplomatists in England are considerably surprised at the singular way we manage our official hospitality in this country. For the gala performance at the Opera no tickets of any kind whatever have been issued, even to the Ambassadors themselves, all of these having, like other ordinary mortals, to purchase their seats at current prices. Surely the Queen, as the function is "By Command," might have hired the entire Opera-house for the performance, and surrounded our Imperial guest with the *élite* of English society, whether in rank, influence worth, wit, wisdom—and wealth. As it is, the latter element will be principally *en évidence*. Her Majesty pays £250 for the use of the six boxes which the Royal party will occupy, and it is estimated that the entire visit will cost the Sovereign about £3,000, which, under the circumstances, cannot be considered as a very serious outlay on such an exceptional occasion. Many of the Prince of Wales's visits to English country houses have cost his hosts considerably more than this.

Mrs. Pereira will give the wedding breakfast at 44, Park-lane after the marriage of Miss Julia Stonor to the Marquis d'Hautepoul on Saturday week, the 18th inst. Fifteen Royalties will attend both the wedding and the breakfast. Besides being herself a most intimate friend and constant companion of the Princess of Wales and the Royal Princesses, her father, the late Mr. Francis Stonor, was the oldest and most valued friend of the Prince, who has seized every opportunity, not only on their own account but in consideration of this friendship, to show kindness to his children.

A marriage is arranged between the Rev. Ernest Barton and Miss Baring, daughter of the late Thomas Baring, formerly M.P. for London, who died early in the present year.

A marriage is also arranged between Mr. Patrick Hely Hutchinson, a younger brother of Lord Donoughmore, and Miss Grant.

In consequence of the death of Madame Waddington, the aged mother of the French Ambassador in London, the proposed ball at the French Embassy will, of course, not now take place. Madame Waddington, who was ninety-one years of age, may be counted as still another victim to the influenza epidemic. Great sympathy is expressed on all sides for the French Ambassador, for both he and the Ambassadress have won universal golden opinions since taking over their official post at Albert-gate.

It is a curious fact connected with the late Mr. William Henry Gladstone, who died in London on Saturday last, that he was a godson of His Eminence Cardinal Manning.

Three well-known members of London Society have passed away during the present week—to wit, Lady Enid Wyndham Quin, Miss Mabel Webb, of Newstead, and Mr. Tyllier Blunt. Lady Enid, who was the eldest of Lord Dunraven's three daughters, and who was but twenty-one years of age, was a singularly clever and accomplished woman. Only a few weeks ago, at Ascot, her vivacity and originality made her the life and soul of the house-party assembled there for the race-week.

Miss Mabel Webb, whose popularity was exceptional, died under peculiarly distressing circumstances, her death having occurred under chloroform previous to an operation. The shock of the catastrophe, it is believed, led to the unfortunate suicide of the experienced specialist who administered the anæsthetic.

Poor Tyllier Blunt will be missed by a very large circle of yachting friends. He had only just reached his yacht, the *Elsie*, in Portsmouth Harbour when his death occurred. He was found dead in his cabin, and is said to have scribbled a few words to the effect that he felt he was dying.

Deaths, dances, dinners, and divorces! This is society life! An indiscriminate jumble of pain and pleasure.

Mrs. Alfred Morrison's dance which, on account of her daughter's regrettable indisposition, had been three times postponed, at length took place on Wednesday night, and was as signal a success as every entertainment yet given by this amiable hostess has invariably been. A novel feature was the presence of a photographer, who, having established himself, his lime-light, and his camera in an upstairs room, proceeded to take gratuitous photographs of the guests. Some of the hurried positions assumed by the sitters, though completely innocent in real life, may by the vagaries of photography lead to annoying misunderstandings. Lady Pembroke looked both well and imposing, wearing a magnificent diamond tiara; Mrs. Leopold Seymour's exquisite costume attracted general admiration, and youthful beauty was fitly represented by Miss Gwendoline Davies, Lady Thorold, and Miss Clayton East.

The Ladies' night at the Gallery Club must have been a surprise to many members, who doubtless expected to meet a more or less representative gathering of the musical, artistic, and literary worlds. Notwithstanding the counter-attraction of Lady Leconfield's *Bal Blanc*, in Chesterfield-gardens, most of the more brilliant section of society seemed to have gathered at the Gallery Club, Piccadilly, including, amongst others, the Duchess of Buckingham, Princesse de Wagram, Lady de Grey, Lady Brownlow, Lady Yarborough, Lady Granby, Lady Grey Egerton, Lady Windsor, Lady Mayo, Lady Hothfield, Lady Alice Portal, Lady Lepel Griffin, and Mrs. James Stuart Wortley. Miss Grant unconsciously sat for a period beneath her own portrait, and it was generally admitted that here art even failed at its best to do complete justice to nature.

Mrs. Singleton's garden-party in Prince's-gate on Friday, as is annually the case, attracted the world and his wife to render homage to this talented hostess. Here Miss Green and the Misses Verschoyle between them divided the honours of the entertainment. Many of Mrs. Singleton's guests, through mistake, invaded neighbouring houses on leaving the lawn.

The Duchess of Portland's dance for the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Westminster's reception at Grosvenor House in the evening by no means interfered with each other. Mrs. Walker of Sand Hutton's small dance for the Duke of Clarence was bright and eminently successful; whilst Mrs. Mackay's concert in Carlton House-terrace, an eminently brilliant performance, was honoured with the presence of Princess Mary Adelaide, the Duke of Teck and Princess Victoria. Miss Eames sang admirably, and M. Coquelin *cadet* and Mdlle. Reichemberg distinguished themselves, as is invariably their wont. Amongst the prettiest present were Miss Violet Grey Egerton, Lady Cairns, Lady Camoys, Lady Arthur Butler, Miss L'Estrange, and Lady Lawrence.—Believe me, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

AFTER Ascot it appeared as if all the two-year-olds were very moderate, excepting only Rueil and Goldfinch, which pair, on the Manchester and New Stakes running, seemed to be considerably the best animals of the season. That Flyaway was beaten by Dunure at Ascot because she did not like the hill was palpable enough to all who saw the finish for the Coventry Stakes, and it was universally anticipated that she would defeat him whenever they met over an easy course. In the July Stakes, however, not only did Flyaway literally lose Dunure, but she defeated both Goldfinch and Rueil, and she now appears to be the smartest two-year-old which has yet been out. I do not fancy, however, remembering the running at Ascot, that Flyaway will turn out presently to be a stayer, and it is exceedingly probable that we shall see the best of her as a two-year-old. Goldfinch's defeat is attributed to his having struck himself during his race at Ascot, the result being that it was necessary to ease him in his work. Under the circumstances, it would, perhaps, have been wiser to have kept him at Kingsclere last week, but he may not stand training very long; or in any case he is likely to be much better as a two-year-old than as a three-year-old, so that his owners are justified in thus running him through for his engagements, and especially as the stable is believed to be very strong in two-year-olds. Goldfinch will always run best where there is something of a hill to be climbed. He is no use whatever on a descent.

I am disposed to think that the alleged superiority of Rueil to Le Chesnay is moonshine. They are both very useful animals, and should win lots of good races for M. E. Blanc. Dunure ran very badly, and it was impossible to reconcile his ignominious display here with his excellent form at Ascot, unless he requires the hill which there stopped Flyaway.

Canobie, a two-year-old for which Lord Dudley was so infatuated as to give 2,200 gs. last July, was heavily backed for a selling-plate on Tuesday, but ran nowhere, to the direful discomfiture of his followers. On Thursday, however, he earned the hearty execrations of plungers by running away from Red Cent, a Kingsclere certainty, which had been backed as if the race were over. The winner started at 10 to 1, and Lord Dudley let him go at 510 gs., which I fancy will turn out to have been a tragical transaction, for he was highly tried before the meeting, and it is certain that his running on Tuesday was all wrong, to which I may add that he must be something more than useful to have beaten such a "pot" as Red Cent was so easily. It is a muddy-minded method of playing "the great game" to give 2,200 gs. for a yearling, enter him for nearly fifty stakes, and then sell him when he has shown that he must be about at the top of the plating form of the season.

St. Damien was favourite for the Stud Stakes, and he won very easily from Windgall, as well he might, considering that the Kingsclere colt was giving him 10 lb. Hyères ran most miserably, and it is clear that her trial in May, about which there was so much jargoning, must have been a most hugger-mugger affair, unless, indeed, she is a jade.

Le Nord, who had not won since he was a two-year-old, cantered away with a plate over the B.M., in which, however, he had nothing to beat except one of Mr. Bass's hopeless unnamed creatures.

There was desperate plunging in a Maiden Plate on Heriot, who was such a universal tip that she was backed at the slightest shade of odds in a field of thirteen, which included Harold (whose defeat in a similar race on Tuesday was one of the crashes of the meeting), and Pierre le Grand, who is own brother to Le Nord.

Peter Flower was made favourite for the Zetland Plate, although he evidently wants a rest, and it was simple fatuity to bet odds on this overworked horse, even in a bad field. Versifier, an extreme outsider, won very easily indeed for Lord Calthorpe.

There is a very good acceptance for the Liverpool Cup, and when the Eclipse Stakes is over there will probably be plenty of betting on this race, for which Rathbeal is much fancied at Newmarket.

Alicante has arrived at Newmarket, where, I hear, she is to be prepared for the Lancashire Plate of £10,000, which will be run at Manchester on September 26, but she will find Surefoot and Gouverneur formidable opponents. Alicante will, no doubt, be entered for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire.

The summer sales at Newmarket are now so preposterously overdone that it is no wonder that last week the apoplectic plethora of the catalogues should have been met with a paralytic temerity in the rings, which resulted in the grievous discomfiture of many vendors. As a rule, during the July sales, there have always been some crack-brained cockatoos to bid with an ardour which savoured of insanity or intoxication, but last week sensational prices were few and far between.

Mr. Chaplin sent up ten from Blankney, of which five

were sold, the average being 896 gs., the Duke of Westminster giving 1,550 gs. for a racing like filly by Galopin or Hermit, out of Hydra, and a filly by Hermit out of Villefranche was sold for 1,400 gs. to Mr. Fenwick. The reserve upon the magnificent black colt by Bendigo, out of Hazledean, was 2,000 gs., which was not reached at the sale, but Mr. Chaplin subsequently sold him to Mr. Maple for 1,750 gs. The sister to Heresy was reserved at 1,000 gs., and Mr. Chaplin wanted 800 gs. for the colt by Hermit, out of Substitute, and 500 gs. for the colt by Bendigo, out of Wandering Nun. If these animals are not privately sold they will probably be offered again next week.

Mr. Hume-Webster sent up a very good lot from Marden Park, but only moderate prices were obtained, the filly by St. Honorat out of Lady Lumley realising 1,100 gs., and she was very much admired, and so also was the filly by St. Honorat out of Cherry Ripe, which was sold cheap to J. Cannon for 450 gs. The average for nineteen was only 206 gs., a terrible falling off from last year.

The Mentmore yearlings realised wretched prices, excepting a colt by Foxhall out of Corisande, for which Mr. Clayton (probably for Lord Penrhyn) gave 750 gs. Of Lady Stamford's lot of nine only four changed hands, but their average was 1,322 gs. each, the best price being 2,100 gs., which Mr. Maple paid for a charming filly by Barcaldine out of Geheimniss. Three of the Waresley yearlings realised 2,480 gs., John Dawson giving 1,250 gs. for a colt by Bend Or out of Lady Tramp, which was, no doubt, bought for Sir Robert Jardine. Perhaps the best sold animal during the week was the colt by St. Simon out of Beauharnais, bred by Mr. Pole Carew, for which Sherwood gave 1,750 gs., or at least three times its intrinsic value.

Twenty-five yearlings from Yardley were sold, the average being 472½ gs., and Mr. Fairie gave 2,500 gs. (the highest price of the week) for an own brother to Energy and Enthusiast, and 800 gs. for a filly by Sterling out of Siluria, which, however, was not so generally liked as the colt by Sterling out of Brunette, for which Porter gave 860 gs.

The reserves on many of the yearlings which were sent up were so extravagant as to be practically prohibitive, notably in the case of Mr. Swanwick's sister to that very moderate mare, Blavatsky, for which he positively demanded the exorbitant sum of 3,000 gs.! Mr. Hammond also estimated the value of his yearlings at far too high a rate.

Next week there are to be seven sales at Newmarket during which the most important lots will be—(1) Mr. Beddington's yearlings, twelve in number; (2) four bred by Mr. Burdett-Coutts; (3) eight from the Stanton stud (including a filly by Wisdom, out of Glide, sister to Chillington, and a half-sister to Noverre, by Philammon); (4) another lot of fourteen from Yardley; (5) eight bred by A. Taylor; (6) ten from Leybourne Grange; (7) thirteen from Whimple, of which twelve are by Hawkstone; (8) six bred by Mr. Cloete, all sired by Paradox; and (9) twelve bred by Robert Peck. Where purchasers are to come from it is impossible to conjecture, and the above-mentioned lots are only the pick of the catalogue.

The *Man of the World* contained last week some curious and interesting information respecting the Duke of Queensberry ("Old Q."), who earned high renown during the last century as a gentleman rider, and who was a prominent and most unscrupulous owner of race-horses for nearly sixty years, and always a staunch supporter of Newmarket, where he had a residence and a property, which passed after his death to Lord Yarmouth, whose son, the fourth Marquis of Hertford, bequeathed it to Sir Richard Wallace. Mr. Corlett is mistaken in stating that the dukedom became extinct on the death of "Old Q." in 1810, for it passed to the Duke of Buccleuch, along with an entailed estate of nearly 300,000 acres, which included Drumlanrig Castle, one of the finest country seats in Great Britain, which "Old Q." did his best to spoil, by many years of utter neglect and by cutting down tens of thousands of trees. By far the best account of "Old Q." is to be found in a work entitled, "George Selwyn and his Contemporaries," by the late Mr. Jesse, which was published in 1843, and upon which Hayward wrote a long, elaborate, and very entertaining article in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1844. Both the book and the article will repay the reader.

Mr. Joicey, the owner of Queen's Birthday, intends to establish a small but choice breeding-stud at Sunningdale Park, the beautiful place near Ascot, which he purchased about a year ago from the late Sir James Mackenzie, of Glenmuick.

Noverre is a great tip at Newmarket for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, and Tostig is also much fancied, but perhaps they will not be so nicely weighted as they were at Ascot, where it is said that they would have been first and second in the Wokingham Stakes if Rathbeal had been out of the way.

NEWMARKET AND KEMPTON PARK.

There will be three days' racing at Newmarket next week on the July course, and the most important event in the programme is the Chesterfield Stakes, which will be worth about £1,000. The best of the public lot in this race are Lady Hermit, Bonavista, and Katherine II. I shall, however, expect to see the Chesterfield won by La Flêche, the sister to Memoir, for which Baron Hirsch paid 5,500 gs. at the sale of the Royal yearlings last season, for I hear that she has been well tried, and she has 7 lb. the best of the weights with each and all of the animals mentioned above. The Kingsclere stable might possibly be represented by one of the Duke of Westminster's Ormonde colts—Orme, half-brother to Blue-Green, or Orville, half-brother to Orion; but I fancy that La Flêche will be sent to Newmarket for this race, which she ought to win.

The Soltykoff Stakes on Tuesday has conditions which are in the highest degree idiotic. There is an entrance of £4, which enables the stewards to get back every penny of the added money. Why not have let an owner "get out" for this £4 by declaring on the first Tuesday in April, and then have a sweepstakes of £20 each for every animal left in after that day? Then there would have been a stake worth winning, but now, even if there are ten runners, it will be an affair of only £350. The entries include Pilgrim's Progress, Lorette, the filly by Charibert, out of Court Beauty (which won at Stockbridge), and Canobie, of which lot I fancy that Lorette is the best. It may be that Mr. Holdsworth's Kyle, about which there was so much laudatory cackling at Ascot, will make his *début* here, in which case he ought to win, having much the best of the weights.

The entry for the Sale Stakes includes Miss Preston and Windgall, but this is an auction race, and really smart animals are not likely to be started for it unless wanted as "retrievers."

The Exeter Stakes has nothing better than Palatine (who failed at Newcastle), and Kyle's name again appears. The Fulbourne Stakes, which will be worth £1,100, has Palatine, Petrovna, President, Fly-away, and Pilgrim's Progress as the best of the twenty-eight animals which have been left in. I shall predict the success of Fly-away, who will be running over the same course on which she ran so creditably last week.

The only three-year-old stake of any importance in the programme is the Midsummer Plate of £700, the conditions of which are of the same asinine character as those of the Soltykoff Stakes. The entry includes Siphonia, Cereza, Mimi, Orvieto, Springtime, Cleator, Corstorphine, Benvenuto, Mardi Gras, Adieu, and Rousseau. If Corstorphine is now in anything like her two-year-old form she will win, as Mimi (who is not likely to start) would have to give her 9 lb. With Lord Rosebery's filly out of the way, Mr. Houldsworth's candidate ought to be able to win.

The Summer Plate of £300 (B.M.) has twelve entries,

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including L'Abbesse de Jouarre, Morion, and Bumptious; and Lord Hartington's horse will win if he starts.

The Bottesham Plate of £200 is a T.Y.C. stake for all ages, the entry for which includes Maxim, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, Lady Caroline (the winner of the Queen's Stand Plate at Ascot), Noble Chieftain, and Bumptious. I fancy that Mr. Leopold Rothschild's horse will win. The Dullingham Plate of £500 is a race over a mile and a-half, and the entry includes Morion, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, Nunthorpe, Vasistas, Martenhurst, Bel Demonio, Le Nord, Star, Ordinance, and Patrick Blue. If Morion runs he will win, and in his absence I should fancy Patrick Blue. The July Cup (an easy six furlongs) has L'Abbesse de Jouarre, Workington, Noble Chieftain, Memoir, Lorette, Bumptious, and Lord George. I shall plump for Bumptious.

The principal event at Kempton Park will be the Grand Stakes for two-year-olds, of £2,000, for which forty-seven horses are left in, with the unsatisfactory result to the managers of the meeting that, even if there are ten runners, the fund will have to contribute upwards of £800 to make up the amount. The entry includes Goldfinch, Rueil, Le Chesnay, Shade, Dunure, Windgall, Katherine II., Rouge Dragon, and Braggadocio, the dark brother to Bumptious. I shall predict the success of Goldfinch, whose penalty of 10 lb. would have been reduced to 7 lb. if the breeding allowance had been claimed. I hear that after next week Goldfinch is to be put aside for the £5,000 Stakes at Kempton Park, which is run on October 9.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—I asked last week what was the matter with the markets, and expressed the view that the wholesale throwing overboard of securities was due to unreasonable distrust. The selling movement has now stopped in most departments, and a moderate recovery has set in. It is true that the chief demand is for gilt-edged stocks, such as Consols, India stock, Colonial bonds, Corporation stocks, &c., but the movement is likely to spread.

The Investor in the Market.

The fact is that the low rates of deposits, aggravated by a further reduction in the Bank rate to 2½ per cent., combined with dividend payments, present and prospective, have brought the investor in the market. The man who wants to be quite safe has helped by additional purchases to raise Goschens from 95¼ to 96¼ during the week. India stock has also appreciated, and there is a recovery of a point or so in a number of Colonial stocks. I must confess that I should not trust the latter securities very far, especially those of some of the Australian colonies and of New Zealand, which have notoriously been over-borrowing. Quotations are high, and financial trouble is always on the cards with one or the other of these colonies, which would eventually react upon the bonds of the rest. Home Rails show some recovery, and a not inconsiderable advance has taken place in the American market. Should the latter movement gather strength, it may impart more vitality to some of the departments which are still in the Slough of Despond, for speculators who are making money in Yankees have always been quick to take up other stocks. The extraordinary plethora in the Money Market and the prospect of unclouded ease during the autumn ought to prove an important factor in the recuperation which is now going on. Another satisfactory feature is the final settlements of the Murrieta question, that house being now apparently secured against all trouble. There is, in fact, a complete cessation of the rumours of difficulties on the Stock Exchange and outside, and if no untoward event should occur, and holders should discontinue the unwise policy of pressing stock unduly, a recovery would appear probable.

Foreigners.

When I foreshadow a recovery, I do not, however, include old world stocks, such as Portuguese, Spanish, or Russian stocks. The situation in Lisbon points to grave financial difficulties. More paper money is being issued, and gold is at a considerable premium. The opinion is, in fact, gaining ground that the next coupon of the National Debt may be passed. Spanish bonds generally sympathise with Portuguese, and I am, therefore, inclined to look for some severe spasms in these stocks. The question, of course, is, how far Paris will support them. The London market is against them, and would rather welcome a reaction. This also applies to Russians, which have dropped 1½ upon the fall of the rouble in Berlin. This significant movement is due to the full confirmation of the failure of the rye and wheat crops in Russia. Speculative sales which had been made on the German markets have to be undone, and the balance of trade is thus turning against her. Russia will, all the same, withdraw some of her gold from London, part being about to be dispatched this week from the Bank of England, but a bad crop must seriously weaken Russia's power to upset the money markets in the future. It is not safe to prophesy on the current of prices of Russian bonds, which have resisted the attacks of London "Bear" operators so long and so successfully, that even the most obstinate of the ursine party have given the tuzzle up, with the result that the London market is extremely limited for this stock. For all that, I shall not be surprised to see, one of these days, a good old-fashioned break in Russian bonds. The dividends have been taken off many stocks in the foreign department, and amongst them the coupons of the Argentine Loan of 1886, and of the Six per Cent. Funding bonds have been duly paid in cash. The Argentine Government seems determined to fulfil the National obligations, and if the report cabled from Buenos Ayres of an intended important reduction in the expenditure in the Budget should be confirmed, a good impression will no doubt be created. A saving of some 12½ million dollars in gold out of an estimated revenue of 36½ millions, would go a long way towards drawing the Argentine financial cart out of the mud. A curious disproportion exists in the respective quotations of the Five per Cent. Loan of 1886 at 65 xd., and the Six per Cent. Funding Loan at 59 xd., although both are secured on the Customs revenue, which appears ample for the purpose. The reason of the discrepancy is no doubt the circumstance that as yet no market exists for the Funding loan. Uruguayan finance remains tricky, as illustrated by the Budget statement, particulars of which have been received by mail. Some important liabilities are coolly excluded from the Budget, apparently in order to facilitate the task of Ex-President Ellauri, who has now arrived here in order to raise the wind again. The coupon on the Costa Rica bonds was, of course, duly met, and the "A" bonds are now quoted 70-72, "B" bonds 64-66 xd. As these bonds carry 5 per cent. interest, and the Republic is in a flourishing position, they seem to be a good purchase. This applies also to Costa Rica Debentures, Firsts at 100-102 xd., Seconds at 85-90, and to the shares now quoted 6. Official advices of the line having been taken over from the contractors by the Company have come to hand, and quotations are likely to further advance. Matters in Chili are apparently approaching a crisis and in the meantime the July coupon of the Debt has been duly met. The defeat of Balmaceda would no doubt prove the signal for an important rise in these bonds. Brazilian bonds have shown greater steadiness.

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Home Rails Recovering.

The turn in Home Rails has come sooner than the ursine party expected, cheap money having induced investment purchases, and thus produced a recovery in several stocks. Brums seem again to have come into favour with investors, having risen 2½ in a few days. At their relative value, taking Brums at 173⅝ and Midlands at 153⅝, the latter seem to be the cheaper stock. Great Western and Berwicks are somewhat out of the running. Great Eastern have recovered a point of their recent fall, and they have the stimulating effect of the holiday traffic before them, but the dividend announcement will be disappointing, and the stock is too high compared with its yield. For all that it is in favour with investors, particularly locally. Little "Chathams" seem cheap at the present price, and, the bridge scare having exhausted itself, the Prefs have also recovered to 103¼. Dover "A" experienced another spasm, which knocked the quotation momentarily down below 83, but they have recovered since to 84, and with continued fine weather are not unlikely to do better now. They will also have a firmer market for Brighton "A" in their favour. Continued sunshine is doing a good deal for the Brighton line, the bridge scare has been run for all it is worth, and there is no doubt about the "Bear" account in this stock. The June figures, too, are likely to show more favourably in view of the saving on the steamship service, and I have good reason to confirm my view, stated in Truth of June 25, that, notwithstanding more pessimistic estimates, the dividend for the first half-year will be reduced only by ½ per cent. (3¾ against 4¼ per cent.). I need hardly tell you, my dear Ben, that such an announcement would cause an immediate recovery of three to four points from the present price of 140⅝. With regard to the cost of the repairs of the bridges, &c., I have it on good authority that it will not go against revenue. My other dividend estimates of a few weeks ago (Truth, June 18) I fully confirm. The Scotch stocks have given way and recovered. While I am not surprised at the low price at which North British Deferred are quoted at present, I do not consider the fall of Caledonian Deferred justified, and look for a recovery.

Yankee Rails.

The view which I took a week ago that the gold shipments from New York ought, theoretically, to have stopped long ago, and that they could constitute only the fag-end of the movement, in view of the approaching gigantic shipments of grain and cotton from the States, has been borne out by the relapse in sterling exchange and the reduction of the shipments to a very small limit. An important recovery thereupon ensued, which put up Milwaukees 3, Louisville 4 points, causing a recovery along the whole line of active stocks. The talk about the gold export is, moreover, losing its force, as it is now recognised that the money market in the United States is well prepared for the crop movements. The extension of the 4½ per Cent. Bonds will add 10,000,000 dols. to the circulation. Instead of the demand for money from New York to move the crops being unusually large, it will probably be smaller than usual, because the great producing States of the West now have in their banks at home 20,000,000 dols. more actual money than they had at this time last year. In addition to this the Government will have increased the currency by September 1, 15,000,000 dols. through the issue of silver and gold certificates. Considering that the bulk of the previous week's gold efflux only appeared in the last New York Bank statements, the position shows very favourably. It was partly due to preparations for the July dividend and interest disbursements at New York that the previous Bank statement showed so large a gain in deposits and surplus reserve, and as these disbursements are very large, the demand for bonds for re-investment is likely to rouse the bond market from the semi-stagnant state in which it has been for two or three months. This is an important feature, for a really important upward movement in American Railroad shares has generally been preceded by an improvement in the Bond market. There are also indications of a reviving demand for bonds here, Baltimore and Ohio First Mortgages having been in request at 100½, the First Income Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds at 60½, Atchison Fours at 80½-1, Denver Improvement at 80, Norfolk and Western Improvement Six per Cent. bonds at 114½, Oregon and California Firsts at 97. But the first and foremost consideration is the excellent crop outlook in the States, which gathers force from the confirmation of the failure of the rye and wheat crops in Russia, as evidenced by the fall of the rouble. The prosperity of the States in the immediate future is assured, as the crops promise to be the largest ever raised, and European shortage has now become a fact. The manipulation of this or that stock, and the talk of a change of base of this or that operator in Wall-street, no longer occasions serious changes in prices, for the large holders of stocks have them well protected, and rely on the reasonable foundation of confidence to be found in magnificent crops and the generally good financial situation throughout the country, to bring to them handsome profits on their ventures. No better evidence of the large exports to be expected from the United States can be given than that a large number of "tramp" steamers, which at this time of the year are usually looking for charters to load wheat at Odessa, have been ordered to the North Atlantic ports to obtain wheat cargoes. There is every indication that the surplus of exports from the beginning of the new fiscal year will be very large. Mail advices state that the representatives of the large grain firms in Baltimore and Philadelphia were swarming through the wheat-growing sections of the West, North-west, and South-west, soliciting and bidding for wheat to be forwarded to those cities as soon as practicable after the harvest commenced, which, on some of the South-Western lines, is now in progress. The traffic returns of the Chicago and Milwaukee Company are already showing big increases, and Chicago operators are beginning to purchase large lines of this railway stock in consequence. Milwaukees, in fact, are likely to lead the upward movement, and will have a good second in Louisville, the full cash dividend on which, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, is to be declared this week. Atchison Income bonds are also likely to come to the fore. Not only are they certain of a partial distribution of the dividend, but traffics are increasing and expenses diminishing. The crops along the line are reported to be in a splendid condition, and will greatly increase earnings. Union Pacifics have been rather backward, but it is evident that Jay Gould is only biding his time to give them a twist upwards. With regard to the Union Pacific Bond issue, the board of directors of that Company appear to have finally decided to leave full power in the matter of the new bonds to the executive committee. The Company authorises the issue of twenty million five per cent. thirty-year gold bonds, dated May 1, 1891, of which only about five million will be issued at present. The name of the bond is the Kansas Division and Collateral Mortgage. Five millions of the bonds will be a second mortgage on the Kansas Pacific road and the property of the Denver Pacific Railway and Telegraph Co. The balance will be a collateral mortgage secured by different kinds of bonds. The bonds are to be held by the Union Pacific Company until they are sold. This bond issue is not, therefore, likely to stand in the way of an upward movement in the shares, and it should not be forgotten that Union Pacifics are within a point or two of the lowest level touched even during the worst of recent scares. While other stocks will undoubtedly participate in the upward movement, I give you, my dear Ben, as the stocks most likely to move sharply, in the event of any "Bull" movement, Milwaukees, Louisville, Atchison Incomes, and Union Pacifics.

Transvaal *v.* Mashonaland.

A Voice from Johannesburg.

I have received a somewhat lengthy but withal most interesting disquisition from "A Transvaal Miner" on South African Mining, with special reference to Lord Randolph Churchill's visit to Mashonaland, from which I place herewith some copious extracts before my readers. The writer's opinion, as a competent mining engineer, with a large local experience, is backed by the views of a well-known expert in the Transvaal, and is entitled to every

respect. As to Mashonaland I should not like to commit myself to any view as to what mineral wealth may or may not be discovered in such an unexplored country; but the auriferous nature of the Transvaal is a well-established fact, and it is evident that the British investor or speculator has gone from one extreme to the other, and after purchasing Witwatersrand mining shares at a fabulous price (in the teeth of my emphatic warnings) is now throwing away such shares at panic prices, and showing an absolute misapprehension of the position. This is how my correspondent opens his remarks:—

The dispassionate investigator into the present position of actual (or Transvaal) South African mining, as apart from the imaginative schemes connected with Mashonaland and its neighbourhood, would feel disposed, after a few weeks' residence in Johannesburg, to doubt that the British investor was inefficiently interested in Transvaal, or legitimate South African, mining, to care very much whether he were or were not told the truth, or anything else, about it. The Rand goldfields are at this moment putting out more gold than any other district in the world; the yield has risen from 230,000 oz. for 1888, to, roughly, 500,000 oz. for 1890, and it is now established, beyond all possibility of cavil, that the extent and capabilties of this district are simply enormous, even as judged by the standard of the Californian or Australian gold regions. And yet what do we find? Of the fifty and more Companies now producing, and paying their way out of output, the great majority are practically held and managed by either South African people or German and French houses. The leading financial firms here are German, and the English or London element is throughout chiefly discoverable in the lower lines. One fact has been noticeable for some time past; mines have been obliged to either pay their way out of output or shut down. It has been almost an impossibility to raise funds for any property, however promising, unable to immediately pay its way. The fact that the fields, handicapped as they have been by a collapsing boom, and left to the mercy of inexperienced local boards, and, in many cases, utterly incompetent management, should yet have blundered along from a monthly output, in January, 1888, of 11,000 oz. to 56,000 oz. for April, 1891, is as absolute a guarantee of the solidity of the district, as the fact of its having been left to itself to do it, is discreditable to the vaunted perspicuity and energy of the British investor.

The British investor dropped these fields like the typical hot potato (he having been the chief person responsible for the overwarming of the article, and consequent burnings of fingers) two years since, and the district has had to settle down and work its fate out on its own merits unaided. It has not grumbled at having to do so, and it does not grumble at its results, but what has come on it as a certainly bewildering surprise has been to see the record of its work during these two years practically ignored in England. This work has afforded absolute proof of the title of the Transvaal to rank as one of the exceptional mining countries in the world. Two years' work of any kind would only practically scratch its extent and richness, and yet the capital required to definitely exploit and start it is now apparently to be poured past it into—Mashonaland! I have no desire to make this letter more frivolous than is necessary, to invest technical mining matters with the lightness required to attract popular attention, or I might be tempted to ask if the relative position of the Transvaal, with its record of struggles and results, to Mashonaland, with its introduction to notice through home ducal boards and travelling ducal offspring is not somewhat of the nature of the impossible rivalry between an accomplished prima donna and a totally unknown and untrained aristocratic protégée? To return to realities: is it in the power of any person conversant with the facts and chances of South African mining to give one legitimate reason why British capital should be diverted into Mashonaland on a perfectly unproved promise of returns, while this country, with its daily increasing and tangible evidences of richness, is practically neglected? The visit of Lord Randolph Churchill to Mashonaland, and the consequent, if unintentional, advertisement of that part of Africa likely to result from it, is so fraught with danger to the real progress of South African mining, through the further set-back it threatens to the Transvaal, that it is necessary that an emphatic announcement of the real state of things, both here and in Mashonaland, should be given. It would show most plainly that the only answer possible to the question, Why should British capital pass over the Transvaal in favour of Mashonaland? is that the true present position of Transvaal mining is absolutely unknown to the English investingpublic?

The writer then goes on to give the following résumé of the present position in the Transvaal, especially as regards the goldfields:—

To begin with the Rand district, as the leading mining industry in this country:—There are now some fifty or more "Main Reef" properties paying their way on a steadily increasing output which has already reached the amount of output of any other gold district in the world now working. The gold law of this country does not allow a claim holder to follow his reef down, as in some other countries, but gives title only to the amount of reef enclosed in the vertical lines of the claim boundaries. Most of the surface boundaries have therefore taken up a large area of ground, often several claims in width, in the direction of the dip of reef, and it may be taken that owing to the average length of property with average breadth covering reef, the life of the average "main reef," or top series of Rand properties cannot be put at less than fifteen or twenty years. The gold runs tolerably evenly throughout the length of reef. Owing, however, to the fact that these reefs are found to flatten out in depth considerably from the 65 deg., which is their average dip at surface, they are known to be discoverable, beyond the limits of the original properties, at a depth of not more than 500 ft. to 750 ft. When the nature of the dip of the Rand reefs first became apparent, a series of "deep-level" properties began to be secured, covering the ground alongside the top series of "main reef" mines. The "deep levels" are now taken up pretty well from end to end of these fields. They are mostly of great width, and, as said above, the reefs are now known to occur in them at a very moderate depth. Every shaft and drill-hole yet put down has confirmed this, and if copper-ore deep levels are made much of in America at a depth of over 2,000 feet, the establishment of the existence of gold reefs at less than 1,000 feet should certainly not seem to be lacking in importance. The average value of the top series reefs, moreover, now being milled, is 10 dwt., with an extra forty per cent. lost in tailings; the value of the reefs in the deep levels is proved by all the shafts and borings yet put down to be a matter of ounces and not pennyweights. The average value of the May-deep level reefs, a producing property, exceeds 3 oz. The ore from the Village Main reef (deep level of the City and Suburban) averages over 10 oz., and the diamond drill cores in other parts of the Rand show that the reefs brought up from these depths run from 3 oz. to 25 oz. per ton. Of this there is in every case one or two ounces of free gold, the balance being pyritous ore identical with that of California and Australia in nature, and amenable to the treatment there in vogue. We have, therefore, here a long length of properties of the top series, with a life before them of fifteen to twenty years, and a present and increasing monthly output of 56,000 oz.; and a secondary series of deep level mines, steadily coming to the front, of quite incalculable extent and richness. The average width of the top series is roughly 1,000 feet, and the additional value of such deep level properties as lie partly within this region should be at once apparent. How far these reefs extend over the large flat basin to the south, beyond even the present deep levels, cannot at present be even guessed at; that they do extend for a very considerable distance at a very moderate depth is more than probable, and the undeveloped possibilities of this district alone are therefore simply stupendous. When one adds the Barberton, Moodie, Komati, Zoutspansberg, Silati, Marico, and other districts, the poorest of which offers at least better chances than Mashonaland has yet shown signs of, one is really forced to wonder to what lengths the charms of the totally unknown can blind people.

My correspondent next refers to the other mineral riches of the Transvaal, commencing with the prospects of silver mining as follows:—

The silver deposits which occur about forty miles east and north-east of Johannesburg promise to be some day equally wonderful. The exact extent of this silver district is not yet exactly known; it appears, however, to be some twenty miles in breadth and to extend, perhaps, for sixty miles in a north-easterly and south-westerly direction. The principal ores are argentiferous, lead, copper, and iron ores, and already by simply bagging the argentiferous galena and shipping it home, the "Transvaal Silver Mines" are making a profit of over £17 a ton on all mining, freight, and smelting charges. It is certain that when the attention of mining men is turned to this district one of the largest silver mining industries in the world will spring up. A large number of properties have been secured and are being held, waiting the arrival of the capital bound sooner or later to be attracted to this district. The galena ores in some instances contain up to 400 oz. of silver to the ton, and their average, as so far known, is about 50 oz. on the surface, which compares very favourably with the western districts of America. Already one large set of smelting works is going up, which will certainly be the precursor of others. This is, in fact, a district which only requires capital to make it a large factor in the world's silver production.

While the exploration of Mashonaland may or may not prove it the promised land, I fully agree with my correspondent that Transvaal mining properties are now unduly neglected by the British capitalist. In defence of the latter it must, however, be said that he had every reason to withdraw his favour from a number of Transvaal mines which turned out swindles. But the rotten concerns have died a natural death, the fittest have survived, and there are now to be picked up mining shares, especially in connection with the Rand, which will at present low prices well repay the purchaser.

The Mining Market.

It is really time that the Mining Market should shake itself out of the state of intense depression into which it has fallen. Low-water mark seems to

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have been reached in many cases, and now is the time for the man with a little money, which he can easily spare, to put a few shares by in anticipation of that revival which cannot be far off. To begin with, the Witwatersrand Mines, on which my correspondent, "A Transvaal Miner," has waxed so eloquent, there are now to be picked up wonderful bargains in the shape of mines which have been under a momentary cloud, but are, with good management, working into a better position again. Amongst these, Jumpers at the absurdly low price of 1¾, Durban Roodepoort at 2¼, and May's Consolidated at 10s., deserve to be mentioned in the first line. Pigg's Peak is more of a gamble, but cheap at present prices. Geldenhuis might also come to the front again. The declarations of a 50 per cent. dividend on Ferreiras and of a dividend of 12½ per cent. for the last three months on Meyer & Charlton were favourable features. But special attention should be given to Oceana and Silati shares. A small block of the former, thrown upon the market at an inopportune moment has unduly depressed the quotation, which is sure to rebound again, when the shares have been absorbed. Some very important developments may, moreover, be expected in the near future, with a view to which two of the directors of the Oceana Company, Mr. Conybeare, M.P., and Mr. Henderson, left yesterday for South Africa. The washing of the alluvial gold on the Silati River property is to be carried out on a large scale, hydraulic machinery having been acquired in South Africa, which is forthwith to be erected. The expert, Mr. Pegler, will now have arrived on the property in order to make the necessary preparations, and great results are looked forward to from the working of the immense alluvial gold deposits, the existence of which has been fully proved. From this source of income both the Oceana and Silati properties will benefit. I hear also of some important deal with some of the Oceana properties, which the two directors now on their way out will probably carry to a successful conclusion. The De Beers shareholders were somewhat disappointed by the declaration of a dividend of 10s. per share for the half-year without the much-coveted bonus. Advices may at any moment be received from the second pioneer expedition which has now reached the Great Gold Zone property, and at the present price of about 5s. 6d., these shares are one of the most promising speculative mining shares, which may be expected on the discovery of the rich reefs of which indications were found by the first expedition, to at once double and treble their price, apart from the benefit to be derived from the sub-Company, whose engineer is now on the property to select the location of the new Company's allotment. Advices from the Elmore Gold Company's mine are very promising, and any day may bring favourable news which would greatly enhance the value of these shares, at present quoted only 2s. Indian Mines are firmer. Mysore Gold are improving, and Goldfields of Mysore have advanced upon the announcement that the shareholders will receive as an interim dividend one Mysore share for every ten shares. A further distribution of one share each in both the Ooregum and Nundydroog Companies for every thirteen held in the Goldfields Company is also to be made. The remaining shares are to be retained by the Company for the present. Balaghat Mysore are also better, and as one of the cheapest Indian mining shares, Mysore Harnhalli, at 4s.-4s. 6d., deserve attention.

Australian Broken Hill.

The report and accounts of the Australian Broken Hill Consols, Limited, just issued, deal with the position of the Company only up to December 31, 1890, and, therefore, are ancient history. The following reference, however, is of interest:—

> Realisation of the extraordinarily rich ore shipped regularly as advised by telegram (which advices have been duly published), has placed the Company in a strong financial position. At present after payment of two interim dividends equalling 10 per cent. for the six months ending June 30, 1891, absorbing £50,000, and after having written off the whole of the development and general expenses up to December 31, 1890, previously referred to, all surplus arising from further realisations of ore in hand and in transit, together with all other future net profits, will be available for payment of dividends. In April last the East Broken Hill Consols, Limited, was successfully floated with a fully-subscribed working capital of £50,000. This Company purchased from us two blocks of land (Nos. 98 and 99) of 40 acres each for £10,000 in cash, and £440,000 in fully-paid shares of the new Company.

As a matter of fact, between January and June 479,000 oz. of silver were obtained from the working of block 96 alone, and although the last output showed a falling off, this is expected to be only temporary, as, according to the latest cables, "the rich veins below the 280 level west promises well for important developments." It will be remembered that the managing director at Broken Hill has repeatedly stated that this rich vein runs through all the five blocks originally owned by the Australian Broken Hill Consols, and, if further confirmation of its permanency were wanted, it is furnished by the opinions of the Australian papers. The *South Australian Register* of May 22 states that "the development of the rich vein at the 280-ft. level in the mine continues. Below the level in this incline splendid ore, going 9,000 oz. of silver per ton, has been struck. An intermediate drive west is now being put along the course of the vein, and there is no doubt that this wonderful ore will continue to a great depth. In the rich vein it is equally as strong as ever, and blocks of native and other forms of silver brought to the surface are magnificent." The *Adelaide Advertiser* of May 22 expresses a similar opinion. The *Silver Age* waxes quite enthusiastic over the "discovery of the remarkably rich vein in the Australian Broken Hill Consols." Under the circumstances, holders of shares in the Australian Broken Hill Consols need but have a little patience to see a further large output from their property, while once the East Broken Hill Mine begins to yield returns, the shares of that Company, and with them those of the parent Company, will be favourably affected. By the way, the *Australian Mining Standard* discusses my remarks on the Australian Broken Hill Consols at some length, suggesting that, "if the Consols have the veins of the Proprietary Company, then Block 14 and the British Broken Hill can hardly have them, unless, indeed, they take a most marvellous turn." This follows by no means. I am informed on the authority of experts that the Proprietary vein at Block 13 bifurcates, part running through Block 14 and the British Broken Hill Blocks, while the other and apparently far richer part, the Eastern vein runs through all the Five Consols' Blocks. On this and other matters bearing upon the position of the Company the Chairman will, however, no doubt be able to furnish interesting information at Monday's meeting, so as to bring the somewhat antiquated contents of the report up to date.

A Word with the Bell's Asbestos Board.

The directors of Bell's Asbestos Company have not heeded the warning, which I gave them last week, that should the dividend be postponed, or disappointing, they ought to make a straightforward announcement explaining the promising position of the Company. Instead of doing what was, under the circumstances, their plain duty to the shareholders, they merely published the declaration of an interim dividend of 2s. 6d. per share for the half year ended June 30, being at the rate of 5 per cent. It is understood that the reason of the small dividend is that, as I stated in the report of my interview with the managing director, Mr. Herbert A. Bell (Truth, June 18), the weather was unusually severe during the first months of the year, thus delaying mining operations. But, as Mr. Bell also told me that they would be able to complete their contracts for crude asbestos easily, this can have no bearing upon the working of the whole year. He gave me to understand that on present indications the Company should earn 25 per cent. and pay 20 per cent. dividend for the year. Under the circumstances, I consider that

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the directors are guilty of a gross neglect of duty in not accompanying the announcement of this small interim dividend with an explanation, and I now call upon them to repair this grave error at once. Their conduct in playing into the hands of the "Bears" will be interpreted in a very ugly manner by the many enemies of the Bell family, and prompt action alone can remedy the matter.

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various investors:—

W. L.—The decline in the barrelage of the St. Louis Breweries for June is, I am informed, an exceptional one, and owing to a cool month. There had been, as you will be aware, previously a considerable increase. Lager beer is consumed more largely in hot weather, and that they appear to be having now in St. Louis. You should hold your shares. *Tory Reader.*—These shares will recover again, but you might as well await a special opportunity for averaging. I will deal with the matter fully in a week or two, on the receipt of information which is promised me. *M. N.*—In your case, I should certainly invest outright, and not carry over. Amongt Home Rails you might invest in Midlands and Brighton A. The shares you mention will recover again, with patience. *Winkle.*—You should hold Caledonian Deferred now. There can hardly be any fall left in them. Also hold Hammonds. I do not care much for Reading shares, and would advise you to exchange into some of the American railway shares specially recommended by me. *Uncertain.*—I do not think there is anything in the rumours in question. As to the actual position, see remarks in my letter of to-day. *Clericus.*—See remarks in to-day's issue. *A Toronto Reader.*—1. I am not in favour of the Alkali Union, and have never recommended it. Sell if you can. 2. The Bank you mention is quite safe. No reason to sell. *Doherty.*—You will have seen my reply in last issue respecting Berthas and Doras. The former are the more promising of the two. The future of Araucos is good enough, but I should advise waiting to average until the civil war in Chili is over. *R. A. P.*—See remarks *re* Bell's Asbestos in to-day's issue. The directors ought to make a statement of the position. *C. N., Penzance.*—The Colonial Bank you name appears to be in a fair position, but I should prefer to invest in good securities to leaving money on deposit in that case. The two London banks named by you are equally safe. *Aldershot.*—The Company is a fair one of its kind, and the shares will probably recover again. *Yarra, Manchester.*—1. Although there seems to be no immediate danger with the conversion in question, I do not like the prospect much. 2. I do not think that the committee in question is making any headway. *W. C., Cheapside.*—You seem to be mistaken in the scope of my activity. I cannot recommend you a promoter for bringing out your invention, nor should I do so if I could. *Washburn.*—If you are a holder of the shares, I see no reason to sacrifice them; but if you wish to invest, you can do better in other securities. *Divi.*—1. They will recover. 2. The tide will turn soon. 3. Not at all improbable, but I have no absolute proof. 4. See remarks in to-day's issue. *F. C. G.*—Hold, but do not average yet. You will have seen the secretary's letter. You ought not to invest all your means in a speculative industrial Company. *Ensor.*—Hold, they will recover again, but do not average yet. *Ubique.*—Norfolk and Western Prefs. are a good investment, certain of their 3 per cent. cash dividend at present and with better prospects in the future. *E. G.*—It is difficult to understand the fall in Caledonian Deferred. They will recover again in time. *Reform.*—The Montana is a "pockety" mine, it is quite a toss-up with it. In any case, do not go in too heavily. I can give you no information respecting the other Company about which you inquire, but you seem to have some private source. I view the concern unfavourably. *Erskine.*—Pahang undertakings are discredited and the shares are difficult to negotiate. You had better stand off. *R. C.*—The last dividend on the Australian Broken Hill Consols was paid on July 1, and the chairman will, no doubt, give full particulars at the meeting. See also to-day's remarks. *Sykes.*—You were right to get out of Great Eastern when I told you. North British have probably some troubles to go through before they recover, but as you paid so high a price for them the best course would be to hold, particularly as you are prepared to wait. *Florist.*—I do not agree with you. See to-day's remarks. *T. H. P.*—I think the report just issued is quite conclusive as to the permanency. *Mathew.*—You should hold, the shares will recover. See also remarks of to-day. *Cape.*—I do not know anything of this Indian concern, and I certainly should prefer fixed deposit with any well known Bank. *S. M.*—Yes; this is a fairly good office, although I should prefer the Sun, the Scottish Widows' Fund, or the Provident Life Office. *K. I. M.*—1. I do not know anything of this Company, and cannot advise you. 2 and 3. Sell if you can. 4 and 5. I suppose the only course is to hold in the hope of a recovery. Your best course as to the mining shares Nos. 6, 7, 11, and 12 is to hold for the present, and await greater activity in the mining market. Sell 8. No. 9, the South American and Mexican Company, is doing well, as explained under "Various Investments." Sell 10 on an improvement.

Various Investments.

Amongst the various favourable dividend announcements is that of the Trustees and Executors Corporation of an interim dividend for the six months ending June 30 at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, being the maximum interim dividend which can be declared. The result of the working of the South American and Mexican Company during a year of exceptional depression in South American stocks is most satisfactory, a dividend of 5 per cent. being declared on the ordinary shares. This result is arrived at after carrying to the reserve fund the sum of £19,000 as depreciation on the capital account, and a further £11,000 to a fund for equalising dividends. I have received several inquiries from correspondents respecting the City of Buenos Ayres loans, and I would ask Dr. Plaza why the interest on these loans is left in default, without any attempt being made at an arrangement? The City of Buenos Ayres should be rich enough to satisfy her foreign creditors. I am glad to learn that satisfactory progress has been made with the scheme of reorganisation of the United States Rolling Stock Company. The committee notify that after the 20th inst. no more shares will be received as assenting to the scheme, excepting subject to the payment of a fine of 2s. 6d. per share. American Brewery shares have been a dull market. Yet there are many bargains to be picked up, some of the cheapest and most promising shares being St. Louis Breweries Ordinary and Preferred. I place herewith on record that the promoters of the unfortunate Bread Union, Frederick William Kotchie, E. Harrison Ainsworth, and Samuel Wickens, as well as some of the directors, were on Friday committed for trial on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the shareholders of the Bread Union. The meeting of shareholders of the Rock Investment Trust, held on Friday last, was a stormy one, and the motion recommending the adoption of the report was defeated, as well as a resolution that the Trust should be continued for another year. A poll was then proceeded with in an irregular manner by the Chairman. I should say that, in view of the refusal of the board to allow the Committee of Inquiry to fully investigate the position and investments of the Trust, both of which are extremely doubtful, the only course is to wind it up.—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

QUEER STORY.

A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

"I SAY Edgehill, old man, come out and do a constitutional," said Tom Jennings, entering the rooms of a friend in Clarges-street, Piccadilly. "It's such an awfully jolly day, doncherknow, that it's a downright sin to stay sweltering indoors."

Edgehill laid down the novel which he was reading, and, stretching himself, looked lazily up at his friend.

"All right, dear boy," he replied. "I don't mind if I do have a bit of a stroll. I feel rather cheap; and it will help to freshen me up for this evening. By-the-bye, Tom" (with a wink and a chuckle), "you'll be pleased to hear that the pretty Miss Selwood, whom you have so long adored, is going to be at Lady Northover's dinner-party to-night; so you'll have the opportunity of hobbing and nobbing with her."

"Is she though?" exclaimed Jennings, his face lighting up in a pleased smile. "That's good business. Who told you?"

"Lady Northover herself," Edgehill answered. "The school-girl is a jolly good sort, and it is a great pity that she is so strictly kept by that prudish old aunt of hers. Look here! Help yourself to a weed. I must just go and change my coat; but I won't keep you long."

He was as good as his word. In a few minutes he returned, duly got up for his promenade, and the two men set out together. Although they were such great friends, they formed a strong contrast to one another. Edgehill was nearer forty than thirty—having considerable experience of life, attended by that easy self-possession of manner which is its natural consequence. He was blessed, moreover, with a keen sense of humour, and was for ever playing practical jokes, purely of a good-natured sort, upon his numerous friends. In all these particulars Tom Jennings was his diametrical opposite. Having scarcely emerged from the state of legal infancy, he knew precious little of the world, and

was at least as shy and self-conscious in society as most youths of his age. And further, the sense of humour which was so conspicuous in Edgehill, was in Tom only conspicuous by its absence; for in utter incapability to see a joke, he was a veritable rival of Caledonia's children. But he had plenty of good qualities, and in spite of this failing was generally liked by those who knew him.

The two men strolled westward down Piccadilly, at a leisurely pace, and, entering the Park, bent their steps along the side of Rotten-row. Tom was engaged in watching the equestrians, who were out this afternoon in some numbers, when his friend nudged him, and called his attention to two ladies walking just in front.

"Do you know who they are?" he inquired, with a chuckle. The other looked quickly in the direction indicated, and at once recognised the two ladies, although they had their backs turned to him. His admiring eyes had watched Ethel Selwood's figure much too often to make it likely that he should be mistaken in her; while as for her aunt—that veteran dame's habit of attiring her by no means slender person in the close-fitting garb of an evergreen girlhood, made her particularly easy to distinguish. Indeed, her ridiculous assumption of the airs of youth was a standing joke among all her acquaintances; and the tremendous prudery, by which she would try to counterfeit girlish innocence, was certainly not the least laughable of these silly affectations.

On this occasion, she was being followed by her two fat, overfed, little pugs, whose obese bodies and waddling gait made them look not much unlike miniature imitations of their mistress.

While Tom was engaged in watching them—the ladies, not the dogs—Edgehill stooped down, and, with an amused smile, picked up something which he saw lying on the gravel at his feet. It was a small leathern strap, about eighteen inches long, covered on the inside with red flannel. Any girl would have known what it was at a glance, and so would most men. But Tom, whose knowledge about ladies' wardrobe appliances was very limited, innocently said to his friend, "Hulloa! What's that?"

"Don't you know?" asked Edgehill, darting a quick glance at his friend's face, to see if he were really as ignorant on the point as his words suggested.

"No," replied Tom, taking the article from the other's hand, and inspecting it critically. "Unless," he added, after a pause, "it's a dog-collar. It looks rather like it."

If he had been watching Edgehill's face, he would have seen the flickerings of a suppressed grin about his mouth and a mischievous twinkle in his eye, which might have put him on his guard. But unluckily for himself, he was not, and so the tokens escaped him. The truth was, a splendid notion of hoaxing Tom had been suggested to him by the latter's remark anent the dog-collar; and really the joke promised to be so very splendid, that he could not resist the temptation of putting it into effect.

"You're quite right, old boy," he said, with well-assumed gravity. "It *is* a dog-collar—probably belongs to some lady's pampered pet. They often line them with flannel, you know, to prevent their galling the tender little brutes' necks. . . . I say, by Jove!" (appearing to notice the two pugs in front, now for the first time). "It has evidently been dropped by one of those waddling little specimens that are following Miss Selwood and her aunt. . . . Here's your chance, Tom, of making a favourable impression on the old lady—(a most necessary preliminary to success with her niece)—by restoring to her her lost property!"

"Shall I, by jingo?" exclaimed Jennings, eagerly jumping at the idea, and quite unsuspicious of humbug.

"Well, common civility demands that one or other of us should do so," his friend replied, with decision. "If you feel shy about it, of course I'll perform the act of restoration."

"Oh, I'll do it, right enough," rejoined Tom, hastily, resenting, as Edgehill had intended he should, the bare suggestion of shyness; and while he spoke, he drew himself up to his full height, to show off the set of his coat to the best advantage, "shot" his linen, and hurried after the two ladies with the little leather strap in his hand.

He soon overtook them, and politely taking off his hat, held out the "dog-collar" to the elder lady, saying, with the most engaging expression, both of tone and countenance:—

"I beg your pardon, but I think you must have dropped this."

The lady addressed quickly turned her head towards him, with the preliminaries of an affable simper apparent upon her face; but as her eyes fell on the flannel-lined strap, her expression suddenly changed into one of anger, indignation, and outraged modesty, and she exclaimed, with a withering, freezing intonation, which might have made the most thick-skinned, self-possessed man in the world feel himself hopelessly crushed,

"No, sir. It does *not* belong to us."

Then drawing herself up to something more than her full height, and uttering a sharp "Come along, Ethel" to her niece, she whisked round and walked rapidly on, leaving poor Tom in a state of open-mouthed wonder, and not a little indignant at the manner in which his innocent civility had been received.

It did not serve to soothe his wounded feelings, when he turned round and saw Edgehill, who had viewed the above little scene with the keenest relish and most huge enjoyment, leaning against the railings and pressing his hands to his sides, as if he feared being shaken in pieces by his convulsing laughter. Now, for the first time, Tom began to suspect that he had been hoaxed, and, approaching his friend, he said, angrily, "What *is* the matter, Edgehill? I fail to understand the joke!" The other's only answer was, to roll off into still more violent peals of laughter, until the tears literally ran down his cheeks.

"What *are* you laughing at?" repeated Tom, with increased annoyance. "There must be something funny, I suppose. But I'm hanged if I can see what."

"Oh, dear, dear!" gasped Edgehill, chokingly, as soon as he was able to articulate. "The old lady's face, when she answered you! Quite the most ludicrous thing I ever set eyes upon."

And he went off again into fresh peals of laughter at the recollection of it.

"Well, Edgehill," retorted Tom, very crossly, "You may think it funny, if you like, that she should have been so abominably rude and uncivil. But, damn me if I can see what there is to laugh at in such behaviour. Even if the collar wasn't hers, that's no reason ——"

"The collar! the *collar*!" broke in Edgehill, shakily. "Bless my soul, Tom, how refreshingly innocent you are! *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, old fellow. *Now*, don't you twig?"

"Not in the least," replied Tom, with sulky stiffness. "Nor do I understand what bearing your confounded French has upon the matter."

"'Pon my life, you're a real male Miranda in your simplicity," ejaculated the other, raising his hands in a bantering gesture of surprise. "Don't you know of what Order my French quotation is the motto? Oh, Tom, Tom, that's not a dog-collar which you hold in your hand; it's a—lady's garter!"

Even before he had been apprised of the truth, Tom's face had not worn a particularly amiable look. But now an accession of real anger, with which was blended intense mortification, made itself apparent in his lowering brow, his flashing eye, and quivering lip. He was, as we have said, an exceedingly bashful young man, and, therefore, magnified the enormity of his mistake quite unduly; and, having no sense of humour, the comic aspect of the affair was too entirely lost upon him to serve as any mitigation. Besides—worse than all!—he had committed this dreadful *gaucherie* in the presence of the very young lady whose good opinion he was especially anxious to command. If he had looked at Miss Ethel, indeed, instead of at her aunt, the expression of her face might have reassured him not a little; for the twinkle in her eye only bespoke amusement, and she had to bite her lip to avoid breaking into a palpable laugh. But, after being so crushingly and unexpectedly repulsed by the elder woman, he had been too much overcome to meet the

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younger's eye, and had retired in bashful and precipitate confusion.

"All I can say is, Edgehill," exclaimed Tom, his voice quivering with reproachful indignation, "that you have served me a damned shabby and unfriendly trick. And I'd never have thought it of you."

Seeing that his friend was really hurt—indeed, he was as near crying with mortification as a man worthy of the name could well be—Edgehill stopped laughing, and began to console him. But poor Tom was much too sore to be easily appeased, and it took all the other's most persuasive arguments to prevent his walking off in a huff then and there.

"Look here, Tom," he said, after uttering a string of profuse, and by no means insincere, apologies. "Don't take it so frightfully to heart, old fellow. If Ethel Selwood has any sense—and, by all accounts, she has plenty—she'll never think at all the worse of you for this. Why, I was watching her face when you offered her aunt the garter, and I could see that she was intensely amused by the joke of the thing. Bless you, Tom, she laughs at the old lady's absurd foibles and pruderies just as much as any of us do."

"That's all very well," rejoined Tom, sulkily. "But even if Miss Selwood isn't offended, I've dished myself hopelessly with her aunt. And you know, as well as I do, that if *she's* set against a fellow, his chances of making play with Ethel are at a tremendous discount. Aren't they now?"

"Well, supposing they are," Edgehill replied, lightly. "We can easily mollify the old lady."

"I should like to know how, very much," growled the other, his ill-humour and vexation by no means dissipated. "With a reasonable sort of woman it might, perhaps, be managed. But with *her*—why, it's as good as impossible!"

Edgehill leaned against the railings which separate the riding part of "The Row" from the footway, and puffed his cigar for some minutes in silence. Seeing how really Tom was hurt, and being, moreover, a right good-hearted fellow, he was genuinely anxious to make up for what he had done, and to devise some practical method of mollifying the old lady and restoring his friend to her good graces. This was what he was endeavouring to think out now, as he smoked in silence. Nor was it long (for no fellow ever had a much readier aptitude for grasping the potentialities of a situation on the spur of the moment) before he had hit upon a plan.

"Look here, Tom," he exclaimed, bringing his hand sharply down upon his thigh. "If I turn this garter episode to such account, that I not only restore you to the aunt's favour, but actually gain you a higher place there than you ever occupied before, will you forgive me, then?"

"Of course, I will," replied the other, less sulkily, "if you can do it. But how will you manage it, pray?"

"The first thing to do," Edgehill answered, strolling across the walk, and dropping into a seat on the other side, "is to take up our position here until Miss Selwood and her aunt return."

"But supposing they don't come back this way," objected Tom.

"I think they probably will do so," was the rejoinder, "as it is much their shortest route home. But if they do not, I shall have to defer my work of pacification until I meet them at Lady Northover's this evening. At any rate, it can do no harm to wait here a bit, and see if they *are* coming back. It's a nice, warm day, and we can comfortably enjoy our cigars *al fresco*."

"Very well," said Tom, taking a seat beside his friend. "But look here, Edgehill, when they do come back—or, rather, *if* they do—how shall you set about your job?"

"You'll see," answered the other, in an enigmatic tone of voice. "But, I say, just hand us that—that dog-collar—will you!"

Tom hesitated, and looked at his friend's face rather suspiciously. After the trick which had been played upon him, he was naturally disposed to sniff mischief.

"Promise me," he said, "that you mean me all fair and square, Edgehill, and that you are not going to make me the victim of another confounded practical joke."

"Honour bright, Tom," the other returned, leaning forward, and taking the garter from his friend's hand. "I say" (stretching it to its full extent, and contemplating it critically), "how long should you think this charming article is?"

"Eighteen inches—more or less," answered Tom, after a brief ocular measurement. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I have a reason—an excellent reason," was the rejoinder, "which you'll understand by-and-by."

And although Tom pressed him vigorously to explain the reason at once, he steadily refused to do so, saying, that as he had undertaken to pacify Ethel Selwood's aunt, he must be allowed to do so entirely in his own way. Seeing, therefore, that Edgehill's mind was quite made up on the point, Tom at length desisted, and finished his cigar in silence, turning, however, many stealthy glances upon his friend's face, and vainly trying to read his purpose through the stolid, imperturbable expression which that gentleman had assumed for the occasion.

They sat like this for about half-an-hour, and Tom was on the point of remarking that it would be useless to wait there any longer, when, casting his eye once more along the promenade, he saw, with a sudden flutter of excitement, the figures of Ethel Selwood and her aunt approaching them in the distance.

"By jove, Edgehill," he exclaimed, grasping his friend's arm, "here they are! coming back again, after all."

The other glanced quickly in the direction from which the two ladies were approaching, to make sure that his friend was right. And having satisfied himself on this head, he rose from his seat, and said to him, suddenly,

"Tom, swear that you'll keep your countenance whatever I do or say!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Jennings, in some perplexity.

"I mean," replied his friend, with warning emphasis, "that if you indulge in so much as the ghost of a smile, you'll dish the whole affair utterly!"

Then muttering to himself, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Now may all the powers of impudence assist me!" he walked boldly across towards Miss Selwood and her aunt, and planting himself right in front of the latter, politely took off his hat.

Tom watched him with interest and anxiety. He saw the old lady bow to Edgehill very stiffly, and scowl in an ominous manner at the garter which he held in his hand. Then after a minute, the expression of her face suddenly underwent an entire change—an affable simper took the place of the rigid scowl, and beckoning to Tom to approach her, she gave him her hand, saying in the most amiable and apologetic tones imaginable,

"I do hope you'll forgive me, Mr. Jennings, for the manner in which I behaved to you just now. I was acting under a wholly mistaken impression, for which I cannot sufficiently express my regret!"

No less pleased than mystified by this marvellous change in her demeanour, Tom replied that it was all his fault, and that no apology was necessary. And a minute later he found himself strolling along by Ethel Selwood's side—Edgehill walking on in front with the aunt, and delighting her immensely by carrying on a spirited flirtation with her.

When Tom and Miss Selwood had loitered far enough behind to be out of ear-shot of the other two, the young lady turned to him, suddenly, and giving him an arch look said, in a voice of playful reproach:—

"Really, Mr. Jennings, it was too bad of you and Mr. Edgehill to play upon poor aunty's vanity by that dreadful fib."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Tom, eagerly. "What did Edgehill say? Do tell me."

"Ah, of course, you don't know," replied Miss Ethel, with smiling sarcasm. "Your mistake" (very satirically) "was a most ingenious one, I must admit."

"On my word of honour, Miss Selwood," cried Tom, concluding that Edgehill had given the true explanation

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of his *gaucherie*, "I thought the—the—article was a dog's collar—I did really, now!"

For a minute she looked hopelessly mystified. Then a light dawned on her, and she burst into a rippling, silvery laugh.

"Do you really mean," she ejaculated, "that you thought it belonged to one of aunty's pugs?"

"I swear I did—solemnly," answered Tom, with convincing emphasis.

"And you don't know the fib by which Mr. Edgehill pacified her?" questioned Miss Ethel, darting at him a searching look.

"Honour bright, I haven't the least idea!" Tom replied, meeting her gaze without flinching.

"Then I suppose I must tell you," she said. "It was too bad of Mr. Edgehill, and I wonder how he had the face to do it so unblushingly. But by the way in which he spoke of the—the—article (as you call it), he gave auntie to suppose that both you and he were quite under the impression that it was—*her waistband!*"

ART NOTES.

BEFORE there has been time for the jaded picture-viewer to recover from his surfeit of portraits at Burlington House, an exhibition devoted to portraits and nothing else has been opened at the Galleries of the Royal Institute in Piccadilly. A "Society of Portrait Painters" has, in fact, come into corporate being, and, with the ill-advised and aggressive precocity of modern æstheticism, has hastened to make known its existence in the usual manner. The result is a hurriedly-collected and badly-hung agglomeration of what I may call impersonative atoms, consisting of 258 portraits, in every conceivable style, of "all sorts and conditions of men"—and, for that matter, of all sorts and conditions of women and children also—five-sixths of whom one has never heard of, and most assuredly never wants to see.

Now, I am very much afraid that this increasing prevalence of portraiture is one of the signs of an ultra advertising age. Artists and sitters alike seem enamoured of it; and for an obvious reason, since, like mercy, it is twice blessed—it blesseth him that "sits" and him that "takes." The artist pockets his big fee, and his patrons get the publicity for which they crave. No wonder, then, that short as the time at its disposal has been, the Society of Portrait Painters has managed to cover the walls of the Royal Institute. And the pity of it is that this kind of thing is likely to go on until the so-called Art Exhibitions become more and more organisations for the glorification of nonentities and the apotheosization of snobs. Portraiture, which already swamps the Academy, will pervade every exhibition; and the walls of our Art Galleries will be, in effect, transformed into hoardings for the display of social advertisements and pictorial puffs.

Many of the canvases now at the Royal Institute have been seen before; such as the much-debated, and, as I think, unsatisfactory portrait of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Hubert Herkomer's well-known and masterly portrait of Miss Katherine Grant, and Mr. Whistler's famous "Arrangement in Grey and Black," which, by the way, it would seem Mr. Charles A. Furse must have had in his mind's eye when he painted Miss Bruce. Of the works which are new to Londoners there is none more striking than M. Bonnat's strongly painted portrait of Alexandre Dumas *fils*, a small, intensely real picture, which is worth any number of the pretentious and sprawling portraits which too many of our fashionable painters turn out literally by the acre. Having invited a painter of the ability of M. Carolus Duran to exhibit, the S.P.P. committee might surely have had the courtesy to hang that artist's delightful portrait of his daughter, an exquisite harmony in grey and silver, in some place where it would not be killed by the juxtaposition of crude and overwhelming colour. Instead of that, however, they have hung it next to Mr. Llewellyn's portrait in pastels of a lady in the most aggressively green silk gown. The many admirers of Mrs. Louise Jopling will not fail to notice her group of exhibits, including a capital portrait of Miss Ellen Terry. Nor need I direct attention to such daring works as Signor Boldini's portrait of a black-stockinged little girl, and Mr. Arthur Melville's "harmony in black and tan," depicting a young lady in black velvet guarded by a collie dog. Such portraits as these cannot but arrest attention by their audacity.

MUSIC.

THE decision in the matter of *petits droits*, sought to be imposed by French publishers and their agents upon those who perform certain minor French musical pieces, which until the signing of the Berne Convention they were entitled to play without fee, was given by a strong Court of Appeal on Friday; and the French protectionists were beaten with almost laughable alacrity. The judges did not even ask to hear the arguments which Mr. Cutler, Q.C., (author of the book on "Musical Copyright") was prepared to advance on the other side; and, after listening to Mr. Asquith's statements on behalf of Mr. Moul and his friends, they at once dismissed the appeal of the French monopolists. Indeed, unless the plain words of the Act of Parliament could be distorted to mean something totally different from the object for which the clause was expressly framed, it is difficult to understand how the judgment could possibly have been the other way. The members of the French Society of Authors, Composers, and Music Publishers have thus thrice been beaten upon the challenge which Mr. Groenings, of Brighton, so pluckily offered them, and they so lightly accepted, and a costly appeal to the House of Lords will thus hardly be attempted. I have so frequently referred to the matter in TRUTH, and have so often pointed out how hopeless was the French case, that there is no need again to give details. But the warning is nevertheless necessary that it would be easy to exaggerate the effect of the judgment. The Order in Council, of November, 1887, was a sharp knife which divided two sets of copyrights. All that the judges have now decided is that the conductor who had spent time and money in training his band or choir, the artist or *entrepreneur* who had previously performed, or the publisher who had printed and published, foreign music (whether songs, brass-band or organ pieces, operas or oratorios), which down to November, 1887, were non-copyright, and in which he accordingly had a valuable interest, shall not be deprived of his property and labour. As against all the rest of the world there is still a strict copyright, and the warning should be emphasised that (except as to musical works performed or published in England before November, 1887), no one can now perform the vast majority even of trivial French musical pieces without paying a fee by way of *petits droits*. The inevitable result of these *petits droits* will, I believe, be that artists and concert-givers will prefer English or German music, which can be performed gratis.

The absurd outburst of French patriotism in regard to the State performance at the Royal Italian Opera has resulted in the withdrawal from the programme by Mr. Harris of the names of all the French members of his troupe. A sensible nation, such as the French undoubtedly are until they are carried away by sentiment, will hardly be proud of a piece of folly which has resulted in pretty tangible proof that we can get along very well without the assistance of Parisian operatic vocalists. At the same time, no blame can possibly attach to M. Lassalle, M. Maurel, and their colleagues. Those eminent artists had no fears whatever for the terrible vengeance awaiting them if they bowed to the Royal box, or the ignominy with which they would be covered if they listened to the strains of the "Rhine Watch" or

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKEY. "The Cream of old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whiskey. Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's LL Whiskey. The Prize Medal, Dublin, 1865.

the "Kaisermarsch"—melodies, indeed, of which anybody who happens to be in London this week can hardly help hearing quite enough. MM. Lassalle and Maurel were, in fact, perfectly ready to fulfil their engagements at the Opera; but one of the French papers threatened them with a pelting of "roasted apples" on their return, and Mr. Harris, not willing to subject his singers to insults from a mob, struck their names out of the programme. Henceforward, I suppose, before the curtain rises on any performance at the Royal Italian Opera, some sort of Fifth of November search will be made by beefeaters and police, to discover whether any German gentleman has by any chance been able to purchase a seat. Frenchmen, however, are not generally fools, and they can hardly suppose that William II. will relinquish Alsace and Lorraine even for the pleasure of listening to M. Lassalle and M. Maurel.

M. Jean de Reszke, now entirely restored to health, reappeared at the opera on Saturday in the "champion cast" of "Carmen," which was for once given in French, except when some minor member of the company occasionally, and from old habit, lapsed into Italian. The performance was a superlatively good one, as indeed might be expected when Jean de Reszke was Don José, Lassalle (who has now thrown aside his gloom, and plays the part in a light and almost festive manner) was the Toreador; Miss de Lussan, Carmen; and Madame Melba, Michaela. It is, indeed, hardly likely that the present generation will hear Bizet's operatic masterpiece under more favourable conditions. Another capital rendering was given on the previous evening of Beethoven's "Fidelio," particularly on the part of the orchestra, under Mr. Randegger, and of M. Plançon, who is the best Rocco we have had for many years. Madame Tavary was a most artistic representative of the faithful wife Leonora, a character which for a long while was held sacred to the memory of Teresa Titiens. The stalls apparently could not make much of Beethoven's music; but in the gallery and amphitheatre, where middle-class music-lovers were present in force, it was obvious that the performance was keenly enjoyed.

The long-expected production of "Otello" will come off towards the end of the present week. A revival a few days hence is also promised of "Aïda," for which Madame Nordica will be added to the troupe. The "Flying Dutchman" will probably be given next week, and during the following week the season will come to an end. The prospects of the production of "The Light of Asia," therefore, seem not a little doubtful.

The justice of Carlyle's aphorism is, I think, exemplified by the fact that somebody on Saturday paid a ticket speculator twenty-four guineas for two stalls for the "Command" performance at the opera. It is, however, only fair to state that the reason why stalls are so scarce, and consequently so dear, is that Mr. Augustus Harris has loyally given the first option of purchase to his subscribers at the moderate figure of six guineas a seat.

The native African choir who have for some time past been giving semi-private performances in London appeared for the first time in public at Prince's Hall on Thursday last week. The native style, of which in their composition and performances there are frequent indications, appears to have become considerably modified by contact with civilisation, and thus the music is of a somewhat mixed character. The programme was, however, extremely interesting, particularly as to a religious song written by a native musician, a wedding scene, and a comic ditty and chorus about a "Big Baboon." The vocalists, fifteen in all, read music upon the tonic-sol-fa system, and it is evident they have been very carefully trained.

M. Stojowski, a young Pole, who has studied at the Paris Conservatoire, is the latest addition to the list of the season's pianists, although why he should have delayed his début till the month of July is not easily to be understood. He adopted the usual programme, that is to say, a Beethoven sonata (this time the seldom-heard work in F, Op. 54, which, by general consent, is held to be one of the feeblest examples of Beethoven's "Third Period,") a fugue by Bach, which he played admirably, a selection from Chopin and Liszt, Schumann's "Symphonic Studies," and some minor pieces of his own. M. Stojowski is a sound pianist, but wants a lighter touch, a little more animation, and better sense than to make his first appearance on the dawn of the dog-days.

At the Richter concert on Monday, Miss Clémentine de Vere, a French soprano, who has gained success in America, where she has sung with Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Santley, made a successful début. Mr. Kuhe and MM. Wolff and Hollman have given benefit concerts at private houses, and about thirty other ladies and gentlemen have announced concerts of various sorts. The concert lists are, however, now dwindling down very rapidly, for the musical season is practically moribund. It is, indeed, a remarkable sign of the times that, at any rate, one concert agent will not now even go to the trifling expense of printing tickets, merely type-writing or pen-writing across a card, "Admit two to stalls."

Nothing has, I believe, yet been decided in regard to the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. But that the concerts will take place next month, either under the direction of Mr. Harris or of a sub-lessee, is most probable.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—What a week we are having, we Londoners. The German Emperor is, of course, the Man of the Hour, the Empress playing Moon to his Sunship. I may have something to record next week about this famous visit. To-day's wedding is the first event on the week's list of functions. I do wish these great people would not be married on a Monday. It prevents my being able to give you a full, true, and particular account of the proceedings. I shall, however, leave this open to the last minute, in order to send you any small details that you will not be likely to find in the accounts in the dailies.

I have already told you all about the bride's dress, as well as her going-away attire. The bridesmaids' gowns we saw at Miss Metcalfe's since I wrote you last. They are happily combined of white satin, guipure in Venetian point design, and crêpe-de-Chine, the latter being festooned upon the train with silver bows. The low bodices and short sleeves are in crêpe and guipure, trimmed with silver passementerie and dainty little silver tassels. A silver girdle finishes each bodice at the waist, the long ends falling low in front. The head-gear consists of two ostrich tips, an aigrette, a loop of silver ribbon, and a diamond pin.

I have just enjoyed a small private view of some of the lovely English brocades and silks that Rodgers & Denyer, of Windsor, have had woven at Spitalfields for the Royal family. One of them, a beautiful brocade, in tones of lichen-green and palest vieux rose, has been manufactured by the express order of the Queen. The texture is beautiful. Princess Christian has herself designed the silver brocade to be worn by her at her garden-party on Wednesday (the day you will be reading this). The tint of the ground is in the loveliest possible shade of palest, vaguest heliotrope, with the design in still paler silk and silver, representing the rose, shamrock, and thistle. As the silver threads catch the light, the play of the bright gleams gives full effect to the national floral emblems.

Of three pieces woven for the bride of this week, one is a very pretty pale yellow satin brocade, with a design of roses, with white petals. Another, in sky-blue, shows a pattern of field daisies. The third is a lovely shot silk, pearl-colour, and palest blue.

Some of Princess Christian's silver wedding presents were on view at the Royal School of Art Needlework on Saturday, and quite a crowd of fashionable folk assembled to see them. The large quilt is a very beautiful piece of work, when seen as a whole. We saw only a small piece

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of it before, under the hands of the embroiderers. The shade of yellow satin is rich without being pronounced, and the effect of the shield and cross, with the Princess's initial letter H in the centre, on white satin, is excellent. The flowers are conventionalised roses in lovely tones of pale pink, with grey-green foliage. This is presented by the Associates. The members and workers of the school give a beautiful cushion, exactly matching the quilt, and, like it, bordered with a little puffing of the satin stuffed with finest eider-down. A double frill of satin lies under this puffing. A beautiful casket of some light, polished wood has been prepared by the Artists' Guild to hold the silver wedding address to the Royal President of the School. It is decorated in burnt-wood work in a design of Maltese crosses, and has the date of the Princess's wedding, 1866, at one side, and of the present year at the other. In the centre the letter "H" holds a Royal Princess's coronet. Inscribed in graceful, curving lines at the lower corners are the words, from Proverbs xxxi., "Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

A sweet little casket, covered in pink satin and embroidered in pearls, is to be presented to Princess Louise as a wedding gift, in addition to the lovely screen I told you of some weeks ago.

A very beautiful copy of the Bible and Prayer-book, presented to Queen Elizabeth in 1584, has been executed for the Committee of the School as a silver wedding present for Princess Christian. The date of the original copy, now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is 1640, and the present volume is an exact reproduction of it. A beautifully embroidered cover is being prepared for it.

What a charm is erect carriage in a girl! We went to see the performances of Miss Chreiman's pupils at their "At Home" last week, and found a great crowd assembled in the Portman Rooms, with a percentage of about one man to every hundred women. We greatly admired the beautiful figures and fine carriage of the girls—especially of the teachers, who have grown up under all the advantages of physical culture.

What woman was it who said, "With good eyes, fine hair, and erect carriage, any girl is irresistible." The last is hardly reckoned at its true value, however, by the mothers of to-day. It is not only beautiful, but wonderfully beneficial to the health. The exercises were very pretty, especially those done with "double expanders," in which the arms have great play. A graceful little girl of six or seven, dressed all in white, was particularly admired by the audience, and received a special round of applause all to herself; but she was quite unconscious of it, which greatly added to her charm.

What thirsty weather this is! We invented a new drink the other day. To a quart of home-made lemonade we added the juice of 2 lb. of ripe strawberries, extracted by allowing them to lie for twenty-four hours covered closely with moist sugar. We had the strawberry-lemonade brought to table in one of Mortlock's claret jugs, with outside receptacle for ice, and with half-a-dozen very ripe, red strawberries floating in the liquid. Every one voted it delicious. I have previously given you our very simple recipe for home-made lemonade.

I often wonder at the recklessness with which people put ice into their drinks. Where does the ice come from? It would horrify many of these careless people if they only knew. Much of it, of course, is pure enough, but a still greater quantity is far from being so. Beautiful and tempting as it looks, it is full of danger, and yet people who would not drink a drop of unfiltered water help themselves freely from the ice-barrel and put pieces even into their wine, which, apart from sanitary reasons, is an atrocity. I could write pages on the misuse of ice, but for the present will content myself with warning you never to put it *into* anything; nor must you lay any food directly upon it. Ice steals away flavours, absorbing them in the greediest possible manner. One often sees fish lying on ice in the shops, and wonders how little people sometimes seem to know of their own business.

I fancy you will approve of this way of preparing ducks:—

Cut off the wings of a couple of cold roast ducks with a large piece of the breast attached, flatten them gently, take off the skin, and lard them with narrow strips of bacon. Now remove the legs, take out the upper bone, and fill the space with forcemeat (the remainder of the ducks, if not eaten while hot, may be cut into slices and used with a good salad). Put the bones of the ducks, and any other trimmings of poultry, into a stew-pan with two onions, a cluster of sweet herbs, a blade of mace, a bay-leaf, one small carrot, pepper and salt to taste, and a pint of good stock; let all simmer for an hour. Fry the wings and legs a nice golden colour in a pan of boiling fresh lard. Strain the gravy into a clean stew-pan, thicken it, then lay in the fried joints, and let the whole just come to a boil. Serve on a hot dish accompanied by this vegetable:—Peel very thinly a bunch of spring turnips, and boil till just tender. Then strain them carefully from the water, and put them into a clean enamelled saucepan with a gill of cream, a lump of butter, a dust of pepper, and a sprinkle of salt. Stir gently till thoroughly heated, but do not let this boil, as the cream is apt to turn.

These strawberry sandwiches are quite delicious:—

Cut a Madeira cake into small, square slices half an inch in thickness, trim off the crust, moisten the pieces with a little good cream, and fry them slowly till they are a nice light-brown colour. While they are frying pick a basketful of fine, ripe strawberries, mash them with sifted sugar and cream, then spread the mixture on the fritters. Lay them on an ornamental paper and serve immediately.

Do try this mode of serving lobsters. It is a most tempting dish, if carefully prepared:—

Get a large, fine, coral lobster, split it down the back, and remove the whole of the meat. Flake carefully, without breaking, 1 lb. of cold boiled salmon. Lay the halves of the lobster-shell on a bed of curly cress nicely arranged on a flat dish, line them with the smallest leaves of the white hearts of lettuce, then put a layer of salmon-flakes, another of lettuce-leaves, and one of the lobster cut into neat slices. Repeat the process till the shells are full, keeping the stuffing very compact. Garnish the dish with a dozen fine prawns. The mayonnaise sauce or salad dressing must not be poured over the salad, but served to each one in small glasses. If the instructions are carefully carried out this is an exquisite dish.

From lobsters to shrimps is rather a descent. By the way, I have often wondered what relationship or affinity exists between them. Try these "Scallopped shrimps":—

Pound in a mortar four ounces of cold salmon and two boned anchovies, season with pepper, salt, and a dash of nutmeg; then add a tablespoonful of finely-chopped parsley, one of bread-crumbs, one of tomato sauce, and the same of good gravy, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, and half a pint of picked and skinned shrimps. Mix all well together and put in an enamelled saucepan over the fire till well heated. Lay as many scallop-shells as you require on a hot stove, and fill each with the mixture; brown the tops with a salamander or hot iron, squeeze over them the juice of a lemon and a dust of coralline pepper. Lay the shells on a bed of curly cress, and serve with a rack of thin, well-made toast.

Ever, dear, your loving cousin, MADGE.

P.S.—The wedding is over, my dear, and with the sound of the tintinnabulation of the bridal bells still in my ears, I must try to give you some short account of the great event. The bride looked pale and a little nervous, but very happy. The bridegroom looks as if he would be very good to live with, and he is nice-looking as well. Princess Christian beamed with happiness. The Queen looked remarkably bright, and nobody shed a tear. How changed is the etiquette since the early days of her Majesty's reign, when brides were expected to faint and bridegrooms to turn pale from excess of sensibility! How much more comfortable is our own more matter-of-fact and sensible period?

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein was not among the bridesmaids. She wore a very becoming dress, the gift of the Queen, for the occasion. It was in sky-blue Irish poplin, hemmed all round the skirt and train with forget-me-nots, and had a girdle of the flowers round the waist.

The German Emperor is a handsome man and looks a soldier, every inch of him. He has the air of having

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shaken off the cares of his Empire and resolved to make holiday in blithest mood. The Empress has a kind, motherly face. She does not possess the art of wearing clothes with a smart effect, partly owing to her figure, which is not moulded upon fashionable lines. There is all the gentle dignity of motherhood upon her, but one looks in vain (and happily so) for the imperious air that sits so well upon her consort. Once or twice, when she looked at the young Connaughts and Battenbergs, we could easily divine that her heart wandered off to her boys at Felixstowe, and to her baby-son away in Germany.

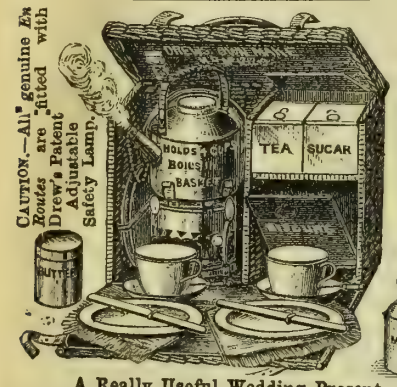
Windsor was in a whirl. Such excitement! Such galloping to and fro of military. It was all intensely exciting and headache-compelling. I thoroughly agree with Clare that rural joys are worth tons of pomp and circumstance and martial glitter. How reposeful it is, after such a day, to saunter up and down a riverside garden, to listen to the birds, and watch a soft, furry caterpillar, his body all compact of pearl and ruby, supping off a currant leaf.

But, then, we could not so intensely enjoy the repose of ruralities if we had not been in the midst of the noise and whirl of social life. So, dear, we return to the old optimistic doctrine, and agree that in this connection at least "whatever is, is right." M.

P.P.S.—The bride is not a "Royal Highness," as many of the papers style her. She is "Her Highness."

M.

P.P.P.S.—The bride carried a quite exquisite Good-year bouquet of magnificent white orchids and orange-blossoms, with long trails of the blooms drooping downwards over the front of her dress. The German officers of the regiment of which our Queen is Honorary Colonel presented the bride with a very beautiful bouquet of fine crimson roses, tied with ribbons richly embroidered with gold. M.



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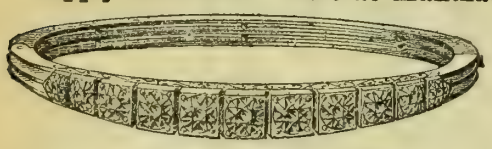
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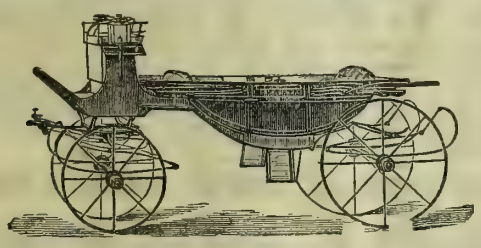

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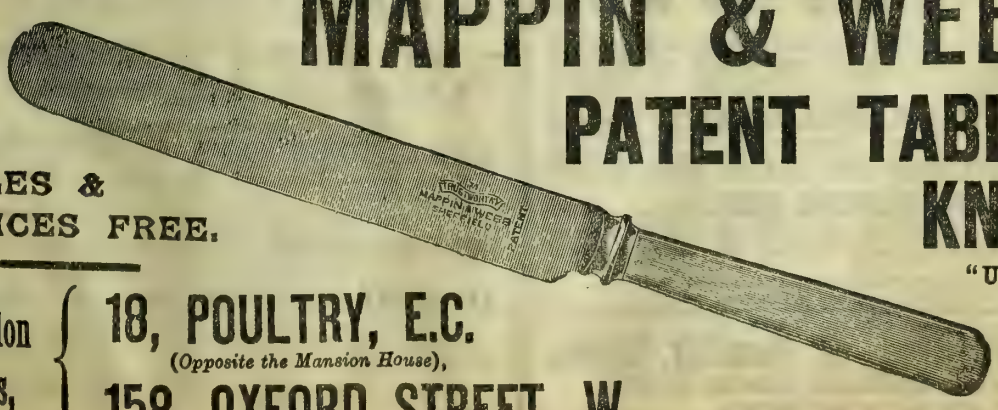

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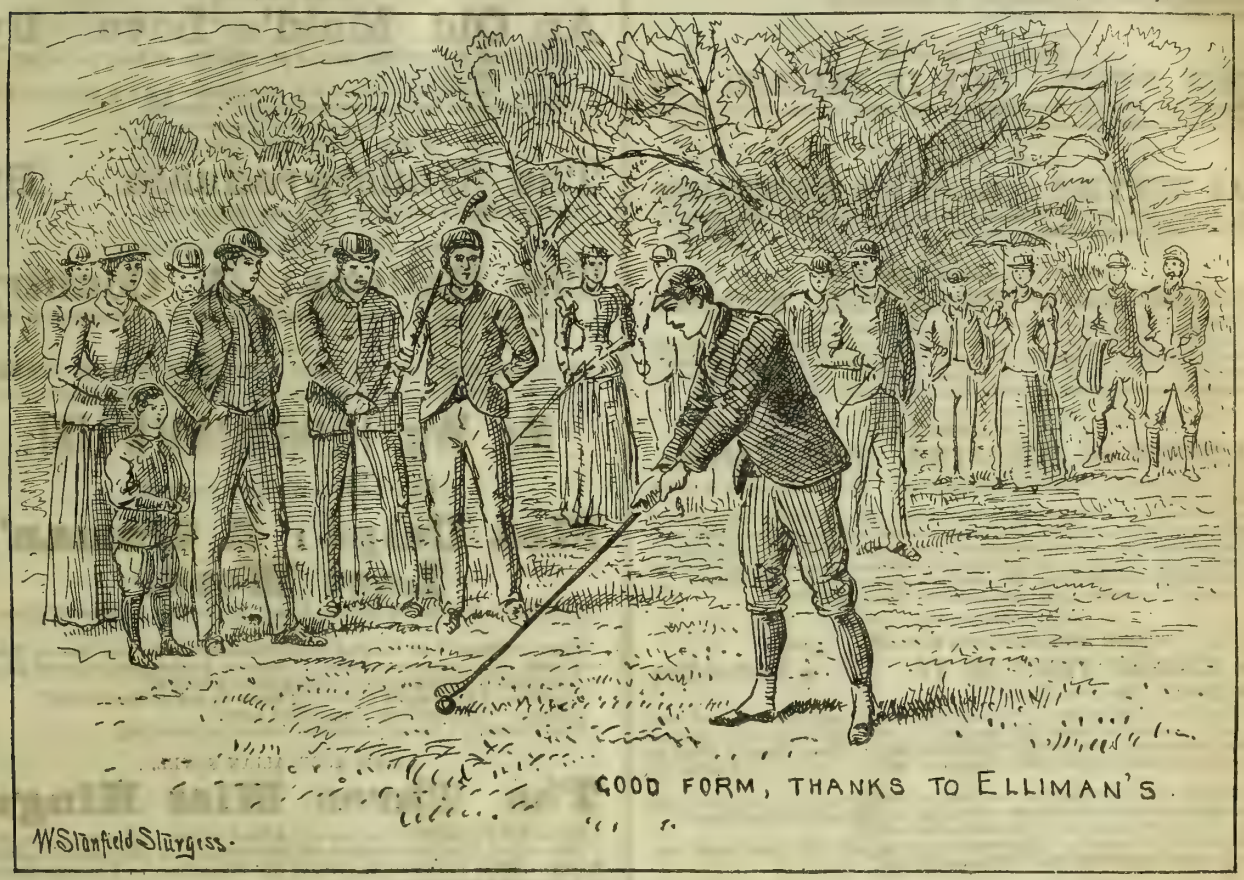

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Arrive											
Edinbgh (Pr. St.)	3 55	5 50	6 30	...	10 55	See Note.	See Note.	...	6 50	9 37	12 22
Glasgow (Centrl)	3 50	6 0	6 45	...	11 0			6 30	...	9 18	12 27
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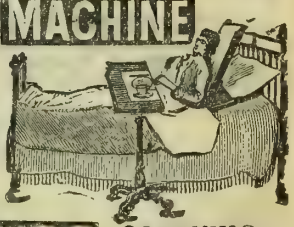

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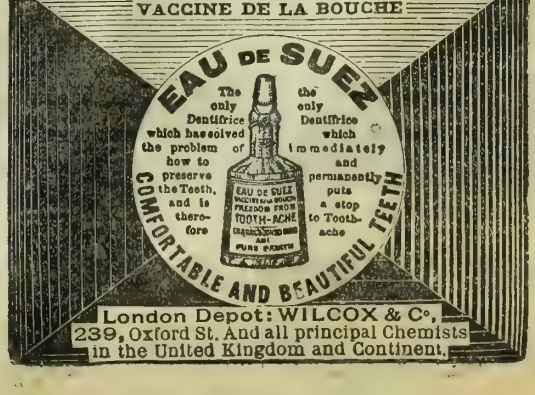

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REORGANISATION OF THE UNITED STATES ROLLING STOCK CO.—Satisfactory progress having been made with Scheme of Reorganisation, the Committee hereby give NOTICE that, after the 20th JULY instant, NO MORE SHARES will be received as assenting to the Scheme, excepting subject to the payment of a FINE of 2s. 6d. per Share. The Committee reserve the right of increasing the amount of the Fine by further notice. —DAVID CORNFOOT, Chairman of Reorganisation Committee, 31, Lombard-street, E.C. London, 3rd July, 1891.

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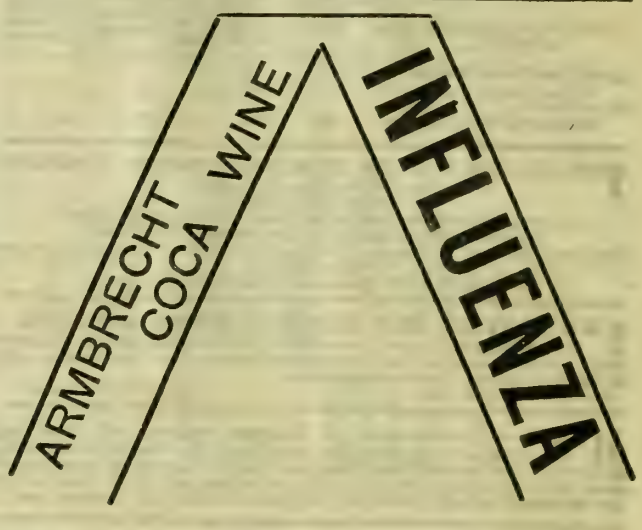

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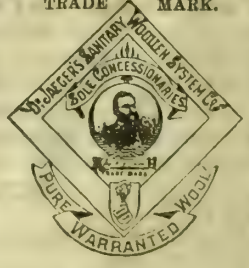

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 645.—RHYMED ALPHABET DESCRIPTIVE OF THE NAVAL EXHIBITION.

"FERREUM COR" (Real name and address will be given next week)..... £2 2 0

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

"TRUTH" PUZZLES, NOS. 643 AND 646.

Not having been able to complete my examinations of the lists of answers received to the Rebuses, I am obliged to postpone for the present the award of the Prizes in the competitions Nos. 643 and 646.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 650.

Several correspondents have written to me expressing a wish that another competition may be given to enable competitors to exercise their ingenuity in suggesting names for as yet unnamed young racehorses. I have, therefore, selected from the sale lists ten thoroughbred colts and fillies, and a Prize of Two Guineas is offered to the competitor who succeeds in suggesting

THE MOST APPROPRIATE NAMES FOR THE TEN RACEHORSES GIVEN BELOW, THE SIRES AND DAMS OF WHICH ARE IN EVERY CASE STATED.

These, then, are the ten thorough-bred colts and fillies for which names are required:—

	SIRE.	DAM.
1. A Bay Filly	Macheath	Queen of Sheba
2. A Brown Colt	Lowland Chief	Maid Marian
3. A Bay Colt	Paradox	Stella
4. A Chestnut Filly	Timothy	Chelsea China
5. A Black Colt	Pell-mell	Plaything
6. A Chestnut Filly	Hermit	Villafranca
7. A Chestnut Colt	Peter	Alarum
8. A Bay Filly	Plebeian	Quartz
9. A Chestnut Colt	Hagioscope	Hazel-bush
10. A Brown Filly	Ben Battle	Vesper

In sending in the answers it will be only necessary to give the ten names suggested, each with a number prefixed. Only one name must be suggested in each case. The suggestions must reach me by the morning of Monday, July 20, at the latest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of "C," winner of Prize No. 644, are Walter Crowest, Esq., 55, The Grove, South Lambeth-road, S.W.

ERJOR.—Your list of answers to the Rebuses, &c., published in connection with Puzzle No. 646 was safely received.

E. SPELLOS.—Your answer to TRUTH Colonial and Foreign Puzzle, No. 21, has come saiely to hand.

QUIDNUNC.—Such a competition as you desire will be shortly given.

P. P. C.—Your suggestion comes a little too late.

MERRIE ISLINGTON.—Many thanks for your suggestion.

JIM-JAM.—It was about four years ago. THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 647.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE BACCARAT CASE.

"O! judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason!" (Julius Cæsar, act iii. sc 2).—Lymington.

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to scourge us" (Lear, act v. sc. 3).—E. C.

1. "I would dissemble with my nature when my fortunes and my friends at stake required I should do so in honour" (Cor. act iii. sc. 2). 2. "I am a man more sinned against than sinning" (Lear, act iii. sc. 2.—Whig.

Biron: "Give me the paper, let me read the same; And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name." King: "How well this yielding rescues thee from shame" (Love's Labour, act i. sc. 1.—St. Eloi and Med. Stud.

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame, Thy private feasting to a public fast; Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name; Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste" (Rape of Lucrece).—Glendyne.

1. "Hostess! clap-to the doors; watch to-night. Gallants, lads, boys . . . . shall we be merry? Shall we have a play?" (1 Henry IV. act ii. sc. 4). 2. "Ha! what; so rank? Ah, ha! There's mischief in this man" (Henry VIII. act i. sc. 2.—Australian.

"First, the fair reverence of your Highness curbs me from giving reins and spurs to my free speech; which else should post until it had returned these terms of treason doubled down your throat" (Richard II.).—Stumps.

1. "Is there no play to ease the anguish of a torturing hour?" (Midsummer Night's Dream, act v. sc. 1). 2. "The players cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all" (Hamlet, act iii. sc. 2).—Polonius.

"Full oft we see cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly" (All's Well that Ends Well).—Doolums.

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done" (King John, act iv. sc. 2).—Mabel.

1. "Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the Time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen. But since it is as it is, mend it for your own good" (Othello, act ii. sc. 3). 2. "Their best conscience Is not to leave 't undone but keep it unknown" (Othello, act iii. sc. 3).—Baritone.

"My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise Is this the fashion in the Court of England? Is this the government of Britain's Isle And this the royalty of Albion's (future) King?" (Henry VI. act i. sc. 1.—Quatre-vingt.

"Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble, Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him, Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured That he's a made-up villain" (Timon of Athens, act v. sc. 1).—Rotcepsni.

"How absolute the Knave is! We must speak by the card or equivocation will undo us" (Hamlet, act v. sc. 1) —Dromedary and Leaf Rule.

"Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides, Who cover faults at last shame them derides" (King Lear, act i. sc. 1).—Ada.

"For Brutus is an honourable man. So are they all—all honourable men" (Julius Cæsar).—Tourraine.

"O time! thou must untangle this, not I. It is too hard a knot for me to untie!" (Twelfth Night, act ii. sc. 2) Or simply the title, "Comedy of Errors."—Yamstock.

"The players cannot keep counsel: they'll tell all" (Hamlet, act iii. sc. 2).—Ruby Skene.

1. "If our betters play at that game, We must not dare to imitate them" (Timon of Athens, act i. sc. 2). 2. "The Prince came, who parted" (Romeo and Juliet, act i. sc. 1). 3. "I cannot do't without counters" (The Winter's Tale, act iv. sc. 2).—Thersites.

"Why, what an intricate impeach is this! I think you all have drank of Circe's cup" (Comedy of Errors, act v. sc. 1).—J. S. P. and Esperanza.

Prince: "But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night" (1 Henry IV. act ii. sc. 4).—Nitram.

K. Richard: "It boots thee not to be compassionate; After our sentence, 'plaining comes too late." Norfolk: "Then, thus I turn me from my country's light, To dwell in solemn shades of endless night" (Richard II. act i. sc. 3).—Geo. J. Gillham.

"We must speak by the card, Or equivocation will undo us" (Hamlet, act v. sc. 1) —Queenie.

1. "Who hath read or heard Of any kindred action like to this?" (King John, act iii. sc. 4). 2. "As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen" (Othello, act ii. sc. 3).—Sprats.

"Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing" (1 King Henry IV. act ii. sc. 4).—Woodlands.

"A rotten case abides no handling" (2 Henry IV. act iv. sc. 1).—Roy Compton.

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens; 'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?" (As You Like It, act ii. sc. 1).—N. K.

"I think they that touch pitch will be defiled; the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company" (Much Ado, act iii. sc. 3).—Frank Gregory.

Hostess: "Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater. But I do not love swaggering, by my troth. How I shake" (2 Henry IV. act ii. sc. 3).—Lord Bob, Dick, and Dora.

1. "If our betters play at that game, we must not dare to imitate them" (Timon of Athens, act i. sc. 2, v. 12, 13.) 2. "The painful warrior famoused for fight, After a thousand victories once fail'd, Is from the book of honour razèd quite, And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd" (Sonnet XXV.).—Lemuel.

"My mind misgives Some consequence yet hanging in the stars Shall bitterly begin his fearful date With this night's revels" (Romeo and Juliet, act i. sc. 4).—Wiltshire.

"There is many a soul Shall pay full dearly for this encounter If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew The Prince of Wales doth join" (Henry IV. act v. sc. 1).—East Anglia.

"I never saw an action of such shame: Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before Did violate so itself" (Antony and Cleo. act iii. sc. 9).—Charmian.

"To say the truth, this fact was infamous, And ill beseeming any common man; Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader" (1 Henry VI. act iv. sc. 1).—Cosmos.

"Rightly to be great, Is not to stir without great argument, But greatly to find quarrel in a straw, When honour's at the stake" (Hamlet, act iv. sc. 4).—Fishooks.

"Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to outsport discretion" (Othello, act ii. sc. 3).—Mrs. T.

"Your enemies are many and not small; their practices Must bear the same proportion; and not even The justice and the truth o' the question carries The due o' the verdict with it" (King Henry VIII. act v. sc. 1).—Caritas.

"I have done these things, That now give evidence against my soul, For Edward's sake, and see how he requites me" (Richard III. act i. sc. 4).—Alastor.

"As patches, set upon a little breach, Discredit more in hiding of the fault, Than did the fault before it was so patched" (John, act iv. sc. 2).—Yoicks.

"The painful warrior famoused for fight, After a thousand victories once foil'd, Is from the book of honour razed quite, And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd" (1st Sonnet, v. 25).—Eneksa, Kerry Pippin, Noel, Ye Hermit, Jack Sprat, and Gallio.

1. "Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing" (King Henry IV. pt. 1, act ii. sc. 4). 2. "Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man?" (King Henry VI. pt. 2, act iv. sc. 2) 3. "For greatest scandal waits on greatest state" (Lucrece, line 1,006). — J. Fitz-Vulture.

"But men may construe things after their fashion, Clean from the purpose of the things themselves" (Julius Cæsar, act i. sc. 3).—Bunthorne.

1. "Which is the wiser here, justice or iniquity?" (Measure for Measure, act ii. sc. 1). 2. "To thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou cans't not then be false to any man" (Hamlet, act i. sc. 3).—Neewod.

"To vouch this is no proof, Without more certain and more overt test Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods Of modern seeming do prefer against him" (Othello, act i. sc. 3).—Brutus.

"But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach, Attend the sequel of your imposition; Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me, From all the impure blots and stains thereof" (King Richard III. act iv. sc. 7). "I cannot do't without counters" (Winters Tale, act iv. sc. 2).—J. M. G.

Duke: "Where your good word cannot advantage him, your slander never can endamage him. Two gentlemen of Verona" (Act iii. sc. 2).—Phlox.

"As jewels lose their glory if neglected; So princes their renown if not respected" (Pericles, act ii. sc. 2) —Ronaele.

"And be these . . . . nó more believ'd, That patter with us in a double sense; That keep the word of promise to our ear, And break it to our hope" (Macbeth, act v. sc. 7).—Guelder Rose

1. . . . . "Do as adversaries do in law, Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends" (Taming of the Shrew, act i. sc. 2). 2. "Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!" (Henry IV. pt. 1, act ii. sc. 4).—Wraith.

Chief Jus.: "Well, Heaven send the Prince a better companion!" Fal.: "Heaven send the companion a better Prince!" (2 Henry IV. act i. sc. 2). —Selsdon, Jack Sprat, Dick, Pince Nez, Dora, and Joss Ross.

"Now I feel Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy. How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!" (Henry VIII. act iii. sc. 2) —Kit Cat.

"From lowest place, when virtuous things proceed, The place is dignified by the doer's deed: Where great additions swell, and virtue none, It is a dropsied honour" (All's Well, act ii. sc. 3).—Œdipus, jun.

"All these accused him strongly; which he fain Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not; And so his peers, upon this evidence, Have found him guilty" (Henry VIII. act ii. sc. 1) — Victim.

1. Dogberry: "The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and to steal out of your company" (Much Ado, act iii sc. 3). 2. Por.: "Why, this bond is forfeit!" (Merchant of Venice, act iv. sc. 1). —Bokado.

"Look, what is done cannot be now amended. Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes, Which after hours give leisure to repent" (Richard III. act iv. sc. 4).—Grow Pride.

"And must I ravel out My weav'd up follies?" (King Richard II. act iv. sc. 1).—Denny.

"Bad is the world, and all will come to naught When such bad dealings must be seen in thought" (Richard III. act iii. sc 6).—Esperanza.

"Thou dost conspire against thy friend, If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear A stranger to thy thoughts" (Othello, act iii. sc. 1).—Siberian Crab.

"You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting with most admired disorder" (Macbeth, act iii. sc. 4).—Heurteloup.

"Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-(hen), I would change my humanity with a baboon."—Blois.

"To see great Hercules, whipping a gigg, And profound Solomon to tune a jigg, And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys, And critical Timon laugh at idle toys" (Love's Labour Lost, act iv. sc. 3.)—Garter Tower.

"I'll not endure it, you forget yourself To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I Older in practice, abler than yourself To make conditions" (Julius Cæsar, act iv. sc. 3).—Nunc Dimittis.

"To vouch this is no proof Without more certain and more overt test, Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods Of modern seeming do prefer against him" (Othello, act i. sc. 3).—M. R. C.

"Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping" (Hamlet, act ii. sc. 2).—Verita.

"If you omit The offer of this time, I cannot promise, But that you shall sustain more new disgraces, With these you bear already" (Henry VIII. act iii. sc. 2).—Excelsior.

1. "Let it serve for table-talk" (Merchant of Venice, act iii. sc. 5). 2. "There's small choice in rotten apples" (Taming of the Shrew, act i. sc. 1). 3. "Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?" (Hamlet, act ii. sc. 2).—Jack Sprat.

"I see them lay their heads together to surprise me" (Henry VI., act iv. sc. 8).—H. Grierson.

"Faith there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them on to controversy" (Hamlet, act ii. sc. 2).—Mrs. Jarley.

"Why, how now, lords—So near the Emperor's palace dare you draw And maintain such a quarrel openly. I would not for a million of gold The cause were known to them it most concerns; Nor would your noble mother for much more Be so dishonoured in the Court of Rome" (Titus Andronicus, act ii. sc. 2).—Emily Culverhouse.

"Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving" (Othello, act ii. sc. 3).—Kätchen.

"This fault in us I find, The Error of our eye directs our mind! What error leads must err; O then conclude, Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude" (Troilus and Cressida, act v. sc. 2).—Nacnud.

"O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye by throwing it on any other object till you have heard me in my true complaint, and given me justice, justice, justice, justice."—S. A. Raphael.

Second Watch: "How if a' will not stand?" Dogb.: "Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave" (Much Ado, act iii. sc. 3).—Wits.

"You are always my good friend, if your will pass, I shall both find your lordship, judge, and juror. You are so merciful, I see your end, 'Tis my undoing" (Henry VIII, act v. sc. 2).—Cecil.

1. "A vulgar comment will be made of it" (Comedy of Errors, act iii. sc. 1). 2. "Nice customs curtsey to great kings" (Comedy of Errors, act v. sc. 2). 3. "That which I would discover, The law of friendship bids me to conceal" (Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iii. sc. 1).—X. Y. Z.

"If you have hitherto concealed this sight, Let it be tenable in your silence still; And whatsoever shall nap to-night, Give it an understanding but no tongue" (Hamlet, act i. sc. 2).—Dora.

"Mine honour is my life, both grow in one; Take honour from me and my life is gone" (Richard II, act i. sc. 1).—Bel Demonia.

"I am courted now with a double occasion—gold, and a means to do the Prince, my master" (Winter's Tale, act iv. sc. 3).—The Trafficker.

"Oh, damn'd paper, black as the ink that's on thee" (Cymbeline, act iii. sc. 5).—John Ennar and Nacnud.

"Give me ocular proof—make me see 't, or at least do prove it—that the probation bear no hinge, nor loop to hang a doubt on" (As You Like It, act iii. sc. 3).—Dilaram.

"Wouldst not play false, and yet wouldst wrongly win" (Macbeth, act i. sc. 2).—John Ennar.

"The players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all" (Hamlet, act iii. sc. 2).—Falstaff.

1. "Oh, how wretched is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours" (Henry VIII., act iii. sc. 2). 2. "If I do lose mine honour, I lose myself" (Antony and Cleopatra, act iii. sc. 4). 3. "Bid them cover the table" (Merchant of Venice, act iii. sc. 5).—Leaf Rule.

Sir William, to Lady Gordon-Cumming: "Your love and pity doth the impression fill Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow; For what care I who calls me well or ill, So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?" (Sonnet 112).—J. McGrigor Allan.

For the plaintiff: "Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother; Checked by a bondsman; all his faults observed, Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote, To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep My spirit from my eyes" (Julius Cæsar, act iv. sc. 3).—Nodding Violet.

1. "A long-tongued, babbling gossip" (Titus Andronicus, act iv. sc. 2). 2. "All's not offence, that indiscretion finds" (King Lear, act ii. sc. 4).—Mickey Doodle.

"Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about, And left thee but a prey to time; Having no more but thought of what thou wert, to torture thee the more being what thou art" (Richard III., act iv. sc. 4.)—Quartre Vingt.

"Patches set upon a little breach Discredit more in hiding of the fault Than did the fault before" (King John, act ii. sc. 2).—Eclipse.

"O time! thou must untangle this, not I; It is too hard a knot for me to untie!" (Twelfth Night, act ii. sc. 2.—Senex.

"Trifles light as air Are to the jealous confirmations strong As proofs of holy writ" (Othello, act iii sc. 3, v. 322).—Cross-Keys.

"Mine honour is my life, both grow in one; Take honour from me, and my life is done" (Richard II., sc. i.)—Izzat.

"All these accused him strongly; which he fain Would have flung from him, but indeed he could not. And so his peers upon this evidence Have found him guilty" (Henry VIII., act ii. sc. 1).—Fazie.

"See what a ready tongue suspicion hath. He that but fears the thing he would not know Hath by instinct knowledge from other's eyes That what he fear'd is chanced" (2 Henry IV. act i. sc 1).—Fazie.

"I'll be damned for ne'er a king's son in Christendom" (1 Henry IV. act i. sc. 2)—Richard.

"Carded his state; Mingled his royalty with capering fools; Had his great name profaned with their scorns; And gave his countenance against his name, To laugh at jibing boys" (1 Henry IV. act iii. sc. 2).—East Anglia and Leaf Rule.

"Let every eye negotiate for itself, And trust no agent" (Much Ado, act ii. sc. 2).—Guelder Rose.

"Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship" (Ant. and Cleo. act ii. sc. 7).—Bokado.

1. "Our entertainment shall shame us" (Winter's Tale, act i. sc. 1). 2. "Where neither party is nor true nor kind, They sought their shame that so their shame did find" (Lover's Complaint, line 186).—Gallio.

"Baccare! you are marvellous forward" (Taming of Shrew, act ii. sc. 1).—Badebec.

1. "He doth give us bold advertisement" (I. Henry IV., act iv. sc. 1). 2. "How hard it is for women to keep counsel" (Julius Cæsar, act ii. sc. 4). 3. "An habitation giddy and unsure, shall he that buildeth on the vulgar heart" (I. Henry IV., act i. sc. 3).—Feloos.

"The purest treasure mortal times afford, Is—spotless reputation; that away, Men are but gilded loam or painted clay" (Richard II., act i. sc. 1).—Mr. F.'s Aunt and Quatre Vingt.

"'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange; Pitiful 'twas wondrous pitiful; She wished she had'nt seen it" (Othello, act i. sc. 3).—Eclipse.

"I would dissemble with my nation, where my fortunes and my friends at stake, required I should do so in honour" (Coriolanus, act iii. sc. 2).—Tulip.

"Well, my lord, If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing, And scape detecting, I will pay the theft."—C. F. Reid.

"As jewels lose their glory, if neglected, So princes their renown if not respected" (Pericles, Prince of Tyre, act ii. sc. 2).—Ellen.

"Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate. Life every man holds dear; but the dear man holds honour far more precious dear than life" (Troilus, act. v.).—Jam.

Duke S.: "Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'st do." Jacques: "What, for a counter, would I do but good?" Duke S.: "Most mischievous, foul sin, in chiding sin."—Mozzle Toff.

"I must give over this life, and I will give it over. By the Lord, an I do not I am a villian. I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom" (1 Henry IV. act i. sc. 2).—Dora.

"For those you make friends and give your hearts to, when they once perceive the least rub in your fortunes, fall away like water from ye—never found again, but where they mean to sink ye" (Henry VIII. act ii. sc. 2).—Skedaddle.

"The tongue that tells the story of thy days (Making lascivious comments on thy sport) Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise. . . The hardest knife ill us'd doth lose its edge" (Shakespeare's Sonnets, xcv).—E. M. V. P.

"You see how all conditions, how all minds (As well of glib and slippery creatures, as Of grave and austere quality), tender down Their service to Lord Timon" (Timon, act i. sc. 1).—J. S. P.

"Albert Edward, loq.: Vive le Roy! as I have banked their towns Have I not the best cards for the game To win this easy match played for a crown And shall I now give o'er the yielded set" (King John, act v. sc. 2).—W. Stubbing.

Let molten coin be thy damnation Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, It turns in less than two nights?" (Timon, act iii. sc. 1).—Good Business.

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces: it is a good divine that follows his own instructions" (Merchant of Venice, act i. sc. 2).—Medicus.

"As much as we this night have overwatched, This palpable gross play hath well beguiled The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends to bed, A fortnight hold we this solemnly" (Midsummer's Night Dream, act v. sc. 2).—Lexington.

"There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch; as ancient writers do report, this pitch doth defile. So doth the company thou keepest" (Henry IV. act ii. sc. 4).—Ipse Dixit and Gordon.

"I cannot do 't without counters" (Winter's Tale, act iv., sc. 1).—Leaf Rule and Baritone.

"Your enemies are many and not small, their practices Must bear the same proportion; and not ever The justice and the truth o' the question carries The due o' the verdict with it" (Henry VIII. act v. sc. 2).—Desdemona, Renée, and Feloos.

Further quotations, for which I am unable to find space, have been received from X. Y. Z., Eclipse, A Tattered Boggart, Dilaram, Ellen, Neewod, W. K. Smith, W. P., C. M. P., R. M. A., Nodding Violet, Mickey Doodle, Renée, Eclipse, Mater, M. R. C., Caledonia, Izzad, Nacnud, Leaf Rule, Izzat, Tintragle, Fazie, Davenant, J. McGrigor Allan, Senex, Roy Compton, Sprats, Brutus, Titwillow, Dick, Quinto, Lemuel, Bokado, Francis Abney, Med. Stud., S. J. Gilham, Eneksa, Glendyne, Ye Hermit, Dora, F. J. M. P., Quatre-Vingt, Joss Ross, Baritone-Tertius, Nea Resh, Amateur, Gordon, Lydia, Sweet, briar, Gallio, Kitcat, Badebec, Feloos, Verita, Mr. F.'s Aunt, Esperanza, Enid, Cosmos, Baritone, Tertius, Feloos, Amateur, E. P. B., R. M. A., Hector, East Anglia, A Tattered Boggart, St. Kilda, C. M. P., W. P. Lydia, Sweetbriar, Mr. F.'s Aunt, Eneksa, Quatre-Vingt, and Caledonia.

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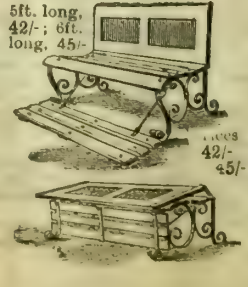

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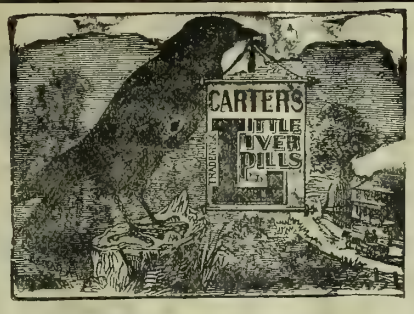

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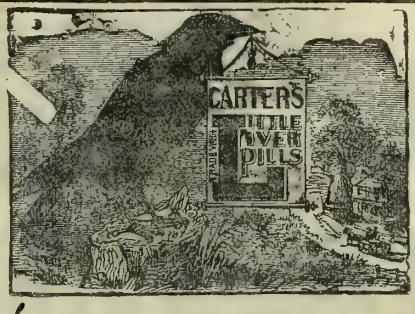

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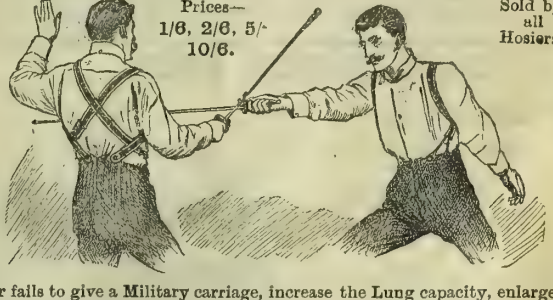

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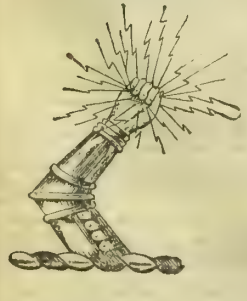

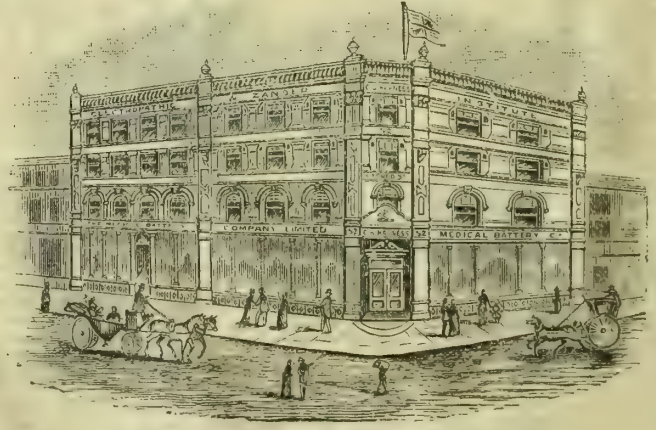

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Windsor wedding last week will be remembered as the very worst-managed Court ceremony which has taken place during the present reign. The whole affair inside the chapel was a miserable hash, there being such bungling and squabbling and confusion as have certainly never been seen on any similar occasion within the memory of man. Two Court officials of great experience agreed that never had they known such a function to be so wretchedly managed. Will it be credited that all the carriages went to the wrong door to take up?—much to the indignation of the Prince of Wales, while the Queen was furious.

The Lord Steward, Master of the Horse, and Master of the Household were nearly in a state of revolt, owing to the manner in which they were put aside and interfered with, for the arrangements were confided to the Lord Chamberlain and his myrmidoms, contrary to all precedent. No invitations to the breakfast at the Castle were issued from the Board of Green Cloth by the Lord Steward, as on all former occasions of the kind, nor was the Master of the Horse consulted; and the Lord Chamberlain's officials actually took upon themselves to make all the military arrangements, including the orders for the escort and Guards of Honour.

But the innovation which excited the greatest amount of amazement among experts in Court etiquette, was the entry of the Queen into the Chapel escorted by the Lord Chamberlain and the Vice-Chamberlain only, instead of there being also in attendance the Lord Steward, the Master of the Horse, and the Treasurer of the Household.

The Queen was resolved to have a "private" wedding, whereas some members of the Royal Family were eager for a "semi-State" function, and the result was that the "ceremonial" was not finally arranged until within a few days before the marriage. Then the difficulties as to precedence which arose proved to be quite beyond any satisfactory solution, so an entirely separate procession was made up for the German Royalties and quasi-Royalties, and those members of our own Royal Family who are not descendants of the Queen were desired to enter the chapel "privately," an arrangement which gave great offence. Finally the Emperor, instead of coming in with the other foreigners, positively insisted upon taking the place of honour in the procession of the British Royal Family, much to the annoyance and irritation of several of his relatives.

A crowd of persons having tickets for seats in the nave were kept outside the chapel in drenching rain for more than half-an-hour, simply through the "cussedness" of the officials, for they might just as well have been admitted at once. Lord Salisbury (in a Privy Councillor's uniform) and the Duke of Westminster (in the uniform of a Lord Lieutenant) wore the full insignia of the Garter, and were decked with knots of white satin ribbon like prize joints of meat. The ceremony was not a success, even from the spectacular point of view, for the dull, showery afternoon made the chapel appear very gloomy, and the dresses were not, as a rule, remarkable for their splendour.

The Archbishop's address was an innovation which might very well have been dispensed with, and everybody was eager to get away, and, for all that the bridegroom understood of Dr. Benson's remarks, his Grace might as well have spoken in Arabic or Chinese. Prince Aribert had been carefully instructed in the marriage service, but he did not show to advantage when stumbling through the responses.

At former Royal weddings there has always been an excellent hot luncheon after the ceremony at the Castle, but on this occasion the guests were allowed to recruit their exhausted energies only with a refection of the very mildest kind—simply "light refreshments"—and their stay at the Castle was very brief indeed.

Prince and Princess Aribert are to leave Clieveden this afternoon for Windsor, and they will be the guests of Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge until next Monday, when they are to proceed to Berlin, travelling by the Flushing route, and thence to Dessau, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt.

The attendance of the German Emperor at the military service at Trinity Church, Windsor, on Sunday se'nnight was his own arrangement, for the Queen had desired that all the members of the Royal family should attend a special service in the Frogmore Mausoleum, at which the Bishop of Ripon was to have preached.

During the Emperor's visit the Prince of Wales and his brothers and eldest son have been worked like galley-slaves at the oar The mere changes of dress must have been sufficiently fatiguing. The Emperor's "right merrie jest" on Tuesday was by no means appreciated by the Royal family, and the Princes were furious, the Duke of Edinburgh being particularly peevish and bitter-humoured. The Emperor had himself suggested that the afternoon should be spent in an excursion up the Thames to Clieveden in a steam-launch. The weather was anything but inviting, and, of course, the Princes would much have preferred to remain quietly at the Castle, and rest. However, they drove off to Bray Lock, where the Emperor was to meet them (coming from Cumberland Lodge), and after waiting for some time they concluded that he had proceeded on to Clieveden by road, so they started off in the launch, rain falling heavily, and presently arrived at their destination, only to find that all their trouble might have been saved, as the Emperor had telegraphed to say that he had changed his mind, and was not coming. This was, to say the least, neither considerate nor courteous on the part of his Majesty, for not only had the Royalties undertaken the tiresome excursion in miserable weather simply because the Emperor had made a point of it, but all kinds of arrangements had been made for his reception at Clieveden, and the Duke of Westminster came down from town to meet him. However, there was nothing to be done but to partake of the meal which had been prepared in the Duke of Westminsters's fishing cottage on the bank of the river; and then return, ruefully, through drenching rain, to Surly Hall, where carriages were waiting to convey the disgusted Princes back to the Castle. On arriving there they found that the Emperor had been strolling easily about the gardens and Home Park, and had improved the afternoon by a quiet inspection of his "grandmamma's" herds and flocks.

The State Banquet at Windsor was very splendid, and the dinner was very good and exceedingly well served. The gold plate on the table and on the buffets was worth, in round numbers, three-quarters of a million. The flowers, which came from Frogmore, were beautifully arranged, and were displayed in great profusion. The liquors at dinner were sherry, champagne, Rhine wines, and claret; while after the meal, port, madeira, claret, and sherry were served.

St. George's Hall had not been used since the Jubilee, and then the banquet was not nearly so magnificent as was that of last week. The room was dreadfully hot, but the dinner was got over with wonderful rapidity. The company sat down a few minutes before nine (8.30 was the hour nominally), and soon after ten every one was out of the Hall. The Waterloo Gallery and the Reception Chamber were the rooms used before and after dinner; but the party broke up very soon, as the guests from London were obliged to get down to the Great Western station before eleven o'clock.

A contemporary announces that "dissatisfaction and disappointment" prevail "in Society" because people were not invited to the Cumberland Lodge garden-party. This statement does not convey any adequate idea of the consternation and fury which have been excited, for scores of men and women (principally of the slip-slop quasi-smart kind) had given costly silver-wedding presents to Prince and Princess Christian, solely in order that they might be invited to this entertainment, and they now consider that they have been swindled. Women who give presents to Royal personages on all occasions, and who are always bustling and fussing in order to bring themselves under the notice of even the small fry of the Royal family, are usually much more like Xantippe than their husbands are like Socrates, and when excited by a social disappointment of this exasperating kind, they are about as mild creatures as a white bear after a bad day's fishing in the frozen seas; so Prince and Princess Christian had better keep away from London until the raging tornado of disgust has subsided.

The State performance at the Opera was a grand sight, but there was a dreadful bother about the Royal box, which drove the Court people nearly distracted. The Emperor was very angry indeed, because a considerable proportion of the audience presumed to leave before the Royal party, and he quitted the theatre in high dudgeon at this audacious breach of Court etiquette; though why a person who had paid £6 for a place from which to see this young gentleman, should not have a right to go away when he had seen enough of him for his money, is as little apparent as why any one should care to pay this amount for seeing him.

On Thursday the Emperor William changed his clothes exactly six times. He wore four different uniforms in the course of the day, and two different suits of plain clothes. Why the Emperor should have arrayed himself as a British Admiral to visit the Albert Hall is as incomprehensible as the reason which induced the Prince of Wales to make himself uncomfortable by putting on a hot, unattractive, and anything but becoming Prussian uniform. The Emperor's announcement—made, as usual, at the last moment—that he wished the Albert Hall visit to be an affair of "semi-state" caused infinite trouble and inconvenience to all concerned.

The society mob at the Marlborough House garden-party hardly, I am told, behaved as one would have

For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 148 in the present issue.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 147.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see page 149.

expected—or, perhaps, I ought rather to say did behave as one who knows its component parts would expect. Before the Royalties came into the grounds there was a frantic rush to get places along the path they were to take on their way to the refreshment tent, and just such a pushing and crushing ensued as might be seen outside the gallery door of a popular theatre on Boxing night. Later on, when the Queen and the Emperor and Empress and the other Royalties had passed, they were followed about in a really outrageous manner, and finally, when they went round the grounds, they had to pass all the way between two rows of guests, who formed a narrow passage, through which the Queen and the Emperor and Empress had to make the best of their way. The German visitors must have carried away a truly pleasing impression of British "high life" manners. A daily journal, much given to hysterical hyperbole, has informed its readers that on this occasion the Emperor saw "the *crême de la crême* of his grandmamma's realm." Judging by their behaviour, I should rather have said that it was the skimmed milk of society. There were four thousand invitations.

The newspapers gave prominence (with many an implied oh, oh) to the fact that the entire Wilson family, with their young friend Mr. Berkeley Levett, were invited to the Marlborough House function. Well, I like a man to stand by his friends. The Prince of Wales had been on a visit to the family, and he has fully accepted the share of responsibility for what occurred during his visit. It would, therefore, have been hardly fair for him to turn a cold shoulder to them, and not to include them in the society tag-rag and bob-tail that he invited to his garden-party. Equally, those who were not guests at Tranby Croft are entitled to act on their view of the Wilson mode of practising hospitality.

Her Majesty conversed for a long time at the garden-party with Mr. Charles Villiers, whose brother, the late Lord Clarendon, was one of her Majesty's greatest favourites among the statesmen of her reign.

The "procession" of Royalties to the City on Friday was a wretched failure. They went irregularly, just as chance ordered, and much later than they were expected, and while some had escorts, others had none. The carriages were very shabby, and none of them was drawn by more than two horses. The Royal stables certainly did not show to advantage on this occasion. The Emperor and Empress, who came last, and who were full half an hour behind the time, were in one of the Queen's gold coaches, and they had a very imposing escort of Life Guards; but the huge umbrella of the Empress concealed both herself and her husband, and simpletons who had paid large sums for windows and balconies, "to see the procession," must have felt thoroughly disgusted. Although the German newspapers are in official ecstasies at the reception of the Emperor on this occasion, I am told by pressmen that it was a very mixed one, the applause being at some points mixed with groans.

I hear that there was an agonising discussion among the City authorities whether the Emperor William would consider himself insulted if the menu of the Guildhall déjeuner were printed in French, but it was ultimately decided to follow the usual practice. There was only one kind of Rhine wine (Marcobrunner), but no fewer than five different brands of champagne. The Emperor expressed his approbation of the turtle, which, it is to be hoped, he found beneficial from the recuperative point of view, as he had been in a state of incessant mental and physical velocity since half-past six in the morning, and had changed his clothes four times.

There were 2,500 invitations for the Queen's Ball on Friday night, which was emphatically *the* smart function of the week, and it was the most crowded and the most brilliant ball which has been given at the Palace for many years past, though there was a decided disposition on the part of the company to crush round the Royal daïs. There was no lack of beauty among the women, and the dresses (white, pink, orange, and pearl grey being the prevailing colours) were most exquisite, and there was nothing in the least *outré*, all being in good taste and harmony. The display of diamonds was magnificent, and so also was the show of gold plate on the supper tables, many waggons of it having been brought up from Windsor. The supper, as usual, was sumptuous, and very well served, and the wines unexceptionable, as they always are at the Palace.

The Emperor appeared to be fairly tired out at the ball. He was arrayed as a British Admiral, and he, of course, danced in the first quadrille with the Princess of Wales, after which he rested the whole evening in an arm-chair in the second row of seats, sometimes chatting with one or another, but more often silent and reflective, and shortly before the supper procession was formed, his Majesty was observed to be fast asleep. He looked dreadfully fatigued, and left the ball-room with the Empress shortly before one, just after the first dance after supper. The Prince of Wales danced incessantly throughout the night, and stayed till nearly three. The Princess of Wales did not dance after supper, but sat conversing with the Duchess of Anhalt, who is a kindly, motherly-looking *Hausfrau*. The Princess was beautifully dressed, and looked remarkably pretty.

How strange it is that a peaceful commercial and industrious country like this should deem it necessary to pester a foreign ruler who comes to its shores with reviews of troops and inspections of soldiers. Why a review of the Volunteers at Wimbledon for the German Emperor?

Surgeon-Major Cuffe, M.R.C.S., Clarges-street, W., writes:—"PEPSALIA promotes the digestive process of food. It cannot be too highly recommended." PEPSALIA used as table-salt, and in similar quantities, absolutely effects digestion, and restores dyspeptics to a condition of health and comfort. In bottles, 1s. and 2s., from chemists, or G. & G. STERN, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

Why, when the poor man had this treat in store for him on Saturday, should he have been forced on Friday to inspect a regiment of Volunteers under the command of Colonel the Duke of Westminster and Lieutenant-Colonel Howard Vincent? I suppose that the object was to show the German Emperor that although he has several thousands of soldiers and Generals who have fought and won battles, he must understand that a country which has soldiers like our Volunteers, and commanding officers like the Duke of Westminster and Mr. Howard Vincent, could scatter his armies to the winds, and march into Berlin, were he to show himself unfriendly to us.

The Duke of Connaught is the only member of our Royal Family who resembles the Emperor in appearance, but the nephew has a much stronger and more energetic cast of countenance than any of his uncles; and, although not tall, he is very broad-shouldered and muscular. The defect in his left arm is wonderfully concealed. His face indicates much anxious thought and a decisive will. He looks better on horseback than on foot, for when he is walking in a Court function he assumes a solemn strut, which he has, I suppose, been told is Imperial, but which, to my thinking, partakes more of a barn-door chanticleer than of an Emperor.

A statement which has been made that the marriage of the German Emperor was arranged by the old Emperor William and Prince Bismarck is the very purest of fictions,—being, indeed, absolutely the reverse of the truth. They were furious at the engagement, for they deemed a Princess of Schleswig-Holstein, belonging to a family having neither power nor wealth, a most inadequate match for the heir to the throne of Prussia. The marriage was regarded at the Court of Berlin as an intrigue of the Emperor Frederick and the Queen, and it is quite certain that the engagement was arranged very quietly and hurriedly when Prince William was staying at Windsor, and the Princess was with her uncle at Cumberland Lodge, she being then regarded by our Royal family as a sort of poor relation. The Empress is a half-grand-niece of the Queen, her paternal grandmother, the Princess of Hohenlohe, having been the daughter of the Duchess of Kent by her first marriage with the Prince of Leiningen. The Empress is an amiable young woman (three months older than her husband), with not much talent or force of character, but most happy in her nursery or when attending to those household affairs with which German ladies are wont to occupy themselves so largely.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to leave town on Monday, the 27th, for the season, when they go to stay with the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood until Friday, the 31st. They are then to join the Royal yacht *Osborne* at Portsmouth, and she will convey them to Cowes. The Prince and Princess will live on board the *Osborne* for about a fortnight, after which they are going abroad for two months to Germany and to Denmark. H.R.H. and the Princess are to be present at the Duchess of Westminster's ball at Grosvenor House on Friday night, and at Lady Cadogan's dance on Monday night.

It is doubtful whether the Prince will pay his usual visit to Homburg this year, as he has been advised to "make a cure" at Kissingen or Carlsbad.

Defend me from my friends! When Saul joined the Prophets he probably did more harm than good to the prophetic cause. So Mr. Stead has not been very happy in the defence of the Prince of Wales which appears in the July number of the *Review of Reviews*. Mrs. Wilson swore that Mr. Wilson had objected to baccarat in his house, and this evidence was confirmed by that of her son. It would seem that "his wishes were respected," for no high play was allowed. Who told? Some people have suggested that the Prince told, but Mr. Stead is authorised to say that he did not. I have not the slightest idea who let out the secret, but some one must have, and as all deny the soft impeachment, some one's memory must be defective. One more denial leaves the matter precisely as it was. The Prince took in his luggage to Mrs. Wilson's house a set of baccarat counters. I cannot say that I ever attached much importance to this fact, but I am hardly able to admit that "by bringing with him the plain, unromantic counter as a substitute for gold and notes, the Prince did what could be done to render the game with which he amused himself as innocent as possible for the inexperienced onlooker," for as a matter of fact, at all the Paris clubs, where very high gambling prevails counters are used and not cash. Carping critics have protested against the Prince joining in the agreement to keep the entire transaction secret on condition of Sir William promising never to play again at cards. What more unjust? The Prince undertook the "unpleasant but necessary duty of an upright judge," and he found himself "compelled to choose the straight and narrow path." This narrow path, however, Mr. Stead fails to perceive, led to Sir William being left an honoured officer in the Army, an honoured member of his Clubs, and an honoured guest in every country-house except those belonging to the persons at Tranby Croft. Mr. Stead should, I think, have remembered Tallyerand's advice against *trop de zèle*. The less said about this baccarat business the soonest mended. I have already stated my own opinion that if a cat had been hanged on the evidence upon which the jury found against Sir William Gordon-Cumming, that cat would have been most improperly executed. Very possibly all do not agree with me in my estimate of Sir William Cumming's innocence, but, with regard to the others concerned in this scandal, there is no difference of opinion. The universal verdict is that they, one and all, acted as foolishly as it was well possible for them to do.

But Mr. Stead is concerned that the Prince should be "bored into baccarat." He, therefore, proposes that he should be made the head of a Commission to consider the

question of Imperial Federation. Were such a Commission appointed, the Colonies would resent it, for not a single one of them is in favour of Federation. Having got through this job, the Prince might then, in Mr. Stead's opinion, become the head of a Commission to "elaborate a normal standard of the necessaries of civilisation." Any one on such a Commission would be justified not only in playing at baccarat, but in taking the life of the person who had put him on it.

Until these Commissions are appointed, Mr. Stead would have the Prince bring the "air of Sandringham to Marlborough House." At the former, he informs us, that the Prince is quite a different man to what he is in London. He is a "devoted family man;" he is "at pains to keep the Princess informed of all that is likely to amuse her," for "the Prince and Princess have more tastes in common than is usually supposed," and he takes an interest in the welfare of his children. We have not all of us, like Mr. Stead, had an opportunity to study the Prince in his dual existence as an Arcadian shepherd in Norfolk, and a man of the world elsewhere; indeed, did we not have the assurance of Mr. Stead for this singular climatic duality, we might doubt that anything so contrary to ordinary experience is possible. My own impression is that the Prince, whether in London or in Norfolk, is much the same person, neither better nor worse than the majority of his future subjects, and that the outcry that was raised on the Tranby Croft baccarat matter becoming public was mainly due to the slavish and mawkish flattery with which flunkeys in the Press and outside the Press had beslavered him, as though a Prince of Wales were a being exempt from all human frailties.

Princess Louise went down to Aylesbury the other day on a visit to Lady de Rothschild at Aston Clinton, and I am told that the idiots at the railway-station there actually sent for the police to clear the platform and exclude the public just before the train arrived by which H.R.H. was travelling. It is absurd and foolish that railway-stations should be closed when the Queen is on her travels, but it is preposterous thus to inconvenience the public merely because one of her Majesty's daughters is expected. I hope that the station-master will be reprimanded by his general manager for his senseless effervescence of flunkeyism, which I make no doubt was most distasteful to Princess Louise.

The Prince of Naples is travelling in search of a wife, and, as Austrian and Vatican intrigues stopped his betrothal to Princess Clémentine of Belgium, King Humbert would not now mind if his son married a Protestant. The Prince, who is by no means in strong health, was born in November, 1869. The next heir to the throne is the young Duke of Aosta, who is ten months older than his cousin, but his succession would be very unpopular, as he is much under the influence of the Jesuits, *plus Catholique que le Pape*, as they say in Rome.

Lady Antrim goes next Tuesday to Osborne as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, in succession to Lady Downe. She will be on duty till August 1, when the Dowager Duchess of Athole comes until the 14th, Lady Southampton until the 28th, and then the Dowager Lady Churchill, who is to accompany the Court to Balmoral.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who is staying in the Isle of Wight, has purchased the racing cutter *Frolic*. H.R.H. is now entitled to all the privileges of an honorary member of the R.Y.S., and he can fly the Squadron burgee, but not the white ensign.

I shall be interested to see how the sailing committee of the R.Y.S. deal with a complaint which will be shortly brought before them against Prince Henry of Battenberg, who has been guilty of an irregularity which has caused no little confusion and trouble. Prince Henry having sold the yawl *Sheila*, which was given to him by the Queen, to Mr. Gillam, purchased the schooner *Gelert*, and, in defiance of the rules, he has rechristened the latter vessel *Sheila*, so that there are now two yachts of the same name. As this is a breach of the regulations which would be dealt sharply with in the case of a British commoner, I am anxious to see how it will be treated when the culprit is a German prince.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon's party at Goodwood during the races will include the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Princesses Victoria and Maud, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, Prince Soltykoff, Lord Durham and Lady Ann Lambton, Lord and Lady Lucan, Lord and Lady Cadogan, Lord Chelsea and Lady Emily Cadogan, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lord and Lady Bradford, Lord and Lady Howe and Lady Evelyn Curzon, Lady Dudley and Lady Edith Ward, Mr. Chaplin, Lord Alington and the Misses Sturt, Lord and Lady Lascelles, Lord Calthorpe, Mr. W. G. Craven, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Colonel Forester, Lord and Lady Hastings, Mr. James Lowther, Lord and Lady Zetland and Lady Hilda Dundas, and Mr. Houldsworth. The guests will arrive on Monday, the 27th, and the party is to separate on the following Friday afternoon.

Lord Rosebery, who is taking the waters at Marienbad, will probably make a tour through the Tyrol before he returns to England.

Sir Edmund and Lady Ermyntrude Malet will not return to Germany for several weeks, as they are going to stay for some time at Norris Castle, Isle of Wight, with the Dowager Duchess of Bedford.

Lord Bristol, having let Ickworth, his family place in Suffolk, to Mr. A. Wood, for a term of years, has given

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up his home-farm, and his famous flock of Southdowns, which is one of the best in the country, is to be sold off on Friday, the 24th.

Mr. A. M. Wilson's celebrated herd of Jersey cattle at Stowlangtoft, Suffolk, was sold off last week, and the animals realised fair prices. There was a large company, including all the leading Jersey breeders. Lord Lonsdale was the principal purchaser, and Lord Londesborough, Lord Hampden, Lord Conyngham, and the Duchess of Montrose each bought several animals.

Mr. Balfour has sold the Border Leicesters, from his flock at Whittingham, with which he took the first and second prizes at the Doncaster Royal Show, to Mr. Cooper, of Catterick, at the rate of £12 per head.

On Lord Sudeley's extensive fruit-farms, at Toddington, Gloucestershire, forty tons of strawberries were picked every day for a fortnight, and the jam-factory never ceased working during that time, in order that the fruit might be steamed down at once.

A friend of mine, who has just returned home from Bohemia, tells me that there is a very interesting Exhibition, which was opened a few weeks ago, at Prague, and which is to remain open during the autumn, of the industries of the Austrian Empire. He speaks with rapture of the illuminated Missals that he saw there. The authorities of Prague are most desirous that their Exhibition should be seen, and are most civil and obliging to foreigners. I mention this because the Continental flitting is soon due, and a tour round by Dresden to Prague, and from thence home by Innsprück, is a most agreeable one.

The shortcomings of the refreshment department at the Naval Exhibition have been the subject during the last week or two of a voluminous correspondence in the Press and a corresponding amount of editorial comment. I have made some inquiries into this matter, and the explanation lies in a nutshell. At last year's Military Exhibition the refreshment contract was taken by Messrs. Spiers & Pond. Their terms were that they paid over to the Executive 15 per cent. on the gross takings, guaranteeing a minimum payment of £4,000. On the contract for the Naval Exhibition being put up for tender, the same firm, in view of the success of last year's show, offered the same percentage on the takings, but guaranteed a minimum of £5,000. Mr. McKenzie Ross, however, went considerably beyond this, offering to guarantee £8,000, and his tender was accepted. It has been stated by Sir Edward Lee, "on good authority," that Mr. Ross also offered the Council 27 per cent. of the gross takings. This I cannot confirm, but the statement has been made publicly and repeated widely, and has not been contradicted.

Therefore, the state of the case is clear. One need go no further for the explanation of the twelve-and-sixpenny champagne served hot, the seven-and-sixpenny dinner from which the guests depart hungry, the shilling tea at which the waiters cannot provide teaspoons, the waiters who make impudent remarks when offered coppers, and all the rest of the complaints that have been poured forth by a long-suffering British public. The contractor has been sweated by the Committee, and he in turn has to sweat the waiters and the public. Here also is the explanation of the boycotting of British waiters at this professedly "national" exhibition. The British waiter, I understand, does not take kindly to the system which is said to be in force at Chelsea, under which the waiter pays his employers instead of the employer paying him; and I should hope that the day is not very far distant when waiters of all nationalities will strike against it.

I do not blame the contractor for all this. Far from it. He is only, like the rest of us, doing the best he can for himself, and if he has miscalculated what he can make out of his contract, he is bound to suffer for it. The blame obviously rests with the Executive Committee alone. They had before them, in the experience of last year and the tenders of, at least, one firm who know the business to perfection, a test of what the catering could be done for in a style which could be relied on to be satisfactory. They chose to accept a tender offering them a profit so extravagant that they ought to have foreseen the probability of the results which have come to pass. In effect, what they have done is to levy, through the contractor, a heavy tax on everybody who takes refreshments in the building, and at the same time to destroy the peace of mind and body of the majority of visitors to their show. The result ought to be a warning to all managers of similar entertainments.

The third volume of Talleyrand's Memoirs is as disappointing as the two former ones, if not more so. Its contents mainly consist of letters between him and Louis XVIII. during the Congress of Vienna, and of others from him during his Embassy to England after the Revolution of 1830 to the sister of Louis Philippe. The letters are stilted, formal, and official, and they add nothing to what is already known. There is an appendix which treats of his connection with the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien, which throws no light upon the vexed question whether he advised or approved of the execution. Napoleon and Savary say that he did both. He denies it. It has always seemed to me that the arrest was inexcusable, for it was made when the Duc was outside the frontiers of France, but that there was a good deal to be said for the execution, as the Duc and other members of his family were unquestionably plotting against the Consular Government, and the law could recognise no distinction between a Bourbon and a Bourbon's adherent. It is to Napoleon's honour that he never evaded the full responsibility of the act.

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We are too close to Mr. Gladstone to form as yet an accurate estimate of his greatness. Mr. George Russell, however, in the volume which he has contributed to "The Queen's Prime Ministers" series, has given a very striking and instructive picture of the ex-Premier's life and character, Nothing that I have come across in the book has impressed me more than the passage in the concluding chapter, which emphasises Mr. Gladstone's natural Conservatism, and the process by which it has been from time to time overcome:—

> It is true that Mr. Gladstone has sometimes been forced by conviction, or fate, or political necessity, to be a revolutionist on a large scale; to destroy an Established Church; to add two millions of voters to the electorate; to attack the Parliamentary union of the Kingdoms. But, after all, these changes were, in their inception, distasteful to their author. He has allowed us to see the steps by which he arrived at the belief that they were necessary, and with admirable candour has shown us that he started with quite opposite prepossessions. His mind is singularly receptive and his whole life has been spent in unlearning the prejudices in which he was educated.

It is, I take it, because his Conservative instincts have always been amenable to reason, that Mr. Gladstone is so cordially hated by the baser sort of Conservatives.

Lady Diana Huddleston has presented the mess of the Oxford circuit with a massive silver tankard, which bears the date 1677, as a memorial of the late Baron Huddleston, who was for many years the leader of that circuit.

A syndicate of archæologists has been formed to purchase the site of Old Sarum from the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury, and if the sale takes place, extensive excavations will probably be made there.

The Cambridge memorial to the late Dr. Luard is to take the form of a chiming clock, which is to be presented to Great St. Mary's, the University Church.

Dr. Goulburn, who resigned the Deanery of Norwich about two years ago, has consummated his numerous gifts to the Cathedral by presenting a most ornate hexagonal stone pulpit, which has been placed in the nave. Dr. Goulburn has restored, at his own expense, the roof of the nave, the Reliquary Chapel, the Jesus Chapel, the St. Luke's Chapel, and the apse of the Cathedral, and he also undertook many less important but very costly works, while Mrs. Goulburn presented the choir organ, and the cathedral clock with chimes. The late Dean will be long remembered at Norwich for his munificence and hospitality, as well as for his admirable sermons, many of which, indeed, really passed praise.

The opening sermons at the Rhyl Church Congress in October are to be preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ripon. The Bishop is to be the special preacher at Westminster Abbey next Sunday evening.

The Bishop of Winchester has gone to the Channel Islands for ten days, this being his first visit to that portion of the diocese.

Canon Madan, who died the other day, had been for more than fifty years one of the most prominent and active clergymen in Gloucestershire. He was vicar of Cam for fourteen years, and then his friend, Bishop Monk, presented him to the important living of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, where he commenced the work of restoring that magnificent church, which has since been so thoroughly accomplished. Canon Madan left Bristol in 1865 to become Rector of Dursley, and he held that living until four years ago, when he resigned, and he had since resided in Gloucester. He thoroughly restored Dursley Church. The Canon was a zealous advocate of popular education, and he took a keen interest in the parish schools wherever he lived. He was a man of considerable literary attainments, and an excellent architect.

There is to be a special service in Lichfield Cathedral on the afternoon of Saturday, the 25th, when the Archbishop-Designate of York will preach a farewell sermon, as his official connection with the diocese of Lichfield terminates at the end of this month. The Bishop-Designate of Lichfield has been staying for a few days at Bishopstowe, on a visit to Archbishop Maclagan.

The Jubilee of the Salisbury Training College, which was established under the auspices of Bishop Denison in 1841, is to be celebrated on August 19, when the service at the special service in the Cathedral is to be preached by Canon Tinling, of Gloucester, who, nearly fifty years ago, was Sydney Smith's curate at Halberton.

In a letter on gambling, which was published a few days ago, the Bishop of Manchester made some interesting remarks on the ways of those whom he calls "proper old ladies." Dr. Moorhouse says that "proper old ladies' who think it wrong to gamble, but who, nevertheless, play games for counters, do so because "they enjoy the excitement of a mild form of covetousness." His Lordship adds:—

> So proper old ladies don't swear; but still, as they like to get a little of the pleasure which comes from using strong and wrong words, they sometimes have recourse to strange devices. A noble lady once told me that in her earlier days, when she wished to express deep disgust at anything which had occurred, she would say "damson cheese." By dwelling gently on the first syllable of the first word she secured the end which is attained by playing for counters—the pleasure of being a little naughty.

The Rector of Englefield, whose name will not be unfamiliar to readers of TRUTH, is a more gifted individual than I supposed. From the following passage in his parish magazine it appears that his knowledge of his parish is at once extensive and peculiar, for he is not

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only familiar with the most intimate private concerns of the parishioners, but he is able to foretell the sex of children yet unborn:—

There has been a decrease in the population of our village, since the census taken ten years ago, but it is being remedied now, for we chronicle the baptism of two boys, three other boys have since been born, and two more are expected.

Why cannot the licence to marry in St. George's proprietary chapel, Albemarle-street, be granted without any more nonsense? Here is a large congregation burning to be married in the place where they worship. The answer is that they can only be baptized. The matter was submitted a year ago to the Bishop's court, and was decided in Dr. Ker Gray's favour on every point, except that it was held that the petition was not signed by a sufficient number of persons actually living near the chapel. At this moment the Rector of St. George's, Hanover-square, died, on which his successor inaugurated a fresh crusade against a licence being granted. What I fail to understand is why the Bishop and the Rector prefer that a congregation should be married at a registry, or not married at all, rather than permit them to be married in a chapel licensed under the Bishop for every other function of the Established Church.

Apropos to the remarks of a militant licensed victualler on the mutual dependence of Church and public-house which I quoted last week, I have received an intimation from an authoritative quarter that the liquor interest is far from satisfied with the attitude of the Clergy towards it. The spread of temperance principles among the clergy, says my informant, and the multiplication of blue-ribbon-wearing parsons, are a distinct menace to "the Trade," and, in view of the near approach of the General Election, it is high time to warn the Church that if she makes common cause with the enemies of the publican she must no longer count on the publican for his vote on the side of Church and State. Well, now, which of the two masters will the clergy elect to serve?

I desire to direct the attention of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the reprehensible aberrations of a clergyman in his diocese, the Rev. E. Molloy, who, at Lord Delawarr's rent audit dinner, is alleged to have publicly requested the farmers then present "to employ none but true Churchmen," adding that by so doing, "they would give evidence of true Churchmanship in themselves." Mr. Molloy advised Lord Cantelupe "to make it his business to inquire of tenants and others who kept away from church why they did not attend regularly." It seems to me that Mr. Molloy must be an exceedingly silly person, or he would know that the sort of intolerance, and bigotry, and puddling despotism which he recommends are altogether obsolete in this country.

It may be news to many people to learn that Mr. W. J. Austin, J.P., of Broadbottom Hall, near Manchester, occupies what he modestly calls "the most exalted position and office of Grand Master" of the "noble" and "glorious" Loyal Orange Institution of England. I confess I was not aware of the fact myself till I read the remarkable manifesto in which Mr. Austin has just set out the whole duty of English Orangemen "in these days of degeneration." In "matters social" Orangemen are to guard "the sanctity and purity" of their homes; in religion they are to avoid "as a curse all semblance of Ritualism." But the all-important point seems to be this: "In party politics you are to be guided by the instructions which from time to time may be given to you from me, through your provincial or district officers, in no case taking any party side until the fiat has gone forth from myself indicating the course you are to take." Mr. Austin must have a pretty considerable notion of his own importance.

The honorary secretary of the "Wandering Minstrels" claims for that society that they have an even better record than that of the "Minnehaha Minstrels" referred to in last week's TRUTH, they having since their formation in 1860 earned for various charities the sum of £16,000. Whether £16,000 in thirty-one years is a better record than £5,848 in seven years is more than I can decide, but I recommend both these excellent societies to redouble their efforts and see whether they cannot both eclipse their previous records in the course of the next seven years.

I beg to draw my readers' attention to the following letter from Lady Jeune:—

May I venture once more to ask your readers to remember my poor little children, who are anxiously waiting for their holiday. The cold winter has brought much sickness. The last severe epidemic of influenza has affected children very sorely; in the poor parts of London they have suffered very much. Every day I hear of fresh cases wanting change and fresh air, and unless I get further assistance I shall be unable to give it to them. I have sent over 500 children already away, and have more than 700 others waiting to go, and I have no money left; and, unless I can get it somewhere, these poor little people must go without their holiday, for, being too poor to contribute towards their expenses, they cannot be helped by the Country Holiday Fund. We are all making our plans now for our autumn holiday, and looking forward very eagerly to the moment when we can get away from the heat and noise of London. If we long for the change, how much more urgently must the poor children, who, pent up in hot, stuffy courts and streets, and who never get away from such surroundings, long for the little change we promise them? Will your readers in making their plans count the cost of a three weeks' holiday to some poor child as part of their expenses, and try to believe and realise for one moment that the happiness and good they will do is what any words of mine are quite inadequate to describe?

M. JEUNE.

Meanwhile, the following amounts towards Lady Jeune's fund have reached me:—Mrs. Johnston, £1; A. C., £2; Dorothy and Petronel, £2. 2s.; P. W. M., £1; Theodore R. Trier, £1.

"TRUTH" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is, 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the MANAGER, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

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I hear of another outrageous job on the part of the Board of Selection at the War Office. The command of the 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders has become vacant, and the two senior Majors have been passed over, for no apparent reason whatever, and Major Oxley, the third on the list, has been appointed over their heads. This fortunate gentleman has been a Field Officer for only six years. Major Robertson, the senior Major, who has been superseded, has belonged to the 92nd for twenty-six years, and he has been a Major for ten years. He is an excellent officer, and is very popular with all ranks, and generally much esteemed, so that his being superseded in this extraordinary manner is regarded as a most atrocious piece of favouritism, and great sympathy is expressed for him in his own and other regiments, and in service circles generally.

The War Office authorities have prepared a fresh scheme for the reorganisation of the Royal Artillery, which will come into force as soon as it has been formally sanctioned by the Treasury. I understand that the Royal Artillery is still to remain a single regiment, but there is to be a great gulf fixed between Field and Garrison Artillery officers, who are no longer to be interchangeable by transfer or on promotion, but only by "exchange." There seems to be some doubt as to whether the Mountain Artillery is to be formed into a distinct and separate branch, or is in future to be classed as Field Artillery; but it has been definitely decided that the Horse Artillery is to remain *in statu quo*. Officers of the other branches of the regiment are to be eligible for appointment to the Horse Artillery as at present, and, on promotion, are to return to the branch from which they were selected—field or garrison as the case may be. Moreover, "corps pay" is to be granted to the Garrison Artillery, on the same principle as that adopted in the Royal Engineers and the Army Service Corps.

That this is a move in the right direction, and in the interests of the public and of Artillery officers alike, will not, I think, be disputed by any one who is acquainted with the subject. But it is a very small move, indeed. There is no doubt that the Garrison Artillery ought to be paid better than at present, and in that part of the scheme I find nothing to object to. But so long as Garrison Artillery officers are eligible for appointment to the Horse Artillery, it follows that the divorce between the mounted and dismounted branches remains incomplete; and, in consequence, a certain proportion of the latter—especially among the younger officers—will be unsettled and discontented. They will be unsettled until their turn comes for appointment to the Horse Artillery, and discontented when it has passed and they have not been selected. The first step towards the effective reorganisation of the Artillery will be the constitution of the Horse Artillery into a branch by itself, on the same footing as the other branches, into which officers can exchange, but to which they can no longer be "appointed" as at present, to the detriment of the batteries from which they are taken. After that most needful reform has been carried out—and it cannot much longer be delayed—the disintegration of the different branches into smaller regiments will follow naturally, and the Artillery, in ceasing to be a regiment, will, for the first time in our Service, be able to take its proper place as an arm.

From these reforms, when made, a considerable saving of the public money will result. For the country will no longer be charged with the travelling expenses of Artillery officers, who, on promotion or by jobbery, are shifted from one part of the world to another, seeing that each officer will remain in his own regiment. Also, the present Artillery Staff will be greatly reduced, especially in the higher ranks. The "Colonels on the Staff for the Royal Artillery" will to a great extent cease to exist; and the senior officers of the Artillery will be subject to a fair and healthy competition with those of other arms for employment.

An officer recently sent me a very strenuous argument in favour of allowing soldiers an officer to defend them on trial by court-martial. So far as I am personally concerned, this was a work of supererogation. I have repeatedly pointed to court-martials where injustice has obviously been done for want of a proper presentation of the defence to the Court. In theory, of course, the President of the Court and the prosecutor ought to give the prisoner some assistance in this direction; but they cannot possibly cross-examine witnesses, or show the accused how to put his case in the most favourable light, or prevent him from giving himself away by damaging admissions. The officer just referred to writes:—

> A private soldier is rarely sufficiently educated, and almost always too nervous, to cross-examine properly himself. It is also notorious that he invariably puts his defence extremely badly. It generally takes the form of a document laboriously written out, and concluding by the prisoner throwing himself on the mercy of the Court. He knows nothing, of course, of the fatal significance of the phrase, and only uses it as a formula appropriate to the occasion.

The writer goes on to point out that the appointment of an official advocate for the defence would lead soldiers to form a much higher idea of the purpose and character of a court-martial. At present, it is said, soldiers regard a court-martial merely as a machine for imposing a heavier punishment than can be given in the orderly-room, and look upon the result of the proceedings as a foregone conclusion. Doubtless they have good reason to do so. If an official defender were appointed, as well as an official prosecutor, it would certainly tend to foster the idea that the real object of the inquiry was to get at the truth, as well as contributing materially towards the attainment of that desirable object. I have spoken to one or two military acquaintances on the subject, and I find that officers rather like the idea.

The Indian Government would be wise to open their ears in time to the grievances of the Staff Corps. The subject has been more than once discussed in TRUTH, and I have no doubt elsewhere, and the grounds of complaint

must be well known. Chief of them is the slow rate of promotion. The periods of service for the three chief steps are at present eleven years for captain, twenty for major, and twenty-six for lieutenant-colonel; that is to say, three or four years longer in each case than the corresponding periods in the British Army. Obviously if there is to be any difference at all between the two, it ought to be in favour of the Indian officer, who serves in a more trying climate, dies younger, and has all round a less attractive berth. Unless the conditions of this service are improved, I prophesy that before long the Indian Government will experience great difficulty in obtaining eligible candidates for the Staff Corps.

There are more cases than I supposed in which service in India means to a military man a reduction of pay. Among others a surgeon on the Army Medical Staff may lose from £20 to £40 per annum by being sent to India. For instance, the pay of a surgeon who has served less than five years amounts in England, roughly, to £290 per annum, while in India he gets, according to the rate of exchange, from £250 to £270. Although about four men out of five are ordered to India, there is no mention of this reduced rate of pay in the prospectus of terms of service which the War Office furnishes to intending candidates. What is this but another fraud on the recruit?

The British Soldier's Song.

[A soldier, wearing the Queen's uniform, and in the company of a clergyman, was lately refused admission to the coffee-room of a Folkestone hotel.—*Daily Paper.*]

When I put the Queen's uniform on,
I wore it with unconcealed pride,
For I said "It is one
In which deeds have been done
That no one will dare to deride.
'Twill be known and admired everywhere,
And 'twill be a distinction to wear,
This tunic of red"—
So I held up my head
With a proudly self-satisfied air.
Yes, honour I reckoned upon
When I first put this uniform on!

Chorus of other Insulted Soldiers.

Nor will it appear strange to you,
When the fact is reflected upon,
That these thoughts occurred to us too,
When *we* put this uniform on!

But alas! as I've found to my cost
This uniform, feared by our foes,
But a pretext is made
To insult and degrade
The soldier wherever he goes;
And my cheeks have been often aflame,
As I've found it a passport to shame;
A badge of disgrace,
Deemed unfit for a place
'Midst people of wealth and good fame—
Things that I never counted upon
When I first put this uniform on.

Chorus of other Insulted Soldiers.

And things, pray allow us to state,
Which should be corrected anon,
If you still expect men of repute
To put the Queen's uniform on.

A "Purchase Subaltern" sends me an imposing statement of the grievances of his class, whom I take to be the men who held the rank of subaltern at the time of the abolition of purchase. It seems to me that these officers have distinctly suffered by the abolition of purchase, although the compensations which were offered to the higher ranks were not extended to them. In other words, the State, as in so many other cases, has broken its bargain without making any amends. A particularly bad feature in the matter appears to be that an exception to this treatment was made in the case of the purchase subalterns of the Guards—a rank and disgraceful piece of favouritism.

Sabbatarianism of the most intolerant and self-assertive type has just secured a gratifying triumph at Kimberley. Lieut.-General Cameron, commanding in South Africa, last month passed through that town on his way back from Bechuanaland. In response to an invitation from the commanding officers, he consented to hold a grand parade of the local Volunteer regiments; and partly to suit the convenience of the Volunteers, partly to fit in with his own arrangements, he fixed a Sunday afternoon for the purpose. An imposing muster was accordingly arranged and duly came off; but when the troops and spectators had assembled in their thousands on the field, the General failed to appear, and the assemblage was informed that in consequence of a protest against the Sunday parade addressed to him by local ministers, he had regretfully decided not to carry out the programme. It seems that this protest was sent to the General by a body styled the Ministers' Association of the Diamond Fields. These officious busybodies know their own business best, but I should not think that they have done much to make the name of religion beloved in the Diamond Fields.

I have received several letters from Gibraltar in reference to my recent remarks on the omission of the men and officers of the fleet from the honours awarded for saving life at the time of the loss of the *Utopia*. It is evident that there is a strong feeling upon this subject among all classes; and, indeed, seeing that the whole of the life-saving on this occasion was practically done by the fleet, the way in which the rewards have been distributed deprives them of all value and significance. The Royal Humane Society ought not to let the matter rest where it stands.

In the *St. James's Gazette* there was a letter last week that was nothing short of an insult to the Naval Engineers as a body. The writer, who, of course, had not the pluck to sign his name, had the audacity to assert that Naval Engineers are no better than engine-drivers, and that their education is a sham. Of course, this twaddle does not impose upon

Yachting, Fishing, &c.—Morel's new list of Yacht Stores, Specialties and Novelties in Preserved Provisions, just published, on application to 186, Piccadilly, W.

those who know anything of naval matters, but as the public knows very little of the Navy, they are apt to be deceived by it. As a matter of fact, the course of training for these officers is very severe, and necessitates five years' work before they even go afloat.

I referred last week to the reprehensible fatuity of the Admiralty in bringing home the *Thrush* from the West Indies, in order that she may be paid off after a commission of only fifteen months. I am informed that the *Thrush* had cost nearly £42,000 before she went to sea, and, under the circumstances, her recall is so astonishing and so unprecedented a proceeding that it demands explanation.

The prohibition of officers on full pay from holding seats on the boards of public Companies except with special permission may be a good thing or a bad thing. On the principle that no man can serve two masters, it seems to me desirable that officers on the active list should be required to give their undivided energies to their Queen and to eschew the service of Mammon. On the other hand, seeing that Satan has always mischief for idle hands, it is possible that, being excluded from Company directing, our unemployed warriors may take to something worse. We may even be involved in a war in order to provide them with work. But of this I entertain no doubt—that if it is thought desirable to forbid military officers engaging in this kind of work, the same restrictions should be imposed upon all public officials. I see no argument which applies to the one which does not apply to the others.

One of the standing mysteries of Indian administration is the disparity between the salaries and perquisites of the Governors of Bombay and Madras on the one hand, and Calcutta on the other. In salary alone this difference is above 1,600 rupees per annum; but in addition to salary the sumptuary allowances drawn at Madras and Bombay are considerably in excess of those at Calcutta, while the Governors at the former places also have their establishments kept up for them by their grateful country. Bengal is far and away the most important province of the three; the last census gives it a population nearly double that of Madras, and quadruple that of Bombay. The expense of entertaining must also be much greater at Calcutta than in the limited society of Madras or Bombay. But the Governor of Bengal is a "competition wallah," while those of Bombay and Madras are obscure limbs of the British aristocracy or place-men reaping the fruits of party services.

The Indian Courts seem to proceed on much the same monstrous principles as our own in estimating the comparative gravity of offences against property and against the person. The Sessions Judge at Banda recently sentenced a man to tranportation for life for stealing some vessels of trifling value from another man's house. The sentence was subsequently reduced on appeal to ten years' transportation; but even in its mitigated form it remains a monument of the unreasoning ferocity of our punishments for theft. As if to emphasise that view of it, transportation for life was also the sentence imposed last month upon a vile ruffian who had killed his child-wife (aged ten years) in the manner so shockingly familiar to Indian courts of justice.

It may be said that in the last case the man was in some sort acting within his legal rights. I do not know how that may be in point of law, the fact being that the man compelled the child to come to his house. But this I take to be certain, that either the man was within his legal rights or he was not. In the latter case he has committed an atrocious murder, and ought to be hanged; in the former he has committed no crime at all, and ought not to be punished. The guilt in that case rests upon the law, which gives its sanction to outrages, otherwise indistinguishable from the blackest crimes that can be committed. We justify our domination of India on the ground that, however much they may object to it, it is really the best thing for the natives. We pretend that we are educating the people, albeit against their will, in the paths of civilisation and true religion and virtue. On what principle, then, can we recognise and enforce laws utterly repugnant to civilisation, religion, and virtue, and plead in excuse for this that the people would not like it if we were to alter them?

From various communications received I find that I considerably understated the case against the Appointments Boards at the Post-Office in my reference to the subject last week. Even in London there are several cases in which vacancies have been now kept open for over twelve months. I hear that it is not an unknown thing for appointments to be kept open for as long as eighteen months. There appears to be reason for believing that men in the Post-Office Volunteer Corps are more fortunate than their fellows in this respect. That might, perhaps, be excused, if it were intended to popularise volunteering; but there could hardly be any legitimate reason for extending the same favour to members of religious organisations within the Post-Office, if it is true, as I am told, that such a thing is done.

Here is a little matter in which the Purity party on the County Council might really, for once in a way, exercise their peculiar gifts with some public advantage. Complaints reach me that bathing under very indecent circumstances is practised by boys and girls, pretty well advanced in years, in a pond close to the band-stand in Battersea Park. A gentleman tells me that a party of lads fifteen years old, or thereabouts, were disporting themselves in this pond *in puris naturalibus* from 4.30 to 5.30 on a recent afternoon, while a number of girls about the same age, divested of essential portions of their attire, were paddling beside them. I recently showed by reference to the learned Poggio's account of the German baths in his day

Millinery.—All the latest Novelties in Smart Millinery at the 216, Regent-street Branch of the Maison Nouvelle (next to Liberty's East India House).

that in these matters everything depends upon the temper of the age, and the spirit in which the thing is regarded. To the pure all things are pure. My information, however, indicates that the Battersea Park bathers, despite their youth, are not pure—in fact, their conduct has been such as to drive away all decent spectators. Those who have taken so much pains to prevent our beholding the picture of Zæo upon our hoardings, are bound to save the public from this much more objectionable spectacle.

I beg to call the attention of the Corporation of Southampton to the following circular, which is being sent out on official paper from the Municipal Offices (Engineer and Surveyor's Department) by the Assistant Borough Surveyor:—

> Dear Sirs,—The workmen in the employ of the Corporation propose holding their annual outing on July 23, and have requested me to ask you if you would be kind enough to give them a subscription in aid of the same.
>
> I may add that the greater portion of the expenses are borne by the officials and tradesmen of the town.—I am, dear sirs, yours obediently,
>
> A. D. Greatorex,
> Assistant Borough Surveyor.

The objections to an appeal of this character are obvious. It is sent to firms who have done or may do business with the Corporation. They will naturally think, rightly or wrongly, that their subscribing or not subscribing may make the difference between their getting business or not getting it. There is no earthly reason why they should subscribe, and the appeal to them is, therefore, little better than an attempt at "blackmail." Corporations who are sensitive about the purity of their business transactions will rigorously suppress all such practices.

Bumble is never quite happy unless he is making a fool of himself, and this, I suppose, accounts for the fact that "religious questions," in one form or another, are always cropping up at Guardians' meetings. Two instances have occurred within the past week. The West Derby (Liverpool) Board having to appoint an assistant-relieving-officer, the Chairman asked an applicant of what "religious persuasion" he was; and at Salford the candidates for the position of night superintendent of nursing at the Workhouse Hospital were questioned in a similar way. The duty of the Guardians is to select the persons best qualified to discharge the duties of the offices concerned, and to bring in a religious test is not only ridiculous, but improper. At least one member of the Salford Board recognised this, and as his protest in the case of the nurses was unavailing, he tried the effect of a *reductio ad absurdum* by insisting that each applicant for the situation of workhouse plumber should be called upon to say to what religious denomination he belonged. It will, doubtless, be gratifying to many to know that a Church of England plumber was, in due course, appointed!

The Guardians of North Dublin Union are advertising for a ward-master, under thirty-five years of age, at a salary of £16 per annum, with the notification, "Pensioners are ineligible." They mean, I suppose, time-expired army men, for there can hardly be any other kind of "pensioners" within the age here indicated. This is a striking example of the systematic boycotting of discharged soldiers, even in those forms of employment for which it might be supposed that they possess exceptional qualifications. In the case of local authorities, at any rate, I would make such notices as the above illegal.

Birkenhead must be afflicted with a peculiarly pig-headed Corporation, for they appear resolved after all to maintain their opposition to Sunday burials. As I announced a few weeks ago, the Cemetery Committee, acting on legal advice, decided that interments should be allowed on Sunday mornings up to nine o'clock. This has now been formally brought under the notice of the Council in the form of a recommendation, and that body has refused to adopt it, referring the matter back to the Committee. In prohibiting Sunday funerals the Council is, I believe, breaking the law, and it is to be hoped that somebody at Birkenhead will have sufficient public spirit to take action which will effectually settle the question.

A good many people will cordially endorse a complaint which I received a day or two ago against the absence of Directories at important English post-offices. My correspondent was a visitor from a more enlightened country than our own, and he was amazed beyond measure on asking for the use of a directory at a large telegraph office, to be told that such a thing was not kept, but that he would probably obtain one at a neighbouring public-house. I have no interest, direct or indirect, in the firm of Kelly & Co., but I am strongly of opinion that there should be at least one London Directory in every Metropolitan post-office. It would be a public convenience; it would, I should think, be an assistance to the clerks; and it would save our weaker brothers and sisters from the perilous necessity of having to go to a public-house and obtain a drink whenever uncertain of an address.

I understand that a most damning report on the sanitary condition of the Charing Cross-road Board School was recently made by the Chief Inspector, and the nature of it deserves to be known by every rate-payer. There are bad leaks from the closets on the boys' side, the one washing-basin is frequently stopped up, and is fixed so high that the smaller boys cannot wash in it. The girls' and infants' closets are approached by steps, which are pronounced to be dangerous, and they ventilate under the floor of the infant school. The lavatory accommodation for the girls consists of a washing-tub, and the infants wash in a pail. This is the sort of return we have to show for hundreds of thousands squandered on Board School buildings. And what have the London School Board done as yet to remedy this disgraceful state of things? Nothing. I understand that the Education Department threaten to withhold their grant if the sani-

Droitwich Brine Baths.—Celebrated for the cure of Rheumatism, Lumbabo, Sciatica, &c. &c.—For further particulars and testimonials apply to Secretary, Brine Baths, Droitwich.

tary defects of this school are not remedied. That, of course, means so much more out of the ratepayers' pockets. Do the School Board care any more for that than for the health of the children, or their own responsibilities? I doubt it, but we shall see.

It is hardly likely that the state of things described above is peculiar to this one school. How many more, I should like to know, are in a similar, or worse, state? When the first exposures were made a year or two ago of the shameful scamping and cheating that had been perpetrated by the contractors for some of the schools, I expressed the opinion that the matter ought to be sifted by a Royal Commission. The systematic hushing up of the business that has since been effected only confirms me in that opinion, and I believe that the ratepayers will yet have cause to regret that an exhaustive public inquiry, independent of the Board, has not been insisted upon.

An Excise official writes from Londonderry to protest that excisemen are in no way to blame for the prevalence of "grogging," since they have no power to stop it. I never said that they had. The ground for my criticism was that they had not brought the facts to the notice of the heads of the Department. But this, it appears, they have done "again and again." The blame, therefore, rests with the authorities at Somerset House, who have for years connived at this method of defrauding the Revenue, until at last it has reached the dimensions of a flourishing trade. My Londonderry exciseman suggests that some blame also rests upon the House of Commons, for leaving the Excise without power to interfere with the practice. But the House of Commons can have no practical knowledge of matters of this kind. If "grogging" is within the four corners of the law, it is the duty of the Inland Revenue people to get the law amended, and if a Bill had been introduced for the purpose, the House of Commons would have passed it years ago.

Seeing the character of Mr. Waugh's periodical revelations of the brutality of British fathers and mothers, it is some comfort to know that this country is not unique in this respect. At Cape Town, last month, a ruffian, named Brandt, was charged with cruelty to his stepdaughter, and it appeared that, not content with thrashing her with a leather belt, furnished with an iron buckle, and burning her with a red-hot poker, the ruffian had branded the words "liar" and "thief" on her forehead with nitrate of silver, the stuff having been in some cases rubbed in with such violence that it had produced festering, which is likely to leave permanent scars. I am curious to hear the result of this prosecution, for the last Cape papers only report the first hearing, at the conclusion of which the man was remanded under bail to the amount of £20 only, which does not show a very keen appreciation of the gravity of the charge on the part of the Magistrate.

Mr. Matthews practically admitted on Thursday last the accuracy of all the statements made in TRUTH of July 2 respecting the housing of the warders at Portland Prison. The only correction which he attempted—that the condemnation by the local medical officer applied to another block of buildings, which have now been given up—becomes insignificant in the face of the admitted facts as to the overcrowding and the general unsanitariness of the buildings. Mr. Matthews, in fact, appears to be fully conscious of the gravity of the scandal, and he has already taken the first step towards abating it. I hope, therefore, that it will not be necessary for me to refer to the matter again, and I wish that every evil exposed in these columns could be dealt with as promptly. I am informed, however, that Mr. Matthews made a mistake in saying that the warders are not charged rent; they are paid £60 per annum, and then between £9 and £10 is deducted for rent.

Here, however, is another point in connection with the same convict establishment, on which I should like further information. A gentleman, who has been investigating the practical value to the country of convict labour, sends me the following account of observations which he has had made at Portland:—

> In the Portland Convict Prison they make out wage-sheets, which are returned, in order to show the public how much profitable labour they get out of the convicts in return for the expenses of their keep. The returns, for the most part, make out that the value of the convicts' labour to the country is from 2s. 2d. to 2s. 6d. a day. I have had measured up for me an average day's work by an average gang of convicts in the quarries. I have also had measured up an average day's work by an average gang of quarrymen in a private quarry in Portland. Comparing the value of the work of the convicts with the work of the free labourers, we found that the value of the convicts' labour per diem was 6d., and the value of the free labourers', 4s. 6d. If we put down the average value of the convict labour to the country at 6d. per diem, we should be able to estimate truly the actual cost of the convict establishments to the country.

That convict labour can ever be worth as much as free labour, I do not suggest, or suppose. But that is not the point. The question is whether the country is correctly informed, or otherwise, as to the value of the labour got out of the convicts. If the above calculation is correct, the prisons must have been credited with at least four times as much result as they are really entitled to. It will surprise anybody who has seen the system under which convicts work, and the spirit which animates their labours, to hear that the net product can be estimated at 2s. 6d. a day, and I should vastly like to know on what basis that calculation has been arrived at.

The Excise authorities have so far triumphed over the Pelican Club, but surely their evidence might have been obtained at a somewhat cheaper rate. A detective was instructed to take such steps as would enable him to prove that excisable liquors and tobacco were sold in the club. When once this functionary had obtained admission the purchase of a threepenny cigar and a brandy-and-soda would have been quite enough for his purpose, but Excise

OSLER'S CRYSTAL GLASS.—CHINA—TABLE DECORATIONS.—Patterns or illustrations free of charge.—OSLER'S, 100, Oxford-street W. Manufactory, Birmingham.

THE CARPET BEATING SEASON.—The *Queen* says, "A good place to get your carpets cleaned is the Compressed Air Carpet and Tapestry Cleaning Co., Brook Green, Hammersmith. Dust blown out. No beaters.

officials seem to be allowed a very free hand in expenditure, for it appears that he did not quit the Pelican Club until he had ordered, and presumably consumed, three bottles of champagne, a liqueur glass of old brandy, and seven cigars at a shilling each. I really do think that the taxpayers (who, of course, paid the cost of this frisk) have a right to protest against such senseless extravagance on the part of public servants.

The West Hartlepool magistrates last week imposed the truly farcical penalty of 20s. upon a married woman in well-to-do circumstances for brutally beating one of two little girls whom she and her husband had adopted from the workhouse. Such a penalty seems to me worse than none at all. It cannot possibly exercise any deterrent effect, while it makes the law ridiculous, and disgusts those who have taken the trouble to put the law in motion. This very same Bench on the same day fined a man 30s. for stealing a duck—an offence, therefore, which is considered at Hartlepool 50 per cent. more serious than that of cruelly ill-treating a child.

There is little difference between a pheasant and a barn-door rooster. Both fowls are artificially bred and artificially fed. When the rooster's time comes to be eaten, his neck is wrung; when the pheasant's time comes, he is forced by beaters to rise in the air, and is shot. But this latter mode of putting an end to the bird is termed "sport," and so fond are some people of this "sport," that penalties attach to those who even sell pheasants without a licence, whilst if the vendor be a publican he is sent to prison for having one on his premises during the close season. This state of the law was brought home to Nicholas Long, of the Chequers Inn, West Farleigh, by Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P. and J.P., who sentenced Long to six months' imprisonment with hard labour because a pheasant was found in his stables. Mr. Matthews, upon being appealed to, reduced the term of confinement to three months. The only difference, therefore, between the Tory Home Secretary and the Tory M.P. is that the former considers that Long's heinous crime deserves a sentence of six months, and the latter is of opinion that one of three months meets the justice of the case. Is it very surprising, under these circumstances, that Liberals should be of the opinion that our Game Laws require reform? Admitting that pheasants are game, and that the owner of the soil is the owner of game birds flying over his soil, the law should not go further than this in the protection and encouragement of pheasant-preserving, of battues, and of such like unsportsmanlike sport. But the Tories also consider that the Game Laws need reform. They believe that they are not sufficiently comprehensive. During the winter months hundreds of thousands of game birds are imported into this country from Russia and Austria in a frozen state. In the present Session a Bill was brought in by some Tories, and actually read a second time, prohibiting these importations, because it is difficult to distinguish between foreign and domestic game, and it was thought by these gentlemen that the chance of some birds being poached from the English game preserves and sold as imported birds, outweighs the advantage of all this cheap food finding its way to our markets.

I am glad to see that in the Stockport County-court, on Friday, Judge Hughes, Q.C., again strongly condemned the method of business adopted by "travelling drapers." These gentry go about persuading the wives of workingmen to purchase finery for which they cannot afford to pay, and then recover the money by suing the unfortunate husbands in the County-court. The Judges have become accustomed to actions of this kind, but on Friday there was such an unusually big batch at Stockport that his Honour was moved to express the opinion that these travelling drapers "are a perfect curse." If the Court always spread the order in these cases for the payment of the debt over a very long period, the "curse" would soon be less pronounced, as the game would not be worth the playing.

Nearly every paper in London has commented on the case of the two scoundrels, Taplin and Owen, who were convicted and sentenced last week for perjury in the Divorce Court, and almost every commentator has deplored the prevalence of perjury in the law courts, and the fact that so few perjurers are brought to justice. My own belief is that this is largely due to the religious character of the oath. Although criminal penalties are known to hang over those who swear falsely, the religious element is the one to which prominence is given in the ceremony of swearing the witness. The Bible is the instrument; the witness goes through the mysterious hocus-pocus of kissing the book; and he calls the Almighty to witness and assist his veracity. In the Middle Ages this doubtless meant a great deal; but in the present day, and for a large proportion of the occupants of the witness-box, it has no more meaning than to require them to recite the Apostle's Creed in Latin, or repeat the Lord's Prayer backwards. The character of Mr. Taplin's religion may be judged from the fact that a prayer-meeting, or something of the kind, was held in his house to celebrate the success of the plot by which his wife was to be convicted of adultery. But the majority of perjurers have not even as much religion as is implied in holding a prayer-meeting.

It is pretty clear that if a man is sufficiently destitute of moral and social principle to bear false witness against his neighbour in a court of justice, he is not likely to be influenced by the formula of kissing the Bible, and attesting the name of the Almighty. An infinitely deeper impression is certain to be made on him by reciting to him an article from the Criminal Code, and warning him of the term of hard labour or penal servitude to which he will expose himself by not speaking the truth.

Inns of Court Hotel, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.
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Invergloy Hotel (by Fort William, N.B.), on Loch Lochy (Caledonian Canal).—Beautiful walks, waterfalls, &c. Good Fishing and Boating. Same Management as "Station Hotel," Oban.

Why should this course not be adopted? The taking of an oath is contrary to the express teaching of the Gospel. Quakers refuse on that account to go through the form. It is a perpetual stumbling-block to conscientious persons of uncertain religious views, and an advertising-block to "agnostics" greedy of a little temporary notoriety. To persons of serious religious convictions it must also, I imagine, be painful reflection that on a large proportion of the occasions when the name of God is taken in a court of justice, it is more or less deliberately taken in vain. It seems to me that religion as well as justice would benefit by abolishing oaths altogether.

It is satisfactory to find that Mr. W. H. Higgin, Q.C., Chairman of the Salford Hundred Sessions, is not altogether impervious to criticism. Time after time I have commented upon the relentless severity of the sentences passed at these Sessions, and a case mentioned in Truth on June 11, in which a woman was condemned to seven years' penal servitude and a similar period of police supervision for stealing a shilling, was afterwards brought under the notice of the Home Secretary, who reduced this excessive punishment to twelve months' imprisonment. In dealing with an "old offender" at the Sessions last week, Mr. Higgin said that the Bench "ought now to pass another sentence of seven years' penal servitude," but as some one was sure to ask a question in the House of Commons, they did not want to run the risk of having the sentence altered, so he sentenced the prisoner, who had stolen two and a quarter yards of cloth, to fifteen months' imprisonment and three years' police supervision—a more than sufficient punishment, but a vast improvement on the usual penal servitude.

At several of the summer Quarter Sessions attention has been called to a recent circular issued by the Home Secretary reminding Magistrates that by section 8 of the Summary Jurisdiction Act of 1879 it is provided that a defendant shall not be ordered to pay costs in a case where the fine inflicted does not exceed five shillings. This part of the Act is daily violated, and I have repeatedly given cases in which poor people fined a shilling or half-a-crown for some paltry offence have been ordered to pay ten, fifteen, or even twenty shillings in costs. And I am afraid it will require something more effectual than a circular from Mr. Matthews to put an end to this scandalous state of things, for at more than one Quarter Sessions it has been intimated that in view of Mr. Matthews's circular fines will be increased so as to include costs, which means that defendants will not only have to pay heavier penalties than they have deserved and than they would have had to pay but for the circular, but will still be charged in addition with the fees which go to the police and towards the payment of the Justices' clerks' salaries. Clearly under these circumstances it is the duty of the Home Secretary to at once take some further action in the matter.

Furnish by Monthly or Quarterly Payments, to suit customers. Large selection. Call or write. Established many years. —Apply Norman & Stacey, Ltd., 79, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

A very curious case under the abominable Lord's Day Observance Act of Charles II. came before the Oldham Magistrates on Thursday. The defendant was a barber, who had been guilty of shaving a customer on Sunday morning, and the proceedings, although taken with the sanction of the Chief Constable (which is now essential), really originated with a Hairdressers' Association. This body, being unable to induce the defendant to close his shop on Sunday mornings, thought they might compel him to do so by means of the Charles II. statute, and, as a matter of fact, at Derby and elsewhere barbers have been fined for shaving people on the Lord's Day. The Bench, however, dismissed the case on the ground that the object of the prosecution was to promote the interests of the Hairdressers' Association, and not the better observance of the Sabbath. So far, so good. But I hope the Magistrates, having thus refused to enforce an iniquitous law, will not hereafter adopt a different course if it should happen that such a prosecution is instituted by some bigot for the professed object of the "better observance of the Sabbath."

The importance allowed to meaningless technicalities in English criminal procedure has always been the wonder of the rest of the world. At the last Carnarvon Quarter Sessions a man pleaded guilty to stealing a sovereign from the person of a companion with whom he had been drinking. When the case had been stated, however, the clerk discovered that the indictment contained no mention of the venue, and, this being held to be a fatal and irremediable defect in the procedure, the Chairman directed the jury to return a verdict of "not guilty." Is there any other country, unless it be China, in which a prisoner who pleads guilty would be discharged for such an idiotic quibble?

I have been consulted by a gentleman who feels very indignant at having had a notice of a judgment which had been recovered against him in the County-court forwarded to him by post, unsealed, and not even enclosed in an envelope. I fear that this inconvenience is by no means the worst that a judgment debtor may have to put up with. At the same time, it is certain that a defendant may occasionally allow judgment to go against him by an oversight or mistake, and in such a case it seems an unnecessary indignity to publish the fact to everybody who has access to his correspondence by sending him an open communication. Surely the sums charged against the unsuccessful County-court suitor in costs would cover the expense of an envelope in addressing him.

The Chester Bench last week imposed the extravagant sentence of a month's hard labour (as the alternative to a fine of 20s.) upon a groom who had cut a switch from a tree in the road in order to stimulate a cart-horse which he was riding. Not having any money, the man went to prison, until, on the following day, a benevolent gentleman paid the fine and released him. I understand that the Mayor takes a keen personal interest in the trees of Chester, and he could not have

a more excellent hobby. But from the remarks which he addressed to the defendant, as well as from the sentence, it appears doubtful whether he is qualified to sit in judgment on those who thoughtlessly damage the trees.

Since my article last week on the Bond-street "Inspirationalist," another fortune-teller has been before a London magistrate. The offender this time is one Charles Stuart, who is charged with "professing to tell fortunes by means of handwriting." As he is under remand I offer no remark on the merits of the case, but I should hope that, however it ends, Sir John Bridge will not let it pass without some comment on the extraordinary attitude of the police towards the fortune-telling profession. Inspector Conquest, it appears, has been at considerable pains to make a case against Stuart by answering his advertisements in the papers. I should like to know why Inspector Conquest has never noticed the advertisements of Miss Nina Kennedy, or of Miss Edith C. Griffith, "delineator of character," at half-a-guinea a head, whose advertisement I find in the same paper in which Stuart's prosecution was recorded, or of any of the other West-end artists in this line, whose advertisements appear daily in the newspapers?

A striking illustration of the gratitude of human nature is afforded in the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Standard* of Saturday—unless, indeed, there be more in it than meets the eye:—

> If the gentleman who lent a black mackintosh to a lady at Henley, who got wet, on Tuesday last, will apply to the Housekeeper at 15, Walbrook, E.C., he can have it by paying the cost of this advertisement.

The gentleman in question can hardly be accused of want of gallantry if he lets the other sex get wet through in future.

The minds of candidates for examinations must be very curiously constituted. I am moved to this reflection by a "Rhyming and Mnemonic Key to Materia Medica" which has been sent to me, and which is designed to assist the rising generation of Bob Sawyers through "the conjoint exam. in Materia Medica." Speaking personally, I should prefer to commit the work in question to memory in its original condition, rather than when the genius of the poet has been brought to bear upon it with results like this:—

> There's liquor persulph. and syr. ferr. subchloride,
> And the syrup and pill of the ferr. iodide;
> This syrup contains 4 and ⅛ grains to the drachm,
> And the pill one grain to three, though not worth a flam;
> Both these are made from iodine and iron wire,
> And are good for large glands as you can desire.

Doubtless we grow wiser as we grow older, but it would not increase my faith in my doctor to know that as a young man he could only remember the composition of a seidlitz powder by such degrading subterfuges as the following:—

> Soda bicarb. with soda tartrate or salt of rochelle,
> Mix and wrap in *blue* paper, keep dry very well,
> Then in *white* paper wrap acid tart., that's equally dry,
> This twin powder of seidlitz you can give by and by.

Miss Emily Faithfull has a sensible and readable article in the *North American Review* on "Domestic Service in England." The grievances of servants, of which so much has lately been heard, she practically reduces to three: (1) that they have no legal right to a character; (2) that they do not always get a reasonable amount of liberty; (3) that they are not properly housed; but she sums up thus, and it is the summing-up of a very competent judge:—

> On the whole I do not believe that there ever was a time when servants in England were better treated and better fed and allowed more liberty than at present; they might, perhaps, be better lodged, for English architects seem to have thought but little of the rooms servants would have to work and sleep in, and the condition of some of our handsomest City houses is not without reproach in this direction . . . . Some servants at present live below the ground and sleep under the slates, or have to be content with a turn-up bedstead among the black-beetles and cockroaches which disport themselves in the pantry.

It might be added that some of them also, at any rate, during the height of the London season, suffer grievously from overcrowding. The truth is that if sanitary inspectors paid as much attention to the houses of the rich as to those of the poor, they might make some startling discoveries in this line.

It has to be borne in mind, however, that servants themselves have a preference for living and sleeping either at the extreme top of the house or the extreme bottom. In the latter case, they have more facilities for getting out surreptitiously, and in either case they are further removed from the observation of the rest of the family. People living in flats complain more and more of the difficulty of getting servants. This is partly due to the limited accommodation in such residences for flirtations with the tradespeople, but still more, I suspect, to the fact that the whole household are so closely boxed up together.

The *Sunday Sun* finds fault with the management of the *Times* for reducing the number of its leading articles. I commend the management for this. I believe that, unless under exceptional circumstances, one long leading article is quite enough in a daily paper. If several subjects have to be treated, this should be done by means of short articles not exceeding in length a quarter of a column. Let any one carefully read the usual three or four long leading articles in a daily paper, and he will find that there is a vast amount of padding in them, and that they are written to conform to a custom rather than to meet a requirement. What the public likes are facts, with short, crisp observations upon them. They do not care to be anonymously lectured in lengthy essays. Generally speaking, we know beforehand what a Tory or a Liberal paper will say on any political subject, dealing with the action of the friends or of the supporters of its own political views. The former are held up as heaven-born sages; the latter are described as persons coming from a very different place, but comparatively harmless, owing to Satan not having been able to endow them with the intelligence, that Heaven has vouchsafed to those who share the views of the newspaper.

A new attraction has been devised for Primrose Fêtes. The programme of a festivity, to be held at Amport, on the 23rd inst., by the "Anna Valley Habitation," includes not only the "usual sports," but a baby show, for children of members of the Anna Valley Habitation only. Prizes of £1, 15s., and 10s., will be awarded to the three "healthiest, cleanest, and finest babies." The managers of the Anna Habitation must be congratulated on their aptitude for business. Apart from the elevating influence of this exhibition upon the spectators, it is expected, I presume, to lead to the multiplication of Primrose babies, and to stimulate the propagation of Conservative principles in this form.

The Bristol Tories are in a state of considerable depression. They are in such extreme financial difficulties that they are sending out despairing appeals for funds quite indiscriminately. They find that the Liberal method of registration is infinitely more efficient than their own, and they are going to imitate it; but "the sums at present subscribed are insufficient," so they demand new subscriptions from those unworthy Tories who have not yet contributed towards the expenses, and increased donations from the old subscribers.

The "Royal Niger" Chartered Company has just issued its report. The Council do not expect that the current year will show as satisfactory results as 1890, because so much spirituous liquor enters its territory from the Oil Rivers Protectorate without paying the dues, which are a great source of profit to the Company. Every one who knows anything of the liquor-traffic is aware that raising the cost of liquor never yet prevented its being drunk. We have, therefore, an admission from this Chartered Company that its revenue is largely obtained from importing, or allowing to be imported, on payment of high dues, spirituous liquor into its territory to be consumed by the Africans, for whose benefit the charter was granted. In the meantime, to meet the difficulties of the situation, the report announces that an Earl has been elected to fill a vacancy on its Council. In view of the terrible effect of spirituous liquor on the native tribes in the territory of this Company I should have been better pleased had the vacancy been filled up by the election of Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

This Niger Company is, however, "not in it" with the Chartered Company of South Africa. The former has not, so far as I know, created a huge paper share-capital, and sought to sell this paper to investors for cash. When this financing, which has only been possible owing to a charter having been granted, was brought to the notice of the House of Commons, Baron de Worms's reply was that the Company must be respectable, because it had two Dukes on its Board. He might with equal force have said that the Colonial Office must be respectable because it has a Peer for its chief and a Baron on its staff. I have no doubt that the Dukes of Abercorn and Fife are personally respectable men; but I hardly can assent to the doctrine that the presence of two Dukes on the Board of a Company is any guarantee of the Company's financial respectability. I had imagined that this "figure-head" notion of respectability in respect to Company-mongering and issues of paper capital had been played out.

I am glad that the Government is taking seriously into consideration the request of Arabi and his fellow exiles to be allowed to change their residence. This is what Mr. Campbell, who was head of the police force in Ceylon, and who had to look after them, wrote to Sir William Gregory, in a letter dated February 12:—

> With reference to your question about the Egyptian exiles, I decidedly think that several of them and several members of their families are much out of health, although they may not have anything organically wrong, and no one has so good a knowledge of their condition mentally and bodily as I have had during the last eight years. Arabi is suffering from the failure of his eyes, and is very apprehensive he may lose his sight altogether: he is always dyspeptic, depressed, and dull. Toulba has suffered much from asthma since he has been in Ceylon, and frequently has to endure severe inflammation of the ears, the result, I imagine, of the very damp climate, or of debility. His wife suffers much from fever, and their only child has more than once been exceedingly ill from the same cause. Ali Fehmi, a delicate man, has never looked well since he has been in Ceylon. Mahommed Sami has always seemed to me subdued and depressed, and undoubtedly suffers from the barrenness and loneliness of life. The change from a very dry climate to an exceedingly damp one has undoubtedly lowered their vitality, whether it has affected them organically or not. Toulba said to me a few months ago:—"Since we came to Ceylon there has been nothing for us except to eat and to sleep. For a long time, our appetite has gone, and now our sleep is going too."

To the Member for West Birmingham.

[Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in a recent speech, enlarged upon the resemblance which exists between politics and gardening.]

Quite so, dear Joseph, as you've shown,
In manner somewhat critical,
Gardening, in very many points,
Resembles things political.
In both, for instance, as we know
Too well, since you seceded,
Progress may be, by insect pests,
Vexatiously impeded.

In politics we also note,
And you prove this, too, clearly,
There's but one way with straggling shoots—
To prune them off severely;
Whilst for the blight which checks the growth
Of urgent legislation,
A fitting remedy is found
In drastic fumigation

Again, dear Joseph, we have learned,
Since you distrust created,
That parasites at any cost
Must be eliminated;
And that, ere we can cull the bloom
Of Liberal flowers now budding,
Dissentient weeds, which grow apace,
Will need persistent spudding.

Naturally Mr. Parnell, having appealed to the electors of Carlow to decide whether he is to be reinstated as Leader of the Irish Party, declines to accept their verdict now that it has gone against him. The estimate of the Nationalists is that about 400 Tories voted for Mr.

Electric Light without Glare.—The new Patent Bead Ray Diffuser, the only possible means of preventing glare without decreasing the light, will fit on any existing electric lamp. Sample forwarded, carriage paid, 7s. 6d.—Rashleigh Phipps & Dawson, 53, Berners-street, W. Ivory Switches a specialty.

Parnell's nominee. Unquestionably this number (mainly in the town of Carlow) went to the poll, and I think that the assumption that they certainly did not vote for the Nationalist is a correct one. What is likely to be Mr. Parnell's future course? He will do his best to upset the apple-cart, because he is not allowed to drive it. Wherever there is a vacancy, he will put forward a candidate of the Parnell leadership, in order not to be forgotten. At the General Election he will (if he can find them) put forward a candidate in each constituency; not with the slightest expectation of winning, but in order to revenge himself upon his opponents by putting them to trouble and expense. That he will be returned himself is exceedingly doubtful. In Cork he has not the remotest chance, and yet he can hardly avoid standing. In Dublin he would possibly win two seats, in Waterford one, and in Limerick one, were the General Election to take place to-morrow. But even these successes are problematical next year.

I frequently see it stated that members of the House of Commons are looking fagged and tired. This is a mistake. Mr. Balfour is the only member who has had to work hard during the Session, and, far from looking fagged, he appears to be in perfect golf-playing health. M.P.'s have not one quarter as much to do as lawyers in full practice, and lawyers are proverbially healthy. Members have the advantage over lawyers of sitting (when they sit) in a room full of excellent air, prepared at a vast cost of public money; they have libraries, where they may establish themselves with books like literary hermits; they have terraces where they can stroll; they have bars at every corner where they can refresh; they have smoking-rooms where they can calm their nerves with tobacco; and they have a House of Commons where they can talk, or listen, or go to sleep, soothed by the never-ending chatter like millers by their mills.

Really, I have no patience when I hear of M.P.'s being fagged and tired. Some M.P.'s are, possibly, weak, sickly creatures, but they have no business to be M.P.'s any more than a person in the last stages of consumption should be a miner. I lay it down as an undoubted fact, that no healthy human being was ever injured by doing three times the work got through by an M.P. in the twenty-four hours.

I am sorry, however, to see that Mr. Smith does not look half the man that he did a year ago. This is a matter of general remark. I do not suppose it is due to his acting as leader of the House, but leadership is not conducive to recovery when a man is ill. Mr. Smith, politics apart, is popular on both sides, and all in the House of Commons would be sorry to lose him. But I really would advise his friends, if he does not pick up during the recess, to insist upon his going into the political hospital which our glorious Constitution provides for eminent politicians who are not up to the rough-and-tumble work of what is impudently termed the "Lower House."

Unquestionably the Session will come to an end at or about the end of the month. The Estimates will, as usual, be scamped. I have always observed that the prorogation in no way depends on the amount of business to be done. Business or no business, the House sits for a certain number of months. At some given time, M.P.'s get restless, like swallows, when the period arrives for their migration. The only business, indeed, to which they are all true, is the business of getting away when the migratory instinct sets in. Once let them be possessed with the idea that a prorogation is to take place on a given day, and the prorogation does take place about that day. To indicate the day is much like holding out a carrot to a donkey. Carrot and donkey manage to get together.

The German Emperor has come and gone. Although somewhat flighty, and suffering from the craze that he is a terrestrial deputy of Providence, he appears to be a young man not without intelligence, and eager to govern rightly according to his lights. His reception here was friendly, without being effusive. A Frenchman asked me whether I thought that it was based upon any approval of Lord Salisbury's anti-French policy? I replied that any person coming here and forming the central figure in a show, would be received in the same way, whether he were an Emperor or a circus rider, and that, consequently, the reception had absolutely no political importance.

In the meanwhile, the Liberals in Parliament have knocked the bottom out of Lord Salisbury's "understanding" with Italy. Sir James Fergusson has been forced to eat his words, and to admit that there is no "understanding" between the two countries as to the action we should take in the event of a Continental war. Lord Salisbury, it would seem, gave certain assurances to Italy in the event of Italy going to war with France, in order to enable Germany to retain Alsace and Lorraine, which the Italian Ministers construed into a pledge that we should protect the Italian coasts, whilst the Italian army was set free to war with France. Lord Salisbury has, however, only pledged himself and his Party to this extraordinary intervention. He does not dare disclose to Parliament what he did, and is probably already ashamed of his own folly. At the General Election, the electors will, no doubt, keep in mind that, if the Tories have a majority, they are pledged to drag us into a Continental war should France at any time seek to re-acquire her lost provinces, whilst if the Liberals are in a majority, they neither recognise nor will they act on this pledge. I should fancy that this will be worth a good many votes to us.

Lord Salisbury's notion appears to be that, instead of limiting our interference in Continental politics to a pious endeavour to promote a European concert, we ought to seek for allies. What he forgets is that a Continental Power allies herself with us on the *do ut des* principle, and that there is a good deal more of the *des* than of the

do in the alliance. Whether Alsace and Lorraine shall ultimately belong to France or Germany is a matter that exclusively concerns these two Powers. We are neither gainers nor losers by their belonging to the one or to the other, and assuredly we should be foolish indeed if we were to interfere in any quarrel that may ensue from these two Powers striving for the bone. If a war were to occur I confess that my sympathies would be on the side of France, because the provinces are French, and their population is French, and I do not hold by the doctrine that the nationality of provinces ought to be altered against the wishes of their inhabitants.

In this matter I find myself in agreement with Prince Bismarck. That able statesman protested against the German annexation of these provinces on the ground that the peace of Europe never could be permanently maintained so long as they were retained by Germany. Their annexation was much as though France had annexed Cornwall and Devonshire after a successful war with us. It is obvious that we should never have been satisfied until we had re-acquired those counties. To blame France, therefore, for seeking an opportunity to do what we should do under similar circumstances is nonsense.

If the German Emperor could devise some scheme by means of which Alsace and Lorraine could revert to France without a war, it would be the work of a great statesman. As it is, peace is maintained by means of huge armaments which are eating into the vitals of his own country and of those of his allies, without the slightest prospect of this monstrous waste ever ceasing, except when the means of providing for it ceases.

SCRUTATOR.

MORGAN & STEDMAN (UNLIMITED).

IN TRUTH of May 28 I published certain remarks upon a concern called "The International Society of Literature, Science, and Art, in connection with the Artists' Alliance," of which the presiding geniuses appear to be Messrs. William James Morgan and William Nathan Stedman, who style themselves respectively the "Curator" and "Secretary." My object on that occasion was to warn the public that this pretended "Society," like Angus Maclean's "British and Foreign Association," was nothing but a machine for getting subscriptions out of anybody who could be induced to become a "Fellow" or an "Honorary Member" by means of a bogus resolution of the "Council" inviting him to join. Beyond offering to artists an opportunity of exhibiting their works for sale at a "gallery" which nobody outside the society ever heard of, the advantages offered by the "International Society" and the "Artists' Alliance" are of precisely the same nebulous and intangible character as those of the British and Foreign Association; and the only substantial difference between the two enterprises appears to be that while Maclean is satisfied with half-a-guinea, Morgan & Stedman lay themselves out to catch "Fellows" at two guineas per annum or fifteen guineas for a life subscription.

A case that has occurred since my last reference to the subject shows conspicuously the correctness of the estimate which I formed of these gentlemen and their "Society." On May 9 the usual notification that the Council had resolved to invite him to permit his name to be added to the list was addressed by W. J. Morgan to Mr. John Fullwood at Richmond. The payment solicited in this case was "the fellowship fee of one guinea." The "fellowship fee," I may remark, appears to be extremely volatile. In another case that I have before me it is three guineas, while more usually it is two. On what principle it is computed I am unable to guess, unless it be the state of the Society's exchequer at the time when the Council resolve to admit some more Fellows. Mr. Fullwood not having acknowledged the compliment, on June 6 Mr. Morgan addressed him again. It so happened that Mr. Fullwood was personally acquainted with Mr. Walter J. Morgan, R.B.A., of Handsworth, and misled by the identity of the initials he responded to the second communication by sending in his application, together with the desired guinea. This was on June 11. At the same time he privately wrote to Mr. Walter Morgan informing him what he had done. The answer showed him that there were two W. J. Morgans, and his suspicions being aroused by hearing that others had been misled in the same way, he went at once, on June 16, to the Society's "gallery" in Great Marlborough-street. Up to this time he had received no acknowledgment. At the gallery Mr. Fullwood found two individuals, one of whom asked him whether he was a member. He replied that he had sent in his application and subscription, but had received no reply. The answer was that his name would be before the committee that day, and he would then receive an acknowledgment. On this he left, and at once wrote to Curator Morgan, explaining his mistake, withdrawing his application, and requesting that his guinea should be returned. To this Curator Morgan replied on June 17 that, "as you were informed yesterday (when you raised no objection), you were on that day enrolled a Fellow of this Society, and we cannot, therefore, accede to your demand that your subscription should be repaid to you." The first statement here is, it will be seen, untrue. It is also worthy of note that W. J. Morgan takes upon himself to pronounce decisively that the money cannot be returned. On the following day, however, Mr. Fullwood wrote explaining his mistake and threatening legal proceedings, and to this Morgan replied that he would lay the matter before the Council at their next meeting. After the next meeting he wrote again (June 26) that the Council would not comply with the request. Mr. Fullwood then went to the office and stated his views in person, and the result was that on June 29 Morgan informed him that the Council had thought better of it, and the guinea was returned. Mr. Fullwood also requested the return of his application for admission, and Morgan sent him the torn fragments,

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London, 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

explaining that, after a rigorous search, they had been discovered in the wastepaper basket. The reader may form his own opinion of the probability of this last statement.

This history has a double value—first, for the light it throws upon the character of the management of the concern; secondly, for the useful lesson it affords to all who have paid their one, two, or three guineas for a fellow-ship in Morgan & Stedman, Unlimited. Who, I should like to know, constituted this "Council" which refused to refund Mr. Fullwood's guinea, and then, on the requisite amount of pressure being applied, thought better of it? The prospectus sets forth the names of an "Honorary Council," many of them known to fame. Was the "Very Rev. Edward Bickersteth, Dean of Lichfield," present when Mr. Fullwood's case was discussed? Was Lady Florence Dixie, or Count Münster, or Mr. Forbes Robertson, or Mr. Hermann Vezin, or Sheriff Augustus Harris, L.C.C.? I trust not. There remains an "Executive Council," composed apparently of Sir George Campbell, as Chairman; the "Curator," the "Secretary," two Assistant Secretaries, and four untitled members. Until I hear to the contrary, I shall assume that Sir George Campbell had no share in this transaction. It then follows that the parties with whom Mr. Fullwood was dealing were simply Morgan and Stedman and their quorum of "assistants." These, I take it, are the gang who manage the whole business of the concern, including the passing of complimentary resolutions inviting parties to enrol themselves as "Fellows." How were they appointed? Nobody knows. Probably the Curator appointed the Secretary and the Secretary the Curator, and the two others the six assistants. How much are they paid? Again, nobody knows. The executive has never published any accounts, although they have been collecting guineas these two years or more. A gentleman who made an inquiry on this subject at the office the other day was informed that a balance-sheet for the benefit of members would be published in the Society's magazine. This magazine is, perhaps, the most outrageous imposture in connection with the concern. The privilege of contributing to it gratuitously figures conspicuously among the advantages which the Society offers, and every member is promised a copy "post-free;" but never to this moment has a copy of this publication seen the light.

These facts alone should be sufficient to enable any intelligent person to form a correct opinion of the character of Morgan and Stedman's enterprise. But as the quantity of intelligence necessary for detecting the more ingenious forms of humbug is not granted to all, it may be as well to add a few facts respecting W. J. Morgan's past history. Twelve years or so ago he was carrying on business under the name of "the Charing-cross Publishing Company" in company with one Sidney Tomkins, a disreputable Common Councilman. The pair also went at various times by the names of the "Provincial Literary Association," "the City of London Printing Company," and "the City of London Publishing Company," all located at 5, Friar-street, Broadway, E.C. The Charing-cross Publishing Company was wound up somewhere about 1880, and the City of London Publishing Company was advertised as its successor. This also came to grief several years back, and Morgan for the time disappeared, much to the concern of the City of London Publishing Company's landlord. The publishing business carried on under all these names was of the same character as others which have been so repeatedly exposed in Truth—that of obtaining extravagant sums from young and foolish authors, and producing small and cheap editions of worthless works. In one case, after obtaining £25 in cash and £50 in acceptances, on a promise to hand over to the author 500 copies of his novel, Morgan & Tomkins sent to him 160 copies, discounted his acceptances, and went into liquidation. This kind of business was varied by such expedients as advertising for a secretary who was to do half Tomkins's work in the City of London Publishing Company, and who was to pay down £250 for the privilege; and by advertising for an editor for the "high-class magazine" (*The St. James's Magazine*) which the Company owned, a premium of £300 being required in this instance. Another advertisement issued by Morgan & Tomkins was for "a publisher's reader," who was also to pay them a premium of £300. As regards Mr. William Nathan Stedman, my knowledge at the moment is less complete. In 1886, or thereabouts, he came before the public as one of the officials of a concern called "The Arts Society," and the Arts Society was apparently designed on precisely the same lines as the "International Society," "The Artists' Alliance," and all the other transparent impositions which have sprung up under similar auspices. For the present, however, I am only concerned with Stedman of the International Society, and of him it is sufficient to know that he is the colleague of William James Morgan. As far as I have been able to discover, Morgan is the moving and inspiring spirit both of the International Society and the Artists' Alliance, and I hope that I have said enough about this worthy to enable a pretty accurate estimate to be formed of the character of both these institutions.

"RULE BRITANNIA" AT THE ANTIPODES.

I have been asked by several gentlemen in different parts of Australia to call the attention of the English public to certain statements current in the colonies respecting H.M.S. *Ringdove*, and I gladly comply with this request. The statements relate to the maintenance of discipline, and the relations of officers and crew, on board the ship in question. Their intrinsic significance is increased by what is known of the history of the recent "mutiny" on H.M.S. *Egeria*. If true, they deserve the immediate attention of the British Parliament and the British public. If untrue, they ought, for the credit of the British Navy, to receive a prompt and authoritative contradiction. I know nothing myself of the facts, and I take no responsibility for the allegations. I shall, therefore, content myself with reproducing the account of certain incidents on board the *Ringdove*, given by the *Sunday Times* of Sydney—a respectable paper of wide circulation.

Major Howe & Co.'s fashionable Boots & Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-street, City; 18, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London.

It appears that prior to the statements which I am about to quote, the *Sunday Times*, to use its own language, had "referred to the commander and deck officers of H.M.S. *Ringdove*, in terms the reverse of complimentary." Continuing its observations upon the same individuals, the paper cites the following two incidents, which had occurred within a week, as samples of the vexatious tyranny of daily occurrence in this ship. Incident No. 1 is thus described:—

> The lamp-trimmer was walking about the deck at a pace which was not deemed sufficiently fast by the skipper, who ordered him to "double." The unfortunate fellow was suffering at the time from a sore leg, which rendered compliance with the order an absolute impossibility. He, however, quickened his step. For "disobedience of orders" this man was deprived of a badge, reduced to second class for conduct and third class for leave, and was further sentenced to fourteen days 10A!

Incident No. 2 is really a series of incidents. After the caulkers had been at work, the crew were busy scrubbing decks and cleaning up when a violent rain-storm came on, and all knocked off and went under shelter. The first lieutenant, who was at hand, singled out one man and ordered him to go on with his work. To show the unreasonableness of the order the boatswain, who had not heard it, on seeing the man at work advised him to go under shelter, but the man kept to his work. Later on, however, he requested to see the first lieutenant, and asked for an explanation of his treatment. What followed is thus described:—

> The caddish officer told him that he had been "skulking," an assertion which was contradicted by the bluejacket, who further remarked that if such had been the case it would have been the lieutenant's duty to place him in the captain's report instead of sending him out in the rain to work while all the other hands were under shelter. "All right," replied the officer, who knew that he had blundered, and felt wild at the idea of a "common bluejacket" pointing out his mistake; "I shall certainly place you in the report." This, in fact, he did, with the result that the unfortunate fellow was sentenced to seven days 10B, not for the alleged offence of which the Lieutenant complained, but, as the skipper told him, for his misbehaviour on former occasions.

I am prepared to hear it said that, even accepting the facts as here given, these two sentences, though perhaps a little "harbitrary," do not amount to a very excessive punishment. I dare say not. Their seriousness, to my mind, lies in this, that they are given as samples of the kind of treatment which the crew of this ship are daily and hourly exposed to. It is incidents like these, repeated week after week throughout a long voyage, or a monotonous spell of service on a foreign station, which make of a Queen's ship a "floating hell," and goad the best-tempered and most patient men into disaffection and mutiny. In Australia the circulation of such stories of life on board H.M. ships has a particularly mischievous effect. Our Australian kinsmen, like other citizens of new democratic States, are peculiarly sensitive to the introduction within their territories or waters of any of the abuses which spring from class ascendency in the Old World. They appreciate, as only a truly free people can appreciate, that the maintenance of discipline in a military or any other service in no way involves the relation of superior and inferior between those who are set in and those who are set under authority; and they resent proportionately the abuse of just authority by martinets and bullies. Hence the indignation with which, as pointed out in TRUTH at the time, the story of the *Egeria* mutiny, and the subsequent iniquitous court-martial, were viewed in New South Wales and the adjacent colonies. The very paper, from which I have quoted above, prefaces its report of the *Ringdove* incidents by reminding its readers that the anniversary of the *Egeria* outbreak is at hand, and inviting further contributions to increase the amount of the cheque, which is to be forwarded on that day to the wives of "two of the brave-hearted and unfortunate sailors . . . . yet lingering in a British gaol, while the epauletted miscreants who caused the disturbance still remain unpunished." And the writer concludes his statement of the events on the *Ringdove* thus:—

> Commander Bain and his subordinate officers would do well to remember that the people of Australia are totally opposed to cowardly tyranny, even when practised under the sacred ægis of the white ensign; and that every wanton abuse of the powers vested in them by the Queen's Regulations, &c., serves but to hasten the advent of that day when, to quote the words of the late Mr. Fletcher, "The Australian flag will be hoisted on every man-o'-war in Australian waters, and room will no longer be found for the brass-bound scoundrels who are now carried aft in many of her Majesty's ships."

I commend these words to the attention of those who are more anxious than myself to see the Union Jack continue to flutter in every quarter of the globe. They will do well to grasp the fact that if British squadrons are to be composed of *Egerias* and *Ringdoves*, the days of British squadrons in Australian waters are numbered. To me, personally, however, the prospective hoisting of the Australian flag in every man-o'-war at the Antipodes is a matter of much less concern than the present disgrace of the British flag by the circulation, without challenge or denial, of statements like those which I have quoted. As I have said, I do not accept these statements, nor repeat them as anything but a newspaper report which calls for further notice of some kind. It will afford me the utmost pleasure either to contradict these discreditable stories, or to give the correct version of the facts, if I can do so on good authority. But either the statements should be denied, or else the *Ringdove* should be recalled, an inquiry held, and, if necessary, an example made—an example sufficiently exemplary to save the Navy from any more *Egeria* occurrences.

THE EDINBURGH MUSIC PROFESSORSHIP JOB.

The Chair of Music at Edinburgh University is vacant, and the Universities Commission has been taking evidence with the view of entirely altering the duties of the Professor, thus enabling the large income derived from General Reid's bequest and from other sources to be devoted to the furtherance of musical study in Scotland. Yet it will hardly be believed that while the Commission is still sitting and before it has had a chance of delivering its report as to what the duties of the future Professor may be, the University Court propose to fill up the vacancy at once. A meeting is to be held this very week, when the date for the election is to be fixed. A few months hence it is more than possible that the whole duties of the office will be recast, and the new Professor may, from no fault of his own, not be qualified to perform them, in which event, I

MINTON'S (Limited).—MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

suppose, he will have to be pensioned off. The situation, indeed, seems very likely to develop into a first-class job. Strong protests by the Scottish local press appear to be unavailing. The *Edinburgh Evening News*, for example, in words with which every man of average common sense will cordially agree, says:—

> In any case, it is obvious that if ordinary justice is to be done in the choice of a professor, the appointment must be postponed until the duties of the Chair are made manifest. True, if the Chair is to be conducted on past lines, it matters not the toss of a penny-piece who is appointed; but if, as all musicians and lovers of music hope, the professorship is to be a living force worthy the great University to which it is attached, then a strong man must be got, and it is obvious that until the duties are defined no musician of standing reputation will become a candidate.

This argument is strictly true. With the exception of two or three, the nineteen candidates now up for the post are men who may be excellent musicians, but whose very names are totally unknown to the world at large. Moreover, there is no good reason for this unseemly haste, for the ordinary duties of the chair have for many months past been performed by a temporary Professor, Dr. John Greig, and it would hurt nobody to continue the arrangement for a little while longer. Although, of course, no blame will attach to Sir Herbert Oakeley, who has just resigned the professorship, the handsome bequest of General Reid has been little better than wasted for upwards of half a century. Indeed, forty years ago it required a law-suit in the Court of Session to be fought by the Edinburgh Town Council against the University for alleged mismanagement and misappropriation of the Reid Fund, to compel the authorities to devote a very reasonable proportion of the income to the purposes of music at all. General Reid endowed the professorship with a capital of £70,000, thus making Edinburgh the richest Chair of Music in the world. General Reid, by his will, directed that not until the endowment of the Music Professorship was complete, should the balance be devoted to promoting the general interests of the University. Yet a bare £28,500 is now devoted to music, the capital producing £1,020 a year, and of this income £300 a year is frittered away upon the annual Reid Concerts, for which a band is imported from Manchester. The £720 a year which remains, however, would provide a very handsome income for the Professor and his assistant—far larger, in fact, than is at the service of any other British university, and this sum added to the class fees ought, if properly managed, to convert Edinburgh into a musical teaching and examining university of the first rank. It is this object that the Commission (leisurely enough, it must be confessed) is endeavouring to attain; and which the University Court, should they proceed at once to election, will do their best to defeat. For all this hurry, indeed, the plain man will be able to perceive only one of two reasons. Either the electors have some special favourite for the professorship in view, or they are consumed with an insensate desire for immediate patronage. Happily there are, it is said, some straightforward men upon the Court who will not permit so great a folly to be committed without a good fight.

China and Glass.—Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

I HAVE been latterly a good deal thrown in the way of members of the different Indian services, who are here on holidays. They struck me as being bitten with the feeling about Royalty which the baccarat scandal has brought to a head in England. I never heard sharper censure than they expressed about the squeezing out of the native Princes £100,000 for an Imperial Institute. The Duke of Connaught was also carped at for the care he took when in India to be paid in advance all his travelling expenses, whenever he made a tour of military inspection. On such tours he was so hospitably treated by Rajahs and leading civil and military servants, as really to be under no expense. I asked whether it was not better to have out in India in a military command a Prince kind to the rank-and-file, and ignorant of those arts which Pedro I. practised in his father's lifetime with the view of detaching Brazil from Portugal, and setting up there himself as an independent Emperor. The Duke of Connaught so acted as to be above suspicion of any such interest, though his wife's sister and sister-in-law, the Oldenburgs, said and did rather curious things when out there. Indeed, they justified the step taken by the Council of the Indian Government when it held that in future all relations between the Indian subjects of the Crown and members of the Royal Family should be carried on through the Political Department of the India Office. The ostensible reason of this order was the extreme economy of our Royalties and their frequent breaches of the rule against receiving presents, when there is no intention of giving in return others of equal value. The Duke of Connaught's headquarters in India became the resort of the intriguing Rajahs and disaffected natives who wanted to fish in troubled waters. They were tempted to try and use the Duke for their own purposes, though, personally, he never encouraged them to do so. Indeed, if they had hoped to lure him on through ambition, he behaved in a way that must have been disappointing. For instance, when the Rajah of Benares entertained him at a cost of £20,000 the illustrious guest presented his host with photos of himself and other members of the Royal family in frames worth 4s. 6d. apiece.

In this connection I was told by a returning official from India of a talented young Sikh architect under whose direction an imitation of an Indian interior is being made at Osborne. The Sikh's relations had begged this official to find out how their relative was getting on. The story was that he was employed by the Duke of Connaught in India, and recommended by him to her Majesty as a really great artist, and just the man to do to her satisfaction the Indian rooms which she is adding to her Isle of Wight residence. The relatives were anxious respecting the "lakhs of rupees" they naturally supposed the Kaisar-i-Hind would shower upon the architect, to say nothing of the title of Raj Bahadur which they looked forward to his obtaining. All the wood-carvers in his native town expected to benefit by his designs when he returned there, and to get

orders to fit up gorgeous palaces. These fine hopes are baseless. The Sikh architect is now working at Osborne at a salary of £5 a month. He is kept carefully out of sight lest his head should get turned, and is lodged in some obscure hole. There is not the slightest prospect of his being awarded any of those honours which were so heartily bestowed on that Agra gaol taskmaster, Sir James Tyler. Indeed, this talented "native" architect is not petted at all, he being of a reserved and proud disposition, and above cringing. He has to find himself in everything out of the £5 a month. The Queen, it is only just to add, said from the first that she could not afford to spend much money on her Indian rooms. She refused to bring over Indian artisans to work out the designs of the Sikh and has employed for the purpose Isle of Wight decorators. He is fearfully depressed at their methods, because ambitious of leaving something behind in England which would secure for him a great name. His one consolation is that the public are never admitted to see the interior of Osborne. The Sikh, it appears, is counted in his native town not only an artist but a master in his art. The poor man is kept as busy as he can be designing and directing British artisans, and has no time for making acquaintances. Mr. Carmichael was, however, *once* able to get hold of him and to lionise him at a lunch, the fame of which is sure to reach to the Punjaub. It is arranged to send the Sikh home in October. Before leaving England, he will be allowed a week's holiday. As he is to make the homeward voyage in a P. & O. steamer from Southampton to Bombay, I shall have no opportunity to see him here. The returning official, whom I quote, pointed out to me the impolicy of treating this man with less consideration than a Khitmagar and of handing over his designs to be executed by a common house-carpenter in "cutcha" materials, from motives of economy. Naturally, the relatives who expect him to come back with lakhs of rupees, and with other signs of being a man whom the Kaisar-i-Hind delights to honour, will be disgusted when he tells them of the ways of our Court. Their estimate of the dignity of our Imperial Monarchy must undergo a change.

I hear that the persecution of the Jews in Russia is nothing to the miseries to which Protestants and other dissenters from the Greek Church are subjected. This is because of the Czar's Mariolatrous mania. But the excuse given is that the Lutherans are "Germans," and permanent conspirators against the safety of the Empire. I learn from a Finlander of almost world-wide fame, who has come on a tour to West Europe, that the scheme of Home Rule for Finland with which the Czar is credited, is not less apocryphal than the reductions of Civil List pensions to members of the Imperial Family, which were announced some years ago. If the Czar could, he would flatten down all Finland with steam-rollers to the level of the Russian Steppes. He has dismissed every Finn employed in the postal service of their province, and put Russians in their place. When it was humbly represented to him that the in-coming officials did not know the Finland tongue, he said, "The Finns, then, must learn Russian." This change was thus suggested to his mind. When coasting last year in his yacht along Finland, he had occasion to write to somebody at Copenhagen. The letter was sent ashore to be posted, and brought back, the postmaster having refused to take it because the stamp was not a Finland one. This threw the Czar into a rage. He then determined on postal unification, and carried out, I am told, his plan as above stated.

M. Rouvier is beginning to make use, for festive purposes, of the suite of State apartments at the Finance Ministry at the New Louvre. They are the most gorgeously-decorated, perhaps, in the world. The great drawing-room is one of the finest to be seen anywhere. It was intended for the Empress's dower residence in case she did not find the Elysée to her taste. When it was being prepared for her M. Rouvier was a travelling agent for different book-publishing firms, and earning a few hundreds a year. His dinner, given on Tuesday evening to the Finance Committee, was attended by the Ambassadors of all the Monarchies and Republics accredited to the Elysée save Lord Lytton, the members of the Cabinet now in town, the Speaker of the Senate, and the Director of Cults. As there were no ladies present other than the dramatic and vocal artistes at the entertainment that followed the dinner, Yvette Gilbert had no occasion to say, "I trust there are no misses present." As her name was not in the programme her appearance caused an agreeable surprise. Mdlles. Kalb, Brindeau, and Sybil Sanderson recited and sang. The three Coquelins had also each something droll to say. Coquelin *jeune* is not equal in any line that he has taken up either to his father or his uncle. Why I know not, those who came to the dinner were distinguished by white carnations in their button-holes from those merely asked to the reception that followed.

Queen Isabella's epidermis cries out for Schlangenbad waters. Her Majesty will go to bathe in them early in August.

We have found a Grand Old Man to replace M. de Lesseps, who is no longer *le Grand Français*. His successor is M. d'Ennery, who has got to the shady side of eighty, and is yet hale, hearty, and bright of wit. He claims to have been for the best part of his life a moral man, and to have lived by rule, and limited his ambition to that of being a popular playwright, never troubling himself about what the Academy might think of him. When he got to the downward slope of life, he gave up working in the daytime and going to dinners and other festive doings in the evening. His plan was to husband his strength and to keep his brain fresh by not letting it be overwrought. To this end he did not rise in the morning before eight. After a cup of black coffee he worked until eleven, when he lunched generally on two eggs and a small quantity either of fish or chicken. He then went to a café to see friends, read the papers, and make notes of

House Drainage.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

incidents related in them which might be worked up into dramas. At two he was at-home to callers. The dinner-bell rang at six. He generally arranged to have a few pleasant people with whom he could chat in a quite unaffected manner, to share the meal. Mild whist, écarté, or piquet followed, and desk work from nine to eleven. He never was in a hurry, and he has managed in the course of his life to produce and bring out on the stage 200 dramatic works. D'Ennery has one mania—the bric-à-brac one. He built for himself a pretty sea-side house at Villers-sur-Mer, where he spends the hot months of the year. Madame d'Ennery is a notable housewife, and her husband, as he writes his plays, submits them to her judgment. He is now busy at a sensational drama in five acts.

I can see Herr Bleichröder's manipulation in the articles in certain morning journals, greatly read on the boulevards, which are meant to frighten Lord Salisbury into joining as an auxiliary with the Triple Alliance. The moral of these articles is: If you do not unite with Germany, her Emperor will make overtures to the French Foreign Office, as Prince Bismarck did when Ferry was there. There is now only one condition on which the French would receive him as the bearer of an olive branch. Need I say what it is? I hardly think, given his domineering temper and military tastes, that he would agree to it. These articles throw some light on the motives which caused him to send the Empress Frederick here last summer. Had she been well received, Lord Salisbury might have been terrorised into going farther than he has ventured in the direction of the Triple Alliance. The news has reached us here that the Imperial and Royal visit to the Guildhall was not a triumph, and that there were no cheers on the way there and back, but here and there groans. A guest of the Lord Mayor at the Guildhall banquet writes to me that he was "more than disappointed in the Imperial countenance, which is a singularly weak one. The chin and forehead are poor, the cheeks heavy, and the eyes are restless and not intellectual. With these defects the complexion is suggestive of the disease which, in the olden time, the king's touch was supposed to cure." The Empress looked a good creature. Her complexion gave the same suggestion as her husband's.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DEAR LADY BETTY,—Your suspicions unfortunately have proved but too correct. Poor Tarragon is hopelessly insane, and we have been compelled for his own safety to place him under immediate restraint. Could any doubts still exist as to the regrettable state of his mind, the accompanying memorandum, which I discovered amongst his papers, will certainly dispel them:—

Friday, July 10, 1891, 1.30 a.m. This is bewildering! What can possibly have occurred? Surely this is not my own room. . . . it is very much larger, and altogether differently and far better furnished. And where on earth can all these Royal arms and Royal monograms come from?

Great Heavens! This is assuredly Buckingham Palace, and those idiotic Gentlemen-in-waiting or Gold Sticks must have put me to bed instead of the German Emperor! Was ever such a provoking blunder made before, and how annoyed they will be when the mistake is discovered! Bless them! they have taken my clothes, too, and left me nothing but the Emperor's cocked hat and his British Admiral's uniform. It is absolutely useless my attempting to escape at this hour of the night in so conspicuous a costume; and, besides, it might easily give rise to very objectionable reports!

But I seem to have become younger, taller, fairer. Really this is utterly inexplicable. The Emperor and I must have apparently exchanged personalities somehow. How *very* careless of him! Was there ever anything more perplexing? Of course I cannot, under the circumstances, think of bolting, for they would immediately advertise everywhere for my recovery. Imagine the excitement which would be caused by such a placard as—

"£100,000 REWARD. Lost, the GERMAN EMPEROR. Height: 5 ft. 9 in.; fair hair and moustache; frank blue eyes; dignified appearance. Speaks English, French, and German fluently. Last seen leaving Buckingham Palace between one and two a.m. on Friday, the 10th inst.; wearing a British Admiral's uniform. The above reward will be paid to any one supplying such information as may lead to his safe recovery. Apply to the Chief Commissioner of Police, Scotland-yard. Office hours, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays, close at 2 p.m."

If this is not sufficient to drive a sane man mad I really cannot conceive what would be.

The Emperor is, they say, an early riser—worse luck—and I shall probably, therefore, be called at half-past six, that is in rather less than five hours' time. Only five short hours to assume the threads of my new position and to elaborate a home and foreign policy for the management of a nation numbering over fifty millions of people! And, by the way—all the German I know is "Wie viel?" "Ja wohl," and "Wo ist mein Gepäck?" which obviously is altogether inadequate for the requirements of the situation. And then, moreover, there is the Army—this is particularly distressing. My knowledge of military matters is confined to "Eyes right," "Form square," and "Quick march," which can scarcely, I should imagine, suffice for the proper manipulation of some two millions of soldiers armed to the very teeth.

But what about a policy? France and Russia, I understand, are bent upon my destruction. Socialism, according to the halfpenny papers, is both rampant and on the increase in my dominions, and the commercial and agricultural development of the country generally is delayed by the continuance of a large standing army, necessary to protect me from my two hostile neighbours.

And barely half an hour ago one single perambulating policeman would have been amply sufficient!

Evidently these difficulties must be contested in detail. I must, of course, secretly encourage the growth of Nihilism in Russia, and, if possible, I should contrive to entangle the Tzar in an Anglo-Indian conflict, which would admit of my attacking France singly. When once France is definitely suppressed, I can engage with Russia and overcome her also. By contracting offensive and defensive alliances with the neighbouring European States I shall prevent them complicating the problem further.

Meanwhile, till my Russian designs mature—which will in all probability require some three or four years—I must temporarily conciliate my disaffected subjects by granting them illusory and unimportant concessions. When I have annihilated France and Russia, I shall then be enabled to decrease the strength of my standing army, and can thus alleviate the discontent which arises from this source.

So far, so good: and I devoutly hope it may all succeed as I should wish it to. But if anything miscarries, there will be, I foresee, a general *bouleversement*. Supposing Russia should prosper? Or that the Tzar

HEADACHES.—BISHOP'S Effervescent Citrate of Caffeine cures headaches arising from nervous debility, biliousness, &c. Of all Chemists, and of the Inventors, 48, Spelman-st., London.

refuses to be lured into an unprofitable and suicidal conflict with England? Supposing that France should trounce me instead of my thrashing her? Supposing that the Republican and Socialistic elements in Germany should develop and become uncontrollable!

Great Scott! . . . .
Here comes an Equerry, a Gold Stick, or something. . . . . *Shall I kill him?*

* * * * * *

I must, I believe, have interrupted poor Tarragon at this precise moment, for, to my intense surprise, instead of shaking hands amicably as usual, he flew at my throat and attempted to strangle me. This, I admit, made me at once suspect that something might possibly be wrong.

The German Emperor has, of course, been the one all-absorbing subject of interest during the past week. A good-looking young man, terribly in earnest, embarrassingly energetic, minutely observant, and everlastingly asking pertinent questions, he is, without a doubt, the most important personage of the time. Will he achieve success? Will he fail? It is a very serious riddle indeed, and every thoughtful Englishman has, in consequence, been particularly curious to see the man who has so difficult a part to play. Besides which, it is in the British character to encourage youth, independence, determination, and pluck. But no constitution can possibly bear the terrific strain to which the Emperor William II. submits his. His restlessness has been the chief topic of conversation throughout the country, and next to that, his naïve devotion to soldiers and all connected with them. Whilst riding in Rotten-row early on Saturday morning, accompanied by several of his suite in uniform, he suddenly noticed, at a distance, a small contingent of the Blues—some twenty-four men—quietly proceeding towards the barracks. In an instant he galloped off in their direction, and, to their intense astonishment, called a halt. An improvised inspection naturally followed, after which, putting himself at the head of this microscopic body of men, the Emperor merrily marched them into the barrack-yard. And all this on the drive near Albert-gate!

But even our usually placid Queen has apparently been bitten by the Review mania since the German Emperor's arrival in England, for at the garden-party at Cumberland Lodge, after the temporary deluge had ceased, her Majesty commanded all the guests to defile past her, to their very pronounced annoyance. The Queen has on several occasions attempted this manœuvre, but I believe Cumberland Lodge, so far, will be celebrated as the only occasion upon which her desire has been gratified. As the ground was literally drenched with the rain, it was perhaps scarcely an opportune moment however for this social inspection.

The Imperial State entry into London from Paddington on Wednesday, of course, attracted a considerable crowd along the route to be traversed, but at no period was the crush anything approaching that which may now be annually seen at the first meeting of the Coaching Club on a fine day. However, both the Emperor and Empress seemed highly delighted, and the former was evidently particularly pleased. With that quick perceptive faculty which is so characteristic of the modern Royalties, he contrived to recognise a group of personal friends in the crowd along the Ladies' Drive, and waved a special recognition in their direction. The cheering was not striking, still a Hyde Park crowd never cheers enthusiastically, but contents itself with displaying well-bred respect.

The principal incident connected with the Gala performance at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, was the fact that the sole and only guest accommodated in the Russian Ambassador's box was Baron d'Estournelles, the genial and popular Councillor of the French Embassy, who has been acting as Chargé d'Affaires during the absence of M. Waddington in France. The watchful diplomatists around construed this into a mild counter-demonstration to the Triple Alliance.

But really the German Emperor has a very valid grievance against the Queen, for his reception has more or less consisted in including him in the programme of attractions at the different entertainments which he attended. As I remarked last week, with the exception of the occupants of the Royal box, all who attended the "command" performance at Covent Garden on Wednesday, however important their official rank, were compelled to purchase their own tickets. The same parsimonious and anything but dignified policy was repeated at the Albert Hall entertainment, while the Emperor's name merely figured in the *programme du jour* on Saturday at the Crystal Palace, much in the same way as would the names of Slavin and Kilrain, the pugilists, or Baldwin, the parachute man. Indeed, there is no doubt whatever that the Emperor has cleverly, and in a somewhat Yankee fashion, been utilised for pecuniary profit.

As to the Marlborough House garden-party, on Thursday afternoon, a serious protest must in common decency be made. Foreign diplomatists in every civilised country throughout the world are invariably shown official civility, if nothing more. Now, it is arrant nonsense to pretend that a garden-party given in London by the Heir Apparent to the Throne on the occasion of the visit of a distinguished neighbouring Monarch, and at which the Sovereign herself attends, is in any way an unofficial function—the more so that several thousands of guests, recruited from almost every walk in life, received invitations for the entertainment. And yet, many of the Secretaries and Attachés of the different Embassies and Legations were completely ignored on this occasion? One Ambassador promptly called the attention of the Prince to this, and very properly requested that invitations should be sent to the members of his Embassy—a demand which was hastily complied with.

Her Majesty has greatly aged during the past few months, and, notwithstanding that all the papers said differently, it was a matter of general comment and the most sincere regret. As the Queen carefully picked her way down the steps leading into the garden many observed with serious grief the evident change that had come over her. Her conspicuous kindness towards the veteran Mr. Charles Villiers, the Father of the House of Commons, whose arm she took, was a characteristic and delightful act of sympathy and amiability. "Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur," and in these days it might similarly be said that nothing is sacred for a journalist; but whatever cavillers may say, our Queen is a truly magnificent woman, possessed of all those instincts of refined sympathy and personal dignity, which are the most solid supports a Throne like hers can possibly have.

The State visit to the City on Friday was a splendid display, though certain minor annoyances had evidently irritated the German Emperor, who wore a very angry face as he travelled along the well-lined streets. The carriage occupied by the Emperor and Empress was an ungainly shandrydan, the chief merit of which is that it shields all but the heads and shoulders of those inside against murderous outrage from the pavement. But, unfortunately, any attempt on the Emperor's part to assume a dignified and impressive position brought the back of his helmet against the hood of the carriage, and necessarily forced it over his eyes, to his perfectly legitimate discomfiture. This and certain other complications—one of which led to the time of departure being delayed close upon an hour—somewhat spoilt our Imperial guests' enjoyment of the scene, and the rapid pace at which the cortége swung along certainly deprived many sightseers of the full enjoyment of a much-expected pageant. The cheering was not by any means vociferous, but this was possibly due to the fact that the procession passed so fast that the majority did not realise it was the Emperor till he had almost disappeared from sight. Had it been otherwise there can be no doubt that his welcome would have been considerably warmer, for his courage, activity, good intentions, and youth have created a very favourable impression amongst Englishmen generally.

But it would be endless to attempt to keep abreast of the innumerable incidents of the past week, and it is only

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possible to touch more or less discreetly upon the semi-private episodes connected with the Imperial visit.

The State Ball on Friday night was a brilliant display, the jewellery worn on this occasion having been estimated by an expert present at little under three quarters of a million of money. Lady Algernon Lennox wore a primrose and turquoise-blue gown with a coloured sash—a particularly effective costume, and Lady Hastings, in white satin trimmed with malmaison pinks, attracted general admiration. The Duchess of Portland in blue satin met with great approval.

And, by the way, the Duchess of Leinster in a black and pink frock at the Marlborough House garden-party was never seen to better advantage, whilst Lady Gosford looked exceptionally well in an exquisite grey striped silk. Every day of my life I am becoming more and more convinced that good dressing is half the battle.

The Associated Fire Brigade Review, under Captain Shaw, at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, was a complete success, and presented one of the most agreeable *coups d'œil* that could well have been contrived. For an hour previous to the Emperor's arrival the crowd had been watching with deep interest Captain Shaw's calm organisation of the forthcoming display. No fuss, no hurrying, no vacillation; but, little by little, the intricate groups of representatives from the various brigades throughout the kingdom were marshalled into their right places, and the interminable line of engines arranged so as to be galloped past the Imperial platform to the very best advantage. When the review commenced, Captain Shaw, placing himself at the head of the column, marched up to the daïs, and, saluting the Emperor, was at once presented by the Prince of Wales and invited to join the group. A deafening cheer greeted this gracious reception of the Fire King, which was evidently intended as a popular tribute to Captain Shaw on his regrettable retirement from the office of Chief Officer of the Metropolitan Brigade. Miss Shaw concluded the function by presenting a bouquet to the Empress.

By the way, a certain supercilious member of the Fire Brigade Committee of the County Council at the Guildhall banquet observed to a neighbouring Alderman, "The acoustics are very bad in this hall." "Really!" replied the latter, "You surprise me. I can't *smell* anything."

Lady Helen Vincent, who has for the past few weeks been in town on a visit, will leave London next week to rejoin her husband, Sir Edgar Vincent, at Constantinople.

The Mayor of Nottingham will formally open to-day (Wednesday) a collection of classical antiquities from Nemi in Italy presented to the town by Lord Savile. This interesting and most valuable collection was discovered during a series of excavations undertaken by Lord Savile when British Ambassador in Rome. Mr. G. Harris Wallis, F.S.A., the Director of the Museum at Nottingham, has classified, arranged, and described the various objects, and has compiled a highly interesting and useful catalogue, accompanied with descriptive notes, to which Lord Savile has himself contributed a very valuable account of the excavations on the site of the Temple of Diana Nemorensis.—Believe me to be very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE most voracious appetite for sensation must have been more than satisfied last week. Public form has been reduced to absolute chaos, and the Leger market has been entirely revolutionised, much to the discomfiture of the silly, eager people who have made such haste to back Common and Mimi.

The results of the two great races of the week were eminently satisfactory to me, because Leicester justified my opinion that Révérend will be the most dangerous opponent of Common at Doncaster, and showed that, as I have all along insisted, he is really a very smart horse, and that it is clear that he ought to have won both the Prix du Jockey Club and the Grand Prix. Leicester also justified the moderate estimation in which I have always held Mimi, who really beat nothing either at Newmarket or at Epsom. When writing about the Prince of Wales's Stakes a fortnight ago, I predicted that Mimi would be a great favourite, but that Gouverneur would beat her. Of course, the selection of Gouverneur was equivalent, under the circumstances, to predicting the success of his stable companion Révérend, when M. Blanc decided to start him instead.

With regard to Sandown Park, the result of the Eclipse Stakes shows how right I was in all along deriding the chance of Memoir, about whom there was latterly a perfect craze at Newmarket, although her preparation had been a skimble-skamble sort of business, and nothing whatever was known of the mare's present form. I have always expected that Common, Surefoot, and Gouverneur would be the placed horses in the Eclipse Stakes. Surefoot had so frequently demonstrated his inability to get more than a mile, that it appeared hopeless to think of his winning here, and especially as there has been nothing encouraging about his recent form. He is a creature which nobody ever ought to back, for on Friday (as at Ascot) it was apparently a toss-up at one time whether he would not stop or bolt. How Gouverneur's defeat of Common can be explained it is impossible to conjecture, unless M. E. Blanc's horse was not so well as he might have been at Epsom. Gouverneur had 3 lb. the best of the weights with Common, but that was not enough to account for his beating the Derby winner, as at Epsom Common literally trotted away from him.

With regard to the future, I expect that Common and Révérend will run first and second at Doncaster, and, if obliged to back either the one or the other just now, I would choose the French horse; but all prudent people will take the advice which I gave weeks ago, and leave the Leger alone until the day of the race. The Deemster stands at 8 to 1, but while Common and Révérend are all right (to say nothing of Gouverneur) 80 to 1 are more like the real odds. People who indulge in crazy jargonings about the running at Leicester will do well to remember that Révérend is not nearly so good a horse over a mile as over a mile and a-half or further, whereas, in all probability, a mile is The Deemster's very best distance. Horses trained in Captain Machell's stable which are fancied for great races are always the object of laudatory cackling. M. E. Blanc has taken £12,000 to £1,000 about Révérend, and he won more than £5,000 by the horse's victory at Leicester.

Surefoot will now be reserved for the £11,000 Stake at Manchester, on September 26, in which he will meet Gouverneur, Révérend, Peter Flower, Alicante, and Orion, and the distance being seven furlongs, he ought to win the race. It is a great pity that Amphion is not engaged, and this reminds one how much more interesting the Eclipse Stakes would have been if Morion had been left in, instead of being stupidly scratched last year just before he showed himself to be a good horse. As it was, however, the Eclipse Stakes was by far the most successful of all the great races of this description that have been run during the last five years, and a more exciting finish has seldom been seen.

The collapse of the principal Stake at Leicester was truly remarkable. There were ninety-seven entries for the Midland Derby, and when the last forfeit was declared sixty-seven were left in, and yet there were only five starters. The Zetland Plate, with 107 entries, and seventy-four horses left in, also brought out a field of five only.

Considering that the last forfeit for the Eclipse Stakes was declared only six months ago, and that an additional payment of fifty guineas had to be made for every horse then left in, it says little for the watchfulness or the sagacity of owners that thirty-eight animals should have been left in, of which the prospects of twenty-nine were,

Cadbury's Cocoa.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health.*

on reflection, found to be so hopeless that it was not deemed worth while to start any of them, even on the off chance. Neither Common, Révérend, nor Gouverneur will run again before Doncaster. It is quite on the cards that M. Blanc may ultimately withdraw Gouverneur from the Leger in order to keep him fresh for Manchester. There is no doubt whatever that Révérend is the best horse over the Leger distance. The Deemster also has no engagement before Doncaster, but I have no fancy whatever for Mr. Leigh's horse.

Some crack-brained bets have been taken about Colonel North's lot for the Leger, and how anybody suffered by his friends to go at large could accept £17,000 to £1,000 about St. Simon of the Rock and Simonian really passes comprehension. Even if the two favourites were out of the race it would still be all the odds against that pair. Simonian did win the Midland Derby, but there was nothing to beat except the wretched Barbatello, and on Thursday he made a most ignominious show in the Prince of Wales's Stakes.

The Zetland Plate, at Leicester, was won for the Dowager Duchess of Montrose by Broad Corrie, by Hampton, out of Corrie Roy, who had been fairly well tried, and she was heavily backed. She beat Bellinzona (on whom odds were betted) after a very fine struggle. Broad Corrie is still capable of much improvement, so she must not be judged on her form here, which would not make her out smart, as her stable companion, Pilgrim's Progress, beat Bellinzona at Windsor, and he is no flyer. M. Blanc did not send Rueil or Le Chesnay to Leicester (either of which could have won the race), but he depended upon Navarin, a backward colt by Energy, out of Nubienne, who certainly could not have been fancied, for 100 to 8 was offered against him in a field of five.

When writing last week about the £2,000 Stake at Kempton Park, which is to be run next Saturday, I predicted the success of Goldfinch, but I am now rather disposed to fancy that he will be beaten by Le Chesnay, to whom he has to give 10 lb.

I hear that Morion is not to start for the Goodwood Cup, but that he will be reserved for his autumn engagements at Newmarket, which include the Triennial Produce Stakes, the Lowther Stakes, the Select Stakes, and the Jockey Club Cup.

It is certainly a pity that Queen's Birthday was not entered for the Goodwood Cup, which, in the absence of Morion, would appear a good thing for him. Mons Meg, Gonsalvo, Vasistas, and Memoir will probably make up the field.

Haute Saône has been going on very well at Newmarket during the last month, and it is quite probable that she has now regained her form to a considerable extent. She is to run at Goodwood in the Gordon Stakes on Thursday, and there is nothing better in the entry of thirty-two than Orion, Siphonia, Patrick Blue, Flodden Field, Cuttlestone, Springtime, and Simonian. I put aside Nunthorpe, who must be hopelessly stale by this time; and Mimi, who is not likely to run; and Signorina, for whom the distance would be too far. If Haute Saône and Mimi meet at Goodwood in the Nassau Stakes (on Friday) there will be a very interesting race. Baron Rothschild's mare is not engaged in the Leger.

I hear from Newmarket that Bonavista is much fancied there for the Chesterfield Stakes to-morrow. He certainly won the Woodcote Stakes very easily, and there was no discredit in being beaten by Goldfinch at Ascot when giving 7 lb., which is a deal of weight up that hill. If, however, La Flêche (the 5,500 gs. sister to Memoir) has really pleased Porter in a trial, she ought to beat Bonavista, who will be giving her 7 lb., and it must be remembered that the B.M. is not a nice course over which to have the worst of the weight.

Sefton, who won the City and Suburban and the Derby in 1878, has been destroyed, in consequence of his suffering so severely from fever in the feet. Sefton, who was a son of Speculum, was bred by General Peel and Mr. George Payne at their Enfield stud, and Mr. Sterling Crawfurd gave 1,000 gs. for him at the Doncaster yearlings sale in 1876. He was certainly one of the worst horses that ever won the Derby, and he was indebted for his victory to the excellent riding of Constable, who got off well, and cleverly slipped the field. Sefton did not subsequently distinguish himself, and he was a failure at the stud, the best of his stock being Lourdes, whose dam was Pilgrimage, who won the Two Thousand and the One Thousand in 1878.

The weights for the Leicestershire Royal Handicap of £6,000 will be published on August 5. Fifty-nine horses are still left in. This race will be run on September 23, and the distance is a mile. Among the animals engaged are Blue Green, Orion, Common, Gone Coon, Cereza, Gouverneur, Révérend, Alicante, Old Boots, Simonian, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, Martagon, Siphonia, Orvieto, Springtime (who has been a great Newmarket fancy for the Cesarewitch), Achille, Heaume, Le Nord, Rathbeal, Pioneer, Marvel, and Amphion. There are the possibilities of a great race here, and I do not see how the best horses can possibly be handicapped out of it. Of course the topweights will be Amphion, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, Alicante, Common, Révérend, and Gouverneur.

A great number of stakes close on Tuesday next, including the Derby, Oaks, and Grand Prix for 1893, and the Epsom Grand Prize, the Coronation and St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot, and the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood, also for 1893. There are several stakes at Newmarket, including next year's July and Chesterfield, and the Hastings and Zetland Plates for 1893. The Richmond Stakes at Goodwood (1892) also closes on Tuesday.

The Oaks, which was a stake of £4,900 this year, is cut down to £4,500 both next year and in 1893. This reduction on the part of the sordid, flea-skinning authorities at Epsom is exceedingly reprehensible.

Several stakes close at Manchester, of which the most important is the Lancashire Plate, of £10,000, for foals and upwards, to be run over a mile at the September meeting in 1893.

There will be racing next week at Liverpool, Pontefract, and Great Yarmouth, and the best sport will be at the first of these meetings, which is now reduced to two days, in accordance with a recommendation which appeared in TRUTH several years ago. Pontefract is a purely Yorkshire meeting, and Yarmouth, being a favourite Newmarket "outing," is exclusively patronised by horses from that place.

The entry for the St. George's Stakes of £1,000 at Liverpool includes Common, who certainly will not start, and I understand that he is not to run again until the Leger. The best of the others are Simonian, Barbatello, Henry VIII., and Sarawak, and Colonel North's horse ought to be able to win if he can beat Sarawak. The Mersey Stakes of £500 is not likely to attract Lady Hermit to Liverpool, and, perhaps, Scarborough may win this race, as it was over the Aintree course that he did so well in March. The Great Lancashire Produce Stakes of £1,100 has nothing better than Clarence left in. There has not been much betting on the Liverpool Cup, for which Rathbeal is a firm favourite, Father Confessor and Springtime being next in demand. Mr. Houldsworth's horse would have won this handicap if he had not incurred a penalty by his victory at Hurst Park, but, as it is, I rather fancy Rathbeal, who is the best "class" in the race, and he ran well at Sandown Park on Friday.

At Pontefract the West Riding Champagne Stakes of £400 has seventy-four entries, and Cantire may be able to win, as she will be more forward in condition than she was when she ran at Newcastle.

The Great Yarmouth Plate of £250 has Bouthillier, and the Duke of Hamilton generally patronises this meeting. The Aquarium Plate of £300 is a race for all ages, and the entry includes Bumptious, High Havens, St. Simon of the Rock, and Jessamy. The distance (a mile) is too far for Bumptious, and I should think that St. Simon of the Rock will win if he runs.

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

MAMMON.

TELEPHONES.

IT is difficult to understand the self-congratulatory tone of the remarks made by Mr. F. R. Leyland, who presided over the meeting of the National Telephone Company last week. I cannot for the world of me see that there is anything to crow about, with the capital account already watered with all the waters, with a very modest increase in gross earnings, a considerable increase in working expenses, and a service in London which is as execrable as it is expensive. I have stated on a previous occasion how, at the time of the amalgamation of the United Telephone Company with its offspring the National Company and the Lancashire and Cheshire Company, the united capital was £1,600,000, of which £900,000 had gone into the pockets of the promoters as profits, leaving £700,000, spent on patents, plant, and material, which was, for the most part, obsolete and useless when it was bought. In fact, the chairman stated at last week's meeting that they took over a system which was radically bad, and which had to be thoroughly reorganised. When the three Companies amalgamated in June, 1889, under the name of the National Telephone Company, they calmly added £845,000 "water" to their already absurd capital, making the total capital, including £73,000 Debentures, about £2,500,000 sterling. By a further issue of Debentures to the amount of £350,000, the capital had risen to close upon £2,850,000 in the financial year ended April 30, against which the Northern District Telephone Company and the South of England Telephone Company have been acquired for £230,000. On the other hand, the "Bell" patent expired last year, and the patent covering carbon transmitters is just expiring, thus greatly detracting from the value which the Company has to show against all this much-watered capital.

Taking the statements in the report of the directors seriatim, I find that, although the exchange and private wires show an increase of over 20 per cent. (35,440 against 29,257) for the year, the gross revenue shows an increase only of 1¾ per cent. With regard to the increase in subscribers, I may state that the number of subscribers to the exchange system in London and distant suburbs is about 6,000, an extremely poor showing, explained, of course, by the wretched service and the extortionate amount of the subscription. The report does not give the proportionate number of subscribers to exchange systems and private wires, and it must be remembered that numerous private wires are only fixed from houses to stables and for very short distances, many of which will be discontinued on the expiration of all the patents. The accrued rentals for 1891 amount to £422,378 against £364,704 for 1890, being an increase of over 15½ per cent.; but the working expenses have increased from 40·7 per cent. in 1890 to 43·5 per cent. in 1891. There is but one redeeming point about the year's history—namely, that a reduction of rates has been made in the provinces, a reduction enforced by new competition, which latter is likely to assume formidable dimensions. It is evident that further reductions will have to be made, if the Company is to keep its head above water. The net revenue for the past financial year was £194,821, against £183,000 for the previous year; but the loss through the reduction of rates is, as the chairman stated, only partly shown in the year ended April 30, 1891, and I doubt very much that this loss will be made up by any progressive increase in business.

It will be seen that, under all these circumstances, there is little prospect of the National Telephone Company fulfilling its proper mission of supplying cheap and efficient telephone communication. In order to pay interest upon its much-watered capital, and directors' fees to the tune of £10,000 per annum, it charges exorbitant rates, which it reluctantly reduces when competition arises. In London, so far, there is no competition, and an almost prohibitive rate of subscription is exacted. The service is so bad that shareholders using the telephone have actually formed a committee in order to bring their grievances forward. There can be but one end to all this. A new Company must be established, furnishing a telephone service at a price that will pay good interest on a moderate real—not bogus—capital. As the chief patents have either fallen in or are about to expire, such a Company could earn a 10 per cent. dividend, while fixing its maximum charge for exchange wire at about £8 per annum. What that will mean for the National Telephone Company I need not stop to inquire. I am sorry that investors should have been saddled with its heavy capital, but they have had ample warning. It is clear that the public of the metropolis cannot be put off with so inefficient and expensive a service any longer, and the sooner a new Company gets to work the better. Instead of the National Company's 6,000 it would be able in a short time to obtain 60,000 subscribers, and instead of being hampered with a system which is radically bad as the Chairman of the National Company admits, it would start with a thoroughly efficient system based upon the latest experience of experts.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My Dear Ben, — Holiday influences have combined last week with the imminence of the settlement to keep business within narrow limits, but the tone has shown considerable improvement. It looks as if the investor were passing from Consols and other high-class securities to pastures new, and I should be much surprised if Home Rails were not the next department in which some animation will thereby be created. The millions of money which are at present seeking employment must find some outlet, and the most natural course would be investment in our own railway stocks, in which a very fair return can be obtained with small risk.

Will Home Rails Improve?

To begin with, dividends are now at hand, and the British investor loves a dividend which has to come off in the near future. So much so, indeed, is this tendency developed, that in cases even where he wishes to part with a stock he generally waits until he has got the dividend. That is the reason why sometimes stocks fall after the dividend is paid, instead of the latter being recovered. But I do not exactly anticipate this course in Home Rails, as the purchases which are at present being made are apparently intended for more permanent investment. Losses in South American stocks and in Industrial ventures have made the majority of investors shy of these securities, but Home Rails have not disappointed their holders, and, although dividends will show a slight falling off in some cases for the first half of the current year, and notwithstanding all the talk about the Bridge bogey and Board of Trade interference, they will no doubt keep their hold upon the favour of their supporters. The more recent proceedings of the Committee on the Rates and Charges Bills have, moreover, been decidedly in favour of the Companies, especially the adoption of the cumulative system. The buying during the week has chiefly been of the heavy stocks, especially Brums, which are again 1¼ up, and Berwicks, which have advanced 1½, but Great Western and Midland have also improved. The declaration of the dividends is now at hand, and I am not going to give you any more prophesies, maintaining, however, my earlier forecasts. The Sheffield dividend, at the rate of ¼ against ¾ last year, created no disappointment, as even this small distribution had not been looked for. The dividends to be declared next, the Metropolitan, Brighton, South-Eastern, and Great Eastern, will be fraught with greater importance. Whatever the Brighton dividend be, I anticipate a recovery in this stock in view of the magnificent weather and traffic increases, which promise now to become permanent. The line bids fair, with moderate favour on the part of the clerk of the weather, to pull up

Arthur Forbes & Co., Australian Investment, Finance, and Mining Agency, 16, Cornhill, London, E.C., and at Brisbane, Queensland, have special business in some of the best Colonial Mining Stocks, including Brilliant, Victory, Victoria, Sunburst, Broken Hill, Raub, and other prosperous concerns. Constant information by cable. Telegraphic address, "Orpharion, London."

the losses caused in the first half of the year by the inclement climatic conditions. (Since writing, the dividend has been declared at 3¼ per cent. only, but with the large "carry over" of £23,500, and Brighton "A" have advanced a point in consequence.) The fall in Dover "A," too, seems to be exaggerated. An unfavourable dividend must, of course, be looked for, but I shall not be surprised to see the stock improve again after the declaration. The Great Eastern is keeping up its quotation in a remarkable manner, considering that the dividend can hardly give it a fillip. On the other hand, continued fine weather will, no doubt, give the line a largely-increased holiday traffic. The Scotch stocks have improved, North British Preferred as much as 2, and Deferred 1¼, chiefly on repurchases by "Bear" operators. Caleys, too, have advanced 1⅝, but the Deferred has, so far, only recovered ⅜, and at 38¼ is undoubtedly much cheaper than North British Deferred at 40⅛. It ought to stand two points above North British Preferred, instead of below it. Chathams have recovered further, the Prefs. being now again quoted 104.

The Yankee Market.

With the exception of Denver Prefs. and Norfolk Prefs., a further moderate rise has been established for the week in active stocks such as Milwaukees, Atchison Income bonds and shares, Northern Pacific Prefs., Lake Shore, &c. The Louisville and Nashville dividend has been declared to the full amount of 2½ per cent. in cash for the half year, as I have predicted all along, and the price has been as high as 77, which is not, however, maintained. The new share issue weighs somewhat on this market, just as the additional Norfolk and Western Preference issue is keeping that stock down. After the absorption of the new stock, these favourites of the British investor will, however, recover again. Union Pacifics have not risen to any extent, but they seem to find support at anything below 45, and will, no doubt, participate in any marked rise, which may take place. Dividend estimates with regard to Denver Prefs. are very contradictory, and unfavourable rumours are keeping this stock at a low level. As regards the general prospects of American Rails, they are in no way altered. There has been a certain dulness both in Wall-street and here, which has prevented any important rise, while prices do not, on the other hand, seem inclined to give way. The crop outlook could not be better, and here is the one splendid feature which must in time prevail, and bring about a great advance. The new wheat is arriving at Chicago, and traffics must be promptly affected. The yield of winter wheat is estimated at 360 million bushels, being about 100 million bushels more than last year. The winter wheat crop amounts to over 60 per cent. of the entire wheat yield, but the unusually favourable state of soil and weather for spring-sown crops also constitute a "Bull" point on stocks which more than offsets a whole lot of minor facts of a more or less unfavourable character. The gold shipments seem to be drawing to an end, and I may here give the following explanation from a New York source of the sudden selling of bills in London a week or two ago, which stopped the gold export, and caused a decline in sterling exchange. According to this report, Messrs. Drexel, Morgan, & Co., through their London house, borrowed several million pounds, and were therefore in a position to sell sight exchange in New York below the gold shipping point, thus effectually stopping gold shipments, at least temporarily. It is believed that the house can recoup itself long before the foreign loans come due, by buying grain bills as soon as the crops begin to move. This operation of Drexel, Morgan, & Co., is, of course, purely a business matter, although its effect has been salutary, as far as the general market is concerned. It is also explained that the firm can borrow money in London for six months at 3 per cent. per annum, and can easily lend this money in New York, for six months, on gilt-edged collateral, at 5 per cent. or better. Here is a profit of 2 per cent. per annum. This is the first profit. The second profit comes from the fact that they can sell sterling exchange at 4 dols. 88c. It is also foreshadowed that when the time comes to pay their loans they will be able to buy grain and other export bills at probably 4 dols. 83c., thereby reaping another profit of about 1¼ per cent. Whether this be the true explanation or not, the cessation of the gold exports is certainly one of the most important factors in the American market. The Wall-street "Bulls" complain that they have no leaders. I dare say that leaders will turn up fast enough when the big men consider that the time has come for action. Jay Gould himself is evidently biding his time, but when the time comes he will be fully in evidence. When that time will arrive it is impossible for me to say, but that it will come within the next few months, and that the advance will be sharp and continuous, there can be no possible doubt. By the way, the little wizard seems to have a good deal to occupy his mind, to judge from the following report which I glean from a New York contemporary:—"It is said that Jay Gould had a very narrow escape from being ground to pieces by a Hudson River train a week or two ago at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. He boards a New York local train every morning at the Irvington station, to which he is driven from his country place two miles away. As he stepped across the tracks at the station to take the 8.16 train, a westbound express hove in sight, coming at a high rate of speed. Mr. Gould's thoughts were apparently miles away, for his head was bent, and he was perfectly heedless of his peril. Then a station-hand jumped to the track, and, grabbing Mr. Gould by the collar, jerked him upon the platform, and the express thundered by." Those of my readers who acted on my advice of five or six weeks ago (Truth, June 4) to buy Canadian Pacifics at 78½, have done excellently. This stock now stands at 83, after having been considerably higher. There may or may not be much in the reports of a rapprochement between the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk, but the good crops will benefit both lines, and there is at present a strong movement going on to put Trunk stocks up, which may have a considerable modicum of success, should traffics now continue to improve as they have commenced to do.

Foreigners.

That distinguished foreigner, the German Emperor, has not done the Stock Exchange any good by his visit to this country, for he has greatly distracted the attention of the members and of their clients, let alone being the cause of the closing of the "House" on Saturday. As the Emperor did not condescend to "review" the Stock Exchange, many of the members patronised the Wimbledon Review, regretting all the time the turns or commissions they might have had, if the House had been open. The Emperor's peaceful utterances at the Guildhall were, of course, such as to please the members, but the latter will be glad enough to see him turn his back upon London, so as to give the stock markets a chance before the holiday exodus commences. The foreign market has, however, suffered less from the Teutonic visit than any other department. The Paris Bourse, having again entered the lists, has not allowed Portuguese to be slaughtered, and Spanish Fours are better upon statements that Spain has been helped by new loans in connection with the silver to be bought for her increased currency. The Treasury Bills, due June 30, moreover, have been renewed for six months, and thus the evil day is staved off for a time. Russians are under a cloud. There is no longer any doubt that the Russian crops are a failure, and that absolute famine is staring many districts in the face. Thus it is probable that Russia will have to import grain instead of exporting it, and the rouble is likely to fall further. As regards gold withdrawals for Russia, there is only a million and a quarter sterling more to go at the end of the present month, and the Bank of England may therefore be considered in a

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strong position to face the autumn demand. The gold premium in Buenos Ayres has fallen again, and it is no longer a secret that a scheme for a new National Bank with European backing has been sent out by mail to Buenos Ayres by one of our first financial houses. It contains, of course, a proviso of partial European financial control, and it is to be hoped that the Argentines will be sufficiently sobered down to accept this. Such an event would change the whole course of Argentine finance. There is also a talk of a financial commissioner being sent out to Buenos Ayres in the interests of the European holders of Argentine securities. Ex-President Ellauri has not yet made any visible progress with his financial mission in the interest of Uruguay. In order to get another loan, he will have to submit a scheme giving a better guarantee to the lenders, and *ipso facto* the interest on the existing Debt must be reduced. The question really is, will Uruguay be prepared to set the example of accepting European control? There is as yet no clear prospect of the civil war in Chili coming to an end. But matters may take an unexpected turn, and in the meantime patience should be exercised by the holders of the bonds. Mexican bonds have been adversely affected by a cablegram from San Francisco foreshadowing, on very slender grounds, the possibility of a revolution in Mexico. There seems absolutely no truth in the rumour, which has since been contradicted in many quarters. But, on the principle of "give a lie a start," the malicious rumour has done a good deal of mischief. The fact is that investors have lost so heavily in South American stocks, that the mere whisper as to possible difficulties in connection with any Spanish American republic sends them into the doldrums.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

Although the output for June of the Witwatersrand Mines was large, the returns of some of the mines were disappointing, and the market remains in a despondent mood. It is true that this may change at any moment for the better, but the improvement does not yet appear to be in sight. For all that I consider the stocks mentioned by me at various times as unduly depressed, such as Jumpers, Durban Roodepoort, &c., worth picking up. One of the most favourable exceptions as regards the June crushings is the New Primrose Gold Mining Company, to which I drew attention some time ago. The June crushing amounted to 2,241 oz. from 4,110 tons, against 1,853 oz. produced from 3,655 oz. in May. The Secretary of the Company reports the cost of working the mine in May, including £756 spent in development, to have been £4,072, leaving a profit of £2,635. The working for June will, therefore, leave a much larger profit, and my hopeful anticipations with respect to this mine have thus been fully realised, the more so as it has entered the dividend-paying list, having declared a 5 per cent. dividend to June 30. From the Silati River Company's farm, Burgersdorp, advices have been received to the effect that 679 tons of stone have been crushed during the months of May and June, producing 308 oz. of bullion. The Secretary states that the greater part of the stuff put through the mill consisted of débris, alluvial, and stone from the various shafts and outcrops of the Swiss reef. The work of sinking the main and other shafts, which had been partially suspended owing to the late heavy rains, was being again actively carried on. Perhaps one of the most encouraging minor incidents in connection with the Silati River property, and through it with the Oceana Company, is the fact that Mr. Pedersen, the manager of the Silati Mine, has not only declined the offer of the Langlaagte Company to resume its managership, but that he has just got married, thus implying a very strong belief in the future of the property. With regard to the Australian Broken Hill Consols, it is difficult to understand the reason of the pronounced slump. Granted, even, that certain large blocks of shares have to be realised, the decline has been greatly overdone by "Bear" raids, and I shall look for a sharp recovery, as soon as another output is announced. It is true that a cable was received that there would be no output for the fortnight ending yesterday, but a subsequent telegram gives the Managing Director's explanation that a stoppage had occurred in the output through a fault in the rich vein below the 280 level west, but that a change for the better has taken place, and he expected to be able to raise rich ore this week. This cablegram, together with the statements at the meeting (to which I will refer in next issue), will, no doubt, calm the fears of holders and cause a reaction. The crushings of the Mysore Gold Mining Company in June were satisfactory, but Indian shares, like others in the mining market, are dull, awaiting the awakening which will come one of these days, and probably when least expected. The Maid of Erin Silver Mines continue to make satisfactory returns, that for the week ending July 4 having been 1,210 tons, with an estimated value of 27,000 dols.

The Bell's Asbestos Interim Dividend.

Having placed myself in communication with the Managing Director of Bell's Asbestos Company, Limited, and represented to him that an explanation ought to be furnished of the very disappointing interim dividend, and that the promising position of the Company as related to me by Mr. H. A. Bell on his return from Canada should be stated to the shareholders, I received first a promise that the matter should be submitted to the Board of Directors and subsequently the following letter:—

> Replying to your communication of 3rd inst. it would be a departure from the established rules of this Company to accompany the announcement of an interim dividend by the issue of any report or circular. We do not believe that shareholders will be misled in any way on the announcement of the dividend, but such few as are making inquiries will have the fullest replies sent to them.

I do not agree with the view taken by the Directors of Bell's Asbestos Company. The circumstances are altogether exceptional, and fully warrant a departure from a rule which certainly does not partake of the laws of the Medes and Persians. Here we have an insignificant interim dividend declared in the face of the most favourable prospects as stated to me by Mr. H. A. Bell, the Managing Director, on his return from Canada, and I am by no means certain that some of the shareholders will not be misled by the bare announcement and by the renewed "Bear" raid which has been inaugurated. I shall leave my readers who are holders of Bell's Asbestos shares to obtain from the Managing Director the explanation of the small interim dividend, and of the present position of the Company. They are promised the fullest replies, and they should insist on them. I do not anticipate for a moment that the answers will differ from the statements made to me by the Managing Director, but it is quite time that the matter should be fully ventilated. If the "Bears" intend to make a raid upon the shares they ought to be prevented from doing so, if not by the directors, by the shareholders. I quite anticipate that in a month or two all kinds of favourable tips will be put about respecting the Company, and that when the ursine party (the existence of which is proved by a backwardation of 1s. at the present settlement) have done their climbing in at the expense of the *bonâ-fide* shareholders the price will be hoisted again. But I will, at least, do all in my power to prevent these wreckers from having their way in carrying out their designs, which are, of course, facilitated by the utter disorganisation of the miscellaneous markets. Let me explain the position to Mr. H. A. Bell, the Managing Director, to Mr. John Bell, the Chairman, and to the other directors of the Company. It is openly asserted in the market that the Company is in a bad position, and that the miserable interim dividend just declared is an indication of this state of things. On the strength of these rumours a further fall in the shares has taken place.

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, E.C.—165, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—8, Haymarket, S.W.—18, Westbourne-grove, W.—Nos. 19 and 20, Railway-approach, London-bridge, S.E.—Manchester address, Bridgewater-chambers, 6, Brown-street.—Brighton address, Central-chambers, The Quadrant. No commission on speculative accounts. He buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired. Telephone No. 1,578.

On the other hand, we have the statement made by Mr. John Bell at the last meeting of shareholders to the effect that the Company was in a good position and that dividends would improve again, emphasised by the statements made to me by Mr. H. A. Bell on his return from Canada of the very promising state of affairs. One or the other of these views must be a falsehood. Either the rumours adverse to the Company are a tissue of lies, as I believe they are, or else the statements made by the Managing Director stand discredited. If the directors persist in their silence, there can be but one of two inferences. Either the Company is in an unsatisfactory position or the directors are purposely allowing the shareholders' property to be wrecked for reasons or purposes best known to themselves. It is all very well for a board of directors to say that they ignore criticism, but no really solvent concern can allow comments such as are being circulated to pass unnoticed. I must therefore again insist that it is the plain duty of the directors to make *at once* a statement with reference to the reports injurious to the Company which are now being circulated and to explain its real position.

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Looprevil.—You want perfectly safe investments into which money can be placed without running any risk. I suppose you want a better return than Consols would give you. You had better direct your attention to Corporation stocks in which you can get Brighton 3½ per cent. at 106¾, Birmingham 3½ per cent. at 108½. &c. India stock might also tempt you. *L. S. C.*—One of the best of kind, but I am disinclined to recommend investment in Building Societies in view of the recent collapse of a number of these concerns. *R. J. C.*—The New York correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner and Times* makes absurd statements respecting Breweries. I have already explained that the temporary falling off in the barrelage of the St. Louis Brewery was a cool month of June. *J. W. W.*—1. Parker's Burslem Brewery is doing excellently. No reason to sell your Prefs. You should hold 2, 3, and 4 for the present. 5. Atchison Four per Cent. bonds are a good investment. The prospects of the line are good. No reason to sell No. 6 now, but I should get out of them on an improvement. No. 7 is a fair investment. I do not like 8 (New Zealand Midland Debentures). Norfolk and Western First Mortgage bonds (9) are gilt edged. *Salina.*—There is nothing to be said against investments Nos. 1 and 2. The stocks Nos. 3 and 4 are good of their kind, and so is investment No. 5, but I do not care much for the telephone stock No. 6. *R. C. P.*—The depression in Mexican bonds and City of Mexico loans is chiefly due to recent canards from San Francisco, and to the general scare about South American investments. The City of Mexico bonds are a first-class investment. *P.*—The news about the De Beers Company's position continues favourable, but the last dividend was disappointing. *G. W.*—I fully agree with you, Mexican Bonds and Costa Rica A and B Bonds are at very moderate price, both countries being prosperous and progressive. *A. H. C.*—American Railroad Bonds would be very suitable for your purpose. They are, moreover, cheap. You might spread the investment over Baltimore and Ohio South Western Four-and-a-half Per Cent. First Mortgage Bonds at 102, or Baltimore and Ohio Five Per Cent. Gold Bonds at 108, and Louisville and Nashville Six Per Cent. General Mortgage Bonds at 116½, Chicago and Milwaukee Seven Per Cent. First Mortgage at 120, New York Central Six Per Cent. Bonds at 118. *Veritas.*—1. If you can sell your Etheridge United, you had better do so. I see no temptation to risk more money in the concern. 2. Hold your Gympie Great Eastern. It is one of the cheapest mining shares in the market, and I have drawn several times attention to them. 3. There is a chance of an improvement, hold. 4. You had better hold at these low prices. 5. There seems a prospect of recovery. *Mexico.*—If you wish to insure the annuity in the manner described you can hardly do better than in the Company named. But I should have thought that the annuity would have been safe enough in a first-class English office without re-insurance. *Excellenza.*—Yes, the Central Pacific is pretty certain of its 2 per cent., but there seems little prospect of an early increase. *Ignoramus.*—The market for Moodies and Vogelstruis is against sellers, but you had better realise. You had better hold the American shares now, but you should register them through the English Association of American Bond and Share holders of Great Winchester-street. *R. A. P.*—It is a "Bear" raid. Hold, and you will see the shares recover. See remarks in to-day's issue. *Suffolk.*—The bank is a high-class one, and I do not think you are running any risk of calls. But if you do not like the liability you can sell and invest in some other stock. *East Pier.*—1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. No. There is no royal road to success in Stock Exchange speculation, and I should advise you to keep out of it. *Post.*—1-2. I can but refer you to my former and to-day's remarks, 3. Yes. The paper in question is without any value or importance. *A Bondholder.*—I have repeatedly expressed my view that the Provident Association of London does not perform its promises. As you have, however, become a member, you had better get out of it as well as you can *J. E. W. Newport-on-Usk.*—I can only reply through "My Letter-Box." I have for years expressed the opinion that the Provident Association of London promise a great deal more than they perform. Not knowing what your position is, I cannot advise you further. *W. McF.*—Your Bank shares are first-class. You had better hold Anglo-American Telegraph Preferred on the chance of improvement, when you should sell. Sell Eastern Telegraph, Leeds Forge, and Salt Union at the next opportunity, No reason to disturb the other investments, which are likely to recover. American Railway First Mortgage bonds are at present cheap, and worthy of attention. Amongst South or Central American stocks I prefer Costa Rica A and B Bonds, and City of Mexico bonds as very cheap. *Hussar.*—Yes, Japanese are a good stock. I do not recommend Egyptian Unified at present price. *Tenderfoot.*—I cannot recommend you a stock broker, as a matter of principle; and if your local broker is respectable you can just as well buy through him. Costa Rica A and B bonds are a very good purchase at present; but if you do not wish to go so far afield, buy Midland Railway Ordinary as a good investment. If you wish to keep well informed about the Stock Markets, you should read one of the daily financial papers. *E. W.*—Entre Rio Central bonds had better be held now after the heavy fall, especially as a settlement has now been come to with the Province of Entre Rios. I do not like Salt Union shares. I do not know enough about the bank in question to recommend it. Costa Rica bonds are cheap, also American Railroad bonds. *Westminster.*—I do not care for the stocks 1—3. The occupation of 4 seems to be gone for the present. If you want such high interest, you can get it only in American Brewery shares, in which case you had better spread it over five or six of them, say St. Louis, Peter Schoenhofen, New York, United States, and Frank Jones. *Ex Lancer.*—I will make special inquiry about your sixteen different stocks, and report next week.

Various Investments.

The shares in industrial undertakings remain very dull, investors apparently still throwing their holdings away, instead of, as would be advisable at the present low level, picking up cheap shares. The matter will, no doubt, right itself in time, and those who are now parting with their holdings so lightly, just because prices are falling, will be sorry for having given way to panic when the turn comes. This applies especially to American Brewery and Meat shares, and to a certain number of English stocks. The Australian colonies continue on the war-path, and now it is Western Australia which comes forward with a new issue of £250,000 Four Per Cent. Inscribed stock. News from Melbourne respecting the financial position is by no means favourable, a cablegram stating that the Victorian Budget will show a deficit of over a million sterling. Yet the balance of the Victorian 3½ per Cent. Inscribed stock which was offered in April last appears now to have been placed, the plethora of money having caused a better demand for Colonial stock. The British investor is an adept at the old game of "Follow-my-leader," and, when there are a few big men to show the way, the small fry are pleased to follow. Nitrate shares remain exceedingly weak, Primitiva being quoted only 6 to 6½. Nor is there any chance of a recovery before the Civil War in Chili comes to an end. I am glad to be able to put on record the excellent progress made by Parker's Burslem Brewery, Limited, one of the Companies recommended by me from the outset. The directors' report, for the year ended June 2, announces a dividend at the rate of 14 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares for the half-year, making a total dividend of 12 per cent. for the year.—The promoter is beginning to feel the pulse of the public again, and, in view of the plethora of money, it is not unlikely that the latter will rise again to the bait. But surely investors should hesitate before they commit themselves to subscriptions for a concern like J. Ward Jones & Co., Limited, with a capital of £101,000, which is formed to acquire and work a new and untried method of boot-making, which may or may not prove a success, probably the latter. Then, again, there is the Patent Automatic Road - Brake Company, Limited, which invites subscriptions for a capital of £20,000 to work a new brake for which there does not appear to be the slightest call, and which should be left severely alone. An undertaking of a different stamp is the Mac-Iver Steamship Company, Limited, which is, I hear, about to be formed, with a share capital of £750,000, and a debenture capital of £250,000. The Company takes over

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the well-known steamship line of the City of Liverpool Steam Navigation Company, and Messrs. D. and C. MacIver submit calculations showing profits of trading sufficient to pay average annual dividends of at least 10 per cent.—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

QUEER STORY.

A CONJUGAL DIFFERENCE.

IT is impossible to say that ever since they were first married, now some three years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Winkington had lived in a manner which could, by any stretch of politeness, be called harmonious. Tracasseries had commenced within a month of their wedding-day, and had continued without intermission ever since, until something like positive estrangement had resulted between husband and wife. This, of course, was a very lamentable state of affairs, but there was abundant reason to account for it. No one could question that there existed between the parties what is known in the comprehensive Divorce-court phrase as serious "incompatibility of temper." Mr. Winkington, who was some years older than his spouse, and had not married until comparatively late in life, was immovably rooted to certain bachelor habits of which Mrs. Winkington most strenuously disapproved—especially his proclivity for flirtation. And a particular *casus belli* in this line had been introduced a few months ago, when a certain pretty widow, Mrs. Sturford-Meade by name, came to live in the neighbourhood. Mr. Winkington had at once begun to show her decided attentions—attentions which, in spite of his wife's protests, he rather increased than relaxed as time went on.

Now Mrs. Winkington was of a very jealous nature, and the fact of her husband admiring another woman was quite enough, by itself, to make her dislike that other woman most cordially. But in the present instance there were collateral circumstances, which tended to increase her jealousy and dislike in an unusual degree.

Until the widow had taken up her abode at Eastborough, Mrs. Winkington had enjoyed the undisputed rank of première beauty in the local society. But the new-comer speedily set up a strong counter-claim. There was no question but that she was a very good-looking woman; and, rather curiously, she was of much the same style as Mrs. Winkington. In height, there was scarcely half-an-inch's difference between the two ladies, while in general build, contour of figure, colour of hair, and other leading "points," there was so much resemblance, that from a back view they were not infrequently mistaken. In face, indeed, they were not a bit alike—the widow's somewhat irregular features, and merry, dancing eyes being in strong contrast to the more correct, and less frivolous, type of beauty which characterised Mrs. Winkington. But, if the former had the more vivacity and greater conversational powers, the latter had the "pull" of her in the department of dress; for, having a handsome fortune of her own, Mrs. Winkington was able to command the services of a fashionable, and consequently exorbitant, London modiste; whereas the widow, whose income was strictly limited, was fain to put up with the inferior skill of a local dressmaker.

It was decidedly amusing to note the mutual behaviour of these two rivals when they met (as they constantly did) at social gatherings. With what distant formality they bowed to each other; what scathing criticisms both of word and look they passed on one another; what exultant triumph, or envious mortification—according to circumstances—was to be remarked in their faces, when a renegade beau deserted to the enemy's camp, or the admiring attentions of some great social personage were successfully secured.

Just now, both these ladies, in common with the rest of the local "society," were anxiously looking forward to what certainly promised to be the smartest function held in the Eastborough neighbourhood for many a long day, viz., a grand garden-party at Laverton Castle, the seat of the Earl of Leighton, which a Prince of Royal blood was going to grace with his presence.

Ever since she had received the invitation, Mrs. Winkington had been in a perfect flutter of excitement at the prospect of meeting his Royal Highness. She had been three times up to London to see Madame Corsetti, her modiste, about a new gown, and had at length decided upon an elegant toilet of fawn-colour and pink, which—Madame said—would become her to perfection. This toilet, in all its minutest details, she never tired of descanting upon to her lady friends, and she even so far honoured her husband as as to give him a description of it, and to ask him how he thought it would suit her.

That gentleman, however—selfish brute that he was—betrayed the most apathetic indifference on the subject, saying, in answer to her question, that he knew nothing about such matters and cared less; but that, so far as his opinion was worth anything, he should have thought she had dresses enough and to spare already, without needing to spend thirty guineas on a new one.

Now, Mrs. Winkington's temper was none of the best, and to be met with this sort of reply, when she had rather gone out of her way to do the civil to her husband by consulting him at all, nettled her into a violent heat at once.

"Oh, of course, you don't care a straw how *I* look," she retorted, with angry sarcasm. "You have no eyes for any one but that odious, flirting widow. I wonder, Mr. Winkington, that you haven't more self-respect than to carry on with her as you do. Perhaps you are not aware that your name and hers are being mentioned together, with the most damaging insinuations, by every one in Eastborough!"

Her husband looked quietly up at her over the newspaper which he was reading, and deliberately yawned. He was of the most placid, imperturbable temperament, and besides, had now grown so used to being reproached by his wife for his *liaison* with the fascinating widow, that it did not disturb him in the very least.

"Really, my dear," he answered, yawning again, as though the subject were not worth discussing. "How often must I tell you that I don't care a penny-farthing for the paltry gossip of this little, miserable town?"

"That's all very well, Mr. Winkington," she cried, with increased anger—for her husband's calm and impervious indifference always enraged her intensely. "But if you don't care on your own account, you might at least have some regard for me and my peace of mind; especially, sir, as I believe, that the scandals floating about concerning you and Mrs. Sturford-Meade are by no means so wide of the truth as you would like me to think."

"All right, my dear," he rejoined, placidly, "if you really believe that, of course, I cannot help it." And, then he added, with a lazy smile, which was still more provoking, "Supposing, Arabella, I were to grow as violently jealous of every man you flirt with as you are of poor Mrs. Sturford-Meade—what would happen then, eh?"

His wife positively trembled with indignation at his words.

"Jealous!" she exclaimed, with a shrill laugh, meant to be contemptuous, but really betraying ferocity more than anything else. "Jealous, indeed? And of *that* creature! That *is* a likely thing. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, Arabella," he asked, "if you are *not* jealous, why the devil are you making all this fuss about her?"

"That's right, sir," she retorted, savagely. "Swear at me to your heart's content. I'm far too well accustomed to it from you to mind it! . . . Jealous, indeed? The idea! I'd as soon be jealous of a kitchen-maid as of that vulgar coquette. But for all that, Mr. Winkington, I do not choose that my husband should go running after such a woman, and scandalise decency by airing his infatuation for her before the eyes of the public."

"Don't be foolish, Arabella," he returned. "If I want to do the civil to the pretty widow, I shall—whether you choose or not. I don't interfere with your harmless flirtations, and it is really unreasonable of you to expect to do so with mine."

He said this not at all hotly or like a man speaking in anger, but with the unruffled, superior calmness of one

who did not think the subject worth losing his temper about. And this tone, always so irritating to an angry person, goaded his enraged spouse to something approaching frenzy.

"Your mind is quite made up on that point then, Mr. Winkington?" she demanded, after an awful pause, during which she had vainly tried to wither him with the glance of her "basilisk eye."

"Quite, my pet," he replied, with cheerful decision.

"Very well," she said, solemnly, and with an intonation of portentous meaning. "Whatever happens after this, you will have yourself to thank for. Remember, there *are* limits to wifely endurance!"

Then, without another word, she drew herself up to her full height and marched out of the room with a stately swing, banging the door violently behind her.

When she was gone, Mr. Winkington threw himself back in his chair with a sigh of relief, filled and lighted his pipe, and puffed away for some minutes in contemplative silence. A placid, though not particularly amiable, smile—probably of satisfaction at the result of the scene with his wife—played about his lips. Naturally of a phlegmatic disposition, he seldom found much difficulty in keeping his temper, especially when he saw that he annoyed others by so doing. And, knowing from experience that nothing irritated Mrs. Winkington so much as to meet her reproaches with placid indifference, he always assumed that air on the numerous occasions when she blew him up.

"Phew!" he soliloquised, after a bit. "This sort of thing is all mighty well; but I don't know that I shall be able to stand it much longer. The constant dropping of water will wear out a stone, they say; and, dash me, if the constant dropping of Mrs. W.'s ill-temper isn't beginning to wear *me* out seriously. Ah, Jonathan, my boy! I'm afraid you were not strictly prudent when you exchanged the profane condition of bachelorhood for the holy estate of matrimony. Money, even when coupled with good looks, may be precious dearly married. Nag, nag, nag!—worry, worry, worry! from morning to night,—yes, and confound it, *at* night, too; for a matrimonialised victim hasn't even his hours of repose to himself—why, twenty thousand a year would scarcely compensate for it. If the past might be undone, I guess I should be a single man again. As that, however, is impossible, there's nothing for it, I suppose, but to take life as easily as existing circumstances will permit. By Jove!" (glancing at the clock) "Half-past three. I think I shall go down to the club and spend the rest of the afternoon there. With Mrs. W. in her present humour, there's no security for me at home."

As he spoke, he rose from his chair, stretched himself, settled his tie and collar in front of the pier-glass, then went out into the hall, and taking his hat and stick strolled away in the direction of his club.

It was considerably after seven when he returned. As he let himself into the house with his latch-key, one of the maids, who apparently had been on the watch for him, approached him, with an expression of mysterious importance on her face, and handed him a letter.

"If you please, sir," she said, "when Missis went away she left this for you, sir, telling me to be sure and give it to you as soon as ever you comed back."

"Went away?" inquired Mr. Winkington, in some surprise. "Where has your mistress gone then?"

"If you please, sir," answered the maid, "I don't know. But Missis said as how that letter would explain everything."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Winkington, slightly contracting his brows, as his manner was when perplexed. "Thank you."

Then, causing the maid intense disappointment by neither addressing any further inquiries to her nor opening the letter on the spot, he betook himself to the library and shut the door; for he had a presentiment that the communication was of a startling nature, and he preferred to be alone when he acquainted himself with it.

His presentiment was not at fault. The contents of the letter were decidedly startling—even more so than he had expected. They ran precisely as follows:—

Mr. Winkington,—As I told you this afternoon, there *are* limits to wifely endurance; and the limits of mine have at last been reached. Had you expressed the slightest regret for your unkindness and unfaithfulness to me, when I reproached you with them, I would have freely forgiven you. But, seeing that you have met all my appeals with a callous, brutal indifference, and have boldly stated your intention of continuing your open, shameless, *liaison* with another, my self-respect—to say nothing of my peace of mind—leaves only one course open to me. I have left you—never again to return. Nothing that you can say or do will alter my determination. And *now*, thank Heaven! there is no compelling me to live with you. For the present—since my own roof is no longer a fitting shelter for me—I am forced to take rooms at the *Alexandra*. If this sets the Eastborough people talking, and speculating on the reasons which have driven me to leave you, I cannot help it. As I told you this afternoon, whatever happens in that way you have only yourself to thank for.

Your wife—but only in the strictest letter of the law—

Arabella Winkington.

"So, ho!" he ejaculated to himself, when he had carefully read the above letter through twice. "That's the game—is it? She's coming Mrs. Jackson over me! . . . . 'Nothing you can say or do will alter my determination.' Who the dickens wants to alter it? Does the woman fancy that I shall go to her with prayers and tears, and entreat her to come back to me? Not I. I'm glad enough to be rid of her. What I am afraid of" (with a hard, unpleasant laugh) "is that she should alter her determination of her own accord—and not stick to her expressed intention 'never more to return.'"

After delivering himself of this soliloquy, he remained silent for some time—viciously biting his nails, and wearing an expression on his face which suggested that, for once in a way, his usual equilibrium of temper was in serious danger of being upset. The truth was, that relieved though he really felt at being thus ridded of his wife, whose society had now for a long time been irksome to him, he yet (in the strange inconsistency of human nature) was decidedly annoyed with her for having dared to take this step. And while distinctly pleased at her absence, and perfectly genuine in his hope that it would be permanent, he, nevertheless, was in that frame of mind in which he felt a vicious and spiteful desire to punish her for daring to openly defy his marital authority. It annoyed him all the more that he was entirely helpless to touch her in any way whatsoever. For her money was absolutely settled on herself; and, as for her person, that, by the Lord Chancellor's recent judgment, was wholly free from marital control.

I'm glad she's gone," he said, at last, putting his thought into words; "and yet I should immensely like to make her smart for going." Then, as an afterthought, he added, "Yes, and if I could revenge myself in such a manner as to widen the gulf between us, and make her separation from me really permanent—why, *tant mieux, ma chère Arabella!*"

With this particularly amiable and husband-like sentiment exercising his mind, he partook of his solitary dinner, and spent all the evening trying to devise some plan for "making his wife smart," as he had phrased it. But, rack his brain as he might, he could not hit upon any device. Indeed, the more he thought of it, the more it seemed to him that his wife occupied a quite unassailable position. And just in proportion as his power of punishing her appeared more remote, did his intense longing to do so increase. However, finding himself unable to catch a feasible idea, he at length gave it up as a bad job, and retired to bed—enjoying a more complete rest than had fallen to his lot now for many a night. For his wife, like Mrs. Caudle of immortal memory, was a past-grand-mistress in the art of curtain-lecturing.

Next morning, when he came down to breakfast, Mr. Winkington found, besides his own correspondence, several letters lying on the table addressed to his wife. These he turned carelessly over, and among them discovered a post-card, which he picked up and read. It was from Madame Corsetti et Cie., advising Mrs. Winkington that her dress had been despatched to Eastborough by passenger-train on the previous afternoon.

"Ha!" he commented, "I suppose that is the gown

Shooting, Sporting, and Travelling Garments are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

which Mrs. W. has ordered for the Laverton garden-party; and which she has done nothing but talk about for the last fortnight. I really believe" (with a sarcastic laugh) "that she quite expects to make an impression on the Prince. Well" (spitefully), "I only hope that the gown won't fit, or will suit her badly, or something of that sort. That would 'rile her some,' as the Yankees say, after she has been counting upon it so. . . . . Ah!" (an idea suddenly striking him, which brought the colour to his cheeks, and made him strike the table with his clenched hand, emphatically). "Eureka, by Jove! The very thing—the very thing!"

* * * * *

It was the afternoon of the grand function at Laverton Castle, and the guests were assembling upon the great terrace. His Royal Highness was out there, a young man scarcely thirty years old, faultlessly dressed in the regulation costume of fashionable masherdom, and looking not much unlike a tailor's dummy. The eye-glass which he kept fixing in his eye, and through which he critically surveyed the faces of the various lady guests, lent no additional air of wisdom to a countenance which at its best was not intellectual. But, apparently, the divinity which hedges in Royal persons, or some such cause, threw a roseate glamour over him in the eyes of the assembled company; for he was the central object of many admiring looks. And not a few of the more fascinating ladies present, knowing his Royal Highness's extreme susceptibility of female charms, did their best (in a strictly decorous and unostentatious way, of course) to attract his Princely attention.

Among these was Mrs. Winkington. That lady had nearly cried her eyes out the day previously, owing to a telegram which she had received from London, to the effect that her gown could not possibly be finished in time. But by this afternoon those important features had quite recovered their usual lustre, and she was making use of them vigorously for the especial captivation of the eminent guest.

It was not long before she had the satisfaction of observing that she had attracted his notice; for, glancing up at him demurely several times in succession, she found the Royal eye-glass focussed upon herself. Her heart began to beat fast with exultation, and a thrill of incipient triumph to steal over her frame. And these sensations increased twofold when she saw the Prince whisper something to Lady Leighton, who stood at his side, and nod his head in *her* direction.

Yes. There could be no mistake on the subject. The fondest dream of her heart was about to be realised. His Royal Highness had singled out her—*her*, Mrs. Winkington—for the inestimable honour of an introduction.

As the Countess and her illustrious guest approached, Mrs. Winkington kept her eyes fixed upon the grass, and tried to brace herself up for the ceremony of presentation, which, much as she longed for it, bid fair to overwhelm her. Indeed, by the time the Prince was close up to her, her heart seemed to stop beating altogether, from the intensity of her subdued excitement.

But this excitement was quickly succeeded by another, and a far less welcome, feeling. To her extreme mortification and chagrin, the Prince and his hostess did not stop when they reached her, but passed on, without taking any notice of her at all.

Nor was that the worst. For hearing a familiar, and particularly hateful, simper close behind her, Mrs. Winkington turned round just in time to see his Royal Highness bowing and taking off his hat to—Mrs. Sturford-Meade!

The widow, whose face was radiant with smiles, certainly looked quite her best. Her gown, a very smart one, suited her to perfection. Mrs. Winkington could not repress a start as her eyes fell upon it. It was of precisely the same shades of colour as that which she had ordered for herself from Madame Corsetti. Nay, it was of the same material, and made upon precisely the same lines. What did it mean? A terrible suspicion began to steal over her. And just at that moment she caught her husband's eye closely watching her from a spot near at hand.

His look of spiteful, malicious triumph awoke her to the full truth as clearly as any words could have done. And she realised (with what feelings may be better imagined than described) that the telegram from Madame Corsetti had been nothing but a cruel hoax—that her hated rival was creating a regular sensation in *her* gown!

ART NOTES.

IS not the War Special Artist becoming rather a nuisance? Whilst a campaign is being fought the picture papers are, of course, full of his drawings; and that is right enough. But when the war is over we generally get a large volume containing his diary in a developed form with a lot more drawings. And then, before that volume has been forgotten, up pops the Special Artist again, this time as a lecturer, in a dress suit, and with an exaggerated fishing-rod and a powerful oxyhydrogen magic-lantern. And thus assisted he proceeds to show us, enlarged upon a screen, the drawings we have already seen in the papers and in his book. And even this does not exhaust his irrepressible enterprise, for in due course the odds are that he hires a Gallery and exhibits the rough and hasty notes and sketches of the war-pictures of which we have seen so much. Now it is just possible by the time this stage in the Special's programme has been reached, that we have had a little more than enough of his drawings, admirable though they may be in dash and vigour. Mr. Melton Prior, the well-known special artist of the *Illustrated London News*, has not, however, offended to the above extent, and there may be some people who will be glad of the chance of seeing the original sketches for his long series of war pictures which are now on view at the St. James's Gallery.

"One-man shows" are, in the art world, very much what *matinées* are in the theatrical. Just as unappreciated dramatists hire a theatre and produce their own plays, so do many artists, whose works do not get hung in the principal public exhibitions, hire a gallery and, if I may so put it, hang themselves. The result is that too many of the "one-man shows," which are being held with such profusion, call for little or no comment. But there are two or three to be seen just now to which a passing reference may be made. Thus at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, in King-street, St. James's, an Italian artist, Signor Casciaro, shows to what good account pastels can be turned in a number of brilliantly-hued land- and sea-scapes of Naples. Mr. Hugh Carter, R.I., who has a collection of water-colours at Messrs. Buck & Reid's, in Bond-street, looks at Italy through very different artistic spectacles. His drawings of Venice are well-nigh depressing in the sombreness of their grey tones. But he obtains broad effects with considerable skill, whether he is dealing with Venetian scenes under leaden skies or Dutch landscapes washed with rain. One hundred and sixty works by Professor Legros is a rather large order. But there is great variety in the collection, for the exhibits at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery include mezzotints, pencil drawings, drawings in chalk and silver point, models, and pieces of sculpture. That a teacher at the Slade School should in his drawings and studies deal largely with the human figure is not a matter for surprise, but I have often wondered that Professor Legros should show such a preference for veteran models. The present collection of his works serves to emphasise the fact that he rarely seeks to give us the "human form divine" in the prime of its strength and beauty. Of all the exhibited works, his etched portraits seem to me to most fully show at once the vigour and refinement of his method.

When it was first proposed that a statue should be erected to the memory of Lord Napier, it was suggested in this paper that it would be much better to take down one of the existing eyesores of London in his honour than to put up what would probably prove yet another addition to the statuesque failures of the Metropolis. But Truth's advice has not been taken, and the suggested

equestrian statue, which was somewhat furtively and casually unveiled last week, is now in position, exposed to a cross-fire from the eyes of the Bishops of the Athenæum and the old fogeys of the United Service Club. As London statues go, it is not so bad as might have been expected; but I do not feel moved to give it stronger praise than that. Taken as a whole, it is not calculated to cause a thrill of æsthetic emotion, and one soon turns away from it, regretting that there is so much helmet and horse's tail in the composition.

MUSIC.

THE opera subscription will end next week, but even now it is not certain whether the season will then close. Verdi's "Otello," which, if the chorus could have been got together a fortnight before the season opened, could easily have been produced in May, still hangs fire, owing to the indisposition of M. Jean de Reszke. The great Polish tenor, it is understood, strained the vocal cords during a temporary paroxysm of sickness nearly three weeks ago, and he has since been extremely nervous of singing at all. He could probably have sung even the arduous music of "Otello" a week since with safety; but a voice which is worth £400 per night to its possessor in the United States is not one to be played with, and M. de Reszke is perhaps wise in erring on the side of caution. He, however, hopes to appear in "Otello" this week, and if he be quite convalescent, it is not improbable that an extra week may be allowed at the opera, in order that Verdi's latest work, which is bound to attract big audiences, may be played on the 27th, 29th, and 31st inst., with a big gala night to finish up the season on August 1. "Les Huguenots" replaced "Otello" on Saturday, and on Tuesday "Aïda" was announced, Madame Nordica rejoining the troupe for this work. The revival of "The Flying Dutchman" is now doubtful, as it may possibly be shunted for Mr. de Lara's lyrical version of Arnold's "Light of Asia," the appearance of which in the midst of an Italian opera season will inevitably recall the saying anent the fly in amber. Everything, however, will depend upon the condition of M. Jean de Reszke, who, happily, is said to have been greatly improved in health by a brief visit to the seaside.

The State performances have been dealt with at prodigious length by the daily and other press, and details, therefore, would now be mere superfluity. Musical readers have, no doubt, during the week had not a little amusement in perusing some of the matter printed. Special correspondents, bent on inventing new words of eulogy for the blue cornflower of the Hohenzollerns, and in devising synonyms for the superlative "perfect," have necessarily had little time to attend to mere expressions of music. Consequently we have read about "Mendelssohn's Occasional Overture," and a glowing account in one of the papers of the splendid singing of M. Jean de Reszke in "Lohengrin" and "Les Huguenots," while one writer (or agency), doubtless desiring to impart a light touch to dull journalistic reporting, insinuated that the choral epilogue, "God sent His messenger, the rain," which forms the finale to the "Golden Legend," was inserted in the first part of the Albert Hall programme because it was "strangely appropriate to the present Imperial visit." I need hardly say that Handel, and not Mendelssohn, wrote the "Occasional" overture, which is one of the most popular works in the repertory of the Handel Festivals. But the man who mistook Herr Perotti for M. Jean de Reszke deserves to listen to Herr Perotti perpetually in paradise; while no such violence to Sir Arthur Sullivan's music was perpetrated as to take the final chorus and place it in front of "The Golden Legend," whether in order to play a practical joke upon the Kaiser or for any other reason.

At the State performance at the Opera there was, at any rate, a splendid feast for the eyes. The ears for once did not matter, and I hardly recollect a more perfunctory rendering of the first act of "Lohengrin." But Mr Harris and several of his staff sat up all night in order to arrange the flowers and other decorations, which cost nearly £2,000, and for reward the manager had in cash a total of box-office receipts of over £5,500, besides a presentation to the Kaiser. The idea of festoons of flowers was, of course, borrowed from the late Frederic Gye, who used them on the State visit to the old house of Napoleon III. and the Queen in 1855. But Mr. Harris did the business far better, and, indeed, I doubt very much whether he or anybody else will ever beat the display last Wednesday. As to the diamonds and gems in the house, their value would have more than paid the year's income-tax of the nation.

There were some curious incidents in regard to the State show at the Opera. An enterprising journalist, for example, gained admittance to the Imperial box, and was courteously bowed out of it by the Lord Chamberlain. All he wanted to know, however, was the correct name of the uniform worn by the Kaiser. Lord Lathom could not tell him, nor could the Lord Steward, and it was the Prince of Wales who, during the entr'acte, kindly gave the information to one of his entourage, who carried the news to the press man that the costume was the Levée uniform of the Garde du Corps. Again, when the Princess of Wales entered the reception-hall she was received with a deep curtsey by a little group of ladies who had gathered in front of the fire-stove. The salutation was graciously acknowledged by her Royal Highness. A German journalist at once made an entry in his note-book and muttered something about "Maids of Honour." He was not a little astonished on being informed that the ladies in question were enterprising reporters, who had stationed themselves there to take note of the costumes, and, if I may be allowed to say so, and judging from the accounts which appeared in print next day, remarkably well did most of them fulfil their duties. Several of the Royal footmen were admitted to the back of the balcony stalls, and although, doubtless sated with pageants they seemed to take the appearance of the house as a matter of course, no more appreciative observers of the stage performance were in the theatre. The regulation that Levée dress should be worn in the stalls had its ludicrous side, for many costumes were hired by stall-holders who could claim no valid title to wear them. No doubt it may have been a shock to some to meet face to face the gentleman (now girded with a sword) who in the morning had been employed in measuring his customer for boots. But the Kaiser imagined he had before him the very flower of the British aristocracy, and he certainly saw the very pick of the plutocracy. The highest price, by the way, known to have been taken at the libraries for a stall was fourteen guineas, but nine guineas was a very average figure. The Queen paid £250 for the Royal box, the fitting-up of which cost over £700.

At the Albert Hall, the Emperor was probably unacquainted with the choral version of Wagner's "Kaisermarsch," but the patriotic outburst "Heil dem Kaiser," written in honour of his grandfather, and splendidly delivered by the Albert Hall choristers, made the Monarch leap to his feet. The Strasburg choruses in "The Golden Legend," in which the chorus fairly let themselves "go," greatly excited a party of Uhlan officers in the box next to that occupied by the Press. They declared frankly that they had never heard anything of the kind in Germany, and they were greatly surprised to learn that the choir were almost to an individual middle-class amateurs, picked specimens from perhaps five times that number of choir singers of whom we can boast in London alone. The Teutonic idea that England is not a musical nation received, I fear, on Thursday night a rude shock.

The "Ode" written by Mr. Swinburne and Dr. Hubert Parry to celebrate the "four hundred summers and fifty" that Eton has flourished has not yet, I think, been distributed by the publishers, doubtless owing to the impression that the "Ode" is of mere local interest. It is, however, I learn, set throughout for four-part chorus, and

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one of its most striking details is Mr. Swinburne's alliterative panegyric of "Shelley, lyric lord of England's lordliest singers."

The German Emperor's visit, as was expected, has played havoc with the concert season, which, however, will end next week. Dr. Richter on Monday introduced Miss von Arnhem, who sang Beethoven's "Ah, perfido!" and M. Paderewski has given his extra pianoforte recital, devoted to nineteen pieces (besides two encores and a double encore), all by Chopin. Miss Liza Lehmann has given a recital, but the "Girl in the Karpathians," who was to have been the central attraction, was absent through indisposition. A German choir from Frankfort have also been giving some concerts at the German Exhibition. The Tonic Sol-fa-ists started their jubilee with a big service at St. Paul's, in which about 4,000 singers took part, and the jubilee festivities will end at the Crystal Palace next Saturday, when about 20,000 Tonic Sol-fa vocalists are expected to attend and sing.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Where shall I begin with all our experiences and adventures of the week? I fancy I told you a little about the wedding in my last. That seems ages ago, so much has happened since. London went completely mad about the German Emperor. Everybody asked everybody else: "Have you seen him yet?" just as though there were but one "he" who could be in question. The weather that his Imperial Germanty brought over with him lingered about during the first half of the week until the Queen dispersed the clouds by visiting her capital for the Marlborough House Garden-party. Since then it has remained truly Royal.

We were present, my dear, at the great Covent Garden function. Think of that. Mr. Augustus Harris gave your unworthy cousins a special permit to stand in the vestibule, and afterwards to have a look at the house. It was a most lovely sight, and we enjoyed ourselves to the fullest. I do not want to tell you all over again what you will have already read in the daily papers, so you must read this by the light of what you have previously imbibed from them. The house was beautiful with plants and palms, and the balusters of the staircases were wreathed with fragrant roses. We stood by a great bank of marguerites, relieved with maple, to watch the arrivals. Outside, in the red-carpeted vestibule, stood the soldiers in their red coats and great black headgear. By the way, I wonder why they have, every now and then, to hitch their belts up with a mighty jerk that threatens apparent dislocation of the arms. Something must be very uncomfortable about their uniform. Inside the theatre were splendid beings in scarlet and gold, with waving white plumes upon their cocked hats. Their swords clanked as they moved, and they seemed to feel that this little world would be a poor thing indeed if they were not in it. The nice old Beefeaters were quite as decorative, and far more unassuming. What fine old faces they have, Amy! But I noticed that one of them was guilty of a sad anachronism. He wore spectacles. Now, did such things exist in the time of Henry VIII.?

The ladies soon began to flutter in, all a-glitter with jewels, and trailing their rustling garments after them, each in her own fashion. Some glided along with swan-like movement. Others rushed headlong at the staircase as if some fell thing were pursuing them. One or two peacocked proudly, with chin upturned. A few entered with the gentle, unassuming air that denotes true breeding. Among the first arrivals was the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, in black, and wearing splendid diamonds, tiara, and necklace. I should weary you if I were to recapitulate the jewels worn, so please imagine every lady wearing tiara and necklace of diamonds. They were as plentiful as strawberries are just now. Lady Bective, looking stately and beautiful in white, had with her her very pretty daughter, Lady Olivia Taylour, in pale maize and white. A voice, that spoke forcibly of the Land of the West, made us aware that the Duchess of Manchester had entered the vestibule. Her sister, whose Americanese is not quite so pronounced as that of the Duchess, accompanied her. Some German ladies and gentlemen arrived next, and appeared rather bewildered, to judge from their loud and agitated utterances in German. Their complexions were unsatisfactory, and their figures of the true German type, advancing where they ought to retreat, and retreating where they are expected to advance. We were glad to see them pass upstairs out of our range of vision. Lady Lathom's diamonds were superb. Mrs. Augustus Harris arrived early, in white and diamonds. Her liege lord was in Levée dress. Many of the men who wore uniform seemed unaccustomed to it, wearing it with a conscious air not usually associated with martial scarlet. Lady Spencer looked delightful, as she always does, with her charming union of dignity and kindliness. She wore white and diamonds, as did the great majority of the ladies present. Lady Brooke was lovely in similar garb. Lady Sybil St. Clair Erskine was with her. She is so like her sister, Lady Stafford, that it is quite easy to mistake one for the other. The large emeralds in the tiara of Maria Lady Ailesbury were calculated to make one covetous. The Duchesse d'Aosta, a splendid woman, tall, dark, stately, was one of the sensations of the evening.

The Royalties now came dropping in, all of the lesser stars arriving before the Prince of Wales and his party. The Duchess of Fife looked very nice indeed, in pale blue and lovely diamonds. Her husband was in uniform. People did not seem to know who she was. The Tecks, however, were readily recognised. Princess May was looking very bonny in blue, her mother wearing pale mauve veiled in black lace. Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Connaught came together with their husbands. Princess Beatrice wore a very matronly gown of dark-blue silk, with interludes of pink brocade. The Duchess was in white. Prince Henry still wears his beard. He was better-looking without it. Perhaps he thought he was too dangerously captivating, and for that reason cultivated the beard. Do you remember how delicious Schey was, in one of the French plays, when he spoke of his own "*fatale beauté*"?

The Duchess of Edinburgh, in palest heliotrope that was almost pink, wore magnificent jewels. The Duchess of Albany wore black relieved with white. Her brother was with her. The notes of "God Save the Queen" announced the arrival of the Prince of Wales, and I wished myself all eyes to look at my beloved Princess. Fortunately we had abundant opportunity, for the Prince stopped in the doorway to speak to Mr. Augustus Harris, while the Princess stood smilingly by, looking lovely in pale blue and silver and a short red opera cloak trimmed with white fur. She wore a very large diamond tiara of an unusual shape. It leaned outwards from her head like the iron crowns of the old Saxon Kings. The young Princesses wore lemon colour. The Prince and Prince Albert Victor wore 10th Hussar uniforms. They all went upstairs, and some ten minutes later the National Anthem sounded again for the Emperor and Empress, another thrilling moment when one would like to borrow a little extra power of vision from hours when it would be less needed. The Prince of Wales received the Empress with a low bow and offered her his arm to ascend the stairs. She is very tall, is moulded on a large scale, and is evidently accustomed to bow continuously wherever she goes, for she began doing so the moment she entered the vestibule. The Emperor, in uniform, followed his wife and our Prince. He walks well, and holds himself very erect, evidently knowing that he needs every inch of height, for he is by no means tall. We heard the cheering of the audience inside when the Imperial couple entered the

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royal box, and we soon made our way in. It was a wonderful sight. The boxes were festooned with real flowers, and the ledges were occupied by beautiful bouquets. The royal box was decorated in yellow and scarlet, and the flowers in it were roses, lilies, and orchids. Women in diamonds and lovely dresses added to the charm of the scene, and what with the delicate odour of the flowers and the charming voices on the stage, the whole thing was like a page out of a fairy tale or the Arabian Nights. When Edouard de Reszke came down the scene in his glittering armour in the brilliant light, singing a solo, the last touch of enchantment was added. Wherever the eye looked, in stalls and boxes, the gleam of jewels shone out. In one of the stage-boxes sat Mrs. Ronalds, Lady William Nevill, and the Marchesa de Santurce, all a-glitter with jewels. Further on a large box held the Duchesses of Abercorn and Montrose, Maria Lady Ailesbury, Lady Lathom, and Lady Spencer. The diamonds in this box alone were worth many thousand pounds. The Duchess of Leinster was, next to the Princess of Wales, the loveliest woman present. The Duchess of Portland was looking tired and ill. Lady Granby was in her box, but she does not look her best in evening dress. Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox was in Lady Brooke's box, with pounds of hair erected above her forehead, upholding a tiara which stood certainly six inches above the level of her brows. Not the prettiest face in the world could stand that, you know, dear.

But I must not write you more about the opera, or I shall have no space left to tell you about the Marlborough House Garden-party. We were so anxious to see well that we went down to Pall Mall on the previous day, and secured a coign of vantage by payment of a gold piece, and here we took up our station at a little before four o'clock on Thursday afternoon. The Princess's guests, though invited for half-past four, arrived in shoals considerably earlier. The dresses were really lovely, with a few exceptions, some of which were too gaudy, while others erred on the side of dowdiness. Nearly all the skirts were made with little trains. Lady de Grey looked splendid in citron chiffon, which clung about her fine figure. Lady Brooke was lovely in black and pink, with a tiny scrap of a bonnet, worn far back on her fair hair. Her pretty young step-sister, Lady Sybil St. Clair Erskine, was with her. The Countess of Powis's beautiful face and pretty figure were at their best, in a charming gown of soft mauve, with black embroidery and black grenadine, the sleeves composed of mauve chiffon. Lady Londonderry, in palest grey-green and white, had the most delicious little bonnet, which suited her better than any I have ever seen on her before. The crown was in white crinoline, and the folds of soft trimming in the same pale grey-green as the gown, the very lightest tone of mignonette you can imagine. A bit of this tulle or chiffon served as a veil. Lady Aberdeen, in blue, looked extremely well after her illness. She has grown stout. Lady Raincliffe's gown was one of the most successful there. It was cream-coloured, with exquisite Indian embroidery of gold and orange, with beetles' wings in green and copper tints. This formed the vest, and deep gauntletted cuffs to the elbow, an original and very effective style. Mrs. Vyner, in mauve, was accompanied by Mrs. Frank Harris in a beautiful gown of pale gold and shimmering moire with jewelled trimming, and a very becoming little bonnet of lilac-blooms. The most striking costume that we saw was that of the Marquesa de Santurce (Murrieta Bonds, you know), carried out in pale-blue silk, with lace flounces, headed with ruches of yellow ribbon, shot with pale green. The bodice was arranged with some gold embroidery, and the little bonnet matched the dress. I have never seen the handsome Marquesa look so well. Her husband was with her. Lady Dudley was lovely in grey. I forget about her daughter; I never can look at her when her mother is there. Was there ever a more fascinating face than that of the dark-eyed widowed Countess? Lady Julia Wombwell wore a grey and white foulard with white lace, whilst her daughter was in cream with embroidered flowers. Mrs. Cornwallis West was in black net over yellow, with yellow wings in her bonnet, and Miss West looked well in blue foulard with bonnet to match. Miss Fleetwood Wilson had, I think, a lemon-coloured satin skirt, handsomely embroidered with a dark-green bodice and jacket. Enough, however, of costumes.

Royal carriages now kept arriving, but I need not catalogue their occupants. The warmest greetings of the crowd were given to the Tecks, and the Duke of Connaught received an outburst of cheering. The Duchess of Fife passed unnoticed with her husband in a victoria. She looked quite pretty in her cream-coloured gown, and with knots of dark nasturtium velvet in her bonnet. The Duchess of Portland, in a royal carriage, looked frightfully ill. It seemed odd enough that the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dallas-Yorke should arrive in a royal carriage, while the daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales came in a quietly-appointed victoria.

When the Emperor and Empress came upon the scene, there was a good deal of enthusiasm. The Emperor kept his grey hat in the air, and the Empress bowed in most ungraceful fashion, nearly touching her knees with her nose each time. She has a nice, good-tempered face, with much German placidity of expression; such a contrast to her husband's eager quickness of glance and lively interest in everything. He was looking quite tired, while she was fresh enough. The placid temperament takes things easily and wears well. The active, restless, questioning spirit, such as the Emperor's, puts so much vitality into every waking hour that each new experience becomes an exhausting process.

The Queen was splendidly received, but she did not look nearly so bright as when I saw her at the Ponsonby-Montgomery wedding. She had a white bonnet and white sun-shade, covered with white lace. In her carriage were the two eldest daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, both nice-looking girls, one especially being very pretty. The escort of Life Guards, with their glitter, pomp and panoply, coming along at the trot on their black chargers in advance of the Queen, raise some curious, indefinable emotion in the spectators' mind. Is it a vague reminiscence of the days of chivalry, when all that was strongest and manliest was devoted to the service of fair, sweet womanhood? It is difficult to analyse the feeling, but it is there, and touches some corner of the heart or brain.

Madeline was at the State Ball, and says that nearly all the best-known women of fashion wore white. The Princess of Wales's gold dress was most admirably becoming, and she wore the most fascinating little golden slippers. The young Princesses' white frocks were veiled with gold-spangled tulle, and had trails of pink roses at the side. They looked very well, and seemed to be enjoying themselves. The Duchess of Portland was in blue, and had splendid sapphires and diamonds. The Duchess of Leinster was in white with lovely jewels. Lady Londonderry, also in white, wore her well-known tiara. Viscountess Maitland looked charming in silver and white brocade with silver fringes. Lady Dudley was handsome as ever in white satin embroidered with coloured jewels. She wore her wonderful pearl necklace. Maria Lady A. was in pearl colour. The Hon. Mabel Vereker had a lovely gown of buttercup satin all worked over in seed pearls. Baroness Burdett Coutts was in white satin brocaded in colour, and wore a marvellous erection of diamonds and immense uncut sapphires. Lady Zetland's white satin was embroidered up the front in a large design of purple iris, and she wore a tuft of green feathers at the back of her head. The Empress, Madeline says, does not look her best by any means in evening dress. Her jewels were tremendous. The Duchess of Fife was very pale, and did not seem to be at all strong.

We missed Henley, Amy dear! The only day we could have gone was Tuesday, when the weather was really of the most vicious description. With what regret

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we relinquished our visit you may perhaps imagine. But no, you cannot! For you have never seen that most picturesque of river scenes. You have never enjoyed the splendid hospitalities of the Isthmian Club, as we have, nor sat under its gourds and fig-trees (I mean umbrella tents) on the lawn to watch the races and the crowds. You have never taken boat and conquered a sea (or rather a river) of difficulties to make calls upon your friends in house-boats. We, who have done all these things and know their dear delights, were, however, sad indeed to lose them.

We heard from Edith that the mud at Henley was something beyond the power of adjectives to express. She says that the girls who wore thin shoes were practically barefooted by the end of the day. But can you imagine any one being so idiotic as to don thin shoes under the circumstances? Girls *are* such geese. Don't you think so?

I have two good American recipes for this week. Apricots will soon be very cheap. Try this way of making them into marmalade. Sarah made some last year, and we thought it excellent:—

Peel the apricots, cut them in half, and take out the stones; weigh them, and allow half their weight in sugar. Mash them with a potato-masher, put them with the sugar over a slow fire, and cook them until perfectly smooth and clear. This will require three or four hours. Stir them frequently, and towards the last almost all the time. Blanch about one-third of the kernels, and cook these with the apricots. When the marmalade is done, put it in jars and let it stand until next day; then close them tightly.

These fried tomatoes with cream gravy are truly lovely:—

Wash and wipe large ripe tomatoes, and cut them in slices half an inch in thickness; season with pepper and salt, and fry them in sweet dripping or half butter and half lard. When they are all done, dish them, and dust a little flour in the pan, pour in a teacup of rich cream, give a boil up, pour over the tomatoes, and serve. A nice breakfast dish.

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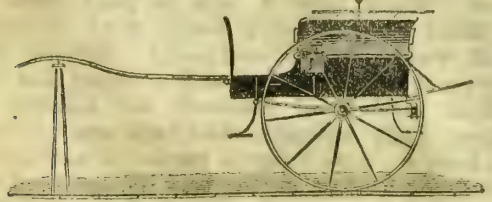

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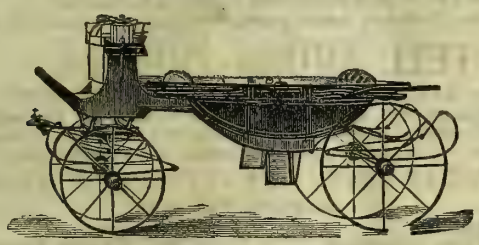

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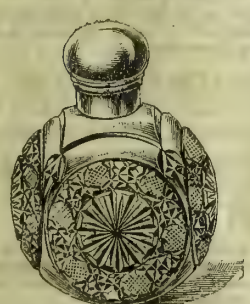

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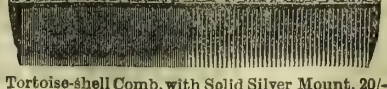

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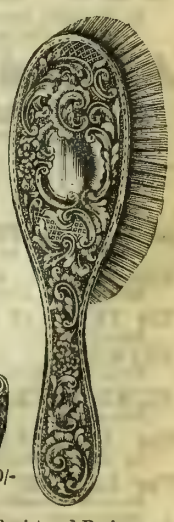

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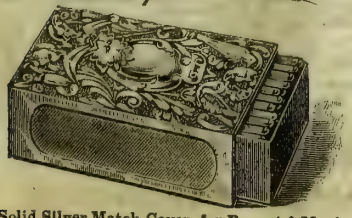

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Preceded at 8.15 by THE LANCASHIRE SAILOR, by Brandon Thomas; and at 9.15 by A COMMISSION, by Weedon Grossmith.
Box office open 10 till 5. Doors open at 8.
TERRY'S THEATRE—Proprietor, Mr. EDWARD TERRY.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, Lessee and Manager.—LAST THREE NIGHTS of JOAN OF ARC.—Every Evening, at 8.20, the new Burlesque, JOAN OF ARC. Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, Miss MARION HOOD, &c. At 7.45, CRIME AND CHRISTENING. Doors open 7.30.—Acting Manager, G. F. BASHFORD.

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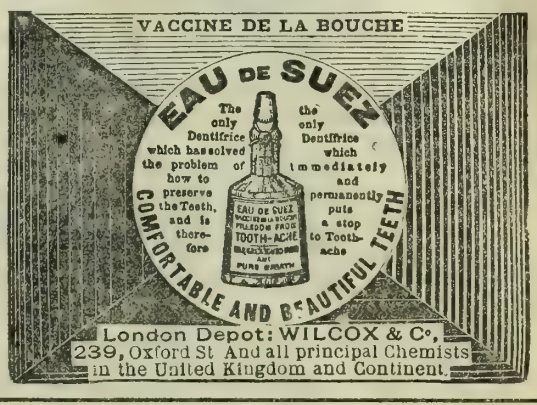
CONTRIBUTIONS are EARNESTLY SOLICITED towards meeting the EXPENSES of this unendowed Hospital, and will be gratefully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Drummond, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Messrs. Martin & Co., or by the Secretary, at the Hospital.

The deficit on 31st December, 1890, was £7,550.

CANCER WARDS at THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, Mortimer-street, W.—The Weekly Board make an URGENT APPEAL for Funds in aid of these Wards. There are 34 beds set apart for patients suffering from this terrible malady. They are admitted without letters of recommendation, everything that human skill and kindness can suggest is provided, and sufferers are permitted to remain until relieved by art or released by death. Bankers, Messrs Coutts & Co.

F. CLARE MELHADO, Secretary Superintendent.



DISPOSE OF THE DEAD AS NATURE DIRECTS—"Let us take part in the fulfilment of this great law, and not by ignorance or prejudice try to retard it, for we cannot frustrate provisions which were established by the Creator to keep manind in purity and sanity."—SIR LYON PLAYFAIR.

As Mr. HADEN says in his letters on "Earth to Earth" burial—"A body properly buried, that is to say, in such a way that the earth may have access to it, does not remain in the earth, but returns to the atmosphere. The body, in fact, literally as well as figuratively, ascends from the dead and fulfils the cycle of its pilgrimage by becoming again the source and genesis of life."

This natural system is also advocated by the Church of England Burial Reform Association, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury is and the late Archbishop of York was a president.

The PRINCE OF WALES, writing to the Secretary of the Association, says—"That he trusts the Burial Reform advocated by your Society may be speedily carried into effect, and in view of the rapidly increasing population of the Kingdom, the present system of burying the dead may be exchanged for one more in accordance with the requirements of the age and the sanitary interests of the community."

The DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, writing to the *Times*, says:—"The appalling overcrowding of the dead disclosed in the Parliamentary return recently issued, affords irresistible proof of the imperative need for fresh legislation. That in the various London cemeteries upwards of a million and a quarter have been buried in less than the last half century. That such modes of disposal of the dead is a violation of right feeling, natural laws, and Christian tradition: a ghastly dishonouring of the dead, and a flagrant imperilling of the public health."

According to the testimony of Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN and other eminent authorities, The Necropolis, Brookwood, Woking, Surrey, is the only place where the burial of the dead is properly carried out.

This Company also undertake the whole arrangement of funerals on a new, simple, and inexpensive system. They have published a pamphlet explanatory of their arrangements, which may be had gratis, on application at their Offices, 2, Lancaster-place, Strand, and 188, Westminster Bridge Road.—*Court Circular*, 3rd January, 1891.

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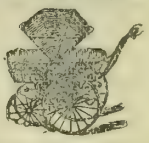

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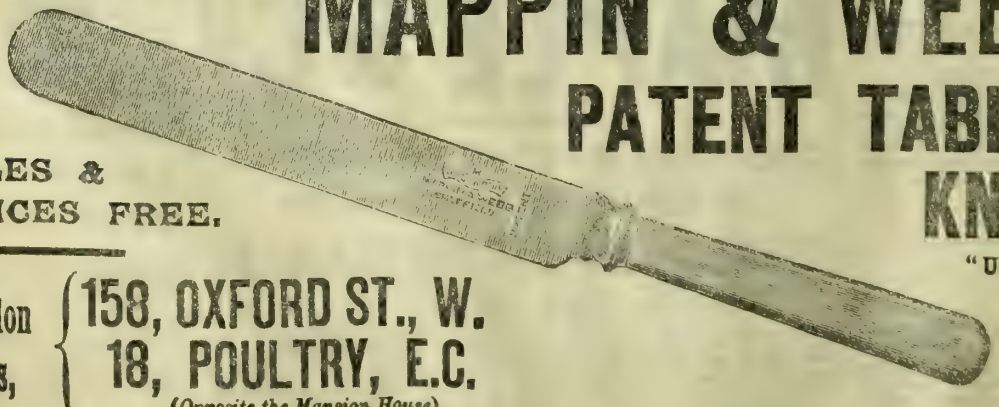

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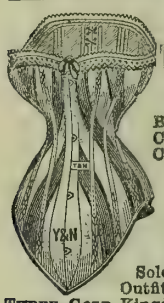

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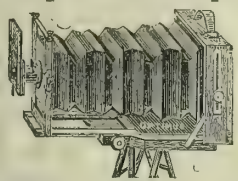

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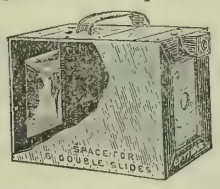

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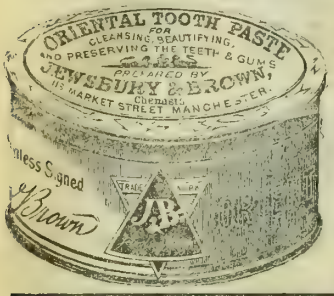

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Offices.—70, Gracechurch-street, London, E.C.

OLDFIELD'S MULTI-COLOUR APPARATUS COMPANY, Limited.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the Completed British Patent, together with the following Foreign and Colonial Patents, (which have been applied for), viz., France, Belgium, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Spain, Canada, New Zealand, Victoria, South Australia, New South Wales, and Queensland.

Oldfield's apparatus can be fitted to any ordinary cylinder printing machine at moderate cost.

Enables several colours to be printed at one operation from one forme, together with border, in separate colour if desired.

For Reports of Experts, the Trade, and Press opinions, see prospectus.

Applications for Shares to be made on the form accompanying the prospectus, or by letter addressed to the Secretary, briefly stating the number of Shares required, accompanied by remittance of 2s. per Share.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and the Bankers in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and Branches.

THE STOCK CONVERSION AND INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

This Company begs to direct the attention of investors to the Preferred and Deferred Stocks issued by it, and which are quoted on the London and leading Provincial Stock Exchanges.

The Preferred Stocks possess security similar to that of Railway Preferential and Preferred Stocks, but yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more income, thus affording to holders of many of the former Stocks an opportunity of adding to their revenue without decreasing their security.

The Deferred Stocks, whilst returning an average income in excess of that yielded by the Railway Ordinary Stocks, against which they are issued, contrast most favourably with all other Deferred and low-priced Ordinary Railway Stocks, and afford the only opportunity to small investors of participating, by means of low-priced Stocks, in the future of these two leading railways of the country.

Any further information with regard to these Stocks can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 12 and 13, Nicholas-lane, E.C.

PREFERRED STOCKS.	Price.	Return per cent.	Amount of Free Revenue beyond amount required to provide Dividend on these Stocks.
London and North-Western— 3⅔ % First Charge Preferred Stock...	99	£3 10	£1,475,958
London and North-Western— 4 % Second Charge Preferred Stock	105	£3 16 2	714,174
North-Eastern— 3 % First Charge Preferred Stock ...	82	£3 13 2	724,538

DEFERRED CHARGE STOCKS.	Present Price.	Last Dividend paid.	Annual Average of Dividend on result of last 10 years.	Returns on basis of last Dividend.	Returns on Average Dividend of 10 years
London and North-Western Ordinary Stock	27	1¼	£1 7 3 %	£6 9 7	£5 0 11
North-Eastern— Ordinary Stock	40	2⅞	£2 5 6 %	£7 3 9	£5 13 9

Established 1868.

THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,

20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.

Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary. H. TEMPLE.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.

Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.
No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.)

Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.

—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

MONEY.

— Householders or Lodgers desirous of obtaining immediate advances upon their Furniture or other Negotiable Security, are invited to call at the Offices of the Consolidated Company, 43, Great Tower-street, E.C., and arrange. Bills of sale and executions paid out. No fees, the full sum advanced without deduction. An old established and genuine firm.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

ISSUE OF SIX PER CENT. PREFERENCE SHARES AT PAR.

The List will CLOSE on or before TUESDAY Next, 21st July, at 12 o'clock Noon.

THE BUILDING SECURITIES COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under The Companies Acts, 1862 to 1883, whereby the liability of Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL, £500,000,

In 100,000 Shares of £5 each.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, £250,000.

ISSUE OF 25,000 SIX PER CENT. PREFERENCE SHARES AT PAR,

PAYABLE—

£1 per Share on Application;
£1 per Share on Allotment;
And the balance of £3 per Share by instalments of £1 each at intervals of three months from the date of the previous payment.

Subscribers may, after Allotment, pay up their Shares in full, or in advance of Calls, receiving Interest from the date of each payment.

CHAIRMAN:
J. SPENCER BALFOUR, Esq., M.P., Whitehall-court, S.W.

VICE-CHAIRMAN:
S. R. PATTISON, Esq., 11, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

SECRETARY:
Mr. H. E. TARVER.

This Company commenced business in January, 1885. Its operations comprise the purchase and sale of building securities and the development of estates either by the erection of houses or by special arrangements with Builders and Contractors. The profits of such a business are generally large, and are frequently of a two-fold character, being derivable not only from the actual work undertaken, but also from improved ground-rents, which this Company has special facilities of creating and of selling. Large sums are also often earned by way of premiums and commissions. All other branches of business of a like nature, or incidental thereto, as well as the purchase and sale of securities generally, are included within the scope of the Company's operations.

The whole of the First Issue of Capital (£250,000) having been subscribed for, the Directors have resolved, in consequence of the growth of the business of the Company, to issue, in accordance with the Articles of Association, one-half of the balance of the authorised capital, viz., 25,000 Shares, as Six-per-Cent. Preference Shares at par, thus increasing the amount of capital subscribed to the sum of £375,000, out of the total authorised capital of £500,000.

Attention is directed to the fact that there are no Debentures ranking prior to this issue of Preference Capital.

The satisfactory character of the Company's business is manifested by the fact that it has paid a dividend of seven per cent. for the last five years. The accounts for the year 1890 showed a net profit of £19,695. 4s. 2d.

Forms of Application for Shares, copies of the full Prospectus, and of the last Annual Report and Balance-sheet, with any further information, may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Savoy Hill House, London, W.C.

Offices—SAVOY HILL HOUSE,
LONDON, W.C.

The LIST will CLOSE on or before SATURDAY, 18th inst.

MacIVER LINE.—LIVERPOOL, GLASGOW, LONDON, &c. to BOMBAY, KURRACHEE, PERSIAN GULF, MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, ADELAIDE, &c. &c.

STEAMERS—

	TONS.		TONS.		TONS.
*RUTHENIA	5,400	†IONIA	5,330	NIAGARA	3,104
*LUCANIA	5,400	LYCIA	3,280	EUROPA	2,308
†ISAURIA	5,330	ETOLIA	3,269	CUBA	2,119

*Now building by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, & Co., Limited.
†Now building by Harland & Wolff, Limited.

The MacIVER STEAMSHIP COMPANY, Lim.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.)

Share Capital, £750,000, divided into 75,000 Shares of £10 each, which is now offered for subscription.

Payable as follows:—£1 on application; £1 10s. on allotment; £1 one month after allotment; £1 three months after allotment; and the balance, if required, in calls not exceeding £1 per Share at intervals of not less than three months. Debentures £250,000. The Directors reserve the right to issue £150,000 of these Debentures, which will bear interest at 5 per cent. and constitute floating charges over the Company's undertaking in part payment of the purchase-money. Any Debenture not so applied will be issued only if and when it may be deemed advantageous so to do in the interests of the Company.

DIRECTORS.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Glasgow, Captain R.N. (Director of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Company), Kelburne, Fairlie, N.B., Chairman.
The Hon. G. Ernest P. Willoughby, Settrington House, York.
Sir Henry C. Mance, C.I.E. (late Engineer, Government Persian Gulf Telegraphs, Kurrachee), Bedford.
Joseph Thompson, Esq., J.P., Alderman of the City of Manchester and a Commissioner of the Upper Mersey Navigation.
*Charles MacIver, Esq.. Steamship Owner, Liverpool.
*Henry MacIver, Esq., Steamship Owner, Liverpool.
*William MacIver, Esq., Steamship Owner, Liverpool.

*Being interested in the Vendor Company will not act until after the completion of the purchase.

Bankers.—The Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company, Limited, Liverpool, Manchester, London, and Branches; The National Bank of Scotland, Limited, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Branches.

Solicitors.—Hill, Dickinson, Dickinson, & Hill, Liverpool.

Auditors.—Murray & Co., 104, King-street, Manchester, and 23, Bucklesbury, Mansion House, London, E.C.; T. W. Read & Co., Castle-street, Liverpool.

Brokers.—London: Satterthwaite & Co., 6, Austinfriars, E.C.; Liverpool: Henry B. Hassall & Son; Glasgow: Fraser, Kirkpatrick, & Smith; Manchester: Charlton & Illingworth,

Managers.—D. & C. MacIver, Liverpool, Manchester, and London.

Secretary.—T. A. Bellew, F.S.A.A.

Offices.—64 and 65, Tower-buildings, Liverpool (registered); Manchester—104, King-street (temporary); London—25, College-hill, E.C. (temporary); and 23, Bucklersbury, Mansion House, E.C. (temporary).

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire and develop the established business of the City of Liverpool Steam Navigation Company, Limited (including the line of passenger and cargo steamers now engaged in the East Indian trade and additional ships now in course of construction), and to meet the demand of passengers and shippers for a high-class line of steamers between Glasgow, Liverpool, and the Australasian ports.

The vessels included in the purchase are as follows:—

Name.	Tonnage.	Built in	Name.	Tonnage.	
LYCIA	3,280	1888	ISAURIA	5,330	Now building.
ETOLIA	3,269	1887	IONIA	5,330	
NIAGARA	3,104	1883	RUTHENIA	5,400	
EUROPE	2,308	1881	LUCANIA	5,400	
CUBA	2,119	1883			

The vessels now in service are classed 100 A1 at Lloyds', and those now under construction are being built to the same classification, and represent a tonnage of 35,530 tons gross register.

The purchase price for the whole of the properties, &c., proposed to be acquired is £514,000, which was based upon a preliminary valuation of the fleet only (which is now shown by the certificate of Mr. Preston to be an under estimate), although this Company acquires, in addition to the nine steamers, all coal, plant, gear, &c., the goodwill of the business, and the benefit of the contracts, since the date of the contract for sale to which reference is hereafter made.

Mr. John Preston, the well-known shipbroker and valuer, has furnished the Directors of the Company with the following certificate:—

93 and 94, Gracechurch-street, London, E.C.
June 24th, 1891.

Dear Sirs,—In accordance with your instructions I have carefully valued the steamers "Lucia," "Etolia," "Niagara," "Europa," and "Cuba," now owned by the City of Liverpool Steam Navigation Company, Limited, and I have also examined the plans, specifications, &c. of the steamers "Isauria," and "Ionia," now building by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, and the "Ruthenia," and "Lucania," now building by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell & Co., Limited, and I am of opinion that the actual sale value of the said nine steamers is £522,000.—Yours truly, JOHN PRESTON.

Messrs. D. and C. McIver, who have been the Managers of the City of Liverpool Steam Navigation Company, Limited, since its formation, and who have agreed to act as Managers of this Company, have reported to the Directors as follows:—

64 and 65, Tower-buildings, Liverpool.
June 23rd, 1891.

Gentlemen,—As Managers of the City of Liverpool Steam Navigation Company, Limited, we certify that it has a sound and well-established business between Liverpool, Glasgow, and the principal ports of India, including Kurrachee, Bombay, Calcutta, &c. By the addition of the new steamers now building that line will be greatly developed, and in our opinion it will be a highly lucrative branch of the Company's operations. With respect to the Australasian trade the reliable and extensive information we have obtained satisfies us that an enormous amount of cargo is available for vessels that offer the advantage of an expeditious conveyance by steam, and that the limited number of steamers now trading between Liverpool and Australasia is a cause of great inconvenience and serious loss to the merchants and shippers. The contracts for additional high-class twin-screw steamers for the Australasian trade have been made by the City of Liverpool Steam Navigation Company, Limited, with our strong approbation, and in our judgment the valuation of £522,000, as the present value of the nine vessels proposed to be transferred is a fair and prudent valuation of the vessels in question. Assuming the purchase will be arranged at £514,000, we have prepared and herewith submit calculations which show profits of trading sufficient to provide average annual dividends of at least 10 per cent., after allowing for all working expenses and depreciation. So strong is our confidence in the future success of this enterprise that we ratify the use of our name in association with the Company, and we, with a few personal friends, will subscribe £200,000 towards the capital of the new Company.—Yours truly,

D. & C. MACIVER.

An agreement has been entered into with Messrs. D. & C. MacIver, whereby they undertake the management of the Company for a period of not less than 14 years.

Messrs. D. & C. MacIver's long and successful association with the management of steamships and their high reputation in the shipping and commercial world, added to the large financial stake they will have in the Company, should be a sufficient guarantee that their estimates are carefully calculated, and that the management of the Company will be vested in practical and efficient hands.

The steamers of the MacIver line have long been most favourably known by underwriters, the rates of insurance being of an exceptional character, and with the adoption of twin engines and twin screws, &c., the largest ships of the Company's fleet cannot fail to still further increase the confidence now enjoyed by the line.

The business and properties will be acquired as from the 1st of January, 1891.

The Contract of Sale, made the 24th day of June, 1891, between the City of Liverpool Steam Navigation Company, Limited, of the first part, Charles MacIver, Henry MacIver, and William MacIver of the second part, the Corporate Trust, Limited, of the third part, and the MacIver Steamship Company, Limited, of the fourth part, provides for the payment of all legal and other expenses attending the negotiation of the purchase, the valuation of the steamers, and the incorporation and registration of the Company, and also all brokerage, advertisements, legal, and other expenses attending the formation of the Company. In relation to these and other matters, arrangements may have been entered into with various persons, also arrangements have been made for guaranteeing the subscription of capital which may constitute contracts within the meaning of the 38th section of the Companies Act, 1867. There are also various contracts connected with the business to be taken over as a going concern which it might be inexpedient to publish. Applicants for Shares must be deemed to waive the insertion of dates and names of the parties to any such contracts, and to accept the above statements as a sufficient compliance with the Act.

The Contract of Sale gives the Directors the option of paying £150,000 of the purchase-money by Debentures of the Company, constituting part of a total issue limited to £250,000, and bearing interest at 5 per cent. per annum. If Debentures are issued, they will constitute a floating charge over the undertaking.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, the Contract of Sale, the valuation of Mr. John Preston, and the report of Messrs. McIver, can be inspected by any intending subscriber at the offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

Applications will be made for quotations on the London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow Stock Exchanges.

Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained from the Secretary, Bankers, Solicitors, Brokers, and Auditors of the Company.

Applications for Shares must be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded with a remittance for the amount of the deposit to the Company's Bankers. In any case where no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full, and when the number of Shares allotted is less than the number of Shares applied for, the surplus will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment.

The LIST of SUBSCRIPTIONS will OPEN on WEDNESDAY, the 15th JULY, and will CLOSE on or before THURSDAY, the 16th JULY, at 4 p.m, for London, and at 11 a.m. on the following day for the country.

THE CITY OF LONDON ELECTRIC LIGHTING CO. LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890

SHARE CAPITAL £800,000, divided into 40,000 Preference and 40,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each.

Power is reserved to the directors to issue the Preference Shares entitled to such dividend not exceeding 6 per cent. per annum, as they may determine; also to issue £400,000 of debentures. Issue of £400,000 of Ordinary Shares,

The EXPLORATION COMPANY, Limited, and the ELECTRIC and GENERAL INVESTMENT COMPANY, Limited, are authorised, on behalf of the City of London Electric Lighting Company, Limited, to invite applications for the 40,000 Ordinary Shares above mentioned, payable—10s. on Application, £1 10s. on Allotment, £2 on the 1st September, 1891, £2 on the 1st December, 1891, £2 on the 1st March, 1892, £2 on the 1st June, 1892—£10.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Sir DAVID SALOMONS, Bart., Chairman.
EDWARD LUCAS, Esq., of Messrs. Lucas, Micholls, & Co., 40, New Broad-street, E.C.
F. W. REYNOLDS, Esq., of Messrs. F. W. REYNOLDS & Co., Engineers, Southwark, S.E.
The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, Chairman of the Electric and General Investment Company, Limited, and of the Brush Electrical Engineering Company, Limited.
The EARL OF SUFFOLK and BERKSHIRE, Charlton-park, Malmesbury.
Hon. ALAN CHARTERIS, Lloyd's, E.C.
J. BEVAN BRAITHWAITE, Jun., Esq., Director of the Electric and General Investment Company, Limited, and of the Brush Electrical Engineering Company, Limited.

Directors of the City of London Electric Lighting (Pioneer) Company, Limited.

CHIEF ENGINEER—Major-General C. E. WEBBER, C.B., Past President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers.

BANKERS.

The LONDON and WESTMINSTER BANK, Limited, Lothbury, E.C.
Messrs. SIR SAMUEL SCOTT, Bart., & Co., 1, Cavendish-square, W.

BROKERS—Messrs. FOSTER & BRAITHWAITE, 27, Austin Friars, E.C.

SOLICITORS—Messrs. ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP, & CO., 17, Throgmorton avenue, E.C.

AUDITORS—Messrs. W. H. PANNELL & CO., 13 and 14, Basinghall-street, E.C.

SECRETARY—J. CECIL BULL, Esq.

OFFICES:—1 and 2, Great Winchester-street, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to undertake the electric lighting of the City of London and the district of the St. Saviour's, Southwark, District Board of Works.

For the purposes of electric lighting the City of London has been divided into three districts: the Eastern, Central, and Western (as shown on the map accompanying the Prospectus). Provisional orders, confirmed by Act of Parliament, have been granted, for the Eastern District, to the Laing, Wharton, and Down Construction Syndicate, Limited; and, for the Central District, to the Brush Electrical Engineering Company, Limited. The Board of Trade have also granted to the latter Company a provisional order for the Western District, which now only awaits confirmation by Parliament. These three orders will, subject to the consent of the local authority and the Board of Trade, be taken over by the Company, which will thus acquire the right of supply over the entire area of the City of London.

These orders continue in force until the Commissioners of Sewers exercise their right to purchase the undertakings. The first period at the expiration of which they have the right, is 21 years from the date of completion of the public lighting, the terms of purchase then being, as regards the public lighting, those prescribed by Section 2 of the Electric Lighting Act, 1888, and as regards the private lighting, such terms as, failing agreement, may be fixed by arbitration.

The Company will also take over contracts with the Commissioners for lighting the principal streets of the City for 21 years, determinable by either side at the end of 7 or 14 years. The revenue derivable from this source alone will ultimately reach £21,000 per annum. Work has already been commenced in both the Eastern and Central districts, and Queen Victoria-street is now lighted from the station at Bankside.

These contracts also provide that the Commissioners, so far as they are able to do so, grant to the contractors during a period of 21 years from the date of the contracts the exclusive right of supplying electricity for private lighting. The Directors regard this concession as exceedingly valuable.

A provisional order, confirmed by Act of Parliament, has also been granted to the Brush Electrical Engineering Company, Limited, for lighting the district of the St. Saviour's District Board of Works, and this order will also be taken over, subject to the necessary consents, by the Company.

The use of the electric light in London is increasing very rapidly. Thus the number of 8 c.p. lamp connections of the Metropolitan Electric Supply Co. has increased from 14,000 in December, 1889, to 62,400 in June, 1891; of the St. James and Pall-mall Co. from 12,000 in September, 1890, to 33,000 in June, 1891; of the Westminster Electric Supply Corporation, from 12,000 in February, 1891, to 37,800 in June, 1891. It is estimated that there are now upwards of half a million lamps in use in the metropolis. These results justify the belief that electric lighting undertakings will have a large measure of financial success in the near future, and there exists a general feeling that this industry has now established itself as a sound and rapidly improving home investment.

In Berlin the Electricity Works Company, notwithstanding that it has to pay a considerable proportion of its earnings to the Municipality, last year paid a dividend of 10 per cent., and its shares are quoted at a premium of 66 per cent It supplies both residential and bnsiness districts, and the result of its operations for the year 1889-90 shows that shops, banks, offices, restaurants and hotels took 72½ per cent. of the total supply, street lighting 12½ per cent., theatres and miscellaneous 12 per cent., while private residences only took 3 per cent. (Vide "Die Berliner Elektricitäts Werke," by A. Wilke, Berlin, 1891).

Having regard to the enormous number of valuable buildings which are compressed into the comparatively small area of the City of London, the character of the premises—banks, warehouses, shops, restaurants, printing establishments, manufactories, public and private offices—and the peculiar climatic conditions which will render the electric light during a large part of the year almost a necessity, it is obvious that this Company will have an exceptionally valuable field for its operations.

The provisional orders for the City contain a modification of the sliding scale applied to gas undertakings by which the price to consumers is reduced by ½d. per Board of Trade unit for every 1 per cent. above a certain standard profit. This standard profit is reached in each district when, after making provision for depreciation and a reserve fund, a cumulative profit of 10 per cent. on the amount of the capital for the time being employed in the undertaking of the district is exceeded. As the Company proposes to raise the capital required beyond £400,000 by the issue of Debentures and Preference Shares at fixed rates of interest, the scale will permit of a considerably higher rate of dividend than 10 per cent. being ultimately paid upon the Shares now issued. There being no Founders' Shares, the whole of the reversionary profit will go to the Ordinary Shares.

By contracts, of which this Company will have the benefit, very suitable sites for the generating stations have been secured; for the Central and Western districts at Meredith's Wharf, Bankside (freehold), and for the Eastern district, at Custom House Quay (90 years' lease). Both sites have river frontages, thus giving especial advantages for the landing of coal, &c.

Pending the transfer of the Southwark Provisional Order the mains from the Bankside station to Southwark-bridge have been laid under an agreement between the Brush Electrical Engineering Company (Limited), and the St. Saviour's District Board of Works, which is in form a yearly tenancy. So soon, however, as a transfer can be made to this Company of the provisional order, which has been granted for the St. Saviour's district, this matter will be on a permanent basis.

A Company, called the City of London Electric Lighting (Pioneer) Company (Limited), was formed in February last (with a share capital of £100,000, of which £50,000 has been paid up) to enable work to be commenced in the Eastern and Central Districts in accordance with certain requirements of the contracts with the Commissioners pending the completion of the arrangements for the formation of this company, which have been carried out by the Pioneer Company. The latter company has contracted with the Laing, Wharton, and Down Construction Syndicate (Limited) and the Brush Electrical Engineering Company (Limited), respectively for work to the aggregate amount of £55,793, a portion of which to the value of about £20,000 has already been executed and paid for. This company has agreed to take over the executed work and the liability of the Pioneer Company with reference to these contracts, receiving from the Pioneer Compauy the balance of its unexpended funds, at present amounting to about £30,000, also the benefit of the contracts made by the Pioneer Company for the acquisition of the sites above referred to of the provisional orders (subject to the necessary consents), of the contracts with the Commissioners, and other matters, in consideration of the sum of £94,000, out of which the Pioneer Company will pay the preliminary expenses of this company up to allotment.

Contracts have also been concluded by this Company with the Laing, Wharton, and Down Construction Syndicate, Limited, and the Brush Electrical Engineering Company, Limited, for the completion of the generating plant and eqnipment of the central stations for the service of the three districts for the following amounts, viz.:—

For the Eastern District	.....	£196,250
,, Central ,,	.....	£158,000
,, Western ,,	.....	£139,000

These contracts have been concluded under the supervision of General Webber, the Chief Engineer to the Company, who has advised the Directors that the terms thereof are fair and reasonable.

The above three sums are in addition to the expenditure under the contracts with the Pioneer Company, and do not include the cost of laying the necessary underground conductors throughout the City, which is estimated by General Webber at £342,850, nor the cost of buildings, which he estimates at a further sum of about £53,000, irrespective of the cost of sites.

The total expenditure for the freehold land, buildings, generating and distributing plant, and sufficient mains and conductors to provide for the installation of 400,000 private lights of 8 c.p. (assuming not more than 80 per cent. to be in use at any one time) as well as for the whole of the public lighting, and the requirements of the Southwark order, is estimated not to exceed £1,050,000, so that the capital of £1,200,000, resulting from the present issue of Ordinary Shares, and from subsequent issues of Preference Shares and Debentures will, it is considered, be ample to meet the contemplated requirements of the Company.

The following contracts have been entered into, viz.:—Three contracts dated 13th July, 1891, between this Company of the one part, and the City of London Electric Lighting (Pioneer) Company, Limited, the Laing, Wharton and Down Construction Syndicate, Limited, the Brush Electrical Engineering Company, Limited, respectively of the other part; two contracts dated 13th July, 1891, contained in letters from respectively the City of London Electric Lighting (Pioneer) Company, Limited, to the Exploration Company, Limited, and from the Exploration Company, Limited, to the Electric and General Investment Company, Limited.

The following contracts were entered into at the time of the formation of the Pioneer Company, viz.:—Two contracts dated 6th February, 1891, between the City of London Electric Lighting (Pioneer) Company, Limited, of the one part, and the Brush Electrical Engineering Company, Limited, and the Laing, Wharton and Down Construction Syndicate, Limited, respectively of the other part; two contracts of the same date between the Electric and General Investment Company, Limited, of the one part, and the Brush Electrical Engineering Company, Limited, and the Laing, Wharton and Down Construction Syndicate, Limited, respectively of the other part. There have further been various orders given, increasing the amount of the first two contracts to £55,793 as before mentioned, further particulars of which shall be deemed to be waived.

There are also two contracts dated respectively 19th May, 1890, and 5th February, 1891, between the Commissioners of Sewers and the Brush Electrical Engineering Company, Limited, and a contract dated 28th May, 1890, between the Commissioners of Sewers and the Laing, Wharton and Down Construction Syndicate, Limited.

The contracts relating to the sites for the generating stations are as follows:—Two contracts dated 5th February, 1891, between the Brush Electrical Engineering Company, Limited, of the one part, and James Henry Howard and Hubert Joseph Leeuw respectively of the other part; a contract dated 12th June, 1891, between the Fishmongers' Company and the Laing, Wharton and Down Construction Syndicate, Limited.

The following contracts relate to way leaves for mains:—Two contracts dated 7th November, 1890, and 27th April, 1891, respectively, both between the St. Saviour's District Board of Works and the Brush Electrical Engineering Company, Limited; a contract dated 14th May, 1891, between the Mayor, Commonalty, and Citizens of the City of London, Trustees of the Bridge House Estates, and the Brush Electrical Engineering Company, Limited.

Copies of the memorandum and articles of association, of all the above-mentioned contracts, and of the provisional orders may be seen at the offices of Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp & Co., 17, Throgmorton-avenue, E.C.

Applications for Shares must be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Bankers of the Company with the full amount of the deposit. If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number of Shares allotted is less than that applied for, the balance will be applied towards the payment due on allotment, and any excess returned to the applicant.

It is intended to apply for a Stock Exchange quotation.

Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers; at the Offices of the Company; and from the Exploration Company, Limited, 30, Swithin's-lane, E.C.

July 14th, 1891.

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

Makes Copper like Gold.	Makes Tin like Silver.	Makes Windows like Crystal.	Makes Paint look New.	Makes Marble White.	Makes Brass like Mirrors.

FOR POTS AND PANS. FOR KNIVES AND FORKS. FOR KITCHEN TABLES. FOR BATHS AND WINDOWS.

FOR EVERYTHING. REMOVES RUST FROM STEEL AND IRON.

Sparkling Glassware. Shining Pots and Pans. White Marble. Clean Hands. Polished Stair Rods. Paint like New, Brassware like Mirrors.

OUR PUZZLES.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

"TRUTH" PUZZLES, NOS. 643 AND 646.

I am now sufficiently advanced in the task of examining the lists of answers to the Rebuses, &c., to make it probable that I shall be able to complete my labours this week, in which case I will announce the results of these two competitions in the next number of TRUTH.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 647.

Shakespeare has been once more tried, and, as usual, *not* found wanting. In how many parts of his works he seems to have anticipated the Baccarat Case the readers of TRUTH had an opportunity of judging last week, when a selection of the numerous Shakespearean quotations received was published. Some competitors erred in making their quotations refer to some individual concerned in the case, rather than to the case itself as a whole; but, as a rule, the extracts sent in were well made. Naturally they varied in the opinions they expressed, thus fitly representing the very opposed views taken of the case by the general public, and, under the circumstances, I have decided to divide the Prize into three equal portions, amongst ADA, BRUTUS, and M. R. C.

PRIZE QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE ON THE BACCARAT CASE.

"To vouch this is no proof, Without more certain and more overt test Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods Of modern seeming do prefer against him" (Othello, act i. sc. 3).—M. R. C. and Brutus.

"Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides, Who cover faults at last shame them derides" (King Lear, act i. sc. 1).—Ada.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 651.

The season has now reached its zenith, and already is showing signs of decline. For better or worse its general character has been decided, and it will not be too early to sum up its salient features in a Rhymed Acrostic. The usual prize of Two Guineas is, therefore, offered this week for

THE BEST RHYMED ACROSTIC ON "THE LONDON SEASON," EACH LINE OF WHICH MUST COMMENCE WITH ONE OF THE FIFTEEN LETTERS IN THE THREE QUOTED WORDS.

Each line must rhyme with some other line, and as there will be fifteen lines altogether in the Acrostic, it will, consequently, be necessary for one of the lines to rhyme with *two* others. The metre employed may be any one which is in common use, and all Acrostics must reach me by the morning of Monday, August 3, at the latest. The Acrostics, I may add, must deal in some way with the present season and its chief events, and I need hardly say that the fifteen lines must commence with the letters in the words "The London Season," in their proper order.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and address of HELENA, winner of a fourth part of Prize, No. 642, are Miss B. H. Cooper, 63, Hilldrop-terrace, Camden-road, N.

BAUSEANT.—Your letter has proved very useful to me. Many thanks for the trouble you have taken.

IMARA.—Your emendation is one I accept with pleasure.

EPOH.—Your second anagrams arrived in good time.

A CONSTANT READER BUT NOT A COMPETITOR.—Many thanks for your suggestion.

RICHMAN.—I have received your letter.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 648.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

TOPICAL VERSIONS OF WELL-KNOWN NURSERY RHYMES.

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of cash!
With which poor Tommy Atkins has to cut a dash;
From stoppages for clothing, messing, marking kits,
Dwindles down his shilling—enough to give him fits.
The Commission sat in London, finding out his wants,
Tommy was at Aldershot, on the 'ills of 'ants.
The maid wot was the Colonel's nurse, was holding up her nose,
Wouldn't look at Tommy—no facings* on his clothes.
Border.

* The new Infantry kersey frock.

Albert, Oh Albert! Pray where have you been?
To the Doncaster races, but not with the Queen.
Albert, Oh Albert! And what did you there?
Whatever I did I created a scare.
Gemini.

Hah, Hah, 'busmen, so you really struck?
Yes sir, yes sir, with no end of luck,
We've twelve hours' work and twelve hours' play,
A rest once a fortnight, with an increase, too, of pay.
Guetta.

Joseph and Smith are pure vexation,
Salisbury is as bad,
This rule of three doth puzzle me,
Their practice drives me mad.
Gumph.

Little Lord Hartington sulk'd in a corner
Eating a Unionist pie,
He twiddled his thumbs, for they left him no "plums,"
So said what a good boy am I.
Gumph.

Who watched Will Cumming?
"I, Jack, the Ferret, my sister and Levett,
We watched Will Cumming."

Who saw him cheat?
"I" said the dame—his hostess, more shame,
"I saw him cheat."

Who made him sign?
"We"—his old friends—"it suited our ends,
We made him sign."

Who'll be true-hearted?
"I," said the bride, "for I'll stand by his side,
I'll be true-hearted."
Bel Demonio.

A would-be reformer
Now sits in his corner,
Eating his humble pie,
"Compensation's a plum
Distasteful to some—
Oh! what a bad Goschen am I."
Tout-à-Vous.

Ding, dong, bell,
Cumming's in the well.
Who put him in?
Little Lycett Green;
Who pulled him out?
Miss Garner, without doubt.
O what a naughty boy was he
To try and drown poor William C.
Gadabout.

Ride a "screw" horse, to Brummagem Cross,
To see a fine gentleman on the high horse,
Orchid in button-hole, glass in his eye,
He shall be mimicked and eat humble pie.—Dora.

Put a stake, put a stake, bold Guardsman;
So I do, master, as plain as I can;
Risk it, and win it; 'tis marked with a V,*
Or toss it across; 'tis for banker or thee.
Dora.

* Five pounds.

The "North" King wants show,
To pay he says "No!"
So what will poor Cutler do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in the court, and claim what he ought,
And take the change out of the "King," rich thing.
Dora.

JULY 11, 1891.

Ride a cock-horse
On Wimbledon course
To see a young Emperor,
Weary and cross,
Who's sated with banquets,
State weddings, and shows,
And always surrounded
Wherever he goes.
Parsonides.

Ride a cock-horse
To Tr-n-by Cr-ft
To see a fine lady
With glances so soft,
Rings on her fingers,
And belles for her beaux,
She shall have baccarat
Wherever she goes.
Heliotrope.

The Queen of "Arts"
"Voudrait jouer aux cartes,"
All on an autumn day;
The Knave of "Bart.'s"
Showed such black arts
That took her breath away!
The Prince of Hearts
Called for those "cartes"
(He knew that Knave before);
The Knave of "Bart.'s"
Denied such arts,
But—vowed he'd play no more.
Heliotrope.

Hey diddle-diddle,
The Prince in the middle,
The counter jumped over the line;
The folk in the court
Had the best of the sport,
And Sir Gordon was forced to resign.
Œdipus Jun.

This is the Judge, with quotations replete,
That presides in the court, thronged by the élite,
That heard the jurymen, perched on his seat,
That questioned the Prince, with his counters neat,
That gave ear to the men with the story complete,
That was told by the Master of Foxhounds fleet,
That watched the Major
That served in the Guards,
That played with the cards,
That were used in the game
That was "barred" in the house where "Jack" lived.
Jack Sprat.

ON THE TAILORS' AGITATION.

Make a coat, make a coat, tailor's man,
Yes, sir, as cheap and as fast as I can;
Stitch it, and fit it, tho' weary I be,
For you take the profit—there's none left for me.
Quinto.

ON THE 'BUSMEN'S STRIKE

Fi, fiddle fuddle, was e'er such a muddle,
As o'er the poor 'busmen's cause;
But hearts must be rent, and savings all spent,
Lest shareholders' dividends pause.
Quinto.

This is the hundred thousand pounds
Laid out on that wonderful house and grounds,
About which the jury all agreed
That the Colonel had not been wrongly "fee'd,"
Before the Lord Chief Justice grave,
Who said the defendant "didn't behave"
As he should in a Court of Justice where
The plaintiff had sworn that the price was fair;
In spite of that "king" of "nitrate" fame,
Who said the cost was a "burning shame,"
Of this same man, who got out the plan
For the very grand house that North built.
East Anglia.

Ride the high horse o'er Secret'ry Cross,
Is more than you're able to do, Sir John Gorst;
Statesman to the end of his fingers and toes,
He shall be "the boss" wherever he goes.
Cosmos.

Irlandais de l'Irlande sat on a throne,
Irlandais de l'Irlande fell like a stone:
All the king's falsehoods with gold American,
Will not set the uncrowned one up again.
Heurteloup

"Emperor! Emperor!
Where have you been?"
"I've been to my grandma
To see and be seen."
"What did she give you?"
"Oh, plenty of jam!"
"What did you say for it?"
"Thank you, grandmam!"
Cestrian.

The Dean of Barts
With anger smarts,
And vows the drains may stay;
But TRUTH to Barts
The truth imparts,
And so they must away!
Crustacean.

Sing a song of counters, a pocketful, oh, my!
Sporting friends at baccarat sit down their luck to try.
When the game was opened, one man was thought to cheat,
Wasn't that a shameful thing, when friends together meet!
The Prince was in the banker's seat, presiding o'er the money,
The hosts were watching eagerly, and thought the play was funny,
The accused was called before them; they secrecy propose;
Then came a chattering magpie, and did the whole disclose.
Excelsior.

Sing this song to parsons, since 'tis drawing nigh
When the priestly black sheep no more takes the pie
From our rustic children, who hence will learn to sing,
Three R's taught for nothing, what a merry thing.
The priests they held a parley o'er this loss o money,
Counting it too drastic—anything but funny.
Foy.

Humpty Dumpty was chief of them all,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All his long service, even marriage at last,
Will not let Ireland forget all the past.
Jam.

Sing a song of baccarat, of morals all awry,
Prudes, and press, and parsons, raise an outraged cry.
When the case was over, they all began to sing
"Isn't this a dainty mess for England's future king?"
A prince to carry counters to gamble with for money!
The Queen in Queenly anger writes not words of honey.
A prince to screen a bad-un who wore a soldier's clothes;
A chance for Kaiser William to tweak his uncle's nose.
Tom Nissed.

Sing a song of counters, and baccarat—O, fie!
Eight persons pledg'd to silence—who told a lie?
That pie-crust promise broken, words began to ring,
Was not that a dirty dish to set before a king?
The king was in his counter-house, counting out his money;
The Greens were in the witness-box, telling tales so funny;
The maid was brave Miss Garner, looking out her wedding clothes;
By came Sir William—to Scotland the pair goes.
J. McGrigor Allan.

When Master Arthur ruled the Croft,
He was a true Paul Pry;
He stole away an honoured name
To make a scandal pie.

A scandal pie that youth did make,
And stuffed it well with plums,
And put in two profane "My Gods!"
As big as my two thumbs.

The daily papers throve thereon,
And weekly ones beside;
And what "Scrutator" didn't know
The *World*, of course, supplied.
Cavendish.

Lord Randolph Churchill
Was left in in the lurch; till,
Feeling that something was wrong,
He put on his coat
And took a Cape boat,
And said that he wouldn't be long.
E. P. B.

Twinkle, twaddle, little R,
No one wonders what you are;
Lying low and aiming high,
Comet of a lower sky.

Now the Dizzy sun has gone
Other spheres to shine upon,
You can show your little light,
Twaddle, twinkle, day and night.
W. H. T.

Hush! a bye scandal! The paper is signed;
All of them promised—not a breath to the wind.
But one of his friends just a whisper let fall,
And out has come secret and scandal and all.
Gemini.

Hey! diddle, diddle,
Parnell played first fiddle
Till Kitty soon altered the tune.
The Tories all laughed,
To see such fine sport,
And McCarthy made use of the spoon.
Eneksa.

Sing a song of counters, whist tables all awry,
Discontented lackbrains baccarat try.
When the game was open'd their stakes the players lay,
And one of them unfairly, some sharp onlookers say.
The Prince was sitting at the bank, and counting what was won,
The Queen was at Balmoral, and thinking of her son.
Sir William takes himself off and up to London goes,
When up flies a rumour and all the world knows.
X. Y. Z.

Silly Billy made a big haul;
Silly Billy had a great fall.
The Prince and his party and all the Guards' men
Can never pull Billy together again. M. S.

Dickory, dickory, dock,
The Kaiser 's been here, hoch, hoch!
The thought strikes one
Now he has gone,
We've *sauer-kraut* still in stock,
Dickory, dickory, dock! Mavis.

One, two, "What shall we do?"
Three, four, "Play Baccarat."
Five, six, "Look out for tricks;"
Seven, eight, "Billy's not straight.
Nine, ten, "Split on him then."
Eleven, twelve, "William we'll shelve!"
Nemo.

Heigh! diddle diddle,
The catch and the riddle,
How Countess could force honeymoon:
To the "gods" it was sport
To see such game caught;
And the "dished" one ran off for a "spoon."
Grip.

Sing a song of expense, the Kaiser 's with us here;
Four-and-twenty Germans drinking all our beer.
When the visit's over won't we sadly sing,
"Wasn't it a costly show even for a King?"
Nacnud.

"Where are going to, my pretty maid?"
"I am going a-betting, sir," she said.
"May I bet with you, my pretty maid?"
"Heads, I win—tails, you lose, sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"A fraudulent bankrupt, sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"The brass in my forehead, sir," she said.
"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"You shall, or pay damages, sir," she said.
J. McGrigor Allan.

There was a plump Monarch, who reigned o'er "Too-too,"
He had plenty of counters, and knew what to do,
After questions from Commons, and warnings from Clarke,
We wonder on what further sprees he'll embark?
Tit-willow.

Hot-cross guns!
Manipuri guns!
Gorst will bury, Manipuri!
Hot-cross guns! Nitram.

Whither, whither little bat
Come and play at baccarat,
Wales from Court has come to play,
So don't put off until 'tis day.
Comus.

This is the party all forlorn,
This is its bantling lately born.
'Twill be the cat
Of Goschen's rat,*
And prove to the Tories a wet quilt.
* Surplus.
Nunc Dimittis.

Little Boy Green
Come, "shadow" this guest
The tables are level
The bird's on the nest.

Where's the little boy that "hunts four times a week?"
Writing to ma-in-law, ever so meek.
Heliotrope.

Father, must I go out to school?
Yes, my dearest duffer.
Make your best bow before you go in,
And be sure don't make fun of the Buffer.

Father, oh why this awful change
From those views once cherish'd?
Because, my son, there's nothing to pay,
And repulsion to school is perish'd.
W. G. B.

Sing a song of counters; a tableful of guests;
Half-a-dozen tattlers making mares' nests.
When the tale was public the world began to wince;
Wasn't that an awkward case to try before a Prince?
Biddy.

Sing a song of baccarat, a mansion full of fools;
A Field Marshal and officers who don't know Army Rules.
When the case was opened the fools began to sing—
Wasn't that an awkward fix for England's coming King?

The Prince was at the table, counting up the money;
Some ladies looking on saw some one playing funny.
Sir Bill was called a cheat—imagine his surprise,
When up comes Miss Garner and picks off her prize.
B. C.

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty Parnellites think they're mighty fly;
When the campaign's opened they'll never more be seen;
Oh what a tainted lot they'd be to sit before the Queen.
Tout-à-vous.

Sing a song of Teutons, enough to make one cry,
Crowds of German princes ever on the spy;
How their hearts will flutter when the Queen begins to sing,
Now walk up dainty daughters and choose your pauper King.

The Emperor at the "Mansion House" will think it very funny,
The Queen sits in her castle and leaves her work to sonnie.
Quetta.

Sing a song of welcome! Emperor William's nigh,
Tens of thousands greet him as he passes by;
When the Kaiser's landed, then the fêtes begin,
Will there not be jolly times for all his regal kin;
The soldiers line the thoroughfares, costing a mint of money,
The Queen receives at Windsor, looking as sweet as honey;
The Mayor was at the Guildhall and did a toast propose,
There sat the City Fathers all rubicund of nose.
Esperanza.

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of tin,
Four-and-twenty counters were raked in to win.
When the play was opened, the boys began with hints.
Wasn't that a naughty thing to do before the Prince?
Sassoon was in the parlour, counting out the money;
But Green went to the kitchen, for cooking *steaks* seemed funny.
Aliter.

A member named Pat
Was a marvellous flat,
To think that he hoodwinked the crowd.
For the boys, with a shout,
Bawled, "Does ma know you're out?"
And they grinned with a guffaw most loud.
But one sunny day,
Charles sloped off on the "spray,"
His heart quite elated with glee,
When he mounted a fly,
As no escape was nigh,
Save his union with Mistress O'Shea. Foy.

Dickery, dickery, dock,
I've had such an awful shock;
This is "really too hot,"
Five counters he's got!
Oh, dickery, dickery, dock! Heliotrope.

Sing a song of baccarat, a game that many try
Four-and-twenty gamblers, are punting on the sly;
When the bank was opened, "Jack" soon began to sing,
"My God! it is too hot to cheat before our coming King!"

The Prince sat in the banker's chair, gave counters for their money;
The Col'nel with *masse en avant*, is *coming* for the honey.
Then in courts of law they try to wash their dirty clothes;
How the cleansing process went,—why, everybody knows.
Caledonia.

Sir William was a Scotsman—the tale I will repeat—
They say he went to Tranby Croft at baccarat to cheat.
The wily Wilsons caught him, a clever act at best;
It's taught the English people the way to treat a guest.
He stands a ruined soldier—oh, Wilsons, bow your head;
Henceforth hospitality lies buried with the dead.
Crosspatch.

To the tune of tens of pounds with their pockets full of oof,
Ten or twenty gamblers were playing—well, not spoof!
The embryo King was banker, and shelling out the gold,
The mother Queen knew nothing till the tale was later told.
How of maidens there were none there, but of matrons there were three,
And how these lost their plumage through the Lord Chief Justice C. G. W.

Sing a song of counters and pockets full of "tin,"
Noble lords and ladies trying all to win.
One among their number was making up his "pile,"
"Friends" and trusty comrades watching all the while.
When the game was ended the spies began to sing,
"Isn't it a sin to cheat before our future King."
Glendyne.

Sing a song of sovereigns, pockets full of gold,
London town is crowded, full as it can hold.
Exhibitions, dinners, balls—season in full swing,
Isn't Guildhall turtle-soup fit for Kaiser King?
Queen is up at Windsor, land of milk and honey;
Prince is home from races, counting o'er his money;
Maids are busy packing Louise's wedding clothes;
Mr. Punch stands smiling, with finger on his nose.
Verita.

The host was in his chamber snoring in his sleep,
The hostess in her parlour playing "pry and peep,"
The Prince was "in his glory," so the story goes,
And "Billy," was he cheating, 'neath the Royal nose?
Gadabout.

Sing a song of gaming, a pocketful of cash,
At a country residence folks must cut "a dash;"
When the game was opened, Cumming's seen to cheat,
Wasn't that an awful sight, moral folks to meet?

The judge was in the justice-house, looking very solemn,
Reporters scribbling for the press, column after column;
Counsel in their wigs and gowns recounting o'er their woes,
The jury find him guilty, from society he goes.
Quinto.

Sing a song of sixpence, a case now we will try,
Half four-and-twenty jurymen have fingers in this pie;
When the pie was opened, but one of them would sing,
Oh! is not this a dainty dish to set before our King?
Nemo.

Sing a song o' counters, a bag full on the sly,
A dozen dainty gamblers, stakes not very high.
When the case was opened, the town began to ring,
It was a pretty pan of fish for England's future king!

The Prince he brought the counters, and counted out the money,
The Greens and Wilsons stared when Sir Cumming played so funny.
The Cumming king begged pardon; they washed their dirty clothes,
And all this came of baccarat, as everybody knows.
Cestrian.

Other rhymes for which space cannot be found were also sent by Bel Demonio, Crustacean, Ye Hermit, Wraith, Tout-à-vous, Comus, Crosspatch, Gadabout, Mavis, Carillon, Heliotrope, E. P. B., Alfreda Ipse Dixit, Parsonides, Dresden, and Cosmos.

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THE SPARKLING BROOK.

All day long the brooklet washeth,
On its gladsome, sparkling way;
O'er the rocks its torrent dasheth,
Tossing up a rainbow spray.

Pure, it cleanseth all it touches,
Vivifying, through the years;
Perfumed boughs, with playful clutches,
Scent it as it disappears,

Thus with SOZODONT forever,
Pure and fragrant, cleansing, sweet,
Like a life-preserving river,
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To brush the teeth with SOZODONT, so fragrant and refreshing is it, and so pleasant is the taste it leaves in the mouth after the operation. Then how gratifying is the effect and how complacent feels the beholder, who views in the glass a row of ivories rendered spotless by this benign and delightful toilet article. Only a few drops on the brush is needed for an ablution, and yet it is wondrously effective. Sold by Chemists, 2s. 6d.

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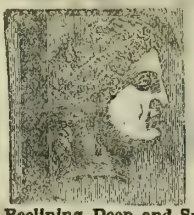

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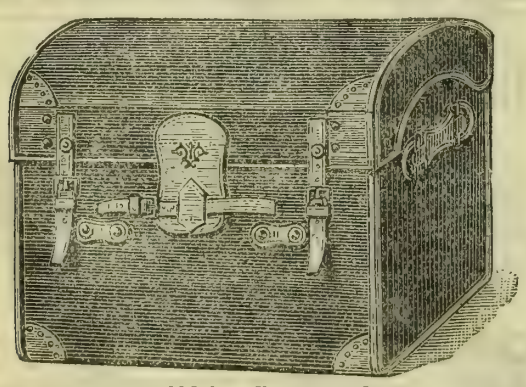

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

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ENTRE NOUS.

I WISH to call the particular attention of the lady readers of Truth to the announcement made on page 209 of this number. The Dolls are again ready to be sent out, and, as about 5,000 will require dressing between this and December next, I hope that applications for parcels of them will be sent in without delay. Next week I shall have something to say about the specially-designed series of Prizes it is intended to offer this Christmas.

The Queen, who went to Osborne on Saturday, is to stay in the Isle of Wight for a shorter period than had originally been intended, and, according to present arrangements, her Majesty will proceed to Balmoral on Friday, August 21.

Major-General Du Plat is to be the Equerry-in-Waiting on the Queen during next month, and Major Legge and Sir Michael Biddulph will be successively the Grooms-in-Waiting while her Majesty is at Osborne.

A great deal of the expense in connection with the visit of the German Emperor will be paid by the country, and, indeed, the cost of the military displays is one of the largest items in the bill. The visit did not cost the Queen so much as might have been expected, as it was so huddled up with the wedding that the same entertainments sufficed for both, and the only extra function was the State banquet in St. George's Hall. The lodging and entertainment of the outrageously large suite which the Emperor brought is the Queen's heaviest item. The statement which has gone round the papers that "an enormous sum" was expended at Windsor on "the work of redecoration" is as egregious a fable as the story about rooms in the Castle being prepared which had not been used since the death of the Prince Consort. As a matter of fact, every hole and corner of the Castle was used during the Jubilee celebration, and also previously whenever a Royal wedding took place at Windsor. There was no special "work of redecoration" at the Castle, as it has always been the custom to have a certain number of rooms redecorated every year, so that both the private and the State apartments are always in perfect order, and ready for the reception of company at a few days' notice.

A person who has seen a good deal of the Emperor William during his three last visits to England tells me that at Court there is much apprehension respecting his Majesty's health. He looks very ill to those who remember him when he came to Cowes two years ago, and his nervous restlessness and irritability have increased to quite an alarming degree. The Emperor is now much given to solitary meditation, and he seems to have become exceedingly morose and melancholy, while at other times there is a hurry of spirits and an excessive love of talking which are quite embarrassing to those around him.

The statement which has gone round the papers that the Emperor has invited the Prince and Princess of Wales to pay "a State visit" to Berlin is pure fiction. What *is* the fact is that he has so importuned the Queen to visit his Court that her Majesty has given a conditional promise that she will pass a few days either at Berlin or at Potsdam next spring, at the beginning of May. The Queen, however, has made it a peremptory stipulation that the official programme of her proceedings while she is at the German Court is to be submitted to her for approval before she leaves England.

A recently published biography of the Emperor William, which has been most fervently puffed, contains the statement that, directly after the death of the Emperor Frederick, "the black and white Royal Standard" was hauled down at Potsdam. As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as "the black and white Royal Standard." The Prussian Royal Standard is red, black, silver, and blue. The German Imperial Standard is yellow, black, gold, white, red, and blue.

It is expensive to go on a visit to a grand country house, because the guest is expected to distribute gratuities to the servants on leaving; but it is still more expensive for a Royalty to pay a State visit to England. Elsewhere, he can get out of his obligations by giving Orders to all the Court flunkeys; but here these gentry are not allowed to accept Orders, so the unfortunate Royalty has to dip his hand pretty deeply into his pocket in order to satisfy them. Hence the long list of clocks, vases, and jewelled cigar cases, which it is announced that the German

Emperor has distributed amongst the higher flunkeydom of the Court, the theatrical no-fee system not having as yet been introduced into Palaces.

A TIP-ICAL TOPIC.

When we, poor mortals, visits pay,
Or pass our time in "tripping,"
Too soon, we learn, to our dismay,
The wide-spread need of tipping.
No law could more draconic be,
No influence could be subtler,—
Keeper and coachman we must fee,
Flunkey, and cook, and butler.

Housemaid and parlourmaid and groom,
All for our wants who cater,
On the unwritten law presume—
Porter and guard and waiter;
Whilst we, although we long to show
Our great dissatisfaction,
Must yield, as though 'twere "Tip-poo Tip"
That levied each exaction.

But bad though our experience be,
And hard though 'tis to bear it,
Kaisers, as we've had cause to see,
Are also doomed to share it.
Even a headstrong Emperor,
Howe'er by gush bespattered,
Must tip and tip, throughout his trip,
With gifts most freely scattered.

Nay, as a fact, his fate is worse,
His Nemesis more speedy,
For he, on his depleted purse,
Has claimants much more greedy;
For cooks and keepers never yet,
When vails anticipating,
Proved nearly such a grasping set
As "Sticks" and Lords-in-Waiting.

It is, indeed, a sorry sight
When Peers their pride can stifle,
And for a jewelled snuff-box fight,
Or some such costly trifle.
And pity mingles with disgust
And on contempt close borders,
When Court Officials lick the dust
For scarf-pins and for Orders!

For men like these—who strive and strain,
When Rulers hither ramble,
And who, to perquisites obtain,
Down in the dirt will scramble—
Cannot the servant's plea produce
That they have ill-paid places;
And therefore, as they've *no* excuse,
The greater their disgrace is!

During the Emperor's visit the function which was arranged with the greatest difficulty, and in which the Royal family took the deepest interest, was the dinner at Gloucester House, by which the Duke of Cambridge manifested his full forgiveness of the absorption of the kingdom of Hanover. When the events of 1866 took place, which extinguished Hanover as a separate State, the Duke of Cambridge was presumptive heir to the throne; but as his cousin, the Duke of Cumberland, now has three sons, he can very well afford to accept the inevitable. The moon is as likely to fall as is the kingdom of Hanover to be resuscitated.

For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 200 in the present issue.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 201.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see page 202.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* gives an account of the impression produced by his reception in England by one of the German Emperor's staff:—

He had never enjoyed himself so much anywhere as he had during his visit to England, for he was "invited out to breakfast, luncheon, club tea, dinner, and supper."

Of course, this worthy German, when asked how he liked his reception by an Englishman, could hardly fail in expressing his approval of it. But that he really had never enjoyed himself so much as when engaged in one long orgie of eating and drinking, proves either that his life in his native land must have been dreary beyond description, or that his tastes are peculiar.

"But when he spoke of his Kaiser his face lit up with the admiration and love he felt;" indeed, he seems to have been more gushing over his Monarch than even over the English dinners and suppers.

Every one of us (he said) would shed the last drop of blood in his veins for him. I have fought in many battles under William I. and other great commanders, but for none of them would I fight so gladly as for William II.

Why? I can understand a soldier shedding his blood for his country. I can even understand his doing so for some commander who has often led him to victory. But why on earth should this extraordinary German want to shed the last drop of his blood for a young gentleman who has not as yet shown himself to be a great King or a great Commander?

The Emperor William is about what any German Lieutenant of good parts would be were he an Emperor. But this it would never do for a flunkey scribe to admit, so he gushes and grovels. I extract the following phrases from one single article in a contemporary, that continues to belaud its divinity, even though he has left our shores. He is "dignified, winning, gentle, and affectionate to a degree." He has "a big brain and a big heart, and is a thoroughly manly fellow, full of noble ideals and generous impulses." He is "a romantic, chivalrous, knightly gallant to all women, gentle to children." "His dominant notes are affection, admiration, and gratitude." He is a "genuinely great man, a scorner of personal indulgence, with a strong will regulated by warm and noble impulse." He has "inherited most of the best qualities of his German and English ancestors, and they have come to early maturity." It is "this combination of a mature mind with physical youth which made him so remarkable." And this wise, beneficent being, it would appear, has been so won by the shouts of welcome that greeted him when here that "they may mean more than the majority think: they may have done much to avert the cries of the wounded and the mourning of countless Rachels weeping for their children sacrificed upon the field of battle." Well, let us hope that Rachel is grateful, not only to the Emperor, but also to the mob that cheered him, and thus saved her from weeping for her children. I confess I do not quite follow the reasoning. But what of that?

An apparently official announcement that the Emperor does not intend to enter his yacht the *Meteor* (late *Thistle*) for the Queen's Cup has caused unbounded surprise and dis-

appointment at Cowes, for not only was it understood that this vessel had been purchased by his Majesty solely in order that he might sail her in the R.Y.S. regattas, but last April he expressed a wish to become a full member of the Club, so that his yacht might be qualified to compete for the Queen's Cup. The reason given for this change of plan is that the Emperor wishes to have as much cruising as possible in the *Meteor*, which is nonsensical, for a single day's racing in the Squadron Regatta could not possibly interfere with this desire. It is rumoured at Cowes that the Emperor was disgusted at finding that his yacht would be heavily penalised for her previous victories; but he must have known that the Sailing Committee invariably handicap the vessels which are entered for the Queen's Cup, "without appeal," and surely he could not suppose that there would be a departure from the usual practice solely for the benefit of the *Meteor*, which vessel, after all, would probably win, for the *Iverna* cannot compete, as Mr. Jameson is not a member of the R.Y.S., and the *Valkyrie* will also be penalised.

The Emperor is expected to arrive at Cowes from Norway on Monday, August 3, and he will remain in the Solent, living on board the *Hohenzollern*, until the evening of Saturday, the 8th, when he is to return to Germany, stopping at Harwich to embark the Empress and their children. He is to be present at the annual dinner of the members of the R.Y.S., which will take place at the Castle, West Cowes, on Tuesday, August 4, and the Prince of Wales is to preside.

It is quite untrue that "almost at the last moment the Prince of Wales sent in a list of a hundred extra guests whom he wanted to be invited to the State Ball on the 10th." The Prince sent in no list whatever, and he had nothing to do with the Palace invitations, and if he desired any one to be asked to whom a card had not been sent, he would apply direct to the Queen, who, however, is by no means ready to grant such requests, having latterly been far more disposed to weed the list (as some aspirants have learnt to their cost) than to add to it.

Another statement, which is equally imaginative, is the story of the Queen having "refused to allow the gardens of Buckingham Palace to be used" for a garden-party which Prince and Princess Christian desired to give there. I do not understand the object of printing these romances. If Prince and Princess Christian had desired to give a garden-party to their "London friends," they have ample accommodation at Cumberland Lodge, and it is too idiotic to attempt to explain away their failure to gratify the expectations of their subscribing "friends" by such inventions.

The Prince of Naples, who is to arrive in town this evening, having travelled direct from the Castle of Monza, near Milan, is to pay a "dine and sleep" visit to the Queen at Osborne, and he will be accompanied there by Lord Dufferin. The Prince will afterwards inspect the Dockyard at Portsmouth, when he is to be entertained by the Duke of Connaught, and he will probably be at Goodwood on one day of the races.

The Prince has come quite at the fag-end of the season, and the entertainments for him will be limited to a dinner at Marlborough House and a garden-party, which Lord Salisbury is to give next Saturday at Hatfield. He is to pay a visit to Windsor Castle, and it is to be hoped that there will not be a repetition of the fiasco which took place in connection with the Queen of Roumania's trip there last autumn. He is also to visit Edinburgh and Glasgow, and he will make a tour through the Scottish Highlands, and is most likely to be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Braemar for a couple of days during his northern progress.

Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia are to arrive at Buckingham Palace on Friday next from Berlin, and they are expected to be present at Lord Salisbury's garden-party at Hatfield House on Saturday afternoon. Prince and Princess Henry will proceed to Osborne on Monday, on a visit to the Queen, and they are to stay in the Isle of Wight for about a fortnight.

There is no foundation whatever for the report that Prince George of Wales is to visit India next winter. Prince George, as I have already announced, is to succeed Commander Milne in the command of the Royal yacht *Osborne* early in November. It is very improbable that there will be any more Royal tours through India for a long time to come.

The Queen Regent of the Netherlands and her daughter, Queen Wilhelmina, are to visit the German Emperor and Empress at Potsdam during the last week of next month, and there is reason to believe that the betrothal of the little Queen to her second cousin, Prince Frederick of Prussia, will be announced shortly afterwards. Queen Wilhelmina was born in August, 1880, and Prince Frederick is six years her senior. He is the eldest son of Prince Albert of Prussia, Regent of Brunswick, whose mother was Princess Marianne of the Netherlands. This marriage will be exceedingly distasteful to the English Court, where there has long been an earnest wish that Queen Wilhelmina should marry Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, an arrangement which would have opened the way for the succession of the Duke of Connaught to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

A correspondent writes:—

The railway companies of Austria-Hungary have presented the Emperor Francis Joseph with a *train de luxe* for his own personal use during his frequent and lengthy journeys. There are eight carriages, a van for the lighting apparatus and other mechanisms, a complete kitchen waggon, a luggage van, two carriages for servants, a double saloon for the suite, and two carriages (connected by a passage) for the Emperor, which include a bed, dressing, and bath-room; a dining-room, with tables for twelve persons; a writing saloon, and a smoking-room. The train is lighted throughout by electricity, and the lamps are ingeniously arranged so that they can be moved at will, and each one can be altered to give more or less light as required. The compartments of the Emperor's day saloon have beautifully-painted ceilings, and the whole train is a marvel of comfort and luxury. The entire cost of the train was less than £10,000.

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth. Also The Belle Vue and Pier Hotel, opposite the Pier, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach, General Manager, late of the Bath Hotel, Bournemouth.

I am sorry to hear that Mr. Frank Miles died last week. A few years ago he was one of the best-looking and most popular men in London, and his pictures were in considerable request. One of them, called "Pity is akin to Love," was, if I remember rightly, purchased by the Prince of Wales. When in Jersey, he painted Mrs. Langtry, before she came to London, and christened his picture "The Jersey Lily." This paved the way for her success when she came to London, and since then she has been called "Lily Langtry," the name given to her by her sponsors at her baptism being Emily Charlotte.

Lord and Lady Londonderry, who will be among the guests of the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood next week, will proceed early next month to Wynyard Park, county Durham, where they intend to entertain large parties for the Redcar and Stockton race-meetings.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster will be at Goodwood next week, and, after the meeting, they are going to Eaton Hall for a fortnight before proceeding to Reay Forest, Sutherlandshire, where they intend to stay until the end of September.

Sir Francis and Lady Jeune intend to pass the Long Vacation at Arlington Manor, near Newbury—a very pretty place, which was let for several years to the late Sir Lumley Graham.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans have gone to Scotland in their yacht, the *Ceres*, and they will cruise in her off the island of Mull, where the Duke has taken a shooting, during the next six weeks, in order to get as much sea fishing as possible. They intend to go to Ireland early in September, to pass a month at Newtown Anner, her Grace's place in Tipperary.

Lord Leconfield will entertain a small party next week for Goodwood races, at Drove, his place near Singleton, which is within an easy walk of the course.

The Duke of Hamilton, who has been cruising in his yacht during the greater part of the last ten weeks, will be at Goodwood next week, and he is to entertain a small party at the place which he has taken at Singleton. The Duke will afterwards proceed to Scotland in his yacht, and he intends to pass the shooting season in Arran, where extensive improvements have been carried out during the last few months, both at Brodick Castle and at Dugary Lodge, the place on the west side of the island.

The announcement of Lord Dudley's engagement to Miss Gurney has produced a flood of nonsensical fabrications. He is described as "the greatest prize that has been seen in the matrimonial market for very many years." Lord Beaconsfield defined a satisfactory financial position to be that of a man with ten thousand a year who is credited by the public with possessing only five thousand. Lord Dudley has been in the reverse position, for he has always been reputed to enjoy a very much larger income than he has ever owned, and he has seriously crippled his fortune by several years of reckless extravagance. The Dudley ironworks, which are the backbone of the family wealth, are not nearly so lucrative as they were in the time of the late peer, and there are very heavy charges on the estates.

Miss Gurney has been described as "an heiress," whereas the contrary is the case, and the announcement that the Duke of Bedford has intimated his intention of giving her a *dot* of £50,000 on her wedding-day is the purest of fictions.

The Dowager Lady Dudley (as she will soon become) is to live in future at Himley, the old seat of the Ward family in Staffordshire, which is a very fine place. It was the residence for more than forty years of Lady Ward, the mother of the late Lord Dudley, who hardly ever lived there, as he preferred Witley, the place in Worcestershire which he bought in 1839 from the late Lord Foley for £900,000, and where he afterwards expended more than half a million in building a new house and in laying out Italian gardens. Lord Dudley left his younger children very well provided for, about £800,000 having to be divided amongst them. Lady Dudley has a jointure of £7,000 a year, and she was bequeathed a large sum out of the personalty, as well as a fortune in jewels.

An Appeal to the Sex.

"Trailing skirts are coming in."—*Fashion Books passim.*

Oh, ladies fair, your sense assert,
And fight against the Trailing Skirt;
For why should you yourselves exert
Your gowns to besoms to convert,
With which to sweep the pavement's dirt?
Or why should you, to woman's hurt,
Consent the cynic to divert;
Or risk the epigrams expert,
Which comic papers will insert?
Nay, rather, one and all concert
To Fashion's last decree subvert;
Vow you'll not cleanliness desert,
Nor Nature's simplest laws pervert!
In short, in chorus loud outblurt,
Your horror of the Trailing Skirt!

There were some remarkable disclosures at the meeting of Lord Esmé Gordon's creditors the other day. It appeared that he receives £1,200 a year under his marriage settlement, and that his father-in-law, Mr. W. Brown, gives him an extra allowance of £800 a year; but the whole of this income goes away in the event of a receiving order being made. It was further explained that during the last thirteen years Mr. Brown has paid £24,564 to and for his son-in-law, in addition to the income of £2,000 a year, and Lady Esmé Gordon (whose fortune is strictly settled on herself) has also paid large sums for him. The list of creditors includes moneylenders (£4,600), tradesmen (£2,000), horsedealers (£860), bookmakers (£765), and "friends for money borrowed" (£1,132). Among the items are: Cigars, £196; photographs, £22; jewellery, £214; wine and

Pfungst Frères' Extra Quality Champagnes.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

Shooting, Sporting, and Travelling Garments are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

spirits, £106; oysters, £26; and "stall in Peterborough Cathedral," £125. The residence of the debtor (Paxton Park, Hunts) is vested in trustees under his marriage settlement, and Lady Esmé has expended out of her own separate estate every farthing which has been spent in keeping it up. Lord Lonsdale (the debtor's brother-in-law) and Mr. Brown (the father-in-law) are willing to pay £5,000, which would be equal to a composition of about 8s. in the pound and if the creditors refuse to accept this offer, they are warned that Lord Esmé Gordon "will go into bankruptcy, and they will get nothing." Inasmuch as the debtor was stated to have had "three theatre boxes at three guineas each since July 3," he does not yet appear to have quite realised his position.

As the holiday season is almost upon us, it may be a kindness if I warn those of my readers who may find themselves at the Hôtel du Pavillon Impérial, Boulogne, to be careful how they indulge in such dainties as "sole frite," "côtes pommes," or "choufleur." In a recent bill at the establishment in question the charge for a sole frite is 3 f. 50 c., for two côtes pommes 4 f., and for a choufleur 2 f.—which I should think no one would willingly pay unless money is a matter of no consequence to him.

Yet another warning to those about to travel. The lessee of the gaming-tables in the Kursaal at Ostend has just been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for fraudulent practices carried on in the establishment. The most profitable of these are practised at the "baraque" tables. "Baraque," for the benefit of the uninitiated, is a game on the same principles as bagatelle. It is possible to acquire a good deal of skill at it; and skilled players, who have been studying the Kursaal tables all through the winter, are put on to play at each table in collusion with the management. In addition to this two francs are levied on the stakes on each game. Each game lasts about a minute, and there are ten tables; so that, adding up the legitimate and the illegitimate profits, "baraque" must bring in a very comfortable income to the fortunate proprietor, who will have much to compensate him for a brief term of imprisonment.

One story is good till another is told. Last week I remarked upon a curious advertisement from the *Standard*, in which a gentleman who had lent a waterproof to a lady who "got wet" at Henley Regatta, was offered the return of the article on payment of the cost of the advertisement. I have since learned the whole history of this advertisement. It appears that the gentleman who so obligingly lent his waterproof was one of two who had themselves been the cause of the lady "getting wet," by running their boat violently against the punt in which she was standing, and toppling her into the river. As the lady was consequently compelled to retire to a hotel and go to bed for the rest of the day, the hero of the mackintosh may certainly think himself lucky in getting off with nothing more to pay than the cost of the advertisement.

The Horse Show in Dublin will be opened on Tuesday, August 25, and will remain open for the rest of the week. It will be held, as usual, in the Royal Dublin Society's grounds at Ball's Bridge. Already the principal apartments in most of the Dublin hotels are engaged for the week, which each year grows in popularity. All the country houses in the County of Dublin and the surrounding counties already have their "Horse Show" parties made up. Lord Zetland returns to Ireland next month, when he meditates another flight to the West or South. It is expected that he will patronise the Galway Races, by being present at them, on the 5th and 6th proximo.

The show of the Royal Counties' Agricultural Society at Portsmouth has been a great success, there having been 35,397 attendances, as compared with 22,760 last year at Winchester, and 17,336 at Horsham, in 1889.

A cricket-match between two strong teams of old Harrovians and old Etonians will take place at the Lyric Club Ground, Barnes, on Friday and Saturday next, Messrs. I. D. Walker and C. I. Thornton captaining the respective sides. No similar match has been played for sixteen years, but the promoters hope in future to make the fixture an annual one. The public will be admitted to the ground on the present occasion.

A most impudent and offensive circular has been addressed by the Rev. John Gritton, D.D., in his capacity of secretary of some Sabbatarian organisation, to the members of the Felixstowe Golf Club, on whose links golf is credibly reported to have been played on Sunday. In this effusion Mr. Gritton informs the club that Sunday golf is a "misuse of the Day of Holy Rest," a "derogation of the sanctity" of the said day, an "injury" to the players, and a "blot on the escutcheon of the Felixstowe Golf Club," and so forth. All these propositions are pure matters of opinion. They have no warrant in the Bible, or in the usage or opinions of any Christian country unless it be England and Scotland during the last century or two. I do not myself believe that the act of knocking a ball with a stick over a grass field, any more than the aimless walking about the same field without a ball or a stick, can be contrary to any Divine Law or to any intelligible principle of morals, nor that it can offend, any being deserving to be called rational. If I, or anybody else, act on that opinion, what right has a Reverend Gritton to forward to me, still less to any third party, disparaging reflections on my conduct and principles? What business is it of Mr. Gritton's, any way? Such interference is a gross impertinence, and deserves to be resented accordingly.

Lord Airlie has let the celebrated deer-forest of Caanlochan, and the Tulchan grouse moors, in the Glenisla district of Forfarshire, to Mr. Leonard Pilkington, of Liverpool.

Furnish by Monthly or Quarterly Payments, to suit customers. Large selection. Call or write. Established many years.—Apply Norman & Stacey, Ltd., 79, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

Millinery.—All the latest Novelties in Smart Millinery at the 216, Regent-street Branch of the Maison Nouvelle (next to Liberty's East India House).

Lord Falmouth has arranged to sell all the outlying farms and other detached portions of his Tregothnan estate in Cornwall. Lord Falmouth is now the largest landowner in the county, with the exception of Lord Robartes.

I hear that Savernake is at last sold to Lord Iveagh, subject to the permission of the Court of Chancery to sell, the price being a little over £700,000. The estate brings in about £21,000 per annum, but a considerable expenditure will be needed to put things in order.

Lord Chesham has let Latimers, his beautiful old place in Bucks, to the Dowager Duchess of Bedford for three years from Michaelmas. The last tenant of Latimers was Lord Mountstephen, who has now taken Faskally, Mr. Butler's place in Perthshire. Horace Walpole often visited Latimers when it was let to Mr. Conway, and he described the house as "large, and bad, and old, but of a bad age; finely situated on a hill in a beech wood, with a river at the bottom, and a range of hills and woods on the opposite side, belonging to the Duke of Bedford."

During last month 12,907 tons of fish reached Billingsgate, and the exceptionally large quantity of 201 tons was seized by the Fishmongers' Company as unfit for human food, of which there were 78 tons of plaice, 24 tons of herrings, 20 tons of shrimps, 19 tons of oysters and periwinkles, 13 tons of haddocks, and 12 tons of skate.

Lord Salisbury's contention that the Chantrey Gallery is the best place for Mr. Calderon's St. Elizabeth, as being the one where there is the least chance of anybody seeing the picture, is very funny, but it does not meet the complaints of the Roman Catholics. Nor does the opinion expressed by Lord Hardinge that Roman Catholics ought to rest content with an assurance which Sir Frederick Leighton has sent to the Catholic Union, that there is "no intention in the picture to wound the feelings or susceptibilites of Catholics." It is not a question of intention. The Roman Catholics themselves seem to think that the artist has offended through sheer ignorance; but that does not make the matter any better for "their feelings and susceptibilities." A petition of Catholic ladies to the President and Council of the Royal Academy is now being promoted, protesting against the purchase of the picture under the Chantrey bequest. If, however, the purchase has been made, the Academicians cannot help themselves. The Catholic ladies would do better to petition the Vigilance Association or the Anti-Zæo party on the County Council.

The splendid parish church of Ormskirk, which dates from 1080, and which is one of the most interesting ecclesiastical buildings in the country, has just been reopened after a restoration which has cost £17,000, and which has extended over twelve years. The Derby Chapel, underneath which the members of the Stanley family have been buried since the reign of Henry VIII., has been entirely restored by Lord Derby, who also contributed £1,300 towards the general fund. The ancient Scarisbrick Chapel has been restored by the Count di Castega, and several memorial windows have been placed in the church, which is unique in respect of having both a spire and a massive tower.

I learn that the Archbishop-elect of York is to do homage to the Queen early next month at Osborne, when her Majesty will hold a Council, at which he will be sworn in as a Privy Councillor. The Archbishop and Mrs. Maclagan will take up their residence at Bishopthorpe early in September, and he is to be enthroned in York Minster on the 15th of that month.

The *Bristol Mercury* relates what it describes, without any exaggeration, as "a remarkable story of mediæval superstition in the nineteenth century." It appears that as part of the work of restoration at a certain church in a Cathedral city the lead for the roof has been sent to Bristol to be melted and recast, and that one of the Churchwardens has journeyed there to watch the operations in order to ensure the return of the same metal. This precaution has been taken because only the "consecrated" lead must go upon the church roof! Some people may be inclined to doubt the truth of this "remarkable story," but I have heard of so many strange things being done in the name of the Church and religion that I can well believe it.

The Bishop of Ripon's "anniversary sermon" at the Foundling Hospital was a most eloquent and scholarly discourse, which was far too good for the crowded and smartly attired congregation, who behaved like a herd of mad snobs directly the sermon was over. While the offertory sentences were being read from the altar there was a wild rush to get outside into the courtyard, in order to inspect the carriage of the Duke of Cambridge and get a good place to see him presently drive away. It was a lamentable exhibition of bad taste and vulgarity.

Temple Church is to be closed after Sunday, August 2 (when Dean Vaughan will preach at the morning service), until Sunday, October 4. The Sunday evening services at Westminster Abbey are to be suspended after Sunday next, when the Warden of Keble is to preach. They will be resumed in the choir on Advent Sunday.

The Archdeaconry of Merioneth and a residentiary stall in Bangor Cathedral recently became vacant by the death of Archdeacon Evans, and both preferments have

The Carpet Beating Season.—The *Queen* says, "A good place to get your carpets cleaned is the Compressed Air Carpet and Tapestry Cleaning Co., Brook Green, Hammersmith. Dust blown out. No beaters.

Mr. Cook's Wife.—Writing from the S.W. Brigade, Welshpool. Mr. Jas. Cook says, "Harness' Electropathic Belt has entirely cured my wife, who suffered so much from rheumatic gout." Nervous, muscular, and organic disorders yield like magic to the healing, invigorating influence of this comfortable and genuine Electric Belt. All in search of health, strength, and vitality should either call at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-st., London, W., or write at once for particulars and book of testimonials. Pamphlet and consultation free, either personally or by letter.

been filled up by Bishop Lloyd, in a manner which has given much satisfaction throughout the diocese. The Archdeaconry (to which no emolument is annexed) has been given to Canon Williams, Warden of the Bangor School of Divinity, who was collated to a residentiary stall in the Cathedral by Bishop Campbell about nine years ago, and who is now the senior member of the Chapter. The canonry (worth £350 a year, with house) has been given to Prebendary Thomas, Vicar of St. Ann's, Bangor, and Welsh Examining Chaplain to the Bishop, who has well earned this preferment, for he is a very able man, and has been a hardworking parish clergyman in this diocese more than thirty-five years.

The Bishop of Worcester desires to appoint a Suffragan Bishop of Coventry, and he has selected Canon Bowlby, Rector of St. Philip's, Birmingham. A Suffragan is practically an Episcopal Curate, who is expected to drudge at the routine work of the diocese. Bishop Perowne would have done much better to choose a younger man, for Canon Bowlby is sixty-eight. He is a decided evangelical, who has been beneficed in the diocese of Worcester for about forty years.

I am delighted to see that Dr. Perowne is determined, as a Bishop, to maintain those friendly relations with Wesleyans and other denominations which he cultivated when Dean of Peterborough. Last week he attended a Wesleyan-Methodist gathering at the Princess Alice Orphanage, New Oscot, near Birmingham, and in one of his speeches he mentioned that "some very kind persons" had told him he ought not to take part in a work of benevolence that was not originated by the Church of England. It must have been as gall and wormwood to these "very kind persons" to find the Bishop declaring that he had no sympathy whatever with their "uncatholic" sentiments. If the Church of England had more Perownes it would not require defending even by Lord Salisbury.

The late Prebendary Barnard was for forty years a parish clergymen in the West of England, and he was beloved and esteemed by all classes of his parishioners and neighbours. He held the important living of Yatton for thirty-eight years, and throughout that period the innumerable claims upon him in respect of the restoration of the magnificent Perpendicular church, the establishment of efficient schools, and the vast and various requirements of a large and poor parish were met with splendid munificence out of his own private means. Prebendary Barnard was appointed in 1884 to the rather more valuable, but nearly as laborious, living of Pucklechurch—a tardy and a scandalously inadequate recognition of his long and valuable work at Yatton, and here again he found the onerous and costly necessity of building new schools and entirely restoring the church. He died at the age of seventy, quite worn out by his labours; and it is not creditable either to the present Bishop of Bath and Wells or to his predecessors that a man so eminently deserving of preferment as Prebendary Barnard should have been entirely neglected. He ought long ago to have been given a residentiary stall in Wells Cathedral.

The important and valuable vicarage of Clifton, which is one of the great Low Church centres, is about to become vacant by the resignation, through ill-health, of the Rev. Talbot Greaves. The living is in the gift of the Simeon Trustees. I hear that the living will probably be offered to the Rev. Neville Sherbrooke, Incumbent of Portman Chapel, who is a son-in-law of the late Lord Cairns.

The Bill that has passed the Lords and that is now before the Commons in regard to the Hanover Chapel in Regent-street, can in no way be termed a "private Bill," for it is a public job of the most outrageous description. Many years ago, the Crown—which is another word for the Nation—granted a site in Regent-street for the purpose of building a church on it. On this the present edifice was erected. The site then might have been worth about £5,000. It is now proposed to pull down the chapel, and to build another on a site given by the Duke of Westminster. The Bill, therefore, authorises the sale of the present site, the estimated value of which is £45,000. With this money a chapel and a vicarage are to be built, and the surplus is to be vested by trustees in securities, the interest on which is to form an endowment for the Vicar. I do not see why the site should not revert to the nation, if not needed for a chapel. But, in any case, all unearned increment in value since the site was given in order to build a chapel on it should obviously be retained. What would be thought if some Wesleyan congregation were to be given by a landlord a site for a chapel, and then, having found some other person ready to give a site, were to sell the first one at nine times its original value for a theatre or a public-house, and were with the proceeds to build a chapel and a Minister's house on the second site, and to endow the Minister with the surplus? It is evident that the landlord would not even allow the site to be sold, but would insist upon its reverting to him if no longer required for purposes of public worship. The Bill now before the Commons makes a present of £45,000 of public money to the Established Church.

But whilst the Rector of St. George's, Hanover-square, is promoting a scheme to pull down Hanover Chapel in Regent-street, he is engaged in doing his best to prevent marriages being celebrated in St. George's Chapel (Proprietary), Albemarle-street. The case was heard last Friday by the Bishop of London, and judgment was

Dr. J. W. Keyworth (M.D. London), Southport, writes: "I have tried Pepsalia, and am so satisfied with its results that I am using it daily with suitable cases, and have every reason to endorse all that is claimed in regard to its usefulness." Pepsalia absolutely effects digestion, and restores dyspeptics to a condition of health and comfort. Bottles 1s. and 2s., from chemists, or G. & G. Stern, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

Race Meetings, Picnic and Boating Parties. Luncheons packed with service complete. All Luncheons supplied are high-class, at moderate prices. Detailed list and estimates on application to Morel Bros., Cobbett, & Son, Ltd, 186, Piccadilly; 18 and 19, Pall Mall; 143, Regent-street.

reserved. The Rector sets forth his reasons for objecting in an affidavit. Some of them are curious:—

Frequenters (of Proprietary chapels of the Church of England) consider themselves entirely absolved by attendance thereat from any responsibility for parish works and parish charities.

This might be an argument against all chapels, but it is not a question of attendance, but of being married at a proprietary chapel.

It would, in my opinion, be a very serious mistake to allow marriages to be celebrated in any building that is not permanently set apart for ever for the worship of Almighty God.

Why? But be this as it may, the enunciation of the doctrine comes with singularly bad grace from a rector who is now engaged on a scheme to pull down a chapel in his parish, and to sell the site for a huge sum of money.

It would be most unwise to diminish what forms a very considerable portion of the income of St. George's Rectory. Even although the fees were given up to the Rector they are utterly insignificant. They would soon cease to be collected, or become a cause of dispute, small as they are. It is, of course, the gifts at marriages which alone are valuable, and these would go to the minister of the proprietary chapel.

Here, I suspect, we have the real reason for the Rector's opposition. I know of no reason why a person married in a parish church should pay more than the proper fees, any more than why, if he buys a Government stamp, he should pay more than the legal price. But this abuse has become habitual, and probably in a fashionable marrying church like that of St. George's, the "tips" which those married there slip into the hands of the officiating clergyman represent a very handsome sum of money in the course of the year, which the Rector does not like to see go into other pockets.

What the judgment of the Bishop of London will be, I do not know. But, if it goes against the Proprietary Chapel, it will be one more nail in the coffin of a State Church. It is obvious that if the clergy deem it better that churchmen and churchwomen should be married in a Church rather than at a Registrar's office, everything should be done to render Church marriages easy, instead of limiting the number of Churches in which they may be celebrated in order to minister to the greed of those clergy who wish to have a monopoly of this remunerative business. I shall not get tips (says the Rector of St. George's, Hanover-square) if people can be married according to the rites of the Church of England elsewhere in my parish. I think, too, that, if they are, they will not subscribe to the parish charities, and I have the strongest objection to marriages being celebrated in any buildings which may one day cease to be a Church of England chapel, although I have no objection to the sacraments, which bring in nothing to the clergyman, being administered in them. Were I a Bishop, I should insist on the legal marriage fees being hung up in a prominent position in every church in my diocese, and notify my clergy that they must accept nothing more. If a bridegroom wished to be liberal, he might be invited to put a "gift" into the poor-box.

An individual, who thanks God that he (or she) "is not, and is not likely to be, a Papist," but who has not the strength of mind to sign his (or her) name to this pious declaration, writes me a very abusive letter in reply to a recent comment in Truth upon a disreputably mean collection in Winchester Cathedral. It is not denied that the collection was "certainly very small," but my remarks on it somehow serve as a sample of my "uncalled-for attacks upon everything and everybody connected with the good old Church of England." It is against my practice to notice anonymous communications in this strain, but in regard to the "good old Church of England" I should like to say a word. It is entirely contrary to my principles to make "attacks" upon any religious body as a religious body. I have an equal admiration for them all. My objections to the Church of England are purely political. I object to its connection with the State, and I object to its monopolising, now that it has fallen into the position of a sect, endowments which are essentially public property, and were never intended for sectarian purposes. The Church of England, *quâ* Church, has faults, like other sects and denominations, but the faults in it which I most object to are the direct outcome of Establishment and Endowment. In striving, therefore, to disestablish and disendow I claim to be the Church's true though candid friend.

As the Tories insist that above 1,000 Church schools should be entirely maintained at the public cost, without control over the expenditure, the following letter addressed by a Vicar to a candidate for the place of schoolmaster in the "Church School" may not be without interest just now:—

The Vicarage, Barnoldswick, viâ Leeds,
October 22, 1889.

Sir,—You have made an application for the mastership of our Church School.

I shall feel greatly obliged if you will state plainly and honestly your views of the two Sacraments of the Church of England?

1. Why was the Holy Communion instituted?
2. What change takes place when the elements are consecrated?
3. Why was Baptism instituted?
4. Does an infant receive the Holy Spirit when baptised?
5. What becomes of those who die unbaptised?

If I do not like your answers to the above questions I should be willing to receive you provided you promise me you will not teach doctrines in this parish which I hate and condemn. I have two votes, and I am anxious to know whether you are likely to be happy here.

Our school is managed by four Churchwardens, Vicar, and Curate. Two of the Wardens are appointed by the parishioners and two by the Vicar at Easter. Practically the management of our school falls into the hands of the Vicar. I should also like to know what kind of a church service you prefer. We shall meet on Saturday evening to determine what salary to offer (not less than £60 and 10 per cent. of the grant), and to whom we give the first offer of it.

I do not know whether you are married. We shall require certificated mistress as well as master.—Yours faithfully,

John Woods.

There are upwards of a hundred candidates for the headmastership of Monmouth Grammar School, which is worth £800 a year, with house, in addition to which there is the emolument derived from boarders.

A year or more ago I referred to the action of the Swiss authorities requiring English doctors practising in Switzerland to pass examinations there. Dr. Tucker Wise, of Davos-Platz, who has just passed the Federal examination, sends me the following account of the scheme, with the view of showing that the requirements

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are very serious to those who are strangers to the language. I must confess that the list makes a good show :—

The examinations are divided into two parts, practical and oral. If a high standard is not gained in the first part the candidate is not admited to the oral.

First Part.

April 27.—Surgery, written, four hours allowed.
„ 28.—Hygiene „ „
„ 29.—Medicine „ „
„ 30.—Medical Jurisprudence „
May 1.—Autopsy.
„ —Microscopic Specimens.
„ 2.—Clinical Medicine.
„ —Gynæcology.
„ —Midwifery.
„ 7.—Clinical Surgery.
„ 8.—Operations on the Cadaver.
„ 13.—Ophthalmology.

Second Part.

May 25.—Physiology and Pathology.
„ 26.—Surgery and Obstetrics.
„ 27.—Medicine, Hygiene, and Therapeutics.

There are eight examiners, with a president. Three English medical men have now undergone the test since 1885, none before that.

The following letter says all that there is to be said for such *memoria technica* as those referred to in last week's TRUTH. But why is it considered desirable to teach young men, and then examine them in, matter which they at once proceed to discharge from their memories when the examination is over? A thing is worth carrying in the mind or it is not. Half the facts with which we burden the memories of candidates for examinations belong to the latter class. They would be much better left in the books of reference, where they can always be found when wanted. If the examination mania extends, I look forward to the day when every candidate for Parliament will be expected to know Whitaker's Almanac by heart, and "pass" in it. The M.P.'s of that period, however, will be no wiser than ourselves. It is sufficient to have "Whitaker" in one's library without having it in one's head. On the other hand, granted that information is worth carrying in the mind, my belief is that it can be as readily committed to memory by natural and rational processes as by artificial and irrational *memoria technica*. Why is the composition of a seidlitz powder more difficult to remember when intelligibly stated than when concealed in the idiotic jargon which I quoted last week?—

Students' Club, St. Thomas's Hospital, S.E.
July 18, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—In looking through the columns of your valuable and interesting journal of July 16, '91, I have noticed your criticism on the *memoria technica* used by medical students when preparing for examination.

Doubtless, sir, you are unaware that, for examination purposes, students are compelled to commit to memory many facts which are wholly useless to them in the practical part of their profession, and which are forgotten when the ordeal is over: *e.g.*, the lateral ventricle of the brain is said to run backwards, outwards, downwards, forwards, inwards, which may be conveniently remembered by the word "Bodfi."

Probably, sir, if you ask your medical acquaintances they will tell you they all availed themselves of these "degrading subterfuges" when students.

I enclose my card, and apologising for troubling you, I am sir, ONE WHO HAS BEEN EXAMINED.

I have received the following amounts towards Lady Jeune's fund for sending poor and sickly London children into the country for a holiday :—

Little Edith Rikoff, £1. 1s.; Little Fluffy, £1; F. T., £1; W. F. W., £2. 2s.; a birthday present to Robert Whyte from his children, £2. 10s.; R. L., £5; S. N., 5s.; L. D. M. B., 10s.; W. J. B., £1; E. A. Ferry, £1. 1s.; Anonymously, £10; H. C., £5; S. S., £5.; Phyllis Fraser, £1. 10; Maltese Cross, £3. 3s.; F. Gorringe, £10; M. I. D., £1. 1s.; Gaisford Gotto, £2. 2s.

Just a month ago, after the death of Sir Gustavus Hume, I expressed a hope that in making the promotions and the new appointment to the Gentlemen-at-Arms, which would be the result of that event, the Court and War Office authorities would pay some attention to the service antecedents of the candidates, instead of jobbing away the vacancies, in accordance with the usual discreditable practice. Lord Yarborough, however, is no improvement on his predecessors, and the promotion of Colonel Oldham to the Lieutenancy of the corps has excited very great discontent, his selection being due entirely to favouritism. There are many officers in the corps of far better service than Colonel Oldham, some of whom have belonged to it for twenty years, and among them are two who have received the Victoria Cross and two C.B.'s. Colonel Oldham has been only three years in the corps, and yet he now jumps over the heads of all these deserving seniors. This promotion, moreover, is a direct violation of the general order which was issued when the Government (by advice of the Prince Consort) bought up the corps at a cost of some £40,000.

A Scotch Volunteer Officer, who has been for some months investigating the merits of the magazine rifle, and has visited the military depots at Perth and Stirling, sends me the following as his verdict on the weapon. How long will it be before the War Office admit their blunders over this business, and retract the false steps they have taken?

The working of the breech action is far too complicated and difficult of manipulation. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men simply shake their heads at it. But they assert that with the barrel (Medford) and the Martini breech, the weapon would give satisfaction. What is more, they are confident that the *future* military rifle is the Martini action and Medford barrel—a sample of which you can see, manufactured by Ingram, of Glasgow.

All this bungling is intensely scandalous, and may lead to serious results, seeing that about one half of the Army has been supplied with magazines.

I hear that the Governor of Malta has caused great indignation in the garrison by prohibiting polo-playing in the island. Coming, as it does, so soon after the occurrence of a fatal polo accident in his command, this prohibition is probably the outcome of a well-meant solicitude on General Smyth's part for the safety of his officers' lives and limbs; but it is a piece of grandmotherly legislation nevertheless. Polo is not more dangerous than fox-hunting or football or alpine climbing; and no man—least of all an officer of the Army—should be forbidden to take part in any form of sport which tends to harden his nerve or correct his eye, until the limit which divides genuine sport from foolhardiness has been clearly overstepped.

Most of the Service papers have commented with smug complacency on the fact that in the War Office orders for the Wimbledon Review the Volunteer officers who commanded Volunteer Brigades were described as Colonels—not as Brigadier-Generals. Why these papers should be so anxious that the Commanders of Volunteer Brigades

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should not be called Generals seems somewhat obscure. It cannot surely arise from a desire to prevent the misapplication of the title, seeing that it has of late years been conferred upon hundreds of officers who had no claim to it at all. Dr. Johnson defines a General as "one who has the command over an Army," while Webster describes him as "the commander of an Army," or "of a body of men not less than a Brigade." If Dr. Johnson's definition be accepted, there are only three Generals, properly so-called, in the United Kingdom—viz., H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, General Booth, and Lord Wolseley; while, if Webster's definition be admitted, the Volunteer Brigadiers — having been appointed to the command of "a body of men not less than a Brigade"—are clearly as much entitled to be called Generals as the great majority of General officers of the Regular Army, whose claims to be so described are undisputed by the Service journals.

A prodigious outcry is being raised in one or two North-country papers over an incident which is thus described by a horrified eye-witness:—

> The Militia, now in camp, were marched down at mid-day, with their band playing, so as to attract as much attention as possible; and on the sands at Coatham, in full view of the houses in High-street, divested themselves of every vestige of clothing, in order to bathe in the sea, before the eyes of an admiring concourse of persons of both sexes, whom the sound of music had drawn after them.

The author of "The Innocents Abroad" relates that when he saw the can-can danced in Paris he put his hands before his face for very shame; but he adds that he looked through his fingers. That seems to have been much the attitude of the virtuous spectators of this fearful exhibition at Coatham. I really think that the Militiaman's bath is of more consequence than the susceptibilities of those good folk. It does not seem to have been like the bathing in Battersea Park, to which I referred last week. No misconduct is alleged, and nobody was bound to go and look on, although many, we are told, did so. The priest and the Levite, not to mention the Pharisee, were at liberty to pass by on the other side. It seems to be considered an aggravation of the scandal that the band played. But that may have been intended as a warning; at any rate, when in future the good people of Trouserham—I beg pardon, Coatham—hear the Militia band playing on the beach, they will know what to expect, and will have no excuse for exposing themselves to shocks.

One of the earliest naval manœuvres this year was the making of the following signal from the flagship off Deal:—

> Leave may be granted to Chief Petty Officers, natives.

A ship's steward, with the fleet, writes to me to complain that he has only been allowed four days' leave since he left England in January last, and it is very hard, he says, when he is close home, to be told that leave is restricted to "natives." But are we not all natives? I suspect there is some other meaning in this mysterious signal.

To Overcome Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives New Life, Appetite, Health, Strength, Energy. Cures Neuralgia, Indigestion, Nerve Debility. Pepper's Tonic. Kept everywhere.

The French fleet is to arrive at Spithead on Wednesday, August 26, for a stay of three days, and it is much to be regretted that the Queen will not be then at Osborne, in order that she might receive the officers, and pay a visit to their ships in the Royal yacht. Lord Clanwilliam and the Mayor of Portsmouth are making adequate preparations to entertain both the officers and the men, and it is probable that a banquet and a ball will be given at the Town Hall. It may be hoped that the Duke of Connaught will not go away from Portsmouth on leave until after the visit of the French fleet, and, as Commander-in-Chief of the Southern District, he ought to give a garden-party at Government House, or some other entertainment, while the officers are off Portsmouth.

I was quite prepared to hear in connection with the gun accident on board the *Cordelia*, that "no blame is attached to any body concerned," but I trust that the public will not be content with this evasive decision. It is proved that the bursting of the gun was in no way due to carelessness on the part of the gun's crew. This, therefore, shows that the weapon itself must have been defective, and, consequently, the cause of the weakness should be at once traced. It would be interesting to know whether this gun was subjected to proper tests before being mounted? And, if so, by whom these trials were conducted?

The Indian trooping season is to commence this year on September 2, when the *Euphrates* will leave Portsmouth for Bombay, and she is to be followed by the *Crocodile* on the 16th. The cost of conveyance of troops to and from India on these vessels is £9. 10s. per head, which, all things considered, is a small amount.

As there are scores of naval Captains unemployed at the present time, it is a disgraceful act of favouritism on the part of the Admiralty to have selected Captain ("Ground") Rice for full pay duties in connection with the mobilisation. It is quite certain that any officer not possessed of interest in high places would have been permanently shelved after stranding one vessel and losing another.

The *Royal Adelaide*, which was built at Devonport nearly sixty years ago, and which has never yet been outside the breakwater which protects Plymouth Sound, is about to make her first voyage, as she is under orders to proceed to Sheerness, where she is to be converted into a training ship.

Here is a case on which I should like to have some further explanation from the Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital. A man enlisted in 1857 in a line regiment, and was discharged on Feb. 4, 1885, with a perfectly good character and over twenty-seven years' service to his credit. So far as I can make out from the regulations, he

Yachting, Fishing, &c.—Morel's new list of Yacht Stores, Specialties and Novelties in Preserved Provisions, just published, on application to 186, Piccadilly, W.

would then have been entitled to the maximum pension of 3s. per diem, the details of his claim being as follows :—

	s.	d.
For service as private	1	1
„ as corporal (3 years)	0	1½
„ as sergeant (7 years)	0	7
„ as sergeant-major (6 years).	1	3
Service over 21 years	0	1½
	3	2

From this man's pension certificate, however, which I have before me, he was only awarded 2s. 10½d.—1½d. per day less than his just due. What is the meaning of this?

With reference to the astounding dilatoriness of the Appointments Board at the Post Office, I have now heard of several further appointments in the Chief Office which have recently been filled up after being vacant from five to eight months, and one after a vacancy of thirteen months. There are, besides, certain staff appointments in the Inland Department which have been vacant for nearly two years. My opinion is that all these posts should now be abolished for good. When it has been proved that a berth can be kept vacant for anything over three months (to say nothing of two years) without serious injury to the service, the inference is pretty clear that the post is more or less of a sinecure.

The office of Distributor of Law-court Stamps at Edinburgh, which has just become vacant by the death of Mr. John Oswald, is worth upwards of £600 a year. It is not in the gift of the Government, as might be supposed, but is annexed to the sinecure office of Lord Clerk Registrar, which is held by the Duke of Montrose, who, as a matter of fact, can appoint any one he may choose to select. The emoluments are derived from a commission on the value of the stamps sold, but it is proposed to pay the next distributor a fixed salary instead.

In view of the *non possumus* attitude taken up last year towards the demands of the London postmen, the concessions which Mr. Raikes announced on Friday last demand far more notice than an ordinary departmental readjustment of this kind. That the men have got all they then wanted, or all they now want, I do not suppose. But no one can question that if the 2s. a week rise, the abolition of the old grievance of "classification," and the allowance of "time-and-a-quarter" for Sunday work, had been made fifteen months back, there would never have been any question of a postmen's strike. Why did the authorities refuse even to discuss at that time the terms which they now concede spontaneously? It looks as if the only purpose had been to teach the men that they would never get anything by asking for it, but must be content to trust to the voluntary generosity of the Department. In other words, it was a question of false *amour propre*, like the refusal of the more pig-headed class of employers to recognise trade unions.

Post-office profits to the amount of £100,000 a year will have to be sacrificed in order to pay for this tardy act of justice to the employés. The present is, therefore, an opportune moment for the further consideration of the many economies which may be effected with ease and with advantage to the efficiency of the service, in the higher grades of the department. Many months ago, I showed the saving which could be brought about by the abolition of the Surveyors, root and branch. A reform equally beneficent and equally ripe is the abolition of the Controller's office—a costly superfluity, which does, not merely no good, but positive harm, and which absorbs revenue to the amount of £10,000 a year. The following observations on this subject are supplied to me by a Post-office official of over thirty years' standing :—

The Controller's Office, London, was originally intended to control, in the matter of discipline and establishment, the two large separate-circulation offices—inland and foreign—and it then consisted of a very small staff. By and by, the then Controller, anxious for more power, began to meddle with circulation matters, and soon became a middleman between the Secretary and the Circulation Offices. Then the abolition of the office of Metropolitan Surveyor gave him the control of the London districts, and the aggrandisement of the incubus began. Later on, a wise Controller arose, who foresaw that a time must come when people would wonder why the chiefs of Circulation Offices proper, and the District Postmasters, in receipt of large salaries, were not considered capable of dealing direct with the Secretary instead of being meddled with at every turn and having their work recopied in the Controller's Office by junior clerks before it was permitted to pass to the Secretary. This wise Controller therefore cast about him to grab some solid work as a means of proving his right to existence when the occasion arose. The first grab was that of the Travelling Post-offices, properly Inland Circulation work, and belonging to the Inland Branch; then came the Parcel Post, also circulation work, which likewise was eagerly snapped up and attached to the Controller's Office.

Thus, at the present day, in the old building at St. Martin's-le-Grand, there are three separate establishments, viz.,—the Inland Branch, the Foreign Branch, and the Controller's Office exercising a control over both and over the District Offices (*i.e.*, doing their work all over again), and performing the actual work of the Travelling Post-offices and the Parcel Post. What an effect such a general mixing and muddling has on public business it is easy to conceive; and when it is recollected that the vast clerical force of the Controller's Office is recruited from young, unpractical men from the Account Branches with absolutely no knowledge of Post-office circulation work, through whom important officials, like the Sub-Controllers of the Circulation Offices and the District Postmasters, have to approach the Secretary, the absurdity of the system is only too apparent.

To a man of common sense, the way out of it is to abolish the Controller's Office proper, give the Travelling Post-offices to the control of the Chief of the Inland Circulation Department, and do the same with the Parcel Post—Inland to the Inland, and Foreign to the Foreign. If not desirable to mix up parcel circulation with letters (I myself can see absolutely no reason against it except the size of the Parcel Department), let it be made a separate Branch. The middlemen abolished, there would be a saving of many, many thousands a year, and the public would certainly be the gainers.

I see that the County Council suggest that the new street connecting Holborn and the Strand that they contemplate making, should be "arcaded," like the Rue de Rivoli. To this there can be no objection. But the roof of the arcade should be of thick ground-glass, otherwise the shops will be too dark. The Regent Quadrant was formerly arcaded, but the shopkeepers there petitioned for the arcade to be removed on this ground.

Two young women, while bathing the other day at Bandoran, on the coast of Donegal—a beautiful seaside place much frequented by visitors and excursionists—were carried out to sea by the tide. A boat was soon got out from the harbour, and the bodies were so quickly found that had prompt measures been taken life would probably have been restored. Instead of taking them out of

FASHIONABLE STATIONERY.—Invitations for Weddings, Dinners, Dances, &c.; Ball Programmes, Menus, Visiting Cards, &c.—PARKINS & GOTTO, Court Stationers, Oxford-street, London. Patterns free.

SEA AIR AND THE SKIN.—For the next few weeks freely apply SULPHOLINE LOTION. While removing all spots, eruptions, and imperfections, Sulpholine protects the complexion from sun, wind, and sea, making the skin smooth, clear, and comfortable.

the water, however, the boatmen attached a rope to them, and towed them ashore, in deference to a popular superstition that it is unlucky to take a corpse into a boat. When the bodies were got to land, everything possible was done by the doctors and others—but in vain, which is not surprising, for the mere towing the bodies half a mile through the sea would be sufficient to cause death. Surely, when relief is sent out in a case of this kind it would be possible, even in Donegal, to find some one superior to such fatuous superstition.

I really see no reason why the Salvationists should be prohibited from playing brass instruments in the streets of Eastbourne. The Improvement Act was drawn up by a barrister named Chambers, a Tory of the Tories and section 169, which stipulates that no band (unless of the Naval or Military Forces) shall march in the streets of the town on Sunday, was evidently aimed by him against any possible invasion of the Salvationists. The Mayor and the Magistrates who administer this Improvement Act are Tories or Unionists. And what is the result? The Salvationists are fined £5 or sent to prison for a month for playing their instruments; the roughs who attack them are bound over to keep the peace, and have to pay a few shillings fine. Probably, the majority of the poorer people in Eastbourne like listening to a band on Sunday, whether Salvationist or otherwise. But Tory justice there, as elsewhere, considers that the human race begins and ends with the well-to-do.

The Malton Rural Sanitary Authority has been considering the state of certain cottage property belonging to Sir Tatton Sykes, and Dr. Colby, the medical officer, having inspected the cottages in question, formally reported that they are unfit for human habitation. At the last meeting of the Authority, a Mr. Southall, who is Sir Tatton's agent, presented himself, and demanded an apology for the medical officer's opinion; but Dr. Colby defended his report, and the Authority decided not to make any apology whatever, Mr. Southall being, at the same time, reminded of an undertaking which had been given with regard to this property.

FROM ADMIRAL LORD NELSON, TRAFALGAR-SQUARE, TO THE RIGHT HON. D. PLUNKET, H.M.'S OFFICE OF WORKS.

Mr. Plunket, Mr. Plunket, you must something please to do
To these fountains which play daily at my feet;
It is not that they are squirty,
But they're positively dirty,
And the odour that comes up is—well, not sweet.

And I think you will allow me that the penance I endure
Presses all the more unfairly, sir, on me,
Since my life was one of motion
On the fresh translucent ocean,
And my home was on the blue and boundless sea.

So I prithee let clean water feed the jets without delay,
Or, if it's too expensive to use clean,
Then, at least, till colder weather
Cut this stream off altogether,
Which is soapy and malodorously green.

BOURNEMOUTH.—ROYAL BATH HOTEL. The only hotel on the East Cliff. Grounds of Five Acres. 1,000 feet sea-frontage. South aspect. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited

The races at Worcester last week were followed by one of those queer betting prosecutions which are apparently instituted for the express purpose of bringing the administration of justice into ridicule and contempt. Hundreds of bookmakers were shouting the odds and making bets, and all this was, as usual, freely allowed by the police. But half a dozen men, instead of shouting so much, showed the odds on slates, and they were promptly pounced upon by the police, charged with "exhibiting betting lists," and fined £3 and costs each! As long as betting is allowed at all, it is simply preposterous to draw a distinction in this way between the bookmaker who cries his terms and his rival who exhibits a list on a slate. And why do the police always select for prosecution men who are outside the paddock and other enclosures? Why not make a raid on some of the "aristocrats" of the profession, who are openly offending against the law in just the same way as their smaller brethren?

At Lincoln Assizes, Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams warmly denounced the illegal and discreditable practice which so largely prevails among police-constables, of hearing statements from prisoners without previously warning them that anything they may say will subsequently be used in evidence against them It is high time for a general order on this important point to be issued by the Home Secretary to the Chief Constables.

The Liverpool Recorder made some remarks last week on the theory and practice of punishment which should be taken to heart by the administrators of justice throughout the country—and particularly by the great unpaid. "Every magistrate of higher or lower grade," said Mr. Hopwood, "ought to study how he may keep a man out of prison, though the effort will cost him more trouble than to send him straight thither. Every one sent unnecessarily, or for an unnecessary time, is a disgrace to the sender, a lasting injury to the man, and a permanent injury to the nation." These are wise words. But I am afraid Mr. Hopwood's admirable remarks will make about as much impression upon the average Bench of J.P.'s as upon a bench of wood.

Last week, at the Surrey Assizes, a man pleaded guilty to a charge of bigamy, but nobody appeared to prosecute, nor were any witnesses in attendance, so Justice Matthew sentenced him to one day's imprisonment, which, as he truly observed, was, for all he knew, as much as the prisoner deserved. The slip-slop manner in which the administration of justice is conducted in this important county excited the indignation of the Judge, who animadverted in strong language upon the scandalous manner in which he found cases "flung at" the court. Between important witnesses, who were not forthcoming, and unreadable depositions, the prisoners in Surrey have a good time.

I can confidently recommend Accrington as a place of residence for husbands who are in the habit of beating their wives. In that town they can indulge in the pastime on ridiculously easy terms. For instance, last week Mr. John Melvin, of Crawshaw-street, was convicted of assaulting his wife. The evidence showed that

he went home after midnight, struck his wife on the head with his fist, knocking her to the other side of the room, and then "kicked her shamefully." During their seven years of married life "he had always ill-treated her." And now for the punishment. The man was ordered to pay the costs and was bound over to keep the peace.

There have been several references in the West Country papers lately to the case of one Margaret Collard, who was prosecuted a few weeks ago at Stonehouse, and it will be a matter for most serious regret if the subject is allowed to drop. Mrs. Collard, a woman of good character, over sixty years of age, was charged by the police with being incapably drunk in the street. It was proved by several credible witnesses for the defence that the woman was perfectly sober a few minutes before she was found lying in the street, and that she was subject to fits. It was also shown by medical evidence that she had somehow received most serious injuries, her elbow and knee-cap being fractured, and her leg rendered permanently useless. The police, however, swore one after another that the woman smelt strongly of drink, and that she made admissions that she had had two or three kinds of liquor; and the Bench—of whom the Chairman had given a conspicuous proof of incapacity by informing the defending solicitor, almost before he had begun to open his case, that he was wasting his breath and the court's time—found the charge proved, though they dismissed the case without punishment as one of first offence.

Now, immediately after Mrs. Collard's discharge from the police-station she was seen by two doctors who deposed that her injuries could not have been received by merely falling down in the street, and that she presented no signs of having been drinking. They also discredited the whole police evidence by showing that the account given of her condition when discharged involved two physical impossibilities. It has since been proved by medical evidence that the woman had had a paralytic stroke, recurrence of which, or of occasional fits of unconsciousness, was likely. It is certain that she must somewhere have been treated with extraordinary violence. It is also certain that she was kept locked up all night in spite of repeated applications by her husband to bail her out, and that her husband's request for a doctor to be allowed to see her was refused. The whole of these facts have been brought to the notice of the Home Secretary, and he has merely replied that he has nothing to do with the county police, and that complaint should be made to the Joint Committee of the county. That is not the spirit in which an official with a salary of £5,000 ought to discharge his duties. Mr. Matthews had before him a strong *primâ-facie* case of grave misconduct by the police, and the least he ought to have done was to have communicated with the police authorities. I trust that those who have taken the matter up will persevere until the case has been sifted to the bottom.

I am sorry to learn that in spite of the warnings I am continually giving my readers, the man Stockham still finds dupes for his bogus house-agency trick. It does not appear to be sufficiently understood by this rascal's victims that a court of law has adjudicated upon one of his precious contracts, and pronounced that Stockham cannot make any claim upon it for merely "offering" houses. A lady who has been foolish enough to pay him a guinea in response to an impudent threat to "issue legal proceedings without further notice," sends me particulars of her case as a warning to others. I think, however, that a much more practical lesson is conveyed by the following letter, which a gentleman has addressed to Stockham since my last reference to the matter:—

Heytesbury, Wimbledon Park, July 18, 1891.

Sir,—Upon receiving your letter last night, I was on the point of replying that I am not in the habit of paying for work until the work has been done, when my son came in. By a very singular coincidence he happened to be reading Truth of the 9th inst., and showed me the paragraph about your agency, which I enclose. He proposes to call upon you on Tuesday next, to settle my account with you, but not as "per contract." My son is a sailor, with biceps of iron, and happens to be exceptionally handy with his fists. Pray, therefore, say nothing that could possibly irritate him,—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Mr. J. Stockham. (Signed) Francis G. Faithfull.

I am waiting with some curiosity to hear the result of this interview.

The "Pastel Portrait Free" trick which was recently run from a number of South Coast watering-places, including Bournemouth, Worthing, and Folkestone, has sprung up again with a few variations at Margate. A firm calling themselves "Austin & Eddy," of that town, being desirous of introducing their "Matchless Fusain Portraits," offer to make a life-size picture (usual price five guineas) free of charge to any one who will forward a photograph. A number of these circulars have been sent on to me, and they bear a curious resemblance to those of "Frederic Carr & Co." and the other originators of the Pastel Portrait dodge. In this instance, however, the circular plainly states that all persons availing themselves of this offer will be expected to have their portraits suitably framed by Austin & Eddy. With the mechanism of the trap so plainly exposed to view, I really think that people who are so foolish as to walk into it deserve very little commiseration.

A Scotch reader sends me a report of an incident at the meeting of the Gamrie Parochial Board, as a specimen of the manners of public bodies. I find that a Mr. Robert Gibson formally called on a Rev. William Hunter to explain or withdraw certain disparaging observations which the Rev. William had made about him at the preceding meeting. The Rev. William answered that he should neither explain nor withdraw, and upon disapproval being manifested, he reiterated that answer. Thereupon, as discussion seemed likely to become protracted, Provost George, in the chair, laid down that as Mr. Gibson had spoken, and Mr. Hunter had replied, that was the end of the matter. What the one had said and the other had replied does not seem to have been considered material. The Provost is evidently of opinion that it is idle to attempt to extract an explanation or an apology from a parson, and I have no doubt he is right.

From the following letter, it will be seen that the man Ernest Day has broken out in a new direction, having, I suppose, exhausted that limited section of the public which can be expected to purchase engraved coats-of-arms of ancestors deceased a century or two back. The

Mr. Davis to whom this communication was addressed does not believe that the officer whose commission is offered him was any relation of his family, nor probably does Day. The whole thing bears every appearance of being a trick precisely similar to the last, and I should hope that enough is now known about that to prevent the new version having any success:—

439, Old Kent-road, S.E., July 7, 1891.

SIR,—A short time ago I purchased some old and very valuable documents, and, upon close perusal, one of them turns out to be a Royal Commission, appointing our trusty and well-beloved John Henry Davis, gent., to be a Cornet and Sub-Lieutenant in the 1st Regiment of Life Guards, signed by King George III., with the Royal seal affixed, and stamped at Somerset House, and countersigned by the Prime Minister, Lord Hawkesbury, and entered with the Secretary at War, Robt. Lukin, and Given at Our Court at St. James's, dated the 15th November, 1804.

I have been offered 21s. for this Royal Commission by a dealer in autographs, but refrained from accepting until I have written you on the subject, thinking the Royal Commission would be more highly treasured in the hands of a surviving relative of this noble and gallant officer than in the hands of a mere autograph-dealer. Upon hearing from you, I should be pleased to send the Royal Commission on for your inspection, with a view to purchase.

An early answer will greatly oblige, as I shall refrain from disposing until I have received your reply.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant, ERNEST DAY.

A gentleman with a son at Eton sends me the following. I suppose that the law does not allow interference with this circularising, but it is most improper:—

I take the liberty of writing you direct in reference to a matter that occurred to my boy at Eton. A firm of gunmakers of the name of Lewis, Loveday-street, Birmingham, manage to send circulars to the boys and induce them to buy revolvers. My boy bought one, but fortunately his tutor found it out and confiscated it; but another boy who bought one took it home, and a cousin of his, who is in the Navy, was shooting with it when it burst all to pieces, and the bullet lodged in his hand and prevented him proceeding to sea. I think, Sir, this proceeding on the part of a tradesman is nothing less than scandalous, and I hope that you will think well to give publicity to it.

Mr. Frederick Edwards, now of Shirley, Southampton, sends me a lengthy correspondence which he has had with Mr. W. H. Smith on the subject of his application for a Civil List Pension, and which he trusts that, "on important public grounds," I will publish "verbatim" in TRUTH. I do not appreciate the "important public grounds" referred to, and I see very good reasons for not troubling my readers with this correspondence. Mr. Edwards may be a very deserving person, but if his deserts are to be recognised by a pension from the State, I cannot see where the line is to be drawn. It appears that this gentleman has invented sundry patent stoves, and warming and ventilating contrivances, and has published sixteen books on these and kindred subjects. The fact that his grandfather was an exiled French nobleman, who turned his attention in the same direction, though much insisted upon, does not appear to me to have any bearing on his claims.

Now, Mr. Edwards and his father before him were in business in London. Their business went down-hill, and came to grief. Mr. Edwards thinks that this was their misfortune, and not their fault. He may be right. But this much is certain—that his inventions and his books have been put to the test of commercial success, and with the results stated above. Much stress is laid upon Mr. Edwards' patent grate, which is still being made by a well-known firm, to whom it has been sold. But if this patent is a valuable asset, which has been realised, I do not see how the patentee can found upon it a further claim to public recognition; nor, looking at the case all round, do I see how it could be distinguished from that of hundreds of other manufacturers of useful articles who have failed in business. By way of further weakening his case, however, Mr. Edwards writes to Mr. Smith in the most insulting and abusive strain, attributing his failure to obtain a pension to political animosity—and this notwithstanding that Mr. Smith's firm had previously sent £5 to a "Frederick Edwards' Relief and Testimonial Fund." The only reason that I refer to this case at all is with a view of showing what an utterly preposterous attitude is occasionally taken up by claimants to public charity.

It is a surprise to me that there is not more outcry against the heavy price charged for Blue-Books and other such Parliamentary literature. The cost is about 80 per cent. above the paper, ink, and machining charges. This is because the "setting up" charge is spread over the few copies sold. But the facts contained in many Blue-Books have been collected at a heavy outlay, and might very usefully be read. If the books were sold at a reasonable price many copies would be bought by those interested in the matter treated, and the country would not lose anything by substituting large sales and small profits for the present system of small sales and no profits.

"A Conservative, who feels very much ashamed at the vulgarity of some of his party," sends me a programme of the "Annual Outing of the Bournemouth Clubs," held last week. I sympathise very sincerely with this Conservative. The programme is apparently intended as a *jeu d'esprit*. I select a few samples of its humour, in order to show how far the Conservatives can still claim to be considered "the Stupid Party":—

6 a.m. Cocks crow. Chorus of awakened Vice-Presidents (unfit for publication). Gathering of the Clans to serenade the Stewards. Songs, "*Ale* Smiling Morn," "Pour Out the Rhine Wine," "I likes my Drop o' Good Beer, I does," in a "Little Brown Jug I calls my own."

When the party arrive at Wimborne the programme offers them "attractions" in the shape of a "Skittle Tournament," and the following:—

Tug of War, Married *v.* Single. Prize—Good sound Horse (chestnut) and trap. Old Women's Race (over 80). First Prize—Half-a-pound of Tea (second-hand). Second Prize—Three pen'oth Short. No hob-nailed slippers allowed.

A little further on occurs the following masterpiece of wit:—

Having taken up a Native Guide he amuses the company with a song (his own composing):—

The sharz-a-bang be on the go,
It wur a purty zight,
They'm gwine along zoo zure and zlow,
It made I veel quite tite.

(Rustic reclining gracefully on hurdle—"How d's know.")

The author of this egregious compilation appears to be under the delusion (among others) that the word "acquatic" would be a desirable addition to the English language, for he manages to use it twice. I understand better now how it was that the Conservative leaders came to see that Free Education was a political necessity.

Mr. Charles Greville wrote in March, 1834: "Denman's peerage is much abused. He has no fortune, and a feeble son to succeed him." Who would have believed that, after the lapse of more than fifty-seven years, this "feeble son" would still be alive, and so active as to require to be "closured" in the House of Lords with revolutionary promptitude and thoroughness? Lord Salisbury might well describe the foolish and absurd motion of Lord

Denman's as "unseemly," and Lord Kimberley at once concurred, with the utmost alacrity, in the drastic proposal, "That Lord Denman be no further heard during the present sitting of the House." As the two leaders had found it necessary at last to silence Lord Denman, they might just as well have proceeded a step further, and muzzled him during the remainder of the session.

From the Floor of the House of Lords.

[At the recent debate and division on the Workshops and Factories Bill in the Lords, the Bishops were conspicuous by their absence.—*Daily Paper.*]

Of course they were absent! Our Bishops be sure,
Despite their so-called Christianity,
Though well to the front
In a heresy hunt,
Care little for suff'ring humanity.
They will muster in force to a dogma defend,
Or to combat small matters of ritual,
But when efforts are made
Toiling masses to aid,
Their absence, alas! is habitual.

They will argue for days how to kneel at their prayers
Ignoring, meantime, crying scandals;
They for weeks will debate
About chalice and plate,
And incense and vestments and candles;
But when they are called on to rescue the poor
From the tyrants who cruelly grind them,
Or to give to the weak
The assistance they seek,
In their seats you are sure *not* to find them.

If Mr. Smith retires to the Lords, I should say that there can be no question as to his successor. Mr. Goschen is an able financier, and nothing more. He is not likely to create personal enthusiasm. I should be delighted were he selected as the Unionist Leader, because this would prove a disadvantage to the Party. But the Tories, I take it, will hardly be actuated in the choice of a Leader by this aspiration, and, therefore, Mr. Balfour will become their Leader. In the meantime, there is a gentleman who hails from Birmingham, who is lost in astonishment at the Unionists thinking either of Mr. Balfour or of Mr. Goschen, when there is a man only waiting for a "call," whom Providence has endowed with all those qualities which go to make a heaven-born leader of men.

It is weary, weary work keeping watch and guard over the Tories. They are never quite in their element when they are not engaged in a job for the benefit of some of their friends. There is a Chartered Company in East Africa, and this Company wants to make money. The Tories, therefore, calmly inserted in a Supplementary Estimate a sum of £20,000, which the British taxpayer was to pay in order to make a "preliminary survey" of the country between Mombassa and Lake Victoria Nyanza, with a view to learn whether a railroad between these two places could be made. The plea was the extinction of the slave trade, for whenever some outrageous job is to be perpetrated in Africa, it is urged that it is to extinguish the slave trade. A great portion of this country is actually outside the British Protectorate, but it was explained that the Chartered Company had made "treaties" with the savages inhabiting this portion of it. To Sir William Harcourt is due the credit of having averted this job, for he pointed out that there had been a pledge that no new contentious matter should be introduced this Session, and Mr. Goschen was obliged to give up this impudent attempt to evade the pledge. In doing so, he declared that the Government did not give up the "policy" of constructing this railroad. They are welcome to hold to the policy, provided that the House of Commons holds to the cash, without which the policy can only be a "pious opinion." Protected Africa costs us enough in all conscience. But if we take to making railroads in African savagedom for the benefit of those most noxious of private financial syndicates, called Chartered Companies, it is not easy to see where our expenditure is to end.

SCRUTATOR.

MORE MUTINY IN THE GUARDS.

THE Grenadiers are on their way back from Bermuda, and, if half that I hear is true, they are coming in the nick of time, for another battalion of Guards is making a bid for the vacant place. The matter has only come to my notice as Truth is on the point of going to press; and, owing to the removal of the battalion in question to Pirbright on Monday, I have been unable to investigate the occurence as fully as I hope to have done by this time next week. The information which I have, however, I have from a source which I consider perfectly trustworthy; and the matter is of so much public importance that I do not feel justified in keeping it back for another week.

The mutineers this time are the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards. As to the origin of discontent among the men, I will say a word presently. The first manifestation of a feeling which had evidently been smouldering for several days, took place, I understand, on Monday of last week. The men seem to have expected that after their severe work the previous week, they would have an off-day. They were, however, ordered out again in full marching order at 8.40. This order two companies, Nos. 1 and 3, refused, for a time, to obey. Certain officers or N.C.O.'s seem to have reasoned with them, and, after some delay they were induced to turn out; but in the Park, whither the battalion was marched for the usual morning drill, the bearing of the men was so insubordinate that they were marched back to barracks, and taken by sections to the barrack-rooms, and there dismissed, instead of on parade, as is the usual course. Punishment was then meted out in the shape of three days' confinement to barracks for the men concerned in the morning's demonstration, while, in accordance with the precedent set last year, ten senior men were singled out and put under arrest. On this being made known, some ninety men barricaded themselves into one of the rooms, and declined to come out. The sergeant-major having been refused admittance, a panel was broken out of the door, and the sergeant-major put in his head. A bench was thrown at him in the first instance, but he addressed the men in a conciliatory tone, and, by promising to do everything he could for them, persuaded them to admit him and state their grievances to him.

They then formally demanded the release of the ten imprisoned men. The sergeant-major promised to do everything he could to obtain the release of the prisoners, warned the men that they would do no good to the prisoners or to anybody else by staying away from parade, and ultimately persuaded the whole party to turn out. Later in the day the General appeared on the scene and addressed the men. He told them what seems to have been the truth, that their conduct had been worse than that of the Grenadiers, but he wound up by informing them that in consideration of the good record of the regiment he should overlook the occurrence and administer no punishment beyond allowing no men out of barracks that night. By this judicious process of stroking the mutineers down order seems to have been restored, and the storm passed over. Judging, however, by some very significant remarks on the subject of discipline which he addressed to the Guards, officers as well as men, at the inspection after the field day last week, I infer that the facts have come to the knowledge of the Commander-in-Chief.

In one or two particulars the foregoing narrative obviously requires supplementing, which, I have no doubt, I shall be able to do in my next issue. In the meantime, however, it is clear that for the second time in about twelve months there has been a formidable outbreak of insubordination in one of the regiments which we look upon as the very flower of the Army, and, to all appearance, a demonstration on a much more formidable scale than that which brought the Grenadiers into disgrace has only been averted by the adoption of a most conciliatory tone. Nor is the reason very far to seek. For several weeks past the men have been irritated by incessant and needless drills in Hyde Park, in full marching order, and the additional duty thrown upon them during the German Emperor's visit to London brought the discontent to a head. I understand that on the Friday preceding the Wimbledon Review, the battalion had to furnish three guards of honour, each involving about three hours' wearying work. The last one kept the men out of bed till after midnight. At 5.45 the following morning, however, they had to turn out again. The usual morning's routine was gone through. The battalion was then marched to Wimbledon and back, taking its part in the proceedings there, and by the time of their return it will surprise no one to hear that many of the men were in the last stage of exhaustion. The obnoxious drill coming on the top of this on Monday morning served as the last straw.

There is obviously matter enough here for very serious inquiry. In the interests of the Guards, of the whole Army, and of the tax-paying public, it ought to be made known precisely what did happen last week, what preceded and led up to the outbreak, and who is responsible. The lessons which the Grenadier *émeute* of last year should have taught have evidently not been learned, and it is necessary to see now that they are inculcated a little more effectually. It is becoming a question whether any regiments should be treated better than others in respect to the towns which they occupy as garrisons. The Guards are recruited like any other Regiments, and there seems no reason why they should be exceptionally favoured. Each Regiment should have its turn in London, and the Guards should have their turn elsewhere. The tendency of all favoured Regiments is to become Pretorians, particularly if they are usually quartered in a Metropolis. Officers and soldiers in the Guards ought to share the ennui of distant quarters with the officers and soldiers of other Regiments.

THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.

I referred last week to the case of a man calling himself Charles Stuart, with several aliases, then under remand on a charge of "unlawfully pretending to tell fortunes by means of handwriting and other means." Since the publication of my remarks, this man has been convicted by Sir John Bridge, and sentenced to three months' hard labour. The offence seems to have been of the ordinary character. "Stuart" advertised to tell people their prospects in regard to "marriage," "success," &c., on receipt of a specimen of handwriting, statement of age, six stamps, and an envelope for reply. While he was under remand 212 letters were received at his address, 205 of them being from women. The amount enclosed in the letters was £6. 3s. 2d. The defendant's advocate did not dispute that his client had rendered himself amenable to the law, but appealed to the Magistrate to deal with him mercifully. Sir John Bridge, however, thought that it was necessary to protect "weak, foolish, and silly people." On this ground he imposed the heavy sentence above mentioned.

Now, this case clenches, and gives greatly additional force to, the remarks which I made on this subject a fortnight ago. On that occasion I described in detail the performances of Miss Nina Kennedy, who is telling fortunes at half-a-guinea a head in Bond-street, and I asked why this young lady, and others in the aristocratic branch of the same profession, were allowed to pursue their vocation undisturbed, while an "astrologist" who did the same thing in Pimlico was fined £5, and a batch of old women in the same line of business in Manchester were sentenced to short terms of imprisonment. Evident as was the injustice in these cases, it becomes ten times more conspicuous when Magistrates take to imposing sentences of three months' hard labour for an offence of precisely the same character, and distinguished only by the extreme smallness of the amount which the "fortune-teller" extracted from his dupes. I take the liberty, then, of again drawing the attention the public to this scandalous anomaly in the administration of the law, and in accordance with my usual practice hall continue to do so until I find that my efforts have brought about some practical result.

With regard to Miss Nina Kennedy, additional information of much interest has come into my possession during the last fortnight. I assumed, when last dealing with the subject, that a young and unknown lady does not start in business in this imposing style without substantial capital behind her. I have now ascertained definitely that she is not alone in the business. She has three partners, who have apparently taken an active share in promoting and developing the

House Drainage.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

Inspirationalist business. Miss Kennedy, in fact, like so many others of the large class that has "brains but no money," is run by a syndicate. It is also certain that the syndicate is making an uncommonly good thing out of it. My original estimate of the value of the business I find to have been well within the mark. In one week the takings have considerably exceeded £100, but this includes the Sibyl's private engagements, for which also the syndicate contracts. I take it, then, that for whatever breach of the law may have been committed the whole firm are equally liable. All are equally engaged in the business, directing the operations and sharing the profits, and if the police find themselves unable to obtain the information in any other way, I shall be happy to furnish them with the names of all the partners in this thriving concern. That there is any distinction in the law as applicable to this case, and to the small-fry who are every day prosecuted with so much success, I cannot believe. If, as Sir John Bridge says, it is necessary to protect "weak, foolish, and silly people" against people who offer to read their fate in their handwriting for sixpence, it must be at least twenty-one times as necessary to protect them against those who profess to do the same thing by "inspiration" for twenty-one times that amount. Until, therefore, I see that some practical effort has been made to enforce the law against the big offenders, and to obtain at any rate the judgment of a superior court upon the state of the law upon this question, I shall consider that the whole responsibility for the present unjust and anomalous state of things rests with the police, and with the police only. I would again point out also that this scandal is one which at once throws suspicion upon the integrity of the police. What is the only difference between the case of Miss Kennedy (I mention her merely as the most conspicuous of a large class) and the man Stuart who is now doing his three months, or the Pimlico astrologer who was convicted a fortnight earlier? Money. What confers immunity upon the one and not upon the others? Money. Presumably, if Stuart had found a syndicate of capitalists to set him up in Bond-street, or Grosvenor-square, or Prince's Gate, in order to prey on the class who can afford £5 for a prophecy instead of 6d., he would now be a popular member of society, in request at all smart parties. How comes it that money is able to make this remarkable difference in the attitude of the police? That is the question at the bottom of this matter, and I do not intend to drop the question until I see the answer.

By way of postscript to the above I may add that since my first reference to this matter I have been favoured with visits from various professors of palmistry, anxious to convert me to the belief that they practise a genuine science or art, infinitely superior to astrology, or inspirationalism, or anything which the law can lay its hand upon. I am always anxious to learn, and I am now giving my mind—and my hands—to palmistry. I promise in a week or two to let the palmists know whether they ought to be locked up or not. But it is a very abstruse subject, and I have not yet acquired enough palmistry to dispose of the subject "off-hand."

FOR AND AGAINST THE MISSIONARY.

As I mentioned two or three weeks since, I have been obliged to hold over for a time a number of contributions from correspondents in all parts of the world to the recent discussion in these columns on the value of missionary organisation. I cannot honestly say that many of these letters throw much new light on the subject. It is evident, however, that the question attracts very wide interest, and I feel a sort of duty to those who have taken so much trouble to express their views to let them have a further hearing. But it is, of course, impossible for me to give more than samples. Few, unfortunately, of my correspondents have imitated the brevity of the following gentleman, who writes from Bedford:—

> Having been for twenty years amongst the Chinese, and having during that period personally known the heads of the various Catholic Missions and Convents, and also many of the English and American Missionaries in China, Japan, and the Straits, I am able to vouch in the main for the truth of the statements of your correspondents whose statements on this subject you recently noticed.

An Anglo-Indian officer sent me the following:—

> Would you permit me to corroborate every word of the remarks which "The Wife of an English General" has written to you respecting the Christianising of the natives of India? I have passed thirty and three years of my life in Upper India, and have during the whole of that time *seen* what your lady correspondent states, viz., that as a rule (and with rare exceptions) the Missionary converts are from the lowest castes, and far more frequently than not from the lower classes of these castes. Speaking broadly for Upper India, the converts from among caste Hindoos and from the Mahomedans are very few indeed, and to my personal knowledge, out of these comparative few, a considerable number are paid or employed by the Missions.
>
> Twenty years after my first arrival in Calcutta, the Anglican Bishops of India addressed the following remarks to their clergy. The date was 1874:—"There is nothing that can warrant the opinion that the heart of the people has been largely touched, or that the conscience of the people has been affected seriously. There is no advance in the direction of faith in Christ, like that which Pliny describes or Tertullian proclaims as characteristic of former eras. In fact, looking at the work of missions on the broadest scale, we must confess that the condition is one of stagnation rather than advance. There seems to be a want in them of the power to edify, and a consequent paralysis of the power to convert. The converts too often make such poor progress in the Christian life that they fail to act as leaven in the lump of their countrymen. . . . ."

My correspondent is of opinion that the state of things thus described has changed very little during the last seventeen years, and in support of this he cites the following story, told by Sir Lepel Griffin in a recent number of the *Asiatic Quarterly*:—

> I invited the head of one of the Calcutta Missions, and also missionaries stationed at Indore, to establish a station in the Bhil country, and try their hand on these simple people. But this fruitful field, where the untutored savage could offer no inconvenient objections to the extravagances of Pauline doctrine, was not suited to missionaries, who preferred to live in comfortable houses in English stations, to the hardships of an ascetic life in a lonely wilderness, and my invitation was not welcomed with any enthusiasm.

Here, however, is a writer who takes a different view of the question:—

> Pray do not suppose that your attacks upon Missionaries will do any harm to foreign missions. Everybody knows that when you attack a religious organisation, whether it is the Church of England, or a Missionary Society, or any other, it is only because you hate religion, and see that the people you attack are doing good work. Why there is more good, more religion, and more *truth* in the humblest missionary in Asia and Africa than in all the Radicals and Atheists in Parliament, from Gladstone downwards. Of course, you dare not publish this letter. There's too much *truth* in it for your scurrilous paper.

MINTON'S (Limited).—MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection, in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

CARPETS—FRENCH CLEANING, DYEING, &c.—For particulars apply to Manager, Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-street, Belgrave, S.W.

As a set-off to this crushing onslaught here is a letter from one who appreciates that missions are more likely to gain than to lose by intelligent criticism. The writer is Mr. J. Sadler of the London Missionary Society :—

In your strictures on missions and missionaries, many points are calculated to do good. It is good to be Radical on principles, policy, and practice of all kinds. It is good that the conversion of the heathen is recognised to be important. It is very good to insist that there should be more independent and voluntary zeal. But just as these points are good, others not so good will do harm, when backed up by your influence.

The writer then asks me a number of questions. The first relates to the expense of the Roman Catholic Missions, on which I do not profess to have any information, and the necessity of outlay on books and other matters, which is far from meeting my point that the test of success in a mission church is its capability of becoming self-supporting. With reference to the question of missionaries' families, I am asked whether I advocate the Roman doctrine of celibacy. By no means. But I think (1) that, *cæteris paribus*, the unmarried missionary is likely to show better results than the married; (2) that if a woman becomes a missionary's wife she ought to be possessed by the missionary spirit, and take the life as she finds it; (3) that if the missionary must marry, he had best marry one of his own native flock. On the question of furlough the same writer asks whether furloughs have not been found advantageous in all services? I daresay that they have, but I object to the supposed analogy between the missionary and the civil or military services. Finally, I am told, "If you would advocate that all Christian workers abroad should have no fixed incomes, you would find missionaries who would agree. But who will rearrange matters? And why it is not done at home?" The second question is entirely beside the mark, and the first hardly sounds serious. If there are any considerable number of missionaries of my way of thinking, the thing will soon settle itself.

One more extract and I have done. I published some weeks back the Rev. Richard Glover's defence of the Nonconformists' Missions to China. Here is a word on behalf of the Church of England missions :—

I have no doubt of the honesty of your correspondent, but he has certainly given a most misleading account of the non-Roman Catholic Missionary work in China. What is said as to the contrast between Roman and Protestant Missions is probably only too true in many cases, and for the combined wisdom and self-denial of the Roman Catholic Missionaries it would be difficult to say too much. . . . . But in another part of his criticism he speaks of not having met with one single exception, which he shows was not worth claiming—a single Protestant convert. If by Protestant he here means Dissenter, I have nothing to say, for I am not informed on the subject; but if he means non-Roman Catholic, then he has done great injustice to the Church of England. I need only adduce one piece of evidence . . . In the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* for May, 1891, I find, on the authority of Bishop G. E. Moule, Mid-China, that in the Chi-Kiang Province there are six Chinese priests and one deacon, and then follow reports from four of these priests translated by Bishop Moule. This in one province is surely promising fruit. . . . . For fear of misleading in my turn, I would point out that this is but a portion of the work of the English Church. The number of native clergy far exceeds this, but I write far from books of reference.

An astonishing result, truly! After long years and labour in a country numbering hundreds of millions of people, and after the expenditure of untold thousands of pounds, the Church of England has created a native Chinese church, the number of whose ministers at present "far exceeds"—six! If I had searched the wide world for evidence in support of the views expounded in my last reference to this subject, could I have found a single fact more striking and suggestive?

After giving every consideration to all the above facts and arguments, and to many folios more in the same style, I regret to say that I do not see the slightest reason to withdraw or qualify the advice I gave my readers on June 25 against subscribing to Foreign Missions in their present form. I understand, as I have said before, that it may be necessary and desirable to subsidise your evangelist to the extent of taking him out to the heathen and keeping him alive until he can get a congregation together which will support its own parson. If the evangelist, as he should do, leaves his proselytes at that point, and moves on elsewhere to make fresh converts, he may, subject to the same qualification, have an intelligible claim for further assistance. But when the seed has once taken root, when the nucleus of a Christian church has been founded in any one place, why it should be necessary for an organisation in London to endow that church, to provide the stipend for its parson, the building fund for its place of worship, and even, as my correspondent, Mr. Sadler, puts it, the money for devotional books and the salaries of native functionaries, I no more understand than I understand why it is necessary for an office in London to perform the same services for congregations in Wales, or Scotland, or the United States. What is this Christianity which is dependent for its vitality, and apparently its very existence, not upon any spiritual sustenance, but upon liberal supplies of English gold? I confess that I have no faith in it, and I am not surprised when I receive from all sides statements to its discredit, and tributes to the superior virtue of those mission churches which are unendowed and unsubsidised. Christianity was not founded or spread over Europe by the power of money, and I see no reason, either in *a priori* reasoning or accomplished fact, to expect that it will be otherwise in Asia or Africa.

AUSTIN AGAIN.

I beg to call the attention of the City Police to the following circular, sent to me by the gentleman to whom it was addressed—an excellent example, by the way, to all others whom this man numbers among his "truest and best" friends :—

(Private.)
London Cottage Mission, 44, Finsbury-pavement.
London, E.C., July 13, 1891.

The troubles I have gone through have nearly laid me in my grave, and the debts of the Homes and Mission have taken from me all the little property I had saved up during the past twenty-five years, and now you will be grieved to hear I am ruined and prospectless. I have still the Salmon's-lane Hall and the Halls Green Country Home at Sevenoaks, but have closed the former for want of funds, and the latter it does seem a pity to keep closed this warm weather, when there are so many poor children requiring a change, and the furniture is all there complete. Miss Napton is ready to open it *at once*, if she has the money for the children's food, &c. I am compelled to pay the rents, &c. of both places, as they are on lease, and I have nothing to pay them with, but if a few friends (and I consider *you one of my truest and best*) were to give a start, these two places could be kept going. As regards myself, I am trying to get a little business in the City, and, as you know, that requires money, and mine the Mission creditors have taken, which is very hard, and I am led to open my heart to you, and something seems to tell me you will help me in this most trying position. God only knows of my cruel sufferings. Will you spare your usual kind gift of £1? I can write no more, but should be so grateful to have a few kind words from you, for I truly need a *friend*, and am thoroughly heart broken. May God richly bless you for your past kindness. Anxiously awaiting your kind reply, I am, yours sincerely,

Walter Austin.

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London, 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster

As I trust everybody interested in charitable work is by this time aware, the man who issues this impudent appeal—an appeal, be it observed, for "a kind gift of £1" to himself as a solatium for his "cruel suffering"—is one of the most pernicious rascals and swindlers at present at large in London. I have evidence in my possession sufficient to procure him a substantial term of penal servitude, if those whose duty it is to move would undertake his prosecution. Eight months ago, when the full extent of his knavery was demonstrated in TRUTH, he managed, after shuffling and lying for several weeks, and making all his preparations for bolting, to issue a writ against me for libel. The object of course was to protect himself, by this show of a defence, against the danger of a criminal prosecution, and to gain time for more appeals to those whom he already fooled and cheated. The action thus commenced, remains to-day at precisely the same point which it reached the day the writ was issued, and the only reason that it has not been dismissed is that I have not thought it worth while to waste any more money on the rascal. The action is practically dead, and cannot be revived without special permission.

I mention this for the information of the police, and in order to anticipate any technical objection to interference with Austin on the ground that civil proceedings are pending. Strong as was the case against this man last autumn, it is immeasurably stronger now. In the meantime such active philanthropic work as he then kept up for the purpose of imposing upon the benevolent has entirely collapsed. The "Havens" have been sold up. The Salmon's-lane Mission has been removed to other premises, and is there being carried on by the same people who were responsible for it when it bore Austin's name. The Hall's Green Home is not open as a home. The office in Finsbury-pavement is shut up, though Austin appears, from the above circular, to have the means of obtaining any letters that may be addressed there. Lastly, Austin himself has been for months in hiding and evading service of the writs that have been out against him. If a man in this position is to be left free to circulate appeals for "kind gifts" in hard cash, there can be no reason for interfering with any of the impostors who prey upon the public by means of begging letters and fraudulent appeals to benevolence in any shape.

One other matter. On June 25 I published a circular from Miss Napton, of 304, Burdett-road, appealing for funds to re-open the Hall's Green Home. I pointed out then that Miss Napton's past relations with Austin disentitled her to any confidence, and that it was not explained how she came into possession of the premises which had formerly been held by Austin. It will now be seen from the above circular, that Austin makes a sort of indirect appeal on behalf of Miss Napton, and states that he is still the lessee of Hall's Green Farm. It is, therefore, perfectly plain that this worthy pair are still working together, and no one can reasonably doubt that the last appeal from Miss Napton which I published was written with Austin's knowledge and concurrence, and, I should say, probably at his dictation. I beg to call the attention of the police to this circumstance also. On June 10, Miss Napton was writing that she was ready to open the Home and take children as soon as she got money for "food," &c.—nothing being said about rent, which Austin now alleges is not paid. Twenty-five shillings, the lady said, would take two children for a fortnight. But on July 13, according to Austin, Miss Napton is still waiting for money to open the Home. Have the police made any effort to discover what money has been received at 304, Burdett-road, since Miss Napton's first appeal?

The whole history of these Austin frauds is a disgrace to the police administration of London. Day after day at the police courts we see evidence of the activity of the police in hunting up trivial breaches of the Lottery Acts, or the laws against gaming, or trumpery offences by fortune-tellers or astrologers. When it is a question of convicting a publican or a club proprietor the police construct elaborate plots in order to obtain convictions, and do not hesitate on occasions to play the *agent provocateur*. But here is a scoundrel who for years has pursued a gigantic system of fraud in the face of all the world, and has transferred thousands upon thousands of pounds from the pockets of the public to his own by the most transparent of false pretences, and the police never stir a finger against him. It is left for a private individual like myself to investigate the case at enormous trouble and cost, and to publish the result at very serious risk. And when the exposure is complete, the bubble is burst, and the evidence is before the public, the police still leave the swindler to pursue his old tricks from his old haunts, or under cover of an accomplice, whose relations with him are hardly disguised. How long is this to go on? It is a scandal which demands the immediate attention of all who interest themselves in the good government of the metropolis.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER FROM M. WADDINGTON.

WERE I asked to give an intercepted letter from M. Waddington to his Government, I should write: "The German Emperor so behaved towards me that one might almost fancy he came to London on purpose, his mother's mission to Paris having failed, to get at the French Government and the President of the Republic through me. When he heard that the death of my mother must prevent my going to any of the functions in his honour, he expressed the deepest disappointment, and went to Lord Salisbury to know if he could not succeed in getting me to Hatfield. He said to his Lordship that surely I might be *induced* to spend a day in the country. Going to Hatfield would not be the same thing as going to the Marlborough House garden-party or to the opera. Lord Salisbury was, moreover, asked to represent very strongly this view to me, and complied with the German Emperor's request, or, perhaps, command, for he has been ordering about every one here. Pursuant to the telegram I received from you, I went to dine at Hatfield. There were several tables. I sat at

that of the German Emperor and Empress. On making my bow to his Majesty he expressed with great volubility how delighted he was to see me there, and conveyed to me the impression that he really was. After dinner their Imperial Majesties were all sweetness, and managed not to be condescending. The Emperor, I suspect, is dying to go to Paris and get an ovation there. After saying many things that were personally flattering, he declared that nothing was dearer to his heart than to preserve peace and live on the best terms with all his great neighbours, and most of all with France, it touching Germany, and being one of the nations that are in the van of progress. I thought he professed a great deal, and spoke as though he had previously drafted what he said. Perhaps he did, and that it will hereafter be published to put us in the wrong. As he spoke so much I had only to listen. The conversation was, therefore, a monologue until I, thanking him for the great honour he had done me, said that my Government fully reciprocated his sentiments in regard to peace, and that it would be glad to hear that he did so much justice to the attempts made by France to keep in the van of civilisation."

What I said last week about the Sikh art-decoration at Osborne has led to a notable Maltese calling upon me for the purpose of helping to secure his island from future long visits of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. This Maltese, who is quite a personage there, was a great friend and admirer of the late Sir Henry Torrens, Governor of Malta, when their Royal Highnesses were there. Sir Henry, before he accepted the Governorship, filled a capital post in South Africa, and was putting by money. He was offered the one at Malta, and hearing that the Edinburghs were going there, foolishly thought that he would better himself and his family by accepting it. Sir Henry was not only a brilliant officer, but amiable and beloved by most of those who knew him well, was unselfish, and prone to act handsomely. In short, he was a man of fine instincts. Well, when the Edinburghs went to Malta, they began by asking leave to stay for a short time at the Governor's summer palace, a request tantamount to an order. Securing quarters there would save them from being confined to hot Valetta or from being obliged at a great rent to hire a suitable country house. It never occurred to them that if they went on occupying the palace for more than a short sojourn the Governor's pocket would suffer, unless he chose to stay during the deadly heats of May, June, July, August, and September at his winter habitation. They stayed and stayed and stayed until every one thought they had taken root at the summer palace, which they were always getting altered or improved for their convenience. A new kitchen-range was found wanting, or the nursery had to be remodelled, or water had to be laid on, or something or another had to be done to make the sitting or bedrooms nicer. Naturally these changes were not to be borne by the Duke, whose principle is all take and no give, and whose wife has Russian ideas about the prerogatives of her caste. The bills were always forwarded on to Sir Henry, and he, to avoid unseemly rows and hot water, constantly paid them. The Duke, to do him justice, often went through the form of asking whether he might not stay a little longer. Non-compliance with his request might have been possible had the Governor been of a more sturdy character. Unfortunate Sir Henry hoped to recoup for some of his money losses in making things nice for the Duke and Duchess, by the sale of the orange crop which the grounds of the summer palace produced. The fruit harvest there was worth four or five hundred pounds; but in this he was also disappointed, the Royal visitor thinking that the actual occupant had the best right to own the oranges, though they were regarded as the perquisite of the Governor. The upshot was that Sir Henry was worried into his grave. He went home disheartened, in debt, and died. A splendid military funeral was given him. But that was all. Do you think I blame our Royalties? Not in the least. I wonder they are as good as we know them to be, when I think how they were spoiled from infancy upwards by the so-called loyalty of the British public, which really is to patriotism what superstition is to religion. But seeing that Royal ways are not the ways of common people, who have not been foolishly adulated by a nation, my feeling is that paid appointments under the Crown should not be given to Royal personages.

It seems to me that the British Nation is hardly alive to the enormous military strength which France has attained. If it were, it would have grumbled at the military masquerading indulged in by the German Emperor when he was his grandmamma's guest. He, doubtless, is better informed—a reason why he urges the Queen and her present advisers to render military service general and obligatory. What astonishes us here is his foisting on the Court of Great Britain when he goes to London the usages and military etiquette of the Court of Berlin, for what else is all that dressing and undressing which went on when he was in England? The rule of conduct for Royalties, as well as for commoners, is, we always fancied, to do at Rome as Rome does, unless when following Roman etiquette might involve humiliating self-abasement. Thus a Protestant Prince or Princess would not be expected to kiss the Pope's toe. The sole way of escaping when an august personage visits a foreign capital from the etiquette of its Court is to go incognito. Joseph II., Paul I., and Gustavus III. visited the Court of Versailles as respectively Comte de Falkenstein, Comte du Nord, and Comte de Haga. It never occurred to any of them to lay down the law to the French Royal Family, the Court of Vienna, St. Petersburg, or of Stockholm, though all three were egotistical and restless *touchatouts*. It was, again, very un-English, and, therefore (must I say it?), impertinent of William to go to the Naval Exhibition dressed up as a British Admiral, and to make his Royal uncles dress like Colonels of Prussian regiments. His plain duty was to have ascertained the most British mode of proceeding, and to have followed it. I always maintain that Mdme. Grévy was right when, after entertaining the King of Spain and the Prince and Princess of Wales at dinner, she asked in the drawing-room the members of their respective suites to sit down in the presence of

these Royal personages. Each Court or Executive mansion is a law unto itself. Monsieur and Madame Carnot so well understand this, that they very properly refused, when the Empress Frederick was in Paris, to pay the first visit. It was for the Empress to take the initiative of calling on them, the President expressing, just as much as any crowned King, the sovereignty of the nation which he heads.

The tiara and necklace worn by the Duchess of Aosta at the London Opera-house at the gala representation there in honour of the Germans were a wedding present of the late Emperor of the French to the Princess Clotilde. These jewels would not now be in the casket of the Duchess but for the circumstance of Prince Napoleon being absent from Paris when the Empire fell. His wife thus was able to take them with her on September 6, 1870, to Turin, and place them there in the safe keeping of the King of Italy. Prince Napoleon resented this infringement on his marital prerogatives, he thinking he had the best right to gems paid for with French money. But Victor Emmanuel did not mind. The Princess Clotilde hardly ever wore the tiara, finding that the Empress Eugénie thought it a too regal ornament for any head but her own. By the way, the Duchess of Aosta did not in her last visit to Paris get on so well with her aunt Mathilde as on her first one, nor did Prince Louis Napoleon. The Bonapartes are, and ever have been, rude and ill-bred. Prince Louis resented being lodged at his aunt's in what struck him as being a servant's room. He also wanted a latch-key, which was refused. It was to enjoy liberty and better quarters that he put up at the Hôtel du Rhin.

There are a good many fashionable weddings in perspective. Coming off when Paris is empty, any number of invitations to the *soirées de contrat* and *déjeuners* may be issued, with the certainty of non-acceptance. In this way a name for splendid hospitality may be earned at trifling expense. The wealthy French generally arrange for marriages to take place in July, August, and September, when the weather is fine and settled and honeymoon trips under the most favourable conditions are possible. The happy couple are not obliged by foul weather to have too much of each other's company in hotels, but can join in lively picnics and mix in gay crowds on sea-side beaches, or on the decks of pleasure-steamers on the Swiss lakes. Experience shows that marriages taking place in summer are happier than those coming off in early spring or winter. The Chevreau—De Cholet wedding, which was solemnised at the Church of the Assumption (St. Honoré) under the brightest auspices, attracted all the leading Bonapartists still in Paris. The bridegroom is the only son of M. Henri Chevreau, whom the Empress Eugénie got into the place of Baron Haussmann at the Prefecture of the Seine when she obliged the latter to resign. He had previously been Prefect of Nantes, and then of Lyons, and, between the three posts, retired with a great fortune to a lordly seat on the river Yerres, below Villeneuve Saint Georges. Eugénie sent as a wedding present four silver broth-cups of shell form and a small tray to match. The De Mouchys (as Mrs. Ayer is paying a very high rent for their town house), could afford to give a silver tea-tray in the rococo style. Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild's present was a paper-knife with the bride's initials (M. C.) in brilliants. Baroness Gustave's was a fan, also of tortoise-shell and Alençon lace, with cipher and an ornamental design in brilliants; and the Princess of Monaco's a theatre bon-bon box in Sèvres Du Barri rose porcelain. The bride had only six dresses, but her house-linen trousseau was voluminous, and that for the dining, bath, and best bed rooms was exquisite. One of the table-cloths is of antique Venice guipure over old rose satin, and cost £170. What a white elephant it must prove if used, since it will determine the quality of the other table-belongings that are to go with it!

Not having the "Almanach de Gotha" at hand, I cannot say at what time of the year the Infanta Eulalia was married to Antonio de Montpensier, but fancy it must have been in the summer. He is by no means domestic in his taste, and his most cherished companions are not aristocratic. This Royal pair have just left the Palais de Castille, where they have free board and lodgings, for Penticosa, the waters of which are good for the Infanta. Penticosa is an uncivilised place on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, and less expensive than Cauterets or Barèges. It is near enough to Luchon for the Infant to visit often the Casino there.

If the craze for such spiritual masters and mistresses as Laurence Oliphant and Madame Blavatsky goes on much longer, some of us, I fancy, will revert to old creeds that have been dropping from us. I knew both, but fail to recognise either in the word-paintings given of them in recent publications. Mrs. Oliphant has contrived to make a readable book out of her namesake. But methinks she has not read him aright, and is far too ladylike when she treats his confessions of what he did before he sought "to lead the life." What the hero of her biography said on that score was literally true, and much within the truth. Just when Harris ordered him to "lead the life," and he obeyed, I received a visit from a highly-distinguished member of the Ceylon Civil Service, the brother of a Lord Chancellor. He explained the Harris craze of Oliphant by the fact that the latter had, when in Ceylon, plunged so deep into what pleasures the island afforded as to come out with his brain slightly unhinged. Young fellows in the C.C.S. who did not aspire to saintliness were appalled at some of his experiences; change of scene, and a life of rush and adventure, set the cerebral hinges in their places. But they never after worked with perfect smoothness, and often worked badly.

Mrs. Oliphant was misinformed when she was told that Mr. Laurence Oliphant induced President Thiers to rescind the passport decree. The person who did that was the late Mr. Crawford, of the *Daily News*. I was present at the conversations which took place between them on the subject, heard Thiers defend himself for having reverted to the passport system, and finally say: "You have convinced me that the drawbacks outweigh the advantages. You may announce that I shall take an early opportunity to abrogate the passport decree." Mr. Laurence Oliphant was not on cordial terms with M.

Thiers, who deemed him an Aumalist, and who spoke of his forecasts of the French Republic as superficial, and certain never to be fulfilled. Some quotations given by Mrs. Oliphant in her agreeably-written work justify this estimate.

If I were choosing a spiritual leader I should prefer Madame Blavatsky to Laurence Oliphant. She was original and of a truly independent mind, and though not, perhaps, a lady, as we understand the word, was too much a force of nature to be vulgar. He was a gentleman, but had some unpleasing survivals of the spoiled child, which affected one as grit in good salad. He was, I won't say conceited, but self-complacent, and nothing like so pleasant a person to talk and smoke with as Madame Blavatsky, who was a rousing woman, and frolicsome and funny in her talk—that is, if you did not believe in her. She preferred, to do her justice, the company of non-believers to that of believers, because more at ease with the former, and she was a splendid *blagueuse*. Indeed, her talk struck me as *blague*, pure and simple. She had more magnetism than any human being I ever knew, save the Rev. H. Ward-Beecher or Gambetta, who both also could deal in splendid *blague*—but a good deal else besides.

We are to have Wagner's works performed next season at the Opera as at Bayreuth. The French have come round to them, because I dare say German Jews now swarm in "the high-life" class. Madame Cosima Wagner and her stage manager are to attend the rehearsals. "Tannhäuser" will be brought out, it is expected, in March, with the three Italian beauties whom that lady has engaged to represent the Graces in the train of Venus at the Wartburg. Should Duke Max Emmanuel (in Bavaria) object to his pack of hounds coming to the Paris Opera-house, the Duchesse d'Uzès will be happy to lend hers. M. de Freycinet, however, will not lend a company of Light Dragoons to serve as *ritter*. Madame Cosima Wagner and Messrs. Colonne and Bertrand, the in-coming lessees of the Opera-house, expect to make a fortune by the performance there of Wagner's operatic works.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

CIVILISATION and selfishness, dear Lady Betty, seem to be almost synonymous terms. Religion is more or less now a conventional tribute to respectability, and, though the community in this sense may perhaps be generally more religious than it formerly was, sturdy belief is very strikingly on the decline. Confronted with the apparently inexhaustible marvels which human intelligence, energy, and resource can achieve, mankind has become self-sufficient, and finds it daily more difficult to credit those dogmas which it is unable to verify.

It follows, therefore, as a matter of course, that as the prospect of future reward or punishment diminishes, the importance of the present and of self-interest intensifies. Thus we are rapidly becoming more egoistic, more covetous, more time-serving, and more worldly. Every one is working at high pressure, from the Prime Minister, who avowedly cannot find time to visit the Royal Academy, down to the wretched docker, who lingers through the night beside the dock-gates to secure a chance of employment in the morning. Life now is a continuous struggle, competition and excitement—no time is set aside for complete rest, relaxation, and undisturbed tranquillity. If the body is not at work, the brain always is. It is everlastingly calculating, cogitating, and devising. Each individual act seems to be of irresistible importance. "If I can but effect this to-day, to-morrow I shall be enabled to do that"—but to-morrow merely repeats to-day. We are like those in the very thickest of the battle, only with us the struggle is incessant and unabating. The more opponents we vanquish, the more difficulties we overcome, the more do fresh and unexpected obstacles provokingly arise. New annoyances, new contentions, new requirements accumulate persistently. It is the fierce competitive spirit of the age that urges us imperatively on—the delirium of self-advancement.

And yet we are but like so many sheep in a pen, each one awaiting his turn to submit to the slaughterer's knife!

To the poor, indeed, religion is still a reality. It is still to them a consolation, a remedy, and a repressive principle. But how shall these hordes of toiling, suffering, patient creatures be controlled when the reality of religion shall be withdrawn from their lives also? Will they then consent, do you imagine, to labour on like the unfortunate omnibus horse, earning just sufficient rest and nourishment to render them capable of drawing their allotted load till, utterly worn by work, they are led to that human knacker's-yard, the workhouse?

Had religion not existed, it must inevitably have been invented. Had Moses never received the Commandments on Mount Sinai, the first shrewd legislator would have devised every one of them for the control and security of his particular community. But Faith, Hope, and Charity are the essential lights of the toiling, struggling world, and if you withdraw from mankind this resource of suffering. no Government on earth can ever possibly hold it in restraint.

It is a tiny seed that in time brings forth big fruit. A stone thrown, we are told, into the centre of the Pacific Ocean will produce an effect—actual though not conceivable—to its uttermost ends. How much more must the example of the wealthy, the prosperous, and the prominent influence the ignorant and imitative poor?

If religion is but a luxury; Faith, Hope, and Charity but decorative qualities; the threats and promises of Eternity but delusions; and the present and self-interest the only absolute realities, do you imagine that your handful of soldiers and police—themselves drawn from the people—can ever suffice to restrain the embittered mob? It is your contemptible *commerçants* and *bourgeois* allies that have depraved you. To them gold is, and must necessarily be, the one only appreciable good. They owe to it everything they possess—recognition, position, well-being, and power. No wonder, then, that they have set up their Golden Calf for worship in Society, much as they set it up formerly in their native market-place. *Pull it down!*

The London season of 1891 is *in extremis*, and by this day-week it will inevitably have passed away, as so many others have before it. Some idea of the importance which of late years has become attached to merely social doings may be gathered by the *Times* devoting a leading article on Monday to a retrospect of the season—an honour never yet accorded to any previous one. However, I shall personally defer till the interesting patient has breathed its last any remarks I may have to make on its singularly inglorious career.

The Duchess of Newcastle's concert, on Tuesday night, was eminently successful, and worthily continued the traditions associated with her house in Hill-street in those prosperous days when Mr. Christopher Sykes entertained Royalty here with right regal hospitality. Miss Eames, Albanesi, and Hirwen Jones produced varied harmony of the very best order, and beauty offered a striking contrast to the beast, in the persons of the young Duchess herself, the handsome Duchess of Buckingham, Lady Helmsley, Miss Wilson, Lady Kilmorey, and Lady Raincliffe.

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Meanwhile Mrs. Faudel Phillips was winding up her series of hospitalities for the year at No. 9, Grosvenor-gardens. Here Liddell played whilst many danced, including amongst others pretty Mrs. Capel Cure, Miss Gwendoline Davis, and Miss Foster. The most earnest proof of the singular success of Mrs. Phillips's entertainment lies in the fact that her last guests left the house with evident reluctance shortly before five on the following morning.

The Viscount de Stern's concert in Great Stanhope-street on Wednesday, to meet Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar afforded no grounds whatever for adverse comment. *Au contraire.* Madame Melba sang exquisitely, whilst among others who assisted by their talents to contribute to the enjoyment of the evening were Madame Richard, Johannes Wolff, Lassalle, and Wilhelm Ganz. Madame Melba's rendering of the valse from Gounod's "Mireille" met with quite unusual approval. But Madame de Falbe's small dance in Grosvenor-square, following a dinner to Prince George of Greece, Princess Mary Adelaide, the Duke of Teck, and Princess Victoria and Prince Frederick of that ilk easily overcame all other competition. Amongst the prettiest present were Lady Grosvenor, Lady Dangan, Miss Cornwallis West, Miss Moreton, Lady Hilda Dundas, Miss Leigh, Miss Stanley Clarke, Lady Helen Murray, and Lady Hermione Blackwood.

Friday night was monopolised by the Duchess of Westminster, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Princesses Victoria and Maud barely reaching London in time from Newmarket to suitably attire themselves for the Ducal dinner and dance. On this occasion the Viennese orchestra superseded the Volunteer band which the Duke of Westminster so fondly patronises. Two ladies dancing together was another innovation, though by no means an unpleasing one. Seldom have so many pretty faces been clustered together as assembled this evening at Grosvenor House, including almost all the best-known beauties of the period; amongst these were the Duchess of Portland, Lady Hilda Dundas, Lady Bective, and Lady Olivia Taylour, Lady Stafford and her sister, Lady Sybil St. Clair Erskine, Lady Grosvenor, Lady Edmund Talbot, Miss Violet Egerton, Lady Rose Leigh, Miss Brooke, Lady Mary Mills, and Miss Cotterell. Baron and Baroness Hirsch were also present.

Lady Ilchester opened Holland House on Saturday afternoon for the first time since the death of the venerable and talented Lady Holland. Princess Mary, the Duke of Teck, and Princess Victoria on this occasion were the sole representatives of Royalty—a singular fact, seeing that the Prince and Princess of Wales never failed formerly to wind up the season by attending the annual Holland House garden-party. The Prussian Dragoons' band, which is on a short visit to England, played admirably; but many missed the multitude of raree shows which Lady Holland invariably provided for the amusement of her many guests. The new ball-room was not opened, and, indeed, half the house remained closed throughout. Practically, of recent years, before inheriting Holland House, Lady Ilchester managed all the entertainments here under the régime of the late Lady Holland, so with a few minute exceptions, the garden-party on Saturday was practically a reproduction of those that immediately preceded it.

Countess Tornielli's dinner and reception at night were also graced with the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess Victoria, but the Duchess d'Aosta did not put in an appearance. An Italian Countess recited in English, and Signor Tosti won, as usual, well-merited applause. Amongst those present were the Spanish Ambassador, the Danish Minister, the Duchess di Sermonetta and Lady Palmer. Only about sixty guests were invited.

With respect to the marriage of Miss Julia Stonor to the Marquis d'Hautpoul but little need be said. Miss Stonor looked, if possible, prettier than ever, and almost every Royalty within reasonable distance of London testified their friendship for the charming bride by attending both the ceremony and the subsequent breakfast. Miss Stonor's brother, Lord Camoys, gave her away, and her uncle, Archbishop Stonor, bound the indissoluble matrimonial knot. The Queen contributed the inevitable Indian shawl, which her Majesty appears to consider so necessary an adjunct to prosperous and prominent married life.

The musical service, which was admirably rendered by the celebrated choir of St. James's Catholic Church, Spanish-place, was conducted by the Rev. R. B. Sankey, M.A., Mus.Bac., one of the priests attached to the church, and comprised (*inter alia*) a motet, "Beati omnes," by the conductor, Gounod's "Ave Maria," and Neidermeyer's "Pater noster," the solos in these pieces being sung by Mr. John Probert, the principal tenor of the choir.

Lady Listowel has abandoned her proposed dance at Kingston House on Friday, on account of its clashing with Madame de Falbe's ball that night in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Notwithstanding all assertions whatever to the contrary, the Prince intends this year to pay his customary visit to Homburg, but on account of the increasing illness of Mr. Harry Tyrwhitt Wilson, he will on this occasion be accompanied by Colonel Clarke.

A curious incident in connection with the German Emperor's recent visit goes to show the intricate delicacies of Court etiquette which have to be observed even in these matter-of-fact times. On the morning of the Emperor's departure from Hatfield to pay a farewell visit to the Queen at Windsor, his suite was in a state of great anxiety to learn whether uniforms were to be *de rigueur*. An Ambassadress present suggested to Count Hatzfeldt that he should ask the Emperor himself for the information, but she was at once told that this would be utterly incorrect, and it was only at the last moment, through the medium of the Imperial valet, that the required information was secured.

The Emperor, by the way, was delighted with the success and brilliancy of his reception in England, and continually expressed his satisfaction to those with whom he entered into intimate conversation. In private the Emperor is a singularly *bon camarade*, and not in the very slightest degree formal. He takes great pleasure in discussing subjects freely that interest him, and even courts contradiction in order to thrash the question out thoroughly from a new point of view. Our most celebrated beauties did not attract him much, but one young girl who was present at the gala performance at Covent Garden called forth from him the very highest praise. At the time, however, no one was able to furnish her name, though he caused immediate inquiries to be made—with eventual success.

Apropos of the recent Cavendish-Bentinck sale, it is an interesting item that a bureau which Mr. Bentinck purchased some years back from Mr. Christopher Sykes for £250, fetched over £1,000 last week at Christie & Manson's sale-rooms.

Lord Vaux of Harrowden, who has been for some months past in England on leave of absence, leaves London to-day (Wednesday) to resume his official duties at the British Legation, Stuttgart. And, by the way, Lady Vaux and her children had last week a very narrow escape of figuring amongst those who suffered in the railway accident that occurred on Friday near Perth. Lady Vaux, who was going north with her brother, Sir Kenneth Mattheson, had intended travelling by this very train, but providentially decided to leave London the day before the accident took place.

London is at present honoured by the presence of one of the wealthiest, if not the very wealthiest, of American widows, in the person of Mrs. Ayer, whose husband acquired an almost fabulous fortune through the sale of "sarsaparilla" and "cherry pectoral," two articles that are even more profusely advertised in the States than is Pears' soap in this country. Mrs. Ayer, who is being

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKEY. "The Cream of old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whiskey. Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's LL Whiskey. The Prize Medal, Dublin, 1865.

introduced to London life under the auspices of her fellow-countrywoman, Mrs. Ronalds, will, in all probability, take a house in town next season. Her 50,000-guinea pearl necklace has been one of the excitements of the season.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE Leger has certainly become very much more interesting since the crash of public form at Sandown Park. I do not refer to Leicester, because there was no justification for the fantastical flights of the enthusiasts who have protested since the Oaks that Mimi would discover herself at Doncaster to be the best three-year-old of the season. It will be remembered that Mimi suddenly went "off" last year after she had shown excellent form, and it was for some time thought that she had gone all to pieces, after the manner of Signorina. It is clear that the same thing has again happened, and I shall be vastly surprised if we again see Mimi in winning form before the spring. She has done uncommonly well this year to win three such valuable stakes as the One Thousand, Oaks, and Newmarket Stakes, but she really had nothing to beat in either race, and was far more indebted to luck than to merit for her successes.

There has been some very heavy betting on the Leger during the last ten days, but I do most earnestly advise my speculative readers to leave the race alone until within a few hours of the time of running. I believe that Common will win if he be all right, but it is nonsense and rubbish to accept the odds now offered against him, seven weeks before the day of the race, as it is in the greatest degree improbable that he will become a much better favourite, with so many horses in the field which are so greatly fancied, and, even if the price does shorten, surely it is better to back him against the field, when he is fit and well in the paddock at Doncaster, rather than to chance the manifold risks of the intervening period for the sake of so paltry an advantage. That Révérend will be the most troublesome opponent of Common in the Leger has been my opinion ever since the Grand Prix, and, given both of them all right at the post, it will be good odds on their finishing first and second. As to the crack-brained run upon The Deemster, it only reminds one of the craze which prevailed for Oddfellow this time last year. I suspect that it will ultimately turn out that the best distance for Mr. Leigh's horse is something under a mile, and it is positively certain that neither Captain Machell nor anybody else can pretend to assert with confidence that he will stay the Doncaster course. The backers of The Deemster at 6 to 1 seem to be as mad as the possessed herd of swine in the country of the Gadarenes. Putting Common on one side, how in the name of common sense is The Deemster to beat Révérend over a mile and three-quarters (which is probably the best distance for M. E. Blanc's horse), when he could not even defeat him over the Leicester mile, which was a course very much better suited to the second than to the winner? 1,000 to 40 was taken last week about Ermak, whose victory in the Prix du Jockey Club was a most outrageous fluke, and he can have no chance at Doncaster, unless something happens to the favourites, in which case he might be worth thinking of, as he is one of the few candidates which is sure to stay the course.

The ancient saying that half is often better than the whole is eminently applicable to race meetings, and, most assuredly, the seven days over which the July gatherings at Newmarket have been dragged, might very well have been reduced to four. As a rule the fields were neither large nor composed of high-class horses, and there was a nauseous plethora of plating—overnight handicaps and selling races—which are of no interest whatever except to the bookmakers, and the simpletons who bet upon every event.

La Flèche, the 5,500 gs. sister to Memoir (whom she much resembles, but she is on a larger scale, and a fine racing-like filly) won the Chesterfield Stakes, in accordance with my prediction, and neither Bonavista nor Lady Hermit had any chance with her. She simply cantered away from her field; and, inasmuch as she beat Bonavista even more easily than did Goldfinch at Ascot, she must be regarded as the best two-year-old which has been out this season, and if she is beaten in either the Champion Stakes, the Middle Park Plate, or the Dewhurst Plate (her only remaining engagements this year after next week) it will be by some creature that is at present dark. La Flèche, like her stable companion, Goldfinch, evidently likes a hill. Bonavista was prodigiously fancied at Newmarket, and his ignominious collapse caused great disappointment among his friends there, who certainly were not prepared to see Lady Hermit beat him.

The July Cup, however, was the race of the week. Bumptious did not start, and the betting was very heavy and very close between Memoir, Lord George, Noble Chieftain, and Bel Demonio, the outsider of the lot being Workington. It was a beautiful race all through, and during the last furlong the struggle was most exciting, while the finish was splendid, and until the numbers were hoisted it was utterly impossible for any one out of the box to say which of the three placed horses had won. The distance was not far enough for Memoir or Workington, while it was a little beyond Noble Chieftain's best course. Memoir was decidedly lucky to win, for if Lord Penrhyn's speedy horse had come right through directly the flag fell, the chances are that he would have slipped his opponents, and would never have been caught by them, but as he is better over five furlongs than over six, of course it was the right thing to wait with him during the last part of the race.

I predicted the success of Patrick Blue in the Dullingham Plate, in the absence of Morion, and he won very easily, the extravagantly liberal odds of 3 to 1 being laid against him in a field of three, thanks to a distracted fancy for Yard Arm, which generally prevailed, though it seemed quite inconceivable that Mr. Redfern's horse could give the three-year-old 23 lb., considering that the latter was fairly well tried before Ascot. Patrick Blue and La Flèche were emphatically the "certainties" of the meeting.

Bellinzona compensated Lord Calthorpe for her Leicester defeat by winning the Soltykoff Stakes, for which she was favourite; but she was exceedingly lucky to beat the Hungarian-bred Coureur, who, on Friday, won the Princess of Wales's Cup from a field of nineteen, which included Juvenal, who was so much fancied for the Ascot Biennial; but his "great trial," about which there was so much laudatory cackling, must have been a floundering puddle.

Palatine, who is said to have got off very badly when he was beaten at Newcastle, won the Exeter Stakes in a canter, the favourite being Springaway, who is a grandly bred filly, being by Springfield out of Darnaway, her dam representing one of the best of the old Mereworth strains.

The field for the Midsummer Plate was so moderate that long odds were betted on Orvieto, who won very cleverly from Blavatsky; and the Summer Plate was another failure, having dwindled into a match between two very moderate animals. The "First-class Selling Plate" of £1,000 (an innovation gross enough to cause the shade of the late Lord George Manners to come forth from the tomb) resulted in the well-deserved discomfiture of the Stewards, who lost upwards of £900 by the speculation.

Odds were freely betted upon Flyaway for the Fulbourne Stakes, and justifiably, as she had only Petrovna to beat, and she was running over the same course as when she defeated the best two-year-old form of the season in the July Stakes; but the result of the plunge was tragical, for the favourite never fairly got on terms with Petrovna, who won very easily, after having made all the running. It would, indeed, require an exceedingly clever person to handicap the two-year-olds, for they seem to be all heads and tails, the logical conclusion being that they are all moderate.

Goldfinch did not run at Kempton Park on Saturday,

and the Grand Stakes fell to Galeopsis, by Galopin out of Agave, who had presumably been very well tried, for he was so very freely backed that he started a much better favourite than Le Chesnay, about whom the Newmarket clever people were most sanguine, and the winner's trial must have been kept wonderfully quiet. It is evident, however, that the form of the race was not remarkably good, for Galeopsis only won by a neck from Posy, who is a half-sister, by Petronel, to Rêve d'Or, and who would not have started at 100 to 6, offered in a field of seven, if she had been fancied.

The Newmarket sales were for the most part a doleful failure, and the spectacle was at once melancholy, ludicrous, and full of instruction. Several breeders had all their yearlings sent back, but in many cases the reserves (as usual) were preposterously high. The best price of the week was obtained by Mr. Taylor Sharpe, who got from Mr. D. Cooper 2,500 gs. for a colt by Hermit out of Mitrailleuse. Of R. Peck's lot the best sold was a colt by Royal Hampton out of Strathandle, for which Lord Hartington gave 1,300 gs. The results of the sales must have been startling to those breeders who are so benighted as to suppose that the buyers are in any way attracted or influenced by the prolix dissertations of the sporting papers, all of which are pervaded by a tone of uniform, excessive, and undistinguishing eulogy.

THE GOODWOOD PROGRAMME.

There will be some very interesting sport at Goodwood next week, and altogether the prospects of the meeting are exceedingly bright, for there are likely to be large and good fields for several of the stakes, and it is probable that the two-year-old running will be exceptionally important.

On Tuesday the Gratwicke Stakes, which will be worth £650, even if it ends in a walk-over, as will probably be the case, has a dreadfully bad lot of animals engaged, but the race closed as far back as January 3, 1888. The only two of the seven left in, out of the twelve which formed the original entry, of which I know anything, are Hermitage and Chloridea, and they are both very moderate indeed. The Ham Stakes, which will be worth £800 if four start, may be left to the Duke of Westminster's Orville, by Ormonde out of Shotover, who has the advantage of a 6 lb. breeding allowance. The Richmond Stakes, which will be worth upwards of £1,400 if ten start, has Shade, Posy, Bushey Park, Flyaway, Desdemona, Hyères, Court Beauty filly, The Smew, and Bonavista, as the best of the public lot, but I shall predict the success of the Duke of Westminster's dark colt Orme, by Ormonde, out of Angelica, dam of Blue-green.

On Wednesday the Sussex Stakes, which will be worth upwards of £1,100 if eight start, has Cereza, Dorcas, Orvieto, Cleator, Woolsthorpe, Orion, Ordnance, and Friar Lubin. I shall plump for Dorcas. The Lavant Stakes, which will be worth about £1,000, has Bellinzona, La Flèche, Dunure, Priestess, and El Diabolo, as the best of the public lot, and the finish ought to lie between La Flèche and Priestess, each having 7 lb. extra. La Flèche will be the winner. The Halnaker Stakes has a very large entry, including Palatine, who will have to carry 7 lb. extra for his victory last week, but he won so easily that this may not stop him, for nothing very smart is likely to start, although, by the way, this was the race in which St. Simon made his début.

On Thursday the Rous Memorial Stakes, which will be worth about £1,200, has fifty-nine horses left in, of which Palatine, Le Chesnay, Hugo, Bouthillier, Dunure, Goldfinch, Scarborough, Hyères, Desdemona, Galeopsis, Dainty, St. Damien, and Carmillan are the best of the public lot. There are several dark animals which enjoy high reputations, including Orme and Orville. I shall predict the success of the Kingsclere representative. The Prince of Wales's Post Sweepstake, which will be worth £3,600, has Sir Hugo, Posy, Dunure, Scarborough, Hyères, Galeopsis, and Pierre le Grand (brother to Le Nord) as the best known of the public lot, and Galeopsis is the smartest of them. I shall, however, expect to see this rich stake won by the Duke of Westminster, probably with Orme, but his entry also includes Orville and Arklow, the latter being own brother to Ormonde. The Gordon Stakes, of about £800, has a large entry, including Siphonia, Flodden Field, Cuttlestone, Martenhurst, Mimi, Signorina, Morion, Springtime, Gone Coon, Nunthorpe, Simonian, St. Serf, Yard Arm, Le Nord, Haute Saône, Blue Green, Orion, and Patrick Blue. This race will be won by Blue Green if he runs, and in his absence I should be inclined to depend upon Haute Saône. Morion and Nunthorpe are not likely to start, and the distance is too far for Signorina. The Goodwood Cup has thirteen entries, and if Morion started in his Ascot form he would win easily enough, but I understand that Lord Hartington's good horse is not likely to run again before the October meetings. The field may include Ragimunde, Melody, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, Gonsalvo, Vasistas, Memoir, and Martenhurst, and Gonsalvo ought to win, for he can surely beat Vasistas.

On Friday the Nassau Stakes, which will be worth about £1,000, has twenty-nine entries, including Siphonia, Cereza, Mimi, Fuse, Gavotte, Charm, and Haute Saône, and I expect that Baron de Rothschild's mare will win, Haute Saône having 15 lb. the best of the weight with Mimi and Cereza. The Molecomb Stakes, of about £800, may be left to La Flèche, the best of the others being Bonavista and Bushey Park. The Findon Stakes may fall to the filly by Charibert out of Court Beauty, as she should be able to defeat Halsbury and El Diabolo, which are the best of the others.

There is an enormous list of the betting on the Stewards' Cup, but the transactions are at present wholly unworthy of notice, and this handicap ought not to be meddled with until the day of running. Blavatsky, Lady Heron, and Miss Ethel (the last is a strong tip of many good judges at Newmarket) are all very well in. There are no fewer than eight horses trained at Bedford Cottage in the race, Marsh has seven, Sherwood seven, Morton four, and Hayhoe six.

MAMMON.

RHODES AND RUDD.

THE founders and promoters of the "Gold Fields of South Africa" were Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Mr. C. F. Rudd. The Company was formed to take from them certain auriferous properties valued at about £250,000, and they had so much confidence in the success of the Company that they stated in their prospectus that "for good-will and services they asked no direct pecuniary remuneration, contenting themselves, during active management with one-third, and on retirement with one-fifth only, of the net profits of the Company, this latter interest being represented by founders' shares." Up to the present time the business of the Gold Fields of South Africa seems to have consisted almost entirely of promoting subsidiary Companies and of dealing with shares. Whether these subsidiary Companies are paying, or are likely to pay, dividends, I do not know, but the founders, promoters, and managing directors of the parent Company have up to June 30 of last year been credited with the modest sum of £81,140. 14s. 10d., made up of the following items:—

Managing Directors' remuneration up to June 30, 1888	£14,942	11	11
Founders' profits	19,426	0	7
Managing Directors' remuneration up to June 30, 1890	20,333	14	0
Founders' profits	26,436	8	4

This "Gold Fields" Company has acquired a large interest in the British South African Chartered Company. A few weeks ago the London Directors of the former Company issued an announcement that their Company is advised by their Managing Directors to buy the business of the firm of Messrs. Johnson, Heaney, & Borrow, who are "now engaged in buying large interests in claims (in Mashonaland) which can at the present time be secured reasonably," and that "the latest news

from Mashonaland is good." The London Directors add that "they consider this official information a valuable confirmation of previous reports in Mashonaland, and worthy of the shareholders' consideration in connection with the subscription of new capital."

Now, what does all this mean? Mr. Rhodes is Managing Director of the Chartered Company, and has a vast pecuniary interest in its success. He is, with his friend Mr. Rudd, founder, promoter, and managing director of the Gold Fields Company. The Chartered Company sells claims to Messrs. Johnson & Co., and Mr. Rhodes benefits by this. Messrs. Johnson re-sell at a big profit these claims to the Gold Fields Company, and Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Rudd benefit by this to the extent of one-third of any profit accruing to the Company from this purchase. The shareholders of this Gold Fields Company are called upon to find new capital for the purchase, although it seems to me that if "claims" in Mashonaland were worth buying, they might have as many as they please by sending some one out to "claim," without giving Messrs. Johnson anything for them.

For my part, as I have more than once said, I regard the Chartered Company of South Africa, with its capital of £1,000,000, and its obligation to pay one-half of net profits to a Company with a capital of £4,000,000, as the most stupendous effort of Company financing of the century. I believe that, if investors are not on their guard, we shall have a plentiful crop of financial children in the guise of sub-Companies, by which much money will be lost, or, rather, will be transferred from the pockets of industrious but ignorant investors in this country into those of the enlightened gentlemen to whose financial genius we owe these millions of paper shares. There is no coin of the realm sufficiently small for me to be ready to exchange it against a ton of these paper shares. Others may not be as cautious as I am, I, therefore, call attention to the arrangements in connection with the "Gold Fields" Company in order to show how the trick is done, or, rather, let us hope, how Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Rudd are trying that the "trick" should be done.

When persons are given a Charter securing to them the widest powers over a territory in Africa larger than France, it was understood, before the S.A. Charter was granted, that the main reasons for doing so were to benefit the territory, and to afford a fair field for a fair return on British capital actually expended there. A Charter should never have been based upon a vague mining concession, which is let out to the Chartered Company by its owners, or putative owners, on the basis of half profits in all sub-Companies that may be formed to take up or work "claims," as all this sort of financing ends, in nine cases out of ten, in loss of money to investors in these sub-Companies. The owners of Lobengula's concession for mining in Mashonaland themselves estimate its value at eight millions, and they capitalise the half that they retain for themselves at four millions, which they divide into shares of £1, obviously with a view to plant these shares on the public. They then get the De Beers Diamond Mining Company and other Companies that they control to subscribe the capital of the leasing Company, which is being expended in the hopes of giving some value to their four millions; and, not content with this, they again get Companies that they control, and a huge share of whose profits go to them, to buy and finance "claims" which prospectors have acquired from the Chartered Company, by further issues of capital of these Companies. In the centre of all this financing web sit Messrs. Rhodes, Rudd, & Co., like spiders, and like spiders, come what may, lose money who may, they thrive and grow financially fat.

Mr. Maguire, M.P., has published a letter in the *Times* in defence of the financing of the owners of Lobengula's mining concession and of the charter. He says that a total expenditure of £80,000 has been incurred by the Central Search Company, which has now changed its name and become the United Concessions Company, with a modest capital of £4,000,000. But how has this money been expended? This he fails to state. All that the Company did was to send to Lobengula's kraal, and get from him a mining concession. Let us by all means have figures to show this expenditure. Putting the expenditure of the expedition at £5,000, how was the £75,000 spent? Is it pretended that Lobengula got it? If not, who did? This United Concessions Company, says Mr. Maguire, is under an engagement to build a railroad at a cost of £400,000. An engagement with whom? It has no cash capital, and its paper shares are fully paid up. It is the absolute owner of the concession. The Chartered Company is only its tenant. The engagement, therefore, simply means, so far as I understand it, that if it can get some persons to build a railroad, the railroad will be built for the benefit of the owners of the concession and of their tenant, the Chartered Company; if no one will step forward and kindly perform this service, it will not be built. In any case, it cannot be built with the actual cash of the United Concessions Company, for the very sufficing reason that the Company has no cash capital, and that its paper capital consists of fully-paid-up shares. Assuming, however, that £80,000 was spent by the owners of the concession, it seems to me that to convert a cash expenditure of this amount into a paper capital of £4,000,000 is financing on a grander scale than was ever before attempted by the most financing of Company promoters.

Already sub-Companies are coming to the front. We have one advertised this week. The capital is £100,000, divided into £92,000 Ordinary shares, and £8,000 Founders' shares, and investors are informed that they can obtain the latter for £12 each. The Company have acquired the rights at the price of £17,500 to one alluvial claim and to fifteen reef claims. These it holds "under the rules and regulations laid down by the Chartered Company of South Africa." It has also acquired the right to one alluvial claim and to twenty reef claims for every man sent out. These claims will be worked by the Company, or sold on the London Market. Later on, it is proposed to form Limited Companies to work blocks of claims. The Founders' shares are to receive one-half of all annual profits above 10 per cent.

Let us see what all this means. Whether there be gold or not in paying quantities in Mashonaland is a problem that has yet to be solved. Any person who likes to pay for his passage out there may prospect, and he becomes the owner of a "claim" so soon as he pitches upon one under precisely the same conditions as those acquired by the Company for £17,500—viz., that he pays one-half of net profits to the Chartered Company. Now what is the position of a holder of 100 Ordinary shares? I suppose that the Company will spend at least £7,500 in floating. Deduct therefore this, and the £17,500 which is paid for the "claims," and the capital to be actually expended in working gold in Mashonaland is £75,000. I will assume that 20 per cent. is made on this real working capital per annum=£15,000. One-half of this has to be paid to the Chartered Company, which reduces it to £7,500. Let us take the £500 as the annual cost of the Company in London (directors' fees, secretary, &c., &c.). There remains £7,000 to be paid on Ordinary share capital of £92,000, which would give a trifle over 7½ per cent. dividend on Ordinary shares. Now, let us suppose that 40 per cent., or £30,000, is made by the £75,000. This would be reduced to 20 per cent., or £15,000, by payment to the Chartered Company, leaving £15,000 to the sub-Company. From this I deduct £500 for London expenses, which brings the net annual gain to £14,500. Of this £12,250 would go to the Ordinary shareholders, being at the rate of 13⅜ per cent. on the £92,000 Ordinary capital, and £2,250 would go to the Founders' shares, or in other words the Company would have to earn 40 per cent. per annum for the Ordinary shareholders to get 13⅜ per cent. of dividends. But the position of the persons who give £12 for a Founders' share (at which price they are offered to the public) is still more astounding. Eight thousand multiplied by twelve is £96,000. If, therefore, the Company were to earn 40 per cent. per

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annum, the return to the purchaser of one of these shares at the price for which they are offered would be £2,250, or less than 2½ per cent. To take, therefore, either an Ordinary or a Founders' share in this Company is much like taking a ticket in a lottery in which a blank is far more probable than a prize, with the condition that if by chance a prize is drawn, by far the greater portion is not paid to the winner. The only financially sound position of those concerned in this Company appears to me to be that of the gentleman who is to get £17,500 for his pig in that poke, Mashonaland. As for the grandchildren of the Chartered Company, and of the children of the New Mashonaland Exploration Company, their conditions will be even worse. They will have to earn dividends to satisfy the voracity of their grandfather and of their father, on their own working capital, and on the paper capital with which their father will burden them.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—The Stock Exchange has been visited with another scare in consequence of the suspension of the English Bank of the River Plate. Rumour had been busy for some time with the affairs of the Bank, and we know what a dangerous enemy rumour is when it attacks financial institutions. Credit is withdrawn in all directions, depositors clamour for their money, and only exceptionally strong establishments could weather such a storm without assistance.

FALL OF THE ENGLISH BANK OF THE RIVER PLATE.

The institution which closed its doors on Saturday ranked second amongst the English banks in Buenos Ayres, and was founded in 1881. It had successfully resisted the recent run in Buenos Ayres, but was no doubt weakened by that ordeal, while the baneful moratorium decreed by the Argentine legislation, by which all payments in gold or paper were deferred for three months, prevented the Bank from calling in its debts in Argentina. On the other hand, commitments on this side had to be provided for, and as a further call upon the shareholders could not be made except on the Bank going into liquidation, the end came at last more quickly than was anticipated. The capital amounts to £1,500,000, in £20 shares, of which half, £10 per share, is paid up. The liabilities of the bank have decreased considerably since the date of the last balance-sheet, September 30, when the amount due to depositors, &c., was 7 millions sterling, and bills payable £2,396,000. I understand that the total amount of acceptances is now reduced to £1,250,000, deposits on this side stand at £1,300,000, and in the River Plate at £1,000,000. The principal liabilities, therefore, amount roughly to £3,550,000. Of these the deposits on this side are probably chiefly due to private persons, while the deposits on the other side would be for Argentine account, leaving the acceptances of a million and a quarter as the chief source of any further possible trouble. As far as I have been able to learn, no really leading London firm is implicated, and the worst effect will probably be felt in Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, in which latter city the bank had an important branch. I am very sorry for the shareholders, the number of whom is about 1,100. The shares stood at 14 not very long ago, and the dividends have for some years been at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum. Much depends, of course, upon the realisation of the assets in the River Plate, but as the capital and the reserve fund of £350,000 were intact at the date of the last balance-sheet, it is hoped that the results of the liquidation may not prove altogether disastrous. The shareholders will, however, no doubt have to face a call on the part of the liquidator, and in the present uncertainty the shares have dropped to a heavy discount. While the unfortunate event has to be deplored, it was, perhaps, better for the future of the whole business community that no further attempt at propping up was made. That policy has not answered well in the case of the Baring catastrophe, and the air will be cleared much more quickly by allowing matters to take their course, apart from the impossibility for the large financial institutions to continue the "helping-over-the-style" policy *ad infinitum*.

THE POSITION ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The whole of the markets were, of course, adversely affected by the collapse of the English Bank of the River Plate, which caused a cold shiver to run through the House. Curiously enough, however, Argentine stocks did not fall to any extent, at least not the saleable securities, such as the 1886 loan, "Bear" operators having "gone" for the suspension and covering when the event came off. The collapse strikes another blow at Argentine finance, at the same time it would almost appear as if the Argentine Government itself had misgivings about the position of the Bank, and as if the action of the London and River Plate Bank in refusing acceptance of bills drawn by the Government, which were in the hands of the English Bank, had been authorised by the Government. However that be, the chief question for the Stock Exchange is, whether the suspension will cause further difficulties. Some minor failures will probably follow, but if no important collapse should occur on this side, the Stock Markets will soon shake themselves free from the effects of the failure. Confidence is, of course, shaken further, and Foreign Bank shares may possibly suffer, but money is cheap, and although rates must stiffen with the further efflux of gold, and with the approach of autumn, really dear money is not in sight. Under these circumstances I should not be surprised to see a recovery in Home and American Rails, which have suffered to a considerable extent, as soon as the extent of the disaster can be gauged. Nor are other departments, such as the Mining market or Industrial shares, at all directly affected by the fall of a River Plate Bank, and prices are already greatly depressed. Any marketable securities held by the Bank have probably already been thrown overboard, so that forced selling need not even be looked for in Argentine stocks from that source. Under all the circumstances, I therefore anticipate that the effect of the collapse on the general market will be a transient one, provided it brings no further failures of importance in its train.

HOME RAILS.

Home Rails have, during the past week, been adversely affected by very unfavourable dividends in the case of the South-Eastern and Great Eastern, while the collapse of the River Plate Bank added to the depression. The South-Eastern dividend at 2¼ per cent., with £2,000 carried forward, is exactly in accordance with my prediction of June 18, and the Great Eastern with a 1½ per cent. dividend has also lost the ½ per cent. which I partly foreshadowed, my estimate having been of a loss of ¼ to ½ per cent. The Metropolitan dividend of 3¼, against 3 per cent. for the first half-year of 1890, is the only favourable announcement so far made, and, after the very heavy increase in working expenses of the Great Eastern, as shown by a decrease of ½ per cent. in the dividend and a "carry over" of £5,000 only, against £30,372 last year, I am afraid that dividends of the Heavy lines will not come out so well as had been anticipated. I shall, therefore, look for only 5 per cent. at the best in the case of the Great Western, and for 6¼-½ in that of the North-Western. These dividends are, however, as yet far afield, the announcements expected this week being those of the Chatham, South-Western, North-Eastern, and Midland. You know my favourable view of the Midland, and you are aware that I anticipate a disappointment for holders of Berwicks. The conditions under which the new capital issue of the Caledonian is made to the shareholders are, on the whole, favourable, and represent a small bonus. I shall, therefore, look for a recovery in that stock and in Caledonian Deferred, particularly as the line continues to show important traffic increases. North British stocks have

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fluctuated, and the Deferred is undoubtedly too high as compared with Caledonian Deferred, but it is kept up by the "Bear" account. The Brighton report disposes finally of the bridge question. The amount of the bill is clearly stated in the report at £60,000, and will be divided between capital and revenue. As the charge against the latter will be spread over three years, dividends will not be affected to any extent, and, considering recent increases in traffics, the line promises to recover its position. This is evidently the view of the operators, who put up Brighton A to 144, and although the price has receded to 143, partly on the effect of the bank failure, I shall, with continued favourable weather, look for a marked improvement. The more immediate course of prices will, of course, largely depend upon the drift of Mr. Laing's remarks at the forthcoming meeting.

Yankee Rails.

Our Yankee cousins have for the last few days been occupied in looking for a financial collapse in London. The rumours of the difficulties of a River Plate Bank were, as usual, magnified until the impression was created in Wall-street that another serious crisis was at hand, and prices of American Railroad stocks were consequently marked down. A small shipment of gold added to the fidgety condition of the Wall-street market, but it seems now an established fact that this was a special shipment. The first news of the actual collapse of the Bank seems to have caused a severe spasm in New York, as it did here, but a favourable Bank statement caused a partial recovery. The surplus is increased by close upon four million dollars, and now reaches 18,489,000 dols., which is a most satisfactory showing, the more so as specie is up 2¼ millions. The fact is that the disbursements for the present July dividend period in the States have been larger than ever before known. Besides, there has been so little difficulty in accumulating the money necessary to meet these large payments, that the Money Market has been as easy and as steady as ever, and for years has never been less disturbed by the preparations for large semi-annual payments. There will, therefore, be an enormous amount of money seeking investment in the States as soon as the Yankees consider the financial atmosphere abroad has cleared. It is always interesting to watch the American Bond Market, for a growing investment demand for bonds generally precedes a rise in American Railroad shares. It appears that, although the turn of the half year has developed some increase of activity in the dealings in railroad mortgages, the inquiry, even for prime bonds, has been much less than normal. The absence of buying on the part of investing corporations is noticeable, and has considerable effect on the general market. The existing demand is, consequently, irregular, and is confined to gilt-edged securities, of which, however, the offerings are somewhat limited. Prices, however, for such classes are well sustained, and the general bond market is just beginning to gather strength, the cheaper and more speculative bonds responding to the improving tendency of the share market. A noticeable feature is that no defaults occurred in the payment of July interest. The crop outlook is as favourable as ever, and the Railroads are beginning to feel the effect of the harvest. The gross earnings of eighty roads for the first week of July showed an increase of nearly 10 per cent. over the corresponding period of a year ago, and the earnings of the granger lines give proof of the stimulating influence of the crop movement. Once the fact is understood that the last bank failure is an isolated case, the American market will probably recover again. There is not much room for a decline in it, and there is an unusually wide margin for a rise. That rise will in all probability begin when the wheat crop is harvested, if not sooner, and it may begin at any time. It will be stimulated later on by large American exports of produce, and, after the prolonged dulness and depression which the market has experienced, the upward reaction is likely to be strong and long-continued. Unusually good crops in the States and unusually poor ones in Europe will work great results in the American export trade, and send back from Europe at least part of the 70,000,000 dols. of gold the States have shipped since January 1. Whoever buys stocks now to hold for three months will make a good deal of money. As regards the stocks likely to benefit most in the recovery, I still say that Milwaukees, Atchison Income bonds, Union Pacifics, and Louisville are the best purchase. Norfolk Prefs. are exceptionally low on a mistaken idea that the next dividend might be in jeopardy. This, I have reason to know, is not the case, and a dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum in October is more than probable. Holders are, apparently, afraid that Norfolk and Western Prefs. might share the fate of Denver Prefs., but there is absolutely no analogy between the two lines. The management of the Denver line, by the way, is radically bad, and the board of directors ought to be turned out.

Milwaukees.

The most active American railroad stock, and that showing the greatest elasticity, is undoubtedly the common stock of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, the leading granger line. Milwaukees may be depressed for a few days, but they always bob up again, and there is no keeping them down. It is evident that they are in the hands of a strong "Bull" clique which means to put them up whenever the opportunity offers. The question is, what may be in store for the shareholders at the annual meeting, which is held at the end of September? Dividends on the common stock were suspended a little more than three years ago, when the Company abruptly ceased the policy of extension, and even went so far as to take up some miles of track already laid, so that the returns now made are upon a smaller mileage than for the same period last year or the year before. At the same time, the gross receipts show a very handsome gain, as will be seen from the following comparison of gross earnings:—

	1891. Dols.	1890. Dols.		Dols.
4th week June	647,030	548,084	Inc.	98,946
Month of June	2,147,614	1,949,876	Inc.	197,738

It will be seen that for the fourth week in June the increase is only a little less that 20 per cent., and for the month a little more than 10 per cent. Operating expenses have fairly kept pace with the gain in the gross earnings, but entirely on account of the reduction of rates. It might, perhaps, be doubtful that a dividend would be declared out of the earnings of the year upon the common stock, unless the earnings during July and August should indicate a very large gain, but that is most probable. There has been a surplus on the common stock in each year since dividends were suspended, but the surplus for the current year is hardly enough as yet (although the earnings have been larger than ever before), to warrant a payment of dividends out of the year's business. If the surplus in the last three years is drawn upon there would, of course, be a strong possibility of a dividend on Milwaukees. The strength of the stock in the market certainly suggests considerable assurance that it will once more take its place on the dividend-paying list. The declaration of a dividend at all would, of course, depend upon ample assurance of steady increases in the traffic, beyond any figures ever known before, but these the road is likely to obtain from the splendid crops.

Atchison Incomes.

Although the earnings for the current fiscal year of the Atchison, Topeca, and Santa Fé have caused disappointment, the position of the road, which will participate largely in the prosperity fostered by the splendid crops in the large districts served by it, is most promising. This is sufficiently indicated by an increase of 139,000 dols. on the combined Atchison system for the first week in July. It is, of course, impossible that Atchison Income bonds should get their full dividend for the past year, the estimate being at present reduced to 2 per cent. (which dividend has been announced since writing the above), but there seems little doubt but that the Income bonds may reckon on an excellent result for the new fiscal year.

Vice-President Reinhart is reported to have stated that he knows of no reason why, if the road's affairs continue as at present, its full Income bond interest will not be found to be earned when July, 1892, is reached. The following statement, made by the Vice-president as to the manner in which Atchison stocks are held, will also be read with interest:—

The Atchison and St. Louis and San Francisco Companies pay large sums in interest on bonds in England, Holland, Boston, and New York, in January and July, and in ascertaining the amounts required in each place for distributing the deposits of money for the purpose, we find that there has been no diminution of amounts required abroad for July 1 under those for January 1 last, which indicates very clearly that no bonds of the Atchison and 'Frisco Companies have been sold back to America by Europe during the past six months. We verify this also from the fact that we have had inquiries from abroad quite recently for Atchison bonds. The same is true of Atchison stock, none of which has been transferred back to America since January 1, and large blocks are held in Europe. The stock being daily bought and sold in New York and Boston Exchanges is that in hands of brokers. There are no records whatever of sales of investment holders. Over 600,000 out of a total of 1,020,000 shares Atchison stock are held in New England. The balance represents holdings by Europe, New York and brokers, the latter being comparatively small.

Recent purchases of Atchison shares and Income bonds for Boston account indicate that these stocks are again coming into favour with the Bostonites, who threw them overboard wholesale a few months ago, and it is more than probable that, on the excellent prospects, these Income bonds will appreciate materially in the near future.

Missouri, Kansas, and Texas.

The stockholders of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas road had a new experience on July 1. They were finally placed in control of a property which is a little more than twenty-one years of age, and in that time has grown to an ownership of 1,600 miles of road, with an annual income of over 6,500,000 dols., out of which the stockholders in all these twenty-one years have never received a penny. Now, however, they have been duly and formally placed in possession of their property and released from the guardianship of the United States Courts. I do not exactly say that they are much nearer a dividend, but they have at last secured control of the property, and that is something. During the period of the receivership the road has been managed in the interests of the property, as is shown very clearly by the election of the receiver of the road to be President. Several millions of money have been spent in improvements and additions, and the Company now occupies a more independent position than ever before.

Foreigners.

There has not been much activity in the foreign market, and what there has been has been in the wrong direction, but the stocks specially affected by the Paris operators and raided with such persistence by London "Bears," such as Portuguese, Spanish, Rio Tintos, have been very fairly supported by the Paris bourse, considering the severe ordeal they had to go through on the announcement of the stoppage of the English Bank of the River Plate. Russian bonds are inactive, and although the Russian Minister of Finance has been supporting the market, a further break is more than likely. The bank failure will probably cause considerable depression in Buenos Ayres, but it is to be hoped that the other English institution in the River Plate will pull through. There does not seem much daylight ahead yet in Argentine finance, and holders of Argentine stocks must exercise further patience. The settlement with the Province of Entre Rios has now been accepted by the Entre Rios Central and Entre Rios Extensions Railway bondholders, who will thus cut off all connection with the Government, and rely upon the working of the railways to recoup themselves, in which they will probably prove successful in time, as the line is a good one, serving a populous and progressive district. Uruguay bonds have fallen heavily on the failure of the English Bank, which had an important branch in Monte Video. If ex-President Ellauri's chances of raising the wind for the Republic of Uruguay were slight before, they have probably vanished altogether now. There is no break in the clouds yet as far as Chili is concerned. Brazilian bonds have shown much steadiness, and Brazilian finance has apparently a brighter future before it. Disquiet is still being fostered by the enemies of Mexico, but there seems absolutely no reason to anticipate any trouble, financial or political, in that country. Costa Rica seems to progress in its prosperous career, and investors on the look out for South or Central American investments should not neglect Costa Rica B bonds. Mexican Rails are in the dumps on bad traffic returns and rumours of the outbreak of yellow fever in Vera Cruz. Mexican Central Gold bonds and the Internal bonds, on the other hand, should be bought; the former is a sound investment, the latter is a promising speculative "lock up."

Elmore Copper.

Amongst industrial Companies formed for the working of patents there are, it must be admitted, few prizes and many blanks, and it generally takes much longer to bring such undertakings to a successful issue, than the inventors or promoters may have originally contemplated. This has, so far, been the experience of those interested in the various Elmore Copper Companies, but I understand that much useful work has been done of late, which promises to bring about almost immediate favourable results. Certain difficulties at the works at Leeds of the Elmore's Patent Copper Depositing Company have been got over, and with next month the output of the Company's manufactures will be increased to 20 tons per week, while preparations are being made for putting down plant for a further increase of the output to forty-five tons a week. What that will mean in the shape of profits to the Company I leave you to calculate yourself, the average profit per ton having been stated to me at £50 per ton. I have satisfied myself from the examination of official documents that large repeat orders for the Company's tubes and other manufactures are being given by important firms, which fact absolutely disposes of certain rumours that had been set about that the products manufactured under the process did not give satisfaction. I shall take the opportunity this week of fully inquiring into the conditions under which the work is being carried on at Leeds, and I have no doubt that the statements made to me will be fully confirmed, in which case the £2 shares of the Company, now quoted $3\frac{1}{2}$, would appear to be a very promising purchase. Even greater progress is likely to be made in the near future by Elmore's French Patent Depositing Company, Limited. This undertaking was started in September, 1890, with a capital of £200,000 in 100,000 shares of £2 each. The bulk of the shares was offered at a premium of 10s. per share, so that the present price of $2\frac{3}{8}$-$\frac{1}{2}$ does not represent any advance on the price of issue. The manufacture under the Elmore process by the French Company has from the outset been planned on a much larger scale, and it is no secret that M. Eugène Secrétan, of copper ring fame, has thrown himself heart and soul into this enterprise. Whatever his reverses have been, this gentleman still commands a great influence in the French copper trade, and is essentially the right man in the right place to push the French Elmore Company's business. The works at Dives, which will be completed very shortly, will have a capacity of 300 to 400 tons a month, and as a similar profit to that estimated for the English company's manufactures is foreshadowed, this would mean a gross profit of close upon cent. per cent. upon the capital of the Company. Our volatile neighbours across the channel are, I understand, taking a lively interest in the enterprise, and are likely to operate in the shares on a large scale. Under the circumstances, therefore, I should say, you could do no harm, my dear Ben, in laying in a few hundred French Elmore shares. You will go in under more favourable terms than the original shareholders, as the Company has passed through its period of probation, and a big rise may take place at any moment.

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MY LETTER-BOX.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Lex.—You can deal in such bonds through a good London firm of stockbrokers. Only City of Boston (U.S.) bonds are quoted on the London Stock Exchange of U.S. Corporation stocks, the price being about 102—4 for Five per cent. bonds, but a number of Canadian Corporation stocks are dealt in. I am afraid that you might come to grief if you were to go into bonds of small American towns through New York brokers. *Pollux.*—I should certainly prefer New York Central Four per cent. Debentures to the Colonial stock mentioned. *Leamington.*—The dividend estimate for Atchison Income Bonds for the present year is 2 per cent., but the line is doing remarkably well now, and there seems a fair chance of the full 5 per cent. dividend for the next year. Hold. *E. H.*—The passing of the Denver dividend has no bearing on the Norfolk Preference dividend, which will be declared at the commencement of October, and is expected to be at the same rate as before, 3 per cent. per annum. *F. A. S. H.*—As the Union Pacific has resumed payment of interest on these bonds, they are likely to improve. The official quotation is 85 to 90. Hold, as American Railroad bonds are just commencing to get into fashion again. *Lausanne.*—The estimate of the Atchison Income dividend for the past year is 2 per cent., but the line is beginning to show such large traffic increases that the prospects are excellent for the current year. The American Telegraph shares referred to are not dealt in on the London Stock Exchange, and I should not like to advise you. The Life Office named is a sound one, although I should not exactly select it in preference to some others. *Wellington.*—1. There seems a fair prospect of an improvement in the American Railroad bonds named as soon as the incipient demands for the bonds increases. 2. I do not like the conversion operation, the new Company being a Brazilian one, over which the bondholders have no control. 3. As the price of 70-80 for a 5 per cent. bond indicates, this is a second-rate bond. I only advise investment in first-class American Railroad bonds. *Anxious.*—1. I do not advise investment in the Dairy shares. 2. No reliable information is available. It is a mere speculation, and, under the circumstances mentioned, I should certainly sell. 3. The only hope to successfully cope with this matter, would be by combination with other shareholders. 4. An industrial undertaking, about the prospects of which it is impossible to speak positively. 5. I am afraid that in view of the large production of petroleum in Russia and elsewhere, the prospects of the Scotch oil trade are not very promising. *Nomad.*—The Argentine Six per Cent. Funding Loan is secured on the Argentine Custom's Revenues. It is issued at par in lieu of interest on older loans of the Republic, and is very cheap at the present price of 51½. The interest is paid half-yearly. *A. G.*—The West Argentine Company was successfully reconstructed, and I understand that operations in the American property are progressing satisfactorily, and I should not sell at the present figure. Write to the Secretary and get the latest information from him. *T. C. B.*—Your list of mining shares is a very poor one, and it would be best to dispose of them as opportunity offers. *J. W. Selby.*—I stated at the time that it was a very cheap speculative mining share. If you have no patience, you should leave mining speculations alone altogether. *Outcast.*—1. The falling off in the profits of the meat trade has, of course, affected Eastman's adversely, and this change in the conditions of the trade was one impossible to foresee. There seems now a prospect of the tide turning. You should read the remarks in the circular of Mr. W. W. Duncan, who has just returned from the States after thoroughly investigating the position. 2. The St. Louis Brewery Company is doing well. *S. W.*—St. Louis, City of Chicago, San Francisco Prefs., Peter Schoenhofen, and Bartholomay Brewery shares. *B. W. L.*—This man chiefly recommends rotten mines, and his circular is valueless. He certainly knows nothing of brewery shares. *E. B., Liverpool.*—1. Average Hammond Prefs. 2. Sell Mexican Railway First Prefs. on a recovery. 3. Hold Massey's Burnley. 4. I cannot advise you about this concern. 5. Read my comments, and form your own conclusion. Sell Montana and American Belle (6 and 7). Hold or average St. Louis Brewery (8). Hold San Francisco. 9. This is a mining broker well known to recommend rotten mines; do not take any notice of his remarks. *Gyelc.*—I do not see that you need take any special steps. You will all the same be able to participate in the liquidation or any possible reconstruction. *J. B. B., Blackheath.*—The Bartholomay Rochester Brewery is doing excellently, and had an increase in barrelage for June of 8,000 barrels. Hold. I do not care for the other brewery named; it does a cheap trade, and would suffer from higher prices of material. *J. R. D.*—Of the Indian Railways named, No. 1 seems to be the most promising. The Brewery shares, No. 5, are quite high enough, London General Omnibus shares (6) are also at a high price in view of past and possible future labour troubles. Tamplin's Brewery (7) should be held now, and Parker's Burslem (8) is doing excellently. There is no reason why the Preference shares of the latter should be cheaper. Although Argentine finance is in a deplorable state I should hold the Railway stocks No. 9 and 10, which are sound, in the hope of better times. *Leeds.*—See remarks *re* Bell's Asbestos under "Various Investments." You should hold the Argentine Railway stock in the hope of better times coming. *Sapiens.*—All the stocks mentioned are much depreciated and should be bought, especially 1, 3, and 5. With respect to American Rails you will find full particulars in my letter. *E. C. V.*—See remarks *re* Bell's Asbestos in my letter. The Uranium Mines are, unfortunately, passing through the same history as many other mines. You can do nothing. *Kentora.*—1. Costa Rica Rails are doing well, and the line has now been taken over by the Company. As it earns the full debenture interest and more, there would seem no need for more capital. 2. Yes, average Hammond's at present prices. *R. N.*—Yes; Mexican Central Four Per Cent. Gold bonds are a good investment. *A Constant Reader, No* 2.—You had better hold Louisville (1), they will recover again with the American market generally, and are paying you good interest in the meantime. No reason to sell No. 2 now, but I should get out of the Brazilian stock (3) on an improvement. Your only way is to hold No. 4 Buenos Ayres, 1882-6, and No. 5 Cordova Permanent bonds, in the hope of a recovery when the funding arrangements are completed. Hold 6, they will recover again. *Cynicht.*—I have so fully discussed the position of Bell's Asbestos Company in recent issues, that I must refer you to these and to-day's remarks. *Abertoudda.*—The English Bank of the River Plate has just closed its doors, and the shares have fallen to a discount, as there is a heavy liability on them. *E. S.*—1. Negotiations are pending for a compromise respecting the Tucuman Provincial bonds. The province has defaulted. 2. Impossible to tell in the present state of affairs. 3. I should certainly leave Buenos Ayres Water and Drainage Prefs. alone. *Aberystwith.*—Hold all the land and mining shares 1-6; they will recover again. 7. Illinois Central have had a dividend disappointment, but you should hold now. Hold also No. 9 in the hope of better times. *Fr. W. W.*—I do not care much for any of the stocks you mention. They are mostly very speculative. The bank (No. 9) has failed. If you want high interest without undue risk you might invest in Costa Rica B bonds and St. Louis Brewery shares. Amongst American rails Norfolk and Western Prefs. are very cheap, as they pay 3 per cent. interest. If you want better security, American Railroad bonds might suit you. *Ty Gwyn.*—Mining shares should not be called investments, they are speculations, and you should only put into them what you can easily spare. The shares are all fully paid up with the exception of No. 5. *Money.*—Mexican Central 4 per cent. Gold bonds will give you the yield you want with every reasonable safety. *J. S.*—1. Your inquiry respecting the English Bank of the River Plate came, unfortunately, too late, as the Bank has closed its doors. Of the three Trust Companies named, No. 4 is the best. I must confess to having no liking for Nos. 2 and 3, and should get out of them on an opportunity. *W. D.*—I really do not consider these shares the catch your friend says they are. *Crude.*—I do not share your opinion, but if it should turn out that bad faith was shown, you may rest assured that retribution will fall upon the guilty ones. *Bruce, Rouen.*—1. You should hold the Santa Fé bonds, as an arrangement is being negotiated. 2. Sell your Russian bonds at once, the bad harvest in Russia must eventually cause a further fall of the rouble and a heavy decline in the bonds. 3. Yes, well-selected American Brewery shares may be safely bought. I should advise you to spread your investment over several stocks, for instance, St. Louis, Bartholomay, City of Chicago, and Peter Schoenhofen. *H. H.*—1. Yes. I do not see why you should not invest in the shares of sound Gas Companies such as those mentioned by you. 2. There is no reason why you should exclude the shares in good Insurance Companies, but you should investigate the position thoroughly. 3. Have nothing to do with the Chemical Union. *W. F.*—12. As far as I can learn the latest advices from the other side point to the payment of the Norfolk Preference dividend next October. Hold and average. 13. I cannot tell you anything about this concern. Apply to the liquidator. 14. I have never been in favour of this Company, and should advise you to sell on an improvement. *F. B.*—1. A fair investment, subject, however, to the risk of labour troubles. 2. A fair industrial enterprise. *Ex Lancer,*—No reason to sell the Bank shares No. 1 now. You might sell No. 2 on a recovery, although they seem to be pretty sure of their dividend. Hold the South American investments 3-5, they will recover again. No. 4 has been very fortunate. No reason to sell 6-7. Midlands (8) are doing well. Atchison Incomes (9 and 10) have just got their 2 per cent. dividend, and will, no doubt, get 5 per cent. in the current year. Hold 11-13. I cannot advise you about No. 14. Hold 15 and 16.

THE MINING MARKET.

There are no indications as yet of returning animation in the mining market, so that holders of mining shares will have to exercise further patience. Kaffirs made intermittent attempts to raise themselves out of the depression, but the utmost that can be said is that no further decline has been recorded. Jumpers have hardened to 1¾, May Consolidated are somewhat easier, Durban Roodepoort have been fairly maintained, Jubilee show signs of recovery. Respecting the Oceana Company, favourable advices were received by mail from South Africa from the mining expert who was sent out recently, and cable despatches may shortly be expected from the two directors who left a fortnight ago for the Transvaal. De Beers have had a dull market at 13 x.d. There has been a better demand for Indian mines, although there is no activity. Mysore Gold shares stand at 5½, and Gold Fields of Mysore, which are now quoted ex the bonus, at 1⅜. Mysore Harnhalli have been fairly steady at 3s. 6d.–4s., and will eventually recover. Interesting news from the Great Gold Zone property may now at any time be received. There has been no further startling development in Elmore Gold, but latest advices were by no means unpromising. At the meeting of shareholders

of the Australian Broken Hill Consols some very satisfactory explanations were given by the chairman, but the "Bears" have contested every inch of ground, and thus the shares have not yet made a determined upward movement. A proof of a considerable account being open for the fall was a backwardation of 3d. per share, which was paid at the last settlement. According to latest reports, the working of the rich vein is again proceeding. The quotations of the shares in the near future will largely depend upon the next output. Should it be favourable, the "Bears" will get a very lively time of it.

Various Investments.

So far there is as yet no indication that the directors of Bell's Asbestos Company will act upon my suggestion to publish a statement of the position of the Company, and an explanation of the smallness of the interim dividend. Yet I have been overwhelmed with communications from shareholders strongly approving of my suggestion. As regards the "fullest replies," promised by the Managing Directors to shareholders who may be making inquiries at the offices of the Company, I trust that they will be of a more definite and complete character than the letters which have been forwarded to me by some of my correspondents. The following is one of these communications:—

> In reply to the inquiry contained in your letter, I beg to say that owing to the delay in the completion of some important contracts, the amount of profit realised during the last half-year is so much less than the proportion that is anticipated for the entire year, that the directors have decided to pay only the small dividend which has been announced. It is, however, believed that the delay above referred to will be overcome before the end of the year.

There is a somewhat firmer tone in American Brewery shares upon the return, from a prolonged trip through the States, of a well-known expert, whose investigations have proved very favourable. When it is, moreover, considered that, taking the entire list of these Companies, the return during the last twelve months on a gross capital of £16,658,000 has been 5¾ per cent. upon the Debenture capital, 7⅛ per cent. upon the Preference capital, and 13 per cent. upon the Ordinary capital, it does not look as if investors in American Brewery stocks had much to complain of. The Salt Union has lost some of its directors, which has not improved quotations. My readers will recollect that I did not approve of this investment from the first. The United States Debenture Corporation has declared the maximum interim dividend on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 7 per cent., and a Preference dividend at the rate of 5½ per cent. per annum, which must be considered very satisfactory. A pleasant surprise was experienced by the shareholders of the South American and Mexican Company, who were told at Thursday's meeting that their directors had shown the rare foresight of investing in Argentine stocks only upon an arrangement according to which they had the option of returning the stocks within a certain time or to have the depreciation made good. This saved the Company from heavy loss, and redounds to the credit of the management. But what can be said of the policy adopted by the sellers in agreeing to so one-sided an arrangement? Amongst the new Companies which will shortly see the light of day, I hear of a big Dutch Oyster Company, which is to unite under one management a number of profitable oyster ports situated at the mouth of the Scheldt, in Holland, thus securing the control of this trade. The consumption of Dutch native oysters has assumed such large proportions that profits of over 10 per cent. on a considerable ordinary share capital are foreshadowed.—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

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QUEER STORY.

A ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.

GEORGE PLANTAGENET PRUDHOM SCALPENDER, the last Marquis of Sevenoaks, was a man of an ascetic turn of mind, born partly, no doubt, of ill-health, to which he had been subject from his earliest youth, but intensified by his inseparable companionship with his mother, until her death. The old Marchioness was a most noble, virtuous, and learned woman of the old school, and had devoted most of her married life to the education and instruction of this her favourite son. Her husband was a man of totally different tastes and habit. He was a hard-swearing, fox-hunting, port-drinking, old country squire, antipathetic in every particular to his wife, and disgusted with what he considered the namby-pamby sickliness of his eldest son and heir. Their other son, the Honourable Sydney Scalpender, however, was a boy after his father's own heart. He was a small edition, a microscosm, so to speak, of the most noble Marquis himself. He swore his father's oaths before he was fifteen, was a judge of his port before he was twenty, and had been initiated into all his vices by the time he was twenty-five. The old Marquis would have given up a year of the best, which in another sense was perhaps the worst, part of his life, if he could have looked forward to being succeeded in his title and fortunes by this promising chip of the old block. However, he consoled himself with the thought that his eldest-born was too delicate to marry, and that in due time his boy Sydney would come into his own.

In the course of events the old Marquis was gathered to his fathers, and was succeeded by his eldest son, who, at the time our story opens, was in an exceedingly precarious state of health. In answer to the constant anxious inquiries of his brother, the doctors said that they might be able to keep him alive for many years; but, on the other hand, there might be a sudden break-up of his constitution at any time.

This was by no means satisfactory news to Mr. Sydney Scalpender. Pecuniarily, he was in the very lowest of water. From his father he had inherited nothing but his name and the possible eventual enjoyment of the marquisate and the settled estates in the far or near future. His brother might be kept alive by those confounded doctors for several years, and what on earth was he to do during that period? Certainly there was the big Jew money-lender who had more than once approached him on the subject of his reversion; but his terms were so unreasonable, and it would, indeed, be sickening if his brother were to die just when he had charged the estate with some outrageous debt, wholly incommensurable with the miserable sum which was at best to be screwed out of Moses. Besides which he had in a generous moment, when he was flush of money, sworn to his mother that he would never encumber the estates.

Such was the situation of affairs when one morning, as Mr. Scalpender was trying with but little success to get down some of his twelve o'clock breakfast, the card of Mr. Moses Aaronsohn was brought up, with a request for an interview.

"Curse the fellow's impudence for coming here," said Sydney Scalpender aloud, for the benefit of his servant.

To himself he said, "I wonder how he'll take it. He's scoundrel enough for anything, I should think, when money's to be had."

"You can show him up, Richards, and say I'm not at home to any one else whilst he's here."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Moses," said the Honourable Sydney, when he had motioned the Jew to a chair, "I've been thinking over your offer of ten thousand pounds down for a first charge of fifty thousand on my reversion of the Oakeshall Estates, which come to me with the Marquisate on my brother's death. It's a scoundrelly price to pay, but I'm inclined to make it a bargain if you will also help me in another little matter."

"Most happy to assist you, Mr. Scalpender, in anything in reason. What may it be, sir?"

"Well, Aaronsohn, the fact is I'm in love."

"A not uncommon complaint, sir," replied the Jew. "I fancy I am indebted to the little archer for a good many of my clients."

"But this is a more serious affair than most," my dear Moses, "the girl wants me to marry her, and what's more, I've promised to do it."

"Has the lady money, sir?"

"Not a farthing; and what's more she has no prospects. Though born a lady, she's working in a millinery business."

"Leave her alone, sir; leave her alone. Don't throw yourself away, sir. Fancy what a fortune you'll be able to marry when you're the Marquis of Sevenoaks."

"You can keep your advice to yourself, Aaronsohn," said Sydney, haughtily; "you don't suppose I sent for you to ask your opinion on what I have made up my mind to do."

"No offence meant, Mr. Scalpender; no offence, sir, I'm sure, but to see a man of your position and prospects giving himself away ——"

"I don't intend to give myself away," said Sydney, testily; "and, if you'd only hold your tongue a minute you'd hear what I propose. In plain words, Aaronsohn, this girl has consented to be married before a registrar, and I want you to turn amateur superintendent for once, and provide witnesses and certificates, and whatever's necessary to carry the thing through. Of course I can't really marry the girl. I suppose this can be managed somehow. Probably your office would be as good a place as any."

But Mr. Aaronsohn did not see the thing at all in that light. He was not going to mix himself up in a conspiracy of that sort; and as for the affair coming off at his office, he never heard so outrageous a suggestion. And it was not until he realised that his pet scheme for getting a charge on the Oakeshall reversion depended on some way being found of carrying out this wicked scheme that his virtuous indignation began to cool down.

The long and short of it was that a bogus registrar's office was arranged in an obscure part of the town, and one more poor, foolish, trusting girl was added to the long list of betrayed and ruined, and Mr. Moses Aaronsohn obtained a first charge on the Oakeshall Estates. The fact that it was the price of blood did not trouble the Jew for long.

Six months later Marian Fairnshaw learnt from the lips of Mr. Sydney Scalpender that her child would be born out of wedlock, and that she was herself a dishonoured woman, the victim of a heartless man of pleasure. From that moment they parted. Marian Fairnshaw was too proud a woman to remain the mistress of the reptile who had deceived her, and Sydney Scalpender was not sorry to be rid of a plaything of which he was rapidly tiring.

* * * * *

Another six months had passed, and the Marquis of Sevenoaks lay dying.

Mr. Sydney Scalpender, notwithstanding his objection on principle to anything melancholy, had gone down to Oakeshall to see the last of his brother, but not without taking care that that fact was duly chronicled in the *Morning Post*.

He sat in the great melancholy library, pondering over old days, when the house used to resound with the merry voices of his father's uproarious guests. The place was now silent as the grave. He had just had an interview with the doctor, who had informed him that the Marquis could hardly last until the next morning, and was awaiting his final summons to the chamber of death. In the meantime his thoughts were busy with his own future. What should he do with Oakeshall? Should he let it? or should he live there? There was that cursed first charge on the estate held by the Jew, Aaronsohn. Why the deuce hadn't he had the sense to wait over a year before crippling himself? However, that was done, and it couldn't be helped.

In a few minutes Mr. Sydney Scalpender was dozing. In another few minutes he was wide awake, and rubbing his eyes.

"Curious thing," he said to himself, "I could have sworn I heard a child cry. I must have been dreaming."

Almost immediately the door opened, and the butler told him that his brother had asked to see him. He pulled himself together for the ordeal which he dreaded.

The sick room was dark, and the air heavy with the mingled scent of perfumes and drugs. A woman, apparently a nurse, stood at one side of the bed bathing the dying man's forehead. The doctor motioned him to the opposite side. Sydney Scalpender felt terribly awed and horribly out of place. He looked at his brother. The dying man's face was not a pleasant object to dwell upon, and, by force of habit, Scalpender's eyes rolled from it to find something to contemplate more to his taste. His eyes were fast accustoming themselves to the sombre light of the room. The nurse was bending over the bed. One hand held the dying man's, whilst the other administered to his wants.

"Courage, Marian, courage!" were the first words to break the silence. They sounded strangely from the lips of the poor sufferer, who seemed rather to need support than to be capable of rendering it in the dread change that was so near.

The girl dropped upon her knees, and hid her face on the bed.

"Hallo," thought Sydney, "then George has had his little fancies, too, has he, notwithstanding his fine character for saintliness? He's got something of the true Scalpender in him after all."

There was a moment's pause, and then the Marquis turned his face towards his brother.

"Sydney," he said, speaking slowly, "this is the last time we shall ever meet, for I am, as you know, dying. It is unpleasant, and, of course, physically difficult for me to say all that has to be said, so I hope you will be as forbearing as possible."

"My dear George," said Sydney, gently, "why trouble about business until you are a bit stronger? There's nothing that cannot wait."

"There's much that must be said now," answered the dying man. "It is better that it should come from me than from others. Sydney, first and foremost, you have broken your promise to our mother. You promised her most solemnly never to encumber the estates."

"How the—how on earth do you know anything of that?" said Sydney, checking his appeal to the Prince of Darkness, as out of place.

"Never mind, Sydney, how I know it. At any rate, you have only yourself to thank for the loss of your estates."

"The loss of the estates," cried Sydney, scornfully. "You must forget, my dear George, that there is a strict entail, and that Oakeshall is worth, at the lowest estimate, twenty thousand a year."

"I do not forget, Sydney, that it is worth all that you say, and more; nor do I forget that it is subject to the strict entail from father to son, as, indeed, is the Marquisate itself."

"I suppose," said Sydney, who had now quite forgotten that the colloquy was with a dying man, "I suppose you will be saying next that the title will pass away from me at your—when you—that is to say——"

"Don't be afraid to say it, Sydney; yes, at my death."

"Well, if you will have it, at your death. You'll hardly go as far as that, George, and that's something to trade on—something to get married by a rich girl for, isn't it?"

"Yes, true," answered the sick man, as if convinced against his will. "Of course, your wife is the Marchioness of Sevenoaks."

"Will be, you mean, my dear George," said Scalpender, glancing with a meaning smile at the doctor, as much as to say, "You see he's wandering a bit."

"No, Sydney, no," cried the dying man, raising himself with a tremendous effort on his elbow, and pointing to the girl, who had now risen from her knees, and was standing at the bedside. "No, Sydney, no; is—*is*—IS the Marchioness of Sevenoaks, I say and I mean. There

INVERGLOY HOTEL (by Fort William, N.B.), on Loch Lochy (CALEDONIAN CANAL).—Beautiful walks, waterfalls, &c. Good Fishing and Boating. Same Management as "Station Hotel," Oban.

stands Marian Fairnshaw, the girl you basely betrayed. But a month ago that girl became my lawful wife, and, but a week later, was born in lawful wedlock your son and her son, the next Marquis of Sevenoaks, and heir apparent to the Oakeshall estates."

MUSIC.

THE opera season at Covent Garden will terminate on Monday, and about a fortnight afterwards the house will reopen for the Promenade Concerts, in all probability under the direction of a very experienced and highly-respected manager whose name has hitherto been associated with concerts of a far more serious character. If this arrangement comes off—and documents have been submitted between the parties—the conductor, except, it is assumed, on classical nights, will be Mr. Gwyllym Crowe. In regard to the autumn opera, the question is yet undecided. Signor Lago has, I believe, made an offer of £150 per week, which is very little more than the rent that Mr. Harris has to pay, and without reckoning the loss necessarily sustained for the period during which the theatre must be closed. Mr. Harris suggested a rent of £250 a week, and there for the moment the matter rests. Signor Lago, I believe, last year paid £150 a week rent, but if he wants the house this year I expect he must spring a bit. An autumnal season of opera is, however, very probable, but under whose management it will be has yet to be settled. It is also possible that Her Majesty's Theatre may, after all, fall into Mr. Harris's hands, that indefatigable impresario having a scheme for it, starting about Christmas. With three of the largest West-end theatres under his sole management, even Mr. Augustus Harris would seem to have his work cut out.

The English Opera-house will close on Saturday week, Mr. D'Oyly Carte having wisely resolved that it would not be prudent to produce "La Basoche" in the dog-days. Mr. Wyndham thinks differently, and the Parisian comic opera, or musical comedietta, "Miss Decima," is announced for production on Thursday of this week. The date now fixed for "La Basoche" is September 26, and although the statement has, I see, been contradicted, it is, nevertheless, the fact that the leading tenor of the company, Mr. Ben Davies, is at present cast for the chief male part of the young poet, Clément Marot. At any rate, the music has been sent to Mr. Davies to study. The choral rehearsals of "La Basoche" are already far advanced. "The Rajah," which is doing very well at the Savoy, will, of course, be run through the autumn, although it is said the troupe is about temporarily to lose two of its most popular members, Mr. Rutland Barrington and Miss Jessie Bond contemplating an entertainment tour in the provinces.

Verdi's "Otello" was, after all, produced at Covent Garden on Wednesday of last week, and M. Jean de Reszke sustained the titular character. The popular tenor's indisposition was probably more nervous than real, although an artist who is in the winter to earn £1,200 a week in the United States may be forgiven for taking every care of his voice. However, Mr. Harris had resolved that no more postponements should be allowed, and lest M. de Reszke were unable to appear, he had engaged (it is said at a fee of £500) a new-comer, M. Durot, to take his place. Happily M. Durot's services were not required. It is, nevertheless, very unlikely that "Otello" will pass definitely into the Polish tenor's repertory, and it is quite possible that next year it may be transferred to M. Van Dyck. The velvety softness of M. de Reszke's voice makes him invaluable for Romeo, Faust, and other parts of the operatic lover. But Otello is beyond him, and we miss the absolute ferocity and the bursts of passion which led audiences to forgive his predecessor, Signor Tamagno, many a fault of vocal style. Moreover, the music is obviously trying, suiting his voice as little as the burnt cork of the Christy Minstrels suits his face, and accordingly M. de Reszke would seem to be wise in limiting his appearances in Verdi's opera this season to four, at one of which, at the tenor's own request, Miss Eames will probably appear as Desdemona. The American lady will find it difficult to beat Madame Albani, who, both from a dramatic and a vocal point of view, is a superb Desdemona. Objection has been made that Madame Albani is a somewhat matronly exponent of the heroine; but in the opera, the scene before the senate being omitted, Desdemona is merely a married woman of whom her husband is unreasonably jealous, and her age, fortunately, is left indefinite. M. Maurel repeated his fine impersonation of Iago, a reading of the part which, however, hardly improves with time. The French baritone has especially to guard against playing up to the gallery, where some over-zealous admirers were last week seated, and also against exaggerations of gesture and facial expression. Taken as a whole, however, the "Otello" performance was one of the best of the present summer, and it seems a thousand pities that the opera was not given earlier in the season, when, with such a cast, it would assuredly have enjoyed a run.

Mr. Isidore de Lara's "Light of Asia," originally intended for production last Saturday, and actually announced for Monday, was by advertisement postponed till Wednesday of this week. On Monday, however, the operatorio was abandoned for the season. As usual, when friends fall out there is likely to be a good deal of discussion on the point, but into the controversy I for one must decline to enter. Inasmuch as the work could not this season be adequately rendered, its abandonment was, however, clearly wise from every point of view, despite the fact that its fate will inevitably recall the epitaph upon the prematurely deceased infant.

The Tonic-Sol-fa authorities have reason to be proud of the success of their Jubilee fêtes, which ended with a modest ten hours' round of music for a shilling at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. A splendid choir of 3,000 Metropolitan singers, a very fair chorus of 4,000 provincials (weak in altos, although the sopranos and basses were very fine), and a highly creditable chorus of 5,000 juveniles, successively took part in a series of concerts, the programme of which included Schubert's "Song of Miriam," Hiller's "Song of Victory," a new prize ode by Mr. Cowley, and other works. Furthermore, by way of a sight-singing test, the 4,000 provincials read off an anthem by Mr. Nixon which they had never seen before, and the 3,000 Londoners took down on paper a chorus, each part (soprano, alto, tenor, and bass) of which was successively played once on the organ, and immediately sang it off in four-part harmony, about as satisfactory an ear test as could possibly be devised. A system which can secure such results is emphatically one which deserves the success it has achieved, and it almost seems a pity that John Hullah, who in years gone by forgot his high position as Inspector of Music in elementary schools to assail the Tonic-Sol-fa in the vain hope of replacing it by one of his own, did not survive to be present last Saturday, when he would inevitably have been compelled to eat his own foolish words. Happily, the era of favouritism in this respect is now at an end, and one of the first acts of Sir John Stainer on succeeding Hullah was to appoint as his deputy Mr. W. G. McNaught, a prominent teacher of Tonic-Sol-fa. How rapidly the system has progressed may be judged from the fact that little more than forty years ago, at the first meeting in Jewin-crescent, the Tonic-Sol-faists were fewer than a thousand all told, while last year in the elementary schools alone two and a-half millions of children (sixty per cent. of the total) were learning singing by this system.

The University Court have, I am happy to be able to state, acted the part of wisdom in regard to the vacant Chair of Music at Edinburgh. I narrated the facts last week, and there is no need to repeat them. The Court have now postponed the election of the new Professor till October, by which time the absurdly-delayed report of the Universities Commission as to the duties of the Chair will, it is hoped, have been published. The members of the

GOUT.—"Bishop's' Effervescent Citrate of Lithia is the best preventive of gout. All doctors prescribe it.—Of all Chemists, and of the Inventors, ALF. BISHOP & SONS, 48, Spelman-street, London.

Commission must, however, wake up. The progress of music in Edinburgh cannot be at a standstill for a whole year waiting the leisure of these worthy, but dilatory, officials.

Professor Villiers Stanford's new choral ode, "The Battle of the Baltic," based, of course, upon Thomas Campbell's war lyric, was produced for the first time at the final Richter concert on Monday. The piece is on the plan of "The Revenge," although the thanksgiving song of the Britons in the penultimate verse, and the elegy in the last verse, give Professor Stanford opportunity for more striking contrasts than were afforded him in Tennyson's stirring lyric. The Anglomania of Campbell's lines are, however, a sorry substitute for the more healthy language of the Laureate. The cool assumption of the magnanimity of the British admiral in sparing the lives of the Danes on condition that their ships and crews were given up is as delicious as the poetry and sentiment of the verse:—

> Then Denmark blest our chief,
> That he gave her wounds repose,
> And the sounds of joy and grief
> From her people wildly rose.

Unfortunately, scant justice was done to Professor Stanford's music by the Richter choir, which is largely composed of foreign vocalists, who could possibly have had but little sympathy with Campbell's essentially "Jingo" sentiments. The Richter concerts, despite the depression which has affected most entertainments, have enjoyed a most successful season, and indeed it is possible that the only dissatisfied subscriber is Lord Dysart, who so strongly objects to the engagement of English vocalists.

The Wagner Festival began at Bayreuth on Sunday. Every seat has been sold out for the whole series of performances, no fewer than 3,000 tickets at £1 a head having been bought in London. As few people attend more than three performances, this seems to imply that a thousand individuals are willing to travel some hundreds of miles to listen to splendid performances of Wagner's operas in an inconvenient theatre. The enthusiast I can understand. But, except upon the principle of the omnibus driver out for a holiday, I confess I cannot quite appreciate the logic of those who, while complaining that they are fagged out by the plethora of music in the London season, yet rush off to Bayreuth to listen once more to opera.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Delightful peace and calm have reigned over the Metropolis since the energetic German Emperor puffed away northwards. I have been exercising my imagination since he left about the union of a nature so restless and excitable as his with one so soft and placid as his wife's seems to be. He must find a sort of reposeful haven in her serenity, while she, no doubt, enjoys excitement vicariously as reflected from his. In this way they probably share with each other what neither could possess alone. They seem to get on together splendidly. People whose angles would get in each others' way and provoke friction, if they lived in a "desirable residence" and shared closely in each other's daily life, as married couples do in our class of life, can each follow an individual orbit in palaces and great places of the earth. You remember what Dickens made some one say about "temper in a cart." It is an awful thing for two human beings to be continually too close together, as it were, neither able to secure that occasional solitude that enables us to meet so many troubles calmly. Bad as the physical evils of overcrowding are, the mental and spiritual ones must be worse. Small wonder that people in that class of life throw things at each other.

One of the dreadful things about getting married must be the giving another the claim to share every hour of one's life. How we dislike intrusion on the quiet hours in which we read, or think, or make our little plans. Sisters, even, like to be apart and alone now and then. Solitude *must* be a necessity to natures like ours, in each one of which there are thoughts and feelings that can never be shared with any one. How easily the days run when each brings its little quiet time in which we can think our thoughts whole, as it were, not piecemeal. But the simplest observation, even a cough or sneeze, breaks up a thought, as the needle breaks ice. One can generally piece it together again, but this is not the same thing.

I wonder if a stream of talk affects you in the same distracting way that it does me. One or two individuals of our acquaintance have an uncommonly free flow of conversation, and I dread them more than I can express. One is a clergyman. Once set going, he talks half an hour at a time without leaving off for a single moment. Another belongs to our own sex. She is rather worse than the gentleman, for she leaves off every minute or so with an interrogative "H'm?", the necessity of replying to which obliges one to attend closely to the drift of her remarks. These two create a dazed, bewildered feeling in my mind. They murder thought. They give us no time to contemplate what they themselves lay before us. A crowd of confused images passes before our consciousness, exhausting us without in any way impressing themselves. When one of these two appears, I feel that I could be guilty of almost any rudeness in order to avoid the dreadful infliction of their talk; but they are old friends of the family, and when they are not present in the body, we really like them very much. But, oh! the fibs we have told in order to escape from them, after an hour of the dreadful dose. I feel a guilty thing when I reflect upon my misdeeds in this direction. The question is, how far one is justified in committing little verbal sins in self-defence. If these people knew the miserable whirl they raise in one's mind, a sort of syllabic dust-cloud, they would be among the first to pity us.

We went to see the Living Chess Tournament played at Hengler's Cirque on Tuesday and Wednesday, in aid of the Women's Help Society. It was a very pretty sight. The dresses were most effective, the reds wearing crimson satin and gold decorations, and the others white satin and silver. The two Queens looked charming with their high ruffs at the back of the neck, and bodices cut square in front. Their hair was dressed high. In front of her crimson-and-gold crown, the red Queen, Miss L. Cotterell, a very pretty, dark-eyed girl, wore a diamond necklace, fastened as a band across her hair. The White Queen, Mrs. Skeffington Smyth, had diamond stars. She was as fair as the Red Queen was dark. The Pawns were all children, some of them tiny scraps. Most of the white "men" were fair-haired, while the majority of the red were dark. When the lime-light was thrown upon the board, the effect was very pretty.

The heralds were somewhat intemperate in the use of their trumpets. They nearly deafened us, and as they blew in a different key from that in which the orchestra played, continuing through the roar of the trumpets, you may imagine that the noise was very terrible. Several ladies played violins and violas in the orchestra. Not only did they play very well, but they looked highly decorative in their light dresses and summer hats. One of the prettiest bits of the whole thing was when the defeated white "men" came and did obeisance to the conquering King and Queen. This was at the end of the first game. We did not wait for the second, but I suppose the white side won it. It would be only fair.

The Women's Help Society, in aid of whose funds the performance was arranged, is an excellent charity, established twelve years ago, and under the patronage of Princess Christian. It has established evening clubs refreshment bars, and lodging-houses for women employed in warehouses and factories. Long before "slumming" became a fashionable amusement, this Society had taken two houses next door to a public-house, in an over-

DRESS AND HABIT MAKERS.—Messrs. JOHN REDFERN & SONS have now on view in their Show Rooms, Conduit-street and New Bond-street, a collection of original designs of outdoor Gowns, Coats, Wraps, and Hats, especially prepared for the "SUMMER SEASON."

populated East-end street, and opened a club, classes, and refreshment bar for factory girls and women. Some ladies went and lodged there in order the better to carry out the work. How good of them, Amy! You would the better appreciate their self-denial, if you had had even the few glimpses of the East-end that we have had. There one feels miles away from the amenities of life, its pleasant, flowery side, and its social phases. The very absence of all these things from the lives of the poor workers gives educated women a peculiar influence over them. Their soft voices, gently-worded phrases, and even their pretty dress, appeal to those who are accustomed to roughness, ferocity, and raiment that barely suffices for clothing. If refined gentlewomen only knew what a charm they possess for their poor, hard-working sisters, who are vaguely conscious of a higher ideal than they are able to reach without help, more busy workers of our own class would be willing to aid the good cause.

The Society has done, and is doing, much work of a different kind. I am sending you one of their pamphlets, that you may read about it. You will feel especially interested in the account of their tailoresses' work-rooms, established last June, at 142, Lansdowne-road, where work is supplied to poor women at remunerative price, in opposition to the sweating-system. One woman employed there had previously been obliged to walk every morning two miles to her work, taking her dinner with her when she had any, and walking back at night. She worked full factory hours for 3s. 6d. a week. Think of it, Amy, dear. The price of a pair of gloves! How pitiful are such annals of the poor. Do they not make you want to help to make things better for them?

Do you love beautiful furniture? I am sure you do. You would have enjoyed sharing our visit to see Duveen's collection of Renaissance furniture, and French and Italian specimens of old oak carving.

As we passed upstairs we had a wonderful view of a marvellous piece of old tapestry which is hung in the window over the entrance door. This we did not know, and catching sight of it with the brilliant afternoon sun streaming through, we thought it was a large and magnificent oil painting. There was even the gloss of the varnish apparently upon it. When we were told that this was the wrong side of a piece of tapestry, it was difficult to accept the statement, but quite easy to believe that its money value is reckoned in thousands of pounds. In the Renaissance room stand the beautiful old cabinets, no two alike, some with carved pillars, some with very high backs, and all inspiring that sense of reverence with which we mortals regard the conscientious, pains-taking work of hands that have lain for centuries dead. It is a pleasure to pull out the little drawers and note how they work backwards and forwards easily and smoothly, without the smallest hitch or difficulty. We noticed that the fronts of some of the drawers are made much wider than the aperture, so that the carving may hide the plain part at the sides.

One cabinet was designed like a Greek temple, with fluted pillars supporting the central part, and also at the sides, where a triangular space was left for the reception of china. On the top of one were three pieces of some wonderful old china, in shades of yellow, orange, and the blue that one sees in old stained glass. The old oak chairs are very interesting, too. The back of one of them has the inlay all worn away by generations of sitters who had leaned back against the wood. The usual ram's head appeared upon the arms. The seats were fitted with beautiful cushions, covered with old tapestry.

A sweet little pair of bellows had the wooden backs quaintly carved in oak that was almost black with age. Think of the long-gone faces that the firelight shone on when those bellows were in use. A perfectly delightful writing-table is among the specimens, with plenty of top to be untidy on; the supporting pillars are beautifully carved, the shape being slender at the ankles, as it were, and carved in high relief below them. Another specimen that we pored over for a quarter of an hour is an old cupboard, most exquisitely carved; and also a high cabinet, the carving of which partook of the Gothic period, quaintly mingled with the French Renaissance designs. Wrought-iron was let in along the top of the panels with admirable effect. This is one of the most curious pieces of the collection.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

Dearest Madge,—The longer I live, the more highly do I learn to appreciate the wealth of wisdom stored in the head lines of the copybooks of youth. The way through life is one long lesson of personal experience of these truisms. This week I have had an object lesson in the fact that "nothing lasts;" not even my happiness in my garden. Alas! it has come to an end. I am to be torn from amongst my roses and lilies, from the peace and quietude of the vegetable world, to whirl again in the vortex of humanity. Well may it be called "whirl," for I am going on a foreign tour; making one other unit amidst the sum of the millions—I suppose the number does reach millions—who cross the Channel for the Continent at this season. Perhaps it is just as well that I should be uprooted from my garden; sympathy with the vegetable world might be carried too far. Certain innuendos of Cousin Jane's point in this direction and a direct remark, made with her usual candour, "You are fast becoming just as uninteresting as your plants." No doubt there was a good deal of truth in it—there always is, unfortunately, in Jane's remarks. I could not tell her whether her crêpon frock would be best worn with a flounce of crêpon round the bodice or with one of lace—the first time I was ever known to fail regarding a burning question of the kind! I evidently *was* deteriorating. A dreadful day might steal upon me unawares, when I would not even know whether shoulders ought to be high or low, and waists naturally symmetrical or unnaturally small. And then—so easy is the descent to Avernus—in some dark hour I might appear in a dress made to suit the natural figure instead of in a figure made to suit the dress!

By the way, what a believer in "dress" the leading man of this decade of the century seems to be. And our taste for it is generally classed as frivolous and feminine! The most extravagant of us hardly wears six different costumes in the same day as the Emperor did. Commend me to a man for going into extremes. The newspapers did not furnish what would have been a most interesting piece of news, viz., the number of boxes which it took to hold the imperial wardrobe. "The apparel oft proclaims the man," but what does an infinite variety in apparel proclaim? Invariably in reading the accounts of the late imperial progress in London, I thought of the circus man who first rides round the arena as a sailor, and after going through six or seven swift changes of clothes, ends by blowing a trumpet and waving a flag over himself amidst thunders of applause. On the whole, I think men ought to leave "dress" to our sex, as they make us leave politics to theirs. Don't you agree with me?

Since the renewal of fine weather, quite an influx of tourists is pouring into Ireland. Our hotel-keepers are waking up at last, though there is still much to be desired in the way business is done. One must not expect too much, since the "tourist" industry with us is little more than in its infancy. Besides, it would not do to annihilate local colouring and improve away Celtic idiosyncrasies. Prosperous England is not to be expected in distressed Ireland. Though we have not prosperity, we have almost everything else that begins with a "p," poetry, picturesqueness, poverty, to say nothing of pigs and politics. Change is good for every one, even from a higher degree of comfort to a lower—in fact, the only way to gain a true appreciation of the former is by experiencing the latter. To me touring is, perhaps, one of the most painful pleasures of life, the luxuries of sleeping and restaurant cars, of electric-lighted hotels, &c., do not mitigate the pains. A Dante of our days would, I fancy, depict his enemies in a perpetual round of personally conducted tours in Purgatory, or even lower down.

Amongst the Americans looking around here last week were Mr. C. Vanderbilt and a large family party. But for the visitors, Dublin is quite deserted for the seaside and other summer resorts, July being one of its emptiest months. Those who expect a "car-driving" town will be much struck by the empty streets, the tram-cars apparently having superseded all other traffic. At this season the Phœnix Park is a regular Champ de Mars. There the military manœuvres and old mimic warfare in the morning, sometimes absolutely under the eye of the "one and only General;" there, in the afternoon, the gilded youth of the garrison play polo and cricket. Lord Wolseley, like Lord Ashbourne, is constant in crossing and re-crossing the Channel. He is now nearly a year in the Irish command, yet his household gods have not been set up in Ireland, nor have Lady Wolseley and his daughter appeared in the country. Absenteeism, long a curse in Ireland, seems to be extending now to officials in high places. Is it not a real grievance when officials take to coming here *en garçon*, and do not set up establishments, and especially if such officials receive allowances for entertaining? In such conduct is there not a suggestion that the "mere Irish" are not worth living amongst, which is somewhat trying to national pride? There is still an idea here that the Kaiser may appear in Irish waters. He is a ruler who likes to see things for himself, and also one who is very likely

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to have his own way. We think it very unfair that Royalty which will not come to us itself will not allow other Royalty to come either.—Yours ever, CLARE.

I have some nice little easy recipes for you this week. The first deals with "Potato scallops:—

Boil 2 lb. of mealy potatoes, place them in a bowl with a gill of cream, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a pinch of salt. Beat them until they are quite fine, put the mixture into scallop shells, making the top quite smooth, score them with a knife, and lay thin slices of butter here and there. Put in a Dutch oven, and brown before a good fire. Screen each alternate one with the grated yolk, and the others with the white of a hard-boiled egg. Garnish with parsley and slices of lemon.

Raspberries are plentiful just now. Try this way of making them into fritters. It is not only a pretty but a delicious dish:—

Grate the crumb of a French roll, or two arrowroot biscuits, into half a pint of well-heated cream. When cold, add the yolks of three well-beaten eggs, mix all together with a plateful of mashed raspberries, drop the mixture in spoonfuls into a pan of boiling lard, watch carefully and take each fritter up as soon as set, stick into each a blanched and split almond; dust over them a little castor sugar. Lay the fritters on an ornamental paper, garnish with clusters of white currants, and serve with raspberry cream.

And you will find this raspberry cream equally delicious and even more pretty:—

Rub one quart of raspberries (raspberry jam can be used in the same way) through a sieve to remove the seeds, then mix with half-a-pint of cream, sweeten with castor sugar to taste. Put into a stone vessel and raise the froth with a chocolate mill; as the froth rises skim it off with a spoon and set it on a hair sieve, put the remains of the cream into a deep glass dish and mount it high with the whipped cream, place a light and pretty flower in the centre.

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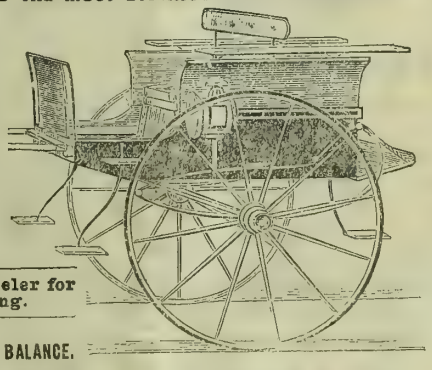

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Arrive											
Edinbgh (Pr. St.)	3 55	5 50	6 30	...	10 55	See Note.	See Note.	...	6 50	9 37	12 22
Glasgow (Centrl)	3 50	6 0	6 45	...	11 0			6 30	...	9 18	12 27
Greenock	5 36	7 18	7 36	...	...			7 50	...	10*40	1 40
Gourock	5 46	7 28	7 45	...	...	...	...	8* 0	...	10*50	1 50
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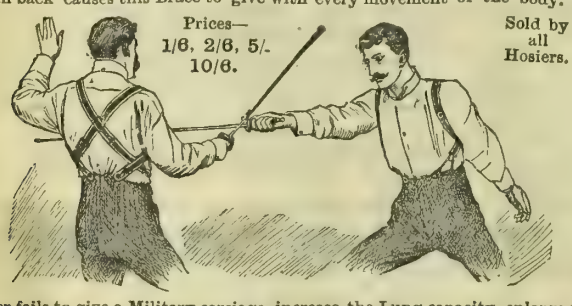

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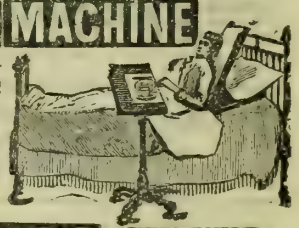

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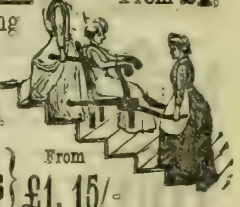

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DR. GORDON,
10, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

FARADAY'S
ELECTRIC FITTINGS.

MANUFACTORY: 3, BERNERS STREET, W.

CHUBB'S
JEWEL SAFES,

These are kept lined inside with velvet, and enclosed in ornamental Cabinets.

LOCKS, LATCHES, & BOXES
FOR ALL PURPOSES.
Illustrated Price Lists post free.

128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.;
and 68, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PALL MALL, S.W.

INVALIDS' FURNITURE AND APPLIANCES.

BATH CHAIRS from £1 10s.
Self-Propelling Chairs, £2.
ADJUSTABLE COUCHES from £3.
BED LIFT, £3 10s.

Walking Machines, 25s. 6d.

BED TABLES, 10/6
CARRYING CHAIR, 25/-
AIR AND WATER BEDS.

Bath Chair and Spinal Carriage Combined

PORTABLE TURKISH BATH £2 10s.
READING MACHINES, from 17/6

PORTABLE W.C., £3.
CRUTCHES, 10/-
Largest Stock in the World.

Bassinette Perambulate 35s.

ALFRED CARTER,
47, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.
Catalogues (223 pages) post-free. No connection with any other Firm.

HEREFORDSHIRE CIDER and PERRY.—Now ready in Bottle and Wood. Write for price lists and full particulars of these fashionable Summer Beverages to the Sole Makers, H. P. Bulmer & Co., who obtained in competition with the world the highest awards for both Cider and Perry at the recent Paris Exhibition.—H. P. BULMER & CO., Ryelands, Hereford.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING. Jewellers, Stationers, &c. Illd. Guide, "How to open a Cigar Store," 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-rd., Ldn. A Prospectus on the other trades free. H. MYERS. Est. 1869.

MONEY.—Householders or Lodgers desirous of obtaining immediate advances upon their Furniture or other Negotiable Security, are invited to call at the Offices of the Consolidated Company, 43, Great Tower-street, E.C., and arrange. Bills of sale and executions paid out. No fees, the full sum advanced without deduction. An old established and genuine firm.

The SUBSCRIPTION LISTS will CLOSE TO-DAY (Wednesday), the 22nd, at FOUR p.m.

THE BREWERS' & DISTILLERS' CO_2 COMPY., Ltd.

UTILISATION OF WASTE PRODUCTS.

Messrs. Arthur Guinness, Son, & Co., Limited, of Dublin, after thoroughly testing the value of the invention of their Brewery, took a licence, on the 5th August, 1890, from the Patentees for their process. Referring to this, the Chairman of the Company, Mr. R. Guinness, at the Annual Meeting of Shareholders of Messrs. Arthur Guinness, Son, & Co., Limited, at Cannon-street Hotel, on the 9th of August last, said, "They had completed arrangements for the liquefaction and sale of the Carbonic Acid Gas, which was given off in the process of fermentation, which he had good reason to hope would prove a not insignificant source of revenue."—*The Times, August 11th*, 1890. The Royalty payable by Messrs. Arthur Guinness, Son, & Co., Limited, is on their gross sales. Supposing this firm liquefied only one-third the gas produced by them in the year, and sold the same at a considerably lower price than they now are selling it at, the income derived by the Company from this Brewery alone under their licence would be over £7,000 per annum.

THE BREWERS' & DISTILLERS' CO_2 COMPANY, LTD.,

—(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890).—

Capital £130,000, in 25,850 Ordinary Shares of £5 each, of which 17,850 are now offered for subscription; and 150 Founders' Shares of £5 each, which will be entitled to one-half the profits of Company in each year after payment of a dividend of 15 per cent. for such year upon the other Shares of the Company. The Ordinary Shares payable 10s. on application, £1. 10s. on allotment, £1. 10s. one month after allotment, and the balance as may be required in calls of not more than £1, at intervals of not more than three months. Subscribers of 200 Ordinary Shares and upwards will be entitled to purchase from the Vendor, at par, within one month from Allotment, one Founders' Share for every complete number of 200 Ordinary Shares allotted to them.

DIRECTORS.

H. Seton Karr, Esq., M.P., Chairman, Hill's Union Brewery Company, Limited, and Director, The Dominion Brewery Company, Limited, (Chairman).

C. Mc. L. McHardy, Esq., J.P., Chairman, St. Pauli Breweries Company, Limited.

Edward Wingfield Guilding, Esq., late a Manager of Messrs. Meux & Co.'s Brewery, London,

W. S. L. Schuster, Esq., Director of Barrett's Brewery and Bottling Company, Limited, London.

M. F. Purcell, Esq., B.L., F.C.S., Dublin (will join the Board after allotment).

BANKERS.

London:—Messrs. Charles Hopkinson & Sons, 3; Regent-street, London, S.W., and their City Agents. Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smiths, 1, Lombard-street, London, E.C.

Ireland:—The National Bank, Limited, Dublin and Irish Branches.

SOLICITORS—Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co., 17, Throgmorton-avenue, E.C.

BROKERS—London:—Messrs. Hore, Tapp, & Doidge, 2, Copthall-bldgs., E.C. Dublin:—Messrs. Quain & Powell, 2, College-street.

CONSULTING CHEMIST—C. R. Titchborne, Esq., L.L.D., F.I.C., Dublin.

AUDITORS—Messrs. Monkhouse, Goddard, & Co, 28 and 29, St. Swithin's-lane, London; and Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SECRETARY—Mr. T. T. Wilcox. OFFICES—16, Victoria-st., Westminster, S.W.

THE BREWERS' & DISTILLERS' CO_2 COMPY., Ltd.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed to acquire the Patent Rights for the collection and utilisation of the Carbonic Acid Gas (chemically known as CO_2) given off at Breweries and Distilleries during the process of fermentation, and which has hitherto gone to waste.

The Patentees, who are all well-known in the Brewery and scientific world, are Professor Tichborne, F.I.C.; Samuel Geoghegan, Chief Engineer of Messrs. Arthur Guinness, Son, & Co., Limited; M. F. Purcell, F.C.S., and A. E. Darley, of Watkins' Brewery, all of Dublin.

By the Patentees' process the gas is collected as given off, purefied, liquefied, and stored in iron bottles for commercial use, and is specially applicable where a gas of great purity is required.

Sir Charles Cameron, M.D., ex-President and Professor of Chemistry and Hygiene, R.C.S.I., President of the British Public Health Medical Society, &c., has made a thorough investigation of the process as carried on at St. James's Gate (Guinness') Brewery, Dublin, and a copy of his report, dated 28th March, 1891, accompanies this Prospectus.

Sir Charles recapitulates the points touched upon in his report, as follows:—

"1. An immense quantity of carbonic acid is wasted in breweries.
2. A large proportion of this gas could be condensed to liquid at a cost not exceeding ½d. per lb., but probably less than ¼d. per lb.
3. The process of liquefying the gas is successfully carried on at Guinness' Brewery, Dublin.
4. The liquefied gas prepared at Guinness' Brewery is perfectly free from any peculiarity of flavour or odour.
5. Carbonic acid produced at soda water works costs about 4d. per lb.
6. That it is safer and in every way more desirable to use in beverages carbonic acid derived from a food substance such as grain, than from mineral sources.
7. The uses of liquid carbonic acid are numerous, important, and increasing."

The demand for liquefied Carbonic Acid Gas at such a price as Brewers and Distillers could afford to sell it at should be enormous, and should entirely revolutionise the manufacture of mineral waters. As is well known, vast quantities of Carbonic Acid Gas are used by mineral water manufacturers, the cost to them of manufacturing which is stated by Sir Charles Cameron to be about 4d. per lb., besides entailing expensive plant and having to deal with large quantities of débris. For ice making, cold storage, fire extinguishing, beer raising, beer aërating, and numerous other purposes the field should be most extensive.

In a property of this magnitude it is difficult to estimate the profits that should be made by the Company; if, however, in Great Britain alone, where 300,000 tons, as above mentioned, go to waste every year, only one-tenth, or 30,000 tons, were sold, and a royalty of only one farthing per lb. charged, the income from same would be £70,000 per annum, or equal to more than 50 per cent. on the total capital of the Company. In addition to this, the Foreign and Colonial patents should be an important source of revenue to the Company, either by granting licences or forming subsidiary Companies, as might be deemed advisable.

Mr. J. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., the well-known Patent Counsel, has reported favourably on the validity of the British Patents; his opinions, as well as Sir Charles Cameron's original report, can be seen at the Offices of the Company.

For Contracts see full Prospectus.

Full Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, and Brokers, and at the Offices of the Company.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

STATE **VICHY** SPRINGS.

CELESTINS.—For Affections of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, &c.

GRANDE-GRILLE.—For Affections of the Liver, &c.

HOPITAL, HAUTERIVE, PARC, &c.

INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

VICHY-LIQUEUR.—Valuable in cases of Gout where derangement of the stomach is a prominent symptom.

THE STOCK CONVERSION AND INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

This Company begs to direct the attention of Investors to the Preferred and Deferred Stocks issued by it, and which are quoted on the London and leading Provincial Stock Exchanges.

The Preferred Stocks possess security similar to that of Railway Preferential and Preferred Stocks, but yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more income, thus affording to holders of many of the former Stocks an opportunity of adding to their revenue without decreasing their security.

The Deferred Stocks, whilst returning an average income in excess of that yielded by the Railway Ordinary Stocks, against which they are issued, contrast most favourably with all other Deferred and low-priced Ordinary Railway Stocks, and afford the only opportunity to small investors of participating, by means of low-priced Stocks, in the future of these two leading railways of the country.

Any further information with regard to these Stocks can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 12 and 13, Nicholas-lane, E.C.

PREFERRED STOCKS.	Price.	Return per cent.	Amount of Free Revenue beyond amount required to provide Dividend on these Stocks.
London and North-Western— 3½ % First Charge Preferred Stock...	98	£3 10	£1,475,953
London and North-Western— 4 % Second Charge Preferred Stock	105	£3 16 2	714,174
North-Eastern— 3 % First Charge Preferred Stock ...	82	£3 13 2	724,538

DEFERRED CHARGE STOCKS.	Present Price.	Last Dividend paid.	Annual Average of Dividend on result of last 10 years.	Returns on basis of last Dividend.	Returns on Average Dividend of 10 years
London and North-Western Ordinary Stock	27	1¼	£1 7 3 %	£6 9 7	£5 0 11
North-Eastern— Ordinary Stock	10	2½	£2 5 6 %	£7 3 9	£5 13 9

THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY,

58, Old Broad Street, London.

Capital, $3,000,000.

5 per cent. Deposits received for periods of not less than Six Months.

5 per cent. Debentures issued for a period of Five Years.

6 per cent. Freehold Mortgages. Principal and Interest guaranteed by the Company.

ATKINSON & CO., Managers for the United Kingdom.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE, Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.

Botanic Medicine Co., 3, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.

The List will Open on Wednesday, July 22nd, and Close for Town on Friday, the 24th July, at 4 p.m., and for Country on Saturday, the 25th July, at noon.

HERCYNIA COPPER COMPANY, Limited.—Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.—Share Capital, £165,000, divided into 9,750 8 per cent. Preference Shares of £10 each, £97,500; 6,750 Ordinary Shares of £10 each, £67,500. The whole of the Ordinary Shares are taken in part payment by the Vendor.

Present issue :—9,750 Preference Shares of £10 each. Payable £1 on Application, £2 on Allotment, £3 one month, £2 two months, and £2 three months after Allotment. The Preference Shares are entitled out of the profits each year to a Preference dividend of 8 per cent. per annum, and to one-third of the surplus profits after paying an 8 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary Shares. So soon as the Preference Shares shall have received dividends aggregating 100 per cent. the Preference rights shall cease to exist and both classes of Shares shall rank pari passu.

DIRECTORS.

Arthur Richardson, Esq. J. P. Swansea, Manager English Crown Spelter Works, Limited.
Colonel Fred Hill, Union Club, Trafalgar-square.
Franz Schröder, Esq. (Anthony Schröder & Co., Hamburg).
F. Stobbs, Esq., 79½, Gracechurch-street, E.C.
Walter Newman, Esq., South View, Caterham Valley, Surrey.
Herman G. Gwinner, Esq., Maitland House, Kensington, W.
Consulting Engineer.—F. H. Cheesewright, Esq. M.I.C.E. M.S.E. 60, Haymarket.

BANKERS—Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, Ransom, Bouverie, & Co., 54, Lombard-street, E.C., and Pall Mall East.

BROKER—Harry Sutherland, Esq., 2, Copthall-buildings, & Stock Exchange, E.C.

SOLICITORS—Messrs. Slaughter & May, 21, Great Winchester-street, E.C.; Herr Rechtsanwalt Ernst Krause, Dresden.

AUDITORS—Messrs. J. & A. W. Sully, 71, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

SECRETARY (pro tem.)—Mr. F. E. Beeton.

OFFICES (pro tem.)—17, Gracechurch-street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The objects for which this Company is formed are :—1st. To purchase 39 important and valuable Copper and Silver Mining Concessions,* held in perpetuity from the Prussian Government, subject to the payment of the usual dues and taxes, amounting to about 5 per cent. on the ore actually raised. 2nd. To purchase the contiguous freehold property, machinery, plant, buildings, together with the newly-erected Herbertz Smelting Furnace, and all other Mining appurtenances. 3rd. To provide the necessary capital for the working of the property on a large scale.

The Mines are situated in the Hartz Mountains, and comprise the extensive area of about 10,000 acres, on which the presence of the seam of Copper Slate has been officially attested by the Government Mining Authorities. The geological formation is the same as that of the celebrated Mansfeld Copper Slate Mines in the neighbourhood, which, according to J. A. Phillips's Treatise on "Ore Deposits," have been working with but little interruption since 1199, and are still in active operation, employing in 1881 (the last year of which particulars were given by Mr. Phillips) over 13,000 hands, and producing in that year copper and silver to the value of £660,487.

*According to Prussian Law, a mining concession is only granted by the Government after the official experts have certified as to existence of the ore.

Full particulars of the various beds of copper-slate, conglomerate, &c., and of the expense of working the mines, are given in the reports by Mr. Wm. Topley, F.R.S., F.G.S., Assoc.Inst.C.E., &c., and of Mr. Chas. Oxland, M.E., who have visited the mines, at the instance of the Vendor, and Mr. Bennett H. Brough, F.G.S., Assoc.R.M.S., has also investigated and reported on the property.

The railway from Berga, connected with all the principal German towns, traverses the property, and the nearest station, Rottleberode, is about 700 yards from the Hermann Shaft, the distance being of easy grade.

Labour in the Hartz Mountains is plentiful and cheap—ordinary miners receiving from 2s. to 3s. per day. Brown coal in the neighbourhood is plentiful, and can be procured at about 12s. per ton free delivered to the works.

F. H. Cheesewright, M.Inst.C.E., Mem.Soc.Eng., taking the Reports of Messrs. Oxland, Topley, & Bennett H. Brough as a basis for his calculations, in his Report to the Directors, says:—"In estimating the cost of the plant necessary to successfully work a Mine like the Hercynia, it is only essential to know how much ore is required to be treated. The lowest estimate of the output from the Hermann Shaft alone must be set down at 100 tons per day, 25 working days per month—i.e. 2,500 tons—and for Shaft No. 14 the output need not be less than 150 tons per day, or 3,750 tons per month of 25 working days. The Hermann Shaft is ready for immediate operation, and there is a large quantity of ore on grass ready for treatment, whereas Shaft No. 14 requires some structural modifications before work can be done.* * * * *

"So soon as these two Shafts are in full work, attention should be given to sinking and putting other shafts into work in the Breitungen portion of the concessions. This need not necessitate any large expenditure of capital.

"The Herbertz furnace that is erected on the ground can, according to the information placed before me, treat and reduce the ores to a marketable commodity at a cost less than any other method known to me; but, should it be thought necessary to refine the ores, then the apparatus will have to be multiplied, and the cost increased in ratio; and it will be a matter for the Directors' consideration to know to what extent they would desire to carry the refining.

"An estimate of the value of the mines as an investment can be taken from the following figures, which are low compared with what will be actually done:—

200 tons of copper-slate per day, 300 days=60,000 tons, which gives 2½ per cent. copper=1,500 tons copper at £50	£75,000
Silver, 3 oz. to the ton=180,000 oz. at 44d. per oz.	33,000
	£108,000
Less mining and reduction expenses for copper and silver.....	78,000
Profit.....	£30,000

"In making the above calculation I have taken the percentage of copper at 2½, whereas Mr. Oxland takes 3 per cent., and no credit is taken for the profit to be obtained from the by-products, except silver."

This estimate is based on the price of copper at £50 per ton.

*Mr. Cheesewright estimates that the sum of £4,000 will be ample to provide for enlarging shaft No. 14, and providing all necessary machinery.

From the above plain statement, it can readily be seen that the the Property of the Company is one of great importance and magnitude, offering an exceptionally favourable opportunity to investors. The estimated results have not only been carefully compiled, but the revenue to be derived from by-products, and from the sale or sub-licence of certain of the concessions, at present under negotiation, has not been taken into account.

The purchase price has been fixed by the Vendor at £125,000, of which £17,500 is payable in cash, £67,500 in Ordinary Shares, and the balance in cash or Preference Shares at the option of the Directors.

The Contract for the purchase is dated the 21st day of July, 1891, and is made between Eduard Nehse, the Vendor, of the one part, and Hugo Werths, for and on behalf of the Company, of the other part. Under this Contract the Vendor agrees to pay all the preliminary expenses of the Company down to the first allotment of Shares, and he has entered into a contract with the Globe Trading Corporation, Limited, dated the 30th day of June, 1891, for such purpose.

Certain other arrangements, to which the Company is not a party, have been entered into with various persons relating to the subscription of the capital, which might be considered contracts within the meaning of the 38th Section of the Companies Act, 1867. Applicants for Shares will be deemed to have had notice of such contracts and arrangements, and must accept the above statement as a sufficient compliance with the said Section, and all applications must be made upon the terms that the applicants will waive any rights or remedies they may hereafter have for any omission to specify herein, pursuant to the above-mentioned section, the dates and names of parties to contracts, further than as specified herein. It is proposed to make an application to the Stock Exchange for a settlement and quotation.

In the event of no Allotment being made, the amount paid on application will be returned in full, and in the case of partial allotment, any balance of application money will be credited on account of the amount due on Allotment, and the surplus (if any) will be returned to the applicant.

The two contracts above specified, the reports, with maps referred to, and prints of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, can be seen at the Company's Offices. Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained at the Company's Offices, or from the Bankers, Solicitors, and Auditors of the Company.

London, July 1891.

The List opened on Saturday last, the 18th inst., and will close on Thursday (to-morrow), the 23rd inst., for both Town and country.

From the *Daily Telegraph*, April 2, 1891.—"Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Premier, who has arrived at Cape Town, reports that everything connected with the affairs of the British South Africa Company in Mashonaland is very satisfactory, and that after two months' interval, during which communication with the Company's pioneers has been interrupted by the rains, he has just received important intelligence by way of Buluwayo, stating that the richness and extent of the gold reefs are extraordinary.

The New Mashonaland Exploration Company, Limited.

(Registered under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.)

CAPITAL £100,000, in 92,000 Ordinary and 8,000 Founders' Shares of £1 each.

The present Capital of the Company is £100,000. with power to increase same to £500,000 as and when required.

Issue of 50,000 Ordinary and Founders' Shares.

A number of Shares have already been applied for and allotted, and the subscription is payable as follows, viz. :—5s. per share on Application; 5s. on Allotment; and 10s. One Month after allotment.

Every applicant for two hundred Ordinary Shares is entitled to an allotment of One Founders' Share at par (£1), but applicants for Founders' Shares only can obtain the same at the present price—viz, £12 per share.

The net profits of the Company at the end of each year are to be applied as follows :—Firstly, to the payment of a dividend, making, with any interim dividend paid during such year, a total dividend of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares. Secondly, one-half of the remaining profits will be set aside for the payment of a further dividend on the Ordinary Shares, and the other half to the payment of a dividend on the Founders' Shares.

DIRECTORS.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Mayo, 57, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, W.
Major-General Sir John W. Campbell, Bart., C.B., 19, Porchester-gardens, W.
Colonel H. Jasper Willett, Broadhurst-gardens, West Hampstead.
William Adams, Esq., Roseneath, Beckenham.
Frank Buchanan, Esq., New-road, Chatham, Kent.

BANKERS.

Messrs. Brown, Janson, & Co., 32, Abchurch-lane, E.C.

SOLICITOR.

Henry Grain, Esq., Bedford Row-chambers, W.C.

AUDITORS.

Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, Weise, Bishop & Clarke, 41, Coleman-street, E.C.

CONSULTING ENGINEERS TO THE COMPANY.

In England :—F. H. Cheesewright, Esq., M.Inst.C.E., M.S.E., &c. In Africa :—P. Coulson Bunn, Esq., M.E., F.C.S.

SECRETARY AND TEMPORARY OFFICES.

Mr. Howard E. Galton, 12, Pancras-lane, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed with the object of exploring and developing some of the resources of Mashonaland, and will work under the rules and conditions laid down by the Chartered "British South Africa Company." Particulars concerning Mashonaland, the "Land of Promise," now attracting such wide attention as a field of emigration, enterprise, and investment, which is daily receiving increased attention, will be found in the extracts given in this Prospectus.

The Company has already acquired the rights, at the price of £17,500, to 3,000 acres of land, one alluvial claim, and fifteen reef claims, upon which operations will be immediately commenced, so that the usual delay in the commencement of business by Companies of this description will be avoided.

These properties are *free of all royalties*.

The Exploring Parties will be formed of servants of the Company, and will be fully equipped with all necessary tools, implements, provisions, and funds, and a leader (a man of position) appointed to each party, who will be termed the "Captain." The Company's Engineer will accompany the first party.

These claims so acquired will be worked by this Company, sold on the London Market, or otherwise disposed of.

Each Captain will be entitled to one-tenth, and each other pioneer to one-thirtieth of all profits made, either through the working of the claims procured through their services, or through the sale of such claims.

As to the probable profits of the Company, the Directors refer to the Reports on the third page of the Prospectus, and to the success which has attended enterprises of the present character, and to the large fortunes made by early settlers in our Colonies, under conditions much less favourable in respect of climate and labour than those offered in Mashonaland. It is intended that the Company shall work the first few locations itself. Later on, it is proposed to form Limited Companies to work blocks of claims. One successful operation of this nature might alone suffice to return as bonus the whole capital invested by the first Shareholders in the parent Company.

Lord Salisbury has obtained a promise from the Portuguese Government to build a railway from Pungwe Bay to the boundary of Mashonaland, as mentioned in the Articles of Convention, signed June 11, 1891.

Lord Headley has consented to proceed to Mashonaland, and he will act as Representative for this Company.

The only contract entered into is one dated the 13th day of May, 1891, made between the United Kingdom Property Trust, Limited, of the one part, and the New Mashonaland Exploration Company, Limited, of the other part, which can be seen at the Offices of the Company's Solicitors.

Arrangements may have been made with various persons to which this Company is no party, but which may constitute contracts withing the meaning of the 38th Section of the Companies Act, 1867, but applicants shall be deemed to have notice of, and to have waived the specification of the dates and names of the parties to any such contracts, with reference to the issue and subscription of the capital or otherwise in connection with the formation of the Company, and allotment will only be made upon this express condition.

It is intended to apply for a Stock Exchange quotation in due course.

Application Forms are enclosed with the Prospectus, which applicants must forward to the Company's Bankers, with cheques crossed "Brown, Janson, & Co.," on or before the 23rd inst.

London, July 16, 1891.

7 per cent. (Cumulative) Preference Shares, with the right to further participation in profits as stated herein, which on the basis of the average profit of the last two years, would be equal to a further dividend of 4 per cent. per annum, and give a return, in all, of 11 per cent. per annum.

BWLLFA AND MERTHYR DARE STEAM COLLIERIES (1891),

LIMITED.

ISSUE OF £90,000 SEVEN PER CENT. (CUMULATIVE) PREFERENCE SHARES,

with the right to further participation in Profits as stated within,

IN 9,000 SHARES OF £10 EACH,

Payable £1 per Share on Application, £2 per Share on Allotment, £3. 10s. per Share on 1st September, 1891, and £3. 10s. per Share on 1st October, 1891, Shareholders being at liberty to pay up their Shares in full on either of the above dates, whereupon the dividend of 7 per cent. per annum will immediately accrue thereon.

The Preference Shares will be entitled to priority over the Deferred Shares on return of Capital.

DIRECTORS.

Colonel B. H. Martindale, C.B., Director of the London and St. Katharine Docks Company, Chairman.
Captain Richard Revett, Director of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company.
Henry B. Budgett, Esq., Kirton, Beckenham, Kent,
*Maurice Grant, Esq., 61, Old Broad-street, E.C.
*G. W. H. Brogden, Esq., 218, Gresham House, E.C., Managing Director.
* Will join the Board after Allotment.

BANKERS.

Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co., 67, Lombard-street, E.C.
The London and Provincial Bank, Limited, Aberdare Branch.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES:—Mr. T. Ernest Malyon, 218, Gresham House, Old Broad-street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire and carry on the well-known extensive Smokeless Steam Coal Collieries known as the Bwllfa and Merthyr Dare Collieries, situated in the Dare Valley—in the heart of the Smokeless Coal District—about three miles from Aberdare, in the County of Glamorgan.

The area of the Property is about 1,100 acres, the Leases covering the whole of the Coal on the Estate.

The Collieries are exceedingly well situated with regard to railway communication, the Taff Vale Railway and the Great Western Railway having sidings into the Collieries.

The Collieries are being worked from two shafts, also by a drift and level, and they are equipped with engines and plant capable of dealing with 1,000 to 1,200 tons per day.

The Books of the Collieries have been examined by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, & Co., Chartered Accountants, of Gresham-street, whose Report (which can be seen at the Offices of the Company) shows the output to have been as follows:—

Coal sold during the year ending 31st December, 1889 ... 205,811 tons.
Ditto ditto ditto 1890 ... 242,687 tons.

Their Report also shows that the net profits of the Collieries before charging interest on capital or loans, and subject to deduction for reserves as set out therein, were as follows:—

Net Profits of the year ending 31st December, 1889 ... ... £23,028 4 10
Ditto ditto ditto 1890 ... ... £30,035 6 2

The amount required to cover the 7 per cent. Dividend on the Preference Shares now offered for subscription, the interest on the Mortgage Debentures, and the additional expenses of management, being together only £12,000 per annum, it will be seen that the margin beyond is very ample.

During the present year (1891) the rate of output of the collieries has been fully maintained, and the products thereof disposed of at satisfactory profits. The colliery is in a very strong position with regard to the future. Quite recently two entirely new seams of coal have been cut, from which large quantities of coal can be raised at the lowest possible cost, owing to their close proximity to the main shaft, a matter of special importance if the price of coal should decline.

The collieries have been inspected by Messrs. Forster, Brown, & Rees, of Cardiff, the well-known colliery engineers, the quantity of unworked coal being estimated to be upwards of 26,000,000 tons.

The colliery property is held on lease for 56 years from the 1st January, 1888, at moderate royalties averaging under sixpence per ton, the dead rent payable on the two collieries being only £1,650 per annum, merging into royalties, being about one-third the royalty now paid on the present output. There are also a number of workmen's cottages held on lease at a small rental.

The purchase-money for the collieries, including the valuable fixed plant (but excluding the movable and working plant), 43 workmen's cottages, brick works, &c., has been fixed by the Vendors, who are the promoters of the Company (subject to the existing Mortgage Debentures of £45,000, at six per cent. per annum, redeemable 1910), at £55,000, these two amounts together being the nett value of the property according to the valuation of Messrs. Forster, Brown, & Rees, dated 22nd June, 1891, which does not include the valuable goodwill and connections of the collieries. The valuation is based not on the present value of coal, but on a very much lower average over the whole remaining term of the lease, and after deducting an allowance for future development. For these, the Vendors have agreed to accept the 4,000 Deferred Shares of the Company, which will not entitle the holders thereof to any dividend whatever in any half-year until a cumulative dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum shall have been paid on the Preference Capital issued in each and every half-year previously.

The Vendors will defray the cost of registering, advertising, printing, and all legal and other expenses up to the first allotment of Shares, the Company paying the stamp duties on the agreement for sale and on the assignment of the property, and the cost of preparation thereof.

The Company will take over the business as a going concern as on the 1st August, 1891, the Vendors receiving all debts and discharging all liabilities up to that date, and in addition to the foregoing the Company will pay the Vendors the sum of £12,000 for the stocks of consumable stores and pitwood, horses, the movable and working plant, rails and sidings, &c., which were not included in Messrs. Forster, Brown, & Rees' valuation.

After payment of the dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on the Preference Shares, and setting aside an amount for depreciation of Plant and for Reserve Fund, the balance of profits in each half-year, after payment of a dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on the Deferred Shares, will be divided as follows:—one moiety as additional dividends on the Preference Shares—limited, however, to a further 5 per cent. per annum—and the balance as a further dividend on the Deferred Shares.

On the basis of the average profit of the last two years, the proportion of profits which would accrue to the Preference Shares would enable an additional 4 per cent. to be paid, which would make the total distribution in respect thereof 11 per cent. per annum.

The Capital of the Company is £130,000, divided into 9,000 Seven per cent. (Cumulative) Preference Shares of £10 each (with further participation in profits as mentioned above), and 4,000 Deferred Shares of £10 each.

No promotion money of any kind will be paid by the Company.

For Contracts see full Prospectus.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and the Engineer's reports and valuation and the Accountant's report, can be inspected at the Offices of the Company.

Applications for Shares must be made on the form accompanying the full Prospectus, which can be obtained of the Bankers, Solicitors, and at the Offices of the Company.

The List will open on Wednesday, July 22nd, 1891, and will close on or before Saturday, July 25th, 1891.

THE

MAGDALENA ESTATES COMPANY, LIMITED.

Registered under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890, whereby the liability of Members is limited to the amount of their Shares.

CAPITAL - - £70,000,

IN 70,000 SHARES OF £1 EACH, OF WHICH 42,000 SHARES ARE NOW OFFERED FOR SUBSCRIPTION.

Payable as follows:—2s. 6d. on Application, 7s. 6d. on Allotment, and the Balance by Calls of 5s. per Share, at intervals of not less than two months.

DIRECTORS.

C. W. Gray, Esq., M.P., Halstead, Essex, Ex-Chairman of the Central Chamber of Agriculture.
Sir Archibald Lamb, Bart., Beauport, Battle, Sussex.
Cecil S. Paget, Esq., Clock House, Chelsea Embankment.
Major Rasch. D.L., M.P., Woodhill, Danbury, Essex.
*Robert G. Webster, Esq., M.P., 83, Belgrave-road, S.W.
*Will join the Board after Allotment.

Advising Director in Colombia.

Alfred E. Oakes, Esq., Malpaso, Tolima, Colombia.

Bankers.—The London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, 5, Prince's-street, London, E.C., and Branches.

Solicitors.—Messrs. G. R. Browne & Co., 3, Church-court, Ironmonger-lane, London, E.C.

Brokers.—Messrs. Rhodes & Kennedy, 54, Threadneedle-street, and Stock Exchange, London.

Auditors.—Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths, & Co., 4, Lothbury, E.C.

Secretary and Offices.—Edward Schuberth, Esq., Cannon-street-buildings, 139, Cannon-street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed with the object of purchasing and developing a property of some 25,000 acres in extent, situated on the banks of the Magdalena River, near Honda, in the Province of Tolima, Republic of Colombia, South America.

The title, which is granted by the Colombian Government, is freehold.

Its lands are most prolific for the raising of cacao, coffee, cinchona (quinine), sugar-cane, maize, rice, cassava (tapioca), tobacco, indiarubber, indigo, cotton, gums, spices, and various medicinal plants, as well as timber of the more valuable varieties. Labour is cheap and easily obtained, and river transport is comparatively inexpensive.

Its principal river is the Magdalena, upon which there is a service of steamers running several times a week. These steamers pass the property (which has an extensive river frontage) within two hours of leaving Yeguas, which is the highest point reached by steamers on the lower river.

The Magdalena Estate is of great agricultural value, the soil being very fertile and abounding with facilities for the profitable cultivation of cacao, indiarubber, tobacco, coffee, sugar-cane, rice, maize, plantains, cassava (tapioca), yams, beans, &c. Many of these plants yield two crops in the year.

There is at all times an ample supply of water from various streams, which, rising in the adjacent snow-capped range of mountains, run through and near the property into the main river.

The largest and most profitable source of revenue will be derived from the planting of the cacao or chocolate tree, on an extensive scale.

Second only to the profitable cultivation of cacao will be that of the india-rubber tree, the foliage of which also acts as permanent shade and protection to the cacao plant.

The property also abounds in valuable timber, such as cedar, guayacan (lignum vitæ), greenheart, mario, &c., for which there is a constant demand for mining, railway, house-building, furniture, and other purposes, and which only require the introduction of saw mills to be turned to valuable account.

Additional sources of income will be derived from the raising of cattle, mules, and horses, for which there is a constant demand in the country itself; and from the supplying of bullocks under contract for carrying goods to and from the adjacent mines.

A salt mine has been discovered on the property, the value of which, where cattle are concerned, is apparent. Gold has also been found there. The Vendors have taken the necessary steps to acquire the proprietary rights, in both cases, from the Colombian Government.

It is estimated that the Company will, within twelve months, in the hands of their energetic and experienced manager, have 4,500 acres in cultivation, and planted with products yielding rapid returns at an outlay of under £12,000.

The following estimate has been furnished to the Directors, at their request, by Mr. Simons, as to the cost of planting and cultivating 4,500 acres with cacao, indiarubber, and other products, and the profit to be derived from these latter only:—

2,000 acres maize, 10 loads at 6s. or £3 per acre	£6,000
1,000 acres plantains, 500 bunches at 6d. or £12. 10s. per acre	12,500
1,000 acres cassava, 12 loads at 10s. or £6 per acre	6,000
500 acres beans, yams, sweet potatoes, &c., at £4	2,000
	£26,500
Cost of clearing, planting, cultivating, &c., at £2. 10s. per acre	11,250
	£15,250

or over 20 per cent. on the capital of the Company.

Regarding cacao, it will be seen from Mr. Morris's report, that the returns to be derived at the end of the fourth year will be at the rate of £4 per acre, and at the end of the sixth year of £12 per acre, steadily increasing to about £20 per acre.

The Vendors have fixed the purchase consideration at £43,000, of which £28,000 is payable in fully-paid Shares of the Company, £5,000 in cash, and £10,000 in Shares or cash, at the option of the Directors.

If the whole amount applied for by any applicant be not allotted, the surplus amount paid on deposit will be applied towards the sum due on allotment. Where no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full.

Full Prospectuses, Reports of Messrs. F. A. A. Simons and C. E. Dixon, and Forms of Application can be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, Brokers, and at the Offices of the Company.

ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, AND MANITOBA RAILWAY COMPANY.

DIRECTORS.

James J. Hill (President), St. Paul.
Lord Mount-Stephen (Director of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company), Montreal and London.
Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G. (Director of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company), Montreal.
George Bliss (Morton, Bliss, & Co.), New York.
W. P. Clough, St. Paul.
Samuel Hill, Minneapolis.
M. D. Grover, St. Paul.

TREASURER AND ASSISTANT SECRETARY:—E. T. Nicholls.

OFFICE:—40-42, Wall-street, New York.

LONDON BANKERS:—Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co., 67, Lombard-street, E.C.

EUROPEAN AGENT:—Thomas Skinner, 1, Royal Exchange Buildings, London, E.C.

Further issue of £1,000,000 sterling 4 per cent, 50-year Mortgage Bonds. Part of an authorised issue of £6,000,000, of which £2,000,000 was issued in June 1890. These Bonds will be in all respects identical with those already quoted in the official list.

The St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway Company invite subscriptions for the above £1,000,000 sterling 4 per cent. 50-year Bonds. Applications must be made to the Company's Bankers, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co., 67, Lombard-street, London, E.C.

Interest will accrue in full from the 1st inst., and will be paid at the Counting House of Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., Limited, 8, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C., on the 1st of January and the 1st of July in each year, and the Bonds will be paid off on the 1st of July, 1940.

These Bonds may be deposited with Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., Limited, who will give a Certificate of Deposit, and forward cheques to the registered owner each half year for the amount of the coupons maturing on the Bonds. Such deposited Bonds may, at any time, be withdrawn upon presentation of the Certificate duly endorsed.

The price of issue is 81 per cent., payable as follows:—

£5	per cent.	on Application.
10	,,	,, Allotment.
20	,,	,, 15th September, 1891.
20	,,	,, 30th October, 1891.
26	,,	,, 30th November, 1891.
£81	per cent	

The St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway Company is leased to the Great Northern Railway Company for 999 years from January 31st, 1890, the Great Northern Company guaranteeing all the bonded engagements of the Manitoba Company and paying 6 per cent. per annum Dividends on the Manitoba Company's Share Capital of $20,000,000. The Bonds are secured by a first mortgage on the roads to be constructed with the proceeds of the issue, and furthermore by a general charge on the revenue and property of the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway, and the Great Northern Railway Company.

Previous to the above lease the Manitoba Company had for upwards of eight years paid dividends of not less than 6 per cent. per annum, and the Great Northern Company is paying quarterly dividends of 5 per cent. per annum on its own issued capital of $20,000,000, making an annual distribution in dividends, after all interest on Bonds has been paid, of $2,200,000. The gross traffic earnings of the Great Northern Company for the year to June 30, 1891, were $12,662,000, being an increase of $1,616,000 over the result of 1889-90, and the net results, not yet ascertained, will be equally satisfactory. The Company has 2,500,000 acres of land, the price of which was, owing to the increased rate of selling, on July 1 advanced a dollar an acre, making the average price 8 dols. per acre.

The following extract from the last report of the Great Northern Company describes the object of this issue:—

A large portion of the Pacific Extension has already been located, leaving the existing Montana Extension line near Fort Assinniboine, Montana, and running thence westward on as direct a course as possible.

An extremely favourable pass over the main range of the Rocky Mountains has been found for this line, permitting a maximum grade, on the eastern approach, of 52·8 feet per mile, no tunnel being necessary. The descent on the western slope will also be favourable, both as regards grade and curvature.

When this extension has been completed, your Company will have a continuous rail line from Lake Superior, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, to the Pacific Coast, shorter than any existing transcontinental railway, and with lower grades and less curvature. Its cost and capitalisation will also be much less than those of any other line to the coast. It is expected that, with the foregoing favourable conditions, the heavier products of the Pacific Coast region, which up to this time could seek markets only by ocean routes, can be moved eastward to the older sections of the country.

The net receipts of the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway Land Department, for the past fiscal year, were $203,287·75; out of these, land grant Bonds of that Company to the aggregate amount of $200,000·00, principal, were redeemed.

Pursuant to the conditions of the lease and agreement with the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway Company, the collateral Trust Bonds of that Company, amounting to $8,000·00, principal, were paid and cancelled during the fiscal year.

As provided in the lease to this Company, the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway Company will build its line to the Pacific Coast, on Puget Sound, a distance of about 800 miles. To furnish the funds for this extension, the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway Company has executed its mortgage to the Central Trust Company of New York, to secure the payment of the principal and interest of its sterling Bonds to the amount of £6,000,000, bearing interest at 4 per cent. per annum; the payment of the principal and interest of the same being guaranteed by your Company. Subscriptions have been made for the first £2,000,000 of this issue, the entire proceeds of such subscription being now in hand and available for the prosecution of the work.

The failure to pay any instalment when due renders all previous payments liable to forfeiture.

The remaining instalments may be paid up under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum on any Tuesday subsequent to the issue of Scrip Certificates.

The subscription will be closed on or before Thursday, the 23rd instant, at 4 p.m., and in cases where it is not practicable to make any Allotment, the amount deposited on application will be returned as soon as possible.

20th July, 1891.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.
No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

LONDON, EDINBURGH, and GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
LIFE—ACCIDENT.
CHIEF OFFICE:—Insurance-buildings, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.
PREMIUM INCOME.

		Increase in Four Years.
1882	£7,929	
1886	86,006	£78,077
1890	226,001	139,995

Claims Paid (exceed) £420,000.
WILFRED A. BOWSER, Manager.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.
C. HARDING, Manager.

SUN FIRE OFFICE,
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1890,
£361,500,000.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803). 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.
This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.
ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, JUN., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.
Invested Funds, £12,000,000.
The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

Established 1868.
THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,
20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.
Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

NEW ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION, LIMITED.
CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED AND PAID-UP £500,000
With power to increase to £2,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE: 40, Threadneedle-street, London, E.C.
WEST END OFFICE: 25, Cockspur-street, S.W.
EDINBURGH OFFICE: 19, St. Andrew-square.
DUNDEE OFFICE: 6, Panmure-street.
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES.—Australia, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, Straits, Madagascar, Mauritius, Seychelles, Aden, Paris, New York, San Francisco, Zanzibar.
Money remitted to any part of the World by draft, letter of credit, or by telegraph. Bills of Exchange, Interest Warrants, and Coupons collected and cashed. Circular Notes issued, Current Accounts opened, Banking Agency business generally undertaken.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

At 3 months' notice	3 per cent. per annum.
At 6 months' notice	4 ,, ,,
At 12 months' notice	4½ ,, ,,
For 3, 5, or 7 years certain	5 ,, ,,

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.

UNION DEPOSIT BANK,
No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE, Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From £30 to £5,000.
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

Telephone No. 2083. Telegraphic Address—"SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON."

—THE—

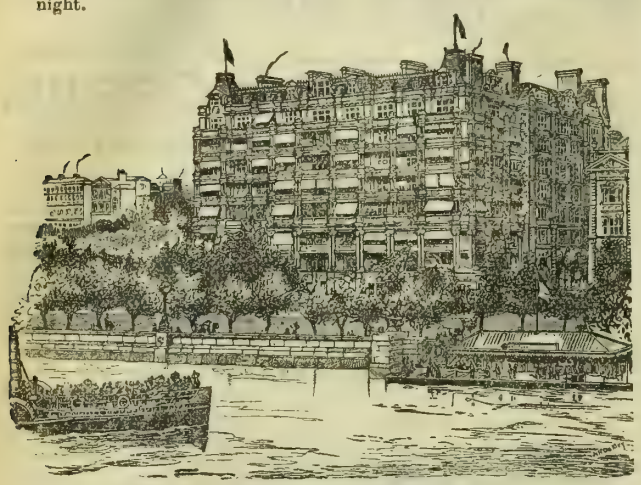
SAVOY HOTEL & RESTAURANT,

Victoria Embankment, **LONDON.**

'THE HOTEL DE LUXE OF THE WORLD.'

The finest River and Garden View in London, giving a Panorama of the Thames from Westminster to London Bridge.

Luxurious Suites on every floor, with private Bath-Rooms, &c. No charge for Baths, Lights, or Attendance. Large "Ascending Rooms" running all night.



THE SAVOY RESTAURANT.

The finest and only Open Air Restaurant in London.

In the GRAND RESTAURANT Breakfasts, Déjeuners Fourchette (Lunch), and Dinners are served *à la carte* either in the rooms or on the wide Terrace Balcony (overlooking the Thames).

Savoy Luncheon, served on the Terrace, 4s.

There are several Private Dining and Reception-Rooms with wide Terrace Balconies, specially adapted for Private Parties, Wedding Breakfasts, Receptions, and "At Homes." Guests may engage tables in advance by wire or letter. The Cuisine and Cellars rival the most famous Continental and American Restaurants. In the SALLE À MANGER, Breakfasts, Luncheons, and Dinners are served at separate Tables at the following *fixed prices*, viz.:—

Breakfast (plain)... ... ... 2s. 0d.
Ditto, with Fish or Meat... ... ... 3s. 6d.
Savoy Dinner, at separate Tables... ... ... 7s. 6d.

Dinners served in Private Dining Rooms, from 10s. 6d. per head, for not less than Four Persons. Tables may be engaged beforehand at the Reception-Office.

The OPERA SUPPER is now served every Evening, on the Terrace and in the Restaurant.

Chef de Cuisine, M. ESCOFFIER, from the Grand Hotel, Monte Carlo.

THE VICTORIA HALL.

Beautifully Decorated and admirably adapted for Wedding Breakfasts, Public, Regimental, and Masonic Banquets.

Acting Manager, L. ECHENARD, from the Midland Grand Hotel, London.

General Manager, C. RITZ, Proprietor, Hotel Provence, Cannes.

EVERYBODY PRAISES IT.

The hunter, when he makes a path,
Takes axe, and kindly "blazes" it
Thus others try it, and, if good,
Each wand'ring trav'ler praises it.

The mind is apt to be misled,
Wrong information dazes it;
But you may on a thing rely
When everybody praises it.

And SOZODONT is such a thing,—
No glamour false o'er-glazes it.
It cleans the teeth, perfumes the breath,
And everybody praises it.

THE QUEENS OF SOCIETY

Are among the staunchest advocates of beautifying SOZODONT, which communicates to the teeth the glistening whiteness of snow, arrests their decay, renders spongy and ulcerated gums healthy, and breath made offensive by defective teeth, as sweet as honeysuckle. Ladies, ye were made to captivate; make your conquests sure and swift, your empire over male hearts lasting, by its sovereign aid. The fashionable world declares there is nothing like it. Price 2s. 6d.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Very agreeable to take.
A LAXATIVE AND REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE for

CONSTIPATION,
HÆMORRHOIDS,
BILE,
HEADACHE,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
GASTRIC AND INTESTINAL TROUBLES.

Box 2s. 6d., stamps included.
Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

E. GRILLON,
69, Queen Street, Cheapside, London.

ARMBRECHT COCA WINE INFLUENZA

ARMBRECHT.

Coca Wine

has been recommended by leading medical men, and very successfully GIVEN both as a preventative and to relieve the great weakness and depression after an attack of influenza.

The dose recommended is a small wineglassful in an equal part of hot water at eleven a.m. with a biscuit, and repeated with dinner and at bedtime.

Samples containing ten ounces sent free by post on receipt of 2s. 9d., double size 4s. 6d., post free, or 48s. per doze .

MESSRS. ARMBRECHT, NELSON, & CO.,
2, 3, and 4, DUKE ST., and 3, TOM'S COURT, GROSVENOR SQ., W

P.S.—To ensure prompt delivery cheque must be enclosed with each order.

CAUTION.—When ordering through Chemists please state distinctly "ARMBRECHT'S" Coca Wine, to prevent disappointment.

G. TANSLEY & CO.,
BALL AND CONCERT FURNISHERS,

16, WIGMORE STREET, CAVENDISH SQ., W.,
AND
91, GLOUCESTER ROAD, QUEEN'S GATE, S.W.

BALL ROOMS LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY OR CANDLES.
TEMPORARY ROOMS ERECTED, WITH SPECIAL POLISHED FLOORS FOR DANCING.
STALLS FOR BAZAARS.
ENTERTAINMENTS PROVIDED.
TABLES, SEATS, CHINA, PLATE, AND GLASS ON HIRE, FOR BALLS, CONCERTS, FETES, BAZAARS, GARDEN PARTIES, &c.

PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION.

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

LIQUEUR OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

This most excellent Liqueur, the great preventive of Indigestion, and almost certain remedy for Sea-sickness, can now be had of all Wine Merchants, and at prices much lower than formerly.
Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

OUR PUZZLES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE "TRUTH" CHRISTMAS DOLL SHOW.

IT is only wished this week to briefly remind the fair readers of TRUTH that the time has again come round for preparing for the Christmas Doll Show. Already, I am glad to say, many applications for dolls have been received from ladies who are willing to assist in the ever-increasing annual task which TRUTH has undertaken, and I trust that numerous others will soon be received. Last Christmas the Show, it will be remembered, attained to an exceptional standard of excellence; the dolls had never been dressed better, nor in larger numbers. It is naturally hoped that the experience of the last Exhibition will be repeated. There has been no going back as yet since the Doll Show was started. As the medium-sized dolls proved so very popular a year ago, they will be again supplied this year, in addition to the large and small dolls. I have also to announce a change in the system of Prize giving. This year the Editor of TRUTH has decided, in deference to the wishes of many of the ladies who have most actively supported the Doll Show, to substitute for the amounts in money hitherto given a series of specially-designed Prizes which, whilst possessing intrinsic value, will also form useful and permanent mementos of the TRUTH Exhibition. Of what these novel Prizes will consist, and on other points of interest in connection with the Competition and Exhibition I shall speak more in detail in future numbers of TRUTH. Meanwhile I would only repeat my hope that applications for dolls, of all three sizes, will be made without delay. It is, in fact, most necessary that ladies should make known their intentions as soon as they conveniently can, so that the total number of dolls required may be ascertained in good time for a further supply to be obtained, should they be wanted, before the market is congested with Christmas orders.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 647.—QUOTATION FROM SHAKESPEARE ON THE BACCARAT CASE.

M. R. C. (Real name and address will be given next week)	£0	14 0
BRUTUS (" " " ")	0	14 0
ADA (" " " ")	0	14

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 638.

It is now known that the result of the recent census shows the population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain on April 1 last to be 37,740,283. No competitor exactly anticipated this total; the totals given being, as a rule, very much too high. The nearest anticipation of the actual total was made by N. C. N., who sent in as the probable population of Great Britain and Ireland, 37,675,378, a fairly close prediction, I think, taking all the circumstances of the competition into account. The prize of Two Guineas will be accordingly awarded to N. C. N. The competitors who came next to the prize-winner in the closeness of their anticipations were R. THUR, WINNIE PROUT, EUREKA, X. D., E. M., and TWEEDLEDEE.

"TRUTH" PUZZLES, NOS. 643 AND 646.

The publication of the notice as to the Christmas Doll Show renders it necessary for me to postpone my announcement as to these competitions until next week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 648.

The Topical Nursery Rhymes dealt largely, as was perhaps to be expected, with the Baccarat Case; and "Sing a Song of Sixpence" was parodied by at least a score of competitors in connection with the Tranby Croft incident. I may say, however, that in considering the merits of these rhymes, the view taken by their authors of the topics treated by them has in no way affected my judgment. It has been decided to divide the Prize between TOM NISSED, and J. MCGRIGOR ALLAN. I have also selected for special commendation Bel Demonio, Excelsior, Gadabout, Geminl, Quetta, Gumph, Dora, Heliotrope, Parsonides, Œdipus Junior, Jack Sprat, Quinto, East Anglia, Cestrian, Cosmos, Jam, Cavendish E. P. B., MS., Caledonia, Esperanza, and Aliter.

PRIZE TOPICAL NURSERY RHYMES.

Sing a song of Baccarat, of morals all awry,
Prudes, and press, and parsons, raise an outraged cry.
When the case was over, they all began to sing
"Isn't this a dainty mess for England's future king?"
A prince to carry counters to gamble with for money!
The Queen in Queenly anger writes not words of honey.
A prince to screen a bad-un who wore a soldier's clothes;
A chance for Kaiser William to tweak his uncle's nose.
Tom Nissed.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I am going a-betting, sir," she said.
"May I bet with you, my pretty maid?"
"Heads, I win—tails, you lose, sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"A fraudulent bankrupt, sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"The brass in my forehead, sir," she said.
"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"You shall, or pay damages, sir," she said.
J. McGrigor Allan.

"TRUTH" COLONIAL AND FOREIGN PUZZLE, No. 21.

I am anxious, if possible, to publish a further selection of verses received in connection with this competition, and for this reason I will delay, for at least another week, the award of the prize.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 651.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

By a slip of the pen last week I gave August 3 as the date up to which answers to the Puzzle would be received. The date should, of course, have been given as July 27.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 652.

The cricket season is now sufficiently far advanced to enable one to estimate the present form of those who are playing this great game. It is proposed, therefore, to repeat a competition which has always proved a very popular one in past years, and to offer a prize of Two Guineas to that competitor who selects

THE STRONGEST TEAM OF CRICKETERS, BE THEY AMATEURS OR PROFESSIONALS, THAT COULD BE MADE UP TO REPRESENT ALL ENGLAND AT THE PRESENT TIME.

I need hardly say that only eleven names must be included in the team. The strongest team will be considered to be that one which contains most of the names that are found in the eleven made up by taking those cricketers whose names are included in the largest number of the lists received. All answers to this puzzle must reach me by the morning of Monday, August 3.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SINGEON.—I should like to try the puzzle you suggest, but it would, unfortunately, be impossible to print the answers by means of ordinary typography.

SIMLA.—I have added your *nom-de-plume* to the list of answers sent by you to Puzzle No. 646.

GRIP.—I regret that the word "Counters" in your "Nursery Rhyme" was last week printed in error as "Countess."

F. J. M.—Thanks for your explanatory note.

CŒLEBS.—The competition was held about three years ago, and was an undoubted success.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 649.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ORIGINAL ANAGRAMS MADE OUT OF THE FORTY-FIVE LETTERS IN "WILLIAM THE SECOND, KING OF PRUSSIA AND GERMAN EMPEROR."

*** I have not yet been able to go through the following Anagrams, so that their publication must not be necessarily taken as a proof that they are in all cases correctly formed.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

England welcomes this foreign Kaiser—a prim, proud man!—R. F.

England, as welcomer, is making him a proper friend to us.—Nemo.

I sing him a proper man, frank soldier, and welcome guest.—Tom Nissed.

England welcomes this man—a prim, proud, foreign Kaiser.—Wahrheit.

Note a proud Kaiser! England welcomes him in firm grasp.—Mozzle Toff.

1. Real or kind friends welcome him, appearing amongst us. 2. At the Naval Review:—Who comes? Proud England's great, Imperial kinsman. Fire!—Whig.

1. I'm a warlike monarch. I'm England's proper "guested" son! 2. Great monarch is no fop. I keep men amused—war drillings.—Veni.

1. A prime sage "Frank," sir! England's proud to welcome him in——. 2. Shrewd, diplomatic reformer; go in, make sanguine plans.—Ek-dum.

Promulge no war's grim dins, nor think mailed peace safe.—Nomenclator.

1. England commands us greet Imperial Kaiser—now—hip——! 2. Now, commander, hip! for Imperial Kaiser, England's guest. 3. Kind welcome for a sharp grandson, mine Imperial guest. 4 Oh! grand fun welcoming to Imperial Kaiser and Empress. 5. Uprise, welcome him to far England, grandson Kaiser (imp!).—Hobbema.

Mark a man whose creed—ruling passion pride—oft mingle.—Bel Demonio.

The man is come, I mark England's singular pride of power.—Joseph Alland.

1. Welcome fine to him upspring! Kaiser, Royal grandson famed! 2. Royal welcome to him upspring! Fine Kaiser! Grandson famed.—Epoh.

1. Prim Kaiser, gamp in hand, sure of welcome to England, sir. 2. Prim Kaiser, gamp in hand, is welcome for sure to England, 3. Oh! limp, warm mass, proud of energetic Kaiser in England.—Jack Sprat.

1. England welcomes this foreign Kaiser, a prim, proud man. 2. England welcomes this proud Kaiser in prime form. A nag!—Guelder Rose.

Famed, wise Ruler, like his grandma. Note.—No scamp, no prig.—Mr. F.'s Aunt.

1. Come, all remark priggishness and a power of mind unite. 2. Like a mere man's mind, or at once powerful and priggish. 3. Mere man-like, or a mind at once powerful, and as priggish. 4. We imperious Monarchs like grand pageants led in form.—Imara.

1. If ship at Nore, pull men, Kaiser come, grand games, Windsor. 2. Kaiser as English admiral; Prince met 'em go now drop fun. 3. Kaiser, foreign Princes at Windsor. Ah me, name gold plum. 4. Kaiser—Windsor, pure gold here, magnificent palms. O man! 5. Grand chap Kaiser—sailor, soldier, mufti. New gem 'pon men. 6. Kaiser planning triple league, who demands more firm "go." 7. If we mind no gammon crops up Kaiser, three allies grand. 8. "Grandma," said Kaiser Wilhelm, "if opponents err, gun come." 9. Imperial Kaiser can thus defend more grim plans. Now go.—Dora.

1. Am a warlike, imperious monarch; strong, self-depending. 2. Grandmama welcomes fine, proud Kaiser in English port.—Excelsior.

MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR TO WILLIAM II.

1. Harken, prince, strong in good impulse, aid me frame laws. 2. Mercurial, gifted mind, spares work none, so he gains palm. 3. I mark monarch self-reliant purpose, engaged in wisdom. 4. Look. His war impulse age can amend. I prefer strong mind. —Esperanza.

1. Mem. Ships firing pëan grand Welcome Kaiser to our land. 2. Pet him lords, sprung from Dane, Welcome Kaiser in again. 3. Grand troops seem a-line; Dream I much of sparkling wine. 4. Sing a grand pëan in welcome for model Kaiser's triumph. —Oedipus Jun.

A Kaiser's firm mind sought a proper welcome in England.—Chartadomus.

Amid pomp, and as cheers ring, I greet our fellow kinsman.—Buffer.

1. Take a welcome from Englishmen, proud and aspiring sir. 2. Sent him a welcome from England, proud, aspiring Kaiser. 3. Proud England aspires in making a welcome for them, sir. 4. Proud aspirer! England is making neat welcomes for him. 5. For England means welcome t' him, proud, aspiring Kaiser.—Allem.

1. Moltke gone. Sad lips mourn a grand empire's chief in war. 2. Eminent lips welcome a proud, rash king of grand armies.—Dak-wallah.

Let us welcome him, preparing as rank of origin demands.—E. T.

England promises us a kind, warm, regal reception of H.I.M. [His Imperial Majesty.]—Gemini.

Mending Europe's Alliance, making sword sharp for time.—Ernell.

Frail young man, I fear! A wise, kind God prosper thee, son!—Gadabout.

Home or foreign rule I'd plan; pick me as grand wiseat man!—Caco-Bendi.

He posed ill as a mad, pawking, interfering "censor morum."—Bob.

O wonderful Imperial Kaiser, go send men marching past.—Venetia.

*H.I.M. and Kaiser: "Welcome, from us, to England is preparing."—W. S. R.
* Her Imperial Majesty.

Welcome honor'd Imperial guests in Grandma's fine park.—David Garrick.

1. Gad! a most proud Kaiser-Prince, meaning well for his men. 2. Ah! sing! England welcomed famous Kaiser in proper trim. 3. Oh England! it welcomed grim Kaiser man in a proper fuss. 4. A prime, proud Monarch goes aiming well after kindness. 5. England welcomes grim, proud Kaiser. Finis. Oh! a pert man. 6. Most proud Prince, means well, kind if his ma agree or nag.—Nacnud.

1. A welcome man. England pines for this grim, proud Kaiser. 2. Ah me! England springs to welcome a proud, infirm Kaiser. 3. Ah me! Firm England springs to welcome in a proud Kaiser.—Glendyne.

Sir, he keeps a man of prime courage, strong will, and mind.—Eisus.

Will see pomp, significant, marked, no mere roar and gush.—Nunc Dimittis.

1. Do, Grandma, salute him in person, gem of warlike Princes. 2. M.P.'s do salute him, one fair gem, warlike grandson Prince.—M. R. C.

1. I am frank, not so crude as riming. English people draw me. 2. Fie shun gormands, pand'ring welcome to Imperial Kaiser.—Foy.

1. "I know fame's secret!" "O proud man! mad prig! Hell is nearing!" 2. Go on, proud man, wise fakim. Mad prig. Hell nears in secret! —Revanche.

1. If Grandma welcome him (Kaiser), London prepares its gem. 2. If our I.* Grandson, England prepares make him welcomer.—Dilaram.
* Imperial.

1. Prowler I'm not, asked in I come as Grandma Guelph's friend. 2. O, if all's peace, progress now, I'm marking time underhand. 3. Me? I'm a peace professor, and walk round the ring smiling. 4. Roam, meand'ring, skirmishing, wonderful peace apostle.—Opera.

1. Kaiser I am. I e'en reign—drums and prompt changes follow. 2. Spite of rain, come, Wilhelm, run on peg, kiss dear Grandma. 3. Welcomes in damp England, Kaiser. This opera, or grim fun? —Tipcat.

Kaiser war imp? No! Friend England's got him. Europe's calm.—Tinning.

O proceed making us reform. I will man. Then I pass danger.—I. H.

A right welcome in England, Kaiser; prosper famous mind.—Brussels.

Damn! We can gorge. A splendour like this is prime for man.—Mincing Lane.

TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

March on, mind* power of Kaiser, England's Imperial guest.—Cosmos.
* Remember.

As a crowd met our regal kinsman riding, he feels in pomp.—Ruff.

1. Her Imperial grandson is a welcome guest for kin and M.P. 2. A welcome! skip! Imperial grandson and guest from Rhine!—Oak Door.

I welcome Kaiser, a firm grandson, hi? pop, muster England.—Eclipse.

His dark aim:—Gain all Neptune's Empire's crown from Doge.—Qui Hy.

1. England prepares welcome! I go, I run, tho' I miss mad Frank! 2. Erring Franks won't help amuse me! Dogs! do I care? I'm plain! 3. I welcomed Kaiser, pine for grandmother's amusing plan!—La Plata.

France is ill-mannered: thinks, *e.g.*, I'm a —er—pompous war dog.—Caledon.

1. Pet Imperial grandson again shrinks from due welcome. 2. A proud Imperial grandson thinks welcome means grief.—Cingalee.

Imperial grandson in England forms peacemaker with us.—Rekab.

R. I. P. Um, oh! I weep, Commander Nelson dies, Trafalgar's king.—Rex.

England's welcome to him! and, sirs, make a ripping furore!—Peachy.

1. Erring Franks won't help amuse me. Gods! do I care? I'm plain. 2. I'm kind. No row, fights, pomp! Alliances are grander. Use 'em. 3. Run, grandmother, kiss me welcome, for "Nap" said, "Pig, alien!" 4. I Kaiser, Pa, muse, pining for grandmother's welcome land!—La Plata.

Since for him I wander, I make pomp for England's Royal guest.—Lisette.

And triumphal welcomes sing Emp'ror (fog) and Kaiserine.—Epoh.

Compare with foreign land, men make loud praises ring!—Cecil.

1. Wandering Kaiser does plan, plot, reform; imagines much. 2. Hem! I, wandering spirit, could make no safe reform plans. 3. I now impugned grand Kaiser's theme, social reform plan. 4. I, wandering spirit, make no loud scheme; plan reform 5. Lank I, am spending more, drawing thee up social reforms.—Aaron.

1. A firm man, a Prince who likes ruling. Germans speed to do. 2. A firm man, a Prince who likes ruling. O stop German deeds. 3. A man of deeds, a Prince who likes ruling. Import Germans. 4. A man of deeds, a Prince most German who likes ruling R I.P. 5. A great man and his kingdom will prosper. I use force then.—Feloos.

1. Fond Imperial grandmother, welcome Kaiser; sing an' sup. 2. Work famous enterprising soldier, map England.—Glenfarg.

1. Mark her! Marine England sings a proud welcome, if I stop. 2. He is a grim prince—splendid as a monument of regal work. 3. A welcome is heard, springing from miles around Kent, pa.—Mickey-Doodle.

Kaiser is landing! Must go and prepare welcome for him (N. omitted).—Yoko.

1. Hark! do, sir peer, if magnanimous England welcomes trip. 2. Ma foi! deutscher Kaiser, now rig in pomp England's realm.—Boz.

Pending! Cousin married, asks prime magnate, follow her.—Nitram.

1. E.g., H.I.M. (D.g.), is ruler of empire and a clean sportsman, I know. 2. P.s., a most genial kind monarch. (D.g.), wise ruler of an empire.—Cissie.

1. Perhaps grandma will ask me to reign, for I need no music. 2. Go, grandma, fire upon red lip a welcome kiss—this manner. 3. Get me cod, grandma, kinsman Willie has no supper or fire.—Reffell.

Men care to kiss and mar ripe, red, laughing lips of women.—Laburnam.

He makes magnificent imperial progress London ward ("u" omitted).—Naomi Tighe.

1. In mein fatherland, lager is good; wines sour cramp kemp. 2. Daring, prompt, fearless in command, 'e likes a rough wine. 3. I smoke much, dare, and win. No fears, all emptier gropings. 4. Dares and wins; enough imports gain more fee. Kill cramp. 5. I hold an immense respect for our kinsman. Dip lager, wag. 6. Kind nice ruler, grand hero, go, mass fat people, was minim. 7. A grim, hard, wise prince, or "gutes kind." No fame as pen, Moll. 8. So keep our fatherland, grand prince. Go swim, males, I'm in.—Woodhurst.

1. Good nipping summer rain, welcome Fatherland's Kaiser. 2. Presuming, moping, rain, *do* welcome Fatherland's Kaiser. 3. In musing mood preparing welcome, Fatherland's Kaiser.—Caledonia.

Grandma England welcomes Kaiser in pomp. Hurro! it's fine.—Ethel Elizabeth Lewis.

Grandma England welcomes Kaiser in pomp. O rush, fire it.—Ethel Morris (age 14).

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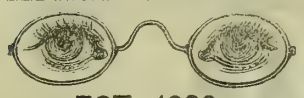

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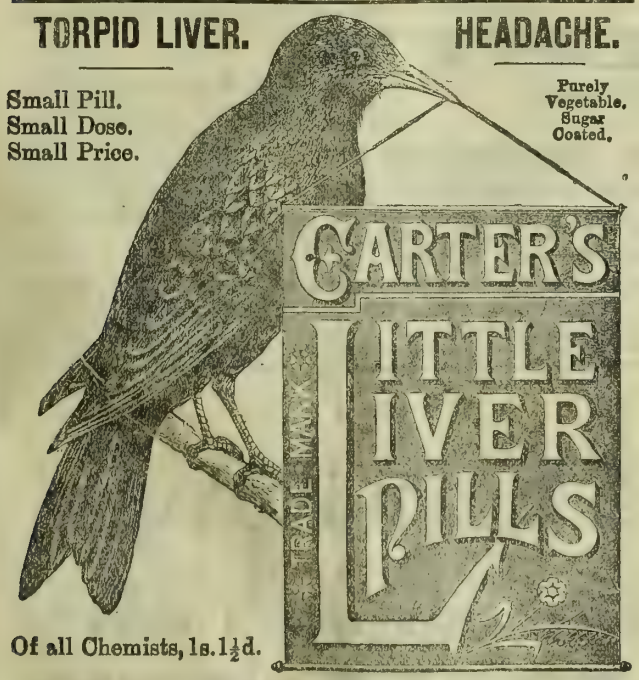

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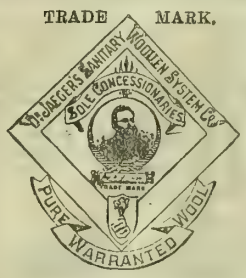

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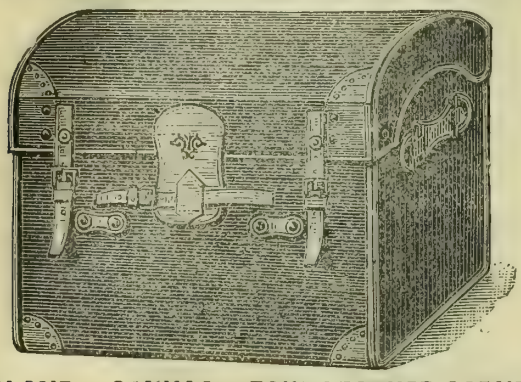

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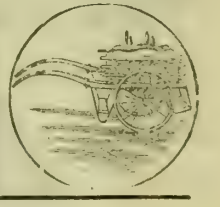

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

I KNOW that it is rather early to begin harping on the Doll string; but I none the less wish to direct the special attention of my readers this week to the notice appearing on page 265 of this issue. It relates to an important change in the system of Prize-giving hitherto adopted in connection with the Doll-dressing Competition, and will, I anticipate, be read with general satisfaction. I have received £10 towards the Toy Fund "in memory of Mary."

The Queen is to hold a Council at Osborne next week, at which the Prorogation Speech will be formally approved.

Her Majesty will probably pay a visit to Sir William Jenner at Bishop's Waltham before the departure of the Court from the Isle of Wight.

The Queen finds the climate of Osborne a great deal too relaxing at this time of year, and it is a hot, glaring place in the middle of summer, while what Scotch people would term the "amenities" of the grounds have not been improved by the recent building operations, which, I hear, the Queen much regrets, for, as usual, they have cost a great deal more than had been expected, and now the banqueting-hall is finished, nobody can imagine what it is to be used for.

An absurd announcement has appeared that the German Emperor "made it a *sine quâ non* that foreign policy should not be broached during his visit to England." One would suppose that Lord Salisbury had been yearning to converse with the Emperor about public affairs, but that his desire was not complied with. I do not pretend to know what passed between the Emperor and the Prime Minister, but I do know that his Majesty arrived at Windsor in a state of feverish anxiety to express his sentiments on the subject of the Triple Alliance, and the Queen found it difficult to induce her grandson to promise her, on his word of honour, that he would abstain from any allusion to political matters, either direct or indirect, whenever he had occasion to speak in public during his stay in England. It was entirely owing to the Queen that M. Waddington went to Hatfield to meet the Emperor, as it was really her Majesty who pulled the strings in that matter, and the free expression of her common-sense views about the ill-advised visit of the Empress Frederick to Paris has dispelled the sullen resentment against France which the Emperor William has been nourishing during the last five months. The Queen has rendered a valuable service to Europe by cooling down her grandson, and she ought to get the credit both of his Guildhall speech and of his unexpectedly friendly demeanour to the French Ambassador, as she directly inspired both the one and the other.

The Emperor disclosed the fact at Windsor that if the visit of the Empress Frederick had been well received in Paris he would himself have gone there for a few days just now. His Majesty has apparently as morbid a longing to visit Paris as Eve had to eat the forbidden apple.

I understand that the Duke of Rutland and Lord Cadogan are to be invested with their respective Garters at Osborne, by the Queen herself, in the course of next month. It would be a graceful act if the Duke of Rutland were to seize on the occasion to resign the £2,000 per annum that he receives as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The duties which were previously attached to it are now performed by the Minister of Agriculture. It is, consequently, an absolute sinecure.

The selection of Lord Cadogan for the late Lord Granville's Garter has considerably enraged several Tory magnates, and it is certainly unprecedented for a Prime Minister to give away every blue ribbon which falls vacant to a member of the Government. The fact is, however, that Lord Cadogan has been pitched upon as a compromise. The Queen wanted to give the Garter to the Duke of Fife, but Lord Salisbury was afraid to do so, as the Tories, although quite willing to be aided by the Liberal-Unionists in their voices, votes, interest, and purses, are strongly averse to seeing them rewarded for their toilings by any of the spoils of office. The Queen, on her side, objected to Lord Salisbury's nominee for the blue ribbon; so that, after the matter had remained in abeyance for about three months, the dispute has ended in the choice of a third person, whose "claims" are not to be compared with those of several Tory Peers of higher rank, notably

Lord Bath, who was working hard for his party when Lord Cadogan was at Eton, but who has never been forgiven at Court for his opposition to Lord Beaconsfield in 1878.

The *Times* expressed an ignorant regret last week that the Prince of Naples had not come to England when the German Emperor was here. The Prince was not wanted at that time; for there was more than enough botheration with the horde of Imperial and Royal visitors who were then here. When the usual intimation was made from Rome to the Court of the Prince's impending trip to England, the Queen replied that the most convenient time for his visit would be as soon as he pleased after the departure of the Emperor William. The end of July is not the best possible period for a Royal guest to arrive in London, but the visit of the Prince of Naples had already been twice postponed, and it could not well be put off again. His trip to England was originally settled when the Queen was at Florence in April, 1888.

Several of the papers have announced that the Queen placed Buckingham Palace at the disposal of the Prince of Naples. This is quite untrue, for all that has been done has been to appoint an equerry (Colonel Carington) to attend on the Prince while he is in London, and to place at his disposal the Royal carriages.

The Prince of Naples is to be at Goodwood to-morrow, and after the races he will probably proceed, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, to Osborne, on a visit to the Queen, who, I hear, intends to make him a G.C.B.

It is stated that the Prince displays a singular love of reviewing soldiers. This seems to be a characteristic of all Royalties. The reason is, probably, to be found in the fact that their bringing up seldom allows their minds to develop. They remain children all their lives, and do not get beyond the infantine love of dolls and tin soldiers. What, said Napoleon, surprised him the most in the Russian Emperor and the Prussian King of his day was that these Monarchs would discuss for hours about uniforms, and seemed to take the keenest pleasure in inspecting soldiers, to see if the proper number of buttons was on their coats.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to arrive at Cowes in the *Osborne* from Goodwood, on Friday evening, and they will remain there on board the Royal yacht until Thursday, August 13, when they come to town for one night, before proceeding to the Continent.

H.R.H. is to arrive at Homburg on Saturday, August 15, for a stay of three weeks.

Princess Maud of Wales will probably proceed to Vichy about the middle of next month, in order that she may take another course of the waters, as she derived much benefit from her stay there last year.

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 258 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 259.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 257.

The Duke of Clarence goes to Scotland about August 18, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife at New Mar Lodge, Aberdeenshire, where the Prince of Wales is expected early in October for a week's stay, when there will be a series of deer-drives in Mar Forest for his diversion.

Prince George of Wales has, I hear from a correspondent, earned a very genuine popularity in Halifax, as well as throughout the North American and West Indian fleets, and the departure of the *Thrush*, on the 13th inst., was the occasion of a gratifying farewell demonstration in the harbour. A story has appeared in sundry papers that the night before his departure Prince George's cabin was entered and a gold hunting watch stolen. This is all wrong. A watch was stolen, but it belonged, not to Prince George, but to Mr. Saunders, one of the lieutenants of the *Thrush*.

Last Thursday the band of the 1st Prussian Dragoon Guards played on the Clarence Esplanade Pier at Southsea, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught went down to hear the performance. They entered unobserved, and walked quietly about for a few minutes, and then they were so unfortunate as to be noticed by somebody, and in two minutes they were mobbed by a herd of smartly dressed snobs of both sexes, who crowded round until the Duke and Duchess could hardly turn, much less proceed on their way; and those excited savages who were unable to squeeze their way into the vicinity of the unfortunate Royalties stood on chairs in order to obtain a good view of them.

Prince and Princess Christian are going to Germany about the middle of next month for six weeks. The Princess will divide the time between Wiesbaden and Homburg, where she is to be the guest of the Empress Frederick; and Prince Christian is going to visit his nephew, the Duke of Augustenburg, at Prinkenau, in Silesia, and other relatives. Prince and Princess Christian are to pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt, at the Schloss of Worlitz, near Dessau, before they return to England.

The Duke of Cambridge is going to Germany in a few days, and he will remain abroad for a month. H.R.H. is going to take a course of waters at Kissingen.

It is funny to find Princess Clémentine of Belgium described by the *Pall Mall Gazette* as "the only Catholic marriageable Princess left in Europe." There happen to be more than a dozen "Catholic marriageable Princesses" in Austria alone, and there are several in both Bavaria and Saxony.

A wonderful story, which originated in the fertile and ingenious imagination of some "London correspondent," has been going round the Continental papers, which refer to it as a flagrant instance of British brutality. It is

Dr. J. W. Keyworth (M.D. London), Southport, writes: "I have tried Pepsalia, and am so satisfied with its results that I am using it daily with suitable cases, and have every reason to endorse all that is claimed in regard to its usefulness." Pepsalia absolutely effects digestion, and restores dyspeptics to a condition of health and comfort. Bottles 1s. and 2s., from chemists, or G. & G. Stern, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

alleged that at the Guildhall function Lord Lathom struck an Ambassadress with such violence that she screeched with anguish, whereupon her husband abused the Lord Chamberlain in very forcible language, with the result that he received an ample apology, and an explanation that Lord Lathom had struck her Excellency in his eagerness to make a way through the crowd for the Imperial guests. The whole story is the very purest of fictions, for which there is not even the ghost of the shadow of a foundation.

Sir Henry Ponsonby has lent his house in Windsor Castle, by the wish of the Queen, to the Bishop of Rochester and Mrs. Davidson, who will reside there during the next six weeks, after which they will probably go to the seaside for a month. The Bishop is slowly gaining strength, and, if all goes well, he will be enthroned in Rochester Cathedral about the middle of October, and will then commence his work in the diocese, for which a Suffragan will shortly be appointed. Sir Henry Ponsonby's house is in the Norman Tower, and it is by far the nicest official residence in the Castle.

The Dowager Duchess of Athole, who has been residing during the summer at Dunkeld House, Perthshire, where the Queen will probably pay her a visit early in October, is going on Saturday to Osborne, as Lady-in-Waiting on her Majesty, in succession to Lady Antrim, and she will stay at Court until August 14, when Lady Erroll is to replace her.

Quite a number of papers have described the newly-married Marquise de Hautpoul as having been "the favourite Lady-in-Waiting of the Princess of Wales." Miss Stonor was never attached in any capacity whatever to the household of the Princess of Wales, and it was her mother, Mrs. Frances Stonor (who died about nine years ago) who was Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. for nearly nineteen years: she was a daughter of Sir Robert Peel.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife are to arrive this afternoon at Duff House, their place in Banffshire, where they will stay for three weeks before going to Braemar for the shooting-season. Duff is a very fine house, and it contains a choice collection of pictures. The grounds, which are intersected by the River Deveron, are beautifully wooded. This place has usually been closed for many years past, and the Duke and Duchess have only once been there, when they stayed for about three weeks, in the late autumn of 1889.

Lord Zetland has been prevented from joining the Duke of Richmond's party at Goodwood, as he was obliged to proceed to Ireland on Friday night, and Lady Zetland and Lady Hilda Dundas went down to Yorkshire on Monday, to stay at Upleatham, their sea-side place near Saltburn, until they go to Scotland.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster received a large party at Eaton Hall last week for the Chester Musical Festival, including Lady Lathom and Lady Bertha Wilbraham, Lord and Lady Harlech, Lady Cobham, and Mrs. Meynell-Ingram and Miss Wood. The Queen is to be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Eaton next year for a few days, probably in August, when on her way to Balmoral for the usual autumn residence.

The death of Sir William Douglas, the President of the Royal Scottish Academy, is much regretted at Edinburgh. He died after a short illness, from the effect of a chill which he caught while sketching on the banks of the Tay at Newburgh. Sir William painted many fine pictures, and his water-colour drawings of landscapes were very beautiful works. He was a most distinguished antiquarian, and having lived much in Italy, he acquired an extensive knowledge of Italian literature and art. He had all his life been a keen collector and virtuoso. Sir William had frequently exhibited in the Royal Academy since 1862, when three of his works were hung there. His addresses to students were always original, interesting, and highly stimulating, and it is much to be regretted that he wrote little or nothing on art. Sir William was an excellent *raconteur*, and he had a rich store of reminiscences of interesting people whom he had known, both at home and abroad. He was most hospitable, and during the many years of his residence at Bowbutts, near Kinghorn, he entertained his friends very largely.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have gone to Norway, for a few weeks' salmon-fishing.

Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby, who are staying at Grimsthorpe Castle, Lincolnshire, are going to Scotland next week until the end of October, and they will entertain a succession of visitors at Drummond Castle, Perthshire, and at the shooting-lodge in Glenartney Forest.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland are going early next week to Cessnock Castle, Ayrshire, for ten days, and then to Langwell, their place in Caithness, until September 4, when they return south to Welbeck Abbey, when they will entertain a large party during Doncaster races. The Duke is to lay the foundation-stone of the new harbour at Thurso on August 27.

Lord and Lady Abergavenny will entertain a party next week, for Lewes races, at Eridge Castle, their beautiful old place near Tunbridge Wells.

The Duchess of Buccleuch will entertain a large family party during next month at Langholm Lodge, Dumfriesshire, and the Duke is to proceed there when he returns from Germany. The sport on the Duke of Buccleuch's extensive moors in Eskdale is not expected to be so good as usual this season.

The Duke of Buccleuch's Sanquhar shootings, in Dumfriesshire, which extend over 10,000 acres, and which have never before been let, have been taken for the season by Mr. J. N. Mappin.

Visitors to Carlsbad should be on their guard against the charges of the local doctors. An English gentleman there recently asked his doctor what the charge would be for about seven visits, and was informed £2 for the first visit, and £1 for each subsequent one. Among the Germans the usual payment is 5 florins a visit, and 50 florins for seven visits would be a very liberal payment. The usual custom is not to wait for a bill, but to send a doctor a little above 5 florins a visit, making the amount up to a round figure. The medico, therefore, who proposed to charge his English patient in pounds must have been doing his best to accommodate himself to the British belief that a cheap foreign article is necessarily inferior to a dear English one—which belief is probably at the bottom of the stupid English prejudice against consulting a foreign physician at a Continental health resort.

I warned travellers last week against the fried soles at the Hôtel du Pavillon Impérial, Boulogne. I find it desirable to add a further word of caution against the marmalade, the charge for which at breakfast, I am told by another correspondent, is 2 francs 50 cents per head. The price of ham and eggs for two at the same establishment is 5 francs, and I have just heard of a bill for two persons for twenty-four hours which amounted to 63 francs, exclusive of wine.

From half-a-dozen different quarters I have been asked to contradict the extraordinary farrago of fictions about the weather in Switzerland which the *Times* published some ten days ago, on the authority of a Lucerne correspondent. It was stated that for ten days it had been raining "torrentially" all over the country, the Lake of Lucerne had never been so high, the water was a foot or two deep in the kitchens of the Schweitzerhof and other hotels, and so forth. The sole foundation for these sensational allegations was that there had been, after a period of great heat, heavy rain from the 3rd to the 7th inst. The Lake of Lucerne did not reach the maximum level, and the statements about the water in the hotels were quite without foundation. The matter is of no consequence at this date, but it should serve to put tourists on their guard against *Times* news about the weather in foreign parts.

As Baronetcies and Knighthoods convey no privileges, it must be a matter of absolute indifference to every reasonable human being how many persons are allowed to put the prefix of "Sir" before their names, and to transmit this prefix to their heirs. Still, it does seem somewhat absurd that a worthy silversmith and his heirs *in sæcula sæculorum* are to be Baronets because a German Emperor paid a visit to this country, and deigned to honour with his presence a civic gorge at which the silversmith presided. Equally absurd is it that the impresario of a theatre should be made a Knight, not because he furnishes us with good plays and pantomimes (which would be an excellent reason), but because, on the occasion of the gorge, he happened to be a Sheriff, and in that capacity drives about London in a highly-decorated coach, with two highly-decorated flunkeys hanging on to its footboard. I can understand a person who has performed some great service to his country being given a prefix, if he aspires to that sort of thing. And I can understand selling a man a prefix for good coin of the realm. But it seems to me that if any one was entitled to be converted into a "Sir" on account of the City banquet to the German Emperor, it was the artist who cooked the viands. Why the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs of London? What with Baronets, and with Knights, it really will soon be difficult to find any one who is not a "Sir." However, if it makes any one happy to be one, Heaven forbid that I should say a word to deprive him of his harmless enjoyment. It is far better that a man should be made a "Sir," than that he should be given £5 from the public treasury.

The following District Order was published at Woolwich last week:—

> Commanding officers may grant leave of absence for the purpose of attending the Goodwood Race Meeting from 28th to 31st July, 1891, inclusive, to officers under their command who are not required for garrison duty.

The drift of this quaintly-worded order I take to be that, as General Williams proposes to attend the Goodwood meeting every day, he good-naturedly notifies that no great review or other such function will take place in his command between the dates mentioned, and that, therefore, as far as he is concerned, every officer not absolutely on duty may go away. Now, although I do not suppose that the General would refuse to grant leave to officers who might wish to go elsewhere than to Goodwood for the four days in question, yet it is plain that exceptional facilities are offered to those who wish to attend the race meeting. Obviously, if all officers not on duty can be spared to go to Goodwood, they can equally well be spared to go anywhere else in reason, always provided that they do not select some outlandish spot from which they cannot be recalled at a moment's notice if required. As it stands, however, the order puts a distinct premium on racing, and its wording is, therefore, I think to be regretted.

The annual show of the Royal Northern Agricultural Society took place at Aberdeen last week, and it was one of the most successful ever held by the Society, both the numbers and the quality of the exhibits being most satisfactory. The Queen took several prizes in the Aberdeen-Angus classes with cattle from her farm at Abergeldie, and her Majesty's famous cow, Princess Irene, which secured the "family group" prize for her Royal owner, was considered to be the biggest polled cow that has been seen in a showyard for many years past. When Princess Irene took a prize at Dundee last year she weighed over a ton live-weight, and she has since considerably improved in appearance.

Several noted cellars were disposed of last week at Christie's, and very good prices were obtained, Perrier-Jouet of 1874 realising 250s. per dozen, while 245s. was paid for Pommery of that year. The lowest price for

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champagne was 125s. per dozen. Some liqueur brandy fetched 290s. per dozen. The cheapest lot was some Steinberg Cabinet of 1868, which realised 100s. per dozen.

The annual sales of wine from the principal vineyards in the Rheingau have recently taken place, and the demand was so greatly in excess of the supply that the prices realised were very high indeed, and wines which had been valued at £7,500 fetched £16,000. The lowest rate at which Steinberg Cabinet was sold was 132s. per dozen.

In consequence of the sale of the Farleigh estate to Lord Donington, the late Colonel Houlton's pictures, his splendid collection of old armour and his valuable library, will be sold at Christie's early next season.

The Duke of Argyll has let Roseneath Castle, his place in Dumbartonshire, which is famous for its lovely grounds and its grand old trees, to Mr. Hatton, of Manchester.

Last Wednesday the Duke's fishermen at Inverary landed 107 salmon at a single haul of the nets.

The famous set of tapestries in the Barberini Palace at Rome, which belonged to Pope Urban VIII., and which was recently purchased by Mrs. Cole, of New York, for £15,000, has been presented by that lady to the new Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. John, which is now being erected in New York.

Every intelligent person who owns pictures, buys pictures, or cares about pictures, should read the truly delightful article entitled "Giovanni Morelli," which is the principal feature in the new number of the *Quarterly Review*. Morelli's valuable criticisms are both destructive and constructive, and among the former his most notable achievement has been the exposure of the falsity of the famous Magdalen in the Gallery at Dresden, which has always been attributed to Correggio. He is able to show that this picture cannot have been the work of an Italian, because it is painted on copper, which is a material that no Italian master used until towards the close of the sixteenth century. The article is calculated to fill with dismay all the British and American buyers of old masters, who have been purchasing so largely and so recklessly during the last thirty years, their transactions being usually based upon the most intense ignorance.

I hear that Dr. Goulburn's Life of Dean Burgon, which is expected to be a work of quite exceptional interest, will not be published before next spring.

The Rev. Greville Chester has increased his benefactions to the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge by presenting a rare and very valuable collection of antiquities from tombs in Egypt and Palestine. He has also given a Praxiteles bronze statuette of Aphrodite, which dates from the fourth century B.C., and which is considered by experts to be one of the finest bronzes of this class in the world.

A beautiful monument has just been placed over the grave of the late Lord Glasgow in the churchyard of Millport, in the island of Cumbrae. It is a recumbent slab of granite, with a Celtic cross, and the carvings are most ornate.

I doubt whether Parliament is likely to vote any money for the enlargement of Westminster Abbey in order that it may accommodate distinguished corpses for the next few centuries. There are three reasons against this: The Church of England claims to celebrate its rites over all bodies buried in the Abbey; the Dean and Chapter claim a right to select bodies; in St. Paul's there is ample room for bodies that the country wishes to honour, and no corpse could complain of want of recognition were it interred between those of Wellington and of Nelson. The Westminster Committee has recommended two things: 1, that the Annexe should be made in the refectory; 2, that the houses at Poets' Corner should be pulled down, because they are so near the Abbey that they are a source of danger from fire to the fabric. As regards these houses, the ground that they occupy belongs to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the leases of the houses fall in very shortly. After this official declaration of their danger to the Abbey, it can hardly be supposed that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners will not seize the earliest opportunity to clear them away, and, of course, the country will not pay them for doing their duty. As regards the refectory Annexe, the Dean would do well to try to obtain by public subscription the £30,000 that is needed. If he does not do this, it seems probable that the remunerative business of burying distinguished corpses will pass from the Abbey to St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Bishop-elect of Truro has been staying during the last week at Kenwyn Vicarage, Cornwall, as the guest of Archdeacon Cornish, and he paid several visits to Truro Cathedral and to Lis Escop, the Episcopal residence of the See. The postponement of the future Bishop's consecration until September 29 has caused very great dissatisfaction. The See has now been vacant for more than two months, and the Bishop could perfectly well have been consecrated last Saturday, or at latest on August 24, and it is eminently desirable that he should get to work as soon as possible, for all the diocesan business is much in arrear, but the function is now postponed for two months, simply in order to suit the convenience of the Primate, who does not care to interrupt his holiday, even to perform a most urgent ceremony. Such utter indifference to "Church interests" is exceedingly reprehensible. When a man is paid so exorbitant a stipend as £15,000 a year he ought to be prompt in getting through his official business, but the present Primate is the most dilatory occupant of Lambeth Palace since Archbishop Manners-Sutton.

Canon Newbolt, who succeeded to Dr. Liddon's stall in St. Paul's, is to be in residence at the Cathedral during next month, and he will be the Sunday afternoon preacher. Canon Newbolt's sermons are very eloquent and impressive.

One of the daily papers announced last week that the Bishop of London has appointed Canon Newbolt to the Chancellorship of St. Paul's Cathedral, in succession to Dr. Liddon, adding that a stipend of £1,000 a year is attached to the office, but that henceforth this stipend is to be devoted to the general purposes of the Cathedral. As a matter of fact, the Chancellor's stipend was abolished more than twenty years ago, when Dean Mansel and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners reorganised the financial arrangements of the Cathedral, and Dr. Liddon never received a farthing in connection with this office, which is purely honorary, as also are the Precentorship and the Treasurership, all of which, in the old days, were posts of considerable emolument.

What a good thing a prebendal stall in St. Paul's meant under the old system may be gathered from the fact that in February, 1856, shortly before the death of Bishop Percy, of Carlisle, who held the prebend of Finsbury, the leases of the estate attached to that stall fell in, and the amount which he received was more than £60,000.

The appointed preachers at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, during next month, are: the Sub-Dean on the 2nd; the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, rector of Kirkby Lonsdale, on the 9th; Canon Jacob, vicar of Portsea, on the 16th; Canon Hamilton-Gordon, of Salisbury, on the 23rd; and the Rev. Dr. Forrest, Dean-nominate of Worcester, on the 30th. It is probable, however, that the three last divines will escape their duty for this year, as it is expected that the Chapel will be closed after Sunday, the 9th, until the middle of October.

Archdeacon Farrar, who usually goes away for a holiday at the end of July, is to stay in town this year until September 1, as he is to be the Canon in residence at Westminster Abbey during August, and he will preach on Sunday afternoons throughout the month.

The programme of the Rhyl Church Congress, which meets on October 6, is exceedingly uninteresting. The only notable features are the discussion on "The Church Revival in Wales," in which the Bishop of Chester will take part; and the debate on "Agnosticism," on which subject Sir George Stokes and Mr. R. H. Hutton are to speak.

The Bishop of Ripon is one of the most eloquent and interesting preachers of the day, and he is a most charming person, but in his episcopal capacity Dr. Boyd-Carpenter certainly has not proved a success, for his fondness for the character of "star-preacher" takes him away from home a great deal too often, and his diocesan work is consequently very much neglected. The Bishop has given great offence both to clergy and to laity in Yorkshire by not taking a prominent part in the celebration of the jubilee of the Leeds Parish Church, at which he ought to have been the central figure; but Dr. Boyd-Carpenter remained in London, and he did not even go to Leeds to meet the Primate, but merely rushed down to preach a short sermon at one of the week-day services, his participation in the jubilee being limited to a period of twenty minutes.

Lord Egerton of Tatton has been giving another edifying exhibition of his mean-minded intolerance of political opponents, and, at the same time, affording yet another proof of the need for popular control over State-aided schools. Some Manchester Liberals arranged to hold a picnic at Mobberley, in Cheshire, the other day, and the rector of the parish intimated his willingness to allow the use of the church-school for tea and for shelter in case of rain. In such a matter, however, the Rector of Mobberley has to bow to the authority of Lord Egerton, and, as the result of his intervention, the picnic-party were after all denied admission to the school. One of the first duties of the next Parliament will be to render incidents of this kind impossible.

A deplorable result of the mysterious laws which govern the Church of England is at present to be seen in the case of the Rev. John Ingle, Rector (or late Rector) of St. Olave's, Exeter. This clergyman, after many years' faithful service, found himself broken down in health, and applied to the Bishop to resign under the Incumbents' Resignation Act. He anticipated that his pension would be £1 a week, leaving £135 a year to his successor so long as he lived. By some technicality raised before the Bishop's Commission, however, the pension was assessed at 9d. and a minute fraction per day—a sum insufficient to enable the unfortunate clergyman to live in decency, as he is without private means. At this point his health took a totally unexpected change for the better, and he applied to the Bishop to discharge the Commission, which, however, it appeared there was no power to do. It is now suggested that the Lord Chancellor, as patron, may come to the gentleman's rescue by re-appointing him to the living. I fear, however, that that is expecting a great deal of Lord Halsbury in a matter of patronage,

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The following advertisement in regard to the services at Bracon Ash Church appears in a Norfolk paper, and I shall make no charge for reproducing it:—

Special Thanksgiving Services will be performed by the Rector, the Rev. Thos. Berney, at eleven and three o'clock, for the recovery of his parish from the general though mild attack of influenza, the Hall alone having been exempt; the Epidemic being considered as a National Judgment for the Papal Idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians, prevailing in the Church through Jesuit Traitors, and their weak-minded, deluded dupes, 2,000 at least, but never in his time at Bracon Ash Church.

The Offertory, morning and afternoon, will be given to the Church Association, towards the expenses of their "Appeal against the Lambeth Judgment," which panders to it; and special subscriptions towards the same are very earnestly requested by the Rector, by whom they will be thankfully acknowledged. He has already received the sum of Four Guineas from the two Misses Berney.

Were that "Lambeth Judgment" to be confirmed, the Church of England would soon cease to be Protestant, and the blessing of The Most High, which, until this Influenza, has so long rested upon Protestant England, would be alienated from her, and that too, when the great and terrible war is looming!!!

Heaven forbid that I should attempt to reason with the author of such a manifesto, but I would point out to any who may be in danger of being misled by his dogmatising on matters about which he must of necessity know nothing, that this good rector is playing directly into the hands of freethinkers and infidels. Why, the sceptic will naturally ask, is that which is to be "considered as a national judgment" upon ourselves, inflicted equally upon other

nations, in all parts of Europe, Asia, and America? How does this particular visitation, which is specially directed against Romish error, take its rise in countries where the Pope of Rome is hardly known? Above all, how comes it that this special judgment against Papal idolatry has fallen upon all persuasions alike—not excepting Jews and Mahommedans—so much so that in Bracon Ash, where no idolatry prevails, the Hall alone has escaped? Surely, the ways of Providence are mysterious enough, without raising these fresh stumbling-blocks for the would-be believer.

Another individual of the same type as this Norfolk rector flourishes at Lympstone in Devonshire—one W. H. Peters, who writes to the *Devon and Exeter Gazette* to point out the necessity of taking immediate steps to avoid the punishments threatened against those "who lapse into idolatrous systems of religion such as the Papacy sets forth among nations." We must, it appears, in the opinion of Mr. Peters, "seek the return of constitutional candidates in every constituency in order to avert the judgments of the Almighty from this land." I am anxious to respect the religious views of every man, but there are many who will agree with me that "the judgments of the Almighty" will be more tolerable than the other evil which Mr. Peters offers as the only means of escape.

A New Verse For "The Bells."

[The correspondence in a contemporary as to the nuisance of "Church Bells" has moved a reader to send the following lines, "with apologies," he says, "to Edgar Allen Poe."]

Oh! the nuisance of those bells—
Church-going bells!
What a lot of harsh invective their cacophony compels.
How they peal, and clash, and clang!
How they boom, and how they bang!
How they ring at early morn,
Till one's tympanum is torn
With the noise that they outpour!
How they waken one from sleep,
And from healthy slumber keep,
With their hoarse and brazen roar!
Tingle, tangle!
Jingle, jangle!
Morn and afternoon and night
They anathemas invite
By their clanging
And their twanging,
In their cracked and tuneless might.
Tinkle, tankle!
How they rankle
As they play them out of tune,
Till one well-nigh thinks that deafness
Might be greeted as a boon.
And one dances, and one yells,
At the nuisance of Church bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
At the clamour and the clangour of Church bells!

An appeal appeared in the *Times* of Monday for further aid for the "South African Church Distress Fund." In connection with this matter it may be well to point out that Sir Gordon Sprigg recently rebuked his fellow colonists for relying on English money for religious or charitable work. The *Cape Times* takes up its parable on this cue, and points to the infinite superiority of the position of the proletariat in the colony to that in England, with the following moral:—

> Thus from a country in which money is sorely needed to alleviate misery, to rescue humanity from almost bestial degradation, to arrest the progress of crime, we look for subsidies to our hospitals, our churches, our missions—we comfortable colonists who never know what it is to want a meal, or to shiver under the wintry blast, or, in towns at all events, to go without a sermon on Sunday except at our own will.

It is strange, not to say humiliating, that our philanthropists should need a colonial writer to teach them this obvious truth.

Miss Fowler, or "Sister Rose Gertrude," who went out last year to work among the lepers at Molokai, has married Dr. Carl Lutz, a physician in charge of the settlement. A China paper announces the fact under the eading "Sister Rose Marred."

The recent action of an Omnibus Company in Cheltenham in starting a Sunday service of their vehicles has greatly troubled the clergy and ministers of the town, who have addressed a remonstrance to the directors. The latter are asked to help in preserving "the sanctity of the Lord's Day," and to stop the Sunday running of the 'buses, which has "deeply pained the religious convictions of many residents." Of course, with your Sabbatarian, the fact that the service of 'buses has proved a great boon to many people who cannot afford carriages or cabs counts for nothing. The "sanctity of the Lord's Day," however, must be endangered quite as much by carriages and cabs as by omnibuses; and I should like to know why the clergy and ministers have not addressed a protest to the persons, including Cheltenham's most aristocratic visitors, who freely use the more expensive vehicles. Meanwhile, I am glad to learn that the Omnibus Company are resolved to continue their Sunday service so long as there is a demand for it.

"Buffalo Bill," whose troupe is now performing at Manchester has very generously undertaken to give a performance on Friday next for the benefit of those of the Balaclava warriors who are still in want. The number, unfortunately, appears to be considerable. The Manchester *Sunday Chronicle* publishes a list of fifteen veterans whom it has been assisting by means of local subscriptions. Of these men six have no pension, two have 8d. or 10d. a day, and the rest 1s. or 1s. 1d., with the exception of one man who has 1s. 3½d. The majority of them, therefore, will be in serious distress when the local relief fund runs out. I have been earnestly requested to open a fund on behalf of these men myself. This I do not see my way to do for various reasons, one of them being that the time is at hand when I shall have to appeal to my readers' generosity for another purpose. If, however, those who sympathise with the treatment of these old men choose to send their offerings to the Editor of the *Sunday Chronicle*, Manchester, I think I can assure them that the money will be well applied.

I have received the following amounts towards Lady Jeune's Fund:—

L. G., £1; Trix, £2; W. E. W., £1; H. S. S., £1. 1s.; A. M. B £2. 2s.; One who sympathises with pale-faced London Children £2; Mary and Bob, £1; E. H. B., 10s.; S. W. £2.

An "Up-to-Date" Version of an Old Song.

Come, Red-tapeists of the Horse Guards,
And Officials of Pall Mall,
What means this disaffection
Of which Truth has had to tell?
What mean these startling rumours
Now resounding in our ears,
That our gallant British Guardsmen
Have again been Mutineers?
What mean these painful details, rousing patriotic fears,
That our Coldstreams are no better than our British Grenadiers?

Come, this question must be answered;
We must know on whom to place
The just blame for this fresh outbreak
That involves us in disgrace.
We must learn what evil system
O'er our army domineers,
And thus turns our gallant Coldstreams
To incipient Mutineers.
We must learn what is the canker that too certainly adheres
To our once much-vaunted Coldstreams and our British Grenadiers.

Disaffection can't be winked at,
Nor can mutiny be burked;
But the men most truly guilty
Of the mischief that's been worked
Are the martinets whose folly,
As too surely it appears,
Has transformed our British Guardsmen
Into British Mutineers.
And we mean to make them answer, howsoever high their spheres,
For the havoc they have played with Coldstream Guards and Grenadiers.

Men should have considerate treatment,
Nor be harassed overmuch,
And the soldier should be always
With his officer in touch;
Yes, let common-sense crush sternly
What officialdom reveres,
And there will be no more scandals
With our British Mutineers!
But to end the land's forebodings and to check all foreign jeers,
We again shall proudly glory in our British Grenadiers.

Tommy Atkins in the South-Eastern District has a grievance. It is usual to give out new clothing in March or April. Many Tommies have not even yet received this clothing, and as they have to keep in repair the old clothing at their own cost, this comes heavy on them. I believe that the men of the Coast Brigade R.A. have specially to complain, for the work that they have to do with guns, &c., wears out their uniforms very speedily. It might be well that they should be given canvas or serge clothes in addition to their regular uniform for use when they are at gun-drills and such-like exercises.

As the *Broad Arrow*, criticising a coloured plate issued by the *Army and Navy Gazette*, recently professed itself unaware "that the sergeants of the Somersetshire Light Infantry" possessed the privilege of wearing the sash over the left shoulder, I publish the following for the enlightenment of my contemporary:—

This unique distinction has been allowed in the regiment since 1744, when in consideration of the good conduct, and gallant bearing, of the Somersetshire Regiment (then 13th) on the occasion of the battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland, as a mark of consideration, directed that the sash should be worn by officers and sergeants with the knot tied on the right side, which privilege, in the case of sergeants, is confined solely to the Somersetshire Light Infantry.

After the middle of November next, all men serving in India will have the period of their service with the colours extended for one year. This means that a large proportion of those soldiers who, under ordinary circumstances, would have been brought home from India during the coming winter, for transfer to the Reserve, will be retained with their corps for another twelvemonth; and, in consequence, the drafts required for India next trooping-season will be correspondingly reduced. On the face of it, this seems an arbitrary proceeding, and it is obviously designed to relieve the depots, temporarily, at least, from the annual drain of men which it has lately almost overtaxed their efforts to meet. Of course, the evil day is only postponed for a year; but that, of course, equally means that the onus of supplying—or the odium of failing to supply—the English Army in India with suitable substitutes for those who are, properly-speaking, this year's time-expired men, will be shifted to the shoulders of a Liberal Secretary of State for War. Clever, perhaps, but hardly just.

Soldiers of all ranks have written to express approval of my suggestion that every man charged before a court-martial should be allowed an officer to defend him. I find, too, that I was right in assuming that officers would be found very willing to undertake the duty. I trust, therefore, that this subject will receive attention at the War Office, and I shall do my best to prevent its being lost sight of. Half the injustice that is done at courts-martial would be prevented by this simple and perfectly unobjectionable measure.

The imbecility of the Admiralty really exceeds belief, and it would not be easy to find a precedent since the reign of George IV. for the wanton extravagance of the present Board. Here is a recent example of the manner in which the public money is squandered. The Admiralty has chartered colliers to convey Welsh coal to Leith for the use of the "Northern" fleet, for which coal 24s. per ton is paid, in addition to a charge for the use of the vessels. Now, suitable coal can be purchased at Leith at the rate of 12s. 6d. per ton, and if this particular description of Welsh coal was absolutely essential (which is not the case), it could perfectly well have been delivered at Leith by private firms at the rate of 20s. per ton. There was not the slightest necessity for hiring colliers, and paying at an exorbitant rate for this coal, and it is really impossible to understand why the tax-payers should be so ruthlessly fleeced.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* has done well in drawing attention to the unsatisfactory manner in which the crews of men-of-war get their meals. It is absurd to make 5.30 the breakfast hour, the result being that the men, who are

Pfungst Freres' Extra Quality Champagnes.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

The Carpet Beating Season.—The *Queen* says, "A good place to get your carpets cleaned is the Compressed Air Carpet and Tapestry Cleaning Co., Brook Green, Hammersmith. Dust blown out. No beaters.

not hungry at that early hour, prefer to scramble through their meal about eight o'clock during the "stand-easy," with the result that they often have to engage in severe work directly afterwards. It would be much better to let them have coffee at 5.30 and breakfast at eight, so that both officers and men would then take their meals at the same time. I entirely agree also with my Service contemporary that the dinner-hour should be postponed from noon until one o'clock, by which time the heavy work of the day would be pretty well concluded. Supper should be served as late as possible. The hours suggested by the *Army and Navy Gazette* were adopted many years ago in the merchant service, and as they work well there, it is tolerably certain that they would also suit in the Navy. There is constant grumbling among both officers and men at the present arrangements, which ought to be changed, for they affect both the health and the comfort of those concerned.

I hear from Portsmouth that very serious defects have been discovered in both the hull and the machinery of the torpedo ship *Vernon*, and the said defects are so grave and far-reaching that it is feared that they will prove to be beyond repair, except of a merely temporary character. The *Vernon* has always been regarded by experts as a badly-designed ship. She was to have been commissioned next week for a series of experiments with the submerged torpedo shoots.

I am delighted to gather, from a letter addressed by Captain Armit to the *Times*, that his engagement to serve on one of President Balmaceda's war-ships, and to engage seamen and firemen for that ruffian, has resulted in a loss of time and money. No one is likely to sympathise with him. This Balmaceda seems, by all accounts, to be one of the most unmitigated scoundrels that ever burdened the earth, and it is most improper that any Englishman should allow himself to be induced by promises of money to enter his service. My only regret is that Captain Armit has not lost more, and that he was not himself, like his firemen, put in irons by Balmaceda's admiral.

There have been a very large number of cases of enteric fever in the Mediterranean Squadron, and in the course of ten days 116 men were sent to the hospital. The prevalent sickness is attributed to the inexplicable folly of Sir Anthony Hoskins, who has persisted in cruising in the most unhealthy localities. When the Fleet was at Suda Bay, the thermometer registered 98 deg. Fahr. in the shade!

I have received from one of the ships under Admiral Sir Michael Seymour's command tables showing the amount of leave allowed in a period of four months. The "General Leave" is as follows:—

General Leave, Port Watch.			General Leave, Starboard Watch.		
Date.	Place.	No. of hours granted.	Date.	Place.	No. of hours granted.
Feb. 25.....	Gibraltar.....	14	Feb. 26.....	Gibraltar.....	18
March 17...	„	17	March 18...	„	17
„ 25...	„	14	„ 26...	„	17
May 28 ...	„	14	June 2.....	„	18

In addition to this, numerous periods of "special leave" appear to have been granted at Gibraltar during March, but there is only one entry of six hours between March 29 and June 1. It seems to me that men who have been for four months confined on board ship to this extent ought to be allowed a long run on shore on returning to home waters, and I do not see how the service can remain popular unless concessions are made in this direction. Admiral Seymour, however, appears to be of a different opinion. I understand that on the 19th inst. he signalled that no leave was to be granted to chief petty-officers, owing to the unsatisfactory conduct of certain engine-room artificers on shore. There ought to be some more definite rules in the Navy as to the amount of leave allowed, and the reasons for which it can be stopped.

From the many complaints that have reached me during the last few days, I gather that the Council of the Naval Exhibition have not yet thought fit to consider their responsibilities in connection with the shortcomings of the refreshment department. Here is a specimen of the letters of which, if there were anything to be gained by it, I could print dozens:—

Constitutional Club, Northumberland-avenuue, July 21, 1891.

Dear Truth,—In your excellent remarks in your last week's number on the subject of the catering at the Naval Exhibition, you do not touch on one eccentricity of the catering departments which, I think, is open to comment. A short time ago I went with my wife to what is called "The Captain's Cabin" and ordered tea. I paid two shillings for tea and bread and butter, and on rising to take my departure was informed by the waiter that the charge did not include "attendance." After I had given this individual the usual "backsheesh" in the way of coppers, I noticed in front of me the simple announcement, "The charge of one shilling includes attendance," or words to that effect. I thereupon sent for the head waiter and made my complaint, which he assured me would at once be dealt with, and that this was an isolated instance of attempted extortion on the part of the waiter. He may possibly think so, but it is a remarkable fact that two officers of my regiment were robbed by another waiter at the same place on the same day.—Yours faithfully, Ex-Soldier.

I see it stated that the executive are already able to reckon upon a surplus of from £15,000 to £20,000 from this show. I would suggest that, before further profits are amassed, effectual measures should be taken to ensure that the many visitors who will come from long distances during the next two months shall be able to see the Exhibition in comfort.

The Cook Jubilee Banquet at the Hôtel Métropole last week was a great success. Mr. Cook, in his speech in reply to the toast of the evening, personally conducted his very large number of guests through the history of his business, which is a marvellous example of what can be done by the exercise of patience, tact, energy, and perseverance. The speaking generally was not, however, quite up to the mark, though a notable exception must be made in favour of the Duke of Cambridge, who not only talked sense, but did so very effectively and well. I never saw so many railway magnates gathered together as there were to honour the Messrs. Cook's Jubilee. Every English Company and many foreign Companies were represented, and even both Sir Edward Watkin and Mr. Forbes agreed to take salt together, and with a view, I suppose, of making them contribute to the hilarity, if not

Electric Light without Glare.—The new Patent Bead Ray Diffuser, the only possible means of preventing glare without decreasing the light, will fit on any existing electric lamp. Sample forwarded, carriage paid, 7s. 6d.—Rashleigh Phipps & Dawson, 53, Berners-street, W. Ivory Switches a specialty.

the harmony, of the evening, their names were coupled to return thanks for the railway interests, but on this occasion Sir Edward's modesty stood in his way, and he departed before his turn came to speak, thus leaving Mr. Forbes master of the situation.

By the way, from the remarks made by several of the speakers, and especially by the Duke of Cambridge, Sir John Gorst, and Sir Francis Grenfell, it is clear that whatever success has been acquired in connection with our occupation of Egypt is almost entirely due to the manner in which Mr. Cook has at various times and in various ways assisted the Government. I only trust that next year he will be equally successful in personally conducting the British troops out of Egypt for the Liberal Government as he evidently has been in conducting them into that country for the present Government. He will then, indeed, be doubly blessed.

It is time that British manufacturers and merchants were bestirring themselves, if they wish to save themselves from a repetition at Chicago of the indignities, disappointments, and miscellaneous annoyances heaped upon them at Paris. Although the United States does its best to exclude our manufacturers by means of high duties, our imports are enormous. Moreover, if we are allowed to ticket our exhibits with the retail price, this will bring home to American consumers what Protection costs them.

British exhibitors should, however, receive all reasonable assistance and encouragement from their own Government. But how far is this likely to be the case? At the very outset, the United States allot a certain space *free* to British exhibitors. Our Commission takes possession of that, and forthwith proceeds to charge a rent to every applicant for a portion of the space. What justification can there be for this? A large sum of money—£2,500?—is voted by Parliament for the expenses of the Commission. Large as it is, more would be freely granted if the necessity were demonstrated. The money, however, is squandered on travelling, feasting, and other expenses for the personal comfort and glorification of the Commissioners, and the deficit has to be made up by a tax on exhibitors in the shape of rent. At Paris, not only did American exhibitors pay nothing for the space they occupied, but their exhibits were carried out and back for them. An English Government could hardly undertake the latter task, but when the space is allotted free of charge, exhibitors might at least have the benefit of it free of charge.

Here is the latest account of the condition of things in Rawul Pindi consequent upon the locust plague, which has already been described in TRUTH:—

> The locusts have got into the river and the wells, dying there in their millions, and polluting the only wretched water-supply the cantonment has. A severe epidemic of typhoid fever has already broken out, and there is great fear lest cholera should follow—indeed, there have already been a good many cases of it. Anglo-Indians are hoping that the insanitary state of the cantonments throughout this great empire will be the subject of discussion at the coming Hygienic Congress in London.

It is a disgrace to the Indian Government that the new water supply for Rawul Pindi has never yet approached completion. If a little of the money that has been spent during the last three years on filibustering expeditions along the frontier had been applied to this and other similar purposes, it would have been much better for India and for Anglo-Indians.

A Civil Service paper referred in a recent issue to the "unwise" and "unjust" treatment accorded last November to a petition addressed to the Board of Inland Revenue by the Clerks to Surveyors of Taxes. The text of the reply vouchsafed by the Board to the clerks on this occasion has since been forwarded to me, and it affords a striking example of the insolent and arrogant tone too often adopted by those servants of the State who are clothed with a little brief authority towards their fellow servants. The clerks, it appears, are not technically in the Civil Service, although their remuneration is provided by Parliament. They made a very strong case for an increase of their pay, which at present ranges from 10s. to 35s. a week—a preposterous sum for men entrusted with such responsible duties. The only answer they received, however, was that the Board were "surprised that such a petition should be addressed to them by persons who are not members of the Inland Revenue Department," an intimation that "a request from such persons to the Board for an increase of pay is of itself improper," and the following hint for their future guidance:—

> The Board will be glad if you will inform those clerks who signed this petition that if they are not satisfied with the weekly wages which the Surveyor of Taxes who employs them is authorised to pay, it is open to all of them to give one week's notice to him, and to seek employment elsewhere.

The same answer might obviously be given to every Civil Servant, from the members of the Board downwards, who finds fault with his position. The only difference in the case of these clerks is that if they acted on this hint, and sought employment elsewhere, it is quite certain that they would not be worse paid, though, like other workers, they may reasonably hesitate to exchange a bird in the hand for two in the bush. But, whether they get their rise or not, there is no harm in their asking for it. It would be interesting to hear from the Jack-in-office who dictated this insolent document what he imagines to be the "impropriety" in the employés of a department calling the attention of the heads of the department to the fact that they are grossly underpaid. Is it high treason for a "person" on 10s. a week to address a Civil Servant on £2,000 a year? One would suppose so.

There is another little point in connection with this matter. One of the paragraphs of the clerks' petition points out:—

> That your Petitioners are men of integrity, seeing that they have access to all books in use in the Surveyors' offices, the Accounts of

FURNISH BY MONTHLY OR QUARTERLY PAYMENTS, to suit customers. Large selection. Call or write. Established many years. —Apply NORMAN & STACEY, LTD., 79, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

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INNS OF COURT HOTEL, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.
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Public Companies and Private Firms, and the Assessments by the Special Commissioners, Assessments which are supposed by the Public to be known only to the party assessed, the Surveyor, and the Special Commissioner at Somerset House.

I commend this interesting revelation to the private firms and public companies, and all parties assessed by special commissioners, who are nourishing the innocent belief here referred to. If they bear in mind that the men who thus have access to their books and accounts are clerks on from 10s. to 35s. a week—"persons" quite beneath the notice of a Board of Inland Revenue—they will, I think, agree with me that it is time the lordlings of Somerset House were compelled to consider the status of the Surveyors' clerks.

Another queer case of treatment of a public servant by his superiors has been advertised by Mr. John Thomas Holl, one of the porters at the National Gallery. Mr. Holl, to the vast credit of our public service, has been distributing outside the National Gallery a handbill describing his grievances. This document states that the man—who is really a responsible official, a good deal above the status of an ordinary "porter"—was called upon to resign on account of a certain occurrence in the Gallery. He protested, and asked to be heard in his defence, which was refused. He then appealed to the Treasury by letter. Thereupon, he was called before the Trustees, who informed him that it was originally intended to transfer him to another office, but that as he had written to the Treasury they must now carry out what had only been intended as a threat. If this is an accurate account of the facts, Holl is now to be sacrificed, losing the benefits of twenty-seven years' good service, to save the Trustees from looking foolish. As this imputes most improper conduct to the Trustees, I think that the matter calls for public notice and explanation.

A Word with Captain Shaw

Captain Shaw, you are resigning,
Though for work you're still so fit;
Though your strength shows no declining—
What can be the cause of it?
Pray what inference can we draw?
What's the reason, Captain Shaw?

Can it be, as rumour's stating,
That your resignation's due
To the manner irritating
Some C.C.'s adopt t'wards you?
If they touch you on the raw,
Do not heed them, Captain Shaw.

Do not mind their interference;
Do your duty all the same;
Laugh at their rough incoherence;
Take no notice of their blame.
Can it matter, now, one straw?
Think it over, Captain Shaw!

Let those L.C.C.'s who vex you
Do their very worst—what then?
Surely *that* need not perplex you,
You can well ignore such men;
They perforce must soon withdraw,
You must stay, though, Captain Shaw!

Stay, in spite these Jacks-in-Office,
Stay, for you have work to do;
Their abuse, mere empty scoff is;
London still has need of you;
Let her wish, then, be your law—
Do your duty, Captain Shaw!

The gentleman who wrote to me a few weeks back with reference to the dangers of the traffic arrangements at Reading station, now tells me that on Tuesday last he happened to witness the removal of the remains of a locomotive which had come to grief at this spot. The engine had run off the metals in crossing over from one line to another, and had demolished a short length of platform. A forcible hint this to the Great Western directors to make away with the whole structure.

"The morality of the County of Cornwall is shocking;" exclaimed Sir Charles Graves-Sawle at a meeting of the St. Austell Guardians on Friday; and well he might say so, on hearing a report of the medical officer, in which it was stated (among other facts of a similar character) that at Tregonessey, "two small bedrooms are occupied by six persons, one of them being the sleeping place of a youth of nineteen, and two girls, aged thirteen and fifteen respectively." If such disgraceful arrangements are common in Cornwall, no wonder that Sir Charles describes the state of the county as "most lamentable;" but what are the local governing bodies about when they permit such scandalous overcrowding to go on?

Eliza Lancashire, "an imbecile (though not of a low type)," was entrusted the other day with the duty of bathing a three-year-old child in Wincanton Workhouse Infirmary. She put in the water and tried it with her hand, and then she and one of the nurses took the child by the arms and legs ("he being very stubborn"), and, in spite of his screams, immersed him in the water. The result was that the child was so badly scalded on the legs and lower part of the body that his skin peeled off him, and he died. The coroner's jury found that due care was not exercised, and recommended that in future a proper test should be applied to the water by a responsible official. It would have been still more to the point, I should say, had they recommended that in future the bathing of infants should not be entrusted to imbeciles, even "though not of a low type."

One of the Welsh papers complains of the extravagance of the Cardiff Corporation, and not without reason, if it be true that the salaries of the officials amount in the aggregate to £10,000 a year. What are the ratepayers about?

With reference to the attempt of the Dysart Trustees to exclude the villagers from the exercise of their common rights on Ham Common, I am asked to state that a fund is being raised for the defence of the men (all of them poor) who have been summoned for removing the notice-boards erected by the Trustees. The Secretary is Mr. Harland, of the *Express* office, Kingston-on-Thames. The difficulty of obtaining money for carrying on legal proceedings of this kind shows how urgent is the need for transferring the defence of all public rights of this description to public bodies—the Parish Councils, when we get them.

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

One of my readers writes very indignantly with reference to the fact that the gold casket in which the Corporation address to the German Emperor was presented was paid for out of funds intended for charity. If I do not publish this letter, it is only because I regard it as perfectly notorious that the entire outlay on the occasion in question was nothing but a gross perversion of public money from beginning to end. My correspondent makes a good point, however, in warning people against giving or bequeathing money to trade charities or for other similar purposes, while they have before their eyes this demonstration of the manner in which the official guardians of such funds are accustomed to abuse their trust.

I recently commented upon the scandalous manner in which the Lord Chancellor has flooded the Commission of the Peace for the City of Exeter with supporters of the present Government, not even following the usual course of previously submitting the names of the new Magistrates to the City Council for approval. Lord Halsbury, not content with his previous achievements, has last week added another name to the Commission, that of Mr. Thomas Andrew, High Bailiff of the Exeter County Court, who is an active Tory. This proceeding manifestly demands explanation, for about eight years ago Mr. Andrew's name was recommended for the Magistracy, and Lord Selborne, who was then Chancellor, declined to place it on the list. One would vastly like to know how Lord Halsbury can justify his action; for it is quite certain that Lord Selborne must have had some very good reason for refusing to add Mr. Andrew's name to the Commission. I understand that Lord Selborne thought that the High Bailiff of the County Court ought not to be a Magistrate, and it would be interesting to learn why Lord Halsbury has infringed the rule then laid down by his distinguished predecessor.

Incalculable inconvenience and loss were inflicted on lawyers, litigants, and witnesses by the non-attendance of the Judge at Lampeter County Court last week till many hours after the proper time. The Judge—a deputy doing Judge Beresford's duty—missed his train, and consequently did not arrive till three p.m. He telegraphed to the Registrar to adjourn the defended cases till September—in itself enough to cause grievous hardship and injustice; but on his arrival he was specially requested to hear one or two important cases in which the witnesses had come from long distances—in one case from London. He refused, however, to give the parties any assistance. Obviously, after having caused so much inconvenience by his own negligence, it was his duty to have sat, if required to do so, until he had made up the lost time. I should hope that this will be impressed upon him by the proper authority.

Several of the daily papers have given prominence to a case before the Rochester Justices, last week, in which a boy of eleven was charged with stealing a few pennyworths of peas. The Chairman remarked that it was "a heinous offence, and one which the Magistrates scarcely liked to pass over with a fine only." Restraining, however, their natural yearning to send this child to gaol, the Bench let him off with a fine (including costs) of 17s. 6d. It is a strange thing that some of the potent organs in the daily London Press, instead of contenting themselves with merely recording magisterial fatuity of this character, do not follow up their reports with some such comment as the case calls for. If they would only join with me in insisting that Magistrates who make public fools of themselves should be removed from the Bench, we should soon see a revolution among the Great Unpaid.

The agitation at Leamington for the suppression of street cries received, I hope, its quietus at the hands of the Mayor last week. It appears that "street cries" are objectionable to the sensitive ears of fashionable, would-be fashionable, and other residents of the town, and, as a test-case, a man was summoned for unlawfully calling "fresh salmon!" The Mayor, however, with commendable common-sense, pointed out that whilst men were sometimes summoned because they would not work, this defendant was brought up for trying to earn his living. The case was dismissed, and in view of this rebuff the Chief Constable announced that he would take no more proceedings for "street cries."

Bailie Smail, of Galashiels, last week sentenced a couple of tramps, who had each stolen a bun from a baker's shop, to sixty days' imprisonment with hard-labour, remarking at the same time that it was "the most diabolical case that had ever come before the court." The Bailie hardly did himself justice. I should say it was the most diabolical case that ever came before any court, and I trust that the attention of the Home Secretary will at once be directed towards the diabolical author of this diabolical proceeding. Cardinal Manning not long since declared that a starving man who helps himself to bread ought not to be dealt with as a thief. Then how ought this diabolical Bailie to be dealt with?

One of the papers last week reported the following very "extra-judicial" utterances of Sir Andrew Lusk in dealing with a man who was charged with driving a horse and van up Wood-street to the common danger on the occasion of the Emperor's visit. The man had said that he should not have driven up Wood-street if there had been a policeman at the end to stop him:—

> You are an impudent fool, you know, to tell a policeman he does not do his duty. It is a most disgraceful thing of people like you to drive so that every one has to run. Why should people run away from a headstrong fool like you?

How much longer must we wait for the abolition of the Grand Jury? At Taverham, in Norfolk, a man who had been unsuccessfully prosecuted for poaching,

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took proceedings for perjury against the police-constable who had brought the case against him. The Magistrates dismissed the charge, but, at his own request, the prosecutor was bound over to prefer an indictment against the constable at the Assizes. He did so, but the Grand Jury threw out the bill. Now, on this very Grand Jury there were the two Justices who had, in the first instance, dismissed the charge against the constable; together with three of their colleagues on the Taverham Bench. This is the way justice is administered to the rural labourer.

The following is an exact copy of the circular issued by the Chief-Constable of Monmouthshire, on which Mr. Agg-Gardner asked a question in the House of Commons last week:—

> One of the most important duties of the constable is the strict enforcement of the licensing laws. Officers and constables who never report any irregularity in a public-house, in districts where drunkenness is considerable, will be considered to be wanting in vigilance, and have neglected an important duty. They must not, therefore, be surprised if they do not receive the increasement of pay authorised to be granted to officers and constables.

Mr. Bung, whatever opinion we may hold about his merits as a citizen, is still a man and a brother. The above document, however, as good as puts him outside the pale of the law. It is nothing less than an incitement to constables to make cases against publicans, with an intimation that their prospects of advancement will depend on the success of their efforts in that direction. Mr. Matthews states that he has asked the Chief Constable of Monmouthshire to consider whether this order is not likely to conduce to vexatious and ill-founded charges. It would have been a good deal more to the purpose if he had categorically explained to the Chief Constable that the circular is bound to have that result.

This matter concerns a good many more people than the Monmouthshire publicans. The greater part of the vamped-up charges which are made by the police, and backed up by indiscriminate perjury, are inspired by the desire of the men to earn a little professional glory; and it is notorious that a policeman who does not, by hook or by crook, get "cases" has little chance of rising. This is the first time, however, that the public have seen it officially laid down in black and white that an "increasement" of pay will depend upon the number of charges made. The principle is so vicious and dangerous that the case calls for some energetic protest.

The Scotch magistrates appear to be competing very keenly just now with their English brethren for public reprobation and contempt. At the Greenock Sheriff Court, Sheriff Bigg recently sentenced a man to a month's imprisonment with hard labour, to be followed, in the event of his failing to find sureties for twelve months, by six months' further imprisonment, for the offence of poaching a rabbit. The Scotch papers seem to consider the sentence due less to innate ferocity than to a morbid delusion as to the sanctity of property in the shape of ground game. They may be right, but if that be so, the case only shows more forcibly the necessity for repealing the iniquitous Game Laws which breed these monstrous notions in the magisterial mind.

It is probable that the famous convict prison at Princetown on Dartmoor will be closed at no very distant date. Twelve months ago there were nearly 1,100 convicts there, but now there are only 462. The Treasury authorities have recently been complaining very much about the large sums which are wasted every year in railway fares and other expenses, owing to the frequent removal of prisoners to and from Princetown.

Lord Herschell will be pleased to learn that his efforts to protect "infants" against the money-lending sharks are already bearing good fruit. The tout who has adopted the highly-suggestive name of "Maile & Co.," adds to one of his latest circulars the very prudent notice—"No transactions with minors entertained."

I have received copies of a correspondence which a gentleman has lately had with one Shove, a money-lender in John-street, Adelphi. The character of this worthy may be pretty clearly gauged from the fact that he advertises as "a Private Gentleman desirous of making advances," and then sends out a circular stating that he "commenced business" at his present address in 1883, and has in the meantime lent more money on promissory notes than any lender in London. The business which this "private gentleman" would seem to be now carrying on is the good old-fashioned one of living on fees for preliminary inquiries. Before commencing negotiations he requires a payment of £1. 5s. to cover the cost of inquiries. Having, in the case which I have before me, obtained this sum from a misguided applicant for a loan, and further persuaded him to fill up an inquisitional form of particulars, Shove makes a further demand at the end of ten days for £2s. 2s. to cover the expenses of his travelling down to have a personal interview "and other expenses attending the proposal." At that point the applicant was wise enough to break off the negotiation and demand back his 25s. I trust that he will stick to his demand, and if necessary enforce it by process of law.

In reference to a paragraph in last week's TRUTH respecting the drowning of two girls at Bundorran, a Mr. J. S. Hamilton writes from an hotel at that place that my remarks do a grave injustice to the fishermen who recovered the bodies, and cast a slur upon the character of the Donegal boatmen. There was, he says, no possibility of restoring animation when the bodies were found, and the superstition that it is unlucky to take a corpse into a boat "only exists in the imagination of my para-

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graphist." I give publicity to these statements for the sake of the fishermen, but I do not know why I should be expected to accept the version of the facts given by a perfect stranger to me, in preference to that of my correspondent at Bundorran from whom I first had the facts. The doctors did not think that there was no possibility of restoring life even when the bodies reached land, and the existence of the superstition referred to is well known. If it is a "slur" upon the character of an Irish peasant to suggest that he is superstitious, I am afraid that it will require more than I can do to remove the slur.

Mr. Chamberlain made an interesting little confession in a speech he delivered at Birmingham last week on the occasion of the reception of the so-called "envoys" of the African King, Gungunyana. After expressing his pleasure at meeting the representatives of "a foreign potentate," the right hon. gentleman remarked that "he had some personal knowledge of the vanity of human nature." Joseph has not said a truer thing for a long time.

Sir Charles Forster has done much unobtrusive service in the House of Commons, and he was very popular. He was fond of giving Parliamentary dinners at his house by Queen Anne's-gate, and Mr. Gladstone frequently dined with him there. During the present Session he was so crippled that he had to be wheeled about in a chair, and he was allowed to vote sitting in his place, instead of going through the lobby.

Mr. Atkinson is one of the handsomest men in the House of Commons, and in private life is an agreeable, well-informed man. Of late, however, he has put himself in antagonism with the Speaker, and having placed a resolution on the notice paper condemning him, he took it into his head that Mr. Peel was persecuting him in consequence of this resolution. Under this illusion his language towards the Chair became so unparliamentary, that it became absolutely necessary to take action.

Speaking last week, Lord George Hamilton informed a Tory audience that Mr. Gladstone would never again be able to undertake the duties of a Prime Minister. No man is a hero to his valet, and it would be strange indeed if this Jack in office were able to gauge the intellect of a man like Mr. Gladstone. Were the latter above a hundred, and had he lost nine-tenths of his mental powers, he would be far better fitted to be Prime Minister than Lord George Hamilton is to be First Lord of the Admiralty. The sneer comes with special ill grace from his lordship at a moment when numbers of persons are deploring the money that they have lost owing to the stoppage of a bank on the Board of which he figured as a Director. His ability as a Minister is probably about on a par with that as a bank director, and he has only to remain First Lord of the Admiralty long enough for our fleet to find itself, like his Bank, in liquidation.

The Tories are in such a way over Mrs. Brand's singing at the Wisbech election that one Tory M.P. tells me that his wife has gone into training, and hopes to be able to aid at the coming General Election by dancing like Letty Lind on the Tory platforms. Mrs. Brand has an excellent contralto voice, and there is no doubt that she did great service to the Liberal cause with it. The staple of the Tory meetings was abuse of her for "degrading" politics. And this from a Party supported by the Primrose Leaguers, with their banjoes and such-like tom-fooleries! On the night before the election the Tories were so sure of winning that they distributed a parody of "Off to Philadelphia." The parody concluded thus:—

When I saw the figures of the Poll,
I' faith! the salt tears 'gan to roll
As they ne'er did since the year that I was born in,
And still they come and blind me,
(*Not* for those I leave behind me);
And we're off to Sussex early in the mornin'.

Chorus:—Sure this is my last appearance,
Just before our final clearance.
To all ungrateful Wisbech I give warnin',
As I'm very sure that none can
Ever win the seat from DUNCAN;
We shall come no more to Wisbech in the mornin.

The Tory difference at Wisbech that led Captain Selwyn, the former member, to take no part in the contest was, I believe, this:—Captain Selwyn had been heavily bled by the local Tories for what they are pleased to call "charity." Amongst other "charities" he found himself with two white elephants on his hands, called Tory newspapers. He had expended on them about £5,000, and Mr. H. S. Foster, one of the London Sheriffs elect, seems to have been disposed to recoup him this expenditure, if he were the Tory candidate. But the Tories preferred Mr. Duncan. *Hinc illæ iræ.* It is fortunate for the London Sheriff elect that the bargain was not concluded, for he would have found himself minus £5,000, and with the elephants, but not with the seat. The whole story is interesting, as showing what Tory gentlemen, given to finance, are willing to pay for a seat in the House of Commons. This is, I believe, what the Tories call the representation of property. It looks, however, as though Hodge is not inclined to be bought and sold any longer like an ox.

Commenting upon the crushing defeat sustained, the *Times* sadly asks why the electors should be anxious to turn out the present Ministers after five years of uninterrupted success? And to this, it can only find one answer, "Ignorance." My answer would be the reverse, "Intelligence." The electors have been sharp enough to find our gifted Ministers out. They perceive the result of a coalition between mendacious Tories and Liberal

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traitors. They resent the campaign of uninterrupted success against the interests of the poor; they resent the unabashed impudence with which the allies have brought forward measures which they were elected to oppose; they resent the insulting attempts to gain their support by means of buns and Primrose tomfooleries. They have had time to weigh in the balance Gladstone and the Liberals against Salisbury and his Tories-cum-traitors, and Salisbury kicks the beam. These cadgers after place and power fancied that they would for ever retain a majority by asserting that their opponents wished to disentegrate the Empire. The falsehood succeeded at one election; its inventors have really been a little too sanguine when they fancied that it would succeed in another. Hodge takes long to make up his mind. He has now come to the conclusion that the Liberal Short, not the Tory Codlin, is the man for his money. Mene, mene, tekel upharsin: Buckinghamshire, Suffolk, Leicestershire, Cambridgeshire. There stands the writing on the wall. It requires no Daniel to interpret it. Even the most stolid Tory can interpret it. Salisbury, Hartington, Chamberlain, & Co. are under notice to quit. "England does not love coalitions." Hip and thigh, the coalition that is in power will be defeated at the General Election Bag and baggage they will be kicked out of place. The political schoolmaster has been abroad. The ignorance on which the gang counted has been dispelled.

I have always said that the Liberal Party would never find itself in a minority if it would only realise the fact that the country is Radical. I was at Wisbech, and I was at all the recent elections. Did I shilly-shally? Not I. I preached the Radical creed, hot and strong. I called on the electors to vote for the Liberal candidate, if they wanted to depose the Lords in Westminster and the Parsons in their villages. But I never blinked the fact that Home Rule must be granted to Ireland as a preliminary to all the Liberal measures that were to benefit them. I represented it as a Jordan which had to be traversed in order to enter the Promised Land. It is a mistake to suppose that there is any indisposition on the part of the Liberal majorities to grant Home Rule to Ireland. They accept Mr. Gladstone's settlement of the future relations between the two islands in entirety, but they naturally ask: "What next?" This we tell them with no uncertain voice.

Mr. Parnell is continuing his efforts to render Home Rule impossible, in order to avenge himself upon the vast majority of the Irish Home Rulers, who have declined to recognise his dictatorship. For the last six years the Liberal Party has been striving to secure a majority for a Home Rule Bill on the lines of Mr. Gladstone's Bill. With that Bill Mr. Parnell said that he was fully satisfied, and up to the O'Shea trial he continued to profess this satisfaction. Since, however, he has been removed from his position as Irish Leader, he has discovered that the Bill was only a sham, and that an alliance of the Irish with the English Liberals must be fatal to any genuine Home Rule. Fortunately for the cause of Ireland, the Irish are not such fools as he takes them to be. They know perfectly well that the Liberals alone can ensure them Home Rule, and they do not see why a scheme of Home Rule to which Mr. Parnell long assented becomes a snare, a fraud, and a sham, so soon as those in favour of it are not prepared to bow the knee to that self-seeking "patriot." No doubt, he has been useful to his country—but his country has recognised his services by a gift of £40,000. He is, however, at present a stumbling-block, and he has been dethroned, not by the English Liberals, but by the Irish Nationalists.

As for the English Liberals, they have shown their fidelity to the cause of Home Rule by accepting defeat and the "cold shade" rather than throw over Ireland. Home Rule will be a plank in the Liberal platform at the next General Election. If we win that election, once more Home Rule on Mr. Gladstone's lines will be submitted to Parliament. If the Irish join with the Tories in refusing it, we shall perforce have to put our Bill on the shelf. If, however, the Irish bye-elections are to be accepted as evidence of popular opinion in Ireland, the Irish will not cut off their own noses out of devotion to Mr. Parnell's face.

To carry Home Rule, two elections will be necessary, for the Lords will throw the Bill out. In order to secure a triumphant majority at the second election it will be well to send up not only a Home Rule Bill to the Lords, but also a few other democratic Bills, which they will also throw out. The issue at the second election will then be whether the people or the Lords are to have the mastery in the United Kingdom, and on this issue there is little doubt that the Lords and their adherents will find themselves in an insignificant minority.

If it pleases Mr. Balfour to bring in an Irish Local Government Bill next Session, I see no reason why Liberals should object. Rightly or wrongly, the Irish are determined to have Home Rule, and the Liberals on this side of the Irish Channel are determined to secure it for them. The grant of Local self-government will not alter this. It will only render it more easy for the Home Rulers to organise the movement in favour of it by electing stalwarts to all the County Councils, and by using the Councils as centres of the agitation for Home Rule. Why, however, the Tories, if they are sincere in their opposition to Home Rule, should be good enough to play into our hands, I confess that I fail to see. The scheme would be all very well, if they believed that they were likely to hold the reins of power for another six years, as then they might establish

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some sort of bogus County Councils, and suppress all those that became Home Rule centres. But they are now fully aware that the General Election will put an end to their tenure of office. It is difficult to estimate what men, driven to desperation by the certainty of defeat, may have in their minds. But it looks to me as though the Irish Local Government Bill will not be brought in with any intention to pass it, but solely with the view of submitting an alternative scheme to Home Rule to the electors. Unless, however, it be an outrageous sham, it will be our business to meet these tactics by throwing no impediment in the way of it becoming law. We ought, in fact, to act in this matter as we did on the Tory Free Education Bill.

In the event of Mr. A. Balfour becoming Leader of the House of Commons next Session, it is probable that Mr Ritchie will replace him as Irish Secretary.

SCRUTATOR.

THE COLDSTREAM MUTINY.

AS I partly anticipated, the account which I gave last week of the outbreak of insubordination in the Coldstream Guards received semi-official verification within a few hours of its appearance in print. The manner in which this was done was highly characteristic both of the official practice and the attitude of the Ministerial press under such circumstances. The matter having been at once taken up in all the London papers, the *Globe* proceeded to state that, while the account in Truth was "exaggerated," it had learned "from an authoritative source that a certain amount of insubordination was shown for a few minutes on the occasion referred to." By the following morning "authoritative sources" had been pumped a little more exhaustively. The *Times* was accordingly in a position to regret "that there was some foundation for the rumours which were circulated yesterday with regard to the conduct of a battalion of the Foot Guards." It subsequently went on to state that "we are informed that what exactly happened was this" (and I, therefore, take this to be the official account of the occurrence):—

> A parade for drill in the Park was ordered at a certain time. The non-commissioned officers went to parade, expecting the men to follow them, but, as there was hesitation on the part of the private soldiers of two companies, some corporals and sergeants turned back and ordered the privates to go into the barrack square. The men thereupon did so without exception. The battalion marched to the Park without delay, performed their exercises with their usual smartness, and returned to their barracks and were dismissed.

Here, with just such extenuation as might be expected, is a practical admission of the accuracy of the Truth narrative, up to the point of the drill in the Park. The subsequent, and much more serious, events, the imprisonment of ten senior men, the barricading of one of the rooms and the demand for the release of the prisoners is not categorically denied. It is simply ignored. The narrative breaks off just at the most important point. A somewhat similar, but more confused, version was given in the *Daily Telegraph*, with no reference to the barricading of the barrack-room, but an allusion to the lecture delivered to the men by General Philip Smith later in the day. On the strength of these official or semi-official utterances, the *Standard* pronounced the occurrence "grossly exaggerated," and the rest of the daily press seem to have been content to dismiss the subject as though it had been completely threshed out. Such is the way in which the public is served by those whose first and chief business is ostensibly to ascertain facts, and make them known to the world. It never seems to have occurred to any one of my contemporaries to go beyond official circles for their information. It never seems to have occurred to them that official circles might not know the truth, or that they might not choose to divulge it if they knew it. Yet it was, one would have thought, obvious (1) that the authorities were determined to hush the matter up if they could, since nine days had elapsed without a hint of the facts having been allowed to leak out; (2) that the authorities were extremely likely to be misinformed as to what really had occurred. The official version itself shows that none but non-commissioned officers had been on the spot at the time of the mutiny. The regimental officers could consequently know nothing of the facts but what they learned from the N.C.O.'s, and before any information reached Whitehall or Pall Mall it must have been filtered through half-a-dozen reports and communications. As evidence, therefore, of a disputed fact, any official statement was, on the face of it, worthless. Where my information came from is my own affair. But readers of Truth will not question my assurance that I should not be satisfied with anything less than evidence at first-hand in a matter of this gravity.

And now, what are the facts? As I undertook to do, I have during the week fully sifted and tested my original information. I am able to speak now, not on any second-hand evidence or circumlocutory official reports, but on what in a court of law would be the best and the only admissible evidence. And I now re-affirm the absolute truth in every essential particular of the facts which I reported last week. Two companies of this battalion did refuse to parade in obedience to orders on the morning in question. After a delay of a quarter of an hour or so, the sergeants succeeded in persuading them to turn out; but the subsequent demeanour of the men at drill was threatening and insubordinate. A certain number of senior men, I believe ten, were put in confinement on account of these proceedings. A large body of their comrades subsequently locked themselves in one of the barrack-rooms, refused to open the door when commanded by the sergeants to do so, and upon a panel being broken out of the door, informed the sergeant-major that they would not go on parade until the prisoners were released. They ultimately came out of the room on the sergeant-major promising to do all that he personally could to obtain the release of the prisoners; but they stated plainly that if the men were not released, they would release them themselves; and for the rest of the afternoon they lounged about the barracks in a riotous and defiant manner, until General Philip Smith came down, and announced that the prisoners would be released. The prisoners were released accordingly. In support of these statements the most conclusive evidence can be obtained. If they are denied, let them be denied at first-hand by eye-witnesses. The only

satisfactory course for the authorities in Whitehall to take, if they dispute the accuracy of this account, is to institute a public inquiry, at which the truth can be attested by the non-commissioned officers and privates who took part in the occurrence.

So much for the facts. As regards the gravity of them, they speak for themselves. In the official or semi-official explanations communicated to the press last week, it seemed to be assumed that the occurrence was of no serious import, because the outbreak, or outbreaks, only lasted a few minutes. To my mind insubordination is insubordination whether it lasts for twenty minutes or twenty days. Suppose that these two companies of Coldstreams, instead of refusing to go on parade, or to open the door of a barrack-room, had refused to charge the enemy at a critical moment in a general engagement, or even to clear the streets in the throes of a revolutionary riot. Would it have mitigated the gravity of the incident if the men had reconsidered their determination after their officers had argued with them for a quarter of an hour? It is, indeed, a striking novelty to hear from the Horse Guards, or even from the Conservative Press, that a mutiny ceases to be a mutiny because after a few minutes it is appeased by a liberal use of soft-sawder. But even that is an under-statement of what happened here. The serious part of the narrative, which I am now able to give, is the arrest of the ten men, and their subsequent release in response to a mutinous demonstration, accompanied by a threat to free them by force. My opinion is that the gravity of an occurrence of this kind scarcely can be exaggerated. I agree for once with the *Times* writer, who remarked upon this affair that, "nothing can take away the necessity of enforcing the rule that armed men in the service of the country must bend to the rules of discipline," and that, "if they do not, an army becomes rather a danger than a defence." It has already become a danger when a commanding officer thinks it the most prudent course to yield to a threat of violence.

But, because I hold this view, I do not shut my eyes to the fact that the chief responsibility for the mutinous demonstrations that have lately occurred rests elsewhere than with the men. This point was threshed out last year in connection with the mutiny in the Grenadiers. By universal consent, the chief evil at the bottom of that occurrence was the want of proper *entente* between the Guards' officers and their men. This, in its turn, is the result of the fact that these officers are chiefly occupied with social distractions, to the exclusion of their professional duties. Various remedies were suggested—the officers were to be brought into barracks, and so forth. Has anything been done? Clearly not; the last state of the Guards in this respect appears, indeed, to be worse than the first. One of the most amazing points in the history of the Coldstream *émeute*, as given above, is the fact that not a single officer appears on the scene from beginning to end of the story. To all intents and purposes, the battalion might just as well have been without commissioned officers. And that, from all I can hear, is the normal condition of a Guards' battalion. The sergeants knock the men into shape, drill them, bring them on to parade; the officers then come down from their clubs and chambers, and perform the ornamental part of the business, and that is all. If the N.C.O.'s are up to their work, there is always the danger that, when unrestrained by superior authority, they will develop into bullies and tyrants of the worst description. On the other hand, there is the precisely opposite danger arising from the youthfulness and want of authority, which have been so repeatedly dwelt upon in TRUTH as the chief characteristics of the modern non-commissioned officer. I take it to be certain that the average sergeant in any regiment is less fit to-day to supply the place of a commissioned officer than ever before in the history of the British Army. If, in this state of things, a battalion falls under the command of some hard-handed martinet, who harasses and irritates his men with incessant drills and useless routine work, insubordination, more or less developed, will follow as a matter of course. In these Democratic days, soldiers will require handling with more and more delicacy and judgment, and in no case is this more true than in that of regiments habitually quartered in London or other large centres of population.

The authorities, as I have said, obviously intended to hush up the last outbreak at the Wellington Barracks. Why? I take it, because they knew all this; because it was perceived that this second mutiny in a Guards' regiment within twelve months reflected not only upon the officers of the regiment, but upon the entire administration of the Army. On the face of it, the Coldstream mutiny is in point of gravity practically indistinguishable from that of the Grenadiers. If it was right in the one case that the ringleadersshoul d be mercilessly punished and the whole regiment disgraced, it was equally right in the other; and, *vice versâ*, if this is a case in which no one ought to be punished, and the facts can be safely dismissed as unworthy of serious notice, the grossest injustice was perpetrated last year. In either alternative, the matter ought not to be allowed to rest as it stands. In the first place, the country has a right to know, from an official and authentic source, the truth as to what has happened, which, after the way the affair has been officially treated, it can only do by a formal public inquiry. In the next place, it has a right to insist that prompt and effective steps shall be taken to deal with the mischief which is at the bottom of all these outbreaks. If either of these ends is to be gained, Parliament must find time to attend to the matter before the Session closes.

MORE LIGHT ON STEDMAN & MORGAN.

Mr. William James Morgan, the "Curator" of the "International Society of Literature, Science, and Art," has prudently refrained from offering any reply to the criticism of his past and present doings published in TRUTH of the 16th inst. I am not surprised. So long ago as 1884 I published a series of statements respecting this gentleman's operations in the publishing line, which called for immediate denial or explanation on the part of any person desirous of the good opinion of his fellow men. Mr. Morgan, however, preferred to offer neither denial nor explanation; on the contrary, he effaced himself for a considerable period after the exposure, and, to the best of my knowledge, took no further active share in promoting the interests of literature

until the birth of the so-called "Society," of which he appears to be now the guiding spirit. With this knowledge before me, I scarcely expected to hear from Mr. Morgan any apology for his own past career, or defence of the "International Society." Under the circumstances, it is, perhaps, hardly worth while to waste further powder or shot on this individual; but I have received a letter from the lady best known to the public as "Annie Thomas," which indicates so unequivocally the true character of the "Charing Cross Publishing Company," that I feel bound to give all who are in any way interested in Morgan's present operations an opportunity of studying it. The "Charing Cross Publishing Company," it will be remembered, was one of the names under which Morgan for some time carried on a disreputable publishing business in company with a kindred spirit called Sidney Tomkins. Here is Miss Annie Thomas's experience of the pair :—

Your article in TRUTH of the 16th inst., "Morgan and Stedman (Unlimited)," has a special interest for me. I can throw another revealing light on the past of the former gentleman.

In June, 1878, I brought out a holiday magazine called *Ours*, and was insane enough to entrust the printing, publication, advertising, the whole business management of it, in short, to the "Charing Cross Publishing Co., 5, Friar-street." I paid for the whole cost of the publication of 10,000 copies of *Ours*, and when you look at the list of contributors, which I enclose, you will admit that I was justified in being sanguine of success. The magazine went splendidly, but when, after a reasonable time, I asked for a statement of accounts, Mr. Morgan replied that he "could not give it until the returns of the magazine had come in." Again I was patient, but at last my lawyer got alarmed, and tried, time after time without effect, to get either an answer or an interview from or with Morgan. When at last I wanted to take action against the "C. C. P. C.," 5, Friar-street was found to be deserted, and no trace of any of the "C. C. P. C." to be found. From that time I have never heard from or of Morgan, and it goes without saying that I have never received a penny for the sale of the enormous number of *Ours* which were sown broadcast over the country. Would it be any use to make an effort to do so now?—Yours very truly,

ANNIE THOMAS.

If the reader is unable to form an accurate estimate of Mr. Morgan's character from the foregoing statements, there is little hope that any comment which I might add will assist him.

But although Mr. Morgan does not think it advisable to say anything in his own defence, I have been favoured with an extraordinary communication from his colleague, Mr. W. N. Stedman. To say that this document consists of five large sheets of incoherent abuse would give the public but an imperfect idea of its actual character After announcing that he is about to "break a lance with me once and for ever," Mr. Stedman proceeds in this strain :—

It seems to me to be anything but wise, clever, or decent to hash-up and publish a pile of garbage concerning the characters, careers, and callings of persons with whom you are not acquainted.

But, no doubt, it is your office to serve up a carrion barbecue for the voracious appetites of your slander-loving readers week by week, and you *must* write up *something* against something or some one, or you would be dismissed from your post, and another hack be secured by your paymaster—whomever (*sic*) he may be; hence your sorry attempt to intrude on grounds surrounded with iron spikes.

In regard to my being acquainted with Mr. W. J. Morgan, I can only say that, after many years of business connection with him, I have *always* found him to be a gentleman, and I am certain that he is possessed of good, sound business capacity and intellectual culture. I fancy that *you* merit nothing but odium from him for the unmerited, and so far as my knowledge extends, absolutely lying things which you smudge your paper with against him. Am I to lose faith in him because *you* have no faith in anything or any one? Out on you for a huckster!

It is scarcely necessary for me to say that I have no objection to any one outing on me for a huckster, but if the definite allegations against W. J. Morgan published in TRUTH of July 16, and those contained in the above letter from Miss Annie Thomas, are to be answered, it will have to be by some other process than that. In view of the many demands upon my space this week, I decline to make room for the whole of Mr. Stedman's insane tirade; but here is another sample of his style :—

What you proclaim yourself to be, in my modest opinion I would venture to say is a public humbug, a Mr. Nobody Busybody poking your nose into matters which you have neither the grace, wit, or capacity to understand.

Cunota mea mecum.

Further that you are ass enough to believe anything about any one that may be misstated to you, and do not possess common-sense or pluck enough to make decent enquiry before you bray your hee-haws before a certain section of the public. And you have the impudent satisfaction (shaking hands with yourself) to pose as an intelligent journalist, offering your notions, and your opinions as to the proper condiments for the good health of nations.

Then follows the one observation in this rigmarole which has the slightest bearing on my criticism, though the fact referred to is utterly immaterial :—

Allow me to tender you a thistle by saying that I was *not* an official of the Arts Society in 1886. I tell TRUTH, for in that year I held an appointment as an Editor in the great house of Dalziel Brothers, and for a subsequent period. Ask Mr. Gilbert Dalziel or Mr. Charles H. Ross whether they considered I was competent of filling an editorial chair, and weilding (*sic*) an editorial quill.

I have not applied to either of the gentlemen mentioned, because it seems to me that Mr. Stedman's letter furnishes conclusive evidence on this point. Unless he has done himself grievous injustice, he would have been better employed in "weilding" an English grammar and a Johnson's Dictionary than any quill. He goes on to refer me to the Prime Minister, to "Mr. Edwin Drew, of elocutionary note," and to the Poet Laureate. He also mentions that he is a poet, gives particulars of the prices of his published works, and concludes :—

Now, sir, since you had the bad taste of giving me an unsought, unrequired advertisement, perhaps you may be able to find the good manners as (*sic*) to publish this advertisement in your next issue; and Mazeppa and all the wild horses Byron could conceive (were he living) will not drag another word from me after this.—I am, Sir, in *otium cum dignitate*, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM NATHAN STEDMAN.

It is sufficient to say of this singular letter that in it not a single one of the allegations which I have made against Stedman or his colleague is specifically traversed or answered. To say more would be a waste of my readers' time and my own. In my former article on Morgan & Stedman, I stated that I knew little about the junior partner in this precious firm beyond what might be inferred from his association with Morgan. The above letter throws valuable light on his qualifications for the post of secretary to any "Society of Literature," but I am happily able now to give the public a much better insight into Mr. Stedman's true character. The letter might, indeed, be taken for that of a more or less harmless lunatic, but the following facts will show, at any rate, that there is method in this poet's madness. On May 30th last, Stedman addressed to a gentleman at Birmingham, whom I will call "Mr. B.," the customary notification that the "Council" had passed a special resolution inviting him to become a Fellow of the "International Society of Literature, Science, and Art"

MINTON'S (Limited).—MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

on payment of the fellowship fee. Mr. B. was weak enough to walk into the trap, paid the "fellowship fee" (in this instance two guineas per annum), and duly received from Stedman the news that he had been elected an "F.S.L." He then wrote to Stedman asking for more definite information with regard to the advantages of his new fellowship, and was told the usual story about the Society's magazine ("which will be superior in every way to the general Society magazines"—as, indeed, it ought to be considering that, after two years' incubation, it has not yet seen the light of day), about the "Society's gallery," the publication of members' works "upon the most easy terms" (this I take to be Morgan's department), and so forth. Finally, in reply to an inquiry as to whether he knew of any opening in the publishing or literary world, Stedman wrote:—

In regard to your postscript, you ask me a pointed personal question, to which I will reply by asking you whether you would like an appointment on the permanent staff of this Society in a secretarial capacity?

Having requested further information, Mr. B. next received from Stedman the following letter, dated June 10, to which I ask special attention:—

Yours duly to hand, for which I thank you. I think there will be a vacancy in our permanent staff very shortly, and, as the position is a substantial and lucrative one, a premium would be required for the appointment from the incoming officer. The position is one which gives considerable local standing in the literary, artistic, and scientific world, and will be eagerly sought after when it is known that a retirement takes place. Between ourselves, I may tell you that any officer of this Society has a solid and pleasant position secured to him by paying the Management a premium for such guarantee, which also secures permanent satisfaction, on both sides, as to the integrity and capacity of each officer, and the great benefits derived from the Society by each officer.

I fancy that the vacancy which is likely to occur is well worth a premium of £200, for it is one of the best the Society can offer. May I ask you, *entre nous*, whether you would be prepared to accept this high position?

In reply to a request from Mr. B. for further particulars, Stedman supplemented this on June 23 by the following:—

The fact of the matter is this: I am desirious of obtaining the assistance of a gentleman as Joint Secretary with myself, owing to there being very much more work in the office than I, with my literary labours, can possibly attend to. The position being an exceedingly agreeable one commands the investment I require, partly by way of premium, and partly by way of security. You ask what becomes of the money. I should pay it into my bankers, and if I desired at any time to ask you to resign your appointment, I should then repay to you a proportionate amount of the £200 back. . . . .

If convenient to you, I could arrange that the engagement and your duties should commence on the 1st proximo, and publish your name on our new prospectus, &c., as an officer of the Society.

Here, then, we have Stedman engaged in precisely the same game, which I stated in my last article formed one of the staples of the business of the "City of London Publishing Company" and the other concerns formerly run by W. J. Morgan in partnership with Tomkins—the game, namely, of hunting for premiums for appointments in one capacity or another in the offices of the firm. The mantle of Tomkins, in fact, appears to have descended straight upon Stedman; for one of Tomkins's tricks, as I have already explained, was to advertise for a secretary (at £250 premium) to take over a half-share of his arduous duties in connection with the City of London Publishing Company. As to the character of the means by which the £200 was to be obtained in the present case, Stedman's letters speak for themselves. A more impudent lie than that the position of secretary in this bogus Society could "give considerable standing," ("local" or otherwise) "in the literary, artistic, and scientific world," was never palmed off upon an intended dupe. The same may be said of the statements that the berth will be "eagerly sought after," and that it "commands" the investment required. Further, let it be noted what evidence Stedman's letters afford of the constitution and working of this precious Society. After his preliminary flourishes, it will be seen the man drops all reference to the Society. It is *he* who wants an assistant-secretary; *he* will take the money, and pay it into *his* bankers; *he* will confer the appointment and publish Mr. B.'s name in the prospectus; and later on, when he forwards an agreement for execution, he and Mr. B. are the only contracting parties named. It is thus clearly shown that the "International Society of Literature, Science, and Art" is a mere *nom de guerre* of Morgan and Stedman, and nothing else. As to the sequel of Mr. B.'s case, it is unnecessary to say more. There is a lengthy correspondence on the subject of the amount of the premium; Stedman in due course agrees to take £100 down, and deduct the other £100 from the remuneration; he sends an agreement to this effect, but subsequently writes to say that £200 was a clerical error, and that the amount was to be £250. Mr. B. professes himself unable to find this sum, and asks for a further reduction of the premium, and Stedman then agrees to take £50 down and £50 at the end of three months, and there the correspondence stops. I imagine that TRUTH of July 16 put an end to any further prospect of getting money out of Mr. B. Hence, possibly, the somewhat vicious tone of Stedman's letter to me.

The "International Society of Literature, Science, and Art" is a downright fraud. No other word accurately characterises proceedings such as I have now described. For some two years past Morgan and Stedman have been engaged in collecting sums of money, by means of bogus invitations from the "Council" to people to enrol themselves as members. With the exception of a "gallery" where a number of wretched daubs are exposed for sale on commission, as they would be in any picture dealer's, they can point to no pretence of any work done on behalf of literature, science, or art. The whole business is managed by Morgan and Stedman without any pretence at control by the so-called "fellows" or members. The money—whether derived from "fees," or subscriptions, or sale of pictures, or publishing members' MSS., or premiums for appointments in the office—is received and disposed of by one or other of these twin managers without any pretence of accounting for it to the subscribers. The whole thing, in short, is run by Morgan and Stedman for the pecuniary benefit of Morgan and Stedman, and for that alone. What have the ladies and gentlemen whose names figure prominently on the prospectuses to say to all this? Among them are many well-known and distinguished personages—the Dean of Lichfield (? Bishop of Exeter), Lady Florence Dixie, Count Münster, Mr. James Platt, Sir Augustus Harris, Messrs. Forbes Robertson and Hermann Vezin, the Earl of Euston, the Earl of Dysart, the Earl of Mar, Sir John Fowler, Lord Suffield, Lady Aberdeen, Mr. Theodore Aston, Q.C., Mr. Wilson Barrett, Sir George Campbell,

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London, 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

and many more. Again, I ask these various ladies and gentlemen to give their personal consideration to the record of W. J. Morgan, the letter written to me by Stedman, and the latter gentleman's efforts to get money out of "Mr. B.," and the various facts which I have pointed out in regard to the working of this pretended Society. If, after having done so, they still consent to the use of their names for the purpose of obtaining more fees and subscriptions, they will be little better than parties to as impudent a swindle as anything now before the public.

MY RESEARCHES IN PALMISTRY.

As I intimated last week, recent observations in Truth upon fortune-telling have brought me into communication with the professors of the kindred science (or art) of palmistry. So many of them have addressed me that if Providence had endowed me with a dozen pairs of hands, I believe that I might have had palmists at work on all of them *de die in diem* for a fortnight past, and all for the hope of convincing me that there really is something in palmistry. Well, I am convinced. If there is nothing else, there is obviously money in it. The gathering together of all these eagles clearly denotes the existence of a carcass, and a carcass with a substantial picking on it. Whether there is any more in the science than this, the reader may judge, if he can, from my experience.

I have had my palms diagnosed by one of the first specialists in London. I shall not mention names, because it would either be unkind to the lady—of course, it was a lady; the palmists are all of the feminine gender—or else unfair to the rest of the profession. Unfortunately, I took no notes of the consultation, but I will narrate as much as I can remember of the utterances of the oracle. To begin with, my lines are very unlike the generality of lines. If the reader who is as ignorant of these mysteries as I was three weeks ago will have the goodness to look at his hands, he will see that each of his palms is scored by three main or trunk lines, and a number of more or less disconnected branches. The trunk line nearest the roots of the fingers and extending to the outside edge of the hand is, I find, the line of the heart; the next to it is the line of the head; and the third line running more or less round the ball of the thumb is the line of life. In most hands the line of life makes a junction with the line of the head. My idiosyncrasy is that in my palm these two lines *never meet*. I get this confession over at once, for my impression is that this is, morally speaking, about as bad a sign as you can well have. In a learned work on palmistry with which I have been favoured, I found reason to suppose that my hand was that of a congenital idiot. It appears to me practically indistinguishable from a diagram taken from an inmate of Cork Lunatic Asylum. My professional adviser, however—who seemed for some reason most anxious to make things pleasant all round—has done her best to re-assure me on this point. I have, she says, mistaken the lines. In the congenital idiot the line of the heart has, so to speak, run to seed, at the expense of his head. He is all heart. In me it is the other way about. I am all head. This is comforting, but the distinction between a man of genius and a congenital idiot appears to be so slight, that I am not surprised at the one having been at times mistaken for the other. With regard to the severance in my case of the line of the head from the line of life, I ought in justice to myself to state that it denotes, according to my professor, nothing worse than a sarcastic or scoffing habit of mind—the temperament, I take it, of one who does not believe in palmistry and is not likely to. But, as I have said, my palmist showed a disposition to make things easy for me. I fear that if she had been a Primrose Dame, she would have found that there was something much worse the matter with my lines than mere sarcasm.

Among other unsuspected traits in my character which have now been brought to light, I should like to mention that in the matter of general contour my hand is that of an artist. The prophetess, I suspect, had been looking up the Christmas numbers of Truth. The defects, however, of the artistic temperament are happily neutralised in my case by the fine development of the thumb, which indicates strength of character and tenacity of purpose. Now we will go to the line of the heart. If this line runs up to the root of the forefinger it is a healthy moral sign; if towards the middle finger, otherwise. I am afraid that mine does not run as straight to the forefinger as would that of a Vigilant or a County Councillor, but we are none of us perfect. Again, if you have spots on this line—which I blush to say I have—it indicates a tendency to ephemeral attachments. The Sibyl evincing some delicacy as to the choice of the correct term to indicate this foible, I suggested "flirtations." She thanked me, and adopted the suggestion. Each spot, then, you may take it, stands for one flirtation. It may interest my lady readers to know that I have five spots. I cannot bring myself to believe that there is any serious harm in that. Still, if it should give rise to unfavourable comment, I must ask it to be remembered that I have somewhere near the joint of my forefinger a well-developed cross, which indicates beyond question that my five spots will be succeeded by a deep and abiding passion of a life-long character. I have never yet laid claim to morality superior to that of my fellow-creatures, but, taking it all round, I do not think that Mrs. Grundy herself would have any reason to be ashamed of my humble palm.

For the rest, it will, I trust, be a source of satisfaction to many to hear that my line of life is uncommonly well developed. I shall probably live till over ninety. My mental faculties will remain unimpaired to the end. I shall be increasingly prosperous as I grow older. I shall die rich. What is to happen after that, my informant did not state, and I thought it better not to inquire. One may easily know too much.

"I am sure," wrote my lady palmist to me afterwards, "that you believe in me." Madame, I do. But between believing in you and believing in palmistry there is all the difference in life. It is one thing to believe that persons practising an occult science, or any other, are honestly convinced of the soundness of their knowledge and the accuracy of their deductions; another, to believe that their knowledge is sound or their deductions accurate. I entertain no doubt whatever of the *bona fides* of the

Shooting, Sporting, and Travelling Garments are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

prophet Baxter; but that does not lead me to look forward to the Last Judgment on any of the dates which the prophet has assigned for that event. In the same way, I have no doubt that the ancient astrologists, and possibly some of their successors, honestly believed in their science, and devoted an enormous amount of misplaced labour to acquiring and practising it; but my belief in them ends there. Palmistry, I should say, occupies a half-way ground between astrology and phrenology. I can understand that there is a good deal of character in the human hand; I am even prepared to believe that an expert may draw from it some more or less accurate inferences as to the owner's temperament, tastes, and pursuits. When one of the Bill Sikes fraternity is asked at a police-court, "What are you?" and responds "Labourer," the first comment of the officer in charge of the case is "Show his wushup your hands." To this extent I believe in palmistry. There must, however, I should think, be much clearer and more trustworthy clues to a man's character and intellectual faculties in the formation of his skull than in the shape of his hands; while it is little more rational and every bit as immoral—supposing, as I do, that fatalism is immoral—to believe that the future of a man is determined or indicated by the creases and wrinkles in his palm, as it is to believe that his destiny is shaped by the movements of the planets. I want to know, too—but none of my palmist friends has been able to inform me—why it is that the lines of the hand alone are pregnant with these hidden meanings. Why not also the wrinkles in the face, which really bear some relation to the mind and the emotions? Moles, I understand, all have their occult significance. A mole in this place indicates that the bearer will be blighted in love; a mole in that place, that he will be the father of twins; a mole in a third, that he will be killed by falling from a balloon, and so on. Why may not similar portents be gathered from the creases in the skin in one part of the body or another? I would particularly commend the sole of the foot as a promising field to those who have leisure for researches in this direction. My own is, I find, a perfect maze of lines and wrinkles, but where is the professor who will read them for me? I need hardly point out that it would give an entirely new zest to society entertainments if the company could be induced to hold up their feet to the soothsayer with the same engaging naïveté with which they now proffer their palms.

This is such a vast subject that I have left myself but scant space to do justice to one of its most important aspects—the legal. To this I have already referred at some length in my last two issues; but after my palmist had concluded her labours, the question was again forced upon my attention—how can this sort of thing be permitted in a country and a city where, within the last month, one man has been heavily fined for professing "astrology," and another has been sentenced to three months' hard labour for telling character and prospects from handwriting? Even granting that palmistry can claim to be a genuine science, it is pretty certain that the majority of the practitioners have had very little scientific education. There is another lady whom I have interviewed during the last fortnight—this time by deputy. She varied the palm-reading business by a little hocus-pocus with a sort of wheel of fortune. The wheel was divided into sections, marked with numbers. My representative was furnished with a wand, and instructed to describe three circles, lunge at the wheel, and wish. After manipulating for a time the number which he hit off, the priestess informed him that his wish would go unfulfilled. This lady goes about performing in this style for cash in public and private, and no one objects. But there is a much more conspicuous case than that. Who has not seen automatic fortune-telling machines, from which anybody can learn his or her fate by putting a penny in the slot? Some of these contrivances are so constructed as to exhibit a picture of the husband or wife whom the Fates have in store for the spirited investor. And so far from the police interfering, I myself saw a constable at the Military Exhibition last year putting his penny in the slot. At the time, I took it that he was getting up evidence for a prosecution—a case of *agent provocateur*; but, no proceedings having followed, it is only too evident that this guardian of the law was himself having his fortune told.

Questioned on this subject in Parliament last week, the Home Secretary stated that it is not the business of the police to act as Public Prosecutors. This is a transparent evasion of the point. The complaint is that the police *do* act as prosecutors in offences of this kind. The prosecution of the man Stuart, discussed in last week's TRUTH, was initiated and conducted solely by a detective officer, who had answered the man's advertisement and entrapped him into a correspondence. My view is that all these forms of "fortune-telling" should be suppressed, or none. Personally, I should vote for touching none of them. I do not see, myself, where the line is to be drawn. If we lock up Nina Kennedy, and the palmists, and the proprietors of the automatic machines, I do not see how we can leave the prophet Baxter at large. And if we lock up Baxter, what about the prophets in other lines who are doing a yet better trade? What about the Meteorological Office, with its daily circumstantial predictions which are not fulfilled once in a week? What about the sporting prophets? What about the political seers? I repeat that I am certainly of opinion that we had better leave them all alone. They afford a great deal of amusement—the fortune-tellers more especially—and if it is a foolish or unhealthy amusement, let our preachers and moralists show the people their error. To bring in Acts of Parliament to prevent the public spending its pennies, or sixpences, or guineas on this mild form of fun is the most grandmotherly of grandmotherly legislation. That, however, is no reason why, if the Acts are there, and are enforced against one class of fortune-tellers, they should not be enforced against all.

CARPETS—FRENCH CLEANING, DYEING, &c.—For particulars apply to Manager, Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-street, Belgrave, S.W.

CHINA AND GLASS.—Messrs. GOODE, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

"MISS DECIMA."

"Miss Decima" is described as a "musical comedy," but the music is of even less importance than that of a German Reed entertainment. A gavotte in which the Mozartian style is imitated; a duet for tenor and baritone, in which M. Audran, curiously enough, has caught a well-known phrase from Beckmesser's burlesque serenade in "Die Meistersinger;" and a duet for hero and heroine, are among the best of a long list of musical numbers, some of which, particularly a sentimental ballad for a comic Irishman, might very well be spared. The artists of the Bouffes Parisiens, for which theatre M. Audran wrote "Miss Helyett," were obviously not strong from a vocal point of view, and the composer was doubtless wise not unduly to tax their resources, while his accompaniments are simple enough to be played on the pianoforte instead of by an orchestra. Still, the music is usually melodious, and, except that there is too much of it, it is well suited for its purpose. "Miss Decima" is, in fact, pure farcical comedy; but although in adapting the English from the French play, Mr. Burnand has discarded all the naughtiness, yet in doing so he has inevitably been compelled to make its motive almost unmeaning. To suppose because a girl has stumbled and fainted while climbing a mountain, and a gentleman has carried her in his arms to a place of safety, that her betrothal to another youth must be abandoned, and that the two are bound to marry, is ridiculous. I need not discuss the motive of the Paris version, in which a good deal is said and much more is left to the imagination. The success of "Miss Decima" depends chiefly upon the rich humour of Mr. James as an American clergyman given to quoting moral distiches, and upon the demureness of Miss Nesville, a young Parisian girl who, despite broken English, and the smallest of singing-voices, played the rôle of the prim heroine so prettily as to create a very marked impression. There is not an impersonation now to be witnessed on the London stage more exquisitely finished, nor freer from a shred of exaggeration, than that of Miss Nesville.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

DIPLOMATIC SALARIES.

SOUTH AMERICA being now rather low in the world, the French Consulate-General of La Plata and different Vice-Consulates there have been disestablished. A saving of £1,800 a year has been the consequence. On the other hand, the Ambassadors to the Great Powers are to receive increases of pay, in order to keep up with fitting state the dignity of the Republic. They are to entertain oftener and more handsomely. In one respect they are better off than H.B.M.'s representatives abroad. The picked furniture of the Garde Meuble, including Gobelins and Beauvais tapestries, are lent to Ambassadors to give an air of noble sumptuosity to their Embassies. Pictures, for which there is not room in the public galleries of the Louvre, are taken from the store-rooms there to be hung in receiving-rooms at Embassies. When M. Challemel-Lacour was sent to Albert-gate House he complained that the dinner-service was chipped, and the dessert-service in as bad a state. An order was given to the Sèvres factory to provide him with a dessert set of suitable magnificence. The price it cost was £1,000. M. Cambon selected when last here for the Embassy at Madrid, some of the richest Buhl (or Boule) furniture at the Garde Meuble, and a number of old tapestries and paintings dealing with Franco-Spanish episodes in French history, such as the visit of Charles V. to Fontainebleau, the proxy nuptials at the Louvre of Elizabeth of Valois and Philip II., and the meeting of Louis XIV. and the Infanta of Spain, who had come to marry him at the Isle of Pheasants. Whenever a French Ambassador has to entertain a crowned head at his Embassy, he is sent the finest plate and table ornaments inherited by the Republic from the Monarchy. The consignment received by M. de Laboulaye before the Czar and Czarina went to a ball and supper at his house was of old rococo, and was made when Louis XV. was a young man. There is very little silver of any earlier date at the Garde Meuble. Louis XIV. in the period of his reverses appealed to his nobility to send their plate to the Mint, and himself set the example. If the art treasures locked up in Buckingham Palace were owned by the French Republic they would be used to adorn public Galleries and Embassies instead of being kept hidden from all eyes except those of servants.

The incoming managers of the Opera House will try to secure Frau Sucher, who is singing now at Bayreuth, when they bring out the works of Wagner there. She would be an ideal Iseult if she only understood the scena Her gifts are a splendid physique, beauty, and a rich and brilliant voice which does not easily tire, and which does its work without apparent effort. She is the soul of music. But her gestures mar her vocal effects, and her clumsiness of action and her bad taste in dressing herself spoil her heavenly gifts. It is a question whether if she were engaged, and consented to place herself under training, her general manner of behaving on the stage, and her by-play would ever meet the taste of a French audience. Siegfried Wagner is turning out a great musical artist, and so he should if there is anything in the principle of heredity. He is the son of Wagner and the grandson of Liszt, with whom his grandmother ran away because his pianoforte playing was to her as the tones of Orpheus's lyre to the trees which they set dancing. She was a De Flavigny on the French side and a Bethmann on the side of her mother, who was of a great banking family of Frankfort which distinguished itself for its patronage of musicians. Madame Wagner and her sister, the late Madame Emile Ollivier, were counted twenty-five years ago the best amateur pianists in Europe. Master Siegfried inherits their slenderness of form, tallness, long and cameo-like features, and refinement. If his voice fulfils the promise it now gives, he will surpass the late Signor Mario as a lady-killing tenor.

M. Vacaresco must be sadly disappointed at his daughter's banishment from Bucharest to Rome, where he is Minister Plenipotentiary of King Charles. The *corps*

diplomatique there felt deep curiosity as to the progress towards marriage of Mdlle. Hélène's love affair. Her fond father was charged officially to deny that a marriage was contemplated, but privately gave out that the young Prince was resolved never to take any one else for a consort, and that the Queen encouraged him to persevere. Divers of his colleagues were unkind enough to torment him by suggesting fair young members of dynastic families as desirable matches for the Prince. I can understand Carmen Sylva standing by Mdlle. Hélène, who has been long treated by her as a daughter, and is in the habit of looking up to her. A marriage between her and the Prince would enable the Queen, were she a dowager, to retain her influence at the Court of Bucharest, whereas she would have to put up with neglect were her adopted son to take a bride of Royal lineage. Carmen Sylva felt sure that Hélène Vacaresco would never treat her as a blue-stocking bore were she Crown Princess, and later on Queen Consort.

I have been asked what the particular connection between the Prince and Princess of Monaco and the Court of Italy is. The Prince was a first cousin of the first wife, *née* della Cisterna, of the late Duke of Aosta. He is a second cousin once removed of the three Aosta Princes. The Princess of Monaco is niece of a lady who holds a high place in the household, and the favour of the Queen of Italy, namely the Princess della Rocca, *née* Heine. This lady on her marriage became a 'vert from Judaism to Roman Catholicism, it being the rule of the women of her family to embrace the religions of their husbands should they not be Jews. The Prince of Monaco looks on himself as a Frenchman, and is always a welcome guest at the Elysée. He served under the Empire in the French Navy. Attempts are being again made by the Nice Gambling Clubs to get up a crusade against the Monaco Casino, but I fancy that they will come to nothing. At those clubs credit is given, playing with counters being the rule. At Monaco the terms are "cash down," which is a far less insidious evil. When a gambler's purse is empty he must leave off. When counters are used, he may plunge up to the throat and deeper into debts of honour, for which payment will be rigorously exacted, unless he is an illustrious personage, whom it would be bad form to dun. The vigilant Stead was quite wrong when he stated that gambling is lower with counters than with cash. The exact reverse is the case, and his assertion that the Prince of Wales travels about with baccarat counters, as a sort of anti-gambling missionary, has caused much amusement.

The local inflammation from which the ex-Emperor of Brazil has been suffering was not actually gangrenous, but threatened to become so. This chronic malady is one that generally leads to death from some such accident. Queen Charlotte, that most prim and exacting of Royal ladies on insignificant and irksome points of etiquette, was carried away at a ripe old age by a gangrene arising from a clumsily-darned stocking wounding her heel when she was staying at Bath. Louis XVIII. died from a gangrened foot, the direct consequence of its having been bitten by a Norfolk Howard, but indirectly brought on by his not having walked for years, and continuing to indulge as when he was a young man in the pleasures of the table. He used to hold his Levées and Drawing-rooms seated in a Bath-chair. Louis XIV., who also played a good knife and fork until his last illness, was carried off by a gangrenous affection, and so was Henry VIII. Charcot twice before pulled Dom Pedro through dangerous illnesses. When he was attacked with pneumonia, he allowed no food to the august patient, and prevented waste of tissue by subcutaneous injections of cafeine. The late Empress of Brazil had almost killed him by insisting on "feeding."

Necker and his daughter, Madame de Staël, had both a mania for rhetorical conversation and for rushing into print. They, under all circumstances and at all risks, wanted to display their eloquence and erudition. The father risked a revolution, which overtook him, and the daughter exile. Their different descendants inherited this mania. The late Comtesse d'Haussonville talked just like her grandmother's books, and the Duc de Broglie converses like his own, which all need boiling down, and are cold and academic. The present Comte d'Haussonville speaks like a clever essayist. He is an improvement on his uncle. When he is not writing, he is sure to be, as the Americans would say, orating.

His last oratorical performance took place a few days ago in the South of France, where he came forward as the mouth of the Comte de Paris, who, to judge from what M. d'Haussonville said, has come round to see that the French will not put up with any *Gouvernement des Curés*. The movement set on foot by Cardinal Lavigerie opened the eyes of the Pretender, who resides at Stowe. It is true, as Comte d'Haussonville says, that but two French Bishops have joined the Cardinal. But what he passes over is the fact that the Curés fall away from Orleanist organisations. Comte d'Haussonville is greatly objected to as a leader by old-crusted Royalists, he being a Protestant by descent from Madame de Staël. The Comte would gain them round by appearing as the champion of the "Christian Union," founded by the Archbishop of Paris and Comte de Mun against Monsignor Fava's "Catholic" party, which is for stooping to conquer the Republic, and coming forward as her best friend.

This reminds me that Crispi has written another hot article for the *Contemporary Review*, in which he charges Monsignor Rotelli, the late Nuncio, with having urged the Pope to come and reside at Fontainebleau. Rotelli is a vain, weak-minded ex-*beau*, who still tries to win distinction as a lady-killer. He assents to most things said directly to him. When M. Spuller was in office he wished to make use of the Bruno monument affair at Rome, the Vatican taking offence thereat, to induce the Pope to come to Fontainebleau, Compiègne, the Luxembourg, or the Grand Trianon, in the hope of getting him to visit the Universal Exhibition, and drawing the whole Catholic world to gaze on him there. The Monarchies having boycotted that World's Fair, the French Government felt a little

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nervous as to its likelihood of succeeding, and wanted to make up for the absence of Ambassadors by bringing forward the Father of the Faithful in company with the Shah and King Dinah Salifou. Crispi discovered in this innocent little plot a dark design against Italian unity. The Pope, on his side, humoured M. Spuller, school questions in which his Holiness was interested being then on in France, and the Government of the Republic being committed to oblige students for the priesthood to serve in the army. Crispi is a warm and an able writer, but could write to-morrow with equal ability and heat the contrary of what he says to-day. It is quite true that, though now practising at the Bar of Naples, he still virtually directs, through the King, the foreign policy of Italy, the supreme direction of which Humbert keeps in his own hands.

The Prince of Naples speaks English well, though with a foreign accent, German tolerably, and French badly. He was placed under an English nursery governess as an infant, and only began to learn French when he was twelve years old, his father having so willed.

Madame Carnot does not get rid of the small and fagging occupations of her public position by going to pass six weeks at Fontainebleau. To begin with, she has to sit for her bust. The sculptor chosen is Madame Léon Bertaux, a woman of really great talent. The Tuesday receptions of the Présidente are continued at Fontainebleau, where there are all sorts of local enterprises in which she and the President are expected to interest themselves, and which they actively patronise with a good grace. But the air is not heated as in Paris, and there are lovely drives in all directions in and out of the forest.

It is not customary, the Tory leader of the House of Commons said on a recent occasion, for the Sovereign or Government of Great Britain to invite a foreign potentate to England. This is perhaps why the German Emperor invited himself to London. But there are means without inviting of sending an invitation to the head of a foreign State. Lord Lytton might properly be instructed by his chief at the Foreign Office to speak thus to M. Ribot. "The London and Provincial Press and the Association of Engineers at Manchester have got up a movement, the object of which is to induce the President to visit London. I am instructed to say that nothing would personally afford her Majesty's Government more pleasure than for M. Carnot to come to England. Should he decide to do so her Majesty hopes that he will regard himself as her guest; and if his arrival takes place when she is out of town she trusts he will make himself at home at Buckingham Palace, where the Prince of Wales would act in her stead as host." Napoleon III. was *invited* to Windsor by the Prince Consort, speaking for the Queen and himself. Lord Lytton is on excellent terms with the present and all the past Foreign Ministers with whom he was in official relation. A message such as I have sketched, coming from him, would be well received. At the same time I do not think that M. Carnot is disposed to pay visits to foreign capitals. It would not do to afford the German Emperor a good pretext for inviting him to Berlin, as a step to coming himself to Paris.

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LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DEAR LADY BETTY,—Will you kindly read the accompanying enclosure? and, if it meets with your approval, pray deliver it to your brother. I hesitate to interfere in so delicate a private matter without first obtaining your sanction:—

"My dear Esslemont,—I only returned from Nevershall this afternoon, and found your note awaiting me at the Club, where I had unfortunately omitted to leave instructions for forwarding letters in my absence. I am not in any way surprised to hear that you are in love, and, indeed, this is a complaint that all healthy young men of your age should be chronically troubled with—teething in childhood, love in youth, indigestion in middle life, and gout for old age.

"But why connect your present attack unnecessarily with matrimony? Marriage and suicide are, I admit, equally infallible cures for the disease; but then are these remedies not somewhat too complete in their operation?

"What is it that principally attracts you towards Miss S——? Her beauty?—that is evanescent. Her character?—it needs verification. Her individuality?—a quality much apt to become troublesome later. There are psychical periods when every woman not absolutely repulsive is more or less attractive to individual members of the other sex. There are other periods also when the imagination is less extatic, and the judgment more temperate.

"Fascinating women are exceedingly plentiful, and you cannot possibly, of course, contrive to marry them all. Pause, then, before you make a definite choice. Young ladies nowadays—in our particular sphere of life—regard marriage purely as a profession. All their attractions are artistically suggested previous to the legal ratification of the contract, and it is only afterwards that the blemishes are generally revealed.

"Subdued love, active respect, and mutual consideration are the three ideal ingredients of happy married life. I invariably suspect ardent admiration—it is a passion, and therefore transient. You may flirt persistently, but with average good fortune you can only marry once. A good wife is the best gift the Fates can bestow; but a young man like yourself, with wealth, title, and leisure cannot reasonably expect such a privilege. You are too desirable not to be deceived. Besides, the very conditions of your life are sufficient to demoralise even the very best of women. Continual frivolity, constant glorification, no interest but that of the pursuit of pleasure, praise, and popularity. Do you not perceive that these things are inconsistent with the happiness of home? They depend exclusively on external circumstances, and, therefore, the very instant you and your wife retire into private life you must necessarily become the hopeless victims of ennui. To be happy in matrimony your mutual interests should be centred at home and not abroad, and this is a condition which the luxury of your surroundings does not permit of.

"Of Miss S—— I admit I know but very little. She is pretty, apparently amiable, and chatters and chaffs much as other girls do of her age and social sphere. That she is occupied in trying to secure, not only a husband, but, commercially speaking, a substantial one, there cannot be any question for doubt whatever. Nor can it either be denied that you would precisely be—also from a commercial point of view—the kind of husband most adapted

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to her taste. But balance well the happiness you anticipate in the near future with the possibility of annoyances at a period a little more remote. You will give her a permanent and prominent position in life, and you will also secure for her the enjoyment of innumerable luxuries. Will she eventually utilise your wealth to attract the envy of other women, and even the admiration of other men? Will not the position which you may give her be in itself an almost incessant source of temptation? Will not the inevitable abatement in your active affection after marriage, in her inexperience, increase the pressure of this temptation?

"It is, I presume, in my capacity of a man of the world that you seek my advice. Well, then, I warn you seriously to consider both carefully and judicially before you take so definite a step. All is not gold that glitters, and every woman we love is not necessarily loveable; indeed, but too often it is our own disordered imagination that endows them with those identical qualities which we most particularly admire.

"Experience daily teaches me that if it is good for poor men to marry, it is infinitely better for rich men to remain single. A poor man can only secure love in his youth—a rich man may purchase it whenever he so pleases."

* * * * * *

Lord Alington, Lady Ilchester, Madame de Falbe, and Lady Salisbury having duly performed the last rites over the defunct London season, there remains but little more to be said in regard to it. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* And, by the way, what a misguided axiom is this! Surely it is of vastly more importance not to say evil things of the living, who may suffer in consequence, than of the dead, to whom they must necessarily be of the utmost indifference? However, this is *en parenthèse.*

Lord Alington's ball at Alington House on Wednesday was in almost every particular precisely similar to those he gave here last season. The same tents, the same Royalties, and the same people. Beauty, as is customary at Alington House, was well to the fore, including, amongst others, Lady Algernon Lennox, Lady Powis, Lady Cynthia Graham, Lady Mary Mills, Lady Cardross, Lady de Trafford, Lady Dudley and Lady Edith Ward, Miss Violet Egerton, Miss Moreton, and Lady Gerrard.

Lady Ilchester's bal masqué at Holland House was, to say the least of it, a daring enterprise. English people are too reserved and self-conscious to lend themselves naturally to such eminently Continental entertainments, though the change in our manners that has taken place of recent years has no doubt made us more amenable in this respect than we were formerly. To this conspicuous change, indeed, Lady Ilchester owes the success which attended her bold departure on Thursday night; and none amongst her guests did more to ensure this result than pretty Miss Filmer, who, with tact and *savoir faire*, entered characteristically into the true spirit of the function. But why were neither the Prince nor the Princess of Wales present, notwithstanding that our semi-guest, the Prince of Naples, came early and remained late? But, then, Lord Ilchester has not the good fortune as yet of belonging to the Stock Exchange. Amongst the prettiest present, without seeking to be invidious, I may mention Princess "May" of Teck, Countess Marie Hatzfeldt, Lady Grosvenor, Lady Stafford, Lady Olivia Taylour, Lady Hilda Dundas, Miss Cornwallis West, and Mrs. Hanbury.

The garden-party at Hatfield will be chiefly memorable through one of those acts of singular *gaucherie* which tend so greatly to make us detested as a nation throughout civilised Europe. The entire *personnelle*—with the exception, of course, of the Ambassador—of one of the Foreign Embassies in London was overlooked. As the same Embassy also failed to obtain invitations to the recent garden-party at Marlborough House, it would not be extraordinary if its members were slightly surprised at the lack of courtesy shown in England towards the representatives of a friendly nation. It can scarcely be conceived that a Minister for Foreign Affairs should commit so outrageous a blunder; but perhaps Lord Salisbury is so preoccupied in combating his enemies that he has no leisure to be decently civil towards his friends.

And, by the way, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's medical advisers, having impressed upon him that his health would not permit of his suggested return to Teheran, the Foreign Office has intervened and has provided for Sir Henry at Bucharest. Sir Frank Lascelles, K.C.M.G., has been appointed to succeed Sir Henry Wolff at Teheran, and will start for his new post almost immediately to relieve Mr. Kennedy, who has been acting Chargé d'Affaires during the absence of our Minister. Bucharest is to be raised to a first-class mission, and Mr. Gerard Lowther, who is at present Second Secretary at Vienna, will take charge of the Mission till Sir Henry is able to proceed to Roumania. This is in every way a very proper arrangement. A useful and successful public servant is provided for in his temporary misfortune; an exceptionally good official, Sir Frank Lascelles, obtains promotion; and Bucharest, which should long since have been dignified into a first-class mission, at length secures its deserts.

Miss Theresa Verschoyle met with what might have been a very serious accident on Saturday last. Whilst turning the corner into Wilton-place, Miss Verschoyle's hansom was upset. The lady having been promptly conveyed to St. George's Hospital, it was happily found that no serious injuries had resulted from the accident, and she was, therefore, removed in the course of the day to her mother's house, where she still lies suffering from the effects of her mishap.

It would appear that Lord Bath eagerly contested the vacant Garter with Lord Cadogan, and much partisan feeling is expressed in consequence of the latter having eventually carried off the prize. Lord Bath has very materially assisted the Conservative cause during his career, and in view of the forthcoming General Elections it is scarcely prudent of Lord Salisbury to disappoint so important a political magnate.

Yet another new Club threatens to compete with the many others that have recently sprung up in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly. Of the projected Maison Dorée Club, I hear nothing but what is eminently attractive. The General Committee comprises amongst others the names of the Dukes of St. Albans and Wellington, Lord Breadalbane, Lord Dungarvan, Lord Castletown, Lord Camoys, Lord Lurgan, Prince Henry of Pless, Lord Suffield, and Lord Craven. The entrance-fee is two guineas, and the annual subscription covered by a similar sum. The *cuisine* will be under the management of Monsieur E. Verdier, proprietor of the Maison Dorée, in Paris. This new venture will be anything but welcome, I should imagine, to the proprietors of the Amphitryon.

It is said that the officials at Christie & Manson's are still bewildered by the excessive prices obtained at the sale of the late Mr. George Cavendish-Bentinck's effects some fortnight ago. I believe that no article sold at the celebrated Hamilton collection, which has since come again under the hammer, has ever realised its original total. An exception to this rule occurred at the Cavendish-Bentinck sale, when a pair of ormolu candlesticks which had been bought for £120 at the former sale now secured an advance of £40 on their previous price.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

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SPORTING NOTES.

IT is very much to be desired that the Jockey Club would pass a law prohibiting amateurs from riding in races under the Newmarket rules, excepting only in those cases when a stake is specially notified to be open to them; and under no circumstances should there be more than one race in a day of this descriptfon. The necessity for this reform has been for some time manifest to all who are blessed with discerning eyes, and the sooner that the Stewards of the Jockey Club take the matter in hand the better it will be for the turf, as the existing skimble-skamble rules on this subject only lead to all sorts of hugger-mugger complications of the most undesirable kind.

There are no fewer than fifty-six entries for the Coronation Stakes at Ascot (1893), as compared with forty-four this year, and forty-nine for 1892. If there are ten runners the race will be worth £3,600. The Dowager Duchess of Montrose has entered four fillies, of which Fine Lady is own sister to Eiridspord, Faithful is own sister to Satiety, and Deep Corrie is by Isonomy out of Corrie Roy. The Duke of Westminster also has four entries, including Angola, who is half-sister to Blue Green and Orme, by Macheath; and Orchis, by Bend Or, out of Lizzie Agnes. Lord Zetland has an own sister to Friar Lubin, and Mr. Merry has a half-sister to Surefoot, by Bendigo. Mr. D. Baird has two, one of which is Silene by St. Simon, out of Palmflower, which sounds like a "running" pedigree. Lord Cadogan's Simoon is by St. Simon, out of Mazurka. Lord Rosebery has two, of which one is an own sister to Bonavista. Prince Soltykoff's three includes Guinea, who is own sister to Gold.

The St. James's Palace Stakes (1893) has obtained thirty-nine entries, as against thirty-six this year, and thirty-four for 1892. "Mr. Abington" and the Duchess of Montrose are the largest subscribers with three each, and one of the Sefton Lodge lot is an own brother to St. Serf. The Duke of Portland has Raeburn, who is own brother to Semolina and Kilmarnock, own brother to Ayrshire. The Duke of Westminster has Joyful by Galopin out of Farewell, and Orford, by Bend Or out of Ruth.

Considering that not a farthing is added either to the July Stakes or to the Chesterfield Stakes, and that the liability on each entry is £30 in the former and £20 in the latter, it is marvellous that there should be sixty-five subscriptions to each race. This year there were fifty-six for the July and forty-four for the Chesterfield. The largest subscribers to the July are "Mr. Abington," the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Hartington, the Duke of Portland, Lord Rosslyn, Prince Soltykoff, and the Duke of Westminster, with three each; and in the Chesterfield Lord Calthorpe, who has three. The majority of the animals entered for these stakes have been bred by their owners, and only a few of the purchases made at the recent sales have been engaged.

There is an exceptionally choice entry of foals for the Boscawen Stakes (1893), including Mr. Cooper's half-sister, by Archiduc, to Haute Saône; the Duke of Portland's filly by St. Simon out of Muirninn, and Prince Soltykoff's colts, by Galliard out of Love in Idleness, and by Hampton out of Argo Navis respectively.

The foals entered for the Royal Stakes (1894) include a half-brother to Lorette, by Galopin; a brother to St. Damien; a half-brother, by Hampton, to Gold; a colt by Friar's Balsam out of Doncaster Belle; a colt by Minting out of Stone Clink; a colt by Ayrshire out of Farewell; and a half-brother to Orion, by Melton.

Mr. Corlett may possibly be correct in announcing that the Duke of Cambridge contemplates becoming the owner of some racehorses, but he is certainly wrong in stating that H.R.H. has the blood of the Duke of Cumberland, the owner of Eclipse, in his veins. William, Duke of Cumberland, the uncle of George III., who was the founder of Ascot races, died unmarried.

The Duke of Portland had intended to have St. Serf prepared for the Lancashire Plate, but it has now been decided to turn him out of training, and he will be relegated to the stud. St. Serf, who is by St. Simon out of Feronia, the dam of Atalanta, who is the dam of Ayrshire, was bred by the late Lord Rosslyn, from whom the Duke bought him as a yearling for about 1,500 gs.

Several of Baron Rothschild's horses have left Newmarket for France, where they have engagements during the next few weeks. The lot includes Heaume, Mardi Gras, Pierre le Grand (the two-year-old brother to Le Nord), and Aiglon, by Stracchino, out of Aida, the dam of Clairon, who was the best two-year-old in France last season.

Lord Denham, who now holds the Whip at Newmarket, has been challenged for it by Mr. John Gretton, with Gonsalvo. There has not been a race for the Whip since 1886.

The Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire are to close on Tuesday next, the conditions being the same as last year. These handicaps have usually been run on Tuesdays, but last year they were transferred to Thursdays, and now they are to be on Wednesdays, the result being that the Middle Park Plate and the Dewhurst Plate are postponed till the Thursdays in their respective weeks.

A large number of horses have already been backed for both the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. The nominal favourites for the long race are Victoricus, Alicante, Star, Admiral, Vasistas, Spell, Parlington, Fitz-Hampton, Judith, Golden Maze, Ragimunde, and Shall We Remember. For the Cambridgeshire, Alicante, Tostig, War Dance, Victoricus, Seraphine II., Belmont, Heaume, Garter, Spell, Rathbeal, Lady Wharles, and Snaplock, have all been in demand. The idea, which appears to prevail in some quarters, that the Royal Handicap at Leicester, will interfere this year with the Newmarket handicaps, seems to me to be utterly chimerical.

Among the other races at Newmarket which close next Tuesday is the Rous Plate of £1,000, a weight-for-age stake, to be run over the last two miles of the Cesarewitch course, on the last day of the Second October Meeting. The Great Foal Stakes for 1894 closes on Tuesday.

Amphion goes to the stud, and is to stand at Hampton Court, where a new sire is much needed. His fee is 150 gs., and the subscription is already full. The crack-brained rush upon untried sires, which has been a remarkable feature during the last few years, is really an astonishing phenomenon, but, like many other forms of insanity, it will no doubt presently have an ebb in proportion to the existing flood-tide.

That disappointing beast, Pioneer, has been relegated to the stud, and he goes to Yardley, Messrs. Graham having leased him from "Mr. Abington" for three years.

Lord Alington must feel considerably exasperated that he should have so hastily weeded Spud out of his stud for 200 gs., inasmuch as she has just been sold by Mr. Masterman to Mr. R. Sneyd for 2,000 gs. Spud is a six-year-old half-sister to Common and Goldfinch, by Hampton, and she never did any good on the turf.

The colt by St. Simon out of Beauharnais, bred by Colonel Pole-Carew, which was sold at Newmarket to R. Sherwood for 1,750 gs., is now the joint property of Baron Hirsch and Colonel Oliver Montagu, and a partnership has been formed between Sir Charles Russell and Porter in respect of his filly by Town Moor out of Palace, which the Kingsclere trainer purchased out of the Mentmore lot for 110 gs. Lord Londonderry and Lord Houghton are to be partners in the ownership of the very racing-like filly by Minting out of Gallantry, which was bought at the sale of the Queen's yearlings.

I announced a fortnight ago that Morion would not start for the Goodwood Cup (which was at his mercy), and he has since been scratched. I hear that it is unlikely that Lord Hartington will enter Morion for the Doncaster

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Cup, but he is to be reserved for his autumn engagements at Newmarket, where the Triennial (First October Meeting) is a certainty for him, and I do not see anything in the Lowther Stakes (Second October) that is likely to beat him, for Révérend and Gouverneur will by that time be getting stale, and they would have the worst of the weight. Morion is also in the Select Stakes, in which he might meet Surefoot and Amphion, and it would be indeed a great race if all three started, as this is the course (R.M.) over which Mr. Merry's eccentric steed showed his best form. Morion has been entered for the Jockey Club Cup, which he will win if he is then well. Next year Morion has two good engagements at Ascot—the Rous Memorial and the Hardwicke Stakes.

The Doncaster Cup closes on Tuesday next, and I hope that there will be a good entry, for it was in TRUTH that the suggestion originally appeared that the time of closing the race should be changed and the conditions altered. The Cup is now a stake of £500, of which £200 will be given in the form of a piece of plate, and the remainder in specie. The conditions as to penalties are now revised. Among the other events at Doncaster which close on Tuesday are the Portland Plate, the Great Yorkshire and Cleveland Handicaps, and the Prince of Wales's Nursery of £1,000, which will be the first important race of that class during the season.

Lord Dudley has a wretchedly bad lot of two-year-olds, although he squandered about £20,000 on fashionably-bred yearlings last season. His colt, Pitlochry, by Barcaldine out of Junket, a 3,000 gs. purchase, failed ignominiously in a trial last week.

Several months ago I mentioned Rathbeal as a horse which it would pay to follow during the season, as he was sure to win some good handicaps. Rathbeal was desperately unlucky in losing the Royal Hunt Cup, when he was backed for a very large stake, which he certainly ought to have won, as he beat a much better field two days later in the Wokingham. Last year there was a great deal of money on Rathbeal in the Derby for a place, and it ought to have been won, for it is now melancholy and absurd to think of his having been beaten by Orwell, but Captain Machell's horse was so seriously interfered with by Surefoot that for all practical purposes he might just as well have been in his stable, as his chance was utterly destroyed by the infernal antics of Mr. Merry's steed. Rathbeal ran exceedingly well, all things considered, at Sandown Park in the Eclipse Stakes, and after that race the Liverpool Cup appeared to be only a question of health for him. If Father Confessor and Burnaby had not been much fancied and backed freely, odds would have been betted on Rathbeal, and, under the circumstances, his friends may think themselves fortunate to have obtained so liberal a price, as he is an animal of quite superior class, when compared to the other starters. Owners who are keeping horses for the Cambridgeshire may regard Rathbeal's excellent performances during the last two months as a direct and special interposition of Providence on their behalf, for if Captain Machell had put his animal aside after his spring defeats he would have been handicapped at a weight which would have made him a certainty at Newmarket. The fancy for Father Confessor at Liverpool was an unaccountable fatuity, as he could have no pretension to give Rathbeal 16 lb. more than weight-for-age! The supporters of Mr. "Abington's" steed must certainly have been sunk in muddy darkness, and Bates was not much wiser, if he really expected to win with St. Benedict, as two stone would not have brought him in front of Rathbeal.

The most interesting race at Liverpool, however, was the St. George's Stakes, in which Simonian won very cleverly from Cavendish, to whom he was giving 12 lb. Cavendish had run fairly well at Ascot, and he seemed to have won his race last week a long way from home; but Simonian, who was very judiciously ridden by M. Cannon, and who ran very game, unexpectedly discovered himself as a good stayer, and, having caught the favourite in the last fifty yards, he managed to beat him after a most exciting struggle. Simonian did very well, but it is nonsense and rubbish to attempt to make him out to be a Leger horse on the strength of this form, the idea of his having a winning chance at Doncaster being a fairy tale of the most extravagant description. This race was a lamentable collapse, like so many others of a similar description during the last few weeks. There were twenty-two horses left in last April, and yet only three came to the post for a stake of £1,000, although there was no flyer to frighten away opposition. Only four started for the Lancaster Breeders' Stakes of £1,100, for which twenty-three were left in last March, and the winner turned up in Lady Morgan, who only beat Desdemona (sister to St. Serf) by a head, although the Duchess of Montrose's filly was giving her 15 lb.

Both the T.Y.C. Handicaps at Liverpool were won very easily indeed by Ratton, whose form was curiously underestimated by the framer of the weights, for in the Croxteth Plate he carried 12 lb. extra and won in a common canter. A large stake was gained by the successes of this very speedy horse.

At Yarmouth a mild sensation was afforded by the defeat of St. Simon of the Rock (on whom odds were freely betted) in the Aquarium Plate by Jessamy, with whom Colonel North's horse had no chance, and she has grown into a splendid mare, and appears to be now in form.

The West Riding Champagne Stakes at Pontefract was won by Golden Arrow, to whose victory I only allude because after the race he was positively priced at £5,000! If any one were to give half that sum for Golden Arrow such purchaser would show himself to be unfit to be at large, for the colt beat nothing last week, and he had previously shown himself to be inferior to Le Chesnay and Windgall, who are no flyers, to which it may be added that Golden Arrow's only remaining engagement is next year's Derby.

There will be racing next week at Ripon, Brighton, and Lewes, in addition to Bank Holiday orgies at Hurst Park and Alexandra Park.

There are sure to be large fields and plenty of heavy betting at Brighton and Lewes, but the quality of the sport has grievously degenerated of late years at both these meetings, and horses of really high class are seldom seen out at either the one or the other. The Brighton Cup, which was one of the principal long-distance races of the summer for many years, is extinct, and at Lewes the De Warenne Handicap (which was formerly a second edition of the Stewards' Cup) and the Lewes Handicap (which was nearly as important a race as the Goodwood Stakes) have sunk into utter contempt.

The Corporation Stakes at Brighton, which will be worth about £550, will be won by the filly by Charibert out of Court Beauty, who will not have to meet Pierre le Grand, who is own brother to Le Nord, and who, I hear, did fairly well in a gallop at Newmarket the other day.

The entry for the Rottingdean Plate includes Coureur and Knockany, both animals, however, having considerably the worst of the weights with maidens.

The Cliftonville Plate is a certainty for Lady Hermit if she starts, but if Colonel North is well advised, he will give the filly the rest which she so manifestly requires, instead of insanely racing her off her legs.

Sixty-four two-year-olds have been left in for the Astley Stakes of £1,000 at Lewes, which will be run on Friday, and it is the most interesting race in the programme. This will not be a costly stake to the fund, for the owners' subscription amounts to £748. The entry includes Posy (who ran so well with Galeopsis at Kempton Park), President, Juvenal (the Ascot failure), Canobie, Priestess, Court Beauty filly, and El Diabolo. Of these animals Priestess has shown the best public form, but she has so much the worst of the weight with Posy that I expect the Duke of Beaufort will win this race, unless his filly incurs a penalty at Goodwood.

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The Priory Stakes of £500 has twenty-five left in, and Bellinzona is the best of an exceedingly moderate lot, but if there is a tolerably smart maiden in the field it ought to win, having 6 lb. the best of the weights with Lord Calthorpe's filly.

MAMMON.

MR. MATTHEWS ON PUBLIC COMPANIES.

IT is fraudulent, says Mr. Matthews, for Company promoters to obtain money by means of false statements, but it is silly for any one to be caught by these false statements. If the latter lose money they may prosecute the former, but the Public Prosecutor, regarding folly and crime as the same thing, will leave biter and bit to fight it out. The object of the existence of civil society is to protect the weak against the strong, and the incautious against the knaves. This is why we have a Home Secretary, and a Public Prosecutor, and police and law courts, and why we pay taxes to enjoy these privileges. If starving A steals a loaf from baker B, A is prosecuted at the public expense, with a view to deter A, whether starving or otherwise, from making free with the goods of B. But, according to Mr. Matthews, if C robs the rest of the alphabet of enough money to enable him to qualify as a millionaire, live in a big house, and become a churchwarden and a member of Parliament, he is to pass the rest of his existence in the odour of sanctity on his ill-gotten gains, unless those who have lost much money by him are prepared to spend more in prosecuting him. Such a doctrine is contrary to public morality, and injurious to all sound spirit of commercial enterprise. A man who applies for shares in a Company is fully aware that he incurs risks which are not incident to holding Consols. He does this with his eyes open, balancing the probability of high interest against the possibility of loss of capital. It is desirable that this tendency should be encouraged, for a country where all put their talents in a napkin is not likely to hold its own in this age of competition. He has a right, however, to claim that if the statements on which he has invested his money are fraudulent, the State should step in and deal out justice to the deceiver. Public confidence has been rudely shaken in industrial enterprises on the limited liability system. It can only be restored by the knowledge that oakum-picking and skilley await the bogus Company promoter. Not only that worthy, but those who act as decoys by giving him their names on his prospectus, should meet with their deserts in the Courts of Justice I do not know whether Mr. Matthews spoke in his individual capacity or as the representative of the Government. If only in the former capacity I would suggest that the Government should seriously look into this matter. Very possibly shareholders who have lost their money in a Company "shriek" when there has been fraud neither on the part of the promoter nor of the directors. But Mr. Matthews went out of his way to say that the law will not punish where there has been fraud on the part of these persons. In doing this he not only gave *carte blanche* to promoters and their decoys to swindle, but he struck a blow at the monetary enterprise of the country.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My dear Ben,—We have somewhat unexpectedly got into smoother waters. Not only has the suspension of the English Bank of the River Plate had a less disastrous effect than might have been anticipated, only one firm having so far been pulled down by it, but another turn of the kaleidoscope has brought close to a million of Russian gold back to the Bank of England. There seems, moreover, little prospect of Russia taking the half million sterling which was to go at the commencement of August, the gold not being wanted—or to put it more correctly, the precious metal being required in Western Europe in view of the disastrous harvest in Russia.

Stock Exchange Prospects.

Cheap money is thus provided for some time to come. Nor need the *Times* fidget about the Russian gold being withdrawn very suddenly, as the date up to which it is certain to remain here has been fixed under the arrangements made for its return. We cannot look for much animation in the Stock Market now that the holiday season is in full swing; but it is evident from the movements which have taken place this week in some prominent speculative securities, such as Brighton A, Dover A, Grand Trunks, Canadian Pacifics, and Mexican Rails, that speculation is being encouraged by the more satisfactory prospects in the Money Market. The "Bears," in fact, are likely to make some unpleasant experiences in some of the heavily-oversold stocks like the above mentioned. The collapse of the English Bank of the River Plate has had the most marked effect upon the stocks of Trust Companies, of which about a dozen are holders of these shares, and will of course, have to pay up the reserve liability on the call being made. Nothing new has transpired with respect to the position of the Bank, but the issue of a statement of the accounts by the liquidator may shortly be expected. The outlook in South America is not encouraging in view of this latest catastrophe, but the blow appears so far to have fallen more heavily upon Uruguay than upon Argentina. The American market is unutterably dull, our Yankee cousins being, apparently, overloaded with their own securities. But, in view of the splendid harvest, a recovery in American Rails is only a question of time. Industrial shares have been slightly more active, and there is to be noticed renewed activity amongst the promoting fraternity, which has, in some cases, met with a fair response; while, in most cases, the public have shown no inclination to rise to the bait. For really sound new undertakings prospects are, however, by no means unfavourable, in view of the plethora of money. It is not everybody's taste to invest in Consols, and deposits with foreign banks have been shown by the fate of the English Bank of the River Plate to be fraught with considerable risk.

Home Rails Lively.

Now that the chief dividend announcements, with the exception of the Great Northern, Great Western, and North-Western have been made, the market is beginning to breathe more freely again, and a marked improvement in the tone and in the level of prices has taken place under the stimulating influence of the encouraging remarks of the chairmen at the various meetings of shareholders. While there is no favourable point about the Chatham Preference dividends at the rate of 3½ against 4½ per cent. last year, or about the South-Western dividend of 4¼ against 4¾ per cent., the Midland declaration of a dividend at the rate of 5¾ per cent. against 5½ per cent. last year fulfilled the expectations of the market, and is in accordance with my prediction of June 18. On the same date I estimated the North-Eastern dividend at from 5¾–6 per cent. (against 6¾ per cent. in 1890), and it has turned out to be at the rate of 6 per cent., which is quite as much as could have been expected. The estimates of the Great Western dividend are now of a maintenance of the dividend of 5¼ per cent., and of the North-Western of a decrease of about ¼ per cent., say 6½ per cent., which is also in accordance with my forecast of June 18. The Berwick dividend caused a sharp rally in that stock of 3 points to 158¼. Midlands at 154½ are also ¾ up for the week, while Great Western and Brum's have also improved. The most important movement, however, has developed in Brighton "A," which have been a very strong market ever since Mr. Samuel Laing addressed the shareholders at the general meeting on Wednesday. I fully agree with his view that the prospects for the current half-year are much more favourable than in the past. There is already an increase of £11,000 in the traffics, and with a fair amount of sunshine the Brighton line may be depended upon to show expanding traffics. A saving in coal of £4,500 is also a favourable item. The bridge incident is now finally disposed of, and with a heavy "Bear" account open it is not surprising that the price of Berthas has

moved up again to 147, a recovery of 3¼ for the week, and of 5¾ since the previous make up. In fact, considering that large blocks of stock are held by our premier financial house and by a well-known millionaire, there is likely to be a tight corner for the "Bears." Doras have moved up from 81 to 83, partly in sympathy with the advance in Berthas and partly on their own merits, which were placed in the most favourable light by the chairman at Thursday's meeting. The Chatham extension, the development of Port Victoria, and more particularly the "commercial revolution" anticipated by Sir Edward Watkin from the Kent coal-fields are certainly promising points, and such as to strike terror into the hearts of the operators for the fall, who have very imprudently committed themselves very heavily. A large sale of Great Eastern, supposed to be of "real stock," knocked down the price temporarily, but it has recovered to 89¼ again. Holders of Great Eastern are certainly very tenacious. They have a firm belief in the future progress of the line, which will no doubt be realised in time, although the last dividend was a disappointment. The fact is that this stock is very largely held locally, small capitalists living along the line having locked it up, and being content to await its further development. Fine weather will, of course, do a good deal for the Company in connection with its growing seaside traffic. Chatham stocks ought also to improve with good holiday traffics.

The Yankee Market.

The past week has been an uninteresting one in American Rails, and a moderate reaction has taken place as a consequence of an utter want of active dealings in Wall-street. Another gold shipment to France by Messrs. Lazard, in connection with the large operation by which so many millions of American gold have been lodged in the Bank of France, to be returned again when the grain movement to that country commences, has disappointed the "Bulls," and it must be conceded, that this continued gold export is altogether unnatural, being admittedly made at a loss. The question is, of course, as to when the grain exports to Europe will begin to take effect. In former years bills were drawn in advance of the shipments, but nowadays with the utter downbreak of credit after the Baring collapse, the bills will only be drawn with documents attached, and thus the downward movement in the sterling exchange is delayed. The rate is now at 4·86¾, at which gold shipments to England do not pay, while the gold point, to make gold shipments from Europe to New York profitable is 4·82¾. With grain bills forthcoming in August or September, the return of gold to the States may be expected to cause a very important change, which will quickly be felt in the stock markets. In the meantime, small "Bears" in Wall-street appear to have it very much their own way, the big operators holding aloof and biding their time. The more liberties the ursine party are now taking with stocks, the more formidable will, however, be the retribution which will be meted out to them, when the time comes. A great deal of nonsense has been talked about the Norfolk and Western Preference dividend, and some very misleading calculations have been made. From the latest advices from headquarters, it would appear, in contradiction to all these rumours, that there is every prospect of the dividend being paid in October next at the same rate as before—viz., at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum. Unfortunately, the Denver Preference dividend disappointment has predisposed shareholders to attribute undue importance to the "Bearish" rumours about Norfolk and Western. President Meyer of the Baltimore and Ohio, will shortly arrive here, and so will President Bacon, the President of the Baltimore and Ohio South Western, when matters having an important bearing upon a Company which has been frequently mentioned by me will be discussed. I maintain my view that the stocks which will most prominently benefit by the splendid crops in the States are Milwaukees, Atchison and Union Pacifics, in addition to which Louisville and Norfolk Prefs. are my favourite stocks as paying dividends and yielding a satisfactory return. The last New York Bank statement proved unexpectedly favourable, showing as it does an increase of 1,220,000 dols. in the surplus reserves which thus is brought up to 19,710,000 dols. over legal requirements. It is evident that it requires but a slight favourable turn in affairs to set the "Bull" movement in Yankee Rails going again.

Canadian and Mexican Rails.

Whatever may be the outcome of the movement in favour of more friendly relations between the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk lines, and although I should not care to go the length of the most sanguine prophets, I have no doubt that the rapprochement will be of advantage to both Companies. Mr. Van Horne's visit to England may, for all I know, have very different objects than the fostering of a scheme of conciliation, and the connection of Mr. Chauncey Depew with a big scheme in which the Vanderbilt lines are stated to be comprised may also be overrated, but it is certainly satisfactory that with Mr. McIntyre's accession to the Grand Trunk Board pacific views are beginning to prevail. It will pay the Grand Trunk much better to be on good terms with its big new competitor than to fight him, and apparently Sir Henry Tyler is arriving at the same conclusion. Canadian Pacific shares, which I have been warmly recommending for some time, have advanced ¾ during the week to 85¼, and Grand Trunk Firsts, after having touched higher prices, are quoted 63⅞, while the tip is put about that they will go to 70. This may or may not be the case, but they certainly will not stay there unless traffics improve. That is the crucial test. If the returns should now take a turn for the better, the Grand Trunk operators, who have a knack of forming a very strong phalanx when there is anything to go upon, may well engineer a marked advance. Without such improvement in the receipts, Trunks should be left alone. From Mexico comes the report that the contractor has handed over the line to the Inter-Oceanic Railway Company of Mexico. If there were not so many weak holders of the stocks of this undertaking, I should say they ought to improve on this change. But, on the other hand, this Company is not in favour with the speculators, who are ever ready to give Mexican Rails (Vera Cruz line) their attention. At present there is a big "Bear" account in the latter stocks, not only in the Ordinary shares, but also in the Prefs., and I hear that, should the next traffics be sufficiently encouraging, a "Bull" campaign is on the cards, with the object of putting "Mails," considerably above 40. *Qui vivra verra!*

Foreigners.

My readers will thank me for having warned them of the collapse in Portuguese and Uruguay bonds. The former are down to 37⅞, the latter to 37 for the Fives, and there is little prospect of a recovery. The financial straits in which Portugal is placed are illustrated by a rising gold premium and a great scarcity of metallic currency. The next coupon will hardly be paid unless the Minister of Finance again succeeds in raising the wind, which is not likely. Hence large sales by some of the big French operators, who are heavily committed. Spanish are also weak, but Spain has the countenance of our premier financial house, and, although in sympathy with the Portuguese collapse, a further fall of Spanish bonds is probable, it is always on the cards that at a given moment the "Bears" will be caught. About a million sterling of silver has lately been purchased by Messrs. Rothschild in New York and London, and is in course of shipment to Spain for currency purposes. Affairs in Uruguay are in a deplorable condition. The public holiday has been extended from three to seven days, and the Banks are closed by official decree, a measure against which the English Bank of the River Plate has protested. The collapse of that Bank appears to have upset the Uruguayan equilibrium altogether, and is also likely to upset the mission of Dr. Ellauri. He

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certainly will obtain no more money here, although the bondholders will probably agree to the reduction of the interest on the public debt also proposed by him, it being "Hobson's choice." The suspension of the English Bank has wrought less havoc in the Argentine Republic, where matters were already at a low ebb. The moratorium is, of course, proving an iniquitous measure, and alienates the sympathies of the friends of the Republic. The gold premium has again advanced, and there seems little hope of its declining to any marked extent until the crop movement begins. That is, however, about to commence. The wool clip is now proceeding; it is expected to prove most favourable, and exports of wool to the tune of six millions sterling are looked for in August. As bills on London are all but unsaleable in Buenos Ayres, it is probable that the return remittances will be made partly in gold, and thus it is possible that a change for the better will take place, which would be accentuated by the grain crops in September and October, for which the prospects are also very promising.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

The Mining Market has not yet contrived to rouse itself from the aggravated slump from which it has been suffering, and in some cases a further decline has to be recorded, the Witwatersrand Mines leading the way. Advices from Johannesburg, however, report a good deal of quiet picking up of cheap shares by the knowing ones, and when the weak holders are all frozen out, the market will no doubt be put up hand over fist. The question, of course, is, when exactly that time will come. A determined "Bear" drive has been made at Oceana shares, but holders should remember that Messrs. Conybeare and Henderson are now in the Transvaal, and that important cable advices may at any time be received from them. Mashonaland continues to be discussed, and the promoter is on the war-path. An ingenious member of the fraternity is sending out circulars of the Mashonaland Exploration and Trading Company, Limited, which is apparently to be worked off upon the public privately, under the stimulating influence of the extensive advertisements devoted to the New Mashonaland Exploration Company, which was commented upon at length in last week's issue of Truth. The capital of this Mashonaland Exploration and Trading Company is only £12,000, and it is formed "for the purpose of organising and equipping an expedition to North-West Mashonaland, under licence of the British South Africa Company, to prospect for minerals, precious stones, obtain concessions or sub-concessions of land, if possible, &c." The novel arrangement is proposed that ten Englishmen, who shall with ten experienced hunters and prospecters in South Africa form an expedition, are to provide £600 each, in return for which they each will be entitled to an allotment of 120 shares of £5 of the capital of the Company. This disposes of £6,000, the remainder to be allotted in fully paid-up shares to the local contingent, in remuneration of their services, and to the promoters who will act as directors. The Company will provide outfit, waggons, tents, guns, &c., and passage out and home, first-class to Vryburg. It does not, therefore, seem quite clear what money there will be left out of the ten Englishmen's £6,000 to pay for concessions. But would-be investors of an adventurous turn of mind will, no doubt, gather comfort from the assurance that "all profits will be contingent upon the result of the expedition." It may be useful to publish for the benefit of those who have Mashonaland on the brain, the following extract from the *Zoutspansberg Review* of June 17 last:—

> Letters lately received from Fort Salisbury by one of our townsmen give anything but an encouraging account of the value of Mashonaland as a payable gold-field. The writer says that he is continually reading in some of the papers reports of rich finds—both reef and alluvial—in Mashonaland, and continues:—"It seems rather strange that, although I am on the spot, I have neither heard nor seen any of these rich strikes. The whole country, from a mining point of view, is a fiasco. I have been up here for the last eighteen months and have been prospecting what Bain calls the Gold Fields to the North, and I have not as yet seen anything in the shape of payable gold. The formation is chiefly composed of primary rock, with here and there an outcrop of a much-broken gash vein, mostly cutting out at from 10 ft. to 30 ft in depth. There is evidently a rush on now, but I wonder what for. What is going to be done with all these people, I should like to know. I can only see one course open for them, and that is to join the Company's police, and fight the trekkers. I can see a most disastrous summer up here. Last year we were only a few hundred, and many died of absolute starvation and fever. Next summer there will be thousands—and the death-rate will increase accordingly. Several of us intend trekking back to the Lataba Gold Fields and the Murchison Range, and if only Oom Paul will give us decent terms we shall be glad to belong to the Transvaal again. Please tell my chums not to think of coming to this bogus piece of humbug up here.

Indian Mines are also affected by the general dulness, and even Mysore Gold have dropped to 5⅜. But when the recovery sets in, as it is certain to do some day or other, all the different departments of the Mining Market will be affected. By the way, Mr. Robert Grant Webster, member for East St. Pancras, wishes it to be understood that he is not connected with any Company in Colombia (South America), except as a shareholder, other than the Magdalena Estates Company, and that he is not the Mr. Webster to whom I referred some time ago in connection with Colombian mines, to which statement I have much pleasure in giving publicity.

Australian Broken Hill Consols.

The market for Australian Broken Hill shares has materially recovered upon advices by cable that 2 tons of ore, containing 6,366 oz. of silver, had been raised during the fortnight ended July 24, that the fault was cutting out from the rich vein, and that there was a great improvement in prospects. This evidently means that good returns from the rich vein may henceforth again be looked for. A very satisfactory meeting was held last week of the East Broken Hill shareholders, the statements made pointing to early advices of an important output. Those who are inclined to throw these shares away should not forget that only £60,000 are held by the public, while the balance of the capital is in the hands of the parent Company, and that, therefore, at a given moment a combination will probably be formed, which may put the shares up to a much higher price. I have to thank the *Silver Age*, an Australian paper published at Broken Hill, for some polite attentions. In its eagerness to defend the British Broken Hill Company, my contemporary questioned the correctness of the views of experts stated by me, that the main lode, now being worked by the Broken Hill Proprietary Company, might be expected to be found in all the blocks of the Australian Broken Hill Consols. After having characterised these statements as absurd on June 8, the *Silver Age* on June 13, "can hardly believe its eyes," at finding this view strongly expressed by the manager of the prosperous Block 14 Broken Hill Company, who, being on the spot and admittedly working the Proprietary lode, ought certainly to know what he is writing about. But my contemporary which so strenuously defends the interests of the British Broken Hill Company, may take comfort from my statement of July 9, which was also made on the authority of local experts, that the Proprietary vein at Block 13 bifurcates, part running through Block 14 and the British Broken Hill Blocks, while the other, and apparently far richer part, the Eastern vein, runs through all the Five Consols Blocks. The *Silver Age* is, however, good enough to add that "it does not matter to the Consols mine whether it is connected with the Proprietary lode or not, for it is rich enough to be entirely independent of criticism, and one does not want to look beyond the ore." My contemporary caps its change of front with an enthusiastic reference to the "Turtle Lump," a large block of silver ore recently obtained from the mine, weighing 16 cwt., and containing 80 per cent. of silver of a value of £3,900, its name being derived from its

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, E.C.—165, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—8, Haymarket, S.W.—18, Westbourne-grove, W.—Nos. 19 and 20, Railway-approach, London-bridge, S.E.—Manchester address, Bridgewater-chambers, 6, Brown-street.—Brighton address, Central-chambers, The Quadrant. No commission on speculative accounts. He buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired. Telephone No. 1,578.

resemblance to the back of a turtle. I am sure that even the stoutest supporter of the mine, will be satisfied with the following remarks of the *Silver Age*:—

A change of name is desirable in the case of the Australian Broken Hill Consols Mine, and, without doubt, the "Silver Wonder" of the World would meet the case. It is an astonishing mine. It has been a surprise from the first and promises to continue so till the end of the chapter. This valuable property was scornfully rejected by Australian speculators who now bite their fingers in vexation every time the returns are published . . . . The mine is a veritable treasure trove.

A Visit to the Elmore Copper Works.

Having paid a visit to the works of the Elmore Copper Depositing Company at Haigh Park, near Leeds, one day last week, I am able to fully confirm the statements respecting the position and prospects of that Company which I made a week ago. There is no doubt that the Elmore process has now attained that stage at which it may be considered commercially successful, all the initial difficulties having been overcome. One of the chief of these was connected with the mandrels on which the process of depositing is carried out, and which could not at first be obtained of sufficiently perfect and non-porous a quality. Copper mandrels have, however, now been perfected which answer the purpose remarkably well, and some of the manufacturers, who had been endeavouring to overcome the difficulty, have now also succeeded in turning out perfect iron mandrels. The Elmore process has the great advantage that it is almost automatic, and does not, therefore, require much labour. After the copper is melted in a furnace and granulated, it is run into tanks, and then undergoes the process of electro depositing upon revolving mandrels, an agate burnisher traversing it from end to end, thus welding every particle deposited into a smooth and compact whole of great tensile strength. The tubes, in fact, have a bursting strain of 26 tons to the square inch, as compared with 12 tons to 14 tons in the case of ordinary solid-drawn tubes, while the conductivity of the wire manufactured under the process is stated to be 4·40 per cent. above Dr. Matthiesen's standard for pure copper. It is not, however, with technical details of this kind that I have to deal at present. I have convinced myself that, at present, from 3 tons to 4 tons per week of tubes, cylinders, printing rollers, hydraulic-ram coverings, &c., are being turned out in a perfect condition. I have ascertained from the Company's books that numerous repeat orders for some of the largest firms in this country are being received, and there can be no doubt that the product of the works is giving general satisfaction. The preparations for the increase of the output are in a forward condition. A large shed has been added in which eighty-eight new tanks for the depositing process are laid down, the generating plant is ready, and with August 10 an output of 20 tons per week is assured. I have it on Mr. W. Elmore's assurance that orders for that quantity—and, in fact, for five times the quantity—can be procured with the greatest ease. In fact, I have ascertained that a contract for 150 tons of tubes per annum of a special kind has been entered into by the Company with one firm on which a large profit will be realised. The process is undoubtedly cheaper than its older rival processes, and yet the Company obtains a much higher price for their articles. The cost of working it does not, on Mr. Elmore's positive statement, exceed 1d. per lb., which, reckoning the price of copper at 6d. per lb., brings the cost up to 7d. per lb. Yet no article leaves the works at a less price than 8¾d. per lb., while many realise 2s. 6d. to 3s. per lb., the average being 1s. 10d. to 2s. per lb., or, say, a net profit of 1s. 3d. per lb., which works out to £140 per ton—considerably higher than my previous estimate of £50 per ton gross. The process is, of course, applicable to a great many other articles, such as brewers' pans, distillers' plant, vacuum pans, sugar pans, &c., which are most expensive to produce by the old process, and experiments for the manufacture of cartridges for large guns have just been successfully completed. It is the intention, as soon as the 20-ton plant is in full working order, to add every three months further plant for an output of twenty-five tons, there being ample room on the freehold property owned by the Company, which consists of 120 acres. Close to the works of the Parent Company a large building covering several acres under one roof is almost completed for the Elmore Wire Company's works. This building and plant are planned on a most extensive scale, an output of 150 tons per week being contemplated. Work will be commenced in September. It will be remembered that the Elmore Company holds the founders' shares in this Company, which take half the profits after 20 per cent. has been paid on the Ordinary shares. Looking at the position of the Company as it is to-day, with work on a large scale about to commence, with excellent profits assured, and a gigantic extension of work in the near future, I consider that the present price of the shares of 3½-3¾ per £2 share is far below the real value, and I shall not be surprised to see the shares approximate again to the price of September last year of 8. A similar advance may be looked for in the case of French Elmore shares. I learn that the works at Dives, near Havre, are in a forward condition, that they will shortly begin work with an output of 300 to 400 tons per month, and that profits even larger than those of the English Elmore Company are anticipated. M. Secrétan is sanguine of the most complete success. In the case of the French Company the experience gained by the English Company has been invaluable, and M. Secrétan has for some time been turning out copper tubes of exceptional quality at temporary workshops, where he has been training a number of engineers in the management of the Elmore process. The £2 shares of the French Elmore Company, now quoted about 2½, should, therefore, soon attain a much higher level, and I know of no speculative industrial investment of greater promise. One word more as to the way in which the Elmore shares are held. The great feature is the unbounded belief of those closely connected with the Companies in their success. An examination of the share registers will show that ten gentlemen who are directors of the Elmore Companies hold between them 26,000 shares in the English Company, Mr. William Elmore and his family 7,000 shares, the Secretary 1,000 shares, and twenty of the personal friends and relations of the Board 14,000 shares, or 48,000 shares in all—nearly two-thirds of the Company's entire stock—firmly held by about thirty-six persons. In the French Elmore Company eleven Elmore directors and the secretary hold just upon 11,000 shares, and the holdings of thirty-seven friends of the board amount to over 28,000 shares, or about three-fifths of the Company's entire issue. Both in the English and in the French Companies there are, in addition to the above shareholders, a large number holding one or two hundred shares apiece, who are in one way or another well acquainted with the process, and were firm holders of their shares, even when they were as high as £8, so that the margin of shares likely to be on the market is not more than 10,000. I leave you to consider what the effect of this position will be when this useful work of development, which has been going on for some time, bears fruit, and I think I am right in advising would-be investors to take time by the forelock, and buy while they can do so at the present moderate price.

More About Bell's Asbestos.

Bell's Asbestos shares have had a firmer market of late, the quotation having recovered to 8½, and it is shrewdly suspected that the "Bears," whether connected with the Company or not, are beginning to cover, having, apparently, been foiled in their endeavour to depress quotations further. I have received the following official communication from the Managing Director of Bell's Asbestos Company, Mr. H. A. Bell:—

July 20, 1891.

I am directed by the chairman of this Company to state in reply to the remarks contained in your latest issue of TRUTH—

1. That our diligent enquiries have failed to find that it is openly asserted in the market that the Company is in a bad position, but if assertions are made, the reply is that nothing has

occurred to alter the solvency demonstrated in the last balance-sheet issued by the directors.

2. That the chairman's statement at the meeting was in every detail true, and nothing has since occurred to diminish its exactness.

To which I reply that I am glad to find that the directors are at last rousing themselves from the somnolent state during which they have allowed all kinds of "Bear" rumours to depreciate the property of their shareholders. The Managing Director might at the same time have stated that he maintains the statements made to me during my interview with him on his return from Canada, but my readers can at least note that he does not contradict or withdraw them. I have also been favoured with several letters received by shareholders from the Managing Director in reply to inquiries as to the position of the Company, which run as follows:—

In reply to your letter . . . . the fall in the shares is no doubt due to the interim dividend being of less amount than on former occasions. The diminution of the dividend is caused by the delay in delivering large quantities of produce, which have been sold at considerable profit, but this profit cannot be divided among shareholders until it is received. The directors have no reason to doubt that these contracts will be completed in the second half-year, and make the dividend at the end of the year satisfactory. I beg to inform you that the recent disquieting reports alluded to by you have, up to the present, not reached us; but, in any case, I am in a position to give such reports a most emphatic denial.

So far so good, but I maintain my view that the announcement of the interim dividend ought, under these circumstances, to have been accompanied by a statement of the position of the Company as indicated by the above letters, and by the particulars furnished to me by the Managing Director in the course of our interview. It is, however, not yet too late, and if the Directors wish to retain the confidence of the shareholders they ought to address them by circular without delay.

MY LETTER-BOX.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Jersey.—You ought clearly to have given instructions to your stock-broker to close your account, as it would be by no means certain at what price he could have sold, and could not sell at a loss without your authority. If he is a respectable broker he would not take any advantage of you, but there are a great many shady mining brokers. *E. M.*—Trust stocks have suffered in consequence of the suspension of the English Bank of the River Plate, many Trust Companies being holders of the shares. The two Trusts named belong to the better class of these Companies, but I have never recommended the shares. It seems advisable to await a recovery before selling out. *Shaftesbury.*—I do not like the way in which the New Oriental Bank is conducted, and should advise you to sell at once. Persian Bank shares had better be held at present, as those interested in it are likely to support the market again when an auspicious opportunity offers. Peruvian debentures should be held. *A. J. W.*—The latest advices from the other side respecting the Norfolk and Western are to the effect that the dividend on the Prefs. which is due in October will be paid at the same rate as before—3 per cent. per annum. The paper in question is misinformed. *F. B.*—1. A fair investment, but subject to the risks of labour questions. 2. A fair industrial investment. 3. A good industrial investment. 4. I must refer you to last week's issue respecting my views of the Chartered South African Company. *M. M. W.*—1. I am sorry that you did not follow my advice respecting the Egyptian Mineral Corporation. Do not subscribe to the new issue, it would be throwing good money after bad, but sell out. 2. Doubtful. *Poltroon.*—1. It is difficult to say if Chilian bonds will go much lower, but they will recover very sharply as soon as the civil war shows signs of coming to an end. 2. Both Norfolk Prefs. and Atchison Incomes are a good purchase, why not divide your investment between them. 3. No; Norfolk Prefs. are pretty sure of their previous dividends. *Mac.*—1. Peruvian Corporation Debentures are somewhat speculative, but to any one who will be content to lock them up for a while they will prove a good investment. 2. Trustees and Securities Corporation shares are a good purchase at the present moderate price. 3. A fair investment. 4. A well-established Australian Bank. 5. A good investment. Australian Broken Hill Consols are a good investment. *Sussex.*—There is not the slightest analogy between Denver Prefs. and Norfolk and Western Prefs. The latter are, I hear, pretty sure of their dividend in October at the same rate as before. *Zebra.*—1. I must refer you to the remarks in last week's issue upon the British Chartered Company of South Africa. 2. There is every prospect of the Norfolk Prefs. dividend being paid at the previous rate. *E. C., Cardiff.*—Thanks. The letter will be returned. See remarks under "Bell's Asbestos Again." *Ubique.*—The New Mashonaland Exploration Company ought to be shunned, altogether apart from the personality of the directors. See remarks in last week's issue. *M. M.*—I do not approve of deposits in foreign banks, while the two last-named of the establishments are more than doubtful. You should be satisfied with four per cent., say, in Home Railway stocks, if you want a home investment; but if you do not object to foreign stocks, Mexican Central Four Per Cent. Gold bonds, at 71½, will give you over five per cent, and you can get a similar return in gilt-edged United States Railroad bonds. *Lex.*—It is a falsehood to say that all the original allottees of the St. Louis Brewery shares had sold out, many of them holding more than they did originally. The story about a new competing brewery in San Francisco has been fully contradicted in letters to the financial paper in which the original statement—also in a letter—appeared. All these are unfounded "Bear" rumours. *Poltroon II.*—1. Impossible to tell, but improbable. 2. Too hypothetical a question. 3. No, the country is sure to come right in the end. 4. Mexican Internal are a promising speculative investment. *Scotia.*—1. If you want a perfectly safe Home investment under the conditions mentioned by you, you cannot get more than 4 per cent. Midland Railway stock would be suitable. 2. Utterly untrustworthy. 3. An advertising outside broker. You should deal with a member of the house. 4. Oceana. 5. You had better hold all the Mining shares named, in the hope of an improvement, with the exception of Lomas and Otto's Kopje, which are worthless. *J. F. W. H.*—1. You must tell me the conditions of the Trust, and under which Trust Act you have to invest. 2. Safety is a relative expression. Absolutely safe are Consols, Corporation stocks, &c. Even with a yield of 4-5 per cent., you must run some risk. 3. Yes, these Brewery stocks are good investments, but necessarily somewhat speculative. A yield of 12 to 15 per cent. per annum cannot be coupled with the same degree of safety as Consols. 4. Have nothing to do with this concern. *J. A. C.*—1. Hold these shares; they will eventually recover. 2. St. Louis Brewery shares are a good investment. 3. I should not buy Great Eastern, as the yield is too low, but South Eastern "A" are cheap. I do not care much for the industrial concerns you mention. *Alric.*—I do not wish to depart from my rule, but I adhere to my opinion. The Brewery shares in question are good investments, and yield a high return. Yours is a sensible view to take as an investor. *H. I. S., Yeovil.*—I am afraid your best plan is to sell out of the Sicilian Railway. *J. W. W.*—No; I consider the Railway Debentures named preferable to those of the Trading Company. The Egyptian Prefs. are superior to Turkish stock. I know too little of the Brewery in question to express any opinion, and I do not see why you should go so far afield, as you can get similar stocks nearer home. *Marzelus.*—I am sorry that you should have the misfortune to be a shareholder in the English Bank of the River Plate. I should not sell the Brewery shares, and fancy you had best realise the Brazilian Bank shares. *Rustic.*—Erie Second Mortgage bonds are a fair investment. There is nothing suspicious in the non-appearance of a St. Louis Brewery report, as none is due yet. *Imogene.*—I should leave Paraguay Central bonds alone, as financial affairs in Paraguay are in a most critical state, and there is grave doubt if the Company will get its guarantee. *Marmion.*—1. I should not be afraid of the action of the L.C.C. in the matter of the North Metropolitan Trams, but the labour question is serious, and the shares are quite high enough. 2. Yes; this Gas stock seems likely to maintain its price. You might put half into South Metropolitan. *Duke.*—I think nothing of this system; the last operation conducted on it was a failure. *A. E.*—Mexican stocks of all kinds are being assailed by "Bear" rumours for which there is no foundation. The bonds in question are a good investment. *Enquirer.*—I do not think that there is anything in this point, and at the present low prices the shares should be held. 2. You might now await further developments of No. 3. *H. J. H.*—Yes, your investments No. 1-5 are sound, and you should hold 6 and 7 as they will recover. *Oseron.*—You should hold the American Railroad shares in question, they will recover again; some scheme is afoot about No. 2. *F. D.*—The journal in question is quite misinformed concerning Norfolk and Western Prefs. There is no fear of the dividends being passed or reduced. *W. B.*—In reply to yours and several other inquiries, you will find full particulars *re* the Electric Construction Corporation in to-day's letter. Yes, buy more to averages. *Norton.*—You should hold all your shares. When the present slump ends, they will recover again. The Brewery shares are certain to improve. You will find particulars *re* Electric Construction Corporation in to-day's letter. Yuruaris should be sold. *H. A., Glasgow.*—You will see that I have published the letter you received. *C. I. B.*—You will find the matter noticed in to-day's issue. Thanks. *Louise, Cork.*—You will find the particulars respecting Denver United Breweries, which you require, in Mr. W. W. Duncan's circular. *A. P. T.*—You must give me some idea of the kind of stocks in which your friend wishes to invest. Must they be Home investments, such as Home Rails, or may they be first-class American Railway bonds, Foreign Railway Debentures, &c.? *Transvaal.*—There is no inducement to buy No 1, and it may be well to sell and rid yourself of the liability. I do not care for No. 2, a stock which is rigged by a speculative clique. Nor have I a good opinion of No. 3. *J. I., Poole.*—Yes, if you have sold Atchison bonds you will lose the dividend. I cannot tell you anything about the share dealers in question. *Emerald.*—I view the Pacific Mining Company with great suspicion. There are no general dealings in the shares, and what transactions take place are somewhat of a hole and corner order. *G. B.*—I do not care for Buenos Ayres Harbour Works certificates, neither should I advise purchase of the mining shares in question. *X. Y. Z.*—Hold San Francisco Brewery Prefs. As regards the Mining Company, I cannot reply to your question without seeing the articles of association. Doubtless notices were posted to the shareholders, and the Company is not responsible for non-delivery. If you are the registered holder you will have to pay the call. *P. N.*

—I think you should not dispose of No. 6; as regards Nos. 1-4 and 7, I see no inducement to hold on to them, although these are bad times for sellers of shares. Sell No. 5 on an improvement. *Lex.*—The fall in the shares of Trustees, Executors, &c., Corporation was due to unfounded rumours, which have since been contradicted. Hold. *T. B.*—It is a bad time to sell South or Central American bonds, and, although I do not care for Honduras bonds (1) I should say that you had better await a recovery. Peruvian Corporation stocks (2) are also weak, in sympathy with South American stocks. Whenever the civil war in Chili comes to an end they will recover. I fancy you may hold No 3. But in all these cases things may be worse before they will get better.

The White Lead Muddle.

It is not often the case, that the vendors of a Company which has reached the stage of the appointment of a committee of investigation are found to occupy the position of Messrs. Hanney & Pape, the vendors of the process to acquire and develop which the White Lead Company, Limited, was formed. The directors of the Company, after having done their best to mismanage it, commenced an action against the vendors and promoters, not, however, before the shareholders had moved in the matter. A committee of investigation was duly started, which made some very noisy demonstrations, and promised great things to the discontented shareholders. It was, however, a case of "*Parturiunt montes.*" The report of the Shareholders' Committee, kept back with much mystery, has at last seen the light of day in the *Financial News* of July 25, and is without doubt a *ridiculus mus!* After explaining the reasons which led up to their action, the report states that the vendors' reply to the Directors' circular of January 30 contained revelations so surprising, and such categorical denials of the statements made by the Directors, that they considered it desirable to make an investigation. In fact, they made the astounding statement that it was only after the issue of the Directors' circular and the vendors' reply that the Directors adequately tested the process, with the result of their not proceeding further in their action against the vendors. Then the committee tried their hands at an examination of the process and works, and, lo and behold, "the inspecting members of the committee were much impressed with the extent and completeness of the works," and they noticed that the cost of the product, including the prime cost of the ore, was £10. 10s. a ton, as against £11 mentioned in the prospectus. They also were confronted with the fact that "the average price of the orders in hand would, on Dr. Tatlock's estimate, after allowing £3 a ton for administration and other expenses, give to the Company a net profit of about £5 per ton." The committee, therefore, came to the conclusion that "the process was a valuable one," and that if the board consisted of practical men of business, the shareholders would now be receiving a handsome dividend. The upshot of all the bother was that £15,000 of additional working capital would be needed to achieve, with careful management, "a brilliant future" for the Company. This amount was to be contributed equally by the promoters and the directors. Both were willing. Sir Henry Tyler was prepared to find half the amount as soon as Mr. Pape had signed the agreement providing for a similar amount to be contributed by him. But Mr. Pape very naturally required that the charges made against the promoters should be withdrawn in an unqualified manner, and that the directors should admit, in a fresh circular to the shareholders, that the grounds for issuing their previous circular, in which the value of the process was altogether challenged, were inadequate. It was this first mistaken circular which caused the committee of shareholders to take action. There can be no doubt that the directors of the White Lead Company showed the most monstrous incapacity, just as the committee of shareholders have been fools for their pains, and stand revealed as well-meaning but mistaken busybodies. Between them they have all but wrecked a company which appears to have had the promise of success in it. Under the circumstances I can well understand Mr. Pape's feelings, considering that legal proceedings were taken against him and his co-vendors before even the grounds of complaint had been superficially examined. The circular of the committee of shareholders completely exonorates the promoters, and in my view Mr. Pape is fully justified in insisting upon a withdrawal by the directors of all the injurious allegations so lightly made, which withdrawal has also been made by the committee, in the course of what one cannot help calling an undignified retreat. It is to be hoped, however, that incapable boards, such as that of the White Lead Company, and busybodies such as those who acted on the committee of investigation, and signed the whitewashing report above referred to, are few and far between, or else I should not give much for the prospects of any industrial company formed to work new patents! Since writing the above the adjourned meeting of shareholders, which was held on Monday, has put an end to the dispute. The publication of the Committee's report settled the matter. Sir Henry Tyler, who presided, stated that the directors would withdraw all the charges against the vendors, and himself agreed to provide the capital now required, whether Mr. Pape was ready with his share or not. I trust that the Company will now get into smooth water, and that the £15,000 of new capital will not go the way of the original capital, which seems to have evaporated, thanks to the mistakes committed by the Board.

Various Investments.

There has been a better demand for Brewery stocks during the past week, Manchester and Threlfalls Ordinary and Northampton Preference having improved amongst English Companies, while Bartholomay recovered to 10¼, and other American Brewery shares generally hardened. The various "Bear" stories are being contradicted. A cablegram has been received from St. Louis, according to which the sales of beer have been increasing, and the barrelage on July 22 was again equal to that of last year. The Peter-Schoenhofen Brewery Company shows, according to an official statement of the Secretary, an increase of 1,784 barrels sold during June, and prospects for the coming season are very good, "everything pointing to good dividends on October 1." There seems, on the whole, a reasonable prospect that the selling of Brewery shares by nervous or necessitous holders will cease, and that prices will improve again, when the very considerable "Bear" account may be relied upon to support prices. I have had several inquiries from holders as to the cause of the fall in prices of the Electrical Construction Corporation's shares. There have, of course been sales by weak holders of this as of almost every other stock in the industrial department, but the fall in price can only be accounted for by a complete misunderstanding of the arrangements made by the corporation. The impression that the secondary battery business has been sacrificed is wholly groundless. In practice it was found to be very difficult for the same canvassers to represent the "self-contained," and the "direct" systems of electricity, so that arrangements were made for a division of the business, and in the form of a lease to the Electric Power Storage Company, which secures to the Electrical Construction Corporation a net minimum income from that source alone of £9,000 per annum. The large Wolverhampton works are engaged upon several important contracts, including the electrical equipment of the Liverpool Overhead Railway. Very considerable economies have been effected in administration and the experiments in the electro-dissociation of phosphates under Mr. Parker's patents have resulted in a most satisfactory manner. Altogether the Corporation has less than the average difficulties of an electric manufactory Company, while it has the exceptional advantage of the services of a works director (Mr. Thomas Parker) whose successful grasp of electrical problems is bringing him to the first line of electrical engineers. I am told that a fair dividend is in sight, and if I were a holder I should not part with a single share. Nitrate shares continue in a depressed condition. It has been announced for the dozenth time that the arrangement for the restriction of the output has been signed, but as long as the civil war lasts little improvement can be expected. I hear very glowing accounts of the United Dutch Oyster Company, which is about to see the light of day. The share capital is £510,000, and a

profit of considerably over 10 per cent. will be shown on the ordinary shares. It will be the largest combination of its kind in Europe, the beds acquired being estimated to contain 100,000,000 oysters, with a present annual sale at the rate of 20,000,000. Investors in the Salt Union will look forward with much interest to the meeting to be held on August 6, when interim dividends are to be declared and the policy of the Board is to be explained. That policy has unfortunately until now not been attended with success. The accounts of the Sun Life Assurance Society for the year ending Midsummer last, which have just been published, show that this old-established Office is continuing in the van of progress. The new business during the year amounted to 1,926 policies, which figure up to £1,028,439, being by far the largest reported in any one year since the establishment of the Society in 1810. The annual income from premiums amounted to £339,599, against £222,841 in the previous year, while the claims paid had risen from £142,139 in the previous year to £182,790, and the funds to £2,575,548, an increase of £188,397 for the year. The transfer of the Sovereign Life Assurance Company to the Sun Office, of course, accounts to some extent for the marked advance in the figures, but the progress made independent of that transaction is such as to call for special notice.—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

QUEER STORY.

DR. HENDON'S TEMPTATION.

HERBERT HENDON, M.D., was fond of his profession, but he was a good deal fonder of horseflesh. The tenth year of his London practice found him making a very considerable income; but, grievous to relate, by far the largest proportion of that income found its way, year by year, into the coffers of the book-making fraternity.

Never yet had he been a defaulter on settling-day, but this had only been rendered possible by ignoring his tradespeople's demands. There was no blinking the fact that he was considerably involved, and did not see any way of escaping the Bankruptcy Court, save by some great and successful coup.

It was in 1887, just a week before Watts steered Merry Hampton to his Derby victory, that Herbert Hendon entered his consulting-room, and rang his bell for the first patient to be shown in. He felt terribly down on his luck, for he had got what he believed to be a splendid tip for the great race, but knew not where to turn for money. He was in anything but a proper frame of mind to do justice to his patients on this particular morning.

However, as the door opened, he pulled himself together, rose, and stepped forward with his usual bland welcome.

A young man entered, and, proffering his hand, sank with an air of much lassitude into the chair to which the doctor motioned him. He was tall and very spare, with hollow chest, and his face an unwholesome pasty colour. His breathing came short and sharp, and Dr. Hendon saw at a glance that this was anything but one of his "bread-pill" cases.

He listened attentively as his patient described his symptoms, and then proceeded to subject him to a rigorous examination. To make a long story short, he discovered that Gordon Paston was suffering from a practically incurable disease, and that the only thing to do was to prolong the few short years that were left to him to their utmost limit. He did not, of course, tell his patient this. He merely hinted that the disorder might grow into something serious unless great care were taken with it, and that he hoped, after the course of treatment to which he proposed to subject him, that he would be able to set him on his legs again. He then wrote out a prescription, gave him a list of foods to be avoided, and expressed a wish to see him again in a week's time, after which he rose from his seat as a hint to his patient to be going, but Gordon Paston still sat on in his chair.

"Doctor Hendon," he said, after a moment's pause, "I hope you will excuse me when I tell you that I know very well what is the matter with me. I know, too, that you, with very proper kindness, have made light of the fatal disease from which I am suffering. I know, from more than one doctor, that it is only a question of keeping me alive for a few years. No, please, do not protest, but kindly hear me out in what I have to say. I do not want to pretend to you that I look with unconcern upon approaching death. Far from it. I am immensely enamoured of life, and my capacity for enjoying it is as strong as ever. Now, I hope you will forgive me for the proposal I am about to make. I am a poor man—that is to say, my income is about £300 a year. My tastes are somewhat extravagant, and that is far from sufficient to satisfy them. My little income is derived from an invested £8,000, my absolute property. Now, what I propose to do is to apportion that capital sum to the remaining years of my life, of course with a sufficient margin to allow of my disappointing the undertakers for a bit, and to pay my just debts and funeral expenses. My only sister is married and very well off, so that I feel perfectly justified in leaving as few assets as I like. So you see, doctor, what I want you to do is to give me the very latest date up to which it is possible for me, under the most favourable circumstances, to live. Please do not be afraid of telling me the shortness of my tether, for you see the shorter time I have, the more merrily I shall be at liberty to squander my £8,000."

To say that Dr. Hendon was amazed at the calm calculation with which this man contemplated the near approach of death, would be overstating the case. It takes a good deal to astonish a doctor who has been in continuous practice for ten years. But it was the first time in his life that a patient had begged him not to hesitate to fix an absolute period beyond which it was impossible for him to live, and he felt somewhat embarrassed at the request.

His patient noticed his hesitation, and said that perhaps he would like to give some further consideration to his case, as the issues were somewhat momentous. He would, if he wished, call again for the verdict the following morning.

This was finally agreed upon, and Dr. Hendon felt relieved at the postponement of what was to him a very unpleasant responsibility. The next day Gordon Paston was again his first visitor, and the doctor subjected him to a further careful examination.

He then sat down and faced his patient.

"Your case, Mr. Paston," he said, speaking with deliberation, "is a peculiarly easy one for prognosis. The disease from which you are suffering invariably terminates fatally, as you are aware, and its duration can be predicted with the greatest confidence. Of course, in every disease, all modifying influences must be taken into consideration. Your age, your calm, philosophical state of mind, are all in your favour. An hysterical woman would probably be dead in twelve months. I think it is possible that you may live for three years, but extremely improbable that you can last for four. Indeed, I am convinced that four years is a very wide margin to give you. I have spoken plainly, believing that your desire was for strict candour."

Gordon Paston listened attentively to every word, and Dr. Hendon could not but admire the unmoved countenance with which he received his death sentence.

There was a short pause, and then the victim spoke.

"Your verdict, doctor, is much what I expected, and I hope you will forgive me when I tell you that I think you are mistaken in your estimate. Whether it is that I have a peculiarly sanguine temperament, I know not, but, although five doctors at least have told me the same, most, indeed, giving me even a shorter tether, I feel it impossible to believe in so speedy a termination to my life. Were it not so, my course would be clear. I should year by year sell out a thousand pounds worth of my investments, and spend that sum in addition to the income accruing from the remainder, but, incredulous as I am, I feel that I dare not run the risk of finding myself penniless if I should survive my appointed time. Now, I have a proposal to make to you, doctor, somewhat of a sporting nature. I want to ask you to back your opinion against mine. I hope you will not think me impertinent,

but it would ease my mind greatly if you would fall in with my suggestion."

He paused a moment, but Dr. Hendon motioned him to proceed, half guessing in his mind what the proposal was to be.

"Now, you say, doctor, that I cannot by any possibility live more than four years, and consequently that, spending £1,500 a year, I shall not at most run through more than three-fourths of my capital. Are you then prepared, for the sum of £8,000 down, to guarantee to pay me £1,500 a year for the rest of my natural life? According to your estimate, you are sure of clearing at least £2,000, and very possibly a good deal more; and, further, you will relieve me of a very great anxiety. £1,500 a year is ample for my wants. What do you say, doctor; is it a bargain?"

Gordon Paston little guessed as he spoke what a godsend this seemed to the doctor. With £8,000 down, not only could he satisfy all his creditors, but, what was more tempting, he would have available money in plenty to back his fancy for the Derby.

The long and short of it was that, after some discussion, a formal document was drawn up and signed, and £8,000 was handed over by Mr. Gordon Paston to Dr. Herbert Hendon in consideration of the latter undertaking to pay to the former for the rest of his natural life the sum of £1,500 per annum, to take effect from June 1, 1887.

As a further security, a guarantee was obtained from a complaisant brother of the doctor, who undertook to be answerable for the due performance of this undertaking in case he should fail to carry it out.

Dr. Hendon had proposed that the amount should be paid quarterly, but Gordon Paston had insisted upon the whole £1,500 being paid him down once a year, and that on June 1. So it was that the recurrence of that date came to be of considerable importance to both persons of our drama.

And the Doctor backed his fancy heavily for the 1887 Derby; but, unfortunately for him, his money was not on "Merry Hampton."

* * * * *

Nearly four years had passed, and the £8,000 had long ago found its way, in company with a very large proportion of his professional income, into the pockets of Dr. Hendon's creditors. During that period the passion for gambling that was in his blood had led him to speculate in the City, and, where before he had risked hundreds upon pigmies in pigskins, now he risked thousands in gold mines guiltless of gold, and in the stock of corporations which only had an existence, like the world of the transcendentalist, in the brains of men.

Gordon Paston was now in the last stages of his disease, but there was little doubt that he would live over June 1, when another £1,500 would be due to him.

Between him and Dr. Hendon during these three years there had sprung up a very close and intimate friendship. Indeed, excepting the latter's financial difficulties, they hardly had an interest which they did not communicate. Gordon Paston was a man of exceptional culture, intensely sympathetic, and in touch with the intellectual and artistic movement of the times, though unable, on account of his failing strength, to associate actively, as he would have loved to do, with the men and women who were workers. Dr. Hendon, on the other hand, was essentially the man of action—a platform speaker, a diner-out, a man who made his presence felt on councils and committees. He was the true complement to his friend and patient, and the happiest hours of both were spent in each other's company.

Often and often during the past year, when his strength had been more rapidly failing, had Gordon Paston forced his friend to the discussion of the physical aspect of death, and more than once he had insisted that when the last pangs came on, and all joy of living was inevitably passed, there might be a more unfriendly action than that of a gentle and painless acceleration.

It was in the last weeks of May, 1891, that Dr. Hendon found himself involved in the most hopeless financial difficulty. Tradesmen were growing clamorous. Bankruptcy proceedings were threatening him on all sides, and, to crown all, the £1,500, due on June 1 to his dying friend, had to be found.

More than once, Gordon Paston, all unconscious as he was of Hendon's financial difficulties, had laughingly said to him, that he would do him out of another year's income. Indeed, the last time they had met, he had said:—

"Mind, old fellow, you have your cheque written for the 1st," and Herbert Hendon had sworn that nothing should make him forget it.

And as he had left the house he had said to himself with a groan,

"Would to God I was in that dear man's place; but, thank God, he is not in mine! Hell can, indeed, begin this side the grave."

On the 25th of May, just a week before the fatal day, he was paying his daily visits.

Gordon Paston was now failing rapidly. Indeed, for the last two months it had been evident that the end was approaching. His sister, Mrs. Fairfax, was in constant attendance upon him.

"Hendon," he said, as soon as they were alone that evening, "I have a little matter of business I want to speak about to you. My sister, Mrs. Fairfax, has been most awfully good to me, and I should like much to give her a little pleasant surprise. Now, you know, as I told you four years ago, I felt justified, because of her husband's wealth, in not having any money available at my death for legacies. But, as a matter of fact, one of her boys is a godson of mine, and I think it would gratify her immensely if I presented her with the sum of £1,500, which will be due to me from you on the 1st of June, for the boy. Do you see?"

"I see," said the Doctor, with a chill at his heart.

"And, old fellow," continued Gordon, "I want you to do me the favour of writing me your cheque now, post-dating it, of course for June 1, this day week. I should like to have it by me ready to put into her hand on the morning of that day."

"Oh, certainly," said Hendon, for he felt, in his apprehension, that any hesitancy on his part to comply might divulge his secret, and the last thing he could bear would be the forfeiture of the friendship and respect of Gordon Paston just now, when their parting must be so near.

So down he sat, with as much sangfroid as he could muster, and wrote a draft for fifteen hundred pounds on an account which could not boast one quarter of that amount. How it was to be swelled to that sum within the course of a week he had not the remotest idea.

On May 31 Dr. Hendon received an urgent summons from Mrs. Fairfax.

On his arrival at the house he was informed that his patient had passed a very restless night, and, in the early morning, had fallen into a state of unconsciousness. Dr. Hendon at once knew that the last stage of the disease had arrived, and that the prolongation of life was a mere question of hours. There might be a temporary return of consciousness, he said, but he could do little for him. Yes, if Mrs. Fairfax wished, he would call in again the last thing at night.

All through that day Herbert Hendon was on tenter-hooks. He knew that it was just touch-and-go whether Gordon Paston would live over the night. If he did the draft for fifteen hundred pounds would become due to him, his heirs, executors, or assigns, and he, Herbert Hendon, would be a ruined man. The anxiety was cruel. A few laboured, and probably unconscious, breathings more or less meant to him immediate ruin or temporary salvation.

By the time his eight o'clock dinner was over, after which he had promised to call, Dr. Hendon had worked himself up into a high state of nervousness.

Mrs. Fairfax met him at the door.

"Yes, he is still breathing, poor fellow," she said in answer to the doctor's inquiry, "but that is all one can say. At five o'clock he regained consciousness for about half an hour."

"Did he speak at all?"

Cadbury's Cocoa.—"A light, refreshing, and digestible beverage—absolutely pure Cocoa of the highest quality. The name Cadbury on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity."—*Medical Annual.*

"Yes, he asked me what day of the month it was, and, when I told him May 31, he said, 'Oh, I do hope I shall live till to-morrow. That'll be the 1st of June.' He said little else except that he had made a will which would be found sealed up in his desk. Almost the last words he said were, 'Hendon was right and I was wrong. I should like to thank Hendon for all his kindness to me.' He said nothing else besides giving a few tender and thoughtful messages for my husband and children, whom he feared he would never see again.'"

Whether this meant that mention had been made of the intended gift, Hendon could not tell.

By this time they had reached the sick chamber. The doctor saw at a glance that the end was very near.

At that moment a neighbouring church clock struck the hour of ten.

The sick man stirred uneasily, and threw his arms about. Dr. Hendon took his wrist in his fingers and felt the pulse. It was scarcely perceptible. Yes; a little stimulant might fan the flickering flame into a few hours of life. Yet he hesitated. What were a few hours of unconscious life worth to him?

"I fear we can do nothing," he whispered to Mrs. Fairfax. "The end is close at hand."

"Stay with us till it is over, Doctor."

Dr. Hendon bowed, and sat down by the bedside.

There was a deep silence in the room, only the clock's tick-tack could be heard, and Dr. Hendon yearned towards the sick man who lay there is his helplessness, and whom he had learned to love so well. The devil whispered, "He told you not to keep him alive when it was only pain to breathe." And the doctor settled himself down to wait. But his conscience would not let him rest. The man in him got the better of the devil.

He rose.

"I think," he whispered to Mrs. Fairfax, "we might see what a little stimulant will do for him."

At eight o'clock in the morning of June 1, Dr. Hendon walked home through the deserted streets. But an hour before he had received a last word of thanks, a last pressure of the hand, a last, loving, trustful look from the fast-glazing eyes of his friend—and, as he walked alone, he thanked God that he had deserved that look of trust; that it was with an honest pressure of the hand that he had encouraged his friend across the shadowy valley. Guilty though he had been of almost criminal folly in monetary transactions, led away though he had allowed himself to be by the lust for gambling, liable though he was (as soon as legal formalities could be gone through) for £1,500 to Mrs. Fairfax's boy, he yet trod the pavements with a light-heartedness which he had not felt for many a long day. He had at least proved himself a friend faithful unto death. There was at least a particle of self-respect left to him.

* * * * *

A week later he attended his late patient's funeral, and was invited to be present at the reading of his will. The only part which in any way concerned him was as follows:—

"I give and bequeath to my dear friend and medical adviser, Herbert Hendon, the moiety of the sum of twenty thousand pounds due to me in reversion at the death of my great-aunt, Priscilla Paston, in consideration of his faithful care of me since May, 1887, and the disinterested manner in which he has prolonged a life, in more ways than one a burden and oppression to him. Sanguine, as I am, that my life will by his skill be prolonged considerably over four years from that date, I will that this bequest shall not take effect in case of my death occurring *before the first day of June*, 1891."

"TRUTH" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is, 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the MANAGER, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

MUSIC.

THE opera season ended on Monday with "Lohengrin," played by the usual cast, except that the ever ready M. Dufriche, in the rôle of Telramund, deputised for M. Maurel, who was announced as indisposed. The season has been a long if not a particularly brilliant one. Only twenty operas all told have been represented during the four months, and although M. Massenet's "Manon" and Verdi's "Otello," which had frequently been performed elsewhere, the one at Drury Lane and the other at the Lyceum, have been given for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera, not one of the proposed novelties has been produced. Indeed, it is a curious fact that from no fault of his own, and simply from a combination of accidents, Sir Augustus Harris, during the whole five years of his career as an impresario, has never been able to offer the opera-going public an absolutely new work. Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," Gounod's "Philémon et Baucis," and De Lara's "Light of Asia," together with such revivals as Wagner's "Siegfried" and "Flying Dutchman," and Halévy's "La Juive," are consequently either dropped or have been placed among the remanets for next year. By that time, however, I anticipate that the evils of attempting too much will have been recognised. It has already been decided that next season shall not start before May 16, and that the performances shall be limited to five a week. Nevertheless, it is only just to state that this year amidst many difficulties caused by a dull season and the influenza, illness, and other troubles among the artists, combined with the fact that with so many duties on his hands Sir Augustus could give only a limited time to the details of operatic business, the manager has done remarkably well. He has dressed the operas properly, has placed them upon the stage in a manner worthy of Covent Garden, and has given them very fair, and occasionally very strong, casts. We nowadays expect so much from the director of the opera that, in the haste of latter-day criticism, some of us are apt to forget the defaults of his predecessors. Sir A. Harris, at any rate, has not starved the stage show, nor placed a blind faith in the "star" system, in the manner exemplified by the operatic troupe suggested by Catalani's husband, which was to consist of "*Ma femme et cinq ou six poupés.*" Whatever the impresario has done, he has done well, so far as the mounting was concerned; and, from the artistic point of view, as well as a troupe largely recruited from the French stage and officered by Italian conductors would allow him.

The two great defects of the season have been the lack of adequate rehearsals and the constitution of the troupe. The former will doubtless disappear next year, when the number of performances is reduced one-half. Even still better work could be done if the manager collected his chorus a fortnight before the season opened, and kept them steadily at rehearsal, particularly for the novelties. If this plan had been adopted during the season just past, both "Otello" and the "Flying Dutchman" could easily have been produced early in May, thus bringing gold to the treasury, and obviating the necessity of performing such worn-out works as "Lucia" and "Marta." It is also very desirable that, particularly for Wagner's operas, a German conductor, *en rapport* with the music, should be engaged, thus restoring to the opera house the support of the wealthy Wagnerian party, who are such faithful patrons of the Richter concerts. The engagement of artists is altogether a different question. There are three ways of securing artists for the opera. One is to spend some time in travelling through Europe, picking up real talent from whatever quarter it may come. This is the ideal plan, and if properly carried out, a first-rate troupe could be secured at something like half the £800 a night which it this year cost to raise the curtain. Another plan, rather more costly and less satisfactory, is to employ agents to do the work, taking the artists at first only on approval. This was the course adopted by the late Mr. F. Gye. The third plan is to accept artists on the recommendation of other artists (who it may be taken for granted will not recommend any vocalists superior to themselves), or at the suggestion of individual

subscribers, who are often private friends; or to sign contracts after hearing vocalists once or twice in Paris or Brussels, or to engage them at high prices after they have gained success under other managers. This plan is of course, the most expensive of all. Meanwhile it should be stated that an endeavour has this year been made to break through the practical monopoly which the French stage has hitherto enjoyed at Covent Garden, and that for a first attempt it has proved very successful. M. Van Dyck, who was by far the best débutant of the season, came from Vienna, although, by some unfortunate accident, he was not allowed to sing the Wagnerian parts with which his fame in the Austrian capital and at Bayreuth is chiefly associated. Still, he proved himself a greater artist than any we have taken from French-speaking countries, with the single exception of M. Jean de Reszke. Hitherto the fact has been overlooked that the performances at Berlin, Vienna, Munich, and even in some of the provincial German opera theatres are infinitely superior to those at the Grand Opéra, Paris, or the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels. Frauen Sucher, Meilhac, Malten, and Lilli Lehmann are quite as famous as a good many of the Covent Garden vocalists, and probably would be much cheaper. At any rate, the first trial of the experiment has proved so successful in the case of M. Van Dyck that we may reasonably expect the virtual banishment of leading German artists from the Covent Garden stage will shortly be at an end.

The list of the new Carl Rosa troupe has now been published, and it includes most of the favourites of the past season, with the exception of Madame Fabris and Mr. McGuckin. No mention is yet made of revivals nor of novelties, which Carl Rosa himself rightly deemed to be of the first importance. These, it is supposed, will come later on.

The report that Madame Patti has been engaged for Mr. Abbey's opera troupe in New York is incorrect. If Madame Patti goes to America at all next winter it will be at the head of a concert company. Mr. Marcus Mayer has been to Craig-y-Nos with an offer of £800 per night for a series of concerts, but at present the prima donna has not, I believe, given a decisive reply.

Meanwhile, Madame Patti is busy enough in preparing for the official inauguration of the Patti Theatre at Craig-y-Nos Castle. The first performance will take place on the 12th prox., and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg are expected to be among the guests. It will not, of course, be a public performance, as the audience will be an invited one—limited, in fact, to Madame Patti's neighbours and to her friends, a few of whom will be accommodated at the Castle, while the bulk of them will sleep at Swansea, from which town a special train will be run. The programme has more than once been altered, but as at present settled I believe the 12th prox. will be devoted to the first act of "La Traviata," with la diva as Violetta, and possibly Mr. Lely as Alfredo, and the garden act of "Faust," with Madame Patti, Madame Valda, M. Nicolini, and Novara as Marguerite, Siebel, Faust, and Mephistopheles respectively. On the 13th there will be a ball, the floor of the theatre being adaptable for this purpose, and on the 14th Madame Patti will appear in the second, or "spinning-wheel," act of "Marta," and the second, or "balcony," act of "Roméo et Juliette." The orchestra will be a local one of twenty-five players from Swansea, conducted by the veteran Signor Arditi. It is so long since the greatest of all operatic sopranos has appeared on the stage, and it is so doubtful when (if ever) she will appear in opera in public again, that the intriguing for invitations to Craig-y-Nos bids fair to be of a most formidable character.

The brothers De Reszke are expected to leave London on Wednesday for Ems, for a brief holiday, afterwards possibly going on to Bayreuth for a day or two, *en route* for Poland. M. Jean de Reszke may very likely sing at the Meyerbeer centennial performance at Paris; but, apart from this, he will rest until he sails with his brother for the United States in October. The sisters Ravogli were to leave on Tuesday for a holiday in their native Italy before sailing for New York. Madame Albani will soon be off to Scotland for a rest, prior to the Hereford and Birmingham Festivals. She also will be out of all concert work during the winter, as she goes with Miss Eames, Frau Lilli Lehmann, Madame Scalchi, and others to support the De Reszkes for America. M. Lassalle left for Paris last week, and M. Maurel will be off to Italy in a day or two. M. Jean de Reszke has already signed his engagement with Sir A. Harris for next year, appearing at Covent Garden during the months of May and June.

There are about half-a-dozen concerts this week, mostly at Messrs. Collard's or other private rooms; but none of them of any exceptional importance. The season may, therefore, be said to be over. Last week Madame Caryll, sister of the Lyric Theatre conductor, gave a concert, at which Madame Albani and M. Edouard de Reszke were the stars. A capital concert was also given by the Royal College students, who revived Brahms' charming serenade for small orchestra, which was well played by the young people, under Professor Stanford's conductorship. They also produced a new and cleverly-written pianoforte concerto in E flat, from the pen of a student, Mr. Liddle. On Saturday the Sunday School Choirs, some 5,000 strong, gave a couple of concerts on the Handel orchestra at the Crystal Palace, the most important item of the programme being Mr. Gaul's cantata, "Ruth," which has long been a favourite work with choral societies.

The hint that the Universities Commission should wake up in the matter of the Edinburgh Chair of Music has had its effect, and the draft Ordinance has now been promulgated. The Professor is to have three assistant-professors, lectures are to be delivered, and other educational work undertaken, so as to prepare students for the degrees. Thus it is hoped, though the details are not quite settled, that Edinburgh will at last take its rank in music with the other British universities. Everything, however, depends upon the choice of professor, and it is satisfactory to learn that the lists have been re-opened so as to give a chance to some men of eminence to come in.

At Victoria University two degrees in music are now to be conferred. The whole course of study for Mus. Bac. will take three years, and the examinations, though not too stringent, seem, from the regulations which have been issued, likely to be of a searching character. A degree "exercise" (with the usual fugue) will have to be composed by candidates, but the nonsense of compelling its performance in public will not be insisted upon. This University is of special importance to residents in Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool, and so far as the first named city is concerned an attempt is now to be made to start a subscription to endow the professorship.

Mdlle. Teleky, who made her début at the Opera at a solitary performance in "Traviata" on Friday is strikingly handsome in person, has a fairly good voice, possibly originally of mezzo-soprano timbre, and is a capable actress. At first, not being accustomed to our pitch, she sang out of tune, a defect against which she will have to guard. The new Hungarian vocalist was, however, poorly supported, and it is understood that it was not by her own wish that so hackneyed an opera was chosen.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Of course I took an interest in the recent newspaper controversy as to the pre-eminence of the beauty of the Comtesse de Castiglione. "*Homo sum; feminei nihil a me alienum puto,*" to take a gallant liberty with the text of Terence. But something I have just come upon in a very interesting little book, Mrs. Janet Ross's "Early Days Recalled" (1), has rather disillusioned me as to that famous beauty—

"My father," she says, "came back full of the beauty of the fair Italian, the Comtesse Castiglione, whom he had seen at the Queen's ball on July 11. She excited great curiosity, as she was supposed to occupy a high place in the affections of Napoleon III.

(1) "Early Days Recalled." By Janet Ross. London: Chapman & Hall.

A sort of tournament of beauty was held at Holland House, patriotic Englishmen declaring that there were many women handsomer than Madame Castiglione in London society. . . . It was said that Madame Castiglione left her bedroom at Holland House in an extraordinary dirty state; much of the furniture spoiled by the grease and paint she used."

For my own part, speaking merely as an old bachelor, I thoroughly endorse the sentiment in "The Sorcerer":—

Beauty will fade and perish, but personal cleanliness is practically undying, for it can be renewed whenever it discovers symptoms of decay.

By the way, we are not so very long ourselves out of Egypt that we can afford to throw stones at "the fair Italian's" lack of this neighbour to godliness. "My grandmother told me how horrified the good people of Herefordshire were when it was known that the Miss Cornwalls took baths. 'Why, my dear, I suppose you have to take off *all* your clothes. How shocking!' exclaimed our proper neighbour. Talking of taking off all one's clothes, here is a good story of Mrs. Norton's model:—

The woman stood looking about, and Mrs. Norton told her to take off her gown while she prepared the colours, as she wanted to paint an arm and shoulder. "Oh Lor', Ma'am," was the reply; "if I start an 'ook I'm Leda frightened by the swan."

I wonder will this groan of Mrs. Norton's sister, Lady Dufferin, seem as thoroughly Sydney Smithian to you as it did to me:—

On hearing many shoes being cleaned outside her cabin door on a rough passage across the Irish channel, she groaned in an interval of sea-sickness, "Oh, my dear Carry, there *must* be centipedes on board."

On the other hand, could Sydney Smith's typical Scotchman have beaten this instance of self-absorbed woodenness:—

At a party where Tommy Moore was induced to sing, Nassau Senior, who detested music, sat down to write noisily with a scratchy pen on ribbed paper. Moore began, but his singing was rendered impossible by the persistent scratch, scratch, and he looked round to see who caused the odious noise. Mr. Senior raised his head, and said innocently, "Oh, you don't disturb me, I assure you; pray go on—I rather like it."

Just one more story of a like kind:—

Vivier had been persuaded to give some of his inimitable performances in London for money. At the first one he was just launched when Lord Houghton blew his nose—a war-trumpet, as his friends will remember. This so unnerved Vivier that he could not go on, and he threw up all engagements. "Ah," he would say, "les Anglais ont des nez terribles; cela vous fait l'effet du jugement dernier."

By the way, the story of Carlyle's reward to the labourer who recovered his hat for him in the Row after a long chase, which I thought must be merely *ben trovato*, is true, for Mrs. Ross, then a child, was of the party. "Mr. Carlyle, instead of giving him sixpence, as I expected, merely said, 'Thank ye my man; you can say you've picked up the hat of Thomas Carlyle.'" What a much more wholesome-minded man the splenetic Teufelsdroeckh would have been if, with his wonderful powers of observation and description, he had had the out-of-door interests—antiquarian, geological, ornithological, and, above all, human—which made the wilderness blossom like the rose to Dr. Atkinson as recorded in his charming book, "Forty years in a Moorland Parish" (2). Really "Forty Years Long in the Wilderness" would have been the title most men would have thought apt for such a sojourn in such a place; yet the Vicar, having as many eyes as Argus (intellectually) in this life—

Exempt from public haunt,
Found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

a trite quotation, which, I must admit, I have dragged in to recommend to you in passing an appropriately pretty book about gardens—exquisitely printed at Mr. Ruskin's press—entitled "Tongues in Trees and Sermons in Stones" (3). To return, however, to Dr. Atkinson, I cannot think the deprivation he deplores of a library has been at all a misfortune to such a man. "Seek truth by thought, not by searching for it in mouldy books. Look up to the sky to see the moon, instead of seeking for it in the pond," says the Zend-Avesta; and for my own part I have found that men who see, hear, and think only or chiefly through books, get their own powers of observation and of reflection atrophied. Hence Hobbes's paradox, "If I had read as many books as other men, I might have been as ignorant as they." Dr. Atkinson's powers of observation and reflection, strengthened by varied, continuous, and intent use for forty years in this wilderness, have produced an entertaining and instructive encyclopædia of everything of interest in the parish of Danby. What struck me most in reading the book was the irrepressibility of Paganism, which beneath a very slight veneer of Christianity remains the solid substance of the peasantry's religion. "The burial of the abortive calf suggests the propitiatory offering to the earth-spirits almost as sensibly or strikingly as the pins cast into the halikeld, or to votive rags tied to the adjoining bush, do that to the spirits of water, or of the special spring in question. The dead lamb, or other portions or remnants of animal matter, thrown up into the berry-bearing tree, have as much to impart to the inquiring observer tracking the once prevalent Odin-cult as has the strangely-significant name of the accustomed weather-passage in the clouds which we call, 'Noa-ship.'" Another instance of a long-smouldering idea which flashes out now and then, never extinct, if never ablaze, is mesmerism. "I remember being told by one of the then leading medical men in one of the principal watering-places of the north of England nearly fifty years ago, that being a mesmerist himself and having a case in which he believed that the influence then known as mesmeric, would be beneficial, he applied it daily. . . . Finding his initial experiment so far successful, Dr. W —— tried others also, and found that it was possible in this patients case to bring on the slumber without entering her presence—by making 'passes' as he passed along the street in which her residence was situated, which were found to be efficacious." Do you remember Bacon's comment in the "Advancement of Learning" upon the line in Virgil:—

"Ut varias usus meditando extunderet artes Paulatim."

Add the word *extundere*, which importeth the extreme difficulty, and the word *paulatim*, which importeth the extreme slowness, and we are where we were even among the Egyptian gods.

It is slow work to make any idea which is not marketable, current coin in the hands of a whole people. This line of Virgil, by the way, would have been an apt enough motto for a "History of Modern Civilisation" (4), which I have been just skimming through. It is based upon M. Gustave Ducoudray's "Histoire Sommaire de la Civilisation," but I fancy that the translator and adapter must have, here and there done for the edification of the British reader, something similar to what the old lady did for her blind husband's edification. "I read him the Bible regular, and put in a bit o' my own here and there for his good." It seems, however, to be an excellent summary, though, like all summaries, in aiming at excessive concision, it becomes occasionally obscure:—

"Brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus fio."

What, for instance, is the meaning of this inconsequent passage:—

England paid very dearly for her maritime dominion. Isolated and reduced to a contraband commerce, she avenged the closing of the Continent to her by capturing the colonies of France and of her allies, and laid the foundation of her vast colonial empire.

While on the subject of the slowness of the march of civilisation, I may mention a poor book which I have wasted an hour over, "Tahiti: the Garden of the Pacific," (5) which takes you back pretty near to the "scratch mark" from which mankind started in the race. Yet, if you are to believe the book, there are secrets which savages might teach the most advanced civilisation to its advantage. Why should not those miracle-working herbs which heal the worst wounds in a day or so be

(2) "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish." By J. C. Atkinson, D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co.
(3) "Tongues in Trees, and Sermons in Stones." By Rev. W. Tuckwell. Orpington: George Allen.
(4) "The History of Modern Civilisation." A handbook based upon M. Gustave Ducoudray's "Histoire Sommaire de la Civilisation." London: Chapman & Hall.
(5) "Tahiti: the Garden of the Pacific. By Dora Hort. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
(6) "The Fairyland Tales of Science." By the Rev. J. Gordon M'Pherson, M.A. London: Simpkin Marshall & Co.

added to our pharmacopœia? Or, that still more miraculous plant, the Tii, whose leaf possesses the mysterious power of quelling the heat emitted from flames of fire? Talking of wonder-working drugs, what can equal in the immeasurable extent of the field for its beneficence, the Kola-nut? According to an interesting book (in spite of its preachy-preachy tone), "The Fairy-land Tales of Science," (6) the Kola-nut cures at once the drunkard and drunkenness :—

The nauseous headache, so well known to the delinquent in the morning, after being overtaken by the wiles of Bacchus the evening before, was, as by a fairy's charm, entirely removed. The workman's wife, when she found that her husband had been drinking "kill the carter" in some low grog shop on the Saturday night, cleared his head on Monday morning by making him swallow some of the nut-paste. Some who have used it as a pick-me-up assert that while removing the nausea, it gives them quite a "skunner" at the smell of whisky. Not only does this charmer dispel the indescribable squeamishness which bad spirits alone can give, but it removes the irritating desire for a "morning" to keep the stomach hearty.

The reverend gentleman's style is not, perhaps, Miltonic, but the book is a fair specimen of its class—that produced by the middlemen who distribute the discoveries of men of science to the public.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—The season is over, and people are rushing out of London as though it were a plague-stricken city. It has been a very curious season. Though expected to be an unusually good one, it hung fire, as it were, and at the last went off in a kind of fireworks. I never saw such a number of tired and worn-out faces as were visible at the end of the Emperor's visit. Men, women, and girls looked languid and almost haggard. Since then every one has revived a little, and countenances have grown brighter. There has been sufficient energy on the part of both sexes to interest themselves in the necessary outfit for the autumn campaign. To men the change of costume must be especially welcome, for in flannels or tweeds they have some chance of looking picturesque. The frock-coat of the hour is a peculiarly hideous garment. I particularly noted it in the Park some weeks ago, but had not then time to convey to you my valuable opinion on the subject. The orthodox length just reaches to the knees, and at the back this causes a straight line which robs the wearer of much of his apparent height. At the waist, it is just loose enough to make a man look clumsy, and so far as I have remarked, it is not the fashion to button up the frock-coat this year. Trousers appear to be worn rather loose, too, so on the whole, there is a lack of smartness. Men's necks are always tidy however, and the shortness of their hair gives their heads a look of neatness. But this is in such contrast to the full and flowing skirts of their frock-coats and the breezy width of their trousers that I have come to the conclusion that when clothes are loose, hair should be long and hyacinthine. It would thus be more harmonious.

What a difference there is in the way in which men take off their hats. You have, of course, observed how some men lift theirs and lower it with a liberal outward sweep. I like it. It conveys an idea of chivalrous homage to women. Other men raise the hat with a stiff upward jerk, a performance usually accompanied by a stony stare of the non-committal order. There are several other ways of "uncovering," as it used to be called, but the variety that amuses me most is that in which the hat is almost imperceptibly removed, and replaced most gingerly and with great deliberation. I always decide in my own mind that these practised folk have spent some considerable time before a mirror, in arranging their love-locks, before they ventured themselves upon the public gaze. How careful they are not to ruffle the artfully-disposed fringe upon their brows. And with what caution they set the hat back in the exact position that best suits their peculiar style of beauty. Presently, up go both hands in order furtively to adjust the headgear at the precise angle.

But will you tell me why it is that women, who are infinitely particular about the exact position of their own hats (or bonnets), invariably laugh at the man who is as careful about his? And, after all, it is only a question of concealing art, for those who do not show it so obviously are equally solicitous as to results. A freer method suits them; that is all the difference.

The German Empress even, who does not look the least bit as if she cared about her appearance, though she was always well-dressed, could not resist the tempting bonnets in the Maison Nouvelle. They caught her eye as she drove up Regent-street, and she sent her Lady-in-Waiting to select several to be sent to her on approval. We can guess what agreeable tryings-on ensued. Among those eventually chosen was a little gold bonnet covered with black lace, and bordered with a wreath of jet begonia-leaves. The trimming consisted of a cluster of the deep purplish red roses called after the aubergine. The petals were velvet.

There are many models of *winter* bonnets now at the Maison Nouvelle. These are for the benefit of the Americans, who purchase on their homeward way. For them also are the delightfully dainty little theatre bonnets, so indispensable in Paris and New York, but so totally *incomprises* in London.

Sir Augustus and Lady Harris having cleverly propitiated the clerk of the climate by putting on their invitation cards "Weather permitting," the most perfect of days was vouchsafed by that most whimsical and capricious of officials for their garden party on Saturday last, at the Elms, Avenue-road, the pretty grounds of which look as if they might be miles away in the country. The guests were very interesting, and included representatives of the Peerage, the drama, the operatic stage, literature, and journalism. At every step we saw some celebrity, and in an agonised whisper informed each other of the fact. Is it not difficult to whisper so that one particular pair of ears may distinctly catch your words, while to all other aural appendages they shall be inaudible? For instance, I say to Maud, "Do you see Mrs. B—— with her little dog under her arm?" "Where?" breathes Maud. "Talking to the man with the hair," I reply in the most zephyrous style that my voice will take. "How well tan colour suits Lady H——'s golden hair." "Take care. She is at your elbow." "There's Mrs. K. making straight for the refreshment tent." "She carries it in her face." "What, the tent?" And so on. There were many charming faces and pretty figures. One of the most attractive of the former belonged to a young actress, but I wish she would not powder her nose. It really does not need it, being a dear little nose. And powder suggests a further artifice by putting the spectator on the scent, as it were. If on that account alone, it is a mistake. One of the best-dressed women present was a well-known doctor's wife, and one of the prettiest girls was an actor's wife. Another lovely girl, the daughter of an Earl and the sister of a Duchess, attracted much attention. A novelist who has done much to make the world happy by giving it plenty of her delightful fiction, was accompanied by a tall son, and looked very happy. War correspondents, leader writers, editors, and others of the great army of the Press pervaded the party, and talked in every known language, imparting a polyglot flavour to the very pretty, rural scene. A Canon or two represented the Church, and legal lights were dotted over the lawn, looking strangely domesticated for such *ferœ naturæ* in the company of wives and daughters.

Maud and I have just had a vigorous moth-hunt, previous to putting everything away before leaving town. We had heard fearsome tales of ruined carpets and riddled furs from some friends, so we devoted a morning to preventive measures and worked really hard. We brushed our furs till our arms ached, examined winter coats and gowns till our eyes were sore with the intentness of our search for tokens of the attacks of the mischievous

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little silvery-winged things. How easily they are put out of life. A touch does it, and one cannot help regretting that they must dree their weird, so inoffensive and even pretty do they look. Unlike earwigs and spiders, and the horrible blackbeetle, the moth does not arouse feelings of distaste and abhorrence by its very presence. But their progeny are what the good folk in Oxfordshire call "meazley beasts." Be warned in time, Amy dear, and have a thorough turn out of everything before it is too late. We have devised a dreadful mixture which must appal the very stoutest heart that ever beat in the breast of a moth. It is composed of equal parts of black pepper and bitter apple, and caused us no little inconvenience when applying it, by making us sneeze continuously and violently. As Maud remarked, if it made the moths sneeze in proportion, one performance would be sufficient to annihilate the performer. We feel delightful now that we have put away everything, and had all wardrobes, cupboards, &c., done over the insides with carbolic soap. We broke up three cigars to stow the pieces away in the boxes with our furs. Charlie gave them to us for that purpose. He says they are worth tons of our "sneeshin" mixture. But we shrewdly came to the conclusion that "baith's best."

Lilla found the moth rampant in her drawing-room carpet under the piano, which lazy housemaids had not, apparently, moved for months.

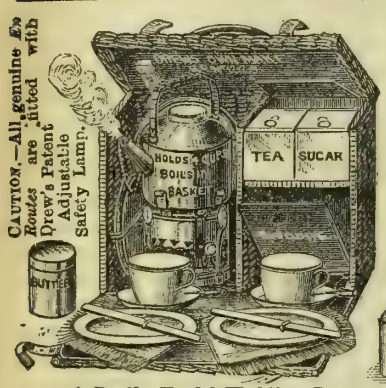
The following German dish, though quite heterodox according to English ideas, is excellent. We have tried it, served with boiled rice:—

Cut roast veal into small dice. Melt butter in a stewpan, brown some bread-crumbs or flour in it; add gravy or broth, a glass of white Rhine wine, some lemon-peel, salt, and a cup of well-washed currants. When the latter are simmered soft, put the veal in the sauce to get thoroughly hot, but not to boil.

This dish is also German, and is slightly extravagant in the matter of butter and eggs. But the result *vaut la chandelle*:—

Put a quarter of a pound of butter in a stewpan with two ounces of fine flour and a pint of cream; boil this mixture well, stirring continually till it leaves the sides of the pan; then turn it out to cool. Stir a quarter of a pound of butter till it creams; add, by degrees, the yolks of ten eggs, with three ounces of sugar which has been pounded with vanilla or rubbed upon the rind of a lemon. Next add the whites of six eggs, whipped to a snow, and then stir in the cool cream. Put it in a buttered mould, and steam it three-quarters of an hour.

Ever, dear, your loving cousin, MADGE.



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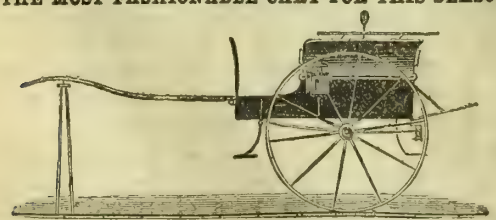
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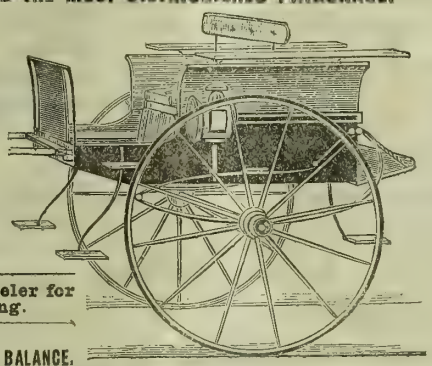

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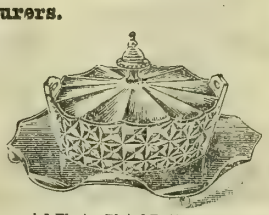

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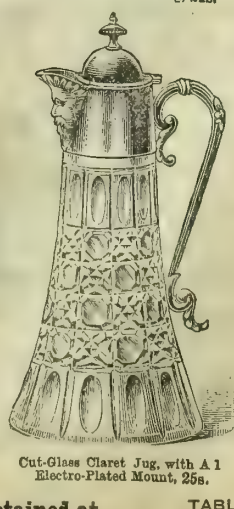

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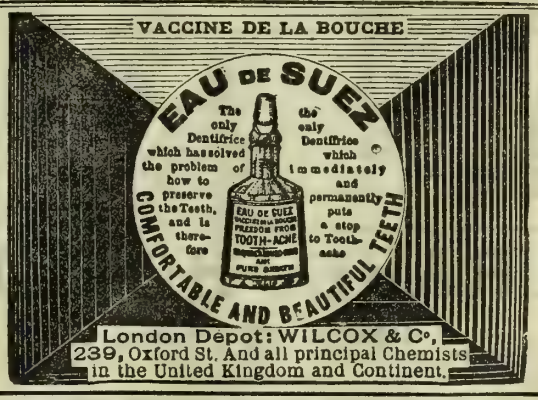

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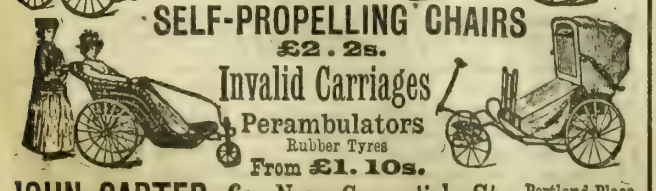

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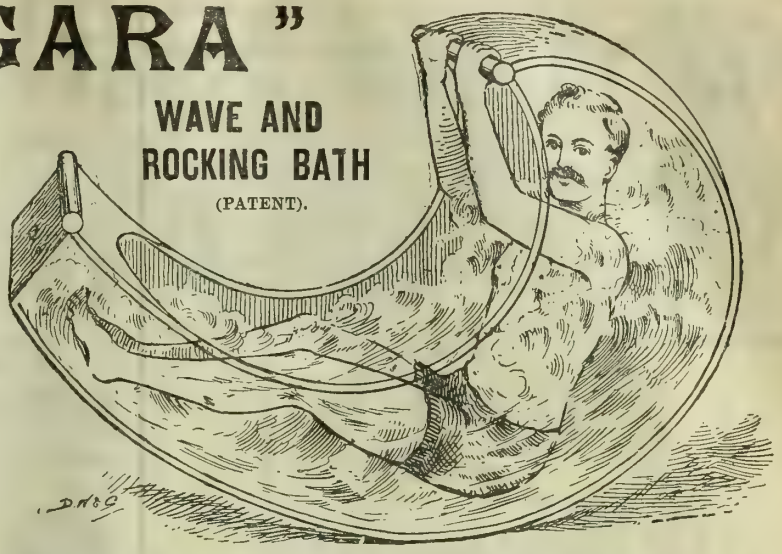

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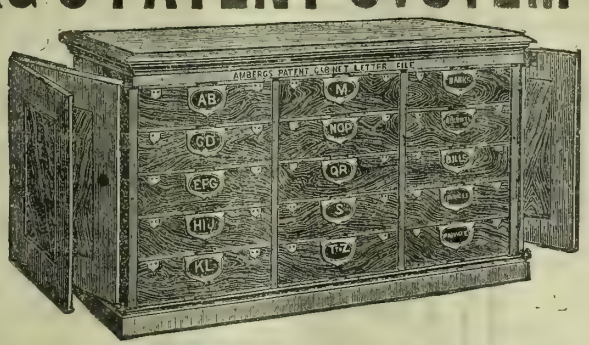

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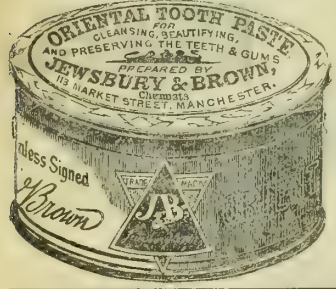

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LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, JUN., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

SUN FIRE OFFICE,

FOUNDED 1710.

THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.

SUM INSURED IN 1890,

£361,500,000.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. Railway Accidents. | Personal Injuries. Death by Accident.
C. HARDING, Manager.

ACCIDENTS

AT ALL TIMES—IN ALL PLACES

INSURED AGAINST BY THE

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1849. CAPITAL £1,000,000.

64, CORNHILL, LONDON.

W. D. MASSY, A. VIAN, } *Secretaries.*

THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY,
58, Old Broad Street, London.
Capital, $3,000,000.
5 per cent. Deposits received for periods of not less than Six Months.
5 per cent. Debentures issued for a period of Five Years.
6 per cent. Freehold Mortgages. Principal and Interest guaranteed by the Company.
ATKINSON & CO., Managers for the United Kingdom.

MONEY.—Householders or Lodgers desirous of obtaining immediate advances upon their Furniture or other Negotiable Security, are invited to call at the Offices of the Consolidated Company, 43, Great Tower-street, E.C., and arrange. Bills of sale and executions paid out. No fees, the full sum advanced without deduction. An old established and genuine firm.

COCKLE'S

ANTIBILIOUS

PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

"CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is entirely free from any poison or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious ingredient, and is a good, safe, and useful medicine."
ALFRED SWAINE TAYLOR, M.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities, from *WHATEVER* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *CAUSE* from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. In bottles, **2s. 9d.** and **11s.** each, of all Chemists. Sent for **33** or **132** Stamps, by the Proprietors—THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., LINCOLN.
Ask for CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE, and do not be persuaded to take an imitation

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over

ONE HUNDRED YEARS,

and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST OPENED on TUESDAY, the 28th July, 1891, and will CLOSE on or before FRIDAY, the 31st.

THE BLACKPOOL TOWER COMPANY, Ltd.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1890, whereby the liability of all Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares. Capital, £150,000, divided into 150,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, of which 5,000 are Founders' Shares, with a sufficient issue of Debentures, which will be first offered to the Shareholders. £50,000 of the capital has been privately subscribed, viz., £45,000 Ordinary Shares and the 5,000 Founders' Shares, and the remaining 100,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each are now offered for subscription at par. Payable—1s. per Share on Application, 4s. per Share on Allotment, and the balance by instalments of 5s. per Share at intervals of not less than three months. The profits of the undertaking in every year will be applied in payment of a Preference Dividend of 8 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares, the balance being divided between the holders of the Ordinary and Founders' Shares. No payment will be made in any year by way of dividend upon the Founders' Shares until the Ordinary Shares, £100,000 of which are now offered for subscription, receive a dividend of 8 per cent. for that year.

DIRECTORS:—John Bickerstaffe, Esq., Alderman, J.P., Mayor of Blackpool, Director of the Blackpool Electric Tramways Company, Limited, Chairman. Albert L. Dickins, Esq., Alderman, J.P., ex-Mayor of Salford, Hopefield, Higher Broughton, and Spring Vale, Middleton. Wilfrid F. Anderton, Esq., J.P., Haighton Hall, near Preston. Arthur Lowcock, Esq., Cloverfield, Whitchurch, Salop (Arthur Lowcock, Limited, Shrewsbury and Manchester.) William Bratby, Esq., J.P., Oakfield Hall, Hale, Cheshire, Director of Bratby & Hinchcliffe, Ltd. BANKERS:—The National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, London. The Preston Banking Company, Limited, Blackpool, Preston, and Branches.—BROKERS.—Messrs. Pountney & Straus, 5, Copthall-buildings, London, E.C. Messrs. Marsland & Chew, 4, St. Ann's-square, Manchester. Messrs. Outram & Hamilton, 48, West George-street, Glasgow. Messrs. Middleton & Fraser, Swan Arcade, Bradford. Messrs. Fothergill & Holden, York-buildings, Dale-street, Liverpool. ARCHITECTS.—Messrs. Maxwell & Tuke, 29, Princess-street, Manchester. SOLICITORS:—Messrs. Bowden & Walker, 37, King-street West, Manchester. AUDITORS:—Messrs. Thomas Smethurst & Co., Chartered Accountants, 26, Pall Mall, Manchester. SECRETARY:—(pro tem.), Mr. C. H. Roderick. TEMPORARY OFFICES:—29, Great George-street, Westminster, London, S.W.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been incorporated for the purpose of erecting at Blackpool, in the county of Lancaster, a Tower somewhat similar to the Eiffel Tower of Paris, but with additional buildings and places of entertainment, which are expected to produce a handsome permanent revenue. An illustration of the proposed Tower and buildings is enclosed with the Prospectus. The latter will comprise an aquarium, circus, musical promenade, large concert hall, hotel, restaurants, refreshment rooms, balconies, bazaar, and arcades, containing 2,000 lineal feet, and twenty-nine large and valuable shops, for which a great demand exists. The finest site in Blackpool has been secured, namely, the present Aquarium (licensed), Arcades, Market, and Beach Hotel (licensed), containing in all 6,040 square yards or thereabouts. This valuable site faces the sea, is about midway between the two piers, and has excellent frontages to the promenade, Bank Hey-street, and Victoria-street. The Standard Contract and Debenture Corporation, Limited, have recently entered into a contract with the owners of the Aquarium and other buildings mentioned above for the purchase of the aforesaid property, and the same has been assigned to this Company in consideration of the sum of £94,000, a price which the Directors consider very favourable. The Standard Corporation undertake the whole of the expenses in connection with the registration and formation of the Company, including legal charges, advertising, brokerage, and commissions of every description, payable up to the first allotment of Ordinary Shares, and also guarantee the whole of the Share Capital. The property has been valued by Mr. Thomas P. Worthington, architect and valuer of Blackpool, at the sum of £98,535. It will thus be seen that in consequence of the Standard Contract and Debenture Corporation, Limited, having made an unusually advantageous purchase, the Directors have been enabled to enter into a contract with them to take over the property at £4,535 less than Mr. Worthington's valuations, besides the whole of the preliminary expenses as mentioned above being paid, and the capital of the Company guaranteed.

Competitive designs for the Tower and buildings have been submitted, and the Directors have chosen those prepared by Messrs. Maxwell & Tuke, the architects of the Manchester Royal Jubilee Exhibition Buildings. A full description prepared by them is enclosed with the Prospectus. The popularity of Blackpool increases year by year, and the number of persons who annually visit the town is estimated at upwards of two millions (2,000,000). The Founders' Shares were considerably over-applied for, and are now at a premium. It is intended to erect a Tower between 400 and 500 feet in height, furnished with elevators of the most recent design, capable of conveying 20,000 persons daily up the Tower, independently of the staircases. The Directors have carefully considered the revenue which may be anticipated, and they have prepared the following estimate:—

Rents from Shops, Arcades, Circus, Advertisements, Hotel, Restaurants, as per Messrs. Maxwell & Tuke's report		£10,059 0 0	
Admissions to the Aquarium, Musical Promenade, and Miscellaneous Entertainments	750,000 at 6d.	18,750 0 0	
Admissions to the Tower	500,000 at 6d.	12,500 0 0	
		41,309 0 0	
Less Expenses of Maintenance, Repairs, and Establishment Charges	say £9,000		
Depreciation	,, 4,000	13,000 0 0	
		28,309 0 0	
Required to pay 5 per cent. on £85,000 Debentures	£4,250 0 0		
Required to pay 8 per cent on £145,000 Ordinary Shares	11,600 0 0	15,850 0 0	
		£12,459 0 0	

half of which, viz: £6,229 10s. would be divisible amongst the Founders Shares, and the surplus would go to increase the dividend on the Ordinary Shares, which would make it equal to over 12 per cent. It is more than probable that the revenue to be derived from admissions to the Tower will be much greater than the above estimate, as the Directors, it will be seen, have calculated upon the basis of a charge of 6d. per head only. The contracts referred to in paragraph 4 are as follow:—(1) Between the Blackpool Central Promenade Estate Company, Limited, and the Standard Contract and Debenture Corporation, Limited, dated 30th December, 1890. (2) Between the Standard Contract and Debenture Corporation, Limited, and the Blackpool Tower Company, Limited, dated 30th May, 1891. Copies of these documents may be inspected at the offices of Messrs. Bowden & Walker, 37, King-street West, Manchester, and also at the temporary London offices of the Company, 29, Great George-street, Westminster, S.W. Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association may also be seen at the above addresses, and all further information respecting the Company may be obtained from the Directors, Solicitors, Auditors, and Secretary, at the Offices of the Company.

NEW ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION, LIMITED.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED AND PAID-UP £600,000

With power to increase to £2,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE: 40, Threadneedle-street, London, E.C.
WEST END OFFICE: 25, Cockspur-street, S.W.
EDINBURGH OFFICE: 19, St. Andrew-square.
DUNDEE OFFICE: 6, Panmure-street.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES.—Australia, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, Straits, Madagascar, Mauritius, Seychelles, Aden, Paris, New York, San Francisco, Zanzibar.

Money remitted to any part of the World by draft, letter of credit, or by telegraph. Bills of Exchange, Interest Warrants, and Coupons collected and cashed. Circular Notes issued, Current Accounts opened, Banking Agency business generally undertaken.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

At 3 months' notice	3 per cent. per annum.
At 6 months' notice	4 ,, ,,
At 12 months' notice	4½ ,, ,,
For 3, 5, or 7 years certain	5 ,, ,,

THE STOCK CONVERSION AND INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

This Company begs to direct the attention of investors to the Preferred and Deferred Stocks issued by it, and which are quoted on the London and leading Provincial Stock Exchanges.

The Preferred Stocks possess security similar to that of Railway Preferential and Preferred Stocks, but yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more income, thus affording to holders of many of the former Stocks an opportunity of adding to their revenue without decreasing their security.

The Deferred Stocks, whilst returning an average income in excess of that yielded by the Railway Ordinary Stocks, against which they are issued, contrast most favourably with all other Deferred and low-priced Ordinary Railway Stocks, and afford the only opportunity to small investors of participating, by means of low-priced Stocks, in the future of these two leading railways of the country.

Any further information with regard to these Stocks can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 12 and 13, Nicholas-lane, E.C.

PREFERRED STOCKS.	Price.	Return per cent.	Amount of Free Revenue beyond amount required to provide Dividend on these Stocks.
London and North-Western— 3½ % First Charge Preferred Stock...	99	£3 10 9	£1,475,958
London and North-Western— 4 % Second Charge Preferred Stock	105	£3 16 2	714,174
North-Eastern— 3 % First Charge Preferred Stock ...	82	£3 13 2	724,538

DEFERRED CHARGE STOCKS.	Present Price.	Last Dividend paid.	Annual Average of Dividend on result of last 10 years.	Returns on basis of last Dividend.	Returns on Average Dividend of 10 years
London and North-Western Ordinary Stock	27	1¼	£1 7 3 %	£6 9 7	£5 0 11
North-Eastern— Ordinary Stock	40	2⅞	£2 5 6 %	£7 3 9	£5 13 9

Established 1868.

THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,

20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.

Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.

For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.

Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.

No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.

UNION DEPOSIT BANK,

No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.

[ESTABLISHED 1867.]

CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.

ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE,
Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From £30 to £5,000.

To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.

ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.

NO SURETIES REQUIRED.

Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.

Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.

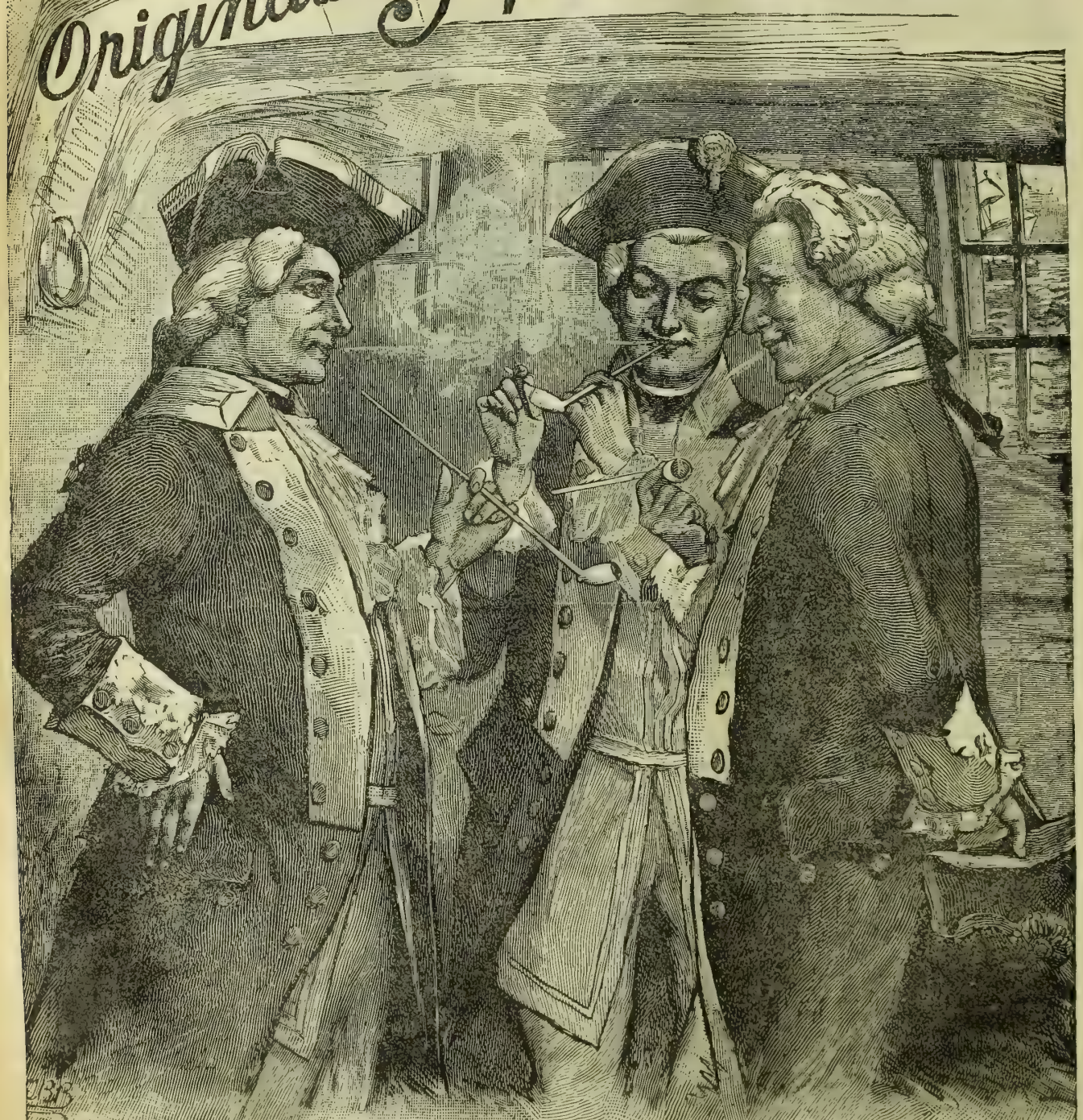
EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.

THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

Player's Original Navy Cut



Sold only in 1-*ounce Packets, and* 2, 4, 8-*ounce, and* 1-*lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine Smoking condition.*

Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and Take no other.

SMOKERS ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST IMITATIONS.

The GENUINE bears the Trade Mark, "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE," on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES In Packets Containing 12.

OUR PUZZLES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE "TRUTH" CHRISTMAS DOLL SHOW.

THE time has come round, as was briefly stated last week, for preparing for the Doll Show of next Christmas. Some thousands of dolls, large, medium, and small, are already on order, and I shall be pleased to hear as soon as possible from those ladies who propose to assist this year in dressing them. Meantime I have to announce a new departure in connection with the Prizes which are given each Christmas for the best-dressed dolls. Hitherto, as most of TRUTH'S readers will be aware, these Prizes have been awarded in money. Last Christmas, for example, a total sum of upwards of forty-five guineas was distributed to successful competitors. But it has been found, year after year, that ladies in increasing numbers have been unwilling to receive these money prizes. Many, in fact, have returned them, with a request that they might be added to the Toy Fund of the following year. At the same time, the Editor has received numerous letters suggesting that, instead of money prizes, some suitable memento of the Doll Show, that could be retained in permanence, should be presented to the successful competitors. It was promised last year that steps should be taken to carry out what seemed to be so general a wish, and I have now to announce what has been done in this direction. After due consideration and consultation, then, a badge or brooch has been specially designed, of which I will shortly publish a facsimile representation. At present, I need only say that the date of the Exhibition and the figure of a doll are ingeniously combined in the brooch, which is of silver gilt, and thus of considerable intrinsic value. It is proposed to present one of these brooches to every lady who dresses a dozen dolls for the Christmas Show. To those who dress larger numbers, or who display special taste and take special pains in their task, brooches of similar design, but of greater value, will be awarded. Thus, for the very best dressed doll or dolls in the Show, a brooch set with pearls and rubies, or other precious stones, will be given, the value of which will be at least five guineas. There will be other brooches, of the value of three guineas, two guineas, and one guinea, and so on; whilst, as I have already said, every lady who dresses not less than a dozen dolls will receive one, the value of which will not be less than five shillings. By means of this change, it is hoped that general satisfaction will be given. The cost will certainly be greater than that of the former system, and it is obvious, too, that the Toy Fund will no longer be augmented by the money prizes which many ladies have hitherto returned to it year after year. But for any deficiency thus caused I have no doubt that the increased liberality of the readers of TRUTH and their friends will more than make up.

It is naturally hoped, too, that the change announced above will result in the coming Doll Show being the very best that has yet been held. At the lowest computation, there are 4,000 dolls to be dressed between this and the middle of December, and I would again ask ladies to let me know, as soon as possible, the extent of the assistance they will be able to lend. I may say that the medium-sized dolls will be sent out in the proportion of one for every six small dolls which are applied for. Thus a lady offering to dress twenty-four small dolls will be able to have four of the medium-sized dolls in addition. Of the very large dolls, not more than one can be sent to each applicant.

The above notice, it will be observed, refers only to the doll-dressing portion of the TRUTH Toy Show, which will as usual include home-made toys of all kinds. Particulars as this latter part of the Christmas Exhibition will be published in due course, and I am, in the meantime, considering in what way new features of interest can be added to it.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 638.—ANTICIPATION OF THE OFFICIAL CENSUS FIGURES.

N. C. N. (Real name and address will be given next week) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 648.—TOPICAL NURSERY RHYMES.

TOM NISSED (Real name and address will be given next week) £1 1 0

J. MCGRIGOR ALLAN („ „ „) 1 1 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 649.

As is usual when an anagram competition is held in these columns, considerable skill and ingenuity were displayed by many of the competitors. There can be little doubt, however, I think, as to which was the best anagram. It was the one sent in by R. F., WAHRHEIT, and GUELDER ROSE, and between these three competitors the Prize of Two Guineas will be, in consequence, equally divided. It is true that "Wahrheit" arranged the words of his anagram in a different way from "R. F." and "Guelder Rose," but as the words used by him were identical, and the sense conveyed precisely the same, I have decided to give him a share of the prize.

PRIZE ANAGRAM ON "WILLIAM THE SECOND, KING OF PRUSSIA AND GERMAN EMPEROR."

England welcomes this foreign Kaiser—a prim, proud man!—R. F., WAHRHEIT, and GUELDER ROSE.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 653.

The usual Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE BEST DESCRIPTION IN TWENTY LINES OF RHYMED VERSE OF ANY ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH, OR FOREIGN WATERING-PLACE.

The metre used must be what is known as the heroic measure, in which Dryden and Pope wrote so much. The lines in this metre contain, as a rule, ten feet, and to prevent all mistakes, a specimen couplet is appended in the required measure :—

Of all the joys that Autumn brings to me,
None can surpass a visit to the sea.

There will be no objection, however, to competitors ending their lines with double-syllabled rhymes. All lines must reach me by the morning of Monday, August 10, at the latest.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** ADA, winner of a third of Prize No. 649, has requested me to hand over the fourteen shillings due to her to Lady Jeune's Fund.

*** The real name and address of M. R. C., winner of a third of Prize, No. 647, are Miss Crawford, 13, Great King-street, Edinburgh.

*** The real name and address of BRUTUS, winner of a third of Prize, No. 647 are C. T. Gray, Esq., Upton-on-Severn.

*** The real name and address of FERREUM COR, winner of Prize, No. 645, are J. Steel, Esq, 9, Chatsworth-square, Carlisle.

OPERA.—You are quite right. "Grandma," in your anagram, should have been printed "Gran'ma."

DILARAM.—Thanks for your note, which reached me in good time.

REKAB.—I am much obliged to you for your letter. Both your suggestions have much to recommend them, and I hope some day to carry them out.

H. F. H.—I am much obliged to you for your letter. As you are doubtless aware, a series of Puzzles have already been started in TRUTH for the special delectation of the Indian and Colonial readers of this paper. I do not at present see my way to starting a third series of competitions for Indian readers alone. But I will not lose sight of your suggestion.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 650.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTED NAMES FOR TEN THOROUGH-BRED COLTS AND FILLIES.

*** The following are the names of the Sires of the Dams of the young racehorses which had to be named:—

	SIRE.	DAM.
1. Bay Filly	Macheath	Queen of Sheba
2. Brown Colt	Lowland Chief	Maid Marian
3. Bay Colt	Paradox	Stella
4. Chestnut Filly	Timothy	Chelsea China
5. Black Colt	Pell-mell	Plaything
6. Chestnut Filly	Hermit	Villafranca
7. Chestnut Colt	Peter	Alarum
8. Bay Filly	Plebeian	Quartz
9. Chestnut Colt	Hagioscope	Hazel-bush
10. Brown Filly	Ben Battle	Vesper

1. Beersheba. 2. Wild Boy. 3. Starlight. 4. Bric-à-brac. 5. Football. 6. Solitaire. 7. Rocket. 8. Heiress. 9. Bushranger. 10. Area Belle.—Baritone.

1. Highland Queen. 2. Robin Hood. 3. The Dean. 4. Time-honoured. 5. Rattle. 6. Empress Eugénie. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Goldigger. 9. Bird's-eye View. 10. Hallelujah Lass.—East Anglia.

1. Heathen Queen. 2. Mischief. 3. Disaster (paradoxical derivation from δῦς and ἀστηρ). 4. Tea-time. 5. Scrimmage. 6. Villa Solitaire. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Hearthstone. 9. Bush Spy. 10. Vespertilio (Latin for Bat).—La Plata.

1. She, who must be obeyed. 2. Robin-(robbing)-Hood. 3. Parasol. 4. Frailty (T). 5. Football. 6. Anchor (in) it (e). 7. Call-for-trumps. 8. 'Arriett Potts. 9. Divination (hazel divining-rod). 10. Hoodwink.—Whig.

1. Hashish. 2. The Master. 3. Roman Candle. 4. Parathekè. 5. Baccarat. 6. Duenna. 7. Matins. 8. Nitrate Queen. 9. Water Wizard. 10. Grog.—Clive.

1. The Beggar Maid. 2. Earl of Mar. 3. Dean Swift. 4. Figurine. 5. Skittles. 6. Prie Dieu. 7. Reveille Matin. 8. Rough Diamond. 9. Aaron's Rod. 10. Kassasin.—Cromer.

1. Queen of the Beggars. 2 Earl of Mar. 3. Parasol. 4. Dorothy Varden. 5. Spilikins. 6. Villegiatura. 7. Cock-crow. 8. The miner's right. 9. Divining-rod. 10. Tocsin.—Pun.

1. Gay Queen ("Beggar's Opera," of which Capt. Macheath is the hero, is by Gay). 2. Friar Tuck. 3. Astrologer. 4. Anchomark (Chelsea china bore an anchor as its mark). 5. Noah's Ark. 6. Villegiatura. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Common Clay. 9. Witch's wand. 10. Battle eve.—Gery.

1. Robber Queen. 2. Scot Free. 3. Dean Swift. 4. Blue Grass. 5. Pigs in Clover. 6. Freedom. 7. Chanticleer. 8. Rough Diamond. 9. Holyrood. 10. Hermione.—Desdemona.

1. Queen's Highway. 2. Allen-a-Dale. 3. Parallax. 4. Teacup. 5. Racket. 6. Abbeville. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Small Beer. 9. Squint Eye. 10. Night Attack.—Piffer.

1. Queen's Highway. 2. Allan-a-Dale. 3. Day Star. 4. Be-ware. 5. Scramble. 6. Retraite. 7. Strains of Chanticleer. 8. Barmaid. 9. Divining Rod. 10. Eight Bells.—Neigh.

1. Macqueen. 2. Robin Hood. 3. Pastel. 4. China Tea. 5. Blackball. 6. Hervilla. 7. Cock-crow. 8. The Pub. 9. Coppice. 10. Ben Nevis (eve is vesper).—Doras.

1. Highwaywoman. 2. Robin Hood. 3. Paracelsus. 4. Cup o' Tea. 5. Football. 6. Santa Francesca. 7. Cock-a-doodle-do. 8. Gold Queen. 9. Holy Moses. 10. Verbena.—Jerry.

1. Helen Macgregor. 2. Light o' Love. 3. Meteor. 4. China Grass. 5. Polo. 6. Recluse. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Clodcrusher. 9. Haggis. 10. Night Attack.—Coch. Mag.

1. Bonne Fortune. 2. Bye-Blow. 3. Horoscope. 4. Shepherdess. 5. Flaneur. 6. Peace. 7. Peter Martyr. 8. Heel-Taps. 9. Divining-Rod. 10. Search Light.—The Wanderer.

1. Queen of the Road. 2. Gretna-Green. 3. Paracelsus. 4. Derbè. 5. I Spy. 6. Chrysalis. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Dross. 9. Ambush. 10. Battle-Eve.—Shadow-land.

1. Bandit Queen. 2. Robber Chief. 3. Parallax. 4. Crown Derby. (We read that Timothy became a disciple of St. Paul on the latter's journey to Derbe, and so may be said to have won his crown.) 5. Clean Bowled. 6. Peace. 7. Remorse. 8. Fourpenny. 9. Side View. 10. Church Militant.—Trincoll.

1. Queen of the Heath. 2. Locklesley. 3. Stargazer. 4. T-cup. 5. Shuttlecock. 6. Roccabruna. 7. Betrayed. (Cock-crow has been forbidden by Jockey Club.) 8. Pewter. 9. Hedge-Priest. 10. Vivandière.—Godfather.

1. Donna Bella. 2. Lord Mar. 3. Comet. 4. Kilda. 5. Velocipede. 6. Francisca. 7. Chanticleer. 8. Lucy Glitters. 9. The Divining Rod. 10. Miss Nightingale.—C. P.

1. Miss Mac Queen. 2. Lowland Maid. 3. Shooting Star. 4. China Tea. 5. The Mell. 6. Maid of Arc. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Rock-drill. 9. Hag-worm. 10. Watch-fire.—Kittiwake.

1. Heathen Queen. 2. Maori Chief. 3. Parallax. 4. Tite-street. 5. Nursery. 6. Abbeville. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Pyrites. 9. Burning Bush. 10. Hermione (daughter of Mars, God of War, and Venus = Vesper).—Yoko.

1. Daughter of Heth. 2. Allan-a-Dale. 3. Parallax. 4. Timbale.* 5. Racket. 6. Poor Clare.† 7. Cock-crow. 8. Stone Broke. 9. Witch Hazel. 10. Camisade.—Inshallah.

* A kind of cup or mug (Nugent's and Surenne's French dictionaries).

† Franciscan nuns are known as "Poor Clares."

1. Adventure. 2. Freebooter. 3. Astrologer. 4. Relish. 5. Football. 6. Seclusion. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Silica. 9. Visionary. 10. Sortie.—B. H. D.

1. Heathen Queen. 2. Dunrobin. 3. Day Star. 4. Pipe-clay. 5. Topsy Turvey. 6. Convent Belle. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Johannisberg. 9. Witch Hazel. 10. Sentry go.—Lubin.

1. Queen's ransom. 2. Robin Hood. 3. Nebula. 4. Loving Cup. 5. Skittles. 6. Retreat. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Pewter. 9. Moses. 10. Even Song.—Mrs. Tudor.

1. Gipsy Queen. 2. Scotch Mixture. 3. Parachute. 4. Timid Shepherdess. 5. Slap Bang. 6. Convent. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Good as Gold. 9. Superstition. 10. Battle Eve.—Plumepierre.

1. Beersheba. 2. Allan-a-Dale. 3. Twinkle. 4. Chelsea Timotha. 5. Football. 6. Convent. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Pint Pot. 9. Aaron's Rod. 10. Battle Eve.—Sille.

1. Daughter of Heth. 2. Johnnie Armstrong. 3. Parallax. 4. Tea Fight. 5. Black Ball. 6. Capri. 7. Peter Bell. 8. Pay Dirt. 9. Holy Well. 10. Bivouac.—Wonder.

1. Jael. 2. Robin Hood. 3. Dean Swift. 4. Aquila. 5. Baccarat. 6. St. Elizabeth. 7. Ananias. 8. Esmeralda. 9. Soothsayer. 10. Britannia.—J. McGrigor Allan.

1. Gay Lady. 2. Robin Hood. 3. The Dean. 4. Tin-pot. 5. Rattle. 6. Spanish Nun. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Gold Dust. 9. Divining Rod. 10. Night Jar.—Amateur.

1. Beggar Queen. 2. Moss-trooper. 3. Parachute. 4. Timepiece. 5. Catapult. 6. Novice. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Stonepicker. 9. Horoscope. 10. Night Watch.—Cross Keys.

1. Robber Queen. 2. Robin Hood. 3. Star Trap. 4. Tina. 5. Pop-gun. 6. Eremite. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Bed Rock. 9. Divining Rod. 10. Night Attack.—Jolly Roger.

1. Prima Donna. 2. Moss Trooper. 3. Day Star. 4. Little Brown Jug. 5. Football. 6. Peace. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Nugget. 9. Hedge Priest. 10. Tattoo.—Meg.

1. Mashonaland. 2. Robin Hood. 3. Paradise. 4. Tim-idity. 5. Racquet. 6. Hermitage. 7. Crusader. 8. Half and Half. 9. Bushranger. 10. Amazon.—Edgerton.

1. Heather Queen. 2. Scottish Friar. 3. Shooting Star. 4. Timid Chelcia. 5. Scrimmage. 6. Nun of Verona. 7. Noisy Saint. 8. Filthy Lucre. 9. Saint Corylus. 10. Vespertalia.—Jocker.

1. Scottish Queen. 2. Robin Adair. 3. Comet. 4. Teacup. 5. Rough and Tumble. 6. Italian Nun. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Base Gold. 9. Aaron's Rod. 10. Star of War.—Redgel.

1. Royal Road. 2. Jock o' Hazledean. 3. Dean of St. Patrick. 4. Teacup. 5. Tournament. 6. Peace. 7. Cock-crow. 8. Miss (see "Luck of Roaring Camp"). 9. Euonymus (vulg. "Burning Bush"). 10. Camp Fire.—Nomenclator.

1. Heather Bell. 2. Robin Hood. 3. Gulliver. 4. Timidity. 5. Rattle. 6. The Nun. 7. The Sentinel. 8. Silica. 9. Hagberry. 10. Florence Nightingale.—W. M. P.

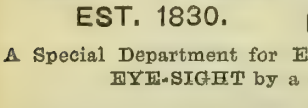
1. Polygamy.* 2. Outlaw. 3. Starcross. 4. Fragility.† 5. Havoc. 6. Free-love. 7. Peter Bell. 8. Base Alloy. 9. Divining Rod. 10. Fatal Eve.—Growna.

* Polly of the opera, &c. † Suggested alike by "Timothy Grass" and by the China.

1. Queen's Highway. 2. Locksley. 3. Fallen Star. 4. T Cup. 5. Playful. 6. Recluse. 7. Cock-crow. 8. P's and Q's. 9. Ha-ha. 10. Eve of Battle.—Muff.

1. Daughter of Heth. 2. Covenanter. 3. Lunatic. 4. Miss Proudie. 5. Bric-à-brac. 6. Peacemaker. 7. Shilling Shocker. 8. Skinflint. 9. Haman. 10. Comet.—Monachus.

Lists of suggested names have also been received from Gravenhill, F. Ready, Six Knobs, Pilot, A. E. I. O. U., Jessie S., Garter Tower, R. F., Jam, Canute, C. M. P., Pedagogue, Kimbix, Alma, O'Nobody, Mrs. B., Veni, Tam Quam, G., Dorkin, Queenie, Lightfoot, Yeldray, Nacnud, Nea Rish, Selma, Lochalsh, E. B. G., Uncertainty, Belle Vue, Skedaddle, A. N. Other, Harold, Sabrina, Esperanza, Twins, Cosmos, Ek-dum, Tom Nissed, Medico, Bat, Philothea, *The* Colonel, Magpie, Snooks, Dandelion, Nolton, Bolus Junior, Emily Culverhouse, Cestrian, Wandering Jew, Polydore, Guelder Rose, E. Lam, Yamstock, Pongo, Bel Demonio, C. F. Reid, Amateur, Maud, Idrone, Neewod, Boolfig, Red Lion, H. H., W. P., Gagool, Alecto, Nunc Dimittis, Vera, The Mac, Ipse Dixit, H. A. L. S., Donovan, Ada, Feloos, Wandering Tyke, Little Sewer, Simla, Jack Sprat, H. R. C., Mater, Med. Stud., Leaf Rule, Jeannie S., A. J. R., Yankee Ned, Secretary, Dryasdust, Wits, Philander, Teneo, Phantom, Nomenclator, N. de P. B., Barebones, Oxon, Thalouka, Puppy, Fusilier, O. W., Ravenscroft, Marple, Caledonia, Cabbage.



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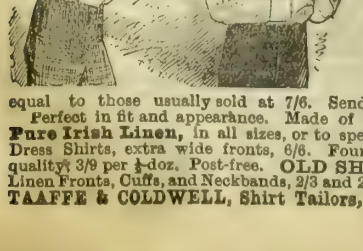

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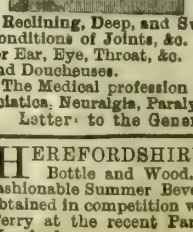

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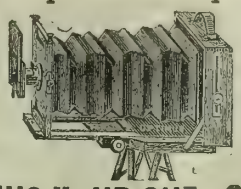

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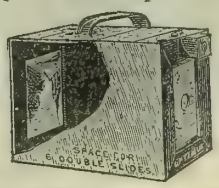

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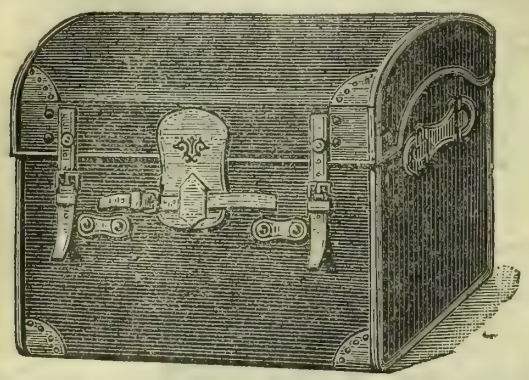

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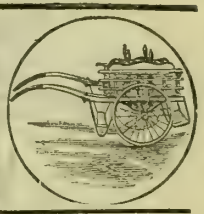

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE announcement that the Queen intends to prolong her stay at Osborne is incorrect. Her Majesty leaves the Isle of Wight for Balmoral on Friday, the 21st. The Queen particularly wishes to be at Balmoral on Wednesday, the 26th, which is the anniversary of Prince Albert's birthday.

Last week's Council was summoned by the Queen at very short notice, and it was certainly inconsiderate of her Majesty to fix the Cup Day at Goodwood for the function, as the Brighton Company had quite enough to do with the extra race traffic, without having to arrange for a special train from Victoria to Portsmouth and back. It would have been far more convenient to the Ministers if the Council had been held to-morrow, which was the day originally fixed for it. The person most to be pitied was Lord Cadogan, who was dragged away from Goodwood to attend the Council, to his infinite disgust.

As I stated last week, the Prince of Wales is to arrive at Homburg on Saturday, the 15th, but it is not yet settled whether the Princess is to travel with him to Frankfort, and proceed thence on to Gmunden, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, or whether she will go on the 14th to Braemar, to stay for a fortnight with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, before proceeding to Denmark, in which latter case H.R.H. is to embark at Aberdeen for Copenhagen on board the *Osborne*.

The Prince and Princess drove through Chichester last week on Monday evening, when on their way to Goodwood, and, for the first time on such an occasion, the Cathedral bells were not rung, to the great surprise of the citizens. Hitherto the bells have always been rung to welcome the Prince and Princess to the city, and the Mayor had paid the usual fee to the ringers. It turns out that the Dean and Chapter have recently issued a ukase forbidding the Cathedral bells to be rung on any occasion whatever during Goodwood race-week.

When Prince George of Wales is appointed to the *Osborne*, he will rarely have to make anything of a voyage, for which he will be thankful; for, strange to say, although the Prince has been constantly at sea during the last eleven years, he suffers horribly from *mal-de-mer* every time that he starts on a voyage.

The Empress Frederick is coming to England at the end of this month, and she will be the guest of the Queen at Balmoral for several weeks, unless she prefers to reside at Abergeldie Castle, which has been placed at her disposal by the Queen, for the Prince and Princess of Wales are not going there this year.

As to the other Royal residences on Deeside, Birkhall, in Glen Muich, near Ballater, is to be occupied for about two months by the Duchess of Albany and her children; and the Queen has offered to lend Abergeldie Mains to Princess Frederica of Hanover, while, if H.R.H. does not go there, Lady Biddulph will have that place for six weeks.

The fastenings of all the doors and windows at Balmoral, Abergeldie Castle, and Birkhall have just been thoroughly examined by an expert, who was sent down from London on purpose by the authorities at Scotland Yard. Considering the unsleeping vigilance with which the neighbourhood of Balmoral is patrolled, both by day and by night, it is difficult to understand how ever the most dexterous burglar could approach the Castle, much less find an opportunity of breaking into it.

Lady Erroll goes on Friday week to Osborne, as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, in succession to the Dowager Duchess of Athole, and she is to accompany her Majesty to Balmoral, and will remain at Court until the 28th, when the Dowager Lady Churchill goes until September 15, then Lady Ampthill for three weeks, and then the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe for a fortnight.

The Lord Chamberlain has obtained leave from the Queen to travel "beyond seas" for two months, and he is going this week to Canada, with Lady Lathom, on a visit to Lord and Lady Stanley. Except in the event of there being a Royal funeral, the Lord Chamberlain has no duties which cannot be delegated to others during the autumn months.

A correspondent writes:—

It was stated in Truth the other day that there are six Lords-in-Waiting, who receive £600 a year each, and who are on duty for a month or two in each year. There are eight of these useless functionaries, and they receive £700 a year each. So far from their being on duty for a "month or two," the nominal duty (on paper) is only six weeks in each year, but, as a matter of fact, a Lord-in-Waiting seldom has more than two weeks of duty at Court altogether, and two or three of them generally escape entirely. For many years past the Queen has dispensed with the attendance of a Lord-in-Waiting, except when she is residing at Windsor Castle or at Buckingham Palace. The Lords-in-Waiting go out with the Ministry, excepting Lord Bridport, who holds his post for life, as also did the late Lord Torrington.

The Duchess of Connaught has gone to Aix-les-Bains for a course of the waters and for massage treatment. The Duke is to quit Portsmouth on leave-of-absence about the 22nd, when he will join the Duchess at Aix, and after she has completed her cure they are going to Germany, to visit the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess of Oldenburg, Prince and Princess Frederick Leopold of Prussia, and other relatives.

One day next week the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are to leave Devonport for Germany. The Duke, who will be absent from his command until towards the end of September, is going to Kissingen for a course of the waters, and the Duchess and her children will proceed to the beautiful château of Rosenau, near Coburg. They are to pay a visit to the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin at the Schloss of Ludwigslust during their stay in Germany.

The accouchement of Princess Beatrice is expected in October, and the plans of the Court depend to some extent on this event, which, according to present arrangements, is to take place at Balmoral.

Her Majesty has lent the *Victoria and Albert* to carry the German Empress and her children from Harwich to Flushing. The yacht is to leave Portsmouth next Tuesday, and she will embark her passengers on Wednesday evening.

The Emperor William recently ordered a huge picture of his yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, to be painted, as a present to the Queen, and it is to be hung at Osborne. The picture, which is nearly completed, represents the yacht proceeding across the sea under a blue starlit sky, and on the bridge is the Emperor arrayed in naval uniform. The picture is to have a white frame, laced with green laurel-leaves, and surmounted by an Imperial crown.

The absence of the Emperor from Cowes this week is much regretted there, because this is turning out to be a very dull yachting season, and his visit would have given everything a much-needed lift. A great many yachts which are usually to be seen in the Solent during August have not been fitted out this year, owing to various causes, and the Cowes season will be practically over by the end of next week, when the Prince and Princess of Wales will have departed.

Unbounded surprise and universal dissatisfaction have been excited in Service circles by the Admiralty order which grants the German Emperor and the Prince of Wales (as honorary Admirals) the privilege of flying the Union flag at the main, and receiving the salutes which are due to that ensign, when they are on board ship and in naval uniform. This order is a flagrant breach of the Queen's Regulations, which expressly limit this particular privilege to officers in command and on the active list. It is impossible to conjecture where the fantastical and servile complacencies of the present Government will stop. It is simply ridiculous and fatuous to grant such a concession to the Prince of Wales, but to extend it to the German Emperor, a foreign Sovereign, is in the highest degree objectionable, on all accounts, both public and private.

The first monument which has been erected in Germany to the memory of the Emperor Frederick is to be unveiled at Augsburg on the 30th, and the Emperor William has excused himself from attending the function, which will probably be made the occasion of as marked a manifestation in favour of Liberalism as the German laws will permit.

Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia, the only sister of the Duke of Anhalt, and the mother of the Duchess of Connaught, has recently contracted a morganatic marriage with the Chamberlain of her Household. It may be hoped that this clever and accomplished Princess will be more happy in this alliance than she was during the life of her late husband.

It is not easy to find a wife for Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, in consequence of his very peculiar position He is a Roman Catholic, but any children he may have are to be brought up as members of the Orthodox Church, an arrangement which precludes his marriage either with any Austrian Archduchess or any Bavarian Princess. The favourite project at Bucharest is for Prince Ferdinand to marry the eldest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, as, although she has been brought up as a Lutheran, yet her mother remains a member of the Orthodox Church, and probably the young Princess herself would have no objection to change her faith. There would, moreover, be considerable dynastic advantages in the marriage of Prince Ferdinand to a niece of the Emperor of Russia. The Prince was born in August, 1865, and Princess Marie of Edinburgh is ten years his junior.

Prince George of Greece has got himself into terrible disgrace at the Court of St. Petersburg, owing to his indiscretion in publishing his own account of the row in

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 306 in the present issue
For Amusements, see page 305.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 307.

Millinery.—All the latest Novelties in Smart Millinery at the 216, Regent-street Branch of the Maison Nouvelle (next to Liberty's East India House).

which the Czarewitch was wounded, without having previously submitted it to some discreet person for revision. The Prince was certainly animated by a zeal that was not according to knowledge, for the one thing which he makes plain is that the Czarewitch did not exhibit much bravery, for he simply ran away on being attacked, and, on being chased, he appears to have tumbled down from sheer fright. The real fact is that the row took place in a casino, and the originator was one of the Greek officers, who kicked a Japanese, and thereupon was so severely beaten that he howled for mercy. The Czarewitch then produced a revolver, and a native policeman tried to cut him down, and, in reality, this ill-fated functionary was simply doing his duty, for there is a stringent law against the use of such weapons. The Czarewitch and Prince George and their friends were regarded by the company with whom they interfered as a gang of rowdy European tourists.

The Empress of Austria's new palace at Corfu has cost £120,000. The bill for the wood carvings in the Pompeian suite of seven rooms, which is the great feature of the house, amounted to £3,000. It may be hoped that the Empress will be more satisfied with this abode than she was with a villa which she built a few years ago in the neighbourhood of Vienna, for after it was finished, she took a dislike to the place, and has never lived there, although upwards of £80,000 had been expended on the house and grounds.

A paragraph has been going round the papers which states that the value of the plate which was used at the recent State Banquet at Windsor Castle was three millions sterling. As a matter of fact, the total value of the whole of the Royal plate, including both that which belongs to the Crown and that which is the private property of the Queen, is under £1,800,000. George IV. was the principal contributor to the collection, and, inasmuch as the taxpayers paid for all the plate which his Majesty ordered, it was only common fairness that William IV. should have made it over to the Crown, which practically means that it belongs to the country. The Royal plate is kept at Windsor Castle in two rooms, and when there are State visitors or entertainments at Buckingham Palace a supply is sent up to London by road in a huge fourgon. The Queen's own plate is always used when the Court is at Balmoral or at Osborne.

The *Times* announced the other day that some Crown land in Pall Mall had been let by auction on a building lease at the rate of 8s. 6d. per square foot of building area, which would represent £500,000 an acre, if brought into fee simple value at twenty-five years' purchase. It would be interesting to learn the estimated value of the ground which is occupied by St. James's Palace, and which is also Crown property. On a demise of the Crown it will be necessary to pull down St. James's Palace, and sell the site for the benefit of the taxpayers. It is a most costly burden for the country, as, apart from the annual value of the site, which cannot be less than £40,000 a year (not allowing for Clarence House, which is officially regarded as a portion of the Palace), there is the enormous expense of keeping up the buildings, which are constantly being altered and repaired. The abolition of St. James's Palace, when next these matters come to be dealt with by Parliament, will certainly be demanded, and most reasonably, for it is a building which can perfectly well be dispensed with. The State apartments are never used, except for the Levées, which could be held far more conveniently at Buckingham Palace, and there is no earthly reason why the country should provide free quarters for any of the people who are now accommodated there. The Lord Chamberlain's office could perfectly well be removed to Buckingham Palace, where there is ample accommodation to spare, and it would puzzle any rational being to explain why the Keeper of the Privy Purse and the functionary who bears the odd designation of "Controller of Accounts in the Lord Chamberlain's Department" should be given large houses in the Palace, in addition to their extravagantly liberal salaries.

The Duke of Cambridge is to be the guest of Lord and Lady Wharncliffe at Wortley Hall, near Sheffield, during Doncaster race-week.

Comte and Comtesse de Paris are to arrive at Loch Kennard Lodge, Perthshire, on Tuesday next, for the shooting season, and they will entertain numerous visitors there during their stay, which will extend over six weeks, after which they are to return to Stowe. The Duc de Chartres and Don Antonio de Montpensier are expected at Loch Kennard next week.

Last week the Duc de Nemours, who has been residing for several weeks at Bushey Park, left that place for the season, and proceeded to Paris, whence he is going to Royat, and afterwards to Cauterets. The Duc de Nemours was "lent" Bushey Park after the death of Queen Adelaide because his wife (who died in 1857) was a cousin of the Prince Consort. When this place reverts to the Queen it is to be granted to Princess Beatrice.

The Duke of Richmond and his family are to leave Goodwood on Friday for Gordon Castle, Banffshire, where they will reside until the middle of November. The Duke and Lord March are going on Tuesday to the lodge in Glenfiddich forest for the opening of the shooting season.

Lord and Lady Lonsdale will next week receive a large shooting-party at Lowther Castle, Westmoreland, where they intend to reside for several months.

The Duke of Devonshire remains at Holker Hall, Lancashire, where he has been residing for the last

thirteen months, but Lord Hartington will have a small party next week, including Lord Wolmer, Admiral Egerton, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Cavendish, M.P., at Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, for the grouse-shooting on the Duke's extensive moors. The Duke of Devonshire's moors in the Buxton district of Derbyshire have been let to Mr. Reginald Darwen.

Lord and Lady Ripon will next week entertain a large shooting party at Studley Royal, their beautiful place in Yorkshire. Heavy bags are expected on Lord Ripon's famous Dallogill moors.

The Duke and Duchess of Cleveland intend to reside for several months to come at Battle Abbey, and they will not visit Raby Castle this year. The Duke's extensive grouse-moors in Teesdale are to be shot over by a party of his friends.

Lord and Lady Iveagh, who are cruising off the Isle of Wight in their yacht the *Cetonia*, will proceed the week after next to Scotland for two months, during which time they are to reside at Ardverikie House, Sir John Ramsden's beautiful place in Inverness-shire, on the west shore of Loch Laggan, which they have rented, with the surrounding deer-forest of 27,000 acres.

The announcement that Mr. Balfour is going abroad for two months is incorrect, for he is under orders to render himself to Balmoral on the 24th, and he will remain there for ten days as Minister in Attendance on the Queen. Mr. Balfour will pass next month at Whittinghame, his place in East Lothian, after which he is going to Dublin for a few weeks. He will address a meeting at Glasgow in November, and another at Edinburgh a little later.

Lord and Lady Lothian will have a family party next week at Monteviot, their place in Roxburghshire, for the opening of the shooting season.

The *World* was quite wrong last week in announcing that "Lord Rosebery is still at Wildbad." Lord Rosebery went to the Tyrol when he left Marienbad, and he has been staying at Gastein during the last ten days.

Mrs. Oliphant, who has been very much out of health since the death of her eldest son, has returned to Windsor, after a long visit to a friend in Hampshire, and is to reside during the autumn at the Master of the Household's official residence in the Castle, which has been lent to her, with the Queen's approval, by Sir John Cowell, who is going to pass the shooting season at Clifton Castle, Lady Cowell's place in Yorkshire, when the Court leaves Osborne for Balmoral.

Sir Charles Forster was a sincerely religious man, without austerity or ostentation. He was a great admirer of the sermons of Archbishop Magee, Dean Vaughan, and Canon Liddon, and often travelled considerable distances to hear them preach. When Sir Charles was in or near London, during Dr. Liddon's months of residence at St. Paul's, he never missed the Sunday afternoon service at the Cathedral, and during the session he was usually to be seen at the Temple Church in the morning, while in the evening he invariably attended the special service at Westminster Abbey if there was a good preacher.

Elphinstone Dalrymple, who died last week, was one of the most distinguished antiquaries in Scotland, and he was an active member of the original Spalding Club. He edited and practically re-wrote the new edition of "The Castles of Aberdeenshire," a work of which Sir Walter Scott expressed a very high opinion.

The rebuilding of the house at Hurstbourne Park, Lord Portsmouth's place in Hampshire, which was destroyed by fire last winter, is to be commenced in October, and Lord and Lady Lymington intend to reside in the neighbourhood while the work is in progress. The new house, which is to be erected on the site of the former building, will be a comparatively small structure, in the Jacobean style.

Mr. J. C. Williams, of Caerhayes, who owns one of the largest estates in Cornwall, has introduced a reform in the management of his property which will be much appreciated by his tenants and by all persons who may be desirous of becoming tenants. The leases and agreements have always been drawn up by a firm of attorneys, with the result that incoming tenants or those obtaining renewals had a heavy bill to pay for costs. In future there will be no such fees, for the leases are to be printed, with blank spaces, which will be filled in by the estate agent, and the tenant will have to pay for the stamp only. It would be well if other owners of large estates would imitate the example of Mr. Williams, whose plan is also in operation on the Tehidy estate in Cornwall, which belongs to Mr. Basset.

The beautiful estate of Brockhampton Court, in Herefordshire, on the banks of the Wye, which belongs to Sir Christopher Lighton, has been offered for sale, but it did not change hands, the highest bid being only £19,000, which was a ridiculously small sum, considering that the annual value is £1,167.

Stag-hunting on Exmoor is to begin next week, and the opening meet of the Devon and Somerset pack will

The Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W., is open daily for the treatment and cure of disease by Electricity, Massage, &c. Consultations free of charge.

be at Cloutsham, on Wednesday, the 12th. Red deer are very numerous on all parts of Exmoor, and there are so many of the creatures in the Quantock country that it is hoped by the farmers that Mr. Bisset will hunt in that district for two weeks this season.

The sale of Lord Bristol's celebrated flock of Southdowns at Ickworth realised nearly £3,100, excellent prices being obtained for all the lots. Two pens of the finest ewes were bought by the Prince of Wales for his flock at Sandringham, but the largest purchasers were Lord Cadogan (who is forming a flock at Culford, his place in Suffolk), and Mr. Locke King. The dispersal of the Ickworth flock is much regretted, it having been formed in 1807, when the foundation animals were bought by the then Lord Bristol, out of Lord Braybrooke's flock at Audley End, and from Mr. Ellam, who at that period enjoyed great fame as an improver of Southdowns.

Mr. Foljambe's old-established and very choice herd of Shorthorns, at Osberton Hall, Notts, is to be sold off in October.

The Queen was a large exhibitor at the Highland Society's Show at Stirling last week, of Aberdeen-Angus cattle, from the Royal farm at Abergeldie, and her Majesty secured several prizes. There was a very good lot of these cattle, and a splendid collection of the picturesque Highland cattle, while the Shorthorns, Ayrshires, and Galloways were all far above the average of recent years. There was a very fine display of Clydesdale horses, and the feature in the sheep classes was the large and excellent show of Blackfaces.

A correspondent complains that at the Royal Counties Show at Portsmouth the sale of soda and milk in the dairy tent was stopped after the first day in deference to a protest from the refreshment contractor, that there was no fruit on sale throughout the show, and that men in charge of cattle, &c., were charged 6d. a pint for undrinkable beer. The writer asks why on occasions of this kind refreshment contractors do not open stalls for the sale of non-intoxicating drinks at a penny a glass, together with cheap light refreshments and fruit, instead of devoting all their energies to a two-and-sixpenny luncheon which the majority of the visitors do not want. This is another version of the same question which I asked the other day in connection with the catering on railways. It would be much better for refreshment contractors, as well as for their customers, if it were more clearly understood that the last thing the average man, still more the average woman or child, desires on a railway journey, or at a show, or at a fête, is to consume a heavy meal, washed down with dear and bad wine or cheap and bad beer.

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth. Also The Belle Vue and Pier Hotel, opposite the Pier, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach, General Manager, late of the Bath Hotel, Bournemouth.

In connection with this same Show, I feel sure that the Duke of Connaught will forgive my calling his attention to the following extract from a letter from Portsmouth:—

> Surely the Duke cannot be aware that during the whole time he was in the Royal Box his horses' bearing-reins were not taken off, nor even slackened? It might also be well if, his Royal Highness knew that on a gentleman remarking to one of the servants that the animals appeared greatly distressed, he was grossly insulted for his pains.

According to the official statistics of live stock in Norway, there were last year in that country 1,016,617 head of cattle (of which 741,598 were milch cows), 686,306 sheep, 157,900 horses, 101,020 swine, and 96,567 reindeer. The favourite British breed of cattle in Norway is the Ayrshire.

The letter which W. Quaife, the Sussex cricketer, addressed to the *Sportsman* a few days ago, helps to show, among other things, the value of the "patronage" of a certain type of noble lord to a sport like cricket. Quaife alleges—and the statement does not seem to have been denied—that after he had, on perfectly reasonable grounds, deserted Sussex for Warwickshire, his brother was refused further practice at Lord Sheffield's expense, while the Newhaven Club were informed that unless Quaife resigned his membership, Lord Sheffield's subscription would be withdrawn.

As an amusing sequel to this case, Lord Sheffield, who has applied the boycott so remorselessly in the above and other notorious instances, has since had the temerity to write to the *Sussex Daily News* complaining of "the extraordinary conduct of the London Press" in "boycotting" (that is his own word) certain Volunteer gatherings in Sheffield Park. This his lordship considers "an ignoble specimen of the manner in which the Volunteers of this country are slighted," &c. As, however, he naïvely admits that he himself sent accounts of the proceedings to the *Times*, *Standard*, and *Daily Telegraph*, it seems probable that he was inspired quite as much by a desire for his own glorification as by regard for the Volunteers. I apprehend that this was the view of the editors of the *Times*, *Standard*, and *Daily Telegraph*, and that the "slight" which his Lordship supposes to have been administered to the Volunteers was really a snub intended for himself.

The portrait of Mr. Pitt, by Jackson, which was sold the other day at the sale of Lord Ely's pictures, is going to the United States, as it has been purchased by the Pittsburg Public Gallery. It is a good work, but by far the best portrait of Mr. Pitt is the picture by Hoppner, which is in the private apartments at Windsor Castle, in the corridor, next to the not less admirable portraits of Lord Thurlow and Lord Eldon. They are all Crown property.

Mr. Gladstone is now giving Sir John Millais sittings of one hour's duration for the portrait of himself and his grandchild, which Sir John is re-painting.

I hear from Edinburgh that Sir Noel Paton is to succeed the late Sir William Fettes Douglas as President of the Royal Scottish Academy, and his election will meet with general approval. Sir Noel's beautiful picture, "Vigilate et Orate," which he painted for the Queen, has just been placed over the altar in the private chapel at Osborne.

An equestrian bronze statue of General MacClellan is about to be erected outside the City Hall at Philadelphia, which has cost £4,000, exclusive of the pedestal, which is a gift from the citizens.

Miss Braddon's new novel, which is entitled "Gerard; or The World, The Flesh, and The Devil," is to be published very shortly, and it will be exceedingly welcome, for most of this year's novels have been dreadfully bad. The best work of fiction that I have read for several months is "Stephen Ellicott's Daughter," by Mrs. Needell.

In the catalogue of the public library at Earlston, Berwickshire, the Queen's "Leaves from a Journal in the Highlands," is classified among "works of fiction." A loyal North Countryman—Tory, I presume—has sent me an indignant protest on the subject, assuming that the entry conveys an intentional aspersion upon her Majesty's veracity. I expect, however, the truth is that in Earlston, as in most other public libraries, the librarian finds that a book has no chance of being read unless it is described as a work of fiction.

I was amused to read the other day, in a romancing daily paper, that Sir Walter Scott derived the name of "Ivanhoe" from a village near Tring, where he resided when he was writing that novel. The name of the village which is meant is Ivinghoe, and Sir Walter never was there in his life. He wrote "Ivanhoe" at Abbotsford in 1819, or rather he dictated it, for he was then so ill that he could not hold a pen between his fingers.

A portrait of Archbishop Magee is to be hung in the gallery at Bishopthorpe, where there is a very interesting collection of portraits of the Archbishops of York.

The restoration of Crowland Abbey, which is one of the finest and most interesting ecclesiastical buildings in England, has been stopped for want of adequate funds to complete the work.

The famous monument of Queen Eleanour, and the tomb of Bishop Grosseteste, in Lincoln Minster, are to be thoroughly and carefully restored.

Lord Ducie has placed a memorial tablet to Warren Hastings in the parish church of Churchill, Gloucestershire, which is near to Daylesford, where that great man was born, and where he passed the last twenty-five years of his life. Daylesford has twice changed hands since the death of Warren Hastings, and the place is now the property of Mr. Byass. Hastings lies buried in his family vault beneath the chancel of Daylesford Church.

The memorial of the late Dean Oakley, in Manchester Cathedral, is to take the form of a large stained-glass window in the Trafford Chapel, instead of a pulpit in the nave, as was originally proposed.

Prebendary Gibson, the well-known Principal of the Wells Theological College, is to be the special preacher at the consecration of the Bishops of Lichfield and Truro, in Westminster Abbey, on September 25.

The Simeon Trustees, who have the patronage of a very large number of livings, including many valuable and important benefices, are now the Dean of Canterbury, Canon Girdlestone, Archdeacon Richardson, Prebendary Tate, and the Rev. H. G. Moule.

A retreat for the clergy of the Diocese of Southwell, which is to be conducted by Canon Mason, is to be held during the second week of next month at Repton School, and Bishop Ridding intends to take part in it.

The Bishop of Southwell is to be one of the select preachers at Oxford during Michaelmas term.

A strange dispute has arisen between the Bath clergy and their choirmen, with the result that the clergy have formed a quasi-union to regulate (*i.e.*, to keep down) salaries. The clergy, with the proverbial cunning and selfishness of too many of their kind, have made it apparent that their sole object is that, when once a good singer has been secured, he is to be prevented from seeking a post elsewhere of higher emolument. These Rectors and Vicars have actually fixed eight pounds as the maximum annual salary which is to be paid to any chorister—a sum so ridiculously inadequate that, in London, it would be refused by any tolerably competent singer with contempt. Certainly the effrontery of the Bath clergy, and their flea-skinning parsimony, are calculated to bring discredit upon the whole city, and the tone which they have assumed towards the choristers throughout the controversy has not tended to the edification of their unfortunate congregations. The Bishop of Bath and Wells will do well to admonish the clergy to act towards their choirs with decent liberality, instead of with beggarly meanness, and also to manifest a more becoming spirit.

One of the most distinguished and admirable of parish priests, the Rev. Charles Smith, Rector of Newton, Suffolk, died a few days ago in his ninety-fourth year.

Kinahan's LL Whiskey. "The Cream of old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whiskey. Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's LL Whiskey. The Prize Medal, Dublin, 1865.

He was one of the fathers of the Church of the present day, having been a beneficed clergyman for close on seventy years, for the first ten of which he was Incumbent of St. Mary the Less, Cambridge, while the rest of his time was passed at Newton, to which living he was instituted in 1832. Mr. Smith was a link with a whole series of generations which have passed away. In his youth he was intimate with Coleridge, Scott, and Wordsworth, and while he was proctor one of his victims was Bulwer Lytton, then an undergraduate at Trinity Hall, who fell upon his knees and begged for mercy. As a fellow and tutor of Peterhouse, Mr. Smith numbered among his pupils Charles Darwin, the late Canon Kennedy, formerly Head-master of Shrewsbury, Baron Amphlett, and many other distinguished men. His early theological writings attracted the attention and gained him the close friendship of Bishop Phillpotts, who once spoke of him as "the best and ablest man he ever knew," and he was always an intimate friend of Wilberforce and Keble. He refused repeated offers of preferment, choosing rather to remain at his parish work, in which his piety and charity gained him the deep affection of all within his reach.

There are now two vacancies for Honorary Chaplains on the Queen's ecclesiastical establishment. The Rev. J. C. Welldon is to be promoted to be a Chaplain-in-Ordinary, in succession to the Bishop of Hull, and Dr. Forrest will vacate the office on the completion of his appointment to the Deanery of Worcester. The next vacancy among the Chaplains-in-Ordinary is to be filled by the Rev. J. F. Mitchell, Vicar of Wolferton, Norfolk, who is Honorary Chaplain to the Prince of Wales.

"Clericus" writes :—

I have no personal acquaintance with the Rev. John Ingle, of Exeter, but the mean and shuffling treatment which that clergyman has experienced from the Bishop of Exeter has excited general disgust throughout Devonshire.

Bishop Bickersteth, in his dealings with Mr. Ingle, appears to have taken a leaf out of the book of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg.

What are we to think of a "Right Reverend Father in God," who enjoys a stipend of £4,200 a year and the use of a palace, when we hear that he sanctions the dismissal of an exemplary parish clergyman on a retiring pension of 9¼d. per day? The Bishop is perfectly aware that Mr. Ingle possesses hardly any private means.

What are we to think, moreover, of the Ven. Archdeacon and Canon Sandford, the chairman of the precious "Clerical Commission," which awarded Mr. Ingle this paltry sum, remembering that he himself receives £1,050 a year, and has an excellent prebendal house, in return for doing what is called "Cathedral duty," which, as has been well said, is the closest possible approximation to doing nothing which is attainable in these days.

How would Bishop Bickersteth (who is just going flaunting off to Japan on a five months' holiday) and Archdeacon Sandford like to have such disgraceful treatment meted out to them?

With regard to your excellent paragraph in last week's TRUTH, I may tell you that the Chancellor has already presented one of the City clergymen to the living out of which Mr. Ingle has been tricked. The Bishop and his Archdeacon are perfectly careless as to the shameful injustice of the whole business, and nowhere but in the Church of England, and only there among its "upper clergy," could such a state of moral indifference be found.

One of the most scandalous cases of "absentee Rector' to be found in the whole fertile field of the Church of England has been flourishing for some years past at Shere, in Surrey. The Rev. R. L. Adams, Rector of this parish, succeeded his father, the owner of the advowson, in 1874. For the greater part of the intervening period this Rector has been absent from the parish on account of some illness, the nature of which is not clearly defined. The living is worth £950 a year nett; the rectory-house is let nearly all the year round, and must bring in several hundreds more. The Rector pays the curates in charge about £350, and lives at his ease on the balance —generally in the South of France. As might be expected, the deputy clergy have in many cases been unfit for their duties, and more than one scandal has resulted. If this rector is really ill, he ought by every principle of justice and honour to have resigned his position years ago; if he is not, the scandal is only twenty times worse.

I commend this case to the consideration, among others, of the gentleman who writes to me this week to complain that I am unduly hard upon the Church of England, as compared with other sects, and to invite me specially to give the Roman Catholics a turn. My answer is that the Church of England is obnoxious to hostile criticism to a degree far beyond any other religious community. This is owing to its privileged position; its possession of vast wealth, to which all outside the pale of the Church have an equal right; the grossly unjust distribution of its wealth; its anomalous and anarchical system of government; and the consequent demoralisation of a considerable portion of its clergy. I do not concern myself deeply with the beliefs of churchmen or the teaching of the clergy. My interest is with abuses.

When, therefore, my correspondent invites me to take up my parable against the "Holy Coat of Trèves," I respectfully decline. Were I once to start on that road, I am not certain where I should ultimately find myself. But if my correspondent will point out to me in any other religious community a minister drawing some £1,400 a year from the church funds, living for the best part of fifteen years in foreign countries, paying a deputy £350 a year to do his work, and meeting through all that time with neither interference, remonstrance, nor rebuke from his official superiors, I shall be delighted to pass upon those responsible all the censure they deserve. At present, however, I doubt whether in the whole of Christendom a similar abuse can be found.

The following narrative seems to me deserving of publicity. For the sake, however, of those who have been entreating me not to be so hard on the Church of England, I will do my best to hope that the "clerical

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BOURNEMOUTH.—ROYAL BATH HOTEL. The only hotel on the East Cliff. Grounds of Five Acres. 1,000 feet sea-frontage. South aspect. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited

personage" referred to was a Roman Catholic, or a Dissenter masquerading in the garb of the Establishment:—

On Monday last a party of children, heated and fatigued, bearing the tickets of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, arrived at Waterloo to travel by the 10.15 train to Portsmouth. After being driven from pillar to post, by the none too courteous officials of the South-Western Railway, they reached the portion of the train set apart for their journey, only to find every carriage full. In an adjoining compartment a clerical personage sat by himself, and when the weary and anxious lady in charge of the children begged him to let some of them occupy his carriage he peremptorily and rudely refused. Now, a party of working men, bound for some country job, were looking out of their carriage window, and seeing the state of the case one of them called out, "Here, Miss, let the youngsters take our seats. We will wait for the next train sooner than they shall be left behind"; and the whole party gave up their seats accordingly, while the cleric relapsed into his *Times*. This is an instructive contrast, is it not, between charity as understood by fustian and as understood by broadcloth?

A Bishop writes as follows apropos to the recent deliverance of the County Court Judge on the great Servants' Cap Question:—

"Bravo! Sarah Ann, you deserve much applause,
And to follow your lead I am eager;
For Bishops, like housemaids, have unwritten laws,
Which their freedom of action beleaguer;
And if you are thus able your cap to dismount,
Despite your domestic dictators,
Why, I and my brethren should equally count,
On doffing our apron and gaiters.

"Yes, thanks, Sarah Ann, you have not worked in vain!
Now I look for a future much rosier,
In which I shall ne'er wear a mitre again,
Nor be bothered by staff or by crozier.
A future in which I shall not, for a whim,
Be rendered quite needlessly surly
By having to wear such a hat! with a brim
So awkwardly, stupidly curly!

"Bravo! I repeat, you're a bold pioneer,
And will shine in life's path like a beacon,
Pointing out the right way, that they bravely should steer,
To Barrister, Judge, and Archdeacon;
Till their robes are thrown off, and their wigs of horsehair—
In short, whatsoever now teases them—
And Speaker and Chancellor, Beadle and Mayor,
Dress just in the way that best pleases them.

A gentleman at Davos-Platz sends me, with some comments which seem much to the point, an appeal which was recently addressed to the small English congregation there on behalf of the fund being raised for the endowment of an Anglican Bishopric of Northern and Central Europe. When the Bishop of London undertook the work of his diocese, he undertook, with the rest, the duties of a Continental Bishop. If he transfers these to a "coadjutor Bishop," let him pay the coadjutor Bishop. But for him to appoint a coadjutor Bishop, and then expect the Continental flocks to provide the wherewithal to pay the coadjutor, would, in the case of anybody but a "Right Reverend Father in God," be called by a very strong name.

I have received the following amounts towards Lady Jeune's fund for sending poor and sickly London children into the country for a holiday:—

Ten per cent. of earnings, £6; T. T. T., £5. 5s.; H. L., £5; E. Tabernacle, £5; Palmetto, 5s.; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Price, £1 (also £1 for the Toy Fund); Fred Hunter, £5. 5s.

A correspondent, "Ubique," who writes to me on the subject of artillery organisation, takes exception to a remark in Truth of July 16 last, in which I said that the first step towards the effective reorganisation of the artillery would be the constitution of the Horse Artillery into a branch by itself, on the same footing as the other branches, into which officers could exchange, but to which they could no longer be "appointed" as at present, to the detriment of the batteries from which they are taken. "Ubique" observes that the Horse Artillery is very good as it is, that the nation is proud of it, and that he sees no necessity for a change; and he quotes the *Times* correspondent at the Wimbledon review to show that we possess the finest Horse Artillery in the universe. This, no doubt, is all quite trustworthy, but it is altogether beside my point, which is that the Horse Artillery as at present constituted is a disturbing factor in the efficiency of the Royal Regiment, and that it will continue to be so under the new system. "Ubique" goes on to say that only one-tenth of the subalterns in the Artillery can serve in the Horse Artillery, and that these are specially selected for smartness and efficiency at an age when, had they been in the cavalry, they would have got their troops; and to this he attributes the high and well-earned reputation which the Horse Artillery enjoys.

To this I reply, in passing, that, though only one-tenth of the total of "gunner" officers can be serving in the Horse Artillery at any one time, yet as each officer only serves in it for about one-half of his time in each rank, it follows that in all about one-fifth of the total of gunners serve, at one period or another, in the favoured branch; and thus, for every officer who has a "jacket" to-day, there is another, serving in one of the other branches, waiting with more or less impatience to step into his shoes. Again, if the best officers are selected for the Horse Artillery, the general standard of the rest of the regiment must be correspondingly lowered, and if it is not so lowered the best cannot have been selected. Finally, my correspondent attributes the high reputation of the Horse Artillery solely to its officers, who are, after all, only birds of passage; while I, on the other hand, am of opinion that some, at least, of the credit is due to its non-commissioned officers and men, who are permanent.

But, after all, "Ubique" takes no notice of the effect of the present system on the rest of the regiment, which, as I have already shown, is distinctly injurious; he only contends that it does not hurt the Horse Artillery. Even in this I cannot agree with him. No one acquainted with the subject will seriously contend that if its present officers remained in it permanently the Horse Artillery would suffer in efficiency; then why make a practice of changing them? Nor will any sane man believe that the Garrison Artillery, for example, is benefited by the fact that a certain proportion of its officers look forward, not

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without reason, to an early translation to a higher sphere. If an officer on first joining finds himself in a branch which does not suit him, by all means allow him to exchange. Horse Artillery Commanding Officers may be trusted to safeguard their own interests in such matters; but this will be a very different thing to the present practice of appointing officers to serve first in one branch and then in another, for alternate periods of four or five years each, all through their service.

I enjoy in one respect a very curious editorial experience. An article or paragraph appears in TRUTH, and in the course of a week readers in various parts of the Kingdom favour me with their opinions on the subject. The matter is discussed and dropped. Then at the end of a month, criticisms or remarks come in from India. Another month elapses, and I begin to hear from readers in China or Australia. Within the last week I have received one or two letters from officers and men in India with reference to my article of June 11, on the new messing arrangements at Aldershot. One N.C.O. in particular, is very anxious to make it known that a "mess-sergeant," properly so-called, is only concerned with the officers' mess, and has nothing to do with the messing of the men, which is in the hands of the colour-sergeants of companies, orderly-corporals, and sergeant master-cooks. I make a note of this correction for the sake of the mess-sergeants; but it is really impossible to continue the discussion of a matter of this kind till TRUTH has been to the Antipodes and back.

Several officers have written to me with reference to the remarks in TRUTH of July 16 upon the conditions of service in the Indian Staff Corps. All confirm my statement that there is a deep and general sense of dissatisfaction in the Service. It is of little use, however, says one writer, to trust to the Indian Government being brought to a sense of its duty to its servants by any falling off in the supply of officers, since young men entering the military profession rarely trouble themselves very seriously about the prospects before them. Perhaps the account which one Staff Corps officer gives of his experience may inculcate a little more wisdom in this respect, if not among boys entering the Army, at any rate among their parents or advisers. When this officer was at Sandhurst, a notice was circulated canvassing for officers for the Indian Staff Corps, with a promise that they would be promoted to the rank of Captain in twelve years from the date of their first commission. My correspondent, with others who already held their commissions as Sub-Lieutenants, swallowed the bait. Before the twelve years expired, however, a warrant was issued ordering that promotions to Captain should reckon from the date of the Lieutenant's commission, thus imposing a year or more's additional service in the lower rank upon those who had joined as Sub-Lieutenants. This is a conspicuous instance of those flagrant breaches of faith to which officers seem to be almost equally subject in India and England.

Whether, however, a knowledge of the sort of treatment that is to be expected does or does not check the supply of officers, the fact remains that a Government has no business in the present day to deal with its men on the principle that, if they will not put up with their treatment, others can be found who will. Private employers have found out that the terms which they must concede to those who work for them can no longer be settled by mere reference to the state of the labour market. Governments will have to learn the same lesson. And it is everybody's interest that they should do so. A Staff Corps Captain, of nineteen years' service, makes the following pertinent observation on this point:—

> In treating the question as one of demand and supply, the Indian Government is as unwise as it is unjust. It is of all others a Government which depends for its very existence on the quality (not the quantity) of its officers, and when it assumes that the quality of the supply of new officers will not be affected by the present sense of injustice and neglect, it makes an error which is likely to have disastrous consequences.

The papers announced a few days back the third suicide that has taken place at the Marine Artillery barracks at Portsmouth within twelve months. The deceased in this instance was a gunner. It is neither a usual nor a natural thing for young and healthy men, with no particular cares on their minds, to make away with themselves in this style, and I should much like to know whether no reason or cause can be discovered for the epidemic which appears to have broken out in these barracks. There must be a cause.

I called attention the other day to the manner in which a certain battery of artillery had been kept in exile at Gibraltar for over six years. A parallel, if not a worse, case is to be found in the West Indies. This battery began with four and a quarter years at Newcastle, Jamaica, a dreary spot, where no one ought to be compelled to reside except for punishment. The men next had nine months at the Barbados, and since then they have been at St. Lucia—a spot the delights of which may be judged from the fact that every one of the N.C.O.'s, according to my information, has been down with bad fever. Contrast the treatment of this battery and the one at Gibraltar with that of the Grenadiers, punished by a twelve months' residence in Bermuda—one of the most delightful places on the face of the earth. This system of apportioning all the kicks to one regiment and all the half-pence to another will have to be abandoned if ever the service is to become popular.

No one ever supposed that the territorial system as it exists in theory could be rigidly carried out in practice, either in regard to the stations of regiments or the recruit-

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ing; but it would really seem at present that the War Office people are scheming to make the system a senseless farce. The Hampshire Regiment has been for two years past quartered at Chatham. Portland, the one Dorsetshire station, is occupied by the Staffordshire Regiment; while a battalion of the Dorsetshire Regiment is at Plymouth. The Middlesex Regiment and the Royal Fusiliers ought to be, on territorial principles, in or near London; but of the stations where they might be looked for, the Tower is occupied by the Leicester Regiment, and Woolwich by the Northumberland Fusiliers; and so on throughout the country. The territorial system may be a failure—I dare say it is—but such an elaborate topsy-turvy arrangement as the above can only be due to the constitutional perversity of the official mind.

An indefensible anomaly in connection with the very unsatisfactory regulations as to marriage "with" or "without" leave is that, while a sergeant is entitled to marry as a matter of right, if he has married without leave while in a lower rank, he remains on the roll of men married without leave when he attains the rank of sergeant. Thus, one man with a few months' service as sergeant can take a wife and obtain at once the privileges of a man "married with leave;" whereas another, with ten years' or more service as sergeant, and a family of half-a-dozen children to keep, may be denied the same privileges merely because he originally married without leave while in a lower rank. After this senseless and unjust arrangement has once been pointed out, it ought to be impossible for it to endure another week. We shall see.

I commend the attention of the authorities to a lecture delivered at Aldershot last week by Professor Smith, of the Army Veterinary Department. If this gentleman's facts are correct, as I have no doubt is the case, hundreds of horses have been cruelly and wantonly killed in every recent campaign by the reckless disregard of ordinary precautions, coupled with culpable ignorance on the part of those in charge of these unfortunate animals. Professor Smith drew a hideous picture of the intense suffering inflicted upon cavalry horses by the use of improperly-fitting saddles, and gave it as his opinion that "no cavalry regiment would ever be able to do a fortnight's hard work until the importance of fitting the saddle to the horse was recognised."

Certain of the good people of Lynn are a good deal hurt that the band of the Coldstream Guards has been engaged to play at the local Regatta, where the music has been for eight years past provided by the local Police band, which is said to be a very good one. It seems that the Police band last year asked for an increase of pay, which the Regatta Committee pleaded they could not afford. If that be so, the subsequent engagement of a Guards band becomes yet more inexplicable, unless the local policemen value their harmonious strains at an even higher figure than the Coldstream musicians. Why, however, this little incident seems to me to possess more than a local interest, is that I am under the impression that an order issued a few years ago forbids military bands performing outside their districts. Is that so? and is Lynn in the Coldstream district?

On one or two recent occasions I have called attention to the shortcomings of the Jersey Militia—a force supported out of Imperial taxation. The worst and most anomalous feature in this force, however, is the fact that the service is compulsory. It will surprise most people to hear that compulsory military service, even in this mild form, exists in any portion of the British Empire. As Jersey is a Home-ruled dependency, it must be presumed that the service is for some reason popular; but I suspect that it is more popular with the upper than the lower classes, and that if the balance of political power in the Island were distributed on a more Democratic basis, there would very soon be an end of compulsory service. As might be expected, many inhabitants contrive to escape service altogether; the man who can pay a fine can defy the law, and, as a consequence, the Militia is recruited almost exclusively from the "masses." There is an anti-Compulsory Militia League at St. Helier's, and I wish it every success. Judging by recent evidence of the military efficiency of the force, the veriest Jingo might join me in that wish.

The Norfolk Volunteers, being in camp near Yarmouth, attended service at the parish church, where some of the officers were shown into one of the Corporation seats by an official, who explained that the Mayor was not coming. The Mayor did not come, but in his place there came Mr. F. Danby Palmer, who is an ex-Mayor, and evidently in his own estimation quite as big a man as the Mayor. The Volunteers offered to move, but were told to keep their seats. The next day, however, Mr. F. Danby Palmer wrote to the commanding officer, expressing his opinion that the incident called for explanation, and that it behoved the military to take no seats in church until the civil authorities were seated. The latter view he repeats in another letter, after the explanation asked for had been given him. The wonder to me is how any ordinary church can hold a functionary of this magnitude.

The Lords of the Admiralty are now enjoying their annual cruise in the *Enchantress*, with the ostensible object of inspecting the various Dockyards, and I understand that they are having a pleasant holiday. This custom is a survival of the old coaching days, when communication

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with distant parts of the country was tedious, and when it may have been necessary to check abuses by occasionally visiting the Government establishments. In these days, however, the annual inspection is an absolute farce, which serves no useful purpose, and which costs the taxpayer a considerable sum of money that might be far better bestowed.

The manœuvring of the Red and Blue Squadrons in the Irish Channel terminated on Thursday, and I can only hope that the taxpayer will obtain some return for his money. The manœuvres have been characterised this year, as usual, by the conflicting claims of the combatants, whilst the results of the various actions have been determined by two umpires, the one at Whitehall and the other at Plymouth. I am assured by numerous correspondents in the Blue Fleet that every vessel of the Red Squadron has been sunk, whilst a still larger number in the Red Fleet are equally sure that Admiral Erskine's torpedo boats have one and all been sent to Davy's locker. I fancy that the real value of torpedo-boats will only be determined in the next naval war, and that meanwhile it is simply a waste of money to continue these costly sham fights.

Certain changes in connection with the so-called re-organisation of the Steam Reserves came into operation on the 1st inst., but having carefully inquired into the matter, I find that the only result of these improvements has been to enable the Admiralty to find employment—or, at all events, salaries—for three additional Post Captains, of whom Captain "Ground" Rice is one. This appears to be the usual result of re-organisation in the public services, whereas in private life re-organisation usually means a reduction of expenditure.

Captain Rice has been appointed to the *Pembroke*, at Chatham. Of course this is a most flagrant and disgraceful job, but there is one comfort about it, he won't be able to run his new ship aground, and if he should somehow manage to sink her she will be no great loss to the country.

Messrs. Thorneycroft, of Chiswick, have recently completed a new torpedo-vessel for the Brazilian Government, which in her trials attained a speed of from 23·529 knots to 28·346 knots, or an average of 25·858 of the six trials. Many valuable and quite novel improvements have been introduced into the vessel, and she is eminently worthy of the careful attention of the Director of Naval Construction at the Admiralty, for she is far superior to any of our torpedo-boats.

I have received the following further communication with regard to the allowance of leave to petty officers and men under Sir Culme Seymour's command. It is evident that the most widespread discontent has been provoked by this grievance, as I have received within the last two or three weeks at least a dozen letters on the subject from men in various ranks and in different ships. The writer in this case is a chief petty officer:—

> We left England in January this year for Arosa Bay. On our arrival leave was given daily for officers, and after we had waited some time, we asked to be allowed leave. After three days' consideration, we were granted from two p.m. to six p.m. on Sundays, but after this had been granted a few times, the Admiral signalled some frivolous complaints, and ordered no more leave to be granted. Nothing was investigated or made public, and no one knows to this day who the offender was, but the Admiral himself had stopped several chief petty officers on shore and ordered them to button up their coats, so perhaps that was the misconduct complained of. To make us still more uncomfortable, the signal has been made that leave to C.P.O.'s will be left to the discretion of the commander of each ship, even when the leave signal is made. Now, sir, taking my own case, I have served over fifteen years' faithful service, most of the time as a C.P.O., and I have never had a single case of misbehaviour. Yet I am not allowed as much privilege as a boy midshipman, though I am old enough to be his father.
>
> And now, sir, to beat the whole business, I am only a few miles from home, and the Admiral thinks fit to-day to signal that on account of some misbehaviour on shore last Sunday, no leave can be given to-day. This affects over 300 C.P.O.'s, men with quite as much honour and respect for themselves as any officer in the fleet under Admiral Seymour.

I admire this picture of the Admiral who busies himself with inspecting the petty officers on shore in a hot climate, and personally ascertaining that they all keep their coats buttoned up. I wonder what the sea-dogs of Nelson, or Drake, or "Old Benbow" would have thought of their distinguished successor.

The Italian Government has decided to at once build three new ironclad battle-ships, each of which is to be of 12,800 tons displacement. Four new cruisers and twenty-five first-class torpedo boats are also to be laid down. The cost of these additions to the Italian Navy will be upwards of four millions sterling, which seems a most extravagant outlay, considering the miserably disorganised condition of the finances of the country.

Loud and bitter complaints are being made by the English in China against the lamentable failure of the British Naval and Consular Authorities to afford any protection to British subjects during the recent riots and massacres. The conduct of our officials in this respect is most unfavourably contrasted with that of the French and American. The task of rescuing the women and children who escaped from the looting of the Mission at Wusueh was, says the *Shanghai Mercury*, left to the captain of a merchant steamer, and the captain of an American war vessel saw the bodies of the murdered victims buried, while within a week of the event no British vessel had put in an appearance. The action of the French authorities was prompt and effectual. Considering the much greater interests we have at stake than any other

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Power, and the enormous and costly naval force we maintain in the East, this is peculiarly discreditable to the officials responsible.

People occasionally send me very curious communications. I have received from Bermuda a lengthy complaint against some alleged interference of the Home Government with the land laws of that colony. But though I have learned from the document full particulars of the history of the islands from the time of James I. downwards, as well as all that any one need know about their climate and natural features, I fail altogether to gather from it the precise nature of the grievance complained of. It seems that under the colonial law naturalised aliens could hold land down till 1889, and that in that year this right was in some way interfered with; but how I am at a loss to understand. Now, a Bill, embodying a sort of compromise, is said to have been introduced by the Attorney-General, but the Assembly refuses to pass it. All that I clearly grasp is that by its action in this matter the Colonial Office has contrived to create intense indignation in Bermuda, and that the colony "has become a very hot-bed of disloyalty." This fact, at any rate, I feel it my duty to make known without delay.

Between Captain Shaw and the London County Council, I should say that knowledge of all details of the Fire Brigade rests with the Captain. Not so, however, think the Councillors, who have been so meddling with the Captain that he has thrown up his appointment. Fussiness of this sort does not commend itself to the ratepayers, who do not want their abodes to be burnt. But when the *Times* goes on to suggest that this is a proof that the elections to the new Council should not be run on party lines, I hardly see the *sequitur*. Every one has some sort of politics, and matters must come before the Council on which Conservatives would vote one way and Liberals the other way.

If, therefore, the London Electors are Liberal, they would be foolish to send to the Council men as their representatives who would not represent them in those matters, unless they are prepared to accept the view that no Liberals can be found without the disqualification of being too fussy. The gravamen of the charge of the *Times* against the present Council is that, as the elected Liberal members were in the majority, they actually selected Liberals as Aldermen. Of course they did. The co-opted Aldermen were an invention of the Tories. The Liberals have always protested against their existence, and any Liberal Councillor voting for a Tory Alderman would have shown himself entirely unfitted for his duties. Whenever a Party is in a minority, it suddenly discovers that Party ought to be ignored.

Ryde is one of the few towns in the Kingdom, and the only one in the Isle of Wight, which shows a decrease of population at the last Census. Representations have been made to me from the town that this result is solely due to the prohibitory dues levied by the Pier Company on passenger traffic into and out of the town. That these charges really injure the town is, I should think, beyond question. Attention has more than once been directed to the matter in Truth. In defiance of the clear terms of an Act of Parliament, as well as a decision in the Chancery Division, the Pier Company continue to levy a toll upon passengers holding through tickets of the Brighton and South-Western Railway Companies. These tolls are levied both on entering and leaving the town. In any case the pier charges are extravagantly high. I hear of a case of a gentleman arriving from Cowes who had to pay sevenpence before he could get into the town of Ryde. In any other place the Corporation would bestir itself, and put a stop to this levying of taxes which are not only unlawful, but obviously inimical to the interests of the town; but Ryde appears to be one of those cases in which the tail wags the dog. Instead of the town ruling the pier, the pier rules the town.

I have not yet gathered from the reports of School Board meetings that any action has been taken in regard to the pestilential condition of the Charing-cross-road school, the condemnation of which by the Inspector was noticed in Truth of July 16. While this matter is germinating in the minds of the members of the Board, it may be well to call attention to the condition of the Lillie-road school, Chelsea. The sanitary arrangements at the infants' school here were, I believe, condemned by the Government Inspector in a recent report. The building is an iron one, which has been removed from another site, where there was considerable sickness both among the children and the staff, one of the teachers having died. As unhealthy symptoms have already manifested themselves in Lillie-road, no excuse can be found for any delay on the part of the Board in dealing with the matter.

On Saturday afternoon the Barnstaple Magistrates held a special sitting, in order that they might hear a series of peculiarly shocking charges, under the Criminal Law Amendment Act, which had been preferred against the Rev. W. E. Ryan, who, however, did not put in an appearance, and it seems that he had absconded on the previous afternoon, shortly after a summons to appear at the Police-court had been served upon him. It transpired

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that the police had received information that this reverend person had been misconducting himself about two years ago, but it is only within the last few weeks that they obtained tangible evidence against him. Mr. Ryan was a prominent and popular person in local society, a member of the Board of Guardians, and "highly respected" by all classes, and it would seem that the Magistrates and police had no foresight to anticipate, or no disposition to provide against, a conclusion so unsatisfactory. Not even the most ordinary precautions were taken to secure the ends of justice. If Mr. Ryan had been a working-man, he would have been arrested under a warrant, and there would have been precautions in abundance to prevent his escape. Under the circumstances it was farcical to serve such a person with a summons, and then allow him to leave the neighbourhood. It is a flagrant miscarriage of justice, and the case reflects the utmost discredit upon the Magistrates and the police.

When Lord Coleridge arrived at Birmingham on Thursday to hold the Assizes, he found that amongst the prisoners in the gaol awaiting trial were nine who had been committed by the Magistrates to the Sessions which will take place next October. Since the passing of the Assize Relief Act, the Judges are no longer bound to "deliver" the gaols of sessions' cases, and if the perverse and stupid action of the local J.P.'s had been allowed to pass uncorrected, these nine prisoners, who may all be perfectly innocent, would have been kept in prison for more than two months, although there was no reason whatever why they should not be tried before the Lord Chief Justice.

There was a noteworthy prosecution for cruelty to dogs at Bristol Police-court last week. The defendant was Mr. R. Anderson, of the Barton, Cirencester, and he had directed his groom to send a Dachshund bitch and eight puppies to a show at Bristol in a box only 2 ft. in length, 17½ in. in width, and 1 ft. in depth. The box was not really large enough for the bitch, let alone for her eight puppies, and when the animals arrived at Bristol, after a four hours' journey, the mother and three puppies were dead, and the fourth died soon afterwards. Mr. Anderson is an active member of the Cirencester branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and he was doubtless innocent of any intention to torture his dogs. But the want of thought no less than the want of heart which causes cruelty to dumb creatures should be punished, and the Magistrates acted quite properly in fining Mr. Anderson £5 and ordering him to pay £5 costs. The defendant's solicitor intimated that he would appeal on the ground that in order to convict there must be intentional cruelty, and not merely carelessness. The result will be awaited with interest by every one anxious for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Messrs. T. B. Burrow and A. Webb, two Worcester magistrates, distinguished themselves last week by passing another monstrous sentence for sleeping out. A labourer named Winchurch, having nowhere to go on his release from prison, lay down under some shrubs in front of the orphan asylum at Worcester, and for this heinous crime the Bench actually condemned him to seven days' hard labour! It is high time J.P.'s were deprived of all power to inflict punishment for this artificial "offence."

To punish a man for having had the misfortune to be nearly drowned is, I trust, a novelty even in Jersey magisterial proceedings. According to a report which has been published in several newspapers, a man who was fishing at Jersey was caught by the rising tide, and a boat had to be put out to rescue him. Next day the Magistrates sentenced him to eight days' hard labour "for the trouble he had caused." If that be an accurate statement of the case, eight days' hard labour would be far too light a punishment for the Bench which passed this sentence.

A shocking tale was told last week at an inquest at Woolwich on a new-born baby. The mother, the wife of a labourer, was taken ill and gave birth to the child while walking across Woolwich Common, and this is the reporter's account of what followed:—

> She carried her dead baby to the police-station, a mile and a half distant, where the policeman on duty directed her to the workhouse. She walked on again to the workhouse, two miles distant, where the porter refused her admission, and directed her to the police. She returned to the police-station, when the divisional surgeon saw her, and ordered her to be carried in an ambulance to the workhouse infirmary.

The jury did what they could to mark their sense of this inhuman barbarity by censuring the workhouse porter and the police; but some sharp, condign, and exemplary punishment is what the leather-headed and brutal conduct of these functionaries really calls for.

A Judge of the High Court of Justice is an important personage, but he is nothing in comparison with a County Court Judge. At the Wolverhampton County Court, his Honour Judge Griffith sat in awful State last week. and at twelve o'clock a special jury had been summoned for a case. At three minutes past twelve, Mr. Bibb, one of the jury, entered the Court. On this, his Honour fined him £5, and Mr. Bibb was ordered to go downstairs and pay it. I am reminded of Louis XIV. sternly

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apostrophising a Minister: "You almost made me wait."

In my time I have seen a good many bad examples of red-tapeism, but never, I think, have I come across one quite so scandalous, so lamentable, and so inexcusable as that revealed at Leeds Assizes on Tuesday in connection with the trial of a woman named Braithwaite for the murder of her little boy. This woman, being certified by a medical man as insane, and not responsible for her actions, was sent to the Wadsley Asylum, and kept there some time. In consequence of an order made by the Lunacy Commissioners as to some technical alteration in the form of the certificate, Braithwaite, who was still just as insane as when she entered the asylum, was "sent home to be re-certified." A medical officer explained that this was done as it was not the practice to "certify in the asylum," and that other lunatics were discharged under similar circumstances to those of Braithwaite! The asylum authorities did not consider it their business to get the woman "re-certified," and as no one else took that step, she did not return, the result being that eventually she poisoned her son, and attempted to kill her daughter and to commit suicide in the same way. Mr. Justice Grantham expressed the opinion that a case of more gross and bad mismanagement and red-tapeism had never been brought to light, and with this every one must agree.

"A Lover of Justice," referring to the practice of removing officers from the Army for cheating at cards, asks, "How does such conduct differ from that of the officer who enters into an arrangement with a tradesman to supply him with goods, engages to pay him in a given time, and before that time arrives, exchanges and goes to a remote part of India, and there sets his creditors at defiance?" As a matter of ethics, I should say that if any distinction could be drawn between the two cases, it would be in favour of the former individual, my view being that the blackguard who cheats a tradesmen is, if anything, a degree lower in the social scale than the blackguard who cheats a brother officer. But why ask the question? Is it possible that in the British Army such a thing could really happen?

The "Song of the Shop!"

[There are shop-girls in Islington working 107 hours a week.—*Vide Daily Paper.*]

With eyelids weary and worn,
  With limbs as heavy as lead,
A shop-girl sat in her chill, bare room
  Holding her aching head.
And over her pale, thin face
  The tears were beginning to drop,
As, checking a sigh that became a sob,
  She sang the "Song of the Shop!"

"Oh! its work—work—work!
  Till the brain begins to swim;
And work—work—work,
  Till I ache in every limb:
Compelled through the live-long day
  Behind the counter to stand,
Till the heart grows sick and the brain benumbed,
  As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work!
  In the hurry and rush and glare.
Work—work—work!
  In the foul, gas-poisoned air.
Whatever the seasons be,
  No change in my lot they bring;
And it's only because the fashions change
  That I know it once more is Spring.

"For me there is no relief,
  No respite, however brief;
No blessèd leisure for Love or Hope,
  Not even the time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart
  Of its sorrow so dark and deep,
But my tears must stop, for every drop
  But lessens my time for sleep.

"Oh! but to breathe once more
  The breath of the cowslip sweet;
To see blue sky above my head
  And green grass beneath my feet.
Oh! but for one short hour
  To feel as I used to feel,
Before to the counter I was bound,
  Like a slave, with chains of steel.

"Will no one pity my fate?
  O Sisters and Mothers and Wives!
Remember that you by shopping late
  Are wearing out human lives.
Remember, it rests with you
  To grant us the boon we crave,
And to soothe the smart of the aching heart
  Of the hapless Counter Slave!"

With eyelids weary and worn,
  With limbs as heavy as lead,
A shop-girl sat in her chill, bare room
  Holding her aching head.
Essaying in vain to check
  The tears that perforce would drop
As still, in a voice of dolorous tone,
That was half a sob and was half a moan,
  She sang this "Song of the Shop."

Miss F. E. Carey is, I find, still circulating the piteous appeal to buy her work, which was dealt with

Pfungst Freres' Extra Quality Champagnes.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

Gout.—"Bishop's" Effervescent Citrate of Lithia is the best preventive of gout. All doctors prescribe it.—Of all Chemists, and of the Inventors, Alf. Bishop & Sons, 48, Spelman-street, London.

in Truth of May 21 last. The widowed mother is still in the same deplorable condition, and the daughter is still struggling to procure a wicker-chair to take the old lady out, without having, apparently, got any nearer to that desirable object. So far as I can see, the present appeal differs only from its predecessors in the fact that the address has been changed once more; and if the ladies who are favoured with the document at interesting moments of domestic life will refer to my previous observations upon it, they will have no difficulty in deciding that the Carey family are not deserving of their charity.

A correspondent asks my opinion upon a prospectus of a concern to be called "The Turf Bank," one H. A. G. Leveson-Gower Whitehead having invited him to join a syndicate which is promoting this venture—at an initial expenditure of £500. The objects of the proposed "Bank" are thus described:—

"A" opens an account with the Bank in the ordinary way, when, should he desire to back a horse in any given race, he communicates with the Bank, either orally or by letter, to that effect, and upon the result of the race being known, his account is credited or debited, as the case may be, with the amount, which is entered in his pass-book in the usual way.

It may be true, as H. A. G. Leveson-Gower Whitehead opines, that the projected bank "cannot possibly fail in producing dividends unequalled amongst the most successful financial speculations." In the absence, however, of any clearer indication than the above paragraph supplies of the source from which the bank's profits are to be derived, I cannot conscientiously advise any one to join H. A. G. L.-G. Whitehead in his "financial speculation" at its present stage.

An hotel proprietor in Wales complains to me that the visitors to his house are being pestered with the vile advertisements of a quack doctor at the West-end. This is a new phase of an old nuisance, but I can scarcely say how it is to be stopped unless the Post Office can be aroused to a sense of its responsibilities in the matter. The envelopes sent to me show that a batch of these things must have been posted on the same day at a single office in the West Central district. If a hundredth part of the labour that is spent on investigating the contents of newspaper and other packages in order to detect trumpery breaches of the regulations were brought to bear on this notorious abuse of the Post Office, the operations of these pestilent rascals would soon be stopped.

Here is yet another variety of Mr. Ernest Day's trick It is his mother this time, instead of his great-grandmother, from whom he has derived the secondhand curios which he desires to dispose of, and the curio this time has degenerated from an engraved coat-of-arms and a Royal commission to a commonplace print. As it is quite certain, however, from what has been already shown in Truth, that Day is a lying impostor, it may be assumed that his latest story is of the same character as those which have preceded it:—

439, Old Kent-road, S.E., July 24, 1891.

Sir,—Through the death of my mother I came into possession of the portrait of Lady Louisa Viscountess Stormont. It is a most beautiful mezzotint engraving of that noble lady, in a standing position, resting the right arm on the base of three pillars, seemingly part of some Government building abroad, and close to the sea, and gazing, as it were, towards home. Her ladyship's head-dress is most beautifully arranged, and has a necklace of pearls around the neck, with low-dress bodice and an emerald and pearl appendant on her bosom, with bracelets to match. A plaid sash carelessly tied at the side, and under the left arm in band of sash is a rose, and was apparently taken when her ladyship was about twenty-four to twenty-five years of age. The portrait is very nicely mounted and framed, and measures about twenty-eight by thirty-four inches, and in splendid preservation.

Being in very straightened circumstances, I should be pleased to accept five guineas for this most beautiful portrait, and venture to ask you whether you would purchase it.

I need not mention that this was highly treasured by my mother, and that I would not part with it but that necessity compels.

An early answer will greatly oblige, as I shall refrain from disposing until I have received your reply, and would be pleased to send the portrait on for your approval.—I have the honour to be sir, your most obedient servant, Ernest Day.

The last novelty in "Prize Competitions" is the invention of an individual calling himself "E. Fredericks," of "St. Petersgate, Stockport." This "Fredericks" first offers a prize of £50 to any one who can correctly count the number of spots on a diagram (supposed to represent oranges in a box). The fools who pay 1s. for their chance of winning this £50 are then told that as over 800 correct answers have been received they must count the spots on another diagram, much more complicated. Finally, Fredericks sends out a notice that 253 correct answers have been received, but that "space will not permit" his publishing all the names of successful competitors—as though it were impossible to print 253 names on a sheet of paper sent through the post for a penny. All, therefore, that appears as to the result of this "competition," in which Fredericks has, by his own showing, received £40 in cash (besides money to pay postage), is that thirty individuals have each received a 253rd part of £50.

It seems an astonishing thing that there should be legal machinery to crush tradesmen who offer money prizes in sweetstuff packets, promoters of lotteries in all shapes and forms, and advertising cheats of all classes, while barefaced impostures of the foregoing kind flourish without interference. There is no such man as "E. Fredericks" in "St. Petersgate, Stockport." The letters addressed to him are received by one F. E. Taylor, a photographer. Taylor is also for some reason engaged in cashing large quantities of postal orders. On these facts alone a jury would have no difficulty in pronouncing as to what

Invergloy Hotel (by Fort William, N.B.), on Loch Lochy (Caledonian Canal).—Beautiful walks, waterfalls, &c. Good Fishing and Boating. Same Management as "Station Hotel," Oban.

Furnish by Monthly or Quarterly Payments, to suit customers. Large selection. Call or write. Established many years. —Apply Norman & Stacey, Ltd., 79, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

"E. Fredericks" really is. Since the above-mentioned competition he has advertised another, in which the problem is to count the number of grapes in a bunch, and it is a scandal that no attempts are made by the police to stop this game.

In one of the latest competitions run by the man, "Stuart Lancaster," of Wellingborough, where a prize of £30 in cash was offered to the individual who should decipher the transposed names of six towns, a circular was issued to the competitors in which Lancaster states:—

> I beg to say you correctly deciphered the six towns.
> I can only regret on your account that the £30 divided amounts to no more than 2½d. each. . . .
> Enclosed you will find your share of the Prize.

It is, indeed, an amazing thing that after this swindle has been run for years by scores of different operators, the supply of fools should still be sufficient to keep the thing going.

During last year the vineyards of California yielded 16,500,000 gallons of wine and 2,197,463 boxes of raisins. Senator Stanford, who is one of the largest vineyard owners in the United States, has been so successful in his manufacture of American grape brands that he is going to commence making champagne, and he has imported a staff of experts from France to superintend the operations.

Since Brazil became a Republic it has greatly increased in favour as a field for German emigrants, of whom 7,927 have gone there during the first six months of the present year, as compared with 2,122 during the whole of last year, while in 1889 there were only 228.

I understand that the announcement that Lord Lorne is to be the Unionist candidate for Central Bradford is, at least decidedly premature. It seems that Lord Lorne has expressed a wish to become the Unionist candidate for that constituency, but, although the "Liberal-Unionists" are willing enough to accept him, the Tories are by no means so ready, and, before they will consent to support a political *lusus naturæ*, they will require a plain statement of Lord Lorne's views "on certain vital principles." When Lord Lorne recently withdrew his candidature for the Handsworth division of Staffordshire, I stated that he had done so finding that there was no prospect of his being successful, whereupon some silly Tory journal explained that in reality he had decided "not to re-enter the House of Commons!"

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SCRUTATOR.

A SEQUEL TO THE *EGERIA* MUTINY.

In Truth of July 16, I called attention at some length to the observations of one of the leading Sydney papers upon certain recent occurrences on board H.M.S. *Ringdove*. My object in so doing was to show how deep and lasting was the impression produced in the Colonies by the *Egeria* mutiny, and the subsequent punishment of the mutineers, as well as the dangers of any repetition of an occurrence of that kind in Colonial waters. By a striking coincidence, within a fortnight of the publication of that article, I received the following letter from the Editor of the *Sunday Times* of Sydney, the newspaper by which the facts of the *Ringdove* affair were originally published:—

> 107, York-street, Sydney, May 30, 1891.
>
> Dear Sir,—As you are probably aware, the *Sunday Times* has from the first espoused the cause of the *Egeria* (alleged) mutineers. The proprietor of this paper, so convinced was he of the injustice that was being perpetrated, undertook to employ a firm of solicitors to defend the prisoners Allen and Murch, in Sydney, at the court-martial, at his own cost. We in Australia have noticed with great pleasure that you in your widely-circulated paper have been instrumental in directing the attention of the Lords of the Admiralty to the injustice under which these men are suffering, and hope that your efforts in their behalf will prove successful, and lead to the inquiry being reopened, even at this the eleventh hour.
>
> As we have received letters recently from the wives of Allen and Murch complaining of their destitute condition, I beg to enclose you a draft for £40 on account of subscriptions already collected, and would request you to see that this money duly reaches its destination. I feel sure that you will not grudge the trouble that I am taking the liberty of putting you to, and that you will apply the money to the best possible advantage, and in accordance with such information as you are in a position to gain respecting the parties concerned. I regret that I cannot give you the address of Mrs. Allen, whose case is, I believe, the most urgent, but the last address to hand of Mrs. Murch was:—"Mrs. Barbara Murch, 31, Sugar House-lane, Greenock, N.B." Mrs. Allen is, I believe, in Devonport. We still hope to receive subscriptions from the crews of H.M.S. *Curacoa*, *Cordelia*, *Rapid*, *Goldfinch*, and *Dart*, and will not fail to forward you another draft at the first opportunity.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
>
> H. A. Ridsdale, Editor *Sunday Times*.

Nothing could point more forcibly than does this communication, the moral which I drew from the *Ringdove* case. Sentiment is one thing, cash is another. As long as sympathy, whether for a mutineer, or an evicted tenant, or a labour movement, stops at mere words, its significance is an unknown quantity. But when it expresses itself in the form of subscriptions it becomes a practical reality, to be measured and reckoned with.

My first business, however, in this matter is not to moralise, but to carry out the wishes of those in Australia who have asked me to take charge of this fund. This is not an easy task, but as I have some sympathy with the *Egeria* men myself, and am anxious to show that it does not end in mere words, I have gladly undertaken to do what I can. The first business was to find Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Murch, the wives of the two men now in prison. On making a formal application to the Lords of the Admiralty I was favoured with the latest official information, the address of Mrs. Allen being given at Devonport, and that of Mrs. Murch at Greenock. The latter address I found to be correct, but it will not surprise any one to hear that on communicating with Mrs. Allen I found that the lady had recently given up housekeeping, in exchange for a position of less freedom, but superior comfort, in Devonport Workhouse. In regard to Mrs. Murch, I am still making inquiries by letter in order to ascertain her exact position,

and the best means of helping her. In Mrs. Allen's case, however, the distance being much less formidable, I thought it my duty to send to Devonport and investigate the circumstances, and this I have done.

I find that Allen, who was a second-class petty officer at the time of the *Egeria* mutiny, was a smart young fellow about twenty-nine or thirty. He also appears to have been a good husband and father, for in addition to the half-pay (45s. monthly) which his wife drew from the dockyard, she was accustomed to receive £3 or £4 quarterly from her husband. At the time when Allen got into trouble they had been married about seven years Mrs. Allen being two or three years younger than her husband. They had three children, the eldest some five years old, and the next two (twins) a year or two younger. Their home was comfortable and decently furnished, and Mrs. Allen devoted herself entirely to it, having no occasion to work, and being, by the evidence of every one who knew her, a quiet and most respectable woman. Her supplies were totally cut off on May 1, 1890, the date from which Allen's sentence runs. At that time she was expecting her confinement, and the fourth child was born within a month. By the time, therefore, that she was fit to do anything for herself, she must already have been suffering from extreme privation. I suppose that she got some work, but in the main she had to live on her furniture, which went, bit by bit. Other troubles came. The woman herself was laid up with a bad attack of jaundice. The children fell ill with measles. The baby, poor little wretch, died last November. Theoretically, of course, Mrs. Allen ought to have gone into the workhouse; but, like all others with any grit or worth in them, she struggled against the necessity as long as she could. I don't wish to make her out any better than she is. It may or may not be true that after many months of this sort of life Mrs. Allen, on one or two occasions, took to consoling herself in the same way that wiser and better individuals, male and female, have done with less provocation. I do not myself regard the fact as very material. But this, at any rate, is certain, that in April last this unfortunate woman was brought before the Magistrates on the charge of neglecting her children, who had been found half-naked and half-starved in a room bare of all furniture. She was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment. She came out of prison on April 17, and on April 22, nearly a year after her troubles began, she finally gave up the fight, and went with her children into the workhouse.

That is the end of the story. Of its accuracy there can be no doubt whatever. In the main, the facts come from the Roman Catholic priest of whose congregation Mrs. Allen was a member. But my representative has also seen the woman herself, who is described to me as well-spoken and of prepossessing manners and appearance, as well as the neighbours, the police, and the workhouse authorities, all of whom speak well of her.

I venture to think that a more tragic story could hardly be told. It is no part of my business to comment upon it, but I am bound to say this much: Up to the day of the *Egeria* outbreak, this young fellow, Allen, like his wife, bore an irreproachable character. He was a brave, strong, and loyal English sailor. The worst fault that can be alleged against him is that in resisting what he considered, and what nine men out of ten who know the facts will consider, the tyrannical abuse of authority, he forgot his duty to his superiors. Look, now, at the punishment—the man himself condemned to long years in a felon's cell; the home broken up; the children starved, sick, naked, dying; the wife driven down-hill through the successive stages of destitution, gin-shop, prison, and workhouse. If this be a wise and just measure of the offence, what is to be said of the fact that the officer or officers, whose unfitness for their position is the certain cause of the whole mischief, are allowed to go, not only without punishment, but without even rebuke? The whole story is, indeed, a burning disgrace to the British Navy, and the disgrace rests first and chiefly upon the Ministers and officials at Whitehall, who are content to inflict untold misery, suffering, and sorrow upon the humbler offender, while leaving the greater in the full enjoyment of profits and honours.

My Sydney friends, then, may congratulate themselves that their charity has been well bestowed and well-timed. In the course of a few days, I hope to be able to announce that Mrs. Allen and her children are at least out of the workhouse. In regard to Mrs. Murch, I wait for fuller information before speaking definitely. Meanwhile, the financial position is this:—Allen's original sentence of five years' penal servitude was commuted to two years' imprisonment, which expires on May 1 next. Even, therefore, if he should be able to get work immediately on leaving prison, there remain nine months during which the wife and three children have to be provided for, the provision including setting them up in some sort of home. By the time the money already to hand is divided between the two claimants, the amount available for the above purposes is not large. Mr. Ridsdale promises that more will be forthcoming, and when the facts of Mrs. Allen's history reach Australia, no doubt generosity will be stimulated. But is this a case which ought to be left entirely to Colonial charity? I venture to think not, and I commend that view to the consideration of the readers of TRUTH.

THE CAP OF SLAVERY.

His Honour Judge Bayley is evidently unmarried. A married Judge could hardly have come to the conclusion that a maid-servant is not legally bound to wear a cap, or, if he had come to that conclusion, he would certainly never have ventured to express it. It seems that Miss Mary Chappell was engaged by Mr. or Mrs. Kennedy in the capacity of house or parlour maid, at a salary of 16s. per week. Miss Mary had clearly nothing to find fault with in the matter of remuneration. There are, I suspect, many girls who would not only wear caps, but black their faces or shave their heads for the same pay. At the end of nine days, however, this maiden, in her own words, "emphatically refused" to wear a cap, and was summarily dismissed. She sued Mr. Kennedy for her wages and he pleaded that she had broken her contract by disobeying lawful orders. The Judge overruled this contention. No express stipulation had been made with

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London, 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

regard to wearing a cap, and the order was therefore not awful, and there must be judgment for Miss Mary, with costs.

I speak with submission, but either this is bad law, or the law is a fool. As Mr. Kennedy contended before the Court, it is the "recognised custom" (he might have said the universal custom) for maid-servants to wear caps. If it is necessary that the mistress shall expressly stipulate that the servant shall conform to universal customs, where are we to stop? Suppose a parlour-maid to have a fancy for appearing in a low body, or in short skirts, or in no garments at all: must the so-called master of the house submit to her waiting at table in one or other of these guises? Is it not lawful for him to order the damsel to put on so much as a petticoat or a shawl, unless it is expressly mentioned in the contract of hiring? Unless the law, which claims to be "the perfection of common-sense," is to be regarded in this instance as the quintessence of common idiocy, the law must recognise that the master and mistress of the house have a right to a reasonable control over the attire of their domestics; and the measure of what is "reasonable," I take to be, what is customary in ordinary households. Now, something in the nature of a uniform has become customary in all decently-regulated households, for both male and female servants, and I shall be surprised if the law does not recognise this obvious fact. I hope, therefore, that Mr. Kennedy will take this important case further, or domestic anarchy is before us.

I am a democrat, but I am practical. It is absurd to import into this question the wild talk about "marks of inferiority" and "badges of servitude" which is to be seen in letters to some of the papers, and in editorial observations too. "A Parlour Maid" writes to the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*:—

> For myself, I have no objection to a cap; indeed, I like to wear one, if, as you say, it is clean and nicely made. But I don't like any one else to tell me that I shall wear one whether I like it or not, because I know that it is intended to mark me out as being different from those I wait on. The servant's cap is a mark of social inferiority.

The reason assigned by this young woman for the existance of caps is the mere morbid imagining of a person who is ashamed of being what she is. But what I am concerned with is the "mark of social inferiority." Why, I would ask, is inferiority marked more by having to wear a uniform than having to perform menial duties? Why is it more degrading to wear a man's livery than to black his boots? Why is there more humiliation in wearing a cap than in cleaning the grate or emptying the slops? If it be a "mark of inferiority" to wear a cap, surely it must be a mark of inferiority to have to hand the dishes while the master and mistress, and even the children, sit at table; to be unable to leave the house without asking permission; to be required to take your meals at a different table, and even in a different apartment—perhaps in the basement. I can hardly conceive a more irrational frame of mind than that of the young woman who performs all sorts of unpleasant duties without a murmur, but declines to do the one thing which she admits is in itself agreeable and becoming, because it marks "inferiority."

I believe in liberty, equality, and, with some reservations, in fraternity. Politically speaking, I consider the servant as good as his master. Morally speaking, he may easily be better. As a matter of politics, my coachman may have a vote, and his vote will be as good as mine. As a matter of morals, my cook may join the Salvation Army, in which case she will be saved, while I am still in my sins. But though they be politically my equals, or morally my superiors, so long as they are in my house they bind themselves for so much per week to do certain work for me and to conform to my reasonable requirements. If they are wise they will regard this not as a matter of inferiority, but as a matter of business.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE MOST OFFENSIVE THING IN CREATION.

THE Comtesse de Chambrun, who died last week, had not a European reputation in the ordinary sense of the word. But she was known to "heavy-swell" society from San Francisco to St. Petersburg, and passed for being that most offensive thing in creation, *une grande dame*. This part of her reputation was usurped. Her ladyship was Comtesse de Chambrun simply because she had one of the largest fortunes in France, which was entirely made in business. She was the grand-daughter and the niece of Godin *père* and Godin *fils*, who, with Desmarets, brought the Baccarat (nothing to do with Tranby Croft) Glass Works up to such a high pitch of prosperity. Godin *fils* left his share to the Comtesse, who inveigled the jurors charged to award prizes at three successive universal exhibitions held in Paris into awarding Baccarat wares the highest prizes in their class. In the respect of relative cheapness, they certainly deserved these distinctions. But they were not on a par in whiteness, lightness, and beauty of cutting (when they were cut or engraved) with those exhibited by many English houses. If the Comtesse preserves her identity in the place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, she will throw the place into a fever. She was an eager, excitable, hard-headed, strong-minded, domineering little woman, who looked older when she was young than she did on becoming old. Her husband's family called her *la domina*. She was only happy when ruling, or doing something to *épater son monde*, and had nothing short of a passion for self-advertisement and decking out her witchy-looking little person with big blazing diamonds. They were so big and refractive of prismatic hues that at her grand soirées she seemed as though dressed for a fancy-ball to represent the Baccarat Glass Works. Nothing resembled her get-up more closely than one of the great Baccarat lustres in her reception-rooms.

Glass decorative ornamentation was very much the fashion when this lady was married, and, remaining faithful to this style, she was always adding to her household gods some new chef d'œuvre in colourless Baccarat wares. The Comtesse always let the papers know of her entertainments, which were very splendid. I should fancy that some Jewish blood must have run in her veins. She

wanted Jewish jollity in her own house, but her taste for music was rather German-Jewish than French, she going in for Wagner ever since he first revealed himself here. Her concerts deserved to be known as musical festivals. The splendid mansion of the Princesse Louise de Condé in the Rue Monsieur, with its wide stretch of park (and that in the midst of Paris), was part of her dowry. It boasts of a consecrated chapel of Royal air, which she caused to be restored. It was here that the concerts, which were generally spiritual or religious ones, came off. Lent was the time usually chosen for their performance. The greatest singers the Comtesse could engage were gathered together, Gounod sometimes conducting, but Colonne more frequently acting as chapel-master. It was expected that the music should be listened to in religious silence. Such masterpieces as "La Rédemption" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" were heard there for the first time. It was odd that one so musical as the Comtesse should have had a grating, mannish voice with which her Mother Hubbard head and figure perfectly accorded. The horses of this, in many respects, remarkable lady excited the admiration of the Empress Elizabeth, who was her superior in circus, riding-school, and wild cross-country rides, but had not her tough endurance for a long ride, such as from Paris to Rome. The Comtesse liked to think her husband a distinguished literary man, and at different times thought of getting him into the Academy. One saw her at most of the receptions there. She went in for Caro's philosophy, which was to the minds of the grand ladies, when he professed it at the Sorbonne, what mild smelling-salts was to their olfactory nerves. Comte de Chambrun was an indefatigable book-worm and writer of treatises and essays, and of correspondence with learned bodies. He worked himself blind, and fell back on music as a solace for the loss of sight. Madame de Chambrun, though a little, slender old lady, seemed likely to live to a hundred on her last birthday, which, I believe, was her sixty-sixth. But an attack of influenza undermined her tough constitution, and led to the pneumonia of which she died.

The mantle of the old Comtesse Duchâtel, wife of Louis Philippe's Minister, fell on the shoulders of Madame de Chambrun. The former lady was also an upstart, but her fortune was not so honourably acquired as the one made in the Baccarat Glass Works. The Comtesse Duchatel's came from the participation of an immediate forbear in the *bande noire* speculations. Having for that reason been treated with contumely by the Court of Charles X., she employed her caustic tongue all her life long in blistering the old nobility, and was one of the most entertaining women of her time. In the bottom of her heart she neither liked nor respected the caste into which she married. Mdme. de Chambrun though also in some respects of an independent mind, was rather proud of living in a house of Louise de Condé (whom she fancied she resembled), and of her aristocratic connections through her marriage. I should say that there was a good deal in her of Lady Holland, and there would have been more, if she had not in marrying the Comte de Chambrun wedded many of the conventionalities of an extremely crusted and narrow coterie.

The Regent of Spain has turned her thirty-third year. There was no special celebration of her last birthday at the Spanish Embassy other than in Spaniards calling and writing their names in a visitors' book which has been sent to her. The new Nuncio was among those who called. He is a particular friend of her mother, and of her aunt, the Queen of the Belgians.

Is there anything more celestial than a number of harps played in concert by skilful performers? The harps of Zion keep up so well their old reputation that I never lose a chance of attending a great Jewish wedding at which these instruments are made to express festive jubilation. The harp somehow does not lend itself to the expression of low or evil feelings. The Greeks, for this reason, thought it a noble instrument, meet for the high-wrought soul of the poet, and the flute a suitable one for priests of Bacchus and votaries of Circe. If harp-strings were not always breaking and the tuning-key being constantly needed, what instrument, take it all in all, would be so heavenly? There was a splendid array of harpists and violinists in the stringed-instrument class at the Conservatoire examinations which came off last week. Indeed, they outstripped all the other instrumentalists. Out of thirty-three violinists there were certainly a score of very good ones, and the jury was embarrassed as to which of the twelve they should give the big prizes. They decided to give three first prizes and three second. A Mdlle. Vermesc was one of the former group. She handles her bow in masterly style, reads and plays a score at sight, and is at her best when put upon her mettle by great technical difficulties. She has a well-built figure and lovely arms and hands, and often one might fancy holds sentimental angels and passionate demons captive in her instrument. She was exquisitely dressed in crême silk muslin sashed with soft satin. This, and her fine arms and hands, other things being equal, gave her an advantage over her bearded competitors. The fair young harpists had a similar advantage. Colonne is thinking of forming a band of girl violinists and harpists for his coming Tuesday evening concerts at the Opera House.

The great day at the Conservatoire is the one on which prizes for tragedy and comedy are competed for. The aspect of the "house" gathered together to see and hear the competitors is as Parisian as it can be. All the mondes —demi-semi, grand, little and other—are mixed up. The ladies of the grand and demi-semi are arranged as though for conquest. There are *mères de théâtre, table d'hôte* majors, high-and-dry functionaries, who take an interest in débutantes, fathers, mothers, god-parents of the competitors, friends and pupils of the professors, young cousins and old concierges, dressmakers and tailors, and all restlessly agog for discovering new stars, impatient for the curtain to rise, and, when it has some time risen, not less

Minton's (Limited).—Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

impatient to get away, for the simple reason that this is impossible, the doors being kept locked from the time the jury enter their box until they leave it. The relatives of each competitor form a little claque, which applauds him or her whenever he or she makes the final bow to quit the little stage. The announcements of the names of prize-winners call up storms of indignation from the combined friends of the defeated ones, and transport those of the victors with joy. Nobody is moderated by the reflection that so few of this class—say, in ten or fifteen years—make a mark. Yet since 1875 only five out of the forty first-prize winners in tragedy and comedy have climbed to eminence. The competitive trial begins at half-past nine in the morning, and is continued until two in the afternoon, with an interval of an hour for lunch. Those who have not been heard earlier only take some broth and light bread to keep the memory clear. Tragedy is a fearful ordeal. So few know how to master simulated passion, and to give enough and no more of some thrilling effect. We all have heard so much of the people who have done great things, but far too little of those who knew exactly when to leave off doing them. I think there is no greater test of histrionic skill than what French tragedy affords. It is so easy, albeit with considerable talent, to be absurd or stilted or wearisome, and so hard to have simple and easy noblenss of manner, and to make declamation cease to deserve its name by giving it variety and rendering it natural and interesting, while preserving the music of the verse in which it is written, without letting it approach the sing-song tone. There must be also a fine voice. The deep-toned one is best for a male tragedian. M. Max, the first tragedy prize-winner this time (on the men's side) did selections from "Hamlet," showing, perhaps, too much the pains he was at, but dealt with in an original way which told. He has heat, flame, energy, action, but wants temperance, and does not understand what sudden lulls there ought to be in the tempestuous scenes, when Hamlet remembers he has a part, or even many parts to play, and must not let righteous anger run away with him.

A M. Godeau was what I can best describe by saying he was a matter-of-fact tragedian in "Œdipe Roi." The parricide and incest were fatalities which he could not help, and he avowed them with easy philosophy, just as though he might have said, "I'm in the grocery line of business. *Que voulez-vous?*" The tragédiennes were nearly all fine girls. Mdlle. Ratcliff, tall, dark, lady-like, and beautifully dressed in black, must think she resembles Mrs. Siddons as the muse of tragedy, which she does. The most charming and successful of her competitors was Mdlle. Dufrène, a young, tender-hearted creature, easy to stir as aspen foliage, and never violently moved. She is tall, slender, refined, more than pretty, though not pretty, and has music in her step, poetry in her motion, and does not imitate Sarah Bernhardt. The Sarah Bernhardt mannerism of most of the young tragédiennes was nauseating. Sarah herself, in respect of mannerism, is bad enough. What, then, must be her imitators? The most magnetic of the fair rivals in the struggle for tragedy prizes was a little brunette, one Mdlle. Dux, who gave a version of her own of Phèdre; and not a bad one.

Thalia has her turn when Melpomene is got rid of. The male competitors for prizes in comedy had each in his mind's eye some highly successful comedian. One took one Coquelin and another another for his model, and there was even a copyist of Coquelin the third. The best in this class and the least imitative were again M. Max and Mdlle. Dux, who each can boast of having a bow with many strings. The best ingénue was Mdlle. Suger, a blonde—fresh, fair, and twenty-two—and irresistible as Valérie, a blind girl. Mdlle. Ratcliff was among the votaries of Thalia in a scene in "Tartuffe," dressed in blue, which suited her as well as tragical black. A very charming "second prix" was Mdlle. Piernold. I should describe her as a nice little red-headed thing, looking very much alive, and wearing her hair in a wisp. One feels that she will do the moment she comes upon the stage, and that as a *soubrette* she will, perhaps, do better than the late Madame Samary, she having the gaiety that comes from a bubbling overflow of animal spirits. Her part was that of Nanon in "Le Cœur et la Dot." A very pretty Rosine in "Le Barbier de Séville" has started up in the person of Mdlle. Chapelas. As, however, she was chiefly remarkable for prettiness, she only won a second honourable mention.

It has often been asked what becomes of "the failures" at the Conservatoire. A few of them climb by steep and stony paths to fame. Some of them go to provincial theatres or shine at cafés-concerts, or go to Russia or Argentina or Brazil, or, like so many of the girl-graduates of the Legion of Honour Schools, drift into a nondescript *monde* in which art and literature are a cloak for professional gallantry. The grand and austere education given at the school at St. Denis has formed some of the most distinguished Aspasias of the last seventy years. But they escaped being classed as such. The unsuccessful pupils at the Conservatoire are generally less fortunate.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DEAR LADY BETTY,—I was startled a few days back by the receipt of a message from the Duchess of Killybeggs, requesting to see me immediately on a matter of serious importance. I hastened, of course, to obey the summons, and found the poor Duchess in a state of considerable distress. "Another season gone, my dear Marmaduke," she exclaimed, "and my daughters still unmarried!" Ah! I thought, my good lady, you are by no means the only one troubled with that discouraging complaint. "Really," she continued, "it is too annoying. Heaven knows I have fed every eligible bachelor in town till they have all grown dyspeptic at my expense. The money I have lavished over those girls' dresses is almost incredible, and no one can possibly accuse me of having left a stone unturned in attempting to secure for them suitable husbands. What *am* I to do now?"

The question was, I admit, embarrassing, and as is often the case in such emergencies, my mind absolutely refused to work with its customary rapidity. Singularly enough, one word alone suggested itself: Tombola. And why not a tombola?—Or, perhaps, how would it do to institute a species of clearance sale at the close of each season to dispose of the surplus stock of unmarried girls? It might, perhaps, however, be somewhat mortifying to be labelled, "This article greatly reduced," "All these goods at half

price," "Must be sold at any sacrifice," or "No reasonable offer refused."

But there are numberless wealthy and eligible young stock-jobbers, merchants, and manufacturers' sons scattered throughout the country who, however desirous of contracting aristocratic alliances, have as yet been utterly ignored by London society. How should this virgin deposit be attacked? Why not make a heroic effort to reach these hitherto neglected matrimonial treasures? "After all," I argued, "dear Duchess, your main object is to marry the Ladies Ballyragget to money, and, in these days of excessive competition, it is necessary to display increased enterprise. There are, I feel convinced, hundreds of opulent single men who would joyfully jump at your daughters"—"That may very probably be," she interrupted, "but so far they have been astonishingly temperate in this direction." "Well," I continued, "take my advice, and success must reward our joint ingenuity. Issue at once the following notice:—

"TO PROSPEROUS AND PRETENTIOUS BACHELORS:—Her Grace The Duchess Dowager of Killybeggs, having been tardily converted to RIGHTEOUSNESS, intends to dispose of her three young, handsome, and fascinating daughters, the Ladies Ina, Eleanore, and Helena Ballyragget, for a charitable purpose"—you need not, of course, disclose the purely personal and practical design of this philanthropic sacrifice.—"All wealthy and prosperous bachelors will be eligible to participate in the proposed lottery, which will be drawn in Belgrave-square on Saturday next, at 4 p.m. precisely. Intending applicants must forward guaranteed particulars of their fortunes, expectations, and all other details connected with their present financial position and future prospects. Tickets will be allotted in proportion to the income of the individual applicants. The reserve qualification is fixed at £2,000 a year. *Tickets absolutely not transferable.*"

"Now," I said, "this is an equally original and practical proposal, for you will be put into full possession of all the necessary information previous to distributing vouchers. Thus applicants possessed of £12,000 a year will secure six chances, whilst an income of merely £2,000 will only command a single chance. On the other hand any who at the last moment may be discouraged by the bewildering charms of the Ladies Ballyragget need not surrender their vouchers to be shuffled in the tombola. As for there being any doubt with regard to the success of the advertisement in attracting suitable suitors for their hands, hearts, and persons I cannot foresee. The society, dear Duchess, which you personally affect, and, indeed, that comparatively limited circle called Society generally, does not include one-tenth of the rich and desirable men in the kingdom, and a gracious and liberal-minded woman, such as you are, should afford an opportunity to this as yet unrecognised element of participating in the glorious associations connected with the historic house of Killybeggs. You must really not be selfish. Caste, family traditions, and exclusiveness are exploded delusions. One man is as good as another—subject, of course, to the balance at his bankers. Love and inclination are the very worst possible motives for matrimony, and really, without entering further into particulars, I am honestly unable to perceive what objection can be advanced to my somewhat original proposal." The Duchess was apparently much impressed with these arguments—especially those alluding to her generosity, duty, liberal-mindedness, and philanthropy towards her financially prosperous fellow-creatures.

The Ladies Ballyragget will probably be disposed of at a very early date.

London has cleared out this year with a rapidity that is quite unprecedented. It seems but a day or two ago that the season was still comparatively in full swing, and now the West-end streets are absolutely deserted, except by the omnibuses, a few stray diplomats, and the Piccadilly goat. Lady Wantage administered the last blessing to the expiring season, giving a small garden-party at Carlton-gardens in honour of the ever-energetic Princess Mary Adelaide. The skies, however, probably desirous of displaying their sympathy with the melancholy rites, shed such an exaggerated volume of tears that even this, the very final function, was more or less of a failure. And so closed the summer festivities of 1891!

Saturday morning witnessed the marriage of Lord Carnegie to Miss Ethel Bannerman, only daughter of the late Sir Alexander and Lady Arabella Bannerman, of Elsick, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square. The bride wore an exceptionally beautiful cream duchesse satin dress, trimmed with old Brussels lace, and a veil of the latter material, secured with four diamond stars. To propitiate the Fates, and to conform to old Scotch traditions, Miss Bannerman, amongst other jewels, wore a small diamond brooch, borrowed for the occasion, it being considered a fortunate omen to be wedded wearing some article of jewellery the property of a friend. The six bridesmaids were Lady Dora Carnegie, Lady Mary Sackville, Miss Ada Bannerman, Miss Cecilie Sackville West, Miss Hilda Stewart, and Miss Constance Russell. Miss Russell having missed her train somewhat discomposed the superstitious by joining the bride at the altar, close on a quarter of an hour after the arrival of the latter. Lady Derby gave the wedding breakfast at Derby House, St. James's-square. Having completed the customary ceremonies by being photographed, Lord and Lady Carnegie left London for Scotland on their honeymoon, and are expected in Aberdeenshire at the beginning of next week.

The death of Lord Westmorland, which took place on Friday last, at Symond's Hotel, in Brook-street, came scarcely as a surprise to his many friends. For some two years past Lord Westmorland has been a confirmed invalid, the very slightest exertion at once acting unfavourably on his heart. Asthma, however, was the immediate cause of his death. Had he died some twenty years ago his loss would have created a considerable stir in racing circles, but for a long time past he has been but little more than a name on the Turf. Lord Westmorland's losses during his brief, though brilliant, racing career were particularly heavy.

Sir Frank Lascelles, K.C.M.G., the newly-appointed British Minister at Teheran, arrived in London from Bucharest on Saturday night. He will, however, under present arrangements not proceed to Persia till October.

Many will learn with genuine regret that Count Reventlow, Secretary to the Danish Legation in London, has been transferred to St. Petersburg. Count Reventlow, during his stay in *perfide Albion*, made many friends, all of whom, whilst wishing him every possible good fortune in his future career, will hope that eventually the course of events may bring him back once more safely amongst us.

The curt telegraphic announcement from India that Captain Charles Chevenix Trench, second in command of the 5th Ghoorkas, had died suddenly, has been the cause of considerable grief in military circles. A smarter and more able young officer scarcely could be found in the English army, and his premature death is a great loss to the service. Captain Trench died at Simla from abscess on the liver.

The explanation published last week ascribing Captain Shaw's retirement from the Metropolitan Fire Brigade to having taken a holiday without asking leave of the Fire Committee of the County Council is an utter fabrication. Captain Shaw has taken no holiday for several months past whatever. The real reason for his resignation consists in the Committee having so interfered in the performance of his duties as to imperil their efficiency. This being the case, the Captain very rightly preferred to retire rather than to endanger a reputation achieved by thirty years of arduous, intelligent, and successful labour. That Captain Shaw is indispensable is, of course, nonsense; but that it is a grave blunder to disturb an eminently capable official cannot be contested.

The "Old Stagers" are celebrating this week at Canterbury the jubilee of their inauguration, but I fear the glories of the Canterbury week have greatly diminished of late years. The last time I was present

at the annual performance of the "Old Stagers"—in 1871, just twenty years ago—half Mayfair had flocked to the old cathedral city to witness "The Rivals," "Going to the Derby," "Naval Engagements," and "Cool as a Cucumber." The performers included Mr. Augustus Montague, Mr. Lincoln Lane, Mr. Oliver Twist, and Sir Daffy Down Dilly, all pseudonyms that thinly concealed the identities of people celebrated in the annals of this famous historical club. The Misses Carlotta and Fanny Addison, Mrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss Fanny Brough lent their professional assistance, and "Professor Sim, R.S.V.P.," led the orchestra. The programme, which is now before me, announced that "the numerous and talented Smith Family, reckless of consequences, will appear in their native costumes each evening."

I have received indignant epistles from the Colonel Commanding the Queen's Westminster Volunteers and the band-master of that well-known regiment complaining of a criticism made by me some weeks back with regard to the performance of this band at a recent dance at Grosvenor House. They both assure me of the high excellence of their regimental orchestra—a quite unnecessary assurance, however, as I was thoroughly aware of it already. In giving the opinions expressed by certain of the dancers, I evidently overlooked the fact that it may have been their dancing, and not the music of the worthy Westminster Volunteers, that was at fault, and I hasten, therefore, to repair any injurious impression my criticism may have created. I do it with the more pleasure since I myself have for many years, on different occasions, danced with great enjoyment to the strains of the Queen's Westminster Volunteer Band.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THERE are 241 entries for the Derby of 1893, which has just closed, as compared with 265 for next year, and there were 208 for the present year, but in 1889, under the old conditions (£50 each, half forfeit) there were only 167 entries. The Derby is now a stake of £6,000, with a series of three forfeits, graduated in amount according to the time when the declaration is made, and each horse left in after the first Tuesday in the January before the race is run pays £50. It might be as well to postpone the date of closing the stake and the Oaks until the Tuesday after Doncaster, when the Leger closes, as all the yearling sales would then be over, so there would be no object in attempting to attract the voracity of the public breeders, who sell at Doncaster, by the bait of £500 for the nomination of the Derby winner, and £400 for the nomination of the Oaks winner. Considering, moreover, the immense revenue which is derived from the Epsom race meetings, the Stewards of the Jockey Club ought to insist upon the value of the Derby being increased to £7,000, and that of the Oaks to £5,000, without their being any alterations in the conditions.

The Duke of Portland is the largest subscriber for 1893, and he has entered no fewer than seven yearlings, all bred by himself, of which one is an own brother to Semolina, another is own brother to Ayrshire, and four of the others are sired by St. Simon. Six of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose's yearlings have been engaged, and among this lot are a sister to Eiridspord, a colt by Fitz-James out of Jannette, and a colt by Isonomy out of Princess Louise Victoria. "Mr. Abington" has five, including a colt by Merry Hampton out of Spinaway, a colt by St. Gatien out of Busybody, a colt by Galopin out of Superbe, and the 1,250 gs. Studley Royal. Lord Ellesmere has five, all of which have been bred by himself at Stetchworth, Mr. J. S. Harrison, and Sir Tatton Sykes (both of whom sell their yearlings at Doncaster), each has five, and among the lot nominated by the former is a colt by Bend Or out of Rosy Morn, while the Sledmere team includes the first foal of the famous Plaisanterie, a colt by St. Simon, which, if it is good-looking, will certainly be one of the highest-priced yearlings of the season. Sir Tatton also has a colt by Isonomy out of Quilt, by Hermit; a colt by Hampton out of Reprieve, and a colt by Hampton out of Bella Agnes. The Duke of Westminster has four entries, but there is no relation to either Ormonde or Orme among them. Lord Rosebery also has four, including a colt by Bend Or out of Illuminata (dam of Kinsky), and a colt by Merry Hampton out of La Merveille, as well as an own sister to Bonavista. Mr. Edmond Blanc has four, and so has Mr. Daniel Cooper, the latter owner's lot including the 2,500 gs. Minor Canon, by Hermit. Baron de Rothschild has two, of which one is own brother to Le Nord. There are an unusually large number of foreign subscribers, the French owners including Comte Le Marois, Baron Schickler, M. Michel Ephrussi, and M. Deschamps; while Germany is represented by Count Lehndorff, the well-known Director of the Prussian Royal Studs; Hungary by Herr von Péchy; Russia by M. Ilovacsky; Spain by the Duke de la Torre; and Italy by the Chevaliers Ginistrelli and Scheibler. No yearlings have been entered by either American or Australian owners. Mr. H. Bass has engaged three yearlings which were purchased at the recent sales, which is surely an instance of the triumph of hope over experience; for his speculations in blood stock have hitherto been tragical beyond all precedent. There are no new names in the list, except that of "Mr. Harbridge," which conceals a new employer of John Dawson.

There are 199 entries for the Oaks, which is the largest number for many years past, there being 194 for next year, while for this year there were only 145. The Duke of Portland is again the largest subscriber, with six fillies, and among them are a filly by Minting, out of Dodona (a mare which was bought as a yearling at Lord Falmouth's sale for 1,400 gs., but which never won a race), and a filly by Hagioscope, out of Danceaway. The Duke of Westminster has five entries, including a half-sister, by Macheath, to Orme, and an own sister to Orion. Mr. Snarry (who sells at Doncaster) also has five, including an own sister to L'Abbesse de Jouarre (for which there is sure to be some brisk bidding if she is liked), and an own sister to Martagon. The Duchess of Montrose has four, including an own sister to Satiety. The Duke of Beaufort also has four, and he has the same number in the Derby. Lord Bradford, Lord Calthorpe, and Mr. Houldsworth have five each, and among them are a half-sister, by Melton, to Dunure; a filly by Isonomy out of Dévote (own sister to Thebais), and a filly by Isonomy out of Ste. Alvère, by Hermit. One of Prince Soltykoff's three is an own sister to Gold. Baron de Rothschild has three, including a half-sister, by St. Gatien, to Bumptious; and a half-sister, by Archiduc, to Haute Saône. Mr. Merry nominates a half-sister, by Bendigo, to Surefoot; and one of M. E. Blanc's pair is an own sister to Gouverneur.

The Epsom Grand Prize, which is now a stake of £2,000, with graduated forfeits, like the Derby and Oaks, has obtained 167 entries, against 191 for next year, while there were only 139 this year. Most of the yearlings which have been engaged are entered for either the Derby or the Oaks, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild and "Mr. Abington" are the largest subscribers, each having entered six colts.

At Goodwood, last week, it was observed that the three-year-old Isolation, for which Baron Hirsch paid 3,000 gs. as a yearling, and which has never won a race, had been entered in a selling stake, to be sold for £300! It is just thirteen years since I first reprehended the crazy chimera that the sure and speedy road to success on the Turf is to pay extravagant sums for fashionably-bred yearlings, inasmuch as buying such creatures is, in reality, as pure a lottery as breeding them. During the first July week twelve yearlings ran into four figures, the highest price being 2,500 gs., which was paid for a brother to Energy. During the second July week,

China and Glass.—Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any other native stores.

eight yearlings reached four figures, and again 2,500 gs. was the highest price. At a superficial glance, these appear to be very satisfactory records, but an investigation of the catalogues shows that the number of unsold lots was unprecedentedly large, many yearlings being sent back, however, simply because their silly, greedy owners had placed outrageously high reserves upon them.

One of the sporting papers has recently published some instructive, and, indeed, startling particulars of the careers of the most costly yearlings of the last seven years, and it is a pity that the figures in question could not be placed in the hands of the muddy-minded mooncalves and the crack-brained cockatoos, who have distinguished themselves by the frantic ardour of their biddings at some of the sales of the last few seasons.

In 1885, eleven yearlings cost 2,000 gs. and upwards, of which one was sold for 3,000 gs., and another for 3,900 gs. Of these animals two never ran, three started several times but never won, and two only won stakes in excess of their original cost, and these two were Enterprise and Merry Hampton. In 1886, there was a reaction, and only two yearlings cost 2,000 gs. and upwards, neither of which ever won a farthing, and Loyalist (brother to Paradox) for which the Prince of Wales was "rushed" into giving 3,100 gs., never even started. The record for 1888 is still more disastrous, for of eight yearlings, which cost in the aggregate upwards of £20,000, two never started, four ran but never won, and two won £1,107, between them. Last season the victories of Sainfoin and Memoir gave a timely lift to public breeders, and Mimi's successes this year have also been most seasonable, but the fact remains that the great majority of valuable stakes are won by home-bred horses.

Next week the annual series of Yorkshire meetings will commence with Redcar, and there will also be racing at Kempton Park, Windsor, and Paisley. The best sport will probably be seen at Kempton Park; for, although Redcar is strongly supported by Lord Zetland, Mr. Lowther, Sir Robert Jardine, Mr. Vyner, and the Yorkshire stables, the stakes are so comparatively contemptible in their value that good horses are not likely to be attracted there, unless their owners have private reasons for patronising the meeting.

The Redcar Stakes for two-year-olds has a very large entry, but the owner of the winner would not get more than £450 if there were ten runners, and if he was also the nominator. I shall predict the success of the representative of I'Anson's stable, the lot including Carton (who was not half-trained when he ran fast in the Seaton Delaval Plate at Newcastle), and Cardrona, who was so heavily backed at Pontefract (when he ran second to Golden Arrow) that he must surely have been well tried. The three-year-old heat of the Kirkleatham Biennial may be left to Enoch's stable, which may also carry off the two-year-old heat of that stake. The Foal Stakes (for three-year-olds) of £600 has Grace Conroy, Peter Flower, Cavendish, Patrick Blue, and Grammont. Surely Cavendish will be able to beat Lord Zetland's best, with so much the best of the weights. The Wilton Plate of £500 should be won by I'Anson's candidate.

At Kempton Park there is a two-year-old stake of £800, for which seventy-eight horses have been left in, including Bouthillier, Dunure, and Glenayes, and I shall predict the success of Dunure, who, however, will have to give 15 lb. to maidens. The Prince of Wales was badly advised in paying forfeit for the race with County Council; and still worse was Mr. Rose's blunder in withdrawing Lorette, while the Duchess of Montrose at the same time scratched Broad Corrie.

The City of London Stakes of £1,500 for three-year-olds has Peter Flower, Springtime, Simonian, Dorcas, High Havens, Bumptious, Cavendish, Blavatsky, and Orion, of which lot Springtime ought to win, as the Duke of Westminster's horse appears to have quite trained off.

At Windsor the sport is not likely to soar above plating, and the two-year-old stakes are not of sufficient value to attract any smart animals.

I announced several weeks ago that Alicante, having arrived at Newmarket from France, is to be prepared there for the Lancashire Plate of £11,000, which is run at Manchester on September 26. Some of the papers, in repeating the news, have made the exceedingly absurd statement that Alicante is sure to run well at Manchester, "whatever may be the weight allotted to her," as if the Lancashire Plate was a handicap. My own idea as to this race is that the finish will be a match between Gouverneur and Surefoot, and, although I fancy that M. Blanc's horse ought to have won the Eclipse Stakes, yet it must be remembered that the seven furlongs at Manchester will suit Surefoot very much better than the mile and a quarter at Sandown Park.

When writing about the Goodwood programme, a fortnight ago, I plumped for Orme for both the Richmond Stakes and the Prince of Wales's Stakes, and his victories in those races are the more satisfactory to me inasmuch as many months ago I predicted that he would turn out to be one of the two-year-old flyers of the season, and probably the best of them, and when he was scratched for his Ascot engagements, I was enabled to announce that the Duke of Westminster had decided to start him at Goodwood. Orme ran so dreadfully "green" in the Richmond Stakes that he was fully a stone below his real form, but on Thursday he knew his business much better, and won in a canter, beating Dunure, who, on his Ascot running, appeared to be one of the best two-year-olds of the season. Orme is still capable of great improvement, and he will be given the time which he so manifestly requires, instead of being recklessly knocked about, and thereby ruined. Orme has two engagements at Manchester next month, but it is the present intention of the Duke of Westminster to keep him for the Middle Park Plate. With regard to Orvielle, the Duke's other Ormonde colt, who is half-brother to Orion, he is so backward that he will be treated as Common was with such satisfactory results, and it is not intended to race him this year.

La Flèche had no difficulty in winning the Lavant Stakes, in accordance with my prediction; and in this race the unprecedented spectacle was afforded of two fillies finishing first and second, which had cost 9,500 gs. as yearlings. Priestess is very speedy, but she clearly cannot stay, whereas La Flèche decidedly has stamina, and if she trains on (and if she resembles her sister Memoir, she ought to improve vastly) she will win the One Thousand and Oaks next year, and perhaps the Derby also. La Flèche will next be seen out at Doncaster, when the Champagne Stakes appears to be a certainty for her, the entry including nothing better than Dunure and Priestess.

Unicorn had been judiciously reserved for the Stewards' Cup ever since it was discovered that he cannot stay, and he won very cleverly, a large stake being netted by his victory. Euphony, who started a great favourite, will win yet a good handicap over five furlongs, and whenever he is started over that distance he must be backed. Unicorn was treated by the handicapper with unjustifiable leniency, as it is impossible to understand upon what principle Cuttlestone was made to give him 21 lb. The ignominious collapse of Réveillé, the French candidate, which was one of the most heavily backed horses in the race, grievously disconcerted his legion of friends. Tostig ran very much as he did at Ascot in the Wokingham.

Vasistas was freely plunged on for the Goodwood Stakes, but he never had a chance with White Feather, about whom 100 to 1 would have been a short price to accept on his public form. Ragimunde, who started second favourite, made a direful exhibition, for he was beaten off a quarter of a mile from home.

Yard Arm was made favourite for the Gordon Stakes, but, as at Newmarket, he was beaten by Patrick Blue, who (as I stated long ago) was fairly well tried before Ascot, and over this distance he is a really smart horse. He fairly outstayed Yard Arm.

Gonsalvo won the Cup, as I predicted would be the case, and, all things considered, a wonderfully liberal price was laid against him. His backers ought to be grateful to those infatuated geese who supported Memoir so

freely, for if she had not been so much fancied (a craze which had no affinity with reason) good odds would have been betted on Mr. Gretton's horse. The Doncaster Cup will now be a very interesting race, even in the absence of Morion, if Gonsalvo and Queen's Birthday both start, as will probably be the case.

Orvieto was favourite for the Sussex Stakes, and he won in a trot from Orion, that egregiously over-rated mare, Dorcas, being a bad third. Directly after the race there was a thoroughly anserous and asinine desire to back Orvieto for the Leger, and he was finally backed at 1,000 to 70 taken. It might be well worth while for the simpletons who are backing Orvieto to reflect that, inasmuch as the distance last week was only a mile, his victory is of no practical importance whatever, as bearing upon his Doncaster prospects, and it will no doubt turn out that he cannot stay a yard beyond a mile, much less a severe mile and three-quarters. Orvieto's supporters might also have bethought themselves that a victory over Orion, however easily gained, could not be regarded as a satisfactory Leger trial over any distance whatever.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—What with the settlement and the Bank-holiday, dealings on the Stock Exchange have been on a very small scale. Yesterday was almost a *dies non*, many members having departed on pleasure trips. We hear everywhere that as a consequence of the continued slump, which has been in progress ever since the Baring catastrophe, "the House" is very poor. This does not, however, I am glad to find, prevent the members from visiting our fashionable seaside resorts, from one of which I am now writing, and I can confirm from my own observation that the majority of brokers and dealers whom I came across did not by any means take their pleasures sadly. Possibly they are looking for an improvement in business "after the Bank-holiday." All things must come to an end, and so will probably also this prolonged depression and shrinkage in prices, which keeps the public out of the markets. We shall not, perhaps, see any real activity until affairs in South America, especially in the Argentine Republic, have mended somewhat, but the level of prices in many departments is quite low enough for a moderate recovery to set in. A little buying would set the "Bear" contingent covering and bring about a rally. In many respects prospects are very promising. The money outlook is satisfactory, both here and abroad; all the rumours of important failures, which had been set about again, have come to nought, and most of the weak speculators have been weeded out. Possibly the improvement, which is due, may be delayed until the holiday season has run its course, but indications of the coming change should soon show themselves. Those who can read the signs of the times should quietly begin to buy depreciated stocks. When the frightened or necessitous holders have done throwing away their holdings, the latter will be found to have passed into stronger hands, which is the first condition of an improvement.

Home Rails.

This has been a week undisturbed by dividend announcements, with the exception of that of the Great Northern at the rate of 3¼ against 3½ last year on the Ordinary stock, but Great Northern affairs have for a long time been without influence upon the general market. It will be different with the next two announcements, those of the North-Western and Great Western. The Brighton line has been very unfortunate this year with the weather, and the same ill-luck has followed the Company over Goodwood Races. The general dampness caused the sprightly "Berthas" to lose all their friskiness, and from 148 they dropped to 146½. But there is a strong undercurrent all the same, and directly the clerk of the weather gives them a chance these fickle beauties will flirt with the "Bulls" again. The Glasgow "Bear" at all events who had committed himself in "Berthas" and "British" was discomfited. Doras tried to rival the sister stock in liveliness, but they did not succeed so well, and finished by dropping back to 81¼. Great Eastern, with their slender dividend off, now stand at 88¼. What could help them, of course, would be good excursion and holiday traffics, and here, too, the weather will have the last word to say. The heavy brigade improved at first, but disappointing traffic returns caused a more sober feeling, and there is, finally, little change in prices, Midlands at 155 remaining the best purchase. I am not going to indulge in further forecasts of the Great Western and Brum dividends, but keep to my prediction of a week ago, of 6¼ per cent. for the latter, and 5¼ for the former, although there is an impression in some quarters that 4¾-5 per cent. will be the utmost which can fall to the lot of Great Western. Caleys are fairly steady, and Caledonian Deferred fluctuate within narrow limits. As we approach the dividend period, however, the Scotch stocks will probably get a good deal livelier.

Yankee Rails.

Ever since the Baring collapse the Wall-street operators have had European financial difficulties on the brain. They seem to scent coming trouble from afar, and having been informed of the Baring catastrophe at the time well ahead even of the Britisher, they are ever ready to give credence to the most absurd rumours. But the Yankee predictions have so far come to naught, and this has also been the fate of the latest rumours respecting London houses which have again obtained in Wall-street, and caused the recent slump. The big American operators are evidently determined not to engineer an advance before they are quite sure that European troubles would not interfere with their schemes. The outlook in the States as far as crops and railroad earnings are concerned is as favourable as ever, and there can be no doubt that the long-looked-for improvement must eventually come about. But the Yankee schemers will only allow it to run its course in their own good time. With regard to the persistent gold exports to France, American writers furnish the explanation that they were due to an excess of caution on this side of the Atlantic. They say that the very considerable amount of gold has been exported at a loss because of the refusal of London correspondents to accept bills hitherto considered of the very highest class. Bills which heretofore have met with ready sale are questioned, and New York bankers have frequently been surprised at the refusal to accept bills which they felt absolutely certain were gilt edge. It is true enough that London has not yet fairly recovered from the disturbances which cast a cloud over credits, no matter how high, and so bankers of good position even have been put to inconvenience by their inability to place bills. Probably never before were bankers and international credits scrutinised more closely or more promptly discriminated against upon the very least excuse. But in time this distrust will wear off again. Some disappointment has been created by the negative result of the last meeting of the Advisory Board of the Western Traffic Association, and especially by the non-solution of the joint agency problem. But the postponing of action as to abolishing individual agencies appears to have been recommended by the Commissioners themselves, who hold that the joint agency is sure to come sooner or later, but that it is unwise for five or six roads to establish a joint agency as long as there are any other roads unwilling to join it. At present four roads refuse to join—the Chicago and Alton, the Missouri Kansas and Texas,

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Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis, and the Chicago, St. Paul. If a joint agency should be established with these roads outside, it would make only one competitor against them instead of the several which now exist. They would be able, therefore, to compete more successfully against the roads in the joint agency. Under the circumstances it is not considered wise to go ahead with the joint agency plan until some way has been determined to overcome the difficulty stated. The opinion is unanimous that rates have never been so well maintained; and individual administration of railroads has never been conducted with greater regard to economy, than in the six months since the organisation of the Advisory Board, and that, too, under somewhat aggravating circumstances, because no Company was overburdened with traffic on account of the light crops. Another favourable feature is undoubtedly the fact that the last New York Bank statement was again favourable, showing a decrease in the surplus reserves of only 230,000 dols., notwithstanding gold exports and the movement of currency to the West.

Norfolk and Western Prefs.

The recent fall in Norfolk and Western Prefs. does not seem justified by the position of the road, and it is put forward semi-officially that the next dividend in October will again be paid at the same rate as before. The following inquiries have been addressed to me by a correspondent writing under the pseudonym "Cowes":—

I should be obliged if you can favour your readers with replies to the following questions:—

1. What amount of Norfolk and Western Pref. stock now ranks for dividend?

2. What amount of increased net earnings will be required to pay the next dividend on the present amount of stock?

3. The total increase of net earnings up to date.

I am informed—unofficially—that the new stock will only carry dividend from the date of its issue, and also that about 150,000 dols. increase in the net will be sufficient to pay the dividend in October, and that this has been already earned; also that the surplus earnings in hand last year are 335,000 dols., and that, independently of increased earnings, the dividend will be paid; but I would like these figures verified. The stock below 50 seems a bargain if the figures are anything like the above.

My correspondent's data are practically correct. I have ascertained that—1. The number of Norfolk and Western Preferred now ranking for dividend is 360,000 shares. 2. As dividend was paid in April for the latter half of 1890 on 315,000 Preferred shares, the additional sum required for the dividend payable in October will be 67,500 dols. Upon the question as to what increase of earnings will be required in order to pay the October dividend, it must be remembered that there are other sources of income of which the figures are not available, and there has also been some addition to the fixed charges, so that it is not possible with any degree of certainty to answer this query. 3. The total increase in net earnings to end of June amounts to 112,475 dols. The new stock issued ranks for dividend just the same as the old stock. The surplus revenue for 1890 was 319,610 dols. after payment of dividends. Summing up, therefore, I fully agree with my correspondent that, barring accidents, there is little doubt about the October dividends and about the stock being exceedingly cheap at the present price, which can only be explained by forced sales for account of weak "Bull" operators, one of whom, a jobber in the American market, came to grief last settlement with a holding of some 1,400 shares. But holders will commit a grave mistake by allowing themselves to be frightened out by this momentary weakness.

Granger and Other Roads.

You ask me which are the chief grain-carrying—or, as the Yankees dub them, Granger—roads? They are the Chicago and Milwaukee, Chicago North-Western, Chicago, Burlington and Quincey, Chicago and Rock Island, Illinois and Wabash. Out of these only the stocks of the first and the two last-named are generally dealt in on the London market. These roads will, as you suggest, greatly benefit by the large grain traffic, which is assured in view of the excellent American harvests. But other roads, notably the Atchison and the Union Pacific, will also participate. I have already given you my view of Milwaukees. They are being worked by a strong American "Bull" clique, and whenever the word of command is given, they will be found at the top of the list. The reduction in the rate of dividend of the Illinois Central to a 5 per cent. basis ought not to have created much surprise. The earnings of the Company have been regularly published, and it was known that the showing of this Company was no exception to the general returns made by other Western lines. The increase in its capital, however, owing to large expenditures for improvements and betterments, calls for a much larger amount for interest and dividends than it did a little while ago. The year before last the capital stock was increased, and in October last year five millions more stock was issued, so that the amount required for the payment of dividends was much larger, although the interest account has not been increased. This is the lowest dividend that has been declared by the Company since 1887, and with that single exception the lowest that it has declared in twenty years, during which it has four times paid as high as ten and only in 1877 as low as four. The action is conservative, however, because the gross earnings in each month of the current year have been larger than ever before for the corresponding month. If the Illinois Central gets its fair share of the traffic which it may expect during the next half-year, it may be able to begin again next January to pay at the rate of 3 per cent. semi-annually. This may bring some comfort to the holders of Illinois Central stock. The Wabash debenture and shareholders heard Mr. Joy in support of the building of the Detroit extension at Wednesday's meeting, and gave their consent. I had rather withhold my view as to the expediency of this new extension of a road which is still in so bad a plight. It is also stated that the London Committee have insisted upon a formal promise on the part of the Wabash directors to distribute regularly all surplus net earnings of the road, after payment of fixed charges, among the B debenture holders, "betterments" also not to be used in reduction of earnings, but this kind of promise from Wabash directors, even if given, is, I am afraid, likely to prove like the proverbial pie-crusts. The Atchison Company is doing well, and the fact that Boston has of late been supporting the market for the stocks is undoubtedly promising. Union Pacifics are slowly recovering from the heavy fall which they experienced last week, and it is now again stated that financial arrangements have been made to tide the Company over to January next. By the way, one reason for the falling-off in the earnings of the Denver and Rio Grande is now given in the acquisition of the Colorado Midland by the Atchison. Before that, the business of the Colorado and Denver Midland went over the Denver and Rio Grande; now it is handled by the Atchison between those points, and as this is about the best part of the Denver road, the loss of its traffic must be felt. Finally, I am still of opinion that the stocks which are most likely to have a prominent share in the upward movement will be Milwaukees, Atchison Incomes, Union Pacifics, Louisville, and Norfolk Prefs.

Texas B.

Some time ago a financial daily contemporary performed a useful service in criticising the arbitrary manner in which the prices of certain mining shares were made up, the quotations invariably being against holders, and considerably below the middle price. It would appear that some comment of a similar nature was also required in other departments of the Stock Exchange. Take, for

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instance, Texas B shares. For many months they have been made up at ½, itself a rubbish price, although occasional dealings took place below that figure. But at the last settlement the dealers, for reasons best known to themselves, suddenly took it into their heads to reduce the making-up price to ¼, or 50 per cent., thus causing a momentary stampede which may or may not have been intended. The circumstance is all the more extraordinary, as the prospects of the shares, as of Alabama, New Orleans, Texas, and Pacific Junction stocks generally, have distinctly brightened. Not only has the reconstruction of the road been carried out, and the line taken out of the receiver's hands, but in consequence of recent developments the Road was never nearer the realisation of the scheme, to be in a position to take advantage of which the reorganisation was partly carried out. There is no doubt that the chances of the road of being leased by one of the large Companies were never better, and it is not improbable that some announcement to this effect will be made shortly. Under these circumstances holders should stick tight to their shares, and, if they are in a position to do so, buy more at the present rubbish price to average, although it is extremely doubtful if any number of shares could be bought at anything like the price.

Foreigners.

It cannot be said that the position of the Foreign Market is improving. The Paris "Bulls" seem to be choked with Portuguese, Spanish, &c., and have made repeated efforts to unload, although they make a vigorous stand now and then. Rio Tintos have fluctuated with the Copper market, and Paris has given them only a half-hearted support. The Uruguayan financial emissary, ex-President Ellauri has succeeded in thoroughly alarming the bondholders by the mystery which he observes over his proposals. It is, however, now openly asserted that the 15 millions sterling of Fives and Sixes are to be scaled down to 3 per cent. interest. The guarantees of the railways are also to be cut down one-half, thus leaving some of the lines, such as the Midland Uruguay, the North-Western of Uruguay, and the Uruguay Northern high and dry upon the shore. Argentine Government Bonds have again been on the down grade, chiefly in consequence of pressure to sell on the part of frightened holders. The Funding Bonds, bearing 6 per cent. interest, secured on the Customs revenue, can now be bought at 49, returning, therefore, over 12 per cent. on the investment, while some of the 4½ per cent. bonds which have been comprised in the Funding arrangement can be got as low as 25. Assuredly the time cannot be far distant when such depreciated securities will be worth picking up. There is, of course, a period of interregnum still to be got over of, say, six weeks, until Argentine produce will commence to move freely, and it is still on the cards that an untoward failure might cause increased, if temporary depression, but, taking matters as a whole, holders of Argentine stocks will do well not to throw their holdings away at these prices. Respecting the position of Costa Rica the most hopeful reports are coming to hand, and the Five per Cent. B Bonds, which are quoted at 60-65, are worthy of attention as a sound and high-yielding security. On this subject the British Consul at San José, Mr. Cecil Sharpe, has forwarded an interesting annual report to the Foreign Office, according to which trade and commerce in the Republic had been fairly prosperous, judging from the increase in the receipts in almost every branch of the revenue. The Consul states that the total income for 1890 was in 1889-90, 4,928,872 dols. (£657,183), against, in 1888-89, 4,145,582 dols. (£552,744); and the total expenditure is shown as being 4,995,343 dols. (£666,045). The revenue from the customs duties amounted to 1,807,101 dols. (£241,947), being the largest ever known, exceeding that of the previous year by £13,270. The month of March alone gave £43,822, or nearly double the amount ever reached before in one single month. It will be still fresh in the memory of some that one of the greatest difficulties met with by Mr. Keith, when arranging the foreign loan with the bondholders, was the doubt as to whether the customs duties could ever produce £100,000 a year wherewith to pay the annual interest, and the foregoing is sufficient to dispel all fears on that account. The Consul adds with respect to the external debt, which amounts to £2,000,000 that the interest has been duly paid every half-year, remittances generally being made considerably in advance. The credit of the Republic, therefore, has been well and deservedly sustained. The fall in Costa Rica "A" and "B" Bonds was, according to Consul Sharp, not in any way due to the internal affairs of this country, but to the disturbances in July last between Guatemala and Salvador, followed by the troubles in the Argentine Republic, causing a financial crisis at home in November, and the consequent depression of all stocks, while the internal engagements of the Government have also been met most punctually. With such a record, these bonds, yielding as they do over 8 per cent. on the investment, are a good purchase. There has been a fall in Greek Bonds which is not justified by the financial position of the country, and will probably be recovered.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

In the general slump which has seized upon this department prices have been marked down in all directions, holders sacrificing their shares upon the slightest provocation. There is, however, now in existence a big "Bear" account, and as soon as a rally sets in, prices are likely to recover in a very marked measure. This refers more particularly to South African shares, which have dropped all round, and are at a very low level, especially such stocks as City and Suburban, Durban Roodepoort, Langlaagte, Jumpers, May's Consolidated, Jubilee, &c. De Beers Diamond shares improved to 13 and reacted to 12⅜. There has been considerable "Bear" pressure in this stock, upon the lower prices of diamonds and the argument that the Company's participation in the British Chartered Company of South Africa will not prove profitable to it. Australian Broken Hill Consols have again declined in what will probably prove a temporary fashion, on the forced closing of some weak "Bull" accounts. I understand that through one of the small failures which were declared at the last settlement 1,000 shares were thrown upon the market. But, after all, the chief point will be the output for the fortnight, which will probably be cabled next Saturday. If this should prove satisfactory, a marked rise may be looked for. Indian Mines have also been a dull market. As regards Goldfields of Mysore, the prospects of this Company are bright enough, but the shares have declined in common with other stocks. The Nundydroog and Ooregum shares will shortly be distributed, and when the mining market revives the Company will doubtless be able to sell other blocks of land to independent Companies at good figures. With respect to Palmarejos, the money required will most probably be obtained from those who have very large interests in the Company, and who are sanguine as to the value of the mine. I have for some time persistently warned my readers to keep clear of these shares. Should the money be obtained, as anticipated, the price would advance.

Oceanas.

The fall which has taken place in the shares of the Oceana Transvaal Company is one of those things "no fellah can understand." I suppose that "Bear" pressure caused a reduction in the first instance, and that some weak holders were subsequently frightened out. Yet all the advices from the Transvaal point in the opposite direction. Messrs. Conybeare and Henderson, two of the directors, have arrived there, and are negotiating some important matters in connection with the Company. Mr. Oliver Pegler, the well-known expert, was to leave Pretoria for Silati River on the 7th ult., and important advices may at any moment come to hand from him. His reports on three farms of the Company, made from Johannesburg at the end of June, has already been received. These are the farms situated near Bloemhof, one of which is Diamantfontein. On the latter, the expert reports that the

geological formations are strictly identical with those of the Kimberley diamond fields. He also gives particulars of the diamonds which have been found on the Diamantfontein farm, and on the surrounding farms immediately adjacent, so much so, "as to lead to a very general impression that a dry diamond mine (or mines) exists somewhere in this immediate district." The diamonds found are of a fair quality, white and very "waterworn," in colour differing from Kimberley stone. It appears that Bloemhof, which is only twenty miles from the Diamantfontein estates, was opened on June 22 as a new alluvial digging. Mr. Pegler also speaks very favourably of the saltpans on these estates, and gives particulars of the pumping of brine and the production of salt, from which good profits are obtained by the owners. This question of the existence of diamonds and salt is an important one as bearing on this part of the many properties of the Oceana Company. Advices just received are to the effect that on the Murchison reports were rife of extremely rich finds of gold in the Klein Latabe district, in which the Oceana Company holds seven farms. Taken in conjunction with the prospecting now going on on other of the Company's properties and with the alluvial gold-fields on the Silati River farms, it must be evident to the careful observer that at any moment news may arrive by cable of such importance as to cause a regular "Bear" stampede. Is it necessary to advise holders to stick tight to their holdings, and not to play into the hands of the ursine party?

My Letter Box.

I may fairly claim that "My Letter Box" has now become an institution, and I need hardly say that I shall be only too pleased to do anything which will make it of greater utility and convenience to the readers of TRUTH. I am told by correspondents and others that "My Letter Box" is read with much interest by many who do not send inquiries, on the chance of their finding in it useful hints on investments, and I have been asked repeatedly to classify, if possible, the replies, so that inquirers as well as other readers may at a glance refer to that part of the replies which specially interests them. It is not possible to do this in all cases, as a certain proportion of the inquiries refer to several kinds of stocks in the same letter. But I commence to-day the experiment of classifying the replies, and shall have to collect the answers to inquiries concerning a variety of stocks under the heading "Mixed Investments."

Government, &c., Bonds.

Enquirer.—Yes. India stock is a safe investment, and suitable for your purpose. *Cantab.*—Costa Rica "B" bonds at 60-65 are one of the cheapest South or Central American Government bonds, considering the prosperous position of the country. *A Constant Reader.*—A. The Argentine Five Per Cent. Gold Bonds of 1886, at 53, and the Six Per Cent. Funding Loan, are both secured upon the Argentine Customs Revenues. The latter is by far the cheaper, the reason for the discrepancy being that there is no market for it, while there is a considerable "Bear" account in the 1886 loan. B. The South Australian Land Mortgage and Agency Company does not seem to prosper, and the shares are an undesirable investment in view of the large uncalled liability.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

S. I.—It is expected that all the creditors of the English Bank of the River Plate will be paid in full, but it will necessarily take time. In Buenos Ayres the cheques of the Bank are being sold at 30 per cent. discount. *W. B. P.*—1. I do not care for the Army, Navy and Civil Service Co-operative Society of India. 2. A new Bank which is likely to do well under good management. *Anxious.*—You should have had nothing to do with this so-called Trust Company, of which I repeatedly warned my readers. Sell at once! *Constant Reader II.*—The decline in Trustees, Executors, &c., Corporation shares is due to unfounded rumours. The Company is doing well. *Official.*—This is one of the Trusts holding English Bank of the River Plate shares which have dropped to a heavy discount on the suspension of the Bank, and on which there is a heavy call due.—Hence the fall. *J. M. G., Blackpool.*—The three Australian Banks named are sound establishments of the kind, but I am not much in favour of placing large sums on deposit in such cases. Depositors have no prior lien. *F. J. S.*—I have never been particularly favourable to the Trust Stock in question, but the fall in Trusts is being overdone, and you had better hold now.

Home Rails.

Ferro-Carril.—Midlands pay at present price 4½ per cent. on the investment, and are a promising stock. *X. Y. Z.*—I quite agree with you that the issue of Eastern and Midlands Railways Company (Lynn, Yarmouth, and Norwich section) was made under extraordinary circumstances. The concern is in liquidation, and I have repeatedly commented upon the matter. Unfortunately, the Court before which the matter has been brought upheld the Receiver, and I am afraid that nothing more can be done. *Orientalis.*—It is a pity that you did not sell Great Eastern when they were at a higher price, as repeatedly suggested by me. Sell on the next recovery. *Alpha.*—See remarks under "Home Rails" respecting Great Western. *Operator.*—It is quite correct that a large proportion of Brighton "A" Stock is held by a well-known millionaire and by Messrs. Rothschild. This makes the position all the better. The course of prices is, however, entirely a question of weather now.

American and Foreign Rails.

W. W.—Trunk Firsts are being put up by operators, who are making much-to-do about the alleged *rapprochement* between the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Companies, but I think Canadian Pacifics far preferable to Trunks. Mexican Rails had better be held, as speculation may give them another turn. You have sold a "Bear" of North British too cheap, but might postpone covering for the present. I should not advise you to buy or sell Eastman's until prospects are more clearly defined. *Bar.*—The statements which have been made to you are evidently exaggerated. It is quite true that Argentine affairs are at a low ebb, but the forecast of the *Economist* respecting the Rosario Company is unreliable. For the first six months the receipts are published on an average of 402½ miles of line worked on traffic account, but from July 1 the returns will be on 845 miles (not 680 as stated in the *Economist*). All South and Central American stocks have declined, but there is no other reason for the fall in City of Mexico bonds, which are a good investment. *South American.*—As far as can be seen at present, the Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway will pay a dividend of 8 per cent. on the ordinary stock for the year, and the Western of Buenos Ayres 4 or 5 per cent. *P. B.*—Do not touch Nitrate Rails for the present. They look like going lower, and no important rally can be looked for until the civil war in Chili is at an end. *H. W. W.*—As far as can be ascertained from official sources the Norfolk Preference dividend will be paid in October at the former rate of 3 per cent. per annum. You should hold your shares. *X. X.*—The quotation of Western Railway of Santa Fé Seven per Cent. bonds has fallen to quite a nominal figure. You are, of course, aware that the River Plate Trust Company is endeavouring to obtain a settlement. *S. W.*—Atlantic and Danville 6 per Cent. Mortgage Bonds are all but unsaleable, and there is nothing left for you but to hold in the hope of some change for the better. *Cowes.*—Your letter is answered under the heading "Norfolk and Western Prefs." *P. N.*—You are quite right, Mexican Central First Income Bonds and Mexican National A and B Bonds should be held; they are cheap, and have fallen through forced sales and the general South American slump.

Mining Shares.

T. B.—While there may be some risk as regards liability attached to investing in mining companies incorporated in the Transvaal, you need have no fear on this score respecting the Balkis, Oceana, New Lisbon Berlyn, Spitzkop, and Oriental and Sheba Companies named by you, as all these are formed under the English Limited Liability Acts. *K. O. L. J.*—The De Beers Company has unfortunately connected itself with the British Chartered Company of South Africa, as stated in TRUTH of July 23. *X. Y. Z.*—As regards Golden Gate Alluvial and Golden Feather Channel (1 and 2), we ought soon to hear as to the real value of these properties. I am not sanguine as to the result. 3. Yes, I consider Australian Broken Hill a good purchase. 4. No, leave Wentworth Priority alone, it is a doubtful property. *Miner.*—Hold Golden Leaf in the present state of stagnation, but sell on an advance. *Dragoon.*—I still consider Gympie Great Eastern one of the cheapest dividend-paying Mines in the market. The recent rumours have been exaggerated. *Africanus.*—I should prefer to hold Jägersfontein for another three months. Sell Otto's Kopje. *N. W.*—Yuruaris should be sold, or else you may shortly have to face another reconstruction. *Gullane.*—I do not think well of the mining shares in question, but consider it preferable to hold for the present. *Black Swan.*—Hold, but do not average until the market takes an improved turn. *Transvaal.*—Yes, you may safely buy Oceana shares, they are likely to have an important recovery.

Industrial Companies.

O. H. S. H., Waterloo.—I am obliged for your hints respecting Elmore Copper, but I have verified the prices obtained and profits made, and you will have found further particulars in last week's issue. You are evidently not fully informed on the point. *C.*—Yes, I think it would be an advisable operation to exchange your Hammond's Meat Ordinary shares into Preferred under the circumstances. *Neill.*—You had better hold your Denver United Brewery Preference shares. They pay you good interest. Parker's Burslem Brewery shares are a good stock. I cannot advise you on the subject of Railway Waggon Companies' shares. *Opax.*—Hold your Hammond's Meat shares at present price. *Meister.*—1. I was referring to the ordinary dividend, which can only be declared after the accounts are made up. 2. The De Beers Company is engaged in the Mashonaland speculation, and diamonds are lower in price. These are probably the reasons of the recent decline. 3. I do not think that the civil war is stopping operations on the Arauco railway, while it is also stated that the coal property is still being worked. But the war must naturally interfere with the Company's progress. *X. O. T.*—You should certainly hold San Francisco Brewery Prefs. at present. The report may be expected soon. *Crude.*—1. No, if there were "Bears" connected with the Company

they must have sold much earlier. 2. This Mining broker works off his own rotten concerns by his circular, and his opinion is not worth a cent. 3. Yes, Geldenhuis are a fair mining speculation, but I hardly think that it is time to buy yet.

MIXED INVESTMENTS.

Ignoramus.—I do not like these Building and Land Companies, which have made heavy losses of late. Why not invest the money in Midland Railway Ordinary stock, which will give you a good 4 per cent. yield at present price? *J. N. C. P., Bristol.*—Please to repeat the questions with numbers to each stock, and keep a copy of your letter. *Hinchley.*—I do not know anything of the Reliance Land Company, but on the face of it the offer made to you for your holding in the Rock Freehold Land Society is suspicious, and I should not advise you to have anything to do with it before consulting your solicitor. If you will send me the documents I will make further inquiries. *Hussar.*—Greeks are apparently being thrown overboard by Berlin operators, and it is impossible to say whether and how much they will go lower in the prevailing slump. If you are a large holder you should reduce your holding. I do not care for the Trust Company in question. *Union.*—1. The Australian Bank mentioned is a sound establishment of its kind, but I should not care to commit myself to the opinion that the deposit would be safe for two years. 2. Yes; the Bell's Asbestos interim dividend has been paid. 3. No; you should hold.—*Jacobus.*—1. I do not approve of too much changing about. The reason of the difference in price is probably that one is better held than the other, which is, after all, an important consideration. There is a general inclination to keep American Brewery dividends at moderate rates, and to build up a reserve fund. 2. No special reason to sell. The fall is due to forced sales by needy holders. The absconding Irish stockbroker was connected with a deal in these shares. 3. No. 4. Hold Australian Broken Hills and average. 5. Hold the Argentine Railway shares, but await a turn of the tide before averaging. This line has a great future. 6. Elmore's Copper shares are bound for higher prices. The Wire Company also has a good future before it, but in that case the completion of the works and the commencement of manufacture have to be awaited, which will probably take place in October.

VARIOUS INVESTMENTS.

Trust Companies have had a bad time of it since the fall of the English Bank of the River Plate drew attention to the fact that a number of the Trusts were holders of the shares, and therefore lose not only the paid-up account, but are also liable for the uncalled account. But there are Trusts and Trusts. Some have been very badly managed, and have part of their capital locked up in doubtful securities, while others, in the case of which the directors have carefully discriminated, hold, on the whole, sound stocks, which may have suffered from the general shrinkage, but which pay good interest, and will doubtless recover their value again. The last incident attributed to Trust Companies is the selling of Mexican Railway First and Second Prefs., which has caused a heavy fall in the latter stocks. A favourable feature in the Brewery market was the announcement of the Guinness dividend of 9 per cent. for the six months ended June 30 last, making with the 6 per cent. paid in March, a dividend of 15 per cent. after placing £100,000 to the reserve fund and £30,000 to the depreciation fund. The ordinary stock thereupon rose to 329-332. A very different result is that announced in the report of Samuel Allsopp & Sons, Limited, which fully justifies the unfavourable view which I have from the outset expressed of this concern. The net earnings were not sufficient by £8,130 to pay the preference interest, the deficiency having, therefore, to be provided out of the reserve fund. No wonder that Allsopp's Ordinary stock, without any prospect of dividends, should have dropped to 24–27. Threlfall's Brewery Company, on the other hand, pays a 10 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary shares, after increasing the reserve by £25,000, which is a satisfactory result. Bell's Asbestos shares have maintained the firmer tone which has recently been noticeable, some of the "Bear" operators having apparently made attempts to cover. At the same time, I am disappointed and surprised that the Board of the Company should not have thought fit to address the shareholders on the position. Electric Construction shares have improved, but are still at a very low price. With reference to the Dutch Oyster Union, the prospectus of which is about to be published, I hear that the price of the oysters will be raised from £3. 10s. per 1,000 to the former price of £6 per 1,000, which would, it is estimated, bring up the profits from £60,000 (on which basis 10 per cent. is available to the Ordinary shares) to £90,000 per annum, and, therefore, considerably improve the prospects of the Ordinary shareholders. Elmore Copper shares have been in active request since I last gave particulars of the position and prospects of the Companies. The shares in the French Company have advanced to 3, and the tip is being passed round that they will go much higher. The English shares are also firm, and can no longer be bought under 4. The increased output at the English Elmore works will, I learn, under Mr. William Elmore's energetic management, commence this week. The gratifying announcement of a 20 per cent. dividend made at Thursday's meeting of Welford & Sons, Limited, was very naturally received with applause by the shareholders.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

QUEER STORY.

HOW VON RÄCHNITZ GAVE UP PLAY.

THE Baccarat Club, in the Rue Raymond de Toulouse, Paris, was perhaps composed of more distinguished men than any other similar association in the whole of Europe. Whether, indeed, the members were more distinguished for their virtues or their vices it does not concern me here to inquire. It is more a matter of importance that at one time they numbered among them the perpetrator of the most elaborate swindle of modern times, but it would be unjust to tar all with the same brush who happened to be there brought into casual association with him. I refer to that surpassing effort of genius misplaced, which conceived and carried out the plan of buying up every card in a certain West Indian island, and then flooding the market with packs of one particular manufacture, the cards of which were infinitesimally marked upon their backs. How the inhabitants of that devoted island yielded up their gold to the stranger within their gates, and how the swindle was eventually discovered, are matters of history, and I only mention it because of a certain likeness that this gentleman's *modus operandi* bore to the method employed by another member of this same club to empty the pockets of his associates.

Raoul Fleischer was a hard-headed, vulgar, half-educated, disreputable cosmopolite, who, by dint of an overbearing manner and an assumption of self-importance, had forced himself into classes of society in every considerable town in Europe and America immeasurably removed from those which nature had intended him for. He possessed a good smattering of every civilised language, but spoke not one of them like a native. Indeed, that was in all probability the main reason why he passed muster, for his outrageous solecisms, in whatever language, were put down to his being "a foreigner." His want of education was curiously exemplified soon after he became a member of the Baccarat Club. Pool écarté was being played, and Fleischer, a fine player himself, was opposed to the Marquis de F——, who has the reputation of being the finest écarté player in Paris. An Englishman, looking on, said, innocently—

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war!"

Fleischer sprang to his feet as if he had been smacked in the face, and bellowed out—

"You dare to call me a Grec, you blackguard; I say you're a Grec, an English swindler, and a sharper yourself."

And it took some little time to convince him that a Greek in English differs somewhat considerably from a Grec in French. No doubt he knew the ring of the latter word more intimately than that of the proverb.

At the time our story opens, this Fleischer had but lately been admitted a member of the distinguished body of gentlemen who composed the Baccarat Club. Where he came from, and who had introduced him, nobody seemed to know, and, furthermore, nobody seemed to care.

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As a matter of fact, so long as a man had money to gamble with and paid when he lost, members were quite content to waive all other considerations. He was, of course, not admitted to any close intimacy with the more aristocratic members beyond the precincts of the club, but, within its walls, he was tolerated, as was inevitable.

Another member of the club was the Baron von Rächnitz. He was a somewhat remarkable man. A member of one of the great but impecunious families of Saxony, he had, some five years before, been caught young, and married by a brilliant-complexioned, though not very rich, American girl. For a year or two they had been content to live on in his dull native town, with its round of first-rate operas but third-rate everything else. At the Anglo-American Club the Baron had evinced a certain aptitude for écarté, poker, picquet, and so uniform had been his success at these games, that it was not long before he began to yearn for fresh fields and pastures new, where he could play for higher stakes than were obtainable in a second-rate German town and a third-rate Anglo-American society. His wife, too, impressed by his success, and not unwilling to realise larger returns, encouraged him in his ambition, with the result that a move was made to Paris, and he became a member of the famous Baccarat Club.

From the moment of his arrival, eight years before our story opens, Fortune had smiled upon the young adventurer; but this was, perhaps, not so much that she showed him any special kindness, as that he left no stone unturned to assist the fickle goddess in declaring in his favour. This young man was not a gambler by nature; that is to say, he never risked his money where he considered the odds were against him. In all games of chance combined with skill, he knew that skill must tell in the long-run. He never over-estimated his own play or under-estimated that of an adversary. He knew, too, that a cool head and an unwearied brain always had the odds in their favour; and, gambling as he did merely as a matter of business, he strictly took advantage of these and other palpable verities. On first becoming a member of the club, he had confined himself to playing in the small hours of the morning. All the highest play was between nine and one o'clock, and these hours he had at first avoided on principle. After one o'clock he had noticed that play became slacker, and that those players who still stayed on were either over-excited with wine or beginning to tire; and, by three o'clock in the morning, there were, as a rule, but a few jaded or half-intoxicated members; fair game, he considered, for a young man of regular habits, and who took a sufficiency of sleep.

Now, as he said to his wife, he was in Paris on business, and pleasure and convenience must give way to that, and she, being a practical young woman, cheerfully acquiesced. The consequence was that this enterprising young couple kept very curious hours indeed. They went to bed regularly at four o'clock in the afternoon, and got up as regularly at midnight. Von Rächnitz then dressed himself faultlessly in evening costume, kissed his dear little wife, who wished him good success, and turned into the club as fresh as paint. And this plan for some time succeeded excellently well. Indeed, the Frau Baronin, who was not quite as ambitious as her husband, was beginning to look forward to their retirement on a very fair competency in the near future.

But this was by no means Von Rächnitz's idea. A comfortable competency did not appear half tempting enough to him. He swore in his heart that he would stick to business until he was a really wealthy man. His success was undoubtedly great with the comparatively small fry, but his practice in the small hours of the morning was only to be the prelude to greater things in the real gambling hours of the club. He only waited his opportunity to rake in, as he believed himself capable of doing, the thousands which changed hands before one o'clock, in place of the hundreds which he gathered all too slowly after that hour. In vain his wife used all her efforts to induce him to be content with the sufficiency he had already amassed. He paid her no heed, but bade her wait patiently and he would make her a rich woman.

Thus it was that, about three years before Raoul Fleischer became a member of the club, Von Rächnitz had become one of the nine-to-one o'clock habitués. As in his earlier ventures, his luck had from the first proved phenomenal, and this was the more astonishing, as here he was pitted against the finest and coolest players in the world. However, of course, bad fortune was sure to come at last—at least, so all the knowing ones said.

By this time Von Rächnitz had amassed a large sum of money—larger, indeed, than any of his associates imagined. He and his wife were living very smartly in a small way, and were by degrees making good their position in the very best society. He was very popular with the leading members of the club, amongst whom were the cream of the male Parisian aristocracy.

"George," said the Baroness one day, "I wish you would give up play."

"I wish I could, Mamie. I would give it up to-morrow if I saw my way to do so."

"I can't see what is to prevent you, if you wish. It's simply tempting Providence to trust to your luck any longer."

"You are perfectly right in what you say, Mamie, but you must remember that the majority of the members of the Baccarat Club don't look on gaming as a business, and if it was for a moment imagined that I played only for the money I make, we should lose ground terribly in Society."

"I don't see why."

"Well, Mamie, I've told you often enough that a man who has played successfully is always expected to go on giving his fellow-members an opportunity for revenge. I should go down tremendously in their estimation if I suddenly stopped playing without assigning any reason. You don't know how suspicious people become of a man who gives up play before play gives up him. I don't see how I'm to abandon it altogether unless we make up our minds to leave Paris and settle elsewhere."

"Oh, George, that's out of the question, just when we've got into Society and all that. By the by, we're invited to the Duc de Pince-nez."

"One of the very people, my dear Mamie, who would never invite us again if I were to give up play suddenly and without good excuse."

"Oh, well, then, I suppose it can't be helped," said Mamie, resigning herself, as she had often done before, to what seemed to be the inevitable.

It was just about this time that Raoul Fleischer became a member of the Club.

He was a rude, overbearing, vulgar creature, as has before been said, egotistical and pushing to a degree, always boasting about his superiority at games of skill, and exasperatingly confident of his luck at games of chance.

More than once it had been suggested to Von Rächnitz that he should challenge this very objectionable person to a great bout at écarté, in which, if his luck—which was by this time proverbial in the Club—held good, the starch might be taken out of Mr. Raoul Fleischer.

"Well, Baron," said the latter, one night, addressing Von Rächnitz with a vulgar assumption of familiarity, "lucky, as usual, I suppose?"

"I don't know so much about luck, M. Fleischer; I'm prepared to back my skill even against you. I'll play you a few games of écarté, if you wish, though perhaps that's hardly your game, judging from the way you lost the big pool last night."

"Ecarté not my game!" hissed Fleischer, indignantly, "I, truly, lost the pool last night, but the cards were against me—that was why. I made no mistake. I will, mein Herr, play you, when you will, for what you will, a hundred games of écarté, and we will see who is the better man, I or you."

"Take him, Baron!" chorussed several voices, for they had been talking loud, and a small knot of men had collected.

"Very well," said Von Rächnitz, "as you will. To-morrow I will play you one hundred games of écarté for 1,000 francs apiece."

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The following night the Club was crowded. News of the match had got wind, and many men dropped in just to enjoy the discomfiture of "the butcher."

It is needless to enter into particulars of the play. Suffice it to say that Von Rächnitz lost, lost, lost, and Fleischer won, won, won. And what was most extraordinary about it, he was successful, in spite of the fact that his play was contrary to all the canons of the game. He played "on authority" when he hardly seemed to have a decent card in his hand, and yet won. And he gave cards when he held a good playing hand, and always succeeded in bettering it.

Von Rächnitz's face soon became a study. It was evident that he was fairly puzzled. Absolutely irrationally as Fleischer played, the cards were always against the Baron.

To those onlookers who could see Fleischer's "hand" it was very soon evident that he must have a peculiar knowledge of the cards still left in the pack. For some few games, however, this did not seem to occur to Von Rächnitz.

The tenth game was being played, and all the completed ones stood to the credit of his opponent.

Fleischer was "four up," and "marked" the king for the third time in succession, thus making the tenth game his also.

At this moment Von Rächnitz rose in his place and said, in a voice of assumed calmness:—

"These cards are marked. I demand an investigation." Then, taking up the pack which lay at his side, he threw them, not ungently, into his opponent's face, and cried:—

"Take that, for the scoundrelly, swindling, half-bred Dutchman that you are!"

In a moment there was a forward dash across the card-table, and Von Rächnitz, drawing back, had the satisfaction of seeing the wretched Fleischer crash through it to the ground.

To make a long story short, an investigation was held on the spot. Von Rächnitz proved his charge to be well-founded, and the wretched cosmopolite was ignominously expelled, half-dead with terror, from the Club. Indeed, had it not been for the chivalrous interposition of his opponent, it is doubtful whether he would have left the place alive; and, if he had, it is certain he would promptly have been handed over to the police. But Von Rächnitz, in the most generous way, accorded him his protection from the infuriated members, only warning him, in their presence, that if he was seen in Paris again he would be promptly prosecuted for the swindler he was.

All this time the young Baron showed the most admirable coolness. After Fleischer's expulsion, he returned into the card-room, and, after a short pause, asked to be allowed to say a word publicly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am about to act upon an impulse. Whether I am wise in doing so remains to be proved, but, so irresistibly do I feel impelled towards the course I am about to take, that I feel I dare not delay announcing my decision. I need not tell you, gentlemen, that this episode has been to me a most terrible shock. Never before in my life have I seen cheating at cards, and never again—so help me, God!—will I submit to that experience. From this moment, and in your presence, I swear most solemnly that neither in this Club nor elsewhere will I touch a card for the remainder of my life."

There were murmurs of surprise, mingled with slight applause, and it was admitted on all sides that the Baron had shown an amount of generosity and courage which were nothing short of admirable.

* * * * *

Von Rächnitz is still a member of the Baccarat Club, but he plays no more. He, with his wife, moves in the very best Parisian society, and has the reputation of great cleverness and extraordinary courage. But no one has ever yet given him credit for having been clever and courageous enough to have imported into the Baccarat Club the unfortunate Fleischer, who, for a handsome consideration, had agreed to undergo all the contumely and risks attending the discovery of a cheat, which were necessary to cover the Baron's retreat from a systematic swindling of his fellow-members, probably unparalleled in the history of cards.

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MUSIC.

THE various Academies have now disbanded for the holidays, and the past week or so has been devoted to the distribution of prizes and certificates. One at least of these institutions seems to have made the distribution upon a most lordly scale. The prize-list of the Royal Academy of Music this year is a portentous document of five folio pages, the columns of names, printed moderately small, measuring lengthwise something like eight feet of type. The whole school—boys being reckoned as well as girls—numbers I believe five or six hundred pupils. Nevertheless, taking the female side alone, I find no fewer than one hundred and eleven carrying off bronze medals, and seventy taking silver medals, while nearly eighty other girls likewise are accorded certificates or other awards. The list was read out at unsparing length at the distribution on Wednesday; but when medals are given in this generous fashion, it would seem almost an economy of time and type if the names had been printed only of those who distinguished themselves by not taking awards. The Royal Academy of Music is, of course, never likely to emulate the typical boarding-school, where a pupil had given so much trouble during the year that the only prize open was one for "punctual attendance." But it is nevertheless certain that when 180 medals in so moderately large an Academy are distributed in one afternoon on the female side alone—to say nothing of the eighty other lady and all the boy-prize-winners—the value of a medal must be very greatly discounted. Nay, more; nineteen young ladies and fifteen boys had already gained all the honours the Royal Academy had to bestow, and their names accordingly could only be mentioned again. One of the girls took the "Certificate of Merit," which is described as "the highest award of the Academy," in 1887, and one of the boys received it as far back as 1886. It seems a grim satire upon these "highest awards" that the pupils, doubtless wisely enough, have continued their studies, the one for four and the other for five years longer. The present Principal must, of course, be held blameless in this matter, for the "Certificates of Merit" in question were granted in the lively days of Sir George Macfarren. But when the highest honour which it is in the power of the Royal Academy to bestow upon a student has been given to a pupil who needs five more years' training, it is perfectly clear either that the distinction has been conferred very prematurely, or that the standard of excellence insisted upon for the "Certificate of Merit" is absurdly low. At Trinity College, London, the honour list is of far more modest dimensions. There are only thirty-five certificated and eleven associate pianists, and the numbers under the other heads are comparatively insignificant. At the College of Organists, out of seventy-eight candidates only nine were successful, thus signifying a searching examination, which greatly enhances the value of the Diploma of Fellowship. At the Royal College of Music, now our premier training school for professional musicians, the wise decision has been come to not to distribute medals at all.

Regardless of all that has been said and suggested, the Maurel-De Lara controversy is not likely to extend beyond the newspapers. The parties have been airing their grievances in print, but the upshot of the whole matter is that "The Light of Asia" was not ready. Whether it could have been prepared in time by Signor Mancinelli and his associates is quite beyond the question. It is a fact that the opera was not ready, and that fact was proved by the call for another rehearsal on the Monday before the close of the season, two days after M. Maurel had expressed his unreadiness to go on. Moreover, even

down to almost the last week of the season M. Maurel, who was to play the part of the Buddhist Messiah, had not heard a full rehearsal—that is to say, the opera had not been played on the stage in his presence from end to end. The annoyance of the composer can be easily understood, but M. Maurel also has his reputation to consider, and the risk of producing the opera at so late a period, and with another rehearsal to come off, was indisputably great. Whether an operatorio glorifying the Buddhist religion would have been found exactly suitable by opera-goers I am not, of course, now called upon to express an opinion. It would, however, clearly be in its place in the concert-room, where I hope to hear it soon.

The Frankfort choir, who came here a few weeks ago and departed as unnoticed as they came, are, I fear, not best pleased with their reception. They have reason for annoyance, as they are one of the best male voice choirs of Germany, and, moreover, they are mostly gentlemen of means, who paid their own expenses during their visit. The Frankfort choir, however, were simply ill-advised. They were told that the German Exhibition was a sort of State affair, and would be taken under the special patronage of the Kaiser. They therefore chose for their visit the week during which the Emperor was in London, when, of course, they and many other concert artists of eminence were wholly overlooked. I hope that they will come again, when they may be assured of better treatment. We in England have to suffer from an annual invasion of foreign artists who certainly have smaller claims to our regard than the Association of Frankfort Teachers.

Mr. Hamish McCunn's new opera, upon which he is now engaged for Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new opera-house, is upon the subject of "Cleopatra." The young Scotsman has thus shaken himself free from Scottish lore, to which his name has hitherto chiefly been confined. But "Cleopatra" is rather a touchy plot. Upwards of twenty operas, having this frail lady for heroine, have been written within the last two and a-half centuries, but not one of them has survived, at any rate in the London operatic repertory.

The death of the renowned conductor, Faccio, was not unexpected, and, indeed, he has been bereft of brain-power, and even of sanity, for the past eighteen months. The first symptoms of the malady were developed after the shock on hearing of the suicide in London of a well-known prima donna whom in Italy he had long befriended. It might, however, have been thought that Faccio was the very last man to die of brain trouble. He was an old Garibaldian volunteer, and he directed his orchestra with the iron will of a Michael Costa—a compatriot whom as an operatic conductor he not a little resembled.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—A great surgeon said once to a friend of mine, apropos of the vanity of human wishes:—"Ay, I'm a big man to-day, but—by the time you have earned your crust, you have lost your teeth!" Is not that rather a happy individual variant of Shakespeare's:—

> Fortune either gives a stomach and no food;
> Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
> And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
> That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

In the matter of fame and of the famous, youth is the poor man with a stomach and no food, and age the rich that have abundance and enjoy it not. Many a famous man if he spoke out his bitter heart to the many-headed and mutton-headed monster, which ignored his best years and work, and acknowledge him only now when his ears have grown deaf to their huzzas, would echo Johnson's famous letter to Lord Chesterfield:—

> The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it.

Such are the recondite reflections that a "Life of Robert Browning" (1), and a new novel, "One of our Conquerors" (2), by George Meredith, suggest to me. In the case of both the poet and the novelist, their present vogue is not belated only, but also to a great extent factitious and affected. Those who understand least of their work are the most noisy in its praise—upon the motive which, in Hans Andersen's "The Emperor's New Clothes," made the crowd shout themselves hoarse at sight of his naked Majesty; since to admit that they saw nothing on him was to admit their incompetence for whatever office they held. To understand Browning and George Meredith being to graduate in intelligence, and to appreciate them being to graduate with honours, a great crowd of pretenders to intelligence howl themselves hoarse in acclaiming what is really wholly invisible to their eyes. Such parasities of fame as these, are, like other parasites, destructive, so far as their puny power goes, of the life of that on which they settle. Hardly less parasitically injurious to fame than ignorant praise is expert, but hyperbolical praise. It is simply, for instance, to make Browning ridiculous to be told at this time of day that at his birth "a great comet disappeared from the sky," and that "on the night on which he died a new star appeared in Orion." What are we expected to infer from these portents? That a comet was incarnated in Browning at his birth, underwent in him a process of condensation by contact with a chilly and unsympathetic world during his life, till, at his death, it had solidified sufficiently to take its place as a fixed star in Orion? But no; upon due inquiry being made "of the Astronomer Royal, to whom the statement was submitted, the alleged fact was disproved." I think all this ought to be made known as widely as possible, and as soon as possible, to save a host of devotees from studying Browning posthumously through a telescope, instead of, as hitherto, under a microscope. What a pity, by the way, that Browning did not annotate "Sordello" for these devotees as fully and minutely as he had to annotate "Strafford" for the original cast (Covent Garden, 1837). "You have no idea," writes Miss Flower of the rehearsals, "of the ignorance and obstinacy of the whole set, with here and there an exception; think of his having to write out the meaning of the word 'impeachment,' as some of them thought it meant 'poaching.'" Talking of the stenographic style, decipherable only under a microscope, of "Sordello," it certainly is surprising to learn that it was adopted in deference to a casual criticism repeated at third hand upon the "wordiness" of "Paracelsus!"

> Mr. John Sterling had made some comments on the wording of "Paracelsus"; and Miss Caroline Fox, then quite a young woman, repeated them, with additions, to Miss Haworth, who, in her turn, communicated them to Mr. Browning, but without making quite clear to him the source from which they sprang. He took the criticism much more seriously than it deserved, and condensed the language of this his next important publication into what was nearly its present form.

Yet how vainly did two generations of critics since adjure him to spare us the obscurity of this excessive condensation! Could you suppose Browning amenable to criticism from any one, when, in the teeth of the remonstrances of every one, he would persist to the last in putting, *e.g.*, such grotesque doggerel as this into the mouths of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba?

> "O wisest thou of the wise, world's marvel, and well-nigh monster,
> One crabbed question more to construe, or *vulgo*, conster!
> Who are those, of all mankind, a monarch of perfect wisdom
> Should open to, when they knock at *spheteron do*—that's his dome?"
>
> "I greet the wise. Oh,
> Certainly welcome such to my court—with this proviso:
> The building must be my temple, my person stand forth the statue,
> The picture my portrait prove, and the poem my praise—you cat, you!"

(1) "Life and Letters of Robert Browning." By Mrs. Sutherland Orr. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co.)
(2) "One of our Conquerors." By George Meredith. 3 Vols. (London: Chapman & Hall.)
(3) "A Group of Noble Dames." By Thomas Hardy. (London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)
(4) "The Picture of Dorian Gray." By Oscar Wilde. (London: Ward, Lock, & Co.)
(5) "In the Heart of the Storm." By Maxwell Gray. 3 Vols. (London: Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

Such grinnings through a horse-collar "though it makes the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve;" and it is hardly conceivable that a man who could fling such a poem as this in the face of his critics was amenable to criticism. But, in truth, no man had ever less reason for deference to criticism, since no man ever had less even-handed justice meted out to him by his critics. They could keep neither their abuse in his years of struggle, nor their praise in his years of success, within bounds. The *Athenæum*, which pronounced "Paracelsus" uncompromisingly "rubbish," spoke of "The Ring and the Book" as the "*opus magnum* of the generation, not merely beyond all parallel the supremest poetic achievement of the time, but the most precious and profound spiritual treasure that England had produced since the days of Shakespeare." Fame came to Browning (and has come to George Meredith) as the rain came to Birdofredum Sawin:—

The climit seems to me jest like a teapot made o' pewter
Our Prudence hed, thet wouldn't pour (all she could du) to suit her;
Fust place the leaves 'ould choke the spout, so 's not a drop 'ud drain out;
Then Prude 'ould tip an' tip an' tip, till the holl kit bust clean out,
The kiver-hinge-pin bein' lost, tea-leaves an' tea an' kiver
'Ould all come down *Kerswosh!* ez though the dam broke in a river.

"A bookseller," writes Browning, "sent to propose, last week, to publish my new poem, at his risk, giving me *all* the profits, and pay me the whole in advance, 'for the incidental advantages of my name,' the R. B. who for six months once did not sell one copy of the poems!" How much of this long unpopularity was due to the profundity of his thought, and how much to the gnarled and contracted expression of it, would be difficult to apportion; but no one to-day would dispute what, in my youth, few would be found to admit, that Browning was a supremely great poet in conception, however rough, faulty, and ineffective in expression:—

Ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore.

As for this biography of the poet, it disappointed me extremely. Mrs. Sutherland Orr has not much to tell us, to begin with, and the little she has to say is said in a style stiff as buckram. Do you remember how Johnson dismissed with ignominy an unhappy amanuensis who indexed Milton as "Mr. John?" Mrs. Sutherland Orr's ceremonial style may be inferred from this, that she never so far forgets her self-respect or her respect for the respectable poet by omitting the prefix "Mr." to his name. Was there ever a poet with whose name this "Mr." seems more pettily incongruous?

It would be not less difficult and invidious to attempt to apportion the blame of the slowness of George Meredith's recognition between himself and the public; between his faults and his merits. While Browning reminds you of Coleridge's happy illustration—"reading Shakespeare's historical plays was like reading history by flashes of lightning"—so vivid, zigzag, and blinding is the occasional light, and so black the intervening darkness in the author of "Sordello;" George Meredith, on the other hand, reminds you of that Laputan philosopher who would replace words by a system of symbols and pictures at once laboured and laborious. Reading him gives you an Academy headache, so brilliant, unbroken, confusing, and interminable is the array of images you have to strain your eyes and crick your neck to make out. Literally I have opened "One of our Conquerors" at random to come upon this sentence:—

They parted at the terminus, where three shrieks of an engine, sounding like merry messages of the damned to their congeners in the anticipatory stench of the cab-droppings above, disconnected sane hearing; perverted it, no doubt.

Do you give it up? Again opening the first volume at random I come upon this definition of genius (and no living Englishman is so competent to define genius as the author of Richard Feverel):—

If you would like a further definition of Genius, think of it as a form of swiftness. It is the lively young great-grandson, in the brain, of the travelling force which mathematicians put to paper, in a row of astounding ciphers, for the motion of the earth through space; to the generating of heat, whereof is multiplication, whereof deposited matter, and so your chaos, your half-lighted labyrinth, your ceaseless pressure to evolvement; and then light, and so creation, order, the work of Genius. What do you say?

What did I say? I had rather not repeat it; for George Meredith's most ardent admirers—of whom I claim to be one—must swear at him almost as heartily at times as they swear by him. But, to be sure, he does not write for the reader of average intelligence, which is all that I dare claim to be. No doubt in one place he speaks of its "being the transient novelist's business to please the light-winged hosts which live for the hour, and give him his only chance of half of it, let him identify himself with them, in keeping to the quadrille on the surface and shirking the disagreeable." Farther on, however, he, speaking through the lips of Fenellan, betrays his just scorn for the average reader, whose seat of intelligence he locates in the stomach.

Victor Radnor is the noblest of fellows, the very best friend a man can have. I will tell you: he saved me, after I left the army, from living on the produce of my pen—which means, if there is to be any produce, the prostrating of yourself to the level of the round middle of the public: saved me from that!

I have left myself time and space only to mention—it is enough—Thomas Hardy's exquisitely got-up, "A Group of Noble Dames" (3); Oscar Wilde's extremely clever, if rather "high" (in the gamey sense) "Dorian Gray" (4), which also is exquisitely got-up; and "In the Heart of the Storm" (5), a laboured, pretentious and disappointing book by the over-rated author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland."—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely, DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—London is empty, for *we* have left it! Do not imagine this to be an expression of conceit. It is merely metaphysical. We are no longer in our beloved London. Therefore it no longer exists for us, except as an item of the imagination, and all its millions are, for us, silent; its streets noiseless, its fires out, its hotels empty, its theatres closed, its railways' occupation gone (except the particular line that runs to US), its cabs and omnibuses at rest, its churches shut up, its ceaseless noises hushed. How delicious is the quiet of the country after the endless urban roar! One feels that the mornings are longer, the afternoons more full of restful ease, and that the evenings stretch out to almost twice the length they do in town. A delightful sense of "time in hand" pervades the mind, and we regard with calm serenity a small mountain of sewing that lies before us in the immediate future, feeling that the hours as they pass will no longer elude us as they do in town, snipping bits off themselves as though they were syllables in the mouth of a cockney.

Sewing is prosaic. There is no doubt of that. But when you come to think things over, where should we be without the prosaic? A toothbrush is prosaic; but without it no human being could be poetic. A kitchen range is prosaic; but where, lacking it, would be our hospitalities, our socialities, our matrimonialities? It is by means of eating and drinking that society coheres. And could anything be more commonplace than eating and drinking? Bricks are thoroughly prosaic. Without them, where would be our pretty houses? A laundry is matter of fact beyond expression; but what would become of the good looks of the very handsomest of earth's sons, the loveliest of her daughters, if collars could not be starched or linen laved?

Kindly accept this defence of sewing, which, prosaic as it is, leaves the thoughts free to wander back and forth from memory to hope, and glancing in their flight upon the myriad of impressions we receive, which would be for-

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gotten were there no opportunity of recapitulating them, docketing them, as it were, and laying them away in their own department of the brain. Men do this while they smoke; women while they sew. Our stitches are to be set into garments for a branch of the Needlework Guild, which we have lately joined in a desire to be a little useful in our generation, and you may picture us seated under the trees, surrounded by patterns, puzzling over gusset and gore, and fancying ourselves philanthropic. Father is a cynic about benevolent institutions, and declares that they have done incalculable harm; but he lets us do what we like in most things.

The weather was so forbidding that we only went to Goodwood on the Tuesday, which was a most enjoyable afternoon. The gowns were lovely. I recognised several that had done duty at the Marlborough House garden-party. Delaines, foulards, surahs, silk muslins, printed French muslins, bengalines, rang the changes on white, ivory, maize, biscuit, pale blue, every tone of green, canary and daffodil yellows, pinks old and new, red of every note in the gamut, and black, which was largely represented. Many people had chosen it on account of the uncertainty of the weather's disposition. Black stands wear and tear better than colours do. Grey was immensely in favour. Heliotrope is not so much in request as it was, apparently. There were not very many entire costumes in this colour at Goodwood on the Tuesday.

Evelyn went on Thursday, and has been laid up with a chill ever since. She wore a very pretty little pair of shoes, with steel buckles, and they betrayed her feet unto the liquid ground. She told us that she had never seen so many cross faces at Goodwood before. The morning had been fine enough to induce people to get into their newest and nicest frocks, and the damage done by heavy showers afflicted the poor souls' tempers. The tailor-made girls fared the best, looked calm and careless when the showers fell, and were as neat and trim when they left the lawn as when they came. There is an immense amount of comfort to be had out of a well-cut tweed or homespun.

Lilla gave a little garden-party before she left town to introduce a new game called Aneletto. It is played by sending light balls through a series of rings which are raised six or seven feet from the ground upon slender iron rods. These are placed in the same relative position as croquet-hoops used to be, and the ball is served through the rings with a tennis-racquet. At first we thought it rather difficult, but with a little practice we soon got into the way of it, and liked it so much that we are going to have a set for our country cottage. Aneletto does not need a large lawn, though there are ways of playing it which can be suited to spaces such as are required for a game of cricket. These, however, we did not try. Lilla has already become an expert, and sends the balls through the rings quite cleverly. Fred declares that it is improving her figure immensely, for she was beginning to grow stout again, but is now so devoted to the game that it gives her plenty of mild exercise. There is no dashing and tearing about as there is in tennis, with resultant scarlet faces and untidy hair. Aneletto is a leisurely game, though far removed from the monotony of croquet.

The other morning I was with Lilla, who was busily packing upstairs, while Fred was cleaning his gun and tying up his fishing-gear downstairs, preparatory to their flight from town. The maid came up to us and said that two ladies were in the hall, asking for Fred. "In the hall?" queried Lilla. "Why did you not show them into the drawing-room?" "Because they asked for the master, ma'am." Was not that delicious? Such beautiful propriety of idea from a parlour-maid's point of view. The ladies were shown into the drawing-room, and soon after up came Fred in the most furtive manner, creeping like a culprit past the drawing-room door, his hands all black with gunpowder. "Who are they, Lilla? What the mischief can they want with me? I won't see them. I wouldn't wash my hands for any one under the Queen or the Princess of Wales until I've finished cleaning my gun." So Lilla went down to the drawing-room, taking me with her for moral support. There we found two ladies, rather well dressed, but rouged, powdered, and dyed, their eyes presenting that curious "run" appearance that infallibly points to hair-dye. I will give the conversation that ensued as literally as I can. I felt a schoolgirlish inclination to giggle as it proceeded. Lilla said: "Mr. Lightfoot is engaged. Will it do to tell your business to me?" "Oh, we particularly wished to see Mr. Lightfoot himself." "Well, I am Mrs. Lightfoot. You can surely tell me what it is you have called about," getting rather impatient. "We called in reference to the registration, and thought Mr. Lightfoot might like to belong to the Primrose League." "I can answer that question," said Lilla, with some warmth. "Mr. Lightfoot has no desire to belong to the Primrose League." "He is registered as a Conservative," murmured the painted one. "Yes, he is a Conservative, certainly; and, if he had wished to join the Primrose League, he could have done so without waiting for an invitation, especially——" Here came an eloquent silence, during which Lilla looked the two ladies over, and expressed very clearly what she had not said. I was longing to laugh. "If that is all——" said Lilla, whose methods, as you know, are rather abrupt.

"There is another reason why we were very anxious to see Mr. Lightfoot," said the other. "We thought he might be able to tell us if there is any youth residing on the premises who would be entitled to vote." As though Fred kept youths bottled up somewhere in the house without Lilla knowing anything about it. Her face was a delicious study. However, she said quietly, "I am equally able with Mr. Lightfoot to inform you that there is no youth residing here," whereupon the ladies bowed themselves out, and, when they were safely gone, I laughed till I cried, and Lilla soon joined in, her irritation disappearing with its cause. Fred came when he heard us laugh, and we chaffed him tremendously about the rouged and dyed Primrose Ladies and their suspicion of concealed youths.

I wish you could have seen them, Amy. They would have delighted your little Radical heart. If the League is dependent on such tactless emissaries as these, and if all the ladies put on their complexions with as little skill, the cause is scarcely likely to be advanced by its advocates. I think Fred felt rather flattered by their demanding so strenuously to see him; but, if only he had seen them, his feelings of gratification would all have promptly disappeared.

The latest craze of the American young woman is to have herself dimpled all over. Face, neck, shoulders, arms, and feet are provided with "Cupid's washing-tubs" by means of the professor's art. The process requires three days for completion, and the dimples last a fortnight. They can be produced in twenty-four hours, but do not, in this case, last so long. Four small strips of court plaister are placed crosswise over the spot where the dimple is wished to appear, the flesh being pinched up in the very centre, where the four pieces cross each other. The proper positions are, just under the right eye, on either side of the mouth, on all the knuckles of the hands, on the shoulders, and just below them on the arms. The feet are dimple-plastered below each toe and near the ankle.

Fancy the woful appearance of the be-dimpled ones during the three days of the sticking-plaister process. They must look very dreadful; and all for a fortnight's ornamentation. The game is hardly worth the candle, one would think, and it is very unfair to the owners of real dimples to have artificial ones produced in this wholesale fashion.

This ragout of beans with carrots is an excellent vegetarian dish. Try it:—

Cut and trim 2 lb. of French beans; do not slice, but cut each one into two; lay them in salt and water for ten minutes; take them out and dry well in a coarse cloth, then fry them in fresh lard till brown; pour away all fat, and stir in by degrees half-a-pint of boiling water; add 2 oz. of butter well rolled in flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of ketchup, half-a-dozen picked mushrooms chopped into small pieces, a gill of white wine, 1 shalot, 6 cloves, a blade of mace, a dash of grated nutmeg; pepper and salt to taste; stir all well together, then throw in the beans. Set the pan over the fire for five minutes, shaking it constantly. Wash, scrape

and boil till tender, a bundle of spring carrots; pass them through a wire sieve into a hot basin; add a lump of butter the size of a walnut, season with pepper and salt, stir in two well-beaten eggs, put all into a mould, and bake for a quarter of an hour in a quick oven; turn it carefully from the mould on to the centre of a dish, and place the ragout of beans neatly round it.

You will find the following way of preparing sole very tempting:—

Select a fine sole, and carefully remove the dark skin. With a sharp knife make an incision down the centre of the skinned side, and slipping the blade beneath the fillets, completely raise them from the bone. Have ready a seasoning, composed of a table-spoonful of chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of chopped onion, and a few drops of lemon juice. Insert this within the fillets, close them carefully, and place the sole upon a well-buttered dripping-pan. Add a flavouring of pepper and salt, and scatter an ounce of butter, cut into rough pieces, the size of a barcelona nut, over and around the fish. Cover with a greased paper, and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen or twenty minutes. Now prepare the sauce. Melt half an ounce of butter in a sauté-pan, and stir into it an ounce of sifted flour; season with pepper and salt to taste, and add by degrees half a pint of new milk. Allow the mixture to boil for a couple of minutes, and then beat into it a few drops of lemon juice, and (if liked) the well-whipped yolk of an egg. Stir over the fire until the egg is cooked, but on no account allow the sauce to again boil. Now remove the fish, and set it upon a reversed sieve to drain. Whisk the white of the egg with a pinch of salt, into a stiff froth, and lay half of this lightly upon the seasoned sole. Slice a lemon, and arrange it alternately with fried parsley round the dish, then drop a spoonful of whisked egg upon each round of lemon, and crown with a little chopped aspic jelly, the recipe for which I have recently given. Dish up at once, on a smart fish d'oyley, and send to table before the jelly melts, with the sauce in a tureen.

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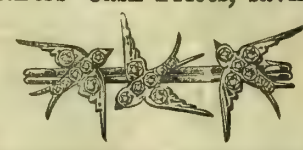
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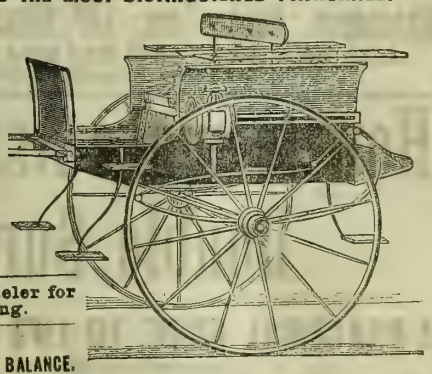

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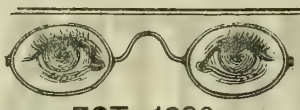
The deficit on 31st December, 1890, was £7,550.



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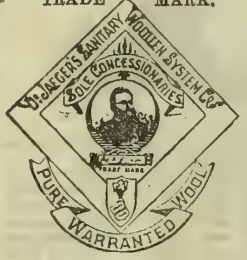

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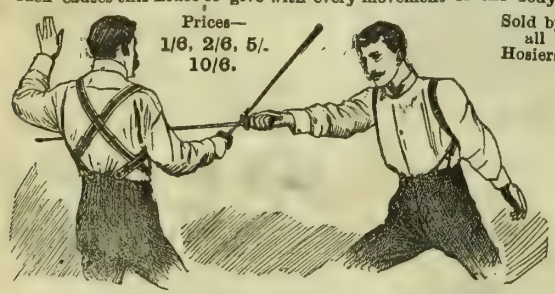

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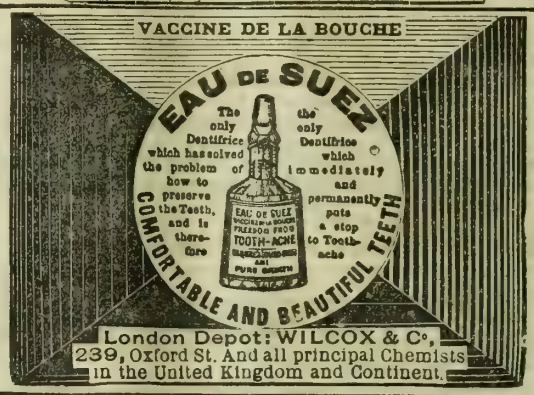

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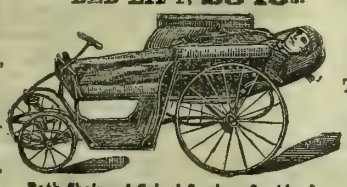

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£185,000 SIX PER CENT. PRIOR LIEN MORTGAGE BONDS,

Part of a total authorised issue of £285,000.

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00,000 7 Per Cent. Preference Shares, on which £297,742 has been paid.

730,000 Debentures.

Total £1,162,090

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SECRETARY.—H. B. BRIGGS, Esq.

OFFICES.—40, FINSBURY CIRCUS, E.C.

The Manila Railway Company, Limited, was formed in 1888, to take over a concession for 99 years granted by the Spanish Government for the construction and working of a Railway, 120 miles in length, starting from Manila, the capital of Luzon, one of the Philippine Islands, and after traversing the Provinces of Bulacan, Pampanga, Tarlac, and Pangasinan, terminating at the Port of Dagupan, on the Bay of Lingayen.

The Chief Engineer of the Company, who returned from Manila in June last, after a complete inspection of the line, states that with the exception of the bridge over the Rio Grande, the ironwork for which has already been shipped, the whole of the line will be ready for opening by the end of this year.

The construction of the railway is fast approaching completion, and the first portion of the line, about 27 miles, was opened for traffic on the 25th March last. The receipts from that date to the 30th June last were £7,392, and show a surplus over working expenses. Nearly the whole of the receipts were from passenger traffic, and from these returns, which are at the satisfactory rate of £20 per mile per week, it is expected that when the entire line has been opened so as to admit of the movement of merchandise, the revenue will be more than sufficient to provide interest on the whole authorised amount of Prior Lien Bonds, and on the Debenture Capital of the Company, without having recourse to the Government Guarantee. It appears from the Engineer's report, dated 20th April, 1891, that the earthworks over the whole line were already at that date practically completed, and the rails laid for 95 miles out of the total of 120, and good progress has been made with the works since then.

Under the concession the Government has guaranteed interest at the rate of 8 per cent. on a capital of $4,964,400, allowing 50 per cent. of the gross earnings for working expenses, which as soon as the whole of the line is opened, are expected to be even below that figure. The guarantee comes into operation on the opening of each of the three sections into which the line is divided, and the amount of the liability of the Government under this guarantee is provided for as ordinary expenditure in the yearly Budget of the Philippines.

The Philippine Islands have no Public Debt, and the favourable state of their finances is shown by their budgets, which are annually submitted to the sanction of the Crown by the Minister of the Colonies at Madrid. In the Budget for the Philippine Islands for the year 1891, the revenues are estimated at $11,203,701 (£1,960,647), and the expenditure at $11,030,835 (£1,930,396), the revenues from direct taxes amounting to $6,006,309 (£1,051,102), and those from custom duties to $3,285,000 (£574,875).

The Guaranteed Interest of 8 per cent. on $4,964,400, amounts to about £70,000

The Interest on the £285,000 Prior Lien Mortgage Bonds to only £17,100

Under the terms of the Works Contract payment for construction would have been made partly in Ordinary Shares, of which £67,910 are, owing to the failure of the Contractors, still unissued in the hands of the Company; to provide this sum and to meet other outlay caused by their failure, as well as the additional expenditure of about £50,000, owing to certain requirements of the Government for bridges and other works not contemplated in the original plans, and for which the Government is liable for an additional guarantee, authority has been taken for the issue of Prior Lien Mortgage Bonds, the proceeds of which will provide for the completion of the line, and are estimated to leave a margin for additional rolling stock and working capital.

In consequence of the extra works referred to above, the date originally fixed for the opening of the line will be exceeded, and the Authorities in Manila have notified to the Government at Madrid their approval of the necessary extension of time.

The great wealth of the Island of Luzon in raw produce will, from the date of its opening, furnish the Railway with a considerable traffic in merchandise, and the already large trade of the Island will be still further increased when the produce from the fertile Interior Provinces, through which the line passes, finds its outlet to the Port of Manila.

The yearly shipments from the Port of Manila already amount, according to the last official statements published, to 528,000 bales of hemp, 73,690 tons of sugar, 128,182 cwts. of coffee and 225,000 cwts. of tobacco; and the total value of exports from the Philippines to $26,358,640, and of imports to $21,208,445.

The density of population (the number of inhabitants of the island of Luzon is estimated at over 4,000,000) should provide the Railway with a large passenger traffic, and the receipts on the small portion of the line now working, point to this traffic reaching dimensions much exceeding what the Directors originally expected.

The relations of the Company with the Government are most cordial.

Bonds will be issued either to bearer with coupons for interest attached, or as Registered Bonds, at the option of subscribers.

Interest will be payable half-yearly on the 1st of January, and 1st of July.

Holders of Bonds to bearer can have them registered at any time free of charge.

Subscribers may make payment in full on Allotment, or at the dates fixed for payment of the instalments, under discount at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

Application will be made for a Stock Exchange quotation.

Applications must be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and lodged with the Bank of China, Japan, and the Straits, or Messrs. André, Mendel, & Co., accompanied by a deposit of £5 per cent. on the amount applied for.

If no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full; should fewer Bonds than are applied for be allotted, the surplus paid will be appropriated towards the amount due on allotment. Default in payment of any instalment will render the allotment liable to cancellation, and the previous payments to forfeiture.

Prospectuses can be obtained at the Bank of China, Japan, and the Straits, Limited, at Messrs. André, Mendel, & Co., at the Bankers, and at the Offices of the Company. Copies of the Prior Lien Bond and the Mortgage Deed securing the present issue can be seen at the Offices of the Company's Solicitors, 4, Great Winchester-street, E.C.

London, 31st July, 1891.

PIANOFORTE MAKERS TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eleven days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on the morning of the second Monday succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14, letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 649.—ANAGRAMS ON WILLIAM THE SECOND, KING OF PRUSSIA AND GERMAN EMPEROR.

R. F. (Real name and address will be given next week)	£0 14 0
WAHRHEIT („ „ „ „)	0 14 0
GUELDER ROSE („ „ „ „)	0 14 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE "TRUTH" CHRISTMAS DOLL SHOW.

It may be well to state here that particulars were published in last week's TRUTH, on page 265, of the new system to be adopted in awarding Prizes for the Doll-dressing this year. As detailed on that page, specially designed Brooches, varying in value from five guineas downwards, will be given to the ladies who most distinguish themselves in the Competition. A Brooch will also be presented to every lady who dresses twelve or more dolls. There are about 4,000 dolls, of three sizes, large, medium, and small, to be dressed, and I again invite ladies to send in their applications as soon as they conveniently can. They can have as many small dolls as they please, and one medium-sized doll for every six small dolls they apply for. Of the very large dolls only one can be sent to each applicant.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 643.

I must apologise for having kept the competitors interested in this competition so long in suspense. But as I have already explained, the examination of the numerous answers sent in for Competition No. 646 has occupied an exceptional amount of time, and I have not long since completed my labours. The ingenuity displayed by the Rebus makers was very great. Some few, it is true, rung the changes on well-known forms of this old-established form of Puzzle, but as a rule the efforts were marked by originality. I have already pointed out the exceptionally difficult task the printers had in setting the Puzzle sentences, and in spite of all the care used errors crept in. This was, of course, hard on those competitors whose efforts were thus published in an incorrect form, as in the cases of Drallam, Spot, Dora, and others, but it was well nigh inevitable. In awarding the prize I have taken many things into account, and after due consideration have resolved to give it to SINGEON, whose sentence is published below. I would at the same time specially commend X. Y. Z., Spot, L. I. C., E. S., Cestrian, Parsonides, Ebor, Richman, Knarf, I. B. B., Esperanza, Pseudonym, Heathfield, Neewod, Excelsior, Dora, Simla, Caledonia, and Yelruh, on the ingenuity of their efforts.

PRIZE REBUS.

T
TAHE A1/-REeA
ME { whelmed / confusion } AL
the entrance of the mistress
HE
(he had)² in th k t c h n the cook.—Singeon.

SOLUTION.—A boby in the area, overwhelmed with confusion upon the entrance of the mistress in the middle of the meal partaken of in the kitchen (part taken of "in the kitchen") after he had squared the cook.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 646.

The pains taken by many of the competitors in interpreting the Puzzle Sentences was immense; and the competition has turned out to be a very close one. As I think it will interest competitors, I will next week give the names, in order of merit, of those who ran the prize-winner most closely.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 650.

Possibly I may be able to publish a further selection of the suggested names for Ten Young Racehorses. In any case I am not able to announce the result of the competition this week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 654.

The usual Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE BEST RHYMED COUPLET ON ANY SUBJECT IN WHICH EVERY LETTER IN THE ALPHABET IS USED.

I need hardly say that the merit of the couplets sent in will be much enhanced by the brevity of the lines making them up. The shorter the two lines can be made the better, always provided that the sense conveyed by them is clear, and that no arbitrarily-constructed words are included in them. Every letter in the alphabet, including x and z, must be included in the couplet, the two lines of which must rhyme. All answers must reach me by the morning of Monday, August 17, at the latest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and address of "N. C. N.," winner of Prize No. 638, are NELSON COLLINGWOOD, Esq., Liberal Club, Maidstone.

*** The real name and address of "Tom Nissed," winner of a half of Prize No. 648, are THOS. H. ALNUTT, Esq., Parkfield, New Ferry, near Birkenhead.

*** Several "Answers" are held over until next week.

*** The address of J. MCGRIGOR ALLAN, Esq., winner of one-half of Prize No. 648 is "Winchelsea, Sussex."

W. E. M. (New York).—You will have doubtless seen by now that we dealt with the matter you refer to in a recent issue of TRUTH.

SIMPLEX.—The matter is under consideration.

JUDITH S.—It is, unfortunately, too late to carry out your suggestion.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 651.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

RHYMED ACROSTICS ON "THE LONDON SEASON."

The "Season," thanks to William's friendly call,
Has not proved quite a failure after all.
Even as it stands, and wind up as it will,
Let us be thankful for small mercies still.
Our Exhibition mania seems played out;
Navy turns out "hard tack," a "frost" *Sauer-Kraut*.
Desponding Regent-street while May passed by,
On shelves overladen saw Spring fashions lie.
Nor did the month of roses matters mend,
Still less has July done for the west-end.

Enter a brace of Princes, young and brave.
Alas! too late a season doomed to save.
Soon must the curtain drop on the last scene
Of fashion, folly, rivalry, and spleen.
Non omnis moriar, God save the Queen! Baritone.

Truth! from this "Season" let me take three things,
Hid in a host of others all a-huddle:
E'en though it's innocent, the sport of Kings
Left, from a scandal and a fearful muddle,
One more fair reputation lost.

Need England's daughters go abroad as wives?
Duke! take her, and with her this pray'r besides
O! may no sorrow on your fair young lives,
No trouble cast a gloom, but o'er life's tides
Safe be ye borne though tempest-tossed!
Emp'ror! we hailed thee gladly as our guest;
And welcomed most thy promises of peace;
Suspicion ne'er on Royal words should rest,
On thine still less. May wars now cease;
No more in death-throes blood be lost! Rekab.

The "Season's" chief events are quickly told—
Havoc has Influenza played with young and old.
Exceeding cold the Spring! through June, July,
London's smart dames have scarcely dared rely
On having weather fit to suit their plans,
Nor knew well which to choose, their cloaks or fans.
Disastrous scandals have the Law Courts seen,
Of which we'd best not say too much, I ween.
No words on Parliament I find to say;
Sessions have seldom had so smooth a way.
Emperor for guest—we've done our best to greet
("Augustus" helping in a way most meet)
Such a distinguished Potentate and friend,
On whose proceedings we attention bend,
Nor doubt to peaceful government they tend.
Plumepierre.

This is the time when the world of Society
Holds its high carnival, seeks for variety,
Eager and gay till July brings satiety.
Longs the fair tyro to be in the thick of it,
O'er its bright pleasures her fleet fancy soars;
Not so the habitué heartily sick of it,
Dreams he of August and ling-covered moors.
On through the programme which fashion decrees,
Nuptials, concerts, and five o'clock teas.
Society lions, and beauties professional,
Elbow young bachelors due at each ball;
Anxious mamas with sweet daughters processional,
Seeking desirable husbands for all.
On, until Goodwood, without rest or ease,
Nice little dinners and five o'clock teas.
Cestrian.

A RECIPE—AFTER "MADGE."

Take a score of balls and races,
Have them, mixed, dear, as before;
Enter Ascots, frocks, and faces,
"Lords," and over-eaten graces,
Opera, diamonds galore.
Next you join a Savory to a
Dignity too poor for "Stout."
Over Prince, Peer, fool, and *roué*,
Not forgetting Perrier Jouet,
Shake the scandals they let out.
English love a sight; provide 'em
All the uniforms you've got,
Set an Emperor inside 'em,
Or a Prince who's never tried 'em—
Now the dish is served up hot.
Twins.

To London, its pleasures and vices,
Heart-aches, and disasters, adieu!
Every week brought social surprises,
Life's dark side exposed unto view.
Oh, folly! this year you have eaten
No food but the fruit of disgrace;
Don't smile! for your record has beaten
Old scandal quite out of the race;
Ne'er yet have we had such a sample,
So gross, that the printers, I bet,
E'en blushed at our "High Life" example,
And wondered such type should be set.
Season of gorgeous excesses,
Of feasting, vile slander, and dresses,
Nought left now 'tis done but regret!
Offa.

The "Season" expires. Fair Goodwood is due;
Hopes blighted for most, fulfilled for a few;
Every one striking, the streets full of blocks,
Ladies beholding the Prince in the box.
Omnibus steeds with some Halcyon days,
Naval attractions, and Jews in relays,
Drags, divorce, soldiers, Lord's cricket and boats,
Old dresses done up, bad colds and sore throats;
North made to pay for his house against will,
Several tricyclists getting a spill;
Emperor, Empress, a surfeit of flowers,
A fair-weather Queen overtaken by showers.
Such are some memories, "Season," of thee,
Oh! what a comfort clear crossings to see;
No money left, but ball-chaperons free!
Tulip.

The London Season has come round again,
How dimm'd by fogs, and drench'd with copious rain,
Expectant crowds, annoy'd, and ill at ease,
Lounge in the parks, and shelter 'neath the trees.
O what annoyances wayfarers meet,
No cabs, no omnibuses in the street,
Disheartened mashers wish themselves indoors,
Or "blame" the rain that pitilessly pours.
No fellow can endure it "don't yer know?"
Season's, like this, are wonderfully "slow."
Expensive costumes, somehow, do not sell,
A plain and useful garment does as well.
"Sodas and brandies," "pick-me-ups," and "grogs,"
Or "early purl," to keep out noisome fogs,
Now seem the rage; and cheering Yuletide logs.
X. Y. Z.

The pictures have been very good;
How successful "The Doctor" has been!
Empress and Emperor have stood,
Living with us and our Queen.
Operas have proved that they pay,
No speaking was wanted with acting;
Dinners were never so gay;
Of diseases "La Grippe" was distracting.
No cricket was spoilt by the rain,
Sunshine was not wanting at Ascot;
Exhibitions have been good again,
A Fife is now rocked in a basket;
Straw-coloured dresses were worn,
On heads flowers, not hats, were still borne,
Not a few preferred dresses of fawn.
E. P. S.

Time swiftly bears the "Season" to its close;
How great have been its pleasures—and its woes!
Excursion-Cook's first jubilee took place;
Long shall we influenza's footsteps trace;
Old ocean's treasures thousands brought to bay,
"Nelson" the magic name that led the way.
Dread scandal plunged in shame a fellow-man;
Opera in amusement led the van;
Nuptial festivities,—a Royal bride,
State functions, Henley, garden-fêtes beside;
Earl's-court attracted by its German fair;
And then the visit of the Imperial pair
Shed radiance on the season's later days;
Our City magnates, to their lasting praise,
No efforts spared in gastronomic ways!
Guelder Rose.

Tête-à-tête, garden-parties, lawn-tennis, and cards,
Have been an elysium for bigwigs and bards;
E'en the Emperor William came here to beguile
Lords and ladies who bow down to Baal! do not smile
O'er this simile which we have drawn, as 'tis true.
Note those sycophants cringing to blood which is blue.
"Diddiums-de," sang our Queen, as she nursed her grandchild.
Only think what a "Duff"-er, we must limn it mild.
Now the season's enriched, when a Prince and Princess
Strut to Windsor and wed; but the Lord Chamberlain's mess
Enraged both the Queen and our Prince, though old Sol,
Ablaze in his uniform, outdid them all.
Some rowing we've had, and big rows o'er a scandal.
Other noted events, much too Bisley to handle.
Nor do we desire, for they're not worth the candle.
Foy.

The "Season," that was feared, would dull and lifeless be,
Has been instinct and bright, with charm and change and glee.
E'en the grim visitant, the Influenza dread,
Levelling all ranks, has but a partial shadow spread
O'er scenes of crowded picture-galleries and shows,
Naval and German — pleasures new as London grows,
Dramatic entertainments, concerts, and the swell
Of mighty choruses of Handel, plainly tell,
Not only love we painting, but grand music's strains.
See what a stylish crowd the Baccarat Case obtains,
Exposing all concerned. Our Prince is now grandsire,
A loftier dignity should then his deeds inspire.
State ceremonials are the vogue when th' Emperor's here
Our troops reviewing—since he must perforce appear,
Now at the Royal Wedding—taste the Guildhall cheer.
Esperanza.

The Emperor has come, and gone away;
His dress to change, troops to inspect each day,
Enhanced, no doubt, the pleasure of his stay;
London a welcome to its Sovereign lent
On christening and on wedding errands bent,
Nor was it irksome to the favoured few
Daily their Prince in Court of Law to view;
Of exhibitions still there is a choice,
Naval and German gain approving voice;
Sharp winds at Drawing-rooms much chilled the fair,
E'en high-born folk the "grippe" declined to spare.
A brighter "Season" followed, but the rain
Soaked Henley's guests, scattering the brilliant train.
Opulence showed its diamonds' glittering store—
Now Fashion's vot'ries rest on lea and shore.
Excelsior.

The "Season"—just now, like a full-blown rose,
Her glory attained, must soon wane to a close.
Each smart garden-party, small dance, crush, or ball;
London's belles of fashion are weary of all.
Our kinsman, the Kaiser, seemed pleased when our guest;
Now, since his departure, our Royals need rest.
Did he e'er gaze on scene more radiant and grand—
Our Opera-house on the night of command?
Not often are weddings now graced by our Queen,
So pity 'tis muddlers should spoil a fair scene.
Enticing "Britanneries" (TRUTH named it so)
Attracted all people, so smart was the show.
So Handel, the great, held his festa this year—
Our master still draws tens of thousands, to hear,
Ne'er yet has his Festival palled on our ear.
Bel Demonio.

To sing thy praise, O, "Season" fair,
How gladly would I rhyme!
Emp'ror and Empress—royal pair—
Land in this rainy clime.
O how complete a change is here,
Nought but festivity, good cheer,
Dances, reviews, and German beer.
O, short the space of time between,
No pageant's glitt'ring show
Shone round the son of England's Queen,
Events have chang'd, I trow!
A trial on baccarat game,
Sentence of exile and of shame!
On all concern'd, a sadder blight
Ne'er fell—this year—than on that night.
C. M. P

The whirl and rush, the lights and glare,
Have charms for all, but most, the fair;
Each eager heart with hope abounds;
Long nights made short by soothing sounds
Of music and sweet hum of men;
No girl prefers the book or pen;
Dance, dress, and gold and wedding-ring
Our bosoms beat for them to bring.
Never can we forget thy charm,
Sweet "Season," when the blood is warm;
Ere age or ennui tell the tale,
A golden youth has passed the pale.
Sorrow and care, sickness and pain,
Old age and blight will come amain;
Now let us live and love and reign.
Ipse Dixit.

PROLOGUE.

The London Season has spent its weary way,
Has struggled on, with victims day by day
Engulphed by pride and passion, by pleasures, so-called, gay.

CHAPTER I.

Lilian de Vere came forth, in all her youth and charm,
On pleasure bent, yet mailed from brow to arm;
No novice she, to let young sparks draw near,
Dangling at her skirts, and then away through fear.
On business bent, her mind, though perhaps revealed to none,
Now thinks her duty done when husband she has won.

CHAPTER II.

Slowly a pensive girl comes back from town,
Enters her country house, with looks cast down;
Angry with herself, and angry with all mankind,
So bitter has the contest been, so hard the man to find.
O, gentle creatures, why try such arts for naught?
No idler is worth his salt, e'en if, perchance, he's caught.
Wasp.

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

Tranby Crofters at Marlborough House dared appear.
H.R.H. takes the part of his friends—that is clear.
Emp'ror William thinks gambling for good folks unfit.
Let uncle and nephew their tastes each try to hit:
On cards let one lecture—the other 'gainst war—
No wonder that soon family counsels should jar.
"Don't play," cries the Kaiser. Says Prince, "Never again;
Only you must surrender Alsace and Lorraine."
Neither Kaiser or Prince his pet hobby will yield;
So Prince keeps his counters—Kaiser pines for the field.
Each himself in the right thinks, pursues his own way—
And warfare is surely more wicked than play!
Such a pair, that betwixt them 'tis puzzling to choose:
One plays with his counters, and one at reviews.
Now this cant about peace must the French much amuse.
J. McGrigor Allan.

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TELL IT TO OTHERS.

When you find a spring of water,
Pure, abundant, cool,
You proclaim to all the thirsty,
"Come, drink at the pool."

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Have you found a boon? Tell others
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The dose recommended is a small wineglassful in an equal part of hot water at eleven a.m. with a biscuit, and repeated with dinner and at bedtime.
Samples containing ten ounces sent free by post on receipt of 2s. 9d., double size 4s. 6d., post free, or 48s. per dozen.

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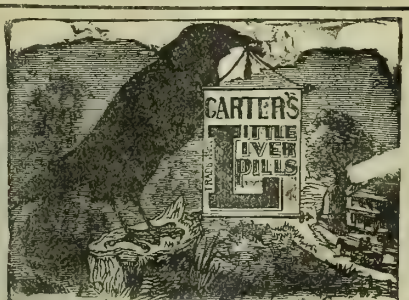

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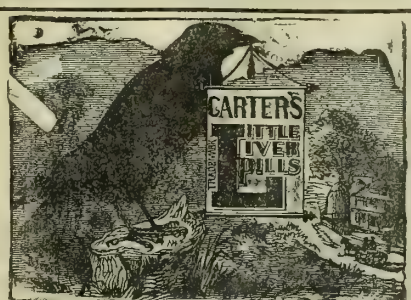

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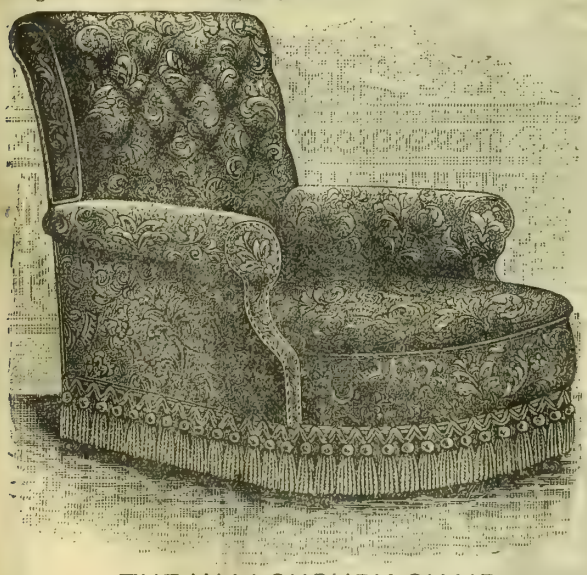

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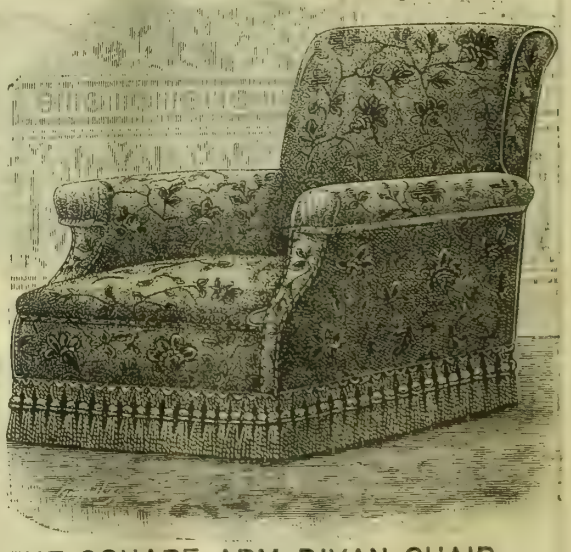

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 763. Vol. XXX. Thursday, August 13, 1891. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen, who was to have left Osborne on Friday week, has postponed her departure until the afternoon of Monday, the 24th, when she will proceed direct to Balmoral.

Her Majesty is to review the French Fleet on Friday, the 21st, in Osborne Bay, and not at Spithead, as has been stated. The Queen will receive a number of the officers at Osborne, and the Admiral is to dine with her on the night of his arrival.

I was enabled to announce a month ago that the Queen would confer the Order of the Garter upon the Prince of Naples, but it was afterwards decided that he should only be made a G.C.B. However, her Majesty reverted to her original intention after the Prince's first visit to Osborne. The late Crown Prince Rudolph is the only other Heir Apparent who has been given the Garter, excepting only the German Emperor and the Emperor Frederick, both of whom were decorated because of their near relationship to her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales, who goes to Homburg on Friday or Saturday next, will stay there for three weeks, and he is to reside at one of the villas belonging to the Hôtel Victoria. On leaving Homburg H.R.H. is to pay a brief visit to the Grand Duke of Hesse at Darmstadt, before proceeding to Copenhagen, to join the King and Queen of Denmark's family party at the Schloss of Fredensborg. The Prince will return to England at the end of next month, when he is to go to Scotland, to visit the Queen at Balmoral and the Duke and Duchess of Fife at New Mar Lodge, and his H.R.H. will be at Newmarket during the Second October and Houghton meetings.

The plans of the Princess, so far as her visit to Denmark is concerned, have been depending upon the arrangements of the Emperor and Empress of Russia, whom she is to meet at Fredensborg. The Princess may probably pay a brief visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Braemar before she goes to Copenhagen; and, in any case, H.R.H. will pass the greater part of October at Gmunden with the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, proceeding there when she leaves Denmark.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have been obliged to postpone their departure for Germany in consequence of the Queen having desired their company at Osborne during the visit of the French Fleet to Spithead. They will leave Devonport for Osborne next Wednesday, and are to stay with the Queen until Saturday, when they hope to start for the Continent, the Duke going to Kissingen, and the Duchess and her daughter to Coburg.

An announcement in a contemporary that Princess Christian is going to Balmoral when she returns from Germany next month, to stay with the Queen until November, is quite incorrect, for there is no idea of H.R.H. going to Scotland this year.

Princess Louise and Lord Lorne have been staying at Kent House, near Osborne, during the last fortnight. This is a residence within the Osborne demesne, which was originally built for the Duchess of Kent. Princess Louise and her husband are to pass the month of September at Knock House, the Duke of Argyll's place in the island of Mull, and on her way north H.R.H. is to be for a few days the guest of Captain and Mrs. Bagot at Levers Hall, Westmoreland; on the 27th she will open an Industrial Exhibition at Kendal, and on the 28th she is to visit Barrow.

A contemporary announces that "the precise date of the removal of the Duke and Duchess of Fife from Duff House, Banffshire, to New Mar Lodge has not yet been settled." This is really funny, inasmuch as the Duke and Duchess of Fife have already arrived at Mar Lodge, and are about to entertain a shooting-party there, including the Duke of Clarence.

By order of the German Emperor the Prussian Minister of the Interior has issued a decree forbidding the use of baptismal names of a political character. In future the only legal names are those taken from the Bible, or from Princes, or "loyal" statesmen, generals, and patriots. This measure is intended to put a stop to the practice, which prevails among the Socialists, of giving their children the names of prominent Revolutionists, Robespierre being a great favourite. State functionaries are directed to prosecute with rigour any breaches of this law.

I gave my readers a caution the other day against the extortionate charges which certain Carlsbad medicos impose upon English patients. The caution, it seems, should be extended to Wildbad. A gentleman tells me that a local doctor at this place last year charged him *one guinea* per visit, the visit frequently consisting of a call of two or three minutes on his way downstairs while attending other patients at the hotel. I recommend visitors to the German watering-places to stipulate, when first calling in a doctor, that they shall only be charged in the local currency and at the local rate. There is no difficulty in obtaining competent advice at about six marks a visit.

Lord and Lady Londonderry have a large party staying with them at Wynyard Park, county Durham, for Redcar races, and they will continue to receive company there until the end of next week, after the Stockton meeting, when they are going to Scotland for a fortnight.

The Duke of Argyll will reside at Inverary Castle during the autumn and winter, but he has let his home shootings, which extend over 16,000 acres, to Mr. B. H. Cochrane and the Rev. G. H. Davenport.

Lord and Lady Airlie, who have gone down to Cortachy Castle, their family place in Forfarshire, for a few weeks, are to receive a visit there from the Duke of Clarence.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who are now at Eaton Hall, Cheshire, will proceed in a few days to Lochmore Lodge, one of the residences in Reay Forest, Sutherlandshire, where they are to stay until the end of next month. The Duke will not be at Doncaster races this year.

Lord and Lady Spencer, who are staying at Homburg, will remain there until about the 24th, when they are going on a short tour through Switzerland before returning to Althorp for the hunting season.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans are cruising in their yacht, the *Ceres*, off the island of Mull, where the Duke has rented the Pennyghael shootings for the season.

Lord and Lady Hindlip will entertain a succession of visitors at Invermark Forest, Forfarshire, during the next two months.

The Duke of Hamilton has sailed from Ipswich in his yacht the *Thistle* for Norway, and after his cruise he is to proceed to Brodick Castle, Arran, where the Duchess is expected to arrive this week.

Lord and Lady Lytton are to reside until the end of September at Frognal House, Ascot. Lord Lytton has obtained leave of absence until October 1.

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 354 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 355.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 356.

Mr. Gladstone is to be the guest of his nephew, Sir John Gladstone, at Fasque House, Kincardineshire, for a few days at the beginning of October, when he is going to Scotland to attend the celebration of the Jubilee of Trinity College, Glenalmond.

Lord and Lady Wharncliffe have left Wortley Hall, where they have been staying since they left town, for Simonstone, their shooting-lodge in the Wensleydale district of the North Riding, where they will entertain numerous visitors during the next three weeks. They return to Wortley on September 4, and will receive company there during Doncaster race week.

The Dowager-Duchess of Bedford has gone to pass the autumn at Endsleigh, the Duke's lovely place on the Tamar, near Tavistock. What a contemporary means by referring to the stay of the Duchess at Norris as "a fiction" it is impossible to understand, for her Grace had been living at the Castle for nearly two months before she went to Devonshire. The building of the "Cottage" at Endsleigh early in the present century, and the laying-out of the grounds (which contain sixty miles of walks and drives), cost about £130,000. The house was erected under the superintendence of Wyatt, the restorer of Windsor Castle, who is described by Lord Beaconsfield in "The Young Duke" as "Sir Carte Blanche, the successor in England of Sir Christopher Wren."

Lord and Lady Brownlow, who have been entertaining numerous visitors at Ashridge during the last month, are about to proceed to Scotland to pass the shooting season at Glencanisp Forest, Sutherlandshire.

The late Lord Dartmouth was a thoroughly estimable man in every relation of life, and he enjoyed universal respect and regard. He was the idol of his family, and he will be long and sincerely lamented by a very wide circle of friends. Lord Dartmouth was a man of excellent abilities, but he never played a conspicuous part in public life, having no taste for political warfare. He was one of the best landlords in Great Britain; and he did everything in his power to promote the comfort and raise the condition of the poorer residents on his estates. He was a devoted churchman of the same type as the late Lords Beauchamp and Powis, and his contributions to all Anglican schemes of which he approved were most munificent.

No doubt the Lord-Lieutenancy of Staffordshire, which has become vacant by the death of Lord Dartmouth, will be offered to Lord Harrowby, and, if he refuses the office, in consequence of the delicate state of his health, I fancy that the new Lord Dartmouth will succeed his father.

The office of Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, which is a sinecure, worth £924 a year, must be held by a member of the House of Commons, so the new Lord

Dartmouth will resign forthwith, and, indeed, he vacates the post on becoming a Peer *ipso facto*. I anticipate that Lord Burghley will be the new Vice-Chamberlain, and, as he was re-elected on being appointed Parliamentary Groom-in-Waiting, he will not have to go back again to his constituents. In the probable event of Lord Burghley's promotion, Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox will very likely be the new Parliamentary Groom-in-Waiting, which post is worth £334 a year.

The family estates of the late Lord Dartmouth are in Yorkshire and Staffordshire, and he owned a large and very valuable property at and around Lewisham. His residence was Patshull Park, near Wolverhampton, an estate which his father bought from the late Sir Robert Pigott for £375,000. In Yorkshire he owned nearly the whole of the town of Morley, and all his property in that county is urban. Sandwell Park, the old family place near Birmingham, was long ago given over to colliers. On the Patshull estate alone Lord Dartmouth expended £12,000 in rebuilding cottages, and he also established a number of model farms. He presented public parks both to Morley and to West Bromwich. He gave an enormous amount of money for church building and restoration, and for the erection and maintenance of schools.

Mr. John Drew, of Kenton, who died last Wednesday, was one of the most eminent land surveyors and estate agents in Great Britain, and his business was one of the largest in England. He had been agent for the Devon estate for fifty years, and he was also employed by Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Gibbs, of Tyntesfield, and many other well-known landowners in the western counties, and he was agent for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Mr. Drew was thoroughly acquainted with every department of his business, and he was a most admirable administrator, and always very considerate to the tenants on the estates which were under his management. He took an active part in local business, and was connected with all the principal public and charitable institutions of Exeter. He was a keen Tory of the old school. About five years ago Mr. Drew's son, the Rev. Harry Drew, was married to one of Mr. Gladstone's daughters.

The death of Sir Charles Dodsworth is much lamented in Yorkshire, for he was one of the most popular landlords in the county, a keen sportsman, and a liberal supporter of all country games and sports. Sir Charles is an irreparable loss to the Tories of the North Riding, to whom he was a veritable tower of strength at the last election in the Richmond Division.

Mr. John Bell, of Melrose, who died last week, is described by many people as having been "an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott." It may be as well to remember that Sir Walter has now been dead for fifty-nine years, and no mention of the alleged "friendship" is to be found either in Lockhart's delightful biography, or in any of the very entertaining works of Lord Cockburn. The fact is that Scott was, to a certain extent, the "friend" of every one who lived within his Sheriffdom.

The death of Miss Rushout, of Burford House, will be much regretted in the Tenbury district of Herefordshire, for she was greatly beloved, and her munificent charities will be sorely missed in the neighbourhood. Miss Rushout recently expended £8,000 in restoring the beautiful church of Burford, as a memorial to her brother, the late Lord Northwick, who left her the Burford estate for her life, and it now passes to his widow, Lady Northwick.

Lord Donington, who purchased the Farleigh Manor estate, in Somersetshire, from Sir Victor Houlton, a few weeks ago for £40,000, has decided to resell the whole property, excepting only the ancient ruins and chapel of Farleigh Hungerford Castle, and a few small holdings adjoining thereto.

The Morebath Manor estate, in North Devon, which extends over 1,750 acres, was sold last week by Major Barrett, of North Curry, to Mr. Harrod, of Allerford, for £35,000. Morebath Manor is a very nice place, and the estate is well wooded, and affords first-rate shooting.

Lord Rosebery's principal shootings in Midlothian have been let for this season to Mr. J. W. Moncrieff.

Lord Willoughby de Eresby has let the well-known Stobhall shootings, in Perthshire, to Lord Wimborne. The Stobhall estate affords some of the best partridge-shooting in Scotland, and a heavy bag of pheasants is always obtained, as there are upwards of a thousand acres of woods. The Stobhall salmon-fishings in the Tay, which are the best in Great Britain, are let to Mr. Barclay Field at £600 a year.

Sir John Ramsden has let the famous deer-forest of Ben Alder, Inverness-shire, which extends over 30,000 acres, and is one of the best shootings for red deer in Scotland, to Mr. West, of Streatham Hall, Exeter. Ben Alder has been leased by Baron Schröder during the last five years.

Another well-known forest, that of Mamore, which is also in Inverness-shire, found a tenant for the season only last week in Mr. Lumsden, of Balmedie. Mamore was leased for many years by the late Mr. Thistlethwayte, and, on his death, the late Sir Richard Sutton became the tenant. Mamore, which extends over 35,000 acres, is more attractive than Ben Alder, inasmuch as a heavy bag of grouse is always obtained, and all kinds of Highland game are abundant.

A large number of bulls and heifers from the Queen's choice herds of Shorthorns, Devons, and Herefords, on

Dr. J. W. Keyworth (M.D. London), Southport, writes: "I have tried Pepsalia, and am so satisfied with its results that I am using it daily with suitable cases, and have every reason to endorse all that is claimed in regard to its usefulness." Pepsalia absolutely effects digestion, and restores dyspeptics to a condition of health and comfort. Bottles 1s. and 2s., from chemists, or G. & G. Stern, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

the Shaw and Flemish Farms at Windsor, are to be sold during the next two months, principally for exportation.

The sale of Mr. Skinner's celebrated herd of pure-bred Devon cattle, at Bishop's Lydeard, Somersetshire, was very successful, excellent prices being realised. Mr. Punchard of Totnes, paid two hundred guineas for the beautiful prize cow Rosebud, which is the second highest price ever obtained for an animal of this breed. The "record" price (two hundred and sixty guineas) was paid at the sale of the famous Tregothnan herd, which was established and admirably maintained by the late Lord Falmouth.

The *St. James's Gazette* and other journals which have been thrown into paroxysms of praise by the article about cookery in the new number of *Blackwood* can never have perused the late Mr. Hayward's articles on the subject, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, and which were reprinted under the title of "The Art of Dining." The article, moreover, contains some gross blunders, which have not been discovered by the enthusiastic eulogists. Ude was not "head cook at Windsor," but during his residence in England he was employed by Lord Sefton (who paid him three hundred guineas a year) for twenty years, and he was afterwards *chef* at Crockford's during the early and most palmy days of that establishment. Ude was *Maitre d'hôtel* to the Duke of York for a very short time. The celebrated Lord Dudley is described as "the grandfather of the present Earl," whereas he was merely the first cousin of the said grandfather. I advise people who take an interest in the subject to peruse Mr. Hayward's entertaining little book.

It is announced that the letters written by Dickens to Wilkie Collins, "during the years of their intimate companionship," are to be published in *Harper's Magazine*, and it is stated that these letters, of which there are a hundred, have been "edited" by Miss Hogarth, who is admirably qualified for the work Dickens and Wilkie Collins corresponded with each other for about twenty-eight years, and most confidentially. The letters written by Wilkie Collins were burnt by Dickens at Gad's Hill in the autumn of 1867, when he destroyed the bulk of his private correspondence just before his departure for America. Wilkie Collins possessed many hundreds of letters which had been written to him by Dickens, but he burnt the bulk of them not long before his death.

The Queen has allowed a copy to be made of Chantrey's bust of Sir Robert Peel, which is in the private apartments at Windsor Castle, for the National Liberal Club. One of Chantrey's finest works was his bust of John, Duke of Bedford, which was placed in the corridor at Windsor shortly after the death of George IV. A few years later the Duke excited King William's wrath by supporting O'Connell, and his Majesty ordered the bust to be broken up, and its fragments were burnt.

According to the official records of the Royal Academy, 234 pictures have been sold for £18,000 this season. Of course, this does not include the numerous pictures which were sold before they were sent to Burlington House. Of these 234, thirty-two sold for upwards of £100, twenty-five for between £50 and £100, and the remainder went for £50 and under.

Next year's Eisteddfod is to be held at Rhyl, and it will be attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who are to be the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Eaton Hall.

The late Canon Jackson bequeathed his fine collection of fossils to the Wiltshire Society, and his large and splendid collection of topographical records of Wiltshire has been purchased by the Society of Antiquaries.

I learn that the new Bishop of Lichfield is to go into residence at Bishopstow at the end of October, when he will begin his diocesan work. The Archbishop of York and Mrs. Maclagan took their departure from Lichfield last week, and, after a brief visit to the Dean of York and Lady Emma Purey-Cust, they have gone to the Lakes until September 1, when they will settle at Bishopthorpe Palace.

When a clergyman becomes a bishop he too often seems to take leave of any common-sense which he may have possessed previous to his promotion. The transition from moderate means and comparative obscurity to an Episcopal throne, a palace, a stipend of several thousands a year, much patronage, and the sedulous attention of a horde of sycophants, both lay and clerical, are too much for the good man. Bishop Creighton is the latest example of this melancholy deterioration. He has succeeded one of the strongest and most sagacious prelates in the history of the Church of England, and, therefore, finds himself in no easy place; but, to the unbounded amazement and contemptuous amusement of three-fourths of the clergy and nearly all the laity in the diocese of Peterborough, the Bishop has already appeared at a Church consecration arrayed in all that fantastical "man millinery" for which his distinguished predecessor entertained so hearty and so just a dislike. The new Bishop of Peterborough went through the crack-brained mummery of rapping his pastoral staff upon the door of the church, and waving it in his hand, for the purpose of exorcising all evil spirits from the interior. He entered, preceded by a chaplain bearing a crown, and he was arrayed in a genuine mediæval cope of white satin, with elaborate and ornate trimmings, and upon his head was a mitre, which closely resembled an old-fashioned fool's cap, for it was "made of white, figured satin, with environment of claret-coloured silk braid, with red silk appearing between the points in the summit."

Canon Alderson (Lady Salisbury's brother, who was collated by the late Bishop to a stall at Peterborough less than a year ago), participated in all this foolery, for he is described as having "adjusted the mitre upon the episcopal brow," and, "when it was necessary that it should rest elsewhere with due historical regard to its use, he held it." It is a pity that the pastoral staff

could not be used to knock all such senseless nonsense out of Bishop Creighton's head. Lord Beaconsfield might well assert that "the doctrine of evolution affords no instances so striking as those of sacerdotal development."

The Bishop-elect of Truro does not expect to take up his residence at Lis Escop until the middle of October, as he will have to go to Balmoral after his consecration to do homage to the Queen. He will commence his regular diocesan work in Cornwall on November 1, and engagements are now being made for him after that date by Archdeacon Cornish.

Dean Lefroy has gone off to Switzerland, leaving the Norwich people so considerably out of conceit with him that many scoffers have denounced him with the forcible and time-honoured epithet which Mr. Pickwick applied to Mr. Winkle on the ice at Dingley Dell. Dean Lefroy has constantly been haranguing about the hardships of the poor clergy, and has ostentatiously posed as a Church reformer of the most practical and advanced school. The Bishop of Norwich recently appointed a Commission to inquire into the state of the Norwich benefices, and it is recommended by this Commission that a portion of the Cathedral revenues shall be diverted for the benefit of the wretchedly poor working clergy of the city; but, strange to say, the Dean has dissented from the recommendation—which, by the way, was originally made in TRUTH several months ago. One can only conclude that Dean Lefroy, while exuberantly fond of reforming his clerical brethren, does not relish any changes which are likely to affect either his own pocket or those of his neighbours in the Close. The Dean of Norwich and the four residentiaries get £3,600 a year (reduced from £4,800, in consequence of the agricultural depression), and many of the parish clergy in the city do not receive more than £100 a year. Considering that the Dean has so very little to do, he could surely get on with £800 a year; and as to the Canons, three of them are pluralists, and there is no reason whatever why there should be more than two residentiaries either in Norwich or any other Cathedral, and even then there would be employment (such as it is) for only six months in the year. Truly, the burden of Deans and Canons is light, and their yoke is easy, while, as a rule, their cupidity is insatiable.

The Vicar of Westbury-under-Mendip, Somersetshire, died the other day of typhoid fever, and it has since been discovered that the water-supply was tainted, and that there was an open ditch (practically a sewer) in the vicinity of his house. Yet, scandalous to relate, the parish is in a district which has both an Inspector of Nuisances and a Medical Officer of Health!

The Rev. F. B. Wright, who died last week, had been for forty-three years the Rector of Higher Broughton, and he certainly was the best known and the most popular parish clergyman of his generation in the Manchester district. Mr. Wright, who belonged to an old Somersetshire family, was educated at Winchester, when Lord Penzance and Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope were among his contemporaries who still survive. Mr. Wright earned great fame as a cricketer, and long after he took orders he was known all over the country as one of the best "gentlemen" of the period. He was prominent on the river at Oxford, and was long remembered in University boating circles as having been the best "stroke" of his time. Mr. Wright was an excellent specimen of the parish clergyman of the good old school. He was a first-rate organiser and administrator, full of tact, and he ruled his parish "in quietness, peace, and love." He was a fine scholar, too, and preached capital, practical sermons.

Here is another story which I offer to the consideration of the correspondents who have been complaining lately that I am too hard on the Church of England. In the diocese of Exeter there is a living held by the son of the patron. This man is a more or less hopeless lunatic, but with lucid intervals. Periodically he retires into an asylum. While he is there a *locum tenens* performs his duties. From time to time the Rector is let loose on the parish—with mixed results. He came out in this way a week or two ago. On the following Sunday he was not well enough to do duty. A morning or two later he was observed in the village street at day-break, attired in his night-shirt, sitting in a puddle, and screaming for a constable to come and take him into custody. The worthy man is great, I understand, on the subject of bells, and has formulated a scheme of belfry reform, the first step of which is that the bell-ringers should all be boiled down into Liebig's Extract.

Now this is not, and in the nature of the case cannot be, a recondite scandal, known only to a few persons. The vicar of a parish cannot retire at intervals into a lunatic asylum without a large circle being aware of it. The parish cannot be in the charge of a *locum tenens* at all other times than the vicar's lucid intervals without the Bishop being apprised of the facts. In point of fact, the unfortunate gentleman himself must have in his saner moments some definite idea of the state of the case; and I understand, indeed, that, while recognising the fact that he is occasionally not quite fit for work, he has emphatically declared that he will never resign. In that situation there is, it seems, no power in existence under which the parish can be delivered from this incubus. So the Bishop can go off to Japan with a comfortable feeling that it is no affair of his, and leave his erratic brother sitting in his puddle in his night-shirt. Such are Law and Order as understood in the Established Church!

I called attention last week to the case of Mr. Ryan, the Vicar of Pilton, which deserves the careful attention of the authorities, for there appears to have been a flagrant miscarriage of justice, and the conduct of the Magistrates and the police at Barnstaple requires explanation. Mr. Ryan was served on Friday, the 31st, with a summons requiring him to appear next day at Barnstaple to answer to several charges under the Criminal Law Amendment Act which had been preferred against him. He absconded the same evening, and, except the fact that he travelled from Barnstaple to Taunton, nothing more

has been heard of him. I pointed out last week that Mr. Ryan ought to have been arrested by warrant, under the circumstances, and it would be interesting to learn why, after a summons had been served upon a person of his means and position, no attempt was made to prevent his departure. It is asserted very plainly that there was a general desire to let Mr. Ryan escape, and it seems that he had been warned of his perilous position, and that "respectable friends" had advised him to go away. That somebody had put a spoke in the wheel of the proceedings which the police commenced so tardily and so stupidly (for they *must* have known that if they wanted to catch the reverend culprit, the only course was to arrest him at once), is proved by the fact that Mr. Ryan left behind him a formal resignation of the living of Pilton.

A correspondent of one of the Devonshire papers asserts that in the district of Tiverton there are "bound" public-houses which belong to one of the churches of the town, and, in order to be accepted as the tenant, it is necessary that an offerer should become a Sunday-school teacher and parish worker for the said church.

A year or more ago I commented upon an offensive exhibition of ecclesiastical bigotry in Ceylon towards a native gentleman who, after accepting Christianity for a time, had relapsed into Buddhism. The same gentleman lately attended a church at Galle as groomsman to his brother on the occasion of the latter's marriage to a European lady. The officiating curate refused to allow the groomsman to attend the rest of the party to the east end of the church. Complaint being subsequently made to the Chaplain, he replied that "certainly no Buddhist, nor apostate from the faith, could be allowed to assist at a Sacred Ordinance of the Church," as though a person attending his brother as "groomsman" were officiating in some religious capacity. The matter was then laid before the Bishop of Colombo, who curtly answered that he "must decline further correspondence." The Buddhist "apostate" will, I imagine, hardly regret having returned to his old faith.

With reference to the sad bathing fatality at Bundoran, county Donegal, recently referred to in TRUTH, Mrs. Varley, of 5, Hall-place, Bundoran, writes to tell me that she is raising a fund to provide a rescue-boat to be kept at this spot for the protection of bathers. The Vicar of Bundoran and other local gentlemen are acting as treasurers, and some £22 has already been subscribed. When enough has been raised, it is proposed to hand over the fund or the boat to the control of the Royal Humane Society.

The following amounts towards Lady Jeune's fund have come to hand:—

Ada, 14s.; M. L. B., 10s.; George Browning, £5; W. C. T., £1; Mrs. C. F. Sergeant, 10s. 6d.; L. M. Skittowe, 10s.; A. P., 10s.; J. W. P., 10s.; Conservative, £5; A. T., £1; and Nemo, first half of £5 note.

I have also received £10 from J. Morris towards the Toy Fund.

Several flagrant jobs have been quietly perpetrated by the War Office during the last few weeks. I have already called attention to the fact that Lord Wolseley's pay as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland has been raised by a thousand a year, and now I hear that Mr. Knox, Accountant-General of the Army, is to have his salary increased from £1,500 to £1,800 a year. That there is no justification whatever for this arrangement, but that it is a mere piece of favouritism, is proved by the notification that the rise is announced to be "personal to the present holder."

Some little time since a N.C.O. in the Shropshire Regiment at Malta lost a "protractor" while engaged at a sketching-class. I am not quite clear what a "protractor" is, but I am told that its outside value is five shillings. In order to investigate the loss of this precious article, a Board of Officers solemnly assembled. One of them came over from Gozo, and received a detention allowance for staying in Valetta the night. By these and other resources of red-tape, the incident has cost the country enough to have purchased at least a dozen "protractors."

An Army Order has lately been issued prohibiting officers and others from making use of any "outside influence" they may have in support of applications for "personal advantages," and stating that in future any such attempt to obtain favourable consideration will be regarded as an admission on the part of the applicant that his case is not good on its merits, and will be dealt with accordingly. This somewhat foolish pronouncement makes no mention of *inside* or "back-stairs" influence, from which it would appear that at the Horse Guards these are still regarded as being both legitimate and necessary for advancement in the Army. It is plain that the Order can only be enforced in cases where it is unnecessary, seeing that "outside influence", which is strong enough to rob the Horse Guards' officials of their accustomed patronage is also sufficiently powerful to override the order in question. If the rulers of the Army really wish to cleanse their Augean stables, and not merely to monopolise the jobbery of the Service, it will be necessary for them to proceed by example rather than by precept. I venture to think that if, for one year, fair consideration "on its merits" were given to each case as it arises, a more fatal blow would thereby be dealt at the use of outside or inside influence, than if a whole volume of regulations were issued on the subject.

On the question of soldiers being defended at courts-martial, an officer writes to me to point out that the Army Act permits officers to appear for the defence of soldiers, and also confers on them when so engaged all the rights of counsel. As this was evidently unknown to the large number of officers and privates who have written to me

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on this question, the fact cannot be too widely published. If this enactment is to be of any use at all to privates, it ought to be the universal practice for men on trial to have an officer to assist them; whereas the truth seems to be that the proviso is practically a dead letter, and that the very existence of it is unknown to the majority of soldiers.

On the subject of court-martial justice generally, the same officer makes the following remarks. I take them myself with a little salt, but I always like to give every side of a question a hearing:—

> I am prejudiced, of course, you will say, but I most unhesitatingly affirm, having had nearly seven years' experience as Adjutant of my regiment, during which time I have prosecuted at some scores of courts-martial, that I never saw a single trial, with but one exception, at which the evidence was not absolutely clear and indisputable for a conviction. In the one exception I mention, the man was acquitted.
>
> It is further the duty of the prosecutor—and I always did it—to bring out any point favourable to the prisoner. As a matter of fact, no court-martial will ever convict on circumstantial evidence, and I have never known a case sent for trial in which there was any reasonable doubt of the prisoner's guilt. Go to the men themselves, and ask which they would prefer to be tried by in a case of any doubt—the Civil power or a court-martial.

It is impossible for me to go to the men, and it does not seem to be necessary, for so many of the men have come to me. I cannot, indeed, say that they have expressed any preference for trial by Civil court as compared with court-martial, because the question has not been put in that form; but they have expressed a very strong feeling that a court-martial is a machine, not for getting at truth, but for recording convictions, and imposing a heavier sentence than can be given without it. This view is certainly not inconsistent with my present correspondent's statements. The fact of it being the prosecutor's duty to defend, I have already noticed and commented upon. I have no doubt that my correspondent did his duty to the prisoners in all honesty. Suppose, however, that all the prisoners whom Mr. Poland prosecutes at the Old Bailey had no one but Mr. Poland to defend them. Doubtless, Mr. Poland would do his best for them; doubtless, too, he would devoutly believe that every individual convicted was rightly convicted. Whether, however, the prisoners, or the disinterested public, would share this belief, remains an open question.

Gossip was busy at Simla, when my last budget of correspondence left that spot, with a story of a gross insult offered by a General Officer to a highly-respected native chief, the Maharana of Dholepore. The Maharana, I understand, reported the occurrence to the Viceroy and to Sir Frederick Roberts, and it will be interesting to see the upshot of the affair. A new light will be thrown upon the position of the native Princes of India if an English officer can abuse one of them like a pickpocket, on a public highway, and never hear any more of it.

A long list of Naval promotions appeared in the *Gazette* last week, and many of them have excited much grumbling. Commander Arbuthnot has been promoted to Captain, jumping over the heads of nearly fifty senior officers of his own rank, and he had only seven and a-half years' seniority. Commander Trench, who has also been promoted, with only five and a-half years seniority in his rank, was ninety-sixth on the list of Commanders. Lieutenant Grey, who heads the list of the fifteen promoted officers of his rank, has passed over sixty-four seniors, many of whom had very strong claims upon the Admiralty; while Lieutenant Jellicoe, the junior of the new Commanders, has jumped over the heads of no fewer than 283 senior officers. It is strange, indeed, that only two navigating officers have been promoted, and only one surveyor.

Surprise has been expressed that the name of Prince George of Wales did not appear in the list; but, as I have already stated, he will very shortly be promoted to the rank of Commander, in anticipation of his appointment to the Royal Yacht *Osborne* next November, when Commander Milne vacates the command of that vessel.

Prince Louis of Battenberg is to succeed Captain Fullerton in the command of the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and during the term of his appointment to that vessel (which will extend over several years) the Princess and her children are to reside at one of the Queen's houses near Osborne.

Sir Anthony Hoskins, whose command of the Mediterranean Squadron is to terminate next month (to the infinite delight of every one on the station) is to haul down his flag at Gibraltar, when Sir George Tryon will take over the command.

An important circular has, I am glad to be able to announce, been recently issued by the Admiralty, which ought to have the desirable effect of curtailing the immense power hitherto placed in the hands of Naval Captains. In future, no man can be severely punished without the previous sanction of the senior officer, as for every severe punishment a warrant must be made out and signed by the Senior Admiral or Captain present. This is unquestionably a step in the right direction. I regret to see, however, that there is nothing to limit the power of Captains when detached from the fleets. This must be remedied, otherwise the good brought about by the new circular will be apt to be very considerably neutralised.

Apropos of the Naval Manœuvres, even the *Times* condemns the wasteful extravagance of having commissioned so many huge vessels, the majority of which played no part whatever in the so-called operations of war. So far as I can see the only lessons that have been learned from the senseless perambulations of the Northern and Western Fleets may be summed up in the word—breakdowns. In the Northern Fleet alone the following ships developed more or less serious defects in the course of a few days at sea:—The *Sheldrake* broke four exhaust pipes, the *Conqueror's* steering gear went wrong, the cross-head brasses of the *Pallas* were badly cut, the *Iris* fractured an eccentric, the *Speedwell* burst her main steam-pipe, the

Tartar bent an eccentric rod, and both the *Pallas* and the *Latona* proved themselves incapable of condensing any fresh water for their crews. To add to this list of misfortunes no less than ten Whitehead torpedoes were lost, five in the Northern Fleet and five in the Western, the cost of which is fully £3,000.

Messrs. Edison & Sims have designed a torpedo-boat which is to be propelled by electricity, and which will require only two men to steer it. There is to be a force of thirty-two horse-power.

The income of Greenwich Hospital for the year 1891-92 is estimated at £168,140, being a decrease of about £2,200 on the current year, owing to the unavoidable re-investment of stock at a lower rate of interest. The balance-sheet shows that there will be a surplus of about £280. The net income from the remaining Derwentwater estates in Northumberland will be £8,807, and the property in Greenwich and the Isle of Dogs will bring in £3,448. The cost of the Hospital administration, less the superannuation allowances and the management of estates, is two and a half per cent. on the income.

Two more medals have been awarded by the Royal Humane Society for services rendered on the occasion of the loss of the *Utopia*, the recipient of one of them being the Colonial Secretary of Gibraltar. In reference to this matter, I have received from two citizens who witnessed the dreadful scene from the ramparts, and who aver that they ran great risk of catching their deaths of cold, a communication asking when their claims are to be considered. I commend this inquiry to the attention of the Royal Humane Society, who have gone so far in connection with this business to deprive their medal of all meaning and honour that there seems no good reason why they should not go a step or two further.

The largest raft ever floated, which contained three and a half million feet of lumber, has reached New York from St. John, New Brunswick, after a very stormy passage. The raft was towed in sections, connected with chain cables. There was as much lumber on the raft as would have loaded thirty-five of the schooners which are used in this trade, and the profits on the adventure will be so large that many similar rafts will, no doubt, be despatched by the same route.

Some astonishing evidence was recently obtained on the west coast of Ireland of the extent to which smuggling has grown up under the present régime at the Custom-house. Vast stores of contraband goods were discovered at Achill Island, which can only point to the existence of a long-standing and far-reaching system of trade. An official, who knows the facts well, tells me that for years past the fishing population of this coast have smoked nothing but smuggled tobacco, and drunk no grog except the real Schiedam of the Dutch "coopers." What is more, it is stated that the police, the coastguards, and every one else in the locality, have been fully aware of the state of the case, and have smoked and drunk the contraband goods to their hearts' content.

Facts like these—and people behind the scenes know well that they are not peculiar to Ireland—confirm in the most conclusive way the criticism on the policy of the present Customs Board which appeared in Truth last year, and which was followed by the hole-and-corner "personal" inquiry undertaken by Mr. Goschen. I never believed in this inquiry, and shall never believe in any inquiry conducted on such lines. What has come of it? For all that the public can see, nothing. I hope shortly to make public a few interesting particulars respecting the way in which ugly facts were evaded or hushed up by the official ring in the course of the investigation. In the meantime, the public may take it as certain that the policy of reductions and retrenchment in the lower ranks of the Service pursued of late years has not only inflicted gross injustice upon a large class of hard-working public servants, but has resulted in disastrous loss to the public revenue.

I yield to no one in my admiration of the British officer. I fear, however, that my sentiments would undergo a change should I encounter many warriors of the type of Major-General Tongue commanding H.M.'s forces in the Barbados. The local tramway company allow a special fare of twopence to officers and soldiers travelling by their cars in uniform. The Major-General travelled in mufti, but refused to pay more than the twopence. The company sued him in the petty debt court for an additional twopence. The Major-General raised the technical objection that he was not residing within the jurisdiction, the fact being that although "Queen's House," his official residence, where letters were directed to him, and where he entertained once a fortnight, was within the jurisdiction, he was actually living at a house outside. The judge reluctantly held that the company must amend their plaint before they could recover the twopence, whereupon the Major-General applied for "compensation for loss of time and travelling expenses incurred." The judge expressed himself "astonished" at such a request, and his astonishment will, I imagine, be shared by all who read this story.

The Indian Penal Code makes adultery a criminal offence. Under the sections containing this provision, one Ingle, a public official at Bombay, was recently prosecuted unsuccessfully by a Portuguese, named Rosario. Upon this the *Times of India* remarks, with captivating artlessness, that the section was intended for natives, and was never meant to apply to cases such as this, "and had Rosario been successful, we should have had another strong argument in favour of abolishing this section *so far as Europeans are concerned.*" I presume that this exponent of public opinion would regard it as quite just and reasonable that it should be a crime for a native

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gentleman to tamper with the wife of a European, but by no means that a European should tamper with the wife of a native. Truly, a striking instance of the attitude of the Anglo-Indian towards his native fellow-subject!

I see that the Indian Government is about to make a trial of its last new gagging law against the Native Press. There would be far less objection to action of this kind if it were based on moral instead of political grounds. Some of the Indian papers appear to be the happy hunting-grounds of all the quacks and pornographists in the British Empire. I am not, I trust, morbidly sensitive on such matters as this, and, in due season, I entirely approve of calling a spade a spade; but there is one daily paper in particular, published at Calcutta (and apparently by an Englishman), the advertisement columns of which are simply a disgrace to any civilised country. When I compare this pestilent matter with some of the native political criticism against which the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* is given to railing, it seems to me that paternal government must have a peculiar faculty for swallowing camels while straining at gnats.

The following extracts from a recent letter from Fort Tuli contain a further warning, if any is needed, to those contemplating a settlement in the Dominions of the Chartered Company of South Africa. Whatever may be the resources of Matabeleland or Mashonaland, the chief result of handing these regions over to a chartered syndicate of British capitalists seems to have been to place them under a systematised tyranny about on a par with what may be found in Russia or Turkey:—

I arrived here yesterday, and as I had some repairs to do to the waggon, I unyoked at the smith's shop, about six hundred yards from the Company's Fort. I passed their fort on my way to the smith's. I was then informed by a policeman that I should have to see the Captain. I went to see this individual, who asked if my waggon had been examined where it was. He wanted to know who gave me leave to outspan (unharness the oxen) there, and stated that he would not permit my oxen to be where the waggon was, and that I should have to take them out into the bush overnight. I replied that I could not proceed without getting the waggon repaired. As to leaving oxen in the bush, it was likely I should lose them, as yesterday I had found five branded with his Company's brand several miles away in the bush, which I had brought in to Fort Tuli. However, in the evening I tied the oxen up to the waggon, as usual, telling him (the policeman) I should turn back unless I could keep the oxen by the waggon. I have not heard anything more from him. A policeman came and examined the waggon, in order to ascertain what quantity of meal I had, and if I had any brandy. I said I had six or eight bottles. He said only three were allowed. I told him that I considered myself the best judge of what my requirements would be, and that if they confiscated any, I would proceed no farther. At the Macloutsie camp a party of seven men, with three waggons, were wheedled into selling a bottle of whiskey to a sergeant, who proved to be a decoy.

Even the Chartered Company's police, however, are dissatisfied. It seems the men were promised, on joining, that all better appointments would be filled by men from the ranks. But men come out, and, after a few months' service, are put over the heads of the first comers. The police horses are nearly all dead. Salted (acclimatised) horses are costing the Company £45 each.

I can now heartily sympathise with Boers and others who cannot endure British Jacks-in-office.

I saw very few people on the road for these parts. There is no reliable news from the mining centre. Nothing has come down.

There has been a large percentage of sickness, and many deaths. Medicine is hardly to be had. The whole population at the Tati have been down with fever.

Plain speaking is, to my mind, a virtue in itself. When a man who thinks differently from me states his views frankly, I feel that we have at any rate one point in common, and I respect him accordingly. For this reason, I am afraid that I may possibly disappoint several South African readers who have sent me a recent copy of the Johannesburg *Star*, accompanied by expressions of their bitter indignation at the sentiments therein contained. It seems that a local politician, Mr. Merriman, has been advocating restrictions upon the liquor traffic in the interests of the natives. The Johannesburg *Star* answers him in this strain:—

Mr. Merriman either lacks that saving brutality of disposition which is indispensable to the [statesman, or the frank cynicism which would have led him to boldly state . . . . that the question on which our politicians for the next few generations will have to occupy themselves is how to preserve South Africa to the white man, or, more plainly, how, with the maximum of expedition and the minimum of inhumanity, they shall get rid of the black. . . . . The normal increase of the black (in South Africa), as compared to the white population, is as about two to one, and the plain fact stares us in the face that either artificial checks will have to be resorted to, or civilisation in its highest aspects will become an impossibility in South Africa. . . . . If the Caucasian be not played out, it, of course, goes without saying that the ultimate victory will be his; but it is no less certain that his mode of warfare will have to change. He will have to rid himself of some of his humanitarian sentiments. . . . . In South Africa, legislation, as a general rule, has been directed towards prohibition laws, ignoring the plain teaching of experience that in alcohol is to be found the only influence which may be trusted to sap the fund of seemingly infinite vitality which will overcome civilization if civilization does not overcome it. It is perfectly easy to denounce such a suggestion as cynical, but we are reaching the point at which the truth cannot be concealed much longer. . . . .

This, I say is, at any rate, honest and straightforward. Our Jingoes, our Imperialists, our Missionary Societies, our *Pall Mall Gazette*, are for ever celebrating the beneficent results of the extension of the British Empire. To hear them, one would suppose that no party of Englishmen ever grabbed other people's territory except for the purpose of benefiting those whom they dispossessed. Any ugly little incidents that occur by the way—a war, a massacre, a partition of territory, an addition to the income-tax—are only to be set in the scale against the blessings of Christianity, education, railways, newspapers, Manchester goods, and joint-stock Companies, which invariably follow upon the hoisting of the British flag. There is none of this sickening cant about the Johannesburg journalist. He tells you point blank that as Englishman and African cannot exist together, the Englishmen who have grabbed Africa must follow it up by exterminating the African; and that as rum and whisky will do the business in the quickest and least troublesome way, rum and whisky are nothing less than the instruments of "civilisation in its highest aspects." Personally, I should say that a more diabolical doctrine was never preached. But it has the merit of being honest. For that reason I like it better than the cant of Jingoism or the familiar sentiment of the missionary hymn:—

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver, &c., &c.

A fortnight back I referred to the discreditable treatment of the clerks to Surveyors of Taxes by the Jacks-in-Office at Somerset House. This treatment, however, will hardly have been a surprise to those familiar with that accorded to some of the lower-grade clerks who are actually members of the Civil Service. Take the following case, for instance, of a clerk, originally admitted by a stiff competitive examination, and now of six years' standing in

the department. His duties extend over an area of about forty square miles, containing the holders of about 2,000 licences of all kinds. He levies over £600 a month in beer duty. He occasionally has to assist Surveyors of Taxes. For nine months in the year he is away from home. For this he is paid £64 a year, plus a daily allowance of two shillings when actively employed, which brings his total pay up to about £100 a year; and a further and utterly inadequate allowance of one shilling a day for travelling expenses. The outcry against "State sweating" might well be raised on behalf of men in this position.

With regard to the Surveyors' clerks, a gentleman, who has apparently taken some trouble in the matter, informs me that in some offices there are men who have been employed for nearly thirty years, without ever rising above 30s. a week. Not long since, however, the Board of Inland Revenue thought it desirable to still further reduce expenses by lessening the number of established servants and filling up their positions with unestablished clerks. My correspondent justly remarks:—

> In the money-earning departments, Post-Office, Inland Revenue, and Customs, it seems to be the aim of the authorities to keep the expenses at the lowest point, not by abolishing sinecure positions, and reducing the salaries of the highly-paid gentry who attend the offices for a few hours daily and sign their names, but by paying sweater's wages to the men who do the actual work.

Since a recent reference in Truth to the desirability of abolishing the Controller's Office at St. Martin's-le-Grand, I have received from several different quarters suggestions for pruning and reducing the higher grades of the Post Office establishment. I am much struck in particular by one table sent to me, showing the exact distribution of work in the Controller's Office, from which it appears that from the Controller himself down to the third-class clerks (inclusive), there are 32 officials practically without specific duties, their united salaries amounting to the respectable sum of £12,200 per annum. So long, however, as the Tory régime continues, I have come to the conclusion that it is idle to draw attention to abuses of this kind in any Government Department. What, therefore, I have done is to docket and pigeon-hole all these facts for future use, and in a brief period—probably about this time next year—thunderbolts may be expected to fall in St. Martin's-le-Grand.

If Parliament ever finds time to pass Lord Herschell's Bill for protecting minors against money-lenders and turf-sharks—which is not likely to be before the control of Parliamentary business passes into other hands—it will be necessary to get offences against this law brought within the operation of the Extradition Treaties. Some of the most pestilent of the advertising betting-agents carry on their trade from France and adjacent countries. Samples were given to me the other day of the circulars of one of the fraternity at Calais. One young subaltern in the Army, barely twenty years of age, deposed to having received many dozens of these documents. The rascal who sent them is, of course, for the present out of reach of any Act of Parliament, unless the Post Office will, as I have so often urged, take steps to prevent the abuse of its agency for this and other mischievous purposes.

The *Law Times*, in a recent issue, expressed its doubts whether "the Bar which practises before the Common Serjeant will record a single vote in favour of his promotion." This was after deploring the fact that "inability to appreciate one's own unfitness for judicial office should continue after years of experience which have completely satisfied the public and the profession upon the point." I have waited with some curiosity to see whether any member of the Bar would respond to this attack by recording his single vote for Sir William Charley's elevation to the Recordership. Up to the present, however, no one has come forward. Under the circumstances, it would surely be a scandal above the usual City average if any of the Common Serjeant's civic colleagues, who have had ample opportunities of studying his vagaries at the Old Bailey, should venture to record a vote in his favour.

I have been asked to publish the following letter respecting a comment in last week's Truth on an incident at Lampeter County-court. I think that it fully deserves publication. If I am to take the statement of the Registrar in preference to that of my correspondent, who was also on the spot, it seems that there are two corrections to be made in the account I gave. The Judge was not, on his arrival, requested to hear one or two important cases, consequently he did not refuse to hear them. For the rest, my readers shall judge for themselves how far the case is or is not improved by the explanations now offered:—

> Sir,—My attention has just been called to a paragraph which appeared in last week's Truth, with reference to the non-attendance of the Judge at the last County-court held here. The paragraph is most unjustly inaccurate. The facts are as follow:—
>
> The Deputy-Judge, on the morning of the Court, left the Judge's house, which is near Llandilo, at six a.m., to catch the first train for Lampeter. Finding the London and North-Western train by which he had to travel as far as Carmarthen was late, he telegraphed to the station master of the Great Western Railway at Carmarthen to stop the Lampeter train. On his arrival at Carmarthen he found that the Great Western train for Lampeter had left, and that the next train would not reach Lampeter till 4·33 p.m. He thereupon wired to me to adjourn the contested cases, but he subsequently, in good time, wired that he would, on his arrival, dispose of any pressing cases.
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> The fact that the Judge had lost the train was made known to all the suitors and their solicitors at the opening of the Court.
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> The only case in which any complaint was made was one in which the Great Western Railway Company were plaintiffs.
>
> Some of the witnesses of the defendant in that case had come from London, but defendant made no complaint, as he wished to have the case adjourned. The Solicitor for the Company was the only person who made any complaint, but, having regard to the fact that the Judge's non-attendance had been caused through the Station Master of his Railway at Carmarthen having started the train at Carmarthen with knowledge that the Judge was left behind, he should have been the last person to complain. The statement of your correspondent that the Judge on his arrival at Lampeter was specially requested to hear one or two important cases, and that he refused, is utterly untrue.
>
> After the receipt of the Judge's telegram offering to try any pressing cases, the parties in the railway case agreed to an adjournment to the next County-court, and all persons concerned in that and all other cases had actually left Lampeter long before the arrival of the Judge.
>
> Except as before stated, there was no complaint of any kind, and the suggestion of your correspondent that the Judge had "caused much inconvenience by his negligence" is wholly unfounded. The two railway companies were alone responsible for the occurrence. In fairness to the Deputy Judge I must add that he has acted as Deputy for the past four years, and that during that time he has done everything to meet the convenience of the public. He has on many occasions at great inconvenience

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to himself given special days in order to save parties expense. On the last May Court here he sat from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. At the last Court at Pembroke Dock the Official Receiver and all the solicitors present returned him their sincere thanks for the kindness and courtesy he had always extended to everybody in his discharge of the duties of the Court, and in considering the convenience of the public.—Yours, &c.,

Registrar of the Lampeter County-Court.

August 6, 1891.

It appears, therefore, that there are only two trains which will get his Honour to Lampeter in the day, and only one which will get him there by court-time. His arrival by this train depends on its making a connection with another Company's train at Carmarthen. The possibility of delay here being so obvious, it is equally obvious that it was the duty of the judge to travel to Lampeter overnight. At any rate, if he takes a course which involves the risk of being late, he alone is responsible for the consequences. The request that the Great Western train at Carmarthen should be kept waiting for him is about as cool a piece of impudence as I ever heard of—with the exception of the Registrar's suggestion that because the Company declined to accede to this request, the solicitor for the Company should have been "the last person to complain." Had the Company delayed the train and disorganised the whole traffic, inflicting widespread inconvenience, in order that they might carry a Judge down to try their own case, they would have grossly violated their duty to the public. Of what concern is it that "the fact that the Judge had lost the train was made known to all the suitors at the opening of the Court?" and what signifies the statement that, except from the Great Western Company, "there was no complaint of any kind"? The parties all came to the Court, and all left, to await till next October. That inconvenience and loss must have resulted from this, goes without saying. In point of fact, my original informant was one of the parties who suffered most, and if the Registrar did not hear his complaints, I can only say it was lucky for him.

Owing to the Bank Holiday, which necessitated Truth being printed earlier than usual, I had no opportunity last week of noticing the singular judicial proceedings in connection with the trial of the Turners at Leeds, and it is somewhat late to deal with the matter now. It seems unfair, however, that I should gibbet so many of "the Great Unpaid" for judicial peccadilloes, and yet pass over without notice this monumental exhibition of incompetence on the part of one of the Great (and highly) Paid. It may be said, indeed, that Mr. Justice Grantham has himself fully acknowledged his error; but the very magnitude of the acknowledgment only accentuates the magnitude of the error. With all the facts before him, this learned judge formed the opinion that a woman who discovers her son to be implicated in a murder, and does not for two or three days hand him over to the police, can only be fitly punished with penal servitude for life. He expressed this opinion in the strongest terms, and in flat defiance of the recommendation of the jury, which he said that he felt he must disregard. Two days later he came to the conclusion that the woman would be sufficiently punished by a year's imprisonment. What had happened in the meantime to change his opinion? A chorus of indignation had arisen in the press, and a notice of a question on the subject had been given in the House of Commons.

I do not think that the blame for this amazing performance, together with the other incidents which I have passed over, has been laid on the right quarter. Sir William Grantham, albeit a Tory, is a well-meaning man, anxious to do his duty according to his lights. He ought not to be a judge; but then he did not make himself a judge. The position was offered to him and he accepted it. He cannot fairly be blamed for that. A barrister, when invited to ascend the Bench, can hardly be expected to excuse himself on the ground that he does not feel qualified for the position. If, in point of fact, he is not qualified, the blame rests upon those who appoint him. Lord Halsbury appointed Sir William Grantham. Lord Halsbury is, therefore, the party immediately responsible for the Leeds scandal.

At Southampton Police-court, last Friday, the edifying spectacle was witnessed of a two-and-a-half-year old baby being carried into court by its mother to answer a summons charging it with damaging somebody's peas. There was a co-defendant in the person of the baby's elder brother, aged five. The remarkable feature about this case was that it revealed the existence of a Bench of Magistrates who really think that a line should be drawn somewhere in committing children to gaol for trumpery offences against property. In Manchester or Salford, no doubt, the two-year-old ravager of pea-fields would have gone straight away to prison, but the Southampton Magistrates had for once the sense to refuse to hear the charge.

As I have pointed out on many previous occasions, an appalling amount of cruelty is inflicted on animals through the unskilful treatment of ignorant blacksmiths, who are employed to do the work of properly-qualified veterinary practitioners. In a case which came before the Torquay magistrates the other day it appeared that a blacksmith had performed the operation of "burning" a pony's mouth for "washers," when, as a veterinary surgeon stated, it should have been lanced. The man's defence was that for years he had been doing the same thing, and the Bench, thinking, I suppose, that persistent cruelty was more excusable than a mere isolated case, allowed this defence to influence them, and dismissed the charge with a caution to the man "not to play such pranks" on horses again. Blacksmiths and others will only cease playing "such pranks" when they are punished for indulging in them.

Yachting, Fishing, &c.—Morel's new list of Yacht Stores, Specialties and Novelties in Preserved Provisions, just published, on application to 186, Piccadilly, W.

Pfungst Freres' Extra Quality Champagnes.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

Before the county Justices at Fleetwood on Thursday, Mrs. Parry, wife of a Blackpool solicitor, was summoned for having wilfully ill-treated two of her children in a manner likely to cause them unnecessary suffering and injury to health. Mr. Addison, Q.C., with another counsel, appeared for the defence, and on behalf of Mrs. Parry "submitted" to the charge in respect of one child in order to save what must have been "to a great many friends and relatives of Mrs. Parry, as well as Mr. Parry, a very painful inquiry." The Bench thereupon bound the defendant over to keep the peace towards the child, and made an order entrusting the latter to the custody of another person for the next twelve months. Now, if Mrs. Parry had been the wife of a Blackpool scavenger, I question very much whether the Court would have been so ready to adopt this course, however painful the inquiry which it avoided. In the interests, therefore, of an impartial administration of justice, it is to be regretted that a thorough investigation of so serious a charge was not insisted upon.

Severe comments have appeared in several papers upon an extraordinary proceeding of the Brentford justices last week. Judging from the reports, the case is almost without precedent in the records of magisterial fatuity. Two men were prosecuted for damaging certain gates, fences, and crops near Greenford, the defence being that there was a right-of-way over the land where the damage had been done. After the case had been adjourned, an old parish map was produced which conclusively established not only the right-of-way claimed, but a right to a bridle-path 20 ft. wide. Accordingly, the prosecuting solicitor announced that his clients had agreed to withdraw from the case, and open the path as soon as the crops were off the land. Upon this, to the amazement of everybody, the chairman addressed a foolish, twaddling harangue to the defendants; informed them that the Court was of opinion that they had acted maliciously; that what they had done amounted to a riot, having a tendency to terrify the Queen's subjects;" and that the Court therefore convicted them, and find them each 1s. and costs. As if to demonstrate that this monstrous abuse of the powers of the Court was not inspired by mere muddle-headed stupidity, or even class vindictiveness, this latter-day Shallow prefaced his observations by remarking that the prosecutor was "a personal friend of his." Notice of appeal was, of course, given, but the reversal of the decision can only half meet the justice of the case. No body of men who have thus advertised their incompetence ought to be left for a day in the discharge of judicial functions.

Religious zeal takes curious forms. Ellen Hannan was desirous of going to church on Sunday morning, and appears to have reached the sacred edifice; but at this point she was overtaken by her little dog, who thus prevented the fulfilment of her pious intentions. Thereupon, Ellen determined to make a sacrifice of the animal on the spot. This she did by burying his body under two heavy flagstones, and belabouring his head with a third. A horrified passer-by implored her to let him drown the animal "in a proper way"—the canal being close at hand—but in her religious enthusiasm Ellen continued to ply the flagstone. Mr. Cooke, before whom she was ultimately brought, appears to have been so impressed by the excellence of her motives that he let her off with a sentence of "twenty shillings or seven days." I trust that the story has reached the ears of the clergyman whose ministrations this good woman was so anxious to attend. Admirable as her principles seem to be, it would be well for some one to teach her the lesson that

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small.

I am glad to see that Sheriff Thoms has imposed a fine of £1 upon one Henry Hutcheon, "a tourist," who had been discovered defacing, or attempting to deface, stones in the Cathedral of St. Magnus, at Kirkwall, by carving his name upon them. Hutcheon was so anxious to have his name associated with this ancient building that he entered it armed with a hammer and chisel, by the aid of which he was vigorously disfiguring the stones when he was discovered. This national mania for writing or carving initials or names upon public buildings or monuments has become a positive nuisance, and it may be hoped that any idiots who may anywhere be detected at such work will be punished.

Why should a parish clergyman be entitled to extort a fee whenever a gravestone or a monument of any kind is erected in his churchyard, cemetery, or church? At Smisby, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, a farmer erected a headstone over the grave of his wife, and the Vicar forthwith demanded a fee of £1. 11s. 6d. The farmer refused to pay, and, the other day, when his son died, the Vicar declined to allow him to be buried at Smisby, because he had died in another parish. The result was that the son was buried elsewhere, after a most unseemly dispute, the Vicar having engaged a force of policemen to prevent the funeral from taking place in his own church. The Vicar of Lamesley, near Gateshead, has improved upon this form of extortion. He demands a fee of five shillings for the mere placing of a cross or wreath upon a grave, or for placing a glass shade over any kind of floral memento. Such a demand may be legal—I am quite prepared to hear that it is—but it seems to me no better than legalised blackmail.

The Birkenhead Town Council still maintains, I see, its extraordinary policy of prohibiting Sunday interments in the borough cemetery, regardless of the fact that the Town Clerk has expressed the opinion that this prohibition is illegal. Surely Birkenhead possesses some inhabitants with sufficient public spirit to take the necessary

The Carpet Beating Season.—The *Queen* says, "A good place to get your carpets cleaned is the Compressed Air Carpet and Tapestry Cleaning Co., Brook Green, Hammersmith. Dust blown out. No beaters.

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steps for bringing the wooden-headed municipal governors of the town to their senses.

The Sabbatarian bigots of Leamington have received a decided rebuff. For the first time in the history of the town a Sunday concert has been given in the Pump-room Gardens, and as the object was to aid a hospital, I am glad to learn there that was a very large attendance. Of course, a number of narrow-minded people were strongly opposed to the holding of the concert, and one local clergyman informed the hospital committee that "if they yielded to this temptation they would greatly pain some of their most generous supporters," It is, therefore, all the more satisfactory to know that not only was the concert held, but that it was a success.

A Boston paper tells a characteristic story of local Bumbledom. Mrs. Johnson, a widow of seventy-one years of age, was in receipt of an outdoor allowance of 3s. a week. Her only other means of subsistence was 1s. 6d. a week earned by mangling. She was "ordered" by the relieving officer to go and nurse another woman for a fortnight. On the ground that it would lose her the mangling, she refused. Thereupon the officer reduced her allowance to 2s. a week, which action the Guardians afterwards confirmed. A local working men's club memorialised the Guardians on the subject, but they "declined to re-open the case," and the club have now appealed to the Local Government Board. As it is quite certain (1) that the first order of the relieving officer was grossly improper; (2) that no relieving officer has any business to fine paupers who refuse to do his bidding; and (3) that the Guardians have shown themselves a pack of incompetent noodles, I trust that the Board will deal with all these authorities as vigorously as its powers permit.

So the Scotch are taking up the piano question, and are urging that a piano should be provided in every school throughout the kingdom. But why a piano? Who is to play it? Is a knowledge of the piano to form part of the acquirements of every schoolmaster and schoolmistress? If so, what is to be the amount of the proficiency? Many excellent people have no ear for music. To be able to bang out three or four tunes on a piano is not to make music, but very much the reverse. If any rich person likes to present a piano to a school where the master and mistress really can play reasonably well, there can be no reason why the gift should not be accepted. But to insist that the ratepayers should provide a piano in every school is an absurdity, and would in most cases prove to be a most inharmonious absurdity. If there is to be a musical instrument (and for this I see no necessity) let it be a mechanical one; in fact, a grinding-organ. A stock of these might be kept, each playing a certain number of tunes, and they might be circulated amongst the schools, so that when the pupils have had enough of the tunes on one instrument, they might start afresh with the tunes of another.

A curious correspondence recently came into my hands between a lady in London who required a servant, and a lady in the country who was endeavouring to supply one. After one or two futile attempts to find the article required, lady No. 2 drops the subject of servants and proceeds in the following strain. There are several pages of it, but I can only make room for a few samples:—

> And now, dear Madam, I feel I must say a word for my Master. The poor woman who stood at Jesus' feet in Simon's house loved Him far more than did Simon (though Simon doubtless was a "moral" man), because He had forgiven her so much. I love Him too for the same reason. Do not, pray do not, think that there can be two ways of getting to Heaven, one by the path of morality, and the other through Christ's Blood. . . . Oh, do not let Satan deceive you and say "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." "Except a man be born again he *cannot* enter the Kingdom of Heaven." If I were not to tell you that you are on the edge of an awful precipice, you might rise up at the Judgment Day and tell me that I did not warn you that you were taking the wrong road of morality? . . . Are the rich and great all to go down to Hell because we in a lower grade of society (in which God has placed us) are to be afraid of reaching out a loving hand to them? . . .
>
> Will you read Matthew vii., 13 and 14, and Matthew vi. 24? Also Matthew ix. 12?—I am, yours in the Master's Service,
>
> A—— B——
>
> (A Saved Sinner).

Far be it from me to find fault with any fellow-creature's religious beliefs, but when a lady in search of a servant's character is treated to this sort of thing, I certainly think that she may be forgiven for retorting somewhat viciously. After all, we must judge religions by their fruits. If a form of religion leads the disciple to inform perfect strangers, of whose life, character, and religious opinions the disciple knows nothing, that they are standing on the edge of a precipice, are taking the wrong road of morality, and will infallibly go down to Hell, but for the disciple's exertions, both the religion and the disciple are little better than public nuisances.

I have been overwhelmed during the last two or three weeks with copies of a recent number of the *Hospital*, forwarded by various indignant ladies anxious to draw my attention to an article in praise of an advertising vendor of birch-rods. The writer tells a story of an apocryphal "young medical graduate" who prescribed a whipping for "a little girl of three or four," subject to fits of uncontrollable excitement, for which the previous doctor had ordered "bromide." The treatment is said to have produced "the happiest results," and the moral pointed is that—

> Birch-rods are exceeding seasonable remedies occasionally, and much more speedily and thoroughly efficacious than bromide of potassium in properly selected cases.

Possibly. But what are "properly selected cases"? I should certainly recommend the birch in preference to bromide of potassium for an incorrigibly vicious lad in his teens; but I do not know on what principle the choice of the same treatment for a little girl of three can be called a "proper selection." I heartily agree

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with "A Mother of Twelve," who writes me her opinion, that parents who are unable to manage an "uncontrollable" child under three or four years old, without the use of either birch or bromide, have no business to have children; and, personally, I should consider the doctor who advised the one remedy as incompetent an ass as he who advised the other.

The British Medical Association's meeting at Bournemouth was in every way a great success, the number of visitors being very large, and the most liberal arrangements having been made for their reception. The meeting has, indeed, now quite eclipsed in popularity all the older-established scientific caucuses. No less than 351 guests sat down to the banquet at the Bath Hotel—by far the biggest record of the kind in the annals of Bournemouth. The only drawback to the success of the festivities was, as usual, the weather, which was specially unkind to Mrs. Russell Cotes's garden-party on Wednesday, though, fortunately, sufficient indoor amusement had been provided to render the guests independent of rain.

At a town in Wiltshire tenders were opened the other day for the erection of a house, and the highest was £1,990, and the lowest £1,249. Can any expert furnish a satisfactory explanation of this curious discrepancy?

When I read the programmes of Primrose Fêtes and Unionist Demonstrations I feel the deepest admiration for the rural voter. At one Grand Unionist "Fête and Gala," held on Bank Holiday, the principles of "the cause" were supported by Professor Beckwith and his family in a Grand Water Carnival; "Ajax," the strong man, who undertakes to pull with his teeth against the two strongest men that can be found, pulling with their hands; half-a-dozen eminent music-hall artistes; hot-air balloon ascents at intervals, including "drop from the clouds with a parachute by the Great Dummy;" "four bands in uniform;" and a magnificent display of fireworks; in all "ten hours' amusement for sixpence"—*plus* the trifling inconvenience of listening to occasional speeches by three or four Tory spouters. I have little respect for the fools who, having got a crowd together by this means, imagine it to be a political demonstration, but I heartily admire the rural voter, who appears to revenge himself for the insults thus offered to his intelligence by flocking to these entertainments and then religiously voting Radical.

"A Disgusted Conservative" sends me a copy of a despairing appeal circulated by the Executive of the Plymouth Conservatives for funds to meet the expenses incidental to Mr. Balfour's visit to that town. The document intimates that subscriptions up to the amount of £25 are expected, and requests an answer "by an early post." Liberals are indeed fortunate in being 'spared' the incessant and merciless touting for money, by which alone it seems possible to keep the Conservative cause alive.

Sir William Harcourt recently delivered a speech in London, which has since been published, and Mr. Morley delivered one recently in Warwickshire. The two speeches complete each other. The former deals mainly with the shortcomings of the Tories during their tenure of office; the latter deals with the reforms which the Liberals contemplate should we be restored to power by the country at the next General Election. Both should be circulated by local Liberal associations amongst the electors, and particularly amongst the village electors. Many of the latter seldom see a newspaper; meetings are rarely held at which they can attend, and they are reduced to the *ex parte* statements of the parsons and the farmers, the squires and the squiresses, for their knowledge of political issues. The recent by-elections have shown that there is a great awakening amongst them, and that they are eager to learn whether there is any hope of their political, intellectual, and social thraldom coming to an end. I believe that were these two speeches in the hands of every agricultural labourer in the country, the Conservative agricultural labourer would soon go the way of that other myth, the Conservative artizan.

Alas and alas! John Dillon and William O'Brien are now amongst the traitors, and young Mr. Gray is to be hanged by the Parnell roughs on a sour apple tree. The Boulogne endeavour to induce Mr. Parnell to retire from the Leadership was well meant, but it surpassed my understanding how any one who knew that "patriot" could have supposed that it would prove successful. Mr. Parnell is suffering under the hallucination that he has a divine right to the Irish Leadership, and it is as strong with him as the illusion of a maniac in a lunatic asylum, decked out with a diadem of straw, and holding in his hand a broomstick for a sceptre, that he is a Heaven-appointed Monarch. At Boulogne, Mr. Parnell was perpetually putting forward this and that demand as a condition of his retirement, but no sooner was it acceded to than he backed out of his pledge, for he "negotiated" not with the remotest intention to withdraw from his divine mission, but in the hopes of sowing dissension amongst those who wanted him to do so. It is well, therefore, that Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien should not only have thrown up his Leadership, but have declared that all negotiation with him is impossible.

I suppose that the next session will see Mr. Dillon as Irish Leader, and I am by no means certain that—divorce suit apart—this will not be an advantage to the cause of Home Rule. Mr. Dillon is a man of sound judgment, and his word can be depended upon. Mr. Parnell had tenacity, but in other respects he was not a good Leader in a great constitutional struggle. His frequent disappearances often

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paralysed action. He was jealous of his lieutenants. He despised his followers. He distrusted, not only his English allies, but every one with whom he was brought into contact. He always seemed to me more anxious to maintain his own dictatorship than to secure the success of his country's cause; and with this object in view he was always sacrificing the ultimate end to some small immediate advantage, which he might parade as the result of his leadership. In everything he was radically insincere. No dependence could be placed on his word; indeed, he appeared to be unable to realise the difference between truth and falsehood, or, if he did, to have deemed it a distinction which in no way concerned him. Home Rule can only be obtained by an alliance between the English and Irish democracies, and this alliance must have mutual confidence for its basis. With Mr. Parnell as Irish Leader, it was almost impossible to maintain this reciprocal confidence, for whilst we trusted him he did not trust us.

We shall have a majority at the next General Election. Of this there seems now no reasonable doubt. Lord Salisbury practically admits it, but hopes to render this majority nugatory "by the play of the various parts of the Constitution." This means that if the nation declares itself in favour of Home Rule, he and his friends will endeavour, by means of obstruction in the Commons and opposition in the Lords, to prevent any effect being given to the national decision. We shall be foolish if we do not take heed of this threat. Our aim must be, not to win a barren battle, but the campaign. We must not be too precipitate. As regards Home Rule, the constituencies must see that they return men pledged to follow the lead of Mr. Gladstone—to be soldiers, in fact, in his army, and not faddists, each with his own scheme. As the Lords are certain to throw out his Home Rule measure, and as the English electors, true as they are to the Irish cause, yet have also aspirations nearer home that they wish to see realised by a Radical Government, an assortment of English and Irish Radical measures must be sent up to the Lords, so that the second election may turn upon the fundamental issue whether the will of the nation is to be paramount, or whether a Tory minority is to set at naught the national will. This second election must be the Armageddon of democracy. We must deliver the assault with all our forces, and at the fittest moment, in order to crush and pulverise the enemy, so that their defeat will be final.

In the House of Lords there are about thirty-five Home Rulers. Of these about thirty have been Liberal office-holders. Unless the Radicals are mere masqueraders, professing Radical opinions in order to curry favour with their electors, but not themselves believing in them, it is obvious that a branch of the Legislature in which Toryism is almost universal must be swept away. The Liberal Party has already voted for the abolition of all hereditary right to legislate. It must give effect to this declaration. The inauguration of a Parliament in Ireland must see the last of a House of Lords in England.

SCRUTATOR.

MORE ABOUT THE *EGERIA* FUND.

IN pursuance of the duty which I have undertaken of distributing the money raised by the Sydney *Sunday Times* for the wives of the *Egeria* mutineers, I have thought it desirable to send to Greenock in order to interview Mrs. Murch, the second claimant on the fund. I am heartily glad that I did so. Mrs. Murch's story proves to be fully as interesting as Mrs. Allen's, and as the good woman is not of a literary turn, and has no one about her capable of writing a very clear account of her experiences, it is probable that if I had not sent to Greenock, the subscribers to the fund would never have learned the full facts. These certainly deserve to be known.

Henry Murch, the second of the *Egeria* men now in Bodmin Gaol, was a third-class petty officer at the time of the mutiny. Like Allen, he was a smart young fellow of good character. Barbara Murch, the wife, lived in a single room at Greenock, furnished with her own things, and, in her husband's absence, drew 35s. a month, on which she lived. There was then only one child, a boy about two years old, but at the time of her husband's trouble, Mrs. Murch, like Mrs. Allen, was expecting another baby, and, as in Mrs. Allen's case, the child was born immediately after the sentence. The Scotch capacity for "self-help" appears to be strong in Mrs. Murch. Directly she heard of the sentence, she sold up her furniture and put away the money, going into a furnished room in a sort of sailors' home, where she had a prospect of occasional assistance from the keeper of the house, and from friends. After the baby was born, she at once obtained work, though one of the roughest and most trying forms of work at which women can be employed — that of yarn-picking in the bleach-fields at Alexandra, a small manufacturing town on the opposite side of the river. At this she earned 9s. a week, and though she had to move into lodgings at Alexandra in order to be nearer her work, she contrived still to put a little money by. The work tried her severely, but she stuck to it until January last, when there was no more to be done, and she was thrown out of employment. She returned to Greenock, but failed to get permanent work again, and lived on her savings, eked out by the assistance of friends, until a few weeks ago. When, a fortnight back, I sent her a small remittance on account out of the *Sunday Times* fund, she was, I find, absolutely penniless.

I do not suppose that this little history, any more than that of Mrs. Allen at Devonport, is unique. It is no uncommon thing, unhappily, for the bread-winner of a working-class family to be suddenly removed, for the mother and children to find themselves plunged into a desperate struggle for existence, involving constant privation and suffering, and, only too probably, a steady descent to the workhouse, or the prison, or yet lower depths of degradation. Where, however, these two cases differ from all others of the same class is in the circumstances under which these young fellows, Allen and Murch, were thrown into prison—circumstances which reflect the grossest discredit upon the system under which the Navy

is ruled, as well as on the officers on whom, far more than on either of the prisoners, rests the blame for the trumpery little outbreak on the *Egeria*. In any case, those who have come to the rescue of the men's families have done a just as well as a generous act, and they will have special reason to congratulate themselves when they learn how timely their assistance has been in both cases. For the present, I am still engaged in making the best arrangements I can with the money at my disposal for the benefit of both Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Murch. As soon as these arrangements are complete my readers shall know the result.

ANOTHER HINT FOR THE POLICE.

On numerous occasions during the last few months I have called attention to the operations of one Ernest Day, of 439, Old Kent-road. In the first instance, this man was offering for sale engraved coats of arms ostensibly of great age, of which he professed to have come into possession through his great-grandmother. Circulars inviting bids for these things were sent out broadcast to noblemen and gentlemen who might or might not be supposed to be related to the original owners of the coats of arms. The next article offered was a Royal Commission to some officer long since deceased, the circulars in this case also being sent to parties assumed to be relatives of the officer named in the Commission. Finally, Day came out with ordinary engraved portraits of deceased worthies, which he offered by circular in the same way. Within the last week a dozen or more of these circulars have been forwarded on to me. Here is a specimen :—

439, Old Kent-road, S.E., July 31, 1891.

Sir,—Through the death of my mother I came into possession of the portrait of the Honourable Duncan Forbes. It is a steel engraving, and very nicely mounted and framed, and measures 12 in. by 14 in., and in splendid preservation. I have shown this to a dealer in fine art, who pronounces it to be most exquisite.

Being in very straightened circumstances, I venture to ask you whether you would purchase this portrait, for which I should be pleased to accept two guineas.

I always was given to understand that this portrait was presented to my mother by one of the noble family. I need not mention that this was highly treasured by my mother, and that I would not part with it but that necessity compels.

Upon hearing from you I should be pleased to send the portrait on for your approval.

An early answer will greatly oblige, as I shall refrain from disposing until I have received your reply.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant, Ernest Day.

That the statements put forward in all these circulars are a pack of impudent lies, must have been made apparent in Truth months ago. Bearing in mind that in the ordinary course of things only a limited portion of the circulars issued by Day would be likely to fall into my hands, it was evident that the man was representing his grandmother or his great-grandmother to have somehow come into possession of the engraved coats-of-arms of many scores of families. The true explanation of the case was manifest from the evidence of those who had the curiosity to inspect the articles Day offered them. He had evidently bought up as a cheap speculation a collection of these worthless things—probably cut from old books—and was endeavouring to trade them off at a huge profit by means of the cock-and-bull story about his great-grandmother and his own straitened circumstances. The story which he is now telling about the portraits is obviously the same lie in a new shape. I have before me at the present time about a dozen letters addressed to different people, in each of which Day asserts his belief that the portrait was presented to his mother "by a member of the noble family" to which the original of the portrait belonged. Would any jury with these facts before them, supplemented by such evidence as to Day's antecedents as could probably be obtained without difficulty, hesitate for a moment to convict the man on a charge of attempting to obtain money by false pretences? I doubt it.

I wish to ask, then, in connection with this Day's operations the same question which I have asked lately in connection with several forms of roguery. Why is a man like this left to prey upon the public at will, while so many smaller rogues are every day brought to justice? Day, it must be understood, is practising in a largish way of business. He has been pursuing the game systematically for months, and the mere fact of some fourteen or fifteen communications on the subject having reached me within the last week tells its own tale as to the scale on which the man is now operating. Among other incidents which show the business-like way in which he goes to work, I have just heard from a lady to whom he has been offering a "Royal Commission" of George III. which was offered to a gentleman of the same name two or three months back in another part of the country. A man would not keep up a game of this kind with so much pertinacity week after week and month after month unless he was making a good thing out of it. How comes it, then, that in spite of repeated exposure he is allowed to pursue this systematic course of swindling without interference? Suppose that, instead of writing, he had gone from house to house with his picture, or his coat of arms, and the legends of his mother and his great-grandmother. Not many hours would have elapsed, I imagine, before he would have found himself in the hands of the police. What distinction is there between frauds committed, or attempted, by word of mouth and those carried on through the Post Office? I see none, but if any exists, if the police require any further powers in order to deal with offenders of this class, such powers should be obtained at once. In no other European capital could a trade of this character be carried on without interference from the guardians of the law.

MORGAN AND STEDMAN.

My last article on the operations of Messrs. Morgan & Stedman has brought me letters from each of the two individuals concerned. I have no intention of entering into a controversy with either of them, and I feel no obligation whatever to publish any communication from them except such as purports to give a specific answer to specific allegations. Mr. Stedman's reply, however, is of such an extraordinary character that I think the public ought to have an opportunity of judging for themselves what manner of man W. J. Morgan has associated with

China and Glass.—Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

himself in his latest enterprise. In the first instance, I received from this gentleman two cabinet photographs of himself, accompanied by the following letter:—

SIR,—Accept the enclosed, look at me reflected on card, and if you see truth or lies, intellect or ignorance stamped upon me, do justice and clear away your foul smirchings on a man who never did you a wrong. W. N. STEDMAN.
22, Talgarth-road, West Kensington, W.

This was immediately succeeded by the following document:—

The International Society of Literature, Science, and Art,
20, York-buildings, Adelphi, London, W.C.
July 29, 1891.

SIR,—In the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.—Amen.
Since you have done me the most false lie and unjust cruelty, I command you to apply immediately to the Prime Minister of Great Britain, the Marquis of Salisbury, for the *true* and *real* solution of my position in this Society. In God's Holy Name, if there be Truth in Heaven and Earth, let justice be done. Lord Salisbury holds the whole mass of evidence to clear up everything.—I am, sir, Nathan the Prophet, a man of God,
WILLIAM NATHAN STEDMAN.

There is only one reasonable conclusion from these letters, especially when read with that which I published a fortnight ago. My readers can draw it as well as I can. It is impossible to treat an individual who writes in this style as fully answerable either for his language or his actions; and henceforward I can only regard this unfortunate individual as the irresponsible dupe of Morgan.

The letter which Morgan himself has at last thought fit to address to me consists of three pages of abusive rhetoric, interspersed with a couple of paragraphs making an impudent pretence at dealing with the allegations against him, chiefly by means of the flimsy fiction that he was only a paid servant of the Charing Cross Publishing Company, and was, therefore, not responsible for its frauds. I have not done with this worthy yet. Much important information respecting him has only come into my hands within the last week; and I am arranging to have an interview in a few days' time with a firm of solicitors who have reason to know him well. Such further notice, therefore, as this letter deserves, I postpone until I am in a position to deal with Mr. Morgan a little more exhaustively.

A HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND.

There are certain places in Scotland which every one who goes touring in the north appears to visit as a matter of course, such as Braemar, Oban, North Berwick, Dunkeld, Callender, and Pitlochry. There are others which are, at least, as attractive as the most beautiful of all these popular resorts, which many people who know the Highlands fairly well have never even heard of. Kenmore, which is out of the beaten track, is certainly one of the most delightful places in Great Britain; and it is blessed with an excellent inn—the "Breadalbane Arms," and really good inns become scarcer every year in Scotland, where hotels at the great centres are a horribly confused hurly-burly in the height of the season, in which there is the minimum of comfort with the maximum of cost.

Kenmore is the village at the east end of Loch Tay, and it is there that the River Tay flows out of the loch. Close by are the gates of the exquisitely beautiful demesne of Taymouth Castle, to which Lord Breadalbane (who is universally popular all through "the countryside") is very kind in granting admission. One charm of Kenmore is the remarkable assemblage of a variety of picturesque objects within a short distance, and the mountains, woods, rocks, loch, and river present so many romantic scenes that, as Lord Cockburn truly observed, "all the sketchers in Britain might sketch in the neighbourhood for their whole lives and not exhaust it."

We came to Kenmore from Dunkeld, travelling by train to Aberfeldy (a beautiful journey through Strathtay), and driving thence along as lovely a road as could be found in the Highlands. Every taste can be suited at Kenmore. If you want solitary moors, walk by Glen Quoich and Loch Freuchie to Amulree. If you like to climb, Ben Lawers has recesses which would make the most expert member of the Alpine Club look grave. If you prefer to "potter," there are the groves and glades of Taymouth, or the Sibyl's Island, where there are some delightful old oaks, under which one may sit listening to the water of the loch rippling gently against the rocks. On the island are the ruins of the priory which Alexander I. founded in 1122, and in which his Queen (a daughter of Henry I.) passed the closing years of her life. Drummond Hill, above Taymouth, which is splendidly wooded from summit to base, has a series of natural terraces, from which there are superb views. This hill separates the upper part of Strathtay from Glen Lyon, and there are great herds of red deer on it. Another easy walk is to the Falls of Acharn, which are always fine, but splendid after rain.

The neighbourhood of Kenmore affords some of the finest sylvan scenery in Scotland, whereas the west end of Loch Tay is more wild and rugged. A steamer now plies on Loch Tay, so that Killin is easily accessible from Kenmore, and from this pretty village a visit should be paid to Finlarig, an ivy-covered ruin in a lovely situation, where the Breadalbanes are buried, and from which there are many beautiful views. The fir-covered island in the Dochart, which was the burial-place of the McNabs, should on no account be missed. There is a grand walk from Killin up Glen Lochay, and the Dochart valley is very pretty; and from here also the ascent of Ben More may be attempted. There is a very fair inn at Killin, and boats can come up almost to the door. The drive from Killin to Comrie (in Strathearn) is one of the most beautiful in Perthshire, and this would be a good way to go south. The Loch Tay steamer greatly facilitates an exploration of the district, as, by taking it, Glen Fearnan, Ardeonaig, Glen Chilleine, and other attractive places (about which full particulars can be obtained on the spot) can easily be visited. The south side of the Loch, of course, affords grand views of Ben Lawers; but on the whole, perhaps, the north side is superior, and both should be taken. The wonderfully varied scenery of the district harmonises entirely.

Nobody should leave Kenmore without having explored Glen Lyon; and there is a capital inn at Fortingall, the principal village in the glen, which can boast of some of the grandest scenery in the Highlands. At Fortingall is the famous yew which Sir Robert Christison declared to

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster

be at least three thousand years old, and ancient tradition asserts this village to have been the birthplace of Pontius Pilate. A place to note in Glen Lyon is Chesthill, where there are wooded hills on one side of the road, and a deep wooded gorge, with the river brawling at the bottom, on the other side; and the demesne here can boast of some of the finest beeches and Scotch firs in the country.

Furthor up, and near the Gallan Falls (the most imposing cataract in the country except the Linn of Campsie) is Meggernie Castle, where there is one of the finest avenues of limes in the world. It rivals the famous beech avenue at Drummond Castle. There are some spruces, elms, and beeches of extraordinary size at Meggernie. The scenery above Meggernie is wild and savage all the way to Loch Lyon, which is one of the most striking spots in the country, being surrounded by precipitous mountains. If any appreciative reader of these notes should happen to be at Kenmore or Fortingall after heavy rain, when the rivers are in flood, an excursion should certainly be made to the Gallan Falls, as the rush of the Lyon down the rocky staircase into the foaming pools beneath is not only a magnificent sight in itself, but you see the salmon leaping, half a dozen at a time, and getting over the falls in a manner marvellous to behold. It is easy for a really good pedestrian to cross the hills from Glen Lochay into the upper part of Glen Lyon, but for ordinary people it is best to do the district from Fortingall, and it must not be missed, for there is not a more beautiful valley in Scotland.

Let me recommend an excursion to Blair Athole, for the sake of the Falls of Bruar and of Fender, both of which should be visited after rain; but even when the streams are running low these are two enchanting scenes. Burns's "Humble Petition of Bruar Water" was complied with by the late Duke of Athole (who planted thirty million trees during his ownership of the family estate), and the banks which were bare when the poet visited the Falls, are now covered with fir-trees. The ravines through which the Bruar flows are so narrow that there always appears to be plenty of water. Glen Tilt displays some of the grandest and most savage scenery that can be found in Scotland, and the utter loneliness is most impressive. It is worth while to walk or ride as far as the junction of the Tarff and the Tilt. The drive up the glen was made by the great-grandfather of the present Duke of Athole, but it is expedient to climb down through the wood to near the river, which one hears roaring below, in order really to appreciate the scenery. The upper part of the glen is very narrow, with the heathered mountains far above, the lower slopes being covered with the most beautiful emerald turf.

The "lions" of Dunkeld are the Athole grounds, and particularly the Falls of Braan, and Craig Vinean should certainly be ascended to the King's Seat. Let me, however, advise a drive to Murthly, application having previously been made to Mr. Stewart-Fotheringham (whose family have possessed this estate, and that of Grandtully, for more than three hundred years) for permission to visit the castle and grounds. The old castle of Murthly is one of the finest examples of the Scottish baronial style, and the tower, which is five stories in height, dates from the fourteenth century. Sir John Millais painted it three years ago, and the picture was in the Academy. The Castle contains many interesting pictures, and a careful inspection should be made of the famous portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, which hung for two hundred years in the Scots College at Paris. The new castle, an immense structure in the Jacobean style, built from designs by Gillespie Graham, was commenced in 1830, and looks remarkably well *at a distance;* but it has never been finished, only the outer walls and roof having been completed.

The Murthly grounds, which are of vast extent, are renowned throughout Scotland for their splendid old timber. The beeches rival those at Drummond Castle, and there is a lime avenue which reminds one of Meggernie. There are also sycamores, and yew avenues and hedges of great age, and a large number of gigantic pines. The double avenue of immense auricarias between the old Castle and the Chapel of St. Anthony is unique, and so, indeed, is the principal avenue, which is several miles in length, and covered with the finest turf. The grounds, which are delightfully old-fashioned, have been charmingly laid out, and there are miles of grass-walks, with exquisite views at every opening. The old Dutch garden would alone "make" the place, and the south terrace and the quaint labyrinth of firs are also notable features. The grounds are bordered by the Tay for a considerable distance, and on the bank of the river is a large house, which is occupied every autumn by Sir John Millais, who leases the Murthly shooting and salmon-fishing.

Stobhall is not a popular resort, but it is well worth a visit, and, in driving by Meikleour, observe the beech hedge, which is the great feature of Lady Lansdowne's demesne. Stobhall is an ancient hunting-lodge of the Drummonds, built in a lovely situation on the steep banks of the Tay, and the well-wooded grounds are bordered by the river; but the special object of the excursion is the Linn of Campsie, a short distance below the house, where the Tay, which flows very rapidly here, hurls itself over a series of rocky falls into a deep, wide, dark pool, the water of which is always whirling and surging. The Linn is a magnificent sight when the river is in flood, and salmon may often be seen leaping up, as the falls are not so high as to stop the fish from ascending. The Linn of Campsie is decidedly one of the sights of Perthshire; but very few people have ever heard of it. The ancient chapel at Stobhall should be inspected, and also the hiding-place of that famous but unfortunate Jacobite, the Duke of Perth.

A selection of the Waverley Novels (Grantully, the original of Waverley's Tullyveolan, is within a walk of Aberfeldy), and Lord Cockburn's entertaining "Memorials" and "Circuit Journeys" should be in the hands of every Scotch tourist.

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NOTES FROM PARIS.

THEOLOGY AND EMETICS.

THE Comtesse de Flandre, her daughters and suite, were thrown into a painful flutter at Royat by the news of the Queen of the Belgians' swift-recurring series of fits, with intervals of lethargy, or, as the telegram to the Comtesse said, of *profond assoupissement*. But the explanation which subsequently passed over the wire to the Comtesse was that "the suffocations with which her Majesty was seized were set down to *une mauvaise digestion*," the Belgian-French for an attack of indigestion. She had come from Ostend early in the morning, and had the night before supped heartily on stewed crab and other shell-fish. On arriving at Laeken she at once proceeded to her stables, and thence drove to the railway to see the stud which she had arranged to use at Spa into the vans that were to transport it thither. This done, she went to Bouchout to visit the Empress Charlotte, and on returning to Laeken was, after a hearty lunch and a walk in the farm grounds on the other side of the highway, seized with fits. They were violent. In one of the intervals before she was plunged into a state of lethargy (or *profond assoupissement*), she thought her last hour had come, and called for the parish priest to be fetched at once, to give her the sacraments while she yet had consciousness. He came and did as she wanted, but told the Queen that she would live to see his funeral, and by dint of comforting words roused her up a little. After he went the Princesse Clémentine was struck with an idea. It was to tell the doctor about the shell-fish and the hearty meal. Doctor Wimmen, who had leeched the Queen's neck and blistered her feet, then thought of tartar emetic. But a fearful theological difficulty stood in the way of this remedy being administered. The Dean of Saint Gudule was sent for, and against he came the King had arrived. He told the Doctor to think only of saving the Queen's life, and the tartar emetic was given, and operated to her evident relief. Her crises became less violent, but the *assoupissement* between them was not less utter, and she fell into a speechless state when waking.

The Comtesse de Flandre, were the Queen to predecease Leopold, would not feel so sure of the Crown falling to her own branch of the Royal family, inasmuch as he might, and probably would, take a second wife. He would have a legal right to marry, according to his taste, a blue-eyed, black-haired Irish girl. Such a marriage could only bar possible heirs male from inheriting the Grand Duchy of Coburg whenever the Albert-Victoria line might become extinct. In the event of Leopold marrying a second time, the Comtesse de Flandre would have to content herself with a more backward seat than she has been occupying. It is supposed that the *mauvaise digestion* was aggravated by the scene with Charlotte, who protested that she is not a lunatic, clamoured to be released from keepers, and, getting exasperated at the Queen telling her to be quiet, flew at her to kill her. Charlotte has got to understand that she is entitled to about a million and a quarter sterling. This has roused her from her dull, moping state, and it is probable that she is now less mad than she used to be. The King of the Belgians owes it to her and to himself to have her often visited by disinterested and competent persons above letting themselves be biassed for the sake of Royal favour.

The Emperor of Austria has entirely washed his hands of the unfortunate Charlotte. I dare say he finds the lunatics of his own household more than he can well manage.

Do you know Bouchout, where Charlotte is in confinement? It is about five or six miles from Brussels, on the highway that runs thence by Laeken. The sight of it is enough to give one a fit of the blues, particularly in this damp summer. A plain house, with closed window-shutters, that give it a sullen aspect, rises from a dank park, in which the junction of any number of slimy drains forms a large pond. This sheet of water is a *rendezvous de grenouilles*. One can hear the frogs croaking in it a long distance away. The grass everywhere is rank, so are the trees, so are the vegetables in the kitchen-garden. I can understand a mad lady used to a brilliant and stirring life never quite recovering her mind if kept shut up at Bouchout. Kew Palace, George III.'s gaol (and the scene of his marriage with Hannah Lightfoot), is a gay and exhilarating place compared to Bouchout. Why not try the effect on the ill-fated Charlotte of bright and animated scenery, such as Ostend, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Trouville, or Scarborough, presents? There is no worse mistake than to condemn neuropaths to sullen dulness. They need a little jollity of an unforced kind. It is hardly likely that Charlotte could ever so far recover as to be able to make a will. But she might, by more judicious treatment, be drawn from the state of chronic anger into which she has fallen. Indeed, my feeling is that her resentment at being kept in the melancholy country-house prison, where she has been for over twenty years, is a good sign. To be resentful shows that she feels, and to hate her gaol indicates more than a glimmer of intelligent consciousness of her surroundings. Had her father left her a pauper, her family might also take this view. Not having been an amiable girl or woman at her best, she has not now devoted friends to arouse public opinion about her grievances.

The *crise de suffocation* of the Queen of the Belgians brings me to the *crise cérébrale* which the Duchess of Augustenburg has just surmounted. That lady is the grandmamma of the six youthful Princes at Felixstowe, but being an inmate of a private asylum in Styria they know little of her. In youth she was a wonderful beauty, and not at all of Royal aspect. The face was more expressive of dark imaginings than of full feeding. She seemed not to be of the world in which she moved, or at least far from it in thought and feeling. It was a fearful disappointment to her to have, when married, to live at her husband's places near Kiel and in Silesia. They were six-of-one and half-a-dozen of the other. The Duchess felt so cut out by nature for a throne, that she fancied the Emperor Napoleon and she

SHOOTING, SPORTING, AND TRAVELLING GARMENTS are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

would, whenever he might be a widower and she a widow, get married, and shine together—he by his power and wisdom, and she by her taste and beauty—as the foremost Sovereigns of Europe. Her care for her personal charms was extreme. She had a beautiful skin, and took bran and starch baths as often as twelve times a day to preserve its satiny texture. These oft-recurring ablutions were the first symptoms of her mental disease. Another of her fancies was to accumulate clothes. Rooms were devoted to nothing but dresses, to buy which she ran in debt. She still remembers that Queen Victoria would not allow her to accept in 1852 the French Emperor's offer of marriage, and feels resentful about it.

All the time the German Emperor was in London the Empress Frederick never suffered an English paper to enter her house at Homburg. Her son having, in a moment of irritation at the consequences of her trip to Paris, snubbed her, she did not want to see or hear accounts of his doings in England. She broods over what she regards as his undutiful conduct. He protests that he never meant to behave badly towards her, and assured the Queen and Princess Christian that he longed to be on good terms with her, and did all he could to bring her round and soften her heart. The Princess Christian has undertaken a mission of conciliation, and will represent by word of mouth that the Emperor, he being now so many times a father, understands what filial duty he owes to his mother. I fancy that both are afflicted with overweening egotism. She was spoiled as a child by finding a whole nation adored her because she was the Princess Royal, and he has inherited the self-consciousness which was thus brought out. Having diligently prepared herself for thirty years to reign, it was hard to feel herself thrust aside. The Emperor has also succeeded in affronting that inventor of "facts" for memoirs, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who is another arch egotist, only studying his own convenience, and intent on riding hobbies and carrying out fancies. The Grand Duke is also fond of dealing in "plain truths" and in saying "frankly what he thinks" to his relatives. He has been very frank in giving pieces of his mind about the disgrace of Bismarck. Hence the terms on which he now is with his Imperial grand-nephew.

Mdlle. Léonide Leblanc has at length made up her mind to retire from business—by which I mean the stage—and has sold the bijou hotels which she successively bought in the Rues de Prony and d'Offrémont. She is taking the pick of her books, bibelots, jewels, pictures, tapestries, and other art furniture to a hermitage which she has created for herself in the Avenue Montaigne. Her retreat is a first-floor flat only large enough to enable her to receive at lunch or dinner a dozen friends, but better adapted to entertaining three or four. She is tired of struggling against actors and actresses who graduated at the Conservatoire, and declined to receive her on an equal footing. They refuse to class her as an *artiste*, in which they are wrong, and docket her a mere business woman, with infinite art for worming the hooks with which she wants to bait rich or influential fools. It must now be thirty-five years ago since she was discovered by Bertrand, and came out at his theatre as *La Fille Terrible*. She was sceptical, cynical; the daughter, it was said, of the road-mender on the Pont Neuf, and at once began to furnish the jewel-caskets, some of which were emptied at her sale the other day. One of her clever ideas was to have *manies*, or fancies. She had a fancy, which proved a mine of wealth, to collect Louis XVIII. twenty-franc pieces, and was always asking her intimate friends, or those who aspired to enjoy her good graces, to add to the collection. They hastened to satisfy her wish, and were able to do so, gold coins with the head of Louis XVIII. not being scarce, though scarce enough to justify their being sought after by a *collectionneuse*. Enough were kept to serve as a nest-egg, and the rest were invested. Moses Merton got hold of so many for her as to cause for some time quite a scarcity at the money-changers' and banks. Another mania was Chantilly lace; another old and curious watches, forty of which were sold the other day. She got hold of a watch sent as a birthday present by Maria Theresa to her daughter, Caroline of Naples, who gave it with a suitable inscription to Nelson's Lady Hamilton. A passion for large pearls, exact matches of a few fine ones that she had, made her the possessor of a necklace for which £25,000 was paid. She has sold 212 out of 493 pearls for £8,000. This collection was begun at Brussels when in the sixties she was playing Doña Rafaela in Sardou's "Patrie." A Royal personage (French) enabled her to appear blazing in historical jewels as Madame du Barry in "Balsamo." She dazzled the house at the Odéon as La Duchesse de Guise, with another set of diamonds not less splendid. A passion for rare books brought them streaming into her library. There was no need for Léonide Leblanc to go to the ant, and consider its thrifty ways. Thrift was at the bottom of all her manias, and she only was *une comédienne de l'amour*, and preached that comedy in love is better than serious passion. For *her* I believe it was. I described her as she appeared in "Liliane" as an American Society lady of great wealth and softer manners than one expects to find in New York select circles. A more charming aunt one could not imagine than she was to Liliane. She was quite the woman of the world, and free from gush, yet tenderly affectionate, and did the utmost credit to her dressmaker and dressers. Her tones were dulcet, and her cheek, shoulders, and hands were prettily dimpled. Léonide Leblanc's great ambition was to enter the Français, into which M. Claretie brought her against a tempest of opposition. She had soon to leave it. Her conquests were varied as they were numerous, and all profitable. They were nearly all made behind the footlights.

I have read with amusement the controversy going on in some of the London papers about maid-servants' caps being or not being a badge of slavery. Duval's *bonnes*

Minton's (Limited).—Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

do not regard their pretty muslin head-gear in any such light. They wear it just as railway servants wear their uniforms, to show customers wanting to give orders to whom to apply without loss of time. If the Duval *bonnes* were not in uniform, confusion must reign in the restaurants where they serve so well. French cooks and *bonnes à tout faire*, unless when quite young, always are capped and aproned in white. The caps are a good fit, nearly always in muslin, and so elaborately bordered that it costs never less than sixpence apiece to have them laundered. This comes out of the mistress's pocket. She does not provide the caps, but she has to buy the aprons, which in all cases are of linen, and large enough to cover well the front and sides of the *bonne's* dress and so protect it from grease-spots or other injury through her work. Mistresses would be often glad if these "badges of slavery" were not required by the servants. The *femme de chambre*, if at all young, never wears a cap. This rule applies when she serves at lunch. The reason of this is that in dressing her own hair she keeps in better practice to dress that of her mistress. She may or may not wear a bonnet in the street. When she does not, she carries a parasol. In outdoor attendance on her lady she is expected, however, to be bonnetted. Plain skirts are also expected. No French servant could be got to wear flounces. If given a silk dress, unless it were a black one, she would sell it and invest the money it fetched, or buy a stuff dress with it. Servants ought to wear uniforms for convenience' sake, just as university undergraduates, railway officials, hospital nurses, postmen, and even parsons, have distinctive garbs. The cap being customary, a mistress here, except in the case of a *femme de chambre*, would be justified in dismissing a *bonne* refusing to wear it, if the latter did not show that there was an agreement to the contrary. The close-fitting cap of the Norman girl from Bayeux enables her to shave all but a narrow band of hair round her forehead, and sell the rest. She takes the greatest care of her hair, in order to keep selling it. I once had a *bonne* who made with such sales enough money to start her mother with a cow and donkey to take the milk to market. Her white coif was of thick muslin over a black stiff shape, fitting like a small, close bonnet on her head. The border of the cap had to be sent to Normandy to be clear-starched and ironed. If I had rebelled against this expense the servant would have left me. As she was "fit" in all respects I submitted, and rather looked on myself, and not her, as the slave. Of course, if a parlourmaid wishes to be mistaken for one of the young ladies of the family where she serves she naturally would object to a uniform meant to declare her function. But why object? *Il n-y-a pas de vil métier.* It is now becoming more and more the thing to find respectability in fitness for any kind of work that lies in one's way. My feeling is that an active and useful servant is a more respectable person than a young lady who is languid and listless, unless when engaged in a hunt after amusement.

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LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DEAR LADY BETTY,—I have been much amused by the series of questions you put to me respecting your new acquaintance, Mrs. Frank Manvers. Kitty is a very old friend of mine indeed, and I am, therefore, happily enabled to satisfy your curiosity on every material point.

When I first knew them, some fifteen years ago, the Daventrys occupied a little house in Mayfair, the family then consisting of old Mrs. Daventry and her two daughters, Emily and Kate. I rather think there also was a son in the Navy, but as I never saw him my impression with regard to this is somewhat vague. To fix them precisely at their right social valuation I should say that they hovered upon the outskirts of the Mayfair fringe. Mrs. Daventry had in her day seen a good deal of life, took very great pains to be amiable, gave pleasant, unpretentious little dinner-parties, and possessed a far better *clientèle* of men friends than she did of women. But the chief attraction of the household was unquestionably her younger daughter Kitty, a good-looking, lively, intelligent girl, much addicted to laughter, French opéra-bouffe songs, and mild flirtation. It, therefore, came about quite naturally that many of the most experienced *flâneurs* of society were attracted to the house, and the five o'clock tea at Mrs. Daventry's was soon an essentially popular institution. That poor Kitty's moral appreciation of things was expanded too rapidly by constant and intimate contact with this species of *entourage* there can be no possibility of doubt, and, besides, it unfortunately secured for her a reputation of being "fast" which was otherwise, I feel persuaded, utterly unmerited.

However, one fine day Frank Manvers made Kitty's acquaintance, and to our intense surprise took her *au grand sérieux*. Having wooed and won her, he completed the astonishing performance by marrying her. Needless is it to say that we all hastened to testify to our former devotion—perhaps not wholly without a selfish prospect of future recompense—by presenting the happy bride with innumerable costly knick-knacks in celebration of the auspicious event.

It was not till some three or four years afterwards that I again fell in with Mrs. Frank Manvers, when I observed that she had very materially altered since her marriage. There was a hard look in the eyes, a metallic tone in the voice, and a certain atmosphere of perfume that to my experienced mind at once told their own tale. Kitty had completely lost her freshness and *naïveté* of character, and had adopted in their stead a very meretricious form of worldly wisdom. I am afraid the Manvers' household was not quite the most harmonious on record. Frank had gone into the City, had taken to borrowing occasional small sums from his acquaintance, dressed carelessly, and imbibed more strong liquor than was entirely advisable. Kitty and her husband were continually being entertained at dinner at restaurants and clubs by bachelor friends who took them to the theatre and to supper afterwards, the evening winding up usually by the *partie carrée* driving home in hansoms—Mrs. Manvers and the host in one, and Frank Manvers and the *dame de convenance* in the other.

Kitty was a bright and suggestive conversationalist, and had become avariciously discriminating in her appreciation of men. She knew whom to favour, and whom to treat with irritating superciliousness. But her women friends were by no means so desirable as were the men who frequented her house; indeed, the former were exactly moulded on the same pattern as herself, lively, showy, restless, and astute. Mrs. Frank was, I feel persuaded, keenly conscious of this regrettable state of things, and realised that the pressure of circumstances had imperceptibly shunted her from the social main line on to the shady siding. She felt worthy of a better fate, as, indeed, she certainly was, but she also recognised how useless it would be now to struggle against the inevitable. She had been analysed, classified, and—labelled.

What Kitty Manvers was then, so is she still, only a trifle older, a trifle more experienced, a trifle less conspicuous, and a good deal more—insidious.

The French Fleet, under the command of Admiral Gervais, is expected off Spithead either on Wednesday night (19th), or early on the Thursday morning. Meanwhile, it may be interesting to note that Admiral—then Captain—Gervais was for two years attached as Naval Secretary to the French Embassy in London under Admiral Pothuau. This was in 1879 and 1880. Admiral Gervais, who is a striking-looking man, speaks English remarkably well, as, indeed, he does several other languages. Whilst in London he made many warm and devoted friends, all of whom will equally rejoice at his triumphant return to this country, and lament that his stay amongst us will, on this occasion, be so short. Admiral Gervais is a thorough man of the world, according to the best type, accomplished, affable, a charming companion, and possessed of quite extraordinary discretion and tact. He belongs to an ancient family, and his brother is a General in the French army.

Her Majesty will give a dinner at Osborne in honour of the visit of our great neighbour's Fleet, though as yet, at the time of writing, the selection of the guests to be invited to this banquet has not been finally decided upon. M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, will be the guest of Lord Clanwilliam during the sojourn of the Fleet in the Solent. Unfortunately, Madame Waddington will be unable to be present, being detained in Paris by the serious relapse of her sister, Miss King, for whose safety grave fears are now entertained.

Madame de Florian, the popular wife of the First Secretary of the French Embassy, is at present at Contrexéville for her health, but is expected to return to England for the naval festivities.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife will probably accompany the Princess of Wales on her approaching visit to Copenhagen. That the Duke of Fife, who delights in his autumn shooting and deer-stalking, will appreciate the dull life at the dreary castle, with nothing of interest to contemplate but the great lake, is more than doubtful.

Only three or four weeks back, in announcing that the Prince would, as usual, revisit Homburg this year, I stated that he would on this occasion, however, be accompanied by Colonel Clarke, as Mr. Tyrwhitt-Wilson's increasing illness would not permit of his now following the Prince's fortunes so far afield. Mr. Harry Tyrwhitt-Wilson, who had been on a visit to his Royal master at Cowes for the regatta week, left the Isle of Wight on Saturday, having, unfortunately, aggravated his disease—consumption of the throat—by contracting a severe chill, and on Sunday morning he died at his house in Victoria-square. Doncaster week cost the Prince of Wales the honour and reputation of his "old friend," Sir William Gordon-Cumming; Ascot week the life of his still older companion, Lord Clonmell; and now Cowes week has entailed the loss of his closest and most intimate friend, Mr. Harry Tyrwhitt-Wilson. This is a somewhat disastrous record of the consequences of a year's festivities! Mr. Tyrwhitt-Wilson retired from the Grenadier Guards in 1880, and soon after became attached as Equerry-in-Waiting to the Prince of Wales.

Mention of the Guards reminds me that the "Guards' Club" in Pall Mall is at present undergoing its annual repairs, and that the members are temporarily enjoying the hospitality of their opposite neighbour, the "Marlborough." The latter will, in their turn, early in September, migrate across the way to the "Guards' Club," whilst a similar cleansing and redecorating process is carried out at their by no means luxurious establishment.

The "Bachelors" closes its doors for a period on the 15th inst.; the St. James's only shuts up its kitchen this year, and that from the 17th to the 27th, both days inclusive. In 1892 it is expected that the St. James's will be closed for some considerable time, when numerous alterations and improvements will be carried out towards its further embellishment.

"Arthur's" Club will remain open throughout the dull season; "White's" will close its doors in September, when the members, as usual, will seek shelter at the "Guards'" Club.

And, by the way, the Committee of "White's" have put up a notice inviting members to have their photographs taken by an eminent photographic firm in Piccadilly, it being desired to form a collection of all the present members of this historic institution. Several specimens have already been exhibited, *pour encourager les autres*, and as the likenesses are to be taken free of all charge, I cannot conceive any will be so uncomplaisant as to refuse to comply with the flattering request of the Committee.

I am sincerely grieved to report that Sir Philip Grey Egerton has had a serious relapse, and lies in a precarious condition, not on the Continent, as the papers announce, but at his house in Eaton-square. Sir Philip returned to town some ten days back. All will sympathise with Lady Egerton and her pretty daughter at this further trial, after the weary months of anxiety they underwent with respect to Sir Philip last year.

The papers possess a singular fatality of being invariably wrong. They all allude to Prince Henry Pless—whose engagement to Miss Cornwallis-West has just been announced—as Prince Henry "of" Pless. They may call him "von" or "de" if they wish, but "of" denotes a Principality, which Prince Henry certainly does not possess. The title of "Prinz" was conferred on his house in 1850, and accorded to the eldest son in 1880. Prince Henry Pless is a very familiar figure in London society, and, moreover, most popular. In marrying Miss West he allies himself with the most beautiful débutante of the recent season.

The Naval Exhibition will close in little more than two months from this time, and it is not too soon, therefore, to suggest that exhibitors of naval pictures and relics might confer a great benefit to the nation by presenting objects of public interest to the national collection at Greenwich. That they would be well cared for the admirable condition of the pictures—some hundred in number—lent from Greenwich to the Exhibition is a more than sufficient guarantee, and donors may be assured that the Director of Greenwich Hospital at the Admiralty, Mr. George Talbot Lambert, will take care their gifts shall be shown to the best advantage either in the celebrated Painted Hall or the adjoining Museum.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE late Lord Westmorland has been eulogised by the sporting papers since his death as if throughout his career he had acted in such a way as to merit applause for exhibiting the highest qualities of mind and character. Any rational creature would, in spite of the fondest self-love, in his own mind, somewhat mistrust so extravagant an amount of panegyric if it were bestowed upon himself. Not only is Lord Westmorland described in a spirit of uniform, excessive, and undistinguishing eulogy, but some writers have even harked back upon his father, who is eulogised as having been one of the most eminent diplomatists of his day, whereas he was notoriously as inefficient in diplomacy as *his* father had been in office. The tenth Lord Westmorland was really famous for his musical talents, which were of a very high order, and he acquired a European popularity by his splendid hospitalities when he was Minister at Florence.

If the late Peer had remained a younger son, his military career would have been useful and distinguished, for he was a really excellent soldier, and he loved his profession. He did good service both in the Punjaub and

Headaches.—Bishop's Effervescent Citrate of Caffeine cures headaches arising from nervous debility, biliousness, &c.—Of all Chemists, and of the Inventors, 48, Spelman-st., London.

in the Crimea, and he was a most popular officer, and had a soldier's aptitude. He would assuredly have risen to be one of the military celebrities of his generation. Unluckily, however, the death of Lord Westmorland's elder brother made him heir to the Earldom, to which a few years later he succeeded, but along with it there came only a small estate in Northamptonshire. Lord Westmorland went upon the turf, and as he lived among men with five, ten, and twenty times his income, and raced and betted as they did, of course the crash could be neither remote nor uncertain; for it was the old story of the earthen pot and the brazen vessel. No amount of "luck" in owning good horses could have permanently benefited Lord Westmorland, for he never would have drawn in when the tide turned and the inevitable ebb came. He was a good judge of racing and a shrewd man of business; but although he won many large stakes, he spent the money as fast as it came in, and was utterly and hopelessly ruined in less than eight years, and, as was written of him by his great admirer, Grenville Murray, "There were ignoble hucksters fighting for his household gods, and carrying away to squalid shops in Wardour-street and Soho the gifts of Kings and Emperors, the pictures painted by his mother's hand, the books whose pages' sacred light had lit his brother (Julian Fane) up to fame. The estate owned by ten centuries of knightly gentlemen had all been wasted without credit or pleasure."

The old story of the Cambridgeshire of 1863, when Catch-'em-Alive beat Merry Hart by a head, and then was nearly being disqualified because his rider could not draw the weight, has been raked up by all the papers, with nonsensical comments upon Lord Westmorland's "bad luck;" but, as a matter of fact, there was really no more "bad luck" in the matter than is the lot of every man whose horse is beaten by a head.

Lord Westmorland, however, ought to have won that Cambridgeshire, and he could only blame himself for losing it. The true story has never appeared in print, so far as I am aware. Merry Hart had been kept for the Cambridgeshire, and his owner was, of course, very anxious to ascertain what weight his horse was to carry. There was a party at Leamington for the September meeting at Warwick, which included Lord Westmorland and Admiral Rous, and on the Tuesday night the Admiral produced his handicaps for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, which he was to send up to Weatherby's by the next day's post, in order that they might be published in that week's *Calendar*. Lord Westmorland's anxiety to see the weights for the Cambridgeshire was sadly ill-disguised, and, when having hurriedly glanced over the page, he found Merry Hart with 5 st. 12 lb. (I think) he gave a very palpable sigh of relief, and then observed, "Well, Admiral, I did think that my little horse would have been bottom weight." This unfortunate speech cost Lord Westmorland £50,000. The Admiral pondered over his handicap, and, as he pondered, he remembered, with the result that another 5 lb. was put on Merry Hart before the weights were sent off to London. Lord Westmorland was, of course, infinitely disconcerted when he saw the weights in print, with the disgusting alteration; but the issue was more tragical than any one could have foreseen, as Merry Hart was beaten by only a short head, and if he had run with the weight which was originally assigned to him, he would just have won from Catch-em-Alive, who was a carefully-"steadied" four-year-old, with 7 st. on his back.

Lord Westmorland assiduously attended race-meetings until his health failed a few years ago, and for some time he acted as quasi-manager for Lord Hartington and Mr. Chaplin. He was anxious to be appointed Jockey Club handicapper when Mr. Weatherby resigned that post, but there were insuperable obstacles to such an arrangement.

Several weeks ago I stated that Amphion and Morion are to be prepared for their autumn engagements at Newmarket. Most of the papers seem to have jumped to the conclusion that these animals have been turned out of training, because they are advertised as sires for next season, but the fact that they have been entered for several of the stakes which closed last Tuesday, shows that my announcement was correct.

The unaccountable disposition to bet against Common for the Leger, which was manifested for a short time, has now entirely subsided, and at present the market is exactly in accordance with my opinion respecting the issue of the race, which has always been that the Derby winner will be first and that Révérend will be second. Gouverneur is sometimes backed, but if M. E. Blanc is well advised he will reserve this speedy horse for the Lancashire Plate at Manchester, instead of training him for the Leger. Mimi is not likely to recover her form this year, and I have no fancy whatever for either The Deemster or Orvieto, as, apart from other objections to them, we have yet to learn that either the one or the other can stay the Leger distance. If one now had to back an outsider for a place, Patrick Blue would be the best animal to choose.

There is a slight falling off in the numbers of the entries for both the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire; but this is more than compensated for in the excellent quality of the animals engaged, and the chimerical apprehension that these races would be injured by the Royal Handicap at Leicester is shown by the irresistible logic of facts to be the absurdity which I long ago declared it to be.

The entry for the Cesarewitch (86) includes Alicante, War Dance, Clamart (winner of the Grand Prix), Ermak (winner of the Prix du Jockey Club), Victoricus (who has been already well backed), Shall we Remember (another early fancy), Blue-Green, Gonsalvo, Common, Martenhurst (who is supposed to be a stayer), Judith, Spell, Parlington, Morion, Bransdale, Primrose Day, Fitz Simon, Corstorphine, Father Confessor, Alloway, Orvieto, St. Cyr, Mons Meg, Rathbeal, Simonian, St. Simon of the Rock, Vasistas, Haute Saône, Benvenuto, and Memoir.

The Cambridgeshire entry (124) includes Alicante, Seraphine II., War Dance (who has been a great tip for this race all the season), Ermak, Pourpoint, Le Hardy, Gouverneur, Révérend, Wandora, Moineau, Corisande II., Primrose III. (these animals represent the French lot), Victoricus, Punster, Star, Patrick Blue, Grammont, Amphion, Bracken, Henry VIII., Valauris, Blue-Green, Orion, Ordinance, Order, Common, Gonsalvo, Gone Coon, Cuttlestone, Spell, Sarawak, FitzSimon, Theophilus, Alloway, Springtime, Orvieto, Martagon, Siphonia, St. Cyr, Melody, Mons Meg, Dorcas, Rathbeal, Belmont, The Deemster, Bumptious, Benvenuto, Haute Saône, The Rejected, Nunthorpe, Old Boots, Simonian, St. Simon of the Rock, Noverre, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, Fitzhampton, Vasistas, Signorina, Memoir, Koorali (the three-year-old sister to Semolina), Mimi, Corstorphine, Laureate II., Eyrefield, and Lady Primrose.

The weights for the Leicester Royal Handicap (September 22), which is worth £6,000, the distance being a mile, were published in last week's Calendar, but I shall defer any notice of this race until after the appearance of the acceptances. It is worthy of note that Amphion has to give Common 11 lb. more than weight for age, while the Derby winner is considered to be exactly the same animal (estimating through the official scale of weight for age) as Alicante and L'Abbesse de Jouarre, and 10 lb. superior to Rathbeal. With regard to the three-year-olds, Common is made to give 1 lb. to Révérend, 2 lb. to Gouverneur, 4 lb. to Orvieto, 14 lb. to Orion, and 15 lb. to Springtime. Valauris, the brother to Seabreeze and Riviera, who has not run this year, was backed for the Leger the other day at an outside price. If this horse has the ghost of the shadow of a chance at Doncaster, he ought most assuredly to win the handicap at Leicester, for he has only 7 st. 4 lb. to carry. Victoricus, who has been a universal tip for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, is exceedingly well in at Leicester, with 7 st. 7 lb.

I am rather startled to see it asserted that Fernandez would have won the Derby if he had been started for it, and it would be interesting to learn whether Porter ever really expressed any such opinion. The first and second

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

in that year were Bend Or and Robert the Devil, and at Ascot (where Fernandez made his first appearance after his miserable display in the Two Thousand, in the St. James's Palace Stakes) Bend Or gave him a clever beating, although the Derby winner had done hardly any work since Epsom. Mr. F. Gretton ought, most assuredly, to have won the Derby and Leger with Isonomy (who should not be described as "only a moderate two-year-old," for he was never really trained at that age), and he could have won at Epsom in the following year with Westbourne. There never were worse fields for the Derby than when Silvio, Sefton, and Sir Bevys respectively won, and if Chamant had kept on his legs he would have won in a trot in 1877. Isonomy could not have lost in 1878 if he had been started, and the death of Peter's nominator and owner, General Peel, lost him the race in 1879.

There is a splendid entry for the Rose Plate of £1,000, which will be run over the last two miles of the Cesarewitch course the last day of the Second October meeting. The lot (thirty-three) includes Amphion (who was beaten by Sheen in the corresponding race last year), Blue-Green, Corstorphine, Haute Saône, Rathbeal, Mimi, Gonsalvo, Morion, Alloway, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, Alicante, Queen's Birthday, The Deemster, Nunthorpe, Old Boots, Simonian, St. Simon of the Rock, and Clamart. There are the possibilities here of a really grand race.

Memoir goes to the stud at the end of the season, and, in the meantime, the Duke of Portland is very anxious to win a two-mile race with her. She was not properly trained for the Goodwood Cup, and it was a most idiotic blunder to start her for such a race after only a few long-distance gallops, especially in view of her excellent performance in the July Cup at Newmarket. The Duke, however, realises that a prejudice has arisen against the St. Simon stock, of which it is asserted that they neither stay nor last on. I have always maintained that Memoir's victory at Doncaster was an outrageous fluke, as had previously been that of Sainfoin at Epsom, and all subsequent running has gone to prove that my view was correct.

Killowen and Euphony will be the "pots" for the Portland Plate, at Doncaster, if they are fairly weighted. Killowen had been so highly tried that he would almost certainly have won the Stewards' Cup, and he was scratched only because it was found impossible to get on £2,000 at a reasonable rate of odds, but the betting was so heavy on the day of the race that if the horse had been among the starters, the money could have been invested after the numbers were hoisted. Euphony would have won the Stewards' Cup at five furlongs.

There were large fields at both Brighton and Lewes, but very little of the racing was of any general interest. The ignominious collapse of Workington in the Brighton Cup was decidedly the sensation of the week, and the victory of Nunthorpe (with 10 to 1 offered against him in a field of four!) was a grievous disaster for the plungers. Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone blundered egregiously when they "weeded" Bach after he had won a race at Epsom, for at Brighton he carried off the Rottingdean Plate from a large field with all the worst of the weights, and, by way of aggravation to the affliction of his original owners, the favourite (Oran) came from their own stable, but, although she had run fairly well in Orme's trial on July 14, she never looked like winning here, being apparently quite unable to come down the hill.

Orme's second victory at Goodwood reminded Mr. Corlett of the time when Ormonde "came up the hill at Newmarket winner of the Middle Park Plate." As a matter of fact, Ormonde did not run for the Middle Park Plate of his year, which was won by Minting, whose victory I had predicted in TRUTH. Ormonde made his début on the turf in the race immediately before the Middle Park Plate, a post sweepstakes over the last six furlongs of the R.M., in which he beat Modwena, as well he might with 2 lb. the best of the weights, and, strange as it now appears, odds of 12 to 10 were laid on the filly, while 5 to 4 was betted against Ormonde.

The victory of Gossoon in the Astley Stakes at Lewes was indicated at Goodwood, where he won the Findon Stakes very cleverly from El Diablo and Halsbury, and he had previously been well tried. Gossoon was bred by the Duke of St. Albans, who sold him to Mr. Fenwick.

Westminster, who was last year backed by simpletons for the Leger, won two of the principal handicaps at Brighton, and in the Stewards' Plate he carried 10 lb. extra without difficulty, a success which did not say much for the perspicacity of the framer of the weights.

Next week there will be racing at Stockton, Wolverhampton, and Hurst Park, the first being by far the most important meeting.

Many of the horses which are engaged at Stockton will run this week at Redcar, so that the prospects of the principal stakes may be entirely changed by the performances at the earlier meeting. The Wynyard Plate of £700 should be won by Cantire, in whose absence the best from Enoch's stable may be successful.

The Hardwicke Stakes has an immense entry, including Lady Hermit, Cantire, Cardrona, Miss Hagioscope (who won at Brighton last week), and seven of Lord Zetland's two-year-olds. The Great Northern Leger has seventy-six entries, including Peter Flower (who is to be reserved for the Lancashire Plate), Old Boots, Cleator, King's Evil, Simonian, Blavatsky, Bosphorus, Friar Lubin, Patrick Blue, and Grammont. Bosphorus or Patrick Blue should be the winner.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—I stated my view last week that the level of prices in many departments was quite low enough for a moderate recovery to set in, and such a recovery has taken place during the last few days. Home Rails were at times quite lively, South Americans, especialty Argentine Government stocks, moved up in a determined fashion, and a better feeling was shown all round, although towards the last, under the shadow of the settlement quotations, gave way again in some cases. But the huge "short" account which exists, and the plethora of money, will help the "Bulls" easily over the settlement, and some more "Bear" squeezes are on the cards.

HOME RAILS.

Such a squeeze is most probable in the case of Home Railway stocks. Investors continue to show a preference for these securities, which, after all, offer greater security than so many stocks of enterprises far from home, while the yield at present prices on the results of the last two half-years is by no means unsatisfactory. It works out to £4. 3s. 6d. per cent. in the case of Midlands, and to £4. 1s. in that of the Great Western, while Berwicks pay as much as £4. 8s. 9d. on the investment. There seems little fear that the traffics will during the current half-year fall short to any extent of those of the second half of 1890, while, on the other hand, working expenses will not show a material advance over that period. The one line which may disappoint holders may be the North-Eastern, on account of the depression of the local industries, but this possibility is already discounted in the comparatively lower price. It is noticeable that Great Westerns rose over a point upon the announcement of a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent., against 5¼ per cent. last year, although in some quarters 5¼ per cent. had been looked for. My prediction of a dividend of 6¼ per cent. of the North-Western, against 6¾ last year, has been fulfilled to the letter, and "Brums" thereupon put on ⅝. This remains a favourite stock, yielding at present about £4. 1s. 6d. per cent. Great Eastern have improved 1½ in sympathy with other stocks. This stock, although yielding only £3. 2s. per cent. on the investment, is yet, with Great Western, the stock in

which the greatest scarcity exists, and small purchases suffice to move prices upwards. "Berthas" have, as usual, flirted alternately with "Bulls" and "Bears." The former kept their hold upon the fickle beauties very persistently, notwithstanding unfavourable climatic conditions, pushing them up to 148⅜, but the latter finally scored in consequence of traffic decreases, heavy sales knocking the price down to 146⅞. The clerk of the weather will be mainly responsible for the course of prices of "Berthas" in the immediate future, and it does not appear as if he would dispense his favours very bountifully. But who will prophesy about that most uncertain factor—the English weather? Doras improved with the sister stock to 82, and reacted to 80⅝. Theirs was again a wretched traffic return. The wrangling at the Metropolitan District meeting on Thursday was unseemly, and the conduct of one of the shareholders absurd. On the whole, the chairman had satisfactory statements to make, the omnibus strike and the German Exhibition having stimulated the traffic. The question is, of course, how the traffic resulting from the Earl's Court exhibitions is to be replaced after the close of the German show? But on this point the *Railway News* mentions a rumour that the site now occupied by that exhibition is about to be appropriated by one or more of the great Companies as a central station for goods and minerals upon terms which will give to its owners, the District Company, a much better and more reliable return than is now obtained from exhibitions. North British Deferred have relapsed below 40, the "Bear" account being evidently much reduced. But even at this price they are dear as compared with Caledonian Deferred at 37.

Chatham and South-Eastern.

The weather and the competition of the omnibuses and of the Electric Railway were given by Mr. Forbes as the reasons for the somewhat unsatisfactory result of the half-year for the London, Chatham, and Dover proprietors, and, as usual, he made out a very good case. But the most important statement made by the eloquent Chairman of the Chatham Company was to the effect that, in view of the impossibility of a fusion with the South-Eastern Company, the Board had made up their minds to work amicably with that Company, if the latter would let them. In fact, Mr. Forbes magnanimously answers the threat of further fighting uttered by Sir Edward Watkin at the South-Eastern meeting with the announcement that, in order to do their part towards "burying the hatchet," the Chatham Board had agreed to a revision of that apple of discord, the Continental Agreement. It is good news to learn that Mr. Forbes had, in his own words, "had the pleasure, since the judgment on the Continental Agreement, of meeting Lord Brabourne, Lord Hothfield, and Sir Myles Fenton, who had all been most courteous towards him, and had strongly suggested the wisdom of the two companies working together harmoniously." But the question is, whether Sir Edward Watkin, who, with all due respect to them, counts for more in the matter than the three together, is equally disposed to live in peace with his old antagonist. The most ordinary prudence would certainly dictate to Sir Edward such a policy. The South-Eastern is doing badly, and it is likely to do worse, as recent traffic returns indicate. The shareholders have, therefore, every reason to look forward to a further diminution of their dividends, and a point will probably be reached when they will not take this so meekly as they have done hitherto. Amicable working with the rival line would be of immeasurable advantage to the South-Eastern, and might lead to a joint working arrangement with the Chatham, which would greatly benefit both Companies, by the large savings to be effected. Sir Edward Watkin will, indeed, incur a heavy responsibility by refusing the olive branch tendered by the Chatham Chairman.

The Union Pacific Scare.

The chief event of the week was the success of the "Bear" party in "breaking" Union Pacifics, knocking them down at one time to 37, from which they have recovered to some extent, although they are considerably below 42¾, the last make-up price. Our latest mail news from New York fully confirms the impression held in well-informed circles here, that the fall, with all its attendant rumours, was the direct result of a concerted movement by Wall-street ursine operators. Ten days ago the opinion was expressed in Wall-street that the object of the "Bear" manipulation was to affect the market for Americans abroad, and to dislodge some thinly margined long stock in C. B. & Q., L. & N., St. Paul and Union Pacific. Undisguised attempts were, in fact, being made on the part of the previously successful party to "Bear" Union Pacific. From direct charges made, and hints dropped, it was evident that the next onslaught would be made on this specialty. The attacking party endeavoured a month or so ago to break the price of the stock, and did get it down to a lower level. They have since worked their scheme out by depressing the price still more. The question most frequently asked is now, what Jay Gould's share may have been in these transactions. That he is capable of the most unscrupulous and of the vilest tricks to further his own ends, is undoubted, and with the paramount influence he wields in the Company it would be easy for him to hurry it into the receiver's hands. But I cannot conceive that it would suit him in view of the considerable stake he has in the concern; and, although he may have allowed the "Bears" to work their own sweet will in order to get hold of some cheap stock, the latest developments in the shape of the promotion of a syndicate for supporting the financial position of the line, in which he is said to take a prominent part, do not point to any sinister intention on his part. By placing the Union Pacific into the hands of a receiver, Jay Gould would no doubt wreck his chances of working off his stocks upon European holders at the higher prices, which are predicted, for a long time to come, and the wily Jay would hardly care in this way to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Those who seem to have parted most readily with their holdings of Union Pacifics at panic prices have been our own country investors, who apparently believe all the absurd and manifestly unfounded rumours about a possible assessment on the shares.

The Position of Yankee Rails.

Looking at the general position of Yankee Rails, I cannot discover that it has in any way deteriorated, and the improved tone of the market during the last few days indicates that plenty of support will be forthcoming as soon as the outlook has become clear enough. The harvest is apparently fulfilling all the earlier promises. In the words of a Wall-street expert on the importance of the agricultural yield to the United States, the McKinley tariff, on the one hand, should reduce imports (except sugar), while Europe will have to pay for American grain and cotton in gold, securities, or credits. The latter will not be available as usual, considering that the American gold exports have partly been due to a contraction of credit. It is calculated that the States will have nearly 200,000,000 bushels of wheat available for export. If Kansas has a crop of 70,000,000 bushels, it will be within 5,000,000 bushels of the total yield of Great Britain in 1890, and will be larger than the latter's yield this year. The merchandise exports from the United States in 1890 amounted to 845,000,000 dols., of which 627,000,000, or 74 per cent., were of agricultural products. Of total exports of 1,200,000,000 dols. in 1889 from the United Kingdom, only 43,670,000 dols., or 3½ per cent., were of agricultural products. The merchandise imports into Great Britain in 1889 were 2,100,000,000 dols., of which 1,360,000,000 dols., or 66 per cent., were of agricultural products. The United States imports in 1890 were 789,000,000 dols., of which only 374,000,000 dols., or 47 per cent., were the

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products of agriculture, and in the latter are included a great quantity of materials that are used in manufactures. The United States lead all countries in the aggregate volume of agricultural exports, and 1891-92 should be the banner year. Europe being unable to pay her future and assured indebtedness to the States with credits, resort must be had to sales of securities, or to a return of the gold. American "Bulls" give out, however, that they would be satisfied as long as Europe does not decrease her present investments in American Rails, and, on the other hand, there is a probability of heavy gold imports in the autumn, and with no indications that money will get particularly tight. This view is confirmed by yesterday's New York Bank statement, which shows a reduction of only 1,060,000 in the surplus reserves, notwithstanding the increasing shipments of currency to the West. As regards the gold shipments from New York, the movement seems to be over. The contract with the Bank of France, under which the greater part of the recent shipments was made, is now, according to the authoritative statements, completed. In fact, the house which has been most conspicuous in connection with these transactions is said to have stated privately that they would positively make no further engagements of gold for export. Nor does the state of the exchange render a resumption of shipments at all likely. Sterling exchange has, in fact, fallen to 4·85½ sellers, and it need but decline to 4·82¾ to make gold imports from Europe profitable. The new fiscal year for most of the railroads of the country opens with apparent prosperity. Of course, we have no important returns of net earnings so far, but it appears that nearly all the railroads have begun to feel the movement of the new crop of wheat—a result which will henceforward gather further strength—while the coal roads have fairly held their own. Turning to individual roads, I may state that the Louisville traffics are very satisfactory, and that, according to all accounts, the Atchison is doing remarkably well. The official announcement which has now been made on the authority of a cable from President Kimball, that the October dividend of the Norfolk and Western Pref. will be paid in full, confirms my repeated statements to this effect. The malicious rumours to the contrary were spread by the "Bears," and it is much to be regretted that respectable papers should have lent themselves, probably in ignorance of the facts, to the propagation of these stories. They have now to eat their own words, but they cannot give the holders whom they frightened out at the bottom their money back. Milwaukees are well maintained, and will no doubt prove the leading stock when the upward movement commences. When that will develop into a boom it is impossible to say, but good judges anticipate this for next month. By the way, Mr. E. R. Bacon, the President of the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western, has now arrived on this side, and it is not improbable that some developments benefiting the Ohio and Mississippi will ensue. I also learn that something favourable about the Alabama, New Orleans, and Texas is likely to be announced shortly, and I wonder if, notwithstanding their excellent prospects and the fact that they are quoted in the official list at ⅜-⅝, Texas "B" shares will again be made up at ¼ this account? Grand Trunks are being kept up laboriously by the "Bulls," in the teeth of the fact that the traffic returns do not justify the present level. Nor does the *rapprochement* story seem to be borne out by present events. Canadian Pacifics, on the other hand, have been a strong market.

Foreigners.

Although not closing at the best, foreign stocks have experienced an almost general recovery during the week. Paris Bourse wears a tired look, and has not supported its favourites, such as Portuguese, Spanish and Rio Tintos with the usual fervour, but Egyptian stocks are up half a point. Greeks have recovered 2 to 3½ on a contradiction of the various "Bear" stories. Italian, too, improved for similar reasons, Russians recovering on a rise in the rouble which has now met with a new supporter in the Deutsche Bank, that institution having become interested in the rouble against its will through the frauds of an employé. A marked recovery in Argentine Government stocks has favourably affected other South American securities, such as Brazilian and Chilian bonds, the latter having also been bought on orders by cable from Valparaiso, which is a very encouraging feature. Mexican bonds have recovered their recent fall, but at 83½ the Sixes are still at an absurdly low price. Considering that under the wise Government of President Diaz this country is pursuing a peaceful policy of development, having consistently kept out of Central American quarrels, the credit of Mexico is certain to appreciate materially, and with it the prices of its bonds, which have been depressed by the most unscrupulous lies put about by interested parties. One of the stocks which has suffered from the same cause is City of Mexico Bonds. I have it from a most reliable authority, who has recently returned from Mexico, that these City bonds are the best of all Mexican securities, and absolutely safe. The present low price is the investor's opportunity. Mexican Rails have improved and reacted. This Company must, of course, suffer from increasing competition by the Interoceanic and Mexican Central lines, but the position is exaggerated in an article which appeared in a weekly contemporary, and which is rightly or wrongly, attributed to a member of the "House" who is on the "Bear" tack. Then again, a pamphlet has been published by a member of the House, who is evidently on the "Bull" side, and who has been unmercifully chaffed by his colleagues in the market, the majority of whom belong to the ursine party in "Mails." Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds, at their present price of 71½, deserve the attention of investors. Correspondents write to me to ask why Mexican Central bonds or City of Mexico bonds have fallen? From no other reason except that, in sympathy with the South American slump, and on the lying rumours emanating from San Francisco or New York of possible revolutions, of which nothing is known in the country itself, sales have been pressed on an unwilling market. Uruguay bonds have experienced a further fall of over nine points during the week. My readers have had ample warning of the collapse, which was in store, and all my nephew Ben's friends have got out long ago. Dr. Ellauri, instead of making a straightforward statement and proposal, continues to deal in *ballons d'essai*, the latest being a report that the Five and Six per Cents. are to be converted into a Unified Three and a Half per Cent. stock, the Sixes to get a bonus in the shape of additional stock. Whatever may be the upshot, the holders of Uruguay bonds must be prepared for a heavy scaling down of the interest, if complete default is to be avoided.

The Argentine Position.

A marked recovery in the prices of Argentine Government stocks has raised the price of the 1886 loan from 53 to 58, and that of the Funding loan from 49 to 53. Thus, my views that these stocks were unduly depressed have been fully borne out. The direct impulse to this recovery was given by the announcement that the July remittance for the 1886 loan was made on the 22nd ult., while it is known that the interest on the Funding loan is already covered two months ahead. The following letter from a correspondent who signs himself "J. W. W." raises the question of the security of these loans:—

Am I right in assuming that the Argentine 1886 Loan has a first and absolute lien upon the Customs dues of the Argentine Republic? If this be so, has not the price of these bonds been carried to a point much below their real value? Looking at the "Statesman's Year Book," I notice that the Customs dues of the Argentine Republic amounted in 1890 to 48,000,000 dols., which, I presume, means *currency*, equivalent at present to about £2,400,000

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sterling. Presuming that in consequence of the general stagnation of trade, and the falling off especially in the import trade of the country, those Customs dues only amount to half the above in 1891, is not there here an ample security for the payment of the interest on this 1886 loan, as well as for the annual redemption of the bonds? The Customs returns for *this half year* ending June 30 appear to have amounted to 24,000,000 dols., and if we take, say, 16,000,000 dols. for the rest of the year, the total for the year would be 40,000,000 dols., or an equivalent at existing gold premium rate of £2,000,000 sterling, about 20 per cent. less than the published return for 1890. Kindly let me know what you think of this. It appears to me that it is chiefly the fear that there may be wholesale repudiation sooner or later on the part of the Republic which keeps the value of a security, for the present so well protected, at so comparatively low a point.

My correspondent is quite correct in saying that the Customs Revenues are amply sufficient to secure the interest on the 1886 loan and on the Funding loan to boot, of which only a small proportion has so far been issued. He is also correct in surmising that the fall in the prices of these stocks is due to the fear entertained by some, that repudiation might some day be forced upon the Argentine Government either by Congress or by popular pressure. But there is not, so far, any indication of such a disposition, at all events, not on the part of the Government. The action of Congress in insisting upon the moratorium is, of course, a disquieting feature, and it is no secret that Congress is in favour of a further issue of paper money. Fortunately it will disperse in a few weeks, and when it meets again part of the Celmanites will, it is to be hoped, have been replaced by better men in the coming elections. The latest report from Buenos Ayres, according to which the Government had presented to the Senate a Bill authorising the provisional issue of 50,000,000 dols., for the purpose of establishing a bank, entitled the "Bank of the Argentine Nation," with the object of liquidating the National Bank, is explained by usually well-informed authorities as a little trick of the Government to throw to the Congress a "sop" in the way of a paper issue, which they desire so much. When Congress has been adjourned, so my informants argue, Government will not proceed with the matter, but it will have prevented Congress from committing further follies. There is on the tapis a scheme for sending to the Argentine Republic three financial experts for the purpose of studying the Argentine position and of suggesting remedies, but this plan can obviously be carried out only with the concurrence of the Argentine Government, which has not yet been secured. As to proposals discussed by the *Daily News* and *Standard* of Lord Salisbury sending out experts from the Exchequer department, or of the establishment of consular agents on this side to collect Argentine Customs duties, they are so utterly absurd that it is surprising that any journalist can bestow upon them the honour of mentioning them. Lord Salisbury is not likely to pick a quarrel with the United States by interfering with Argentine affairs, and the Argentine Government would never consent to have its Customs duties dealt with in this novel manner. For all that, I am disposed to look upon Argentine finances as likely to improve gradually but surely, as the new wool and grain crops come to the market and are shipped. A fall in the gold premium will then, probably, alter the whole complexion of affairs, and cause a revulsion of feelings amongst investors here, which will induce them to stick to their holdings, instead of throwing them away. Small purchases would then have a marked effect upon these most depreciated securities, just as small sales have put them down to a disproportionate extent.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

As I predicted last week, Oceana shares have recovered again from their extreme depression, and as soon as the next cable news comes to hand from South Africa we may anticipate a further marked improvement. The collapse in De Beers on heavy "Bear" sales and a crop of rumours, has had an adverse effect upon the Kaffir market generally, but so heavy an account is now open for the fall, and such important option operations have been entered into for August, September, and October, that some very unexpected developments may take place, especially as part of the stock is known to be very influentially held. Amongst Witwatersrand Mines, Durban Roodepoort have recovered part of their fall upon very favourable advices from the property, according to which the directors have declared an interim dividend of 2s. per share (10 per cent.), while the July crushing was very favourable, yielding 2,390 ozs. from 4,500 tons. That, notwithstanding this fact, these shares should stand only at 2, instead of 3, is one of the signs of the unjustified depression now existing in the Kaffir "Circus." The May Consolidated crushing for July of 2,200 oz., against 2,000 oz. for June, was also very satisfactory. Yet it failed to raise the price of the shares. Another good crushing is announced by the New Primrose Gold Mining Company of 2,363 oz. for July, against 2,241 oz. in June. The Geldenhuis Estate and Gold Mining Company's crushing for July of 2,289 oz. also shows a considerable increase on that in June, which amounted to 1,888 oz. The total of the crushings of the Witwatersrand Mines for July of 54,920 oz. is again very satisfactory. Australian Broken Hill Consols have shown a weak tendency on "Bear" attacks in the absence of any cable advices respecting the output, which must for the present govern prices. By the way, my dear Ben, if any of your friends should hold Imuris Mines let them get out at once! And if you want to risk £20 buy say 400 La Platas. The Chairman's statement at the recent meeting was satisfactory, and the mine is being worked at a profit. With regard to inquiries from some of your friends respecting Indian Consolidated. I am sorry to find that the reports from the property show no improvement despite Captain Plummer's anticipations. Do not let them hold longer than this year or they may have again to face a reconstruction. A large block of shares is overhanging the market, and this is helping to depress the price. The last report of the manager of the Elmore Gold Company shows an improvement. Very good progress is stated to have been made, and for the last few days twenty stamps have been employed on ores extracted from No. 3 raise and stope.

My Letter Box.

I am glad to find that my readers are pleased with the rearrangement of the answers in "My Letter Box." I have had a number of communications signifying approval, one of which I herewith reproduce:—

> I have long been a subscriber to your paper, and have looked with interest at your "Letter Box" weekly. I now see you have much improved its style. We can now read at a glance the various investments, which is a great help to many quiet investors.

This is precisely why the change was made, and I trust that "My Letter Box" in its new form will, as my correspondent puts it, be a help to investors. The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

X. O.—Yes; well-selected English Corporation stocks are a good and safe investment. *J. W. W.*—I share your views about the security for the 1886 Argentine loan. The matter is specially dealt with under "Foreigners." *Anxious Investor, Brighton.*—A dead set has been made against Mexican securities, but the scare is now wearing off. City of Mexico bonds are one of the best and safest investments outside England, and are certain to recover. *Ebor.*—Yes, these Bradford stocks are a fair investment and it matters little which you choose. *Argentine Investor.*—Yes; the Funding loan has advanced to 53 since I drew attention to it. It is still a very cheap stock. *S. M. L.*—Your only course is to hold Santa Fé bonds and Entre Rios Central bonds in the hope of an improvement. If you read my letter regularly you must know that I advised the sale of Uruguay Unified long ago. Why did you not heed my warning? Yes, the Mortgages mentioned seem satisfactory, and so are County Council securities, although I should prefer Home Rails. I do not consider that a person with a limited income should invest in Argentine stocks just now. Argentine bonds of 1886 (1) are very cheap, and so are Buenos Ayres and Rosario Prefs. and Debentures (2 and 3), and Buenos Ayres Western Debentures (4). *Hew.*—1. Cedulas "B" should be held. You have no option but to hold Cordovas (2). Hold also Hotchkiss Prefs. and Hammond's Prefs. (3 and 4). See replies to 5 and 6

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under Mining Shares. Yes, the Funding loan is secured on the Argentine Customs Revenue similarly to the 1886 loan. I should leave No. 8 alone at present. 9 is a fair speculative industrial investment. I cannot advise you about 10, and have not altered my view of the Distillers' Company's shares.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Carbuncle.—I do not care for the Trust Corporation in question, but I do not know whether to advise you to sell at present prices. Certainly get out, when an opportunity offers. *E. M.*—No, the Trust Company in question does not appear to hold any shares in the English Bank of the River Plate, but all Trust shares have declined in view of the prolonged slump in almost all stocks. *A. M., Elgin.*—1. This seems to be a progressive concern, but it is impossible to judge of the position here. No. 2 does not appear to be so successful. I do not care much to recommend deposits for lengthy periods with Foreign or Colonial Banks.

Home Rails.

Hardwick.—If I had to choose an investment in Home Rails I should fix on Midlands. Great Western (No. 1) may improve further in view of the scarcity of stock. I do not care for North British Deferred (2), they are only kept up by the "Bear" account Yes, Milwaukee, Louisville, and Norfolk Prefs. (3, 4, and 5) are good purchases at present prices. There is no further liability on all these shares. *Speculator.*—The course of Brighton "A" depends chiefly upon the weather, and the "Bear" account. The former is, of course, an uncertain factor, but I would rather be a "Bull" than a "Bear" of Berthas. *W. J.*—Caledonian Deferred are undoubtedly a much better purchase than North British Deferred. *Inquisitive.*—Leave Sheffield "A" alone for the present.

American and Foreign Rails.

X. (Singapore).—I am afraid that in view of the Argentine financial troubles the outlook for your friend, the holder of Santa Fé and Cordova Great Southern Construction Debentures, is very sombre. There is, however, no option but to await an improvement. Norfolk Prefs. are much depreciated, but as the dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum seems quite safe, they are very cheap at their present price of 48½. *D. E. (Upper Deal).*—The Leopoldina Debentures are now included in the Companhia Geral, which is a consolidation of a number of Brazilian railways in a Brazilian Company which I cannot help viewing with some suspicion. *Coracoid.*—I should advise you to await a turn in the tide of South American finance before investing, but my view of the stock is not unfavourable. *Bell Rock.*—Certainly hold Texas "B" and buy more to average. You will find a paragraph on this stock in last week's letter. Important negotiations are on the tapis. *Bruce, Rouen.*—1. I should advise you to get out of the obligations of the Compagnie Royale des Chemins de Fer Portugais as soon as possible. Portuguese finance is in a very bad state. 2. I cannot advise you about Algerian railway stocks, which are not dealt in here. 3. Yes, American Brewery shares have limited liability. I should select San Francisco, St. Louis, and City of Chicago Prefs. 4. Atchison Four Per Cent. bonds are a good investment. The Five Per Cent. Income bonds are speculative, and only received two per cent. for last year, although prospects are much improved. 5. Yes, Milwaukees (*a*) and Louisville (*b*) are likely to improve. Yes; there is no further liability upon American Railroad shares. *Enquirer, Dublin.*—1. Northern Pacific Prefs. have been put down upon what appear to be unfounded rumours, but this has never been a favourite stock with me. They will probably improve with the rest of the market. 2. Mexican Railway First Prefs. are certain of their eight per cent. dividend for the present. 3. The San Francisco Brewery meeting will be held on the 14th inst. 4. City of Chicago Brewery and Malting shares will no doubt benefit by the World's Fair. See my views respecting Argentines and Uruguay under "Foreigners." *Emerald.*—Hold your Union Pacifics, they are likely to recover. *St. George's Hill.*—From a memorandum issued by the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Company, with respect to the rights and priorities of its capital, it appears that the Tucuman shares, and Extension shares, are practically Ordinary shares, not entitled to any dividend unless there are funds available for distribution; but the Company having issued them upon the terms that a fixed rate of interest shall be paid thereon up to certain fixed dates, in lieu of dividend, they are entitled to receive that fixed rate before any dividend is paid upon the Ordinary stock. I do not, however, consider that the question will be of any importance this year, as the interest is certain to be paid, and there is not the slightest doubt about the 1894 shares of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern getting their dividend. *J. T. R.*—It is impossible to depart from the rule not to reply by letter. Union Pacifics are recovering, the rumours having been contradicted. All the talk about assessment is mere moonshine. Missouri, Kansas, and Texas are certain to improve.

Mining Shares.

Jack.—1. Yes; you might average Day Dawn P.C. without running much risk. 2. No; I should not buy London Trams now, in the face of the action of the County Council. The shares are, moreover, high enough. 3. No; the American Railroad stocks specially mentioned in my letter are a better purchase than Pennsylvanian. *J. R., Oldham.*—Yes; I think that the shares of the Banking Corporation in question should be held for the present. With respect to American Belles (1), and Yankee Girls (2), I should advise you to hold during the depression of markets, but on an advance in quotations, it may be well to sell. Hold Mammoths (3) at this price, also East Broken Hill (4). If you mean Amazons (5), sell. I have continually preached against these, and saved many of my friends from burning their fingers. *Hew.*—You should hold Pinos Altos (5). As regards Indian Consolidated see remarks under "Kaffir and Other Mines." *Dublin II.*—Hold Nundydroog and Ooregum shares. These Mines are doing well, and are managed in a miner-like manner. There is no reason to anticipate a falling off in the returns.

Industrial Companies.

(*See also* "Mixed Investments.")

Rusticus.—I do not think that the Co-operative Stores in question have any favourable prospect, and should advise you to sell at once. I always advised against them. *La Turbie.*—As far as I can ascertain, Elmore's Austrian and German Copper Company is also likely to do well, but the works are not yet completed. Write to the secretary of the Elmore Company for information. *Justitia.*—Yes, French Elmore Copper shares are likely to further improve. The paper from which you quote knows nothing about the matter.

Mixed Investments.

W. S., Taunton.—While your investments have, with almost all other stocks, fallen to a lower level, there is no reason to sell. But I should rather invest in other depreciated or progressive stocks, as at various times advised in my letter, than buy more to average the old ones. Hold No. 1, they will probably recover. 2. An industrial investment which will hardly fall lower. 3. The Hotchkiss Company will probably pull round again, and I should not sell the Prefs. at present price. 4. Vestas are out of fashion, but very cheap. *Mac.*—You ask for the best and safest security to invest £1,000 to £2,000 in. I can only reply Consols. But if you will indicate to me what interest you require and what kind of stocks you wish to invest in I may be able to advise you. In reply to your recent question, I do not approve of Cable property, as it is likely to suffer from competition and the short life of Cables. Bryant & May's shares are a fair speculative industrial investment. *Querist.*—1. A fair investment. 2. I do not think much of Salt Union even under the reformed management. Sell Idaho (4). Hold American Belles (3) and Yankee Girls (5) during the depression of markets, but on an advance in quotations it may be well to sell. 6. A fair speculation. 7. A successful but speculative industrial investment. *Nothagle.*—1. I gave the fullest information about Illinois Central in last week's issue. 2. The investment which you propose to make of £4,500 seems questionable in some respects. I do not care very much for the brewery company you name, or for Alabama Great Southern. I should certainly leave National Telephone shares alone. London Road Car shares seem high enough, considering they have just passed their dividend. The remaining stocks named are fair investments. *A. P. T.*—North-Eastern Consols (1) are by no means as promising as Midlands (2). Canadian Pacific debentures (3) are a good investment. I do not care much for No. 4. Nor should I advise investment in Brazilian Railway bonds like No. 5 at present. Mexican Central bonds (6) are a good investment, and so are Atchison bonds (7). I do not care for Cable stock (8, 10, and 11). No. 9 seems cheap enough at present. I should not buy No. 12 now. I cannot advise you about 13.

Various Investments.

Notwithstanding the persistent silence of the Board of Bell's Asbestos Company, these shares have improved again during the week on continued, if quiet, closing by "Bear" operators. The report of the San Francisco Breweries does not disclose any new features. After attributing the unfavourable result to the severe competition and to a serious increase in the price of raw material, the Directors and the local management, "consider the prospects decidedly more favourable. There are indications that competition will be conducted on a more reasonable basis. Hops are already cheaper, and barley will probably cost considerably less than during the past year, whilst the improvements effected in the breweries will conduce to more economical working." The Preference shareholders get their full dividends, but the Ordinary shareholders must be satisfied this time with the 5 per cent. interim dividend already paid. At the forthcoming meeting on the 14th inst. further information will, however, be available. In the case of the Emerald and Phœnix Brewery Company the unsatisfactory result is ascribed to increased price of material and to a decrease in the sales, but the Preference shareholders get their dividend in full and the Ordinary shareholders get 6½ per cent. for the year, while prospects appear to be brightening. Elmore's Copper shares have been very active during the week,

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the French shares touching at one time $3\frac{5}{16}$, and now standing at $3\frac{1}{16}$. Some sales by operators for the fall have been made, and will probably cost the "Bears" their skins. The prospectus of the United Dutch Oyster Company, to which I have already referred, is now before the public. The unfavourable results of the half-year's working of the London General Omnibus and London Road Car Companies justify my frequently-expressed opinion that these stocks stood too high. I have received a new edition of a booklet by Tyrrell T. Paine, "The Formation and Registration of Companies Limited by Shares and Companies Limited by Guarantee," which contains some remarks on the recent changes of the law effected by the Directors Liability Act, 1890, and is in other respects a useful handbook.—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

QUEER STORY.

AN EPISODE OF "THE TWELFTH."

MR. PINNIGER PINCHBECK, of Lombard-street, City, and Hapsford Hall, near Woodminster, was one of those amiable and kindly old gentlemen who having much money spend it largely in giving enjoyment to their friends. It cannot be said that he was especially refined or remarkable for his good breeding; indeed, so far as manners and conversation went, both he and his good lady were undeniably vulgar. But their profuse and liberal hospitality, aided by Mr. Pinchbeck's practice of accommodating needy aristocrats with advances of cash, had won them an *entrée* into fairly smart society. And men of even the most select status were by no means too proud to visit at Hapsford in the winter, for the purpose of riding to hounds on Mr. Pinchbeck's spirited thoroughbreds, or shooting the pheasants, with which he kept his coverts plentifully stocked.

As might be expected of a man who had spent nearly all his life amassing money in the City, the stockbroker had little skill in, or aptitude for, these country pursuits. But he threw himself into them most energetically, for with that desperate fatuity which causes so many to waste their peculiar faculties in aiming at distinction in things in which they have no chance of attaining even bare mediocrity, he made it the aim of his life to become a great sportsman. Of course, his friends—from interested motives—used to flatter him in this little weakness. And his underlings were still more unblushing in their (to his face) adulations. Until at last the old fellow, who swallowed it all readily enough, really began to fancy himself a decent shot, and to believe that his judgment in matters equine was something phenomenal.

Had he known how his flatterers laughed at him behind his back, probably a good many men who annually received invitations to shoot at Hapsford would have been so favoured no longer; and possibly, also, some of his employés would have found it necessary to quit his service—among them Mr. Barrels, the head-keeper, who, when he was sure of his company, would often descant upon his master's weakness, to the following effect:—

"He's a rum old bloke; he fancies himself the very dooce of a sportsman. But, bless you, he hardly knows a hen pheasant from a cock. Why, dear me, when it's been the end of the season, and we've only been shooting cocks, I've seen him blaze at the hens as they've come over his head, times out of number; and I've positively trembled—just for the credit of the place—lest he should somehow manage to hit one and bring her down. Not that there was much cause to fear, though, for his charge generally went two yards behind the bird; and I have always considered it a good day's shooting for him if he managed to bring down a few handfuls of tail feathers."

Last year Mr. Pinchbeck—at the suggestion, probably, of expectant friends—extended his sphere of shooting operations, and leased a large grouse-moor in Scotland. It lay in a remote part of the Highlands, and had the reputation of being one of the best sporting properties in Great Britain. I don't know how many thousand head of grouse the lessor guaranteed; though it was something unusually large. But what attracted Mr. Pinchbeck's attention most (from the smallness of the number mentioned) was the statement that about three capercailzies might probably be found on the estate.

To be perfectly candid, Mr. Pinchbeck was somewhat hazy as to what class of being a capercailzie was. He didn't feel certain whether it was a kind of deer or some rare species of salmon. So, on the first opportunity, he looked it up in the dictionary; and discovering with considerable surprise that air, and not earth or water, was its proper element, referred to an ornithological work, and there read all about it: that it was the king of British game birds, but now almost extinct, isolated specimens being very rarely met with, and those only in the wildest parts of Scotland. It was a very shy bird (he learned also), and difficult of approach; so that to "bag" one was considered evidence of extraordinary skill on the part of the sportsman.

"By Jingo!" thought Mr. Pinchbeck to himself, as he digested the above account of the Cock of the Woods, "shouldn't I like to shoot one just! I could write an account of it to the *Field*. It would create quite a sensation in the sporting world. Let me see! This book was published ten years ago. I expect the capercailzie or capercaillie (Hang it! I wonder which is the more sporting name for it) is even rarer now than it was then. . . . Yes; what wouldn't I give to bag one! But only three, spread over 14,000 acres! It doesn't give one much chance at them, does it?"

This matter of the capercailzies somehow exercised a remarkable and permanent fascination upon the stockbroker's mind, and he was continually indulging in fond and foolish day-dreams on the subject, in which he always figured as the slaughterer of sometimes one, sometimes two, sometimes all three capercailzies at once, and gained for himself a reputation among sportsmen as great as that which Captain Ross enjoyed thirty years ago.

They say that when a man of usually sound and practical sense *does* lose his head on any subject, his fatuity in that particular far surpasses the limit to be found in ordinarily foolish men. This was certainly the case with Mr. Pinchbeck. In all other matters shrewd and sensible to a degree, as regards sport he was desperately fatuous; and the most callow stripling, looking forward to his first day's shooting, could not have let his fancy predict for himself more impossible feats of skill, than were cherished in Mr. Pinchbeck's mind with reference to his projected performances over the moors on "the twelfth."

At last—and a very long "at last" it seemed to the eager stockbroker—the longed-for day arrived. He had got together a large party for the occasion, and the male guests—comprising ten guns in all—set out directly after an early breakfast, in such weather as is, alas! far too uncommon in the Western Highlands. The sun shone brightly in a cloudless sky, and over the distance hung that misty haze, which, at this time of the year, is a sure accompaniment of heat.

Now, although he carried his fifty-five years not at all badly, Mr. Pinniger Pinchbeck was a trifle obese; and he found tramping through heather up to his knees, under the scorching sun, decidedly hard work. By the middle of the morning his face was about the colour of a beetroot, and the perspiration was pouring down it profusely, while his laboured respiration showed that he was (to use the vulgar phrase) seriously "touched in the wind." And when the luncheon hour arrived, and he stretched himself on the ground, in the shadow of a spinney, where that meal was to be partaken, he had never felt so thankful for rest and shade in all his life.

The head gillie's cottage was just close at hand; the luncheon, which had already been sent on thither, was produced, and the whole party eagerly fell to. The hard morning's walking had sharpened their appetites, and the heat had provoked their thirst, so that both edibles and champagne came in for pretty severe treatment. The host himself, though he seldom failed to play a good knife

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and fork, on this occasion even excelled his usual performances; until, having thoroughly refreshed the inner man with food and drink, he lit his cigar and lounged lazily back against a hillock, at supreme peace with himself and all the world.

By and by, one of the sportsmen suggested that it was time to renew their tramp. His suggestion found favour with all except Mr. Pinchbeck, who, having lively recollections of the morning's toil, and being particularly inclined for a nap just then, by no means welcomed the idea of moving. Besides, he felt that he had already undergone a sufficient bucketing for one day, and that if he tried to do any more he should be knocked up for the morrow. He said, therefore, that he was a bit tired, but he hoped that the others would not mind going on without him; they would have to come back that way, and he could then rejoin them and go home with them.

So it was thus decided, the rest of the sportsmen proceeding on their way, and leaving Mr. Pinchbeck reclining against his hillock, with a cigar between his teeth, and an expression of benignant laziness on his rubicund face.

It was not long before his weed was smoked out, and, throwing away the stump, and yielding to the intense drowsiness which his copious luncheon was now inducing upon him, he lay down at full length, drew a silk handkerchief over his face, and composed himself for a nap. In another minute he was in the land of dreams.

I say *dreams*—not merely sleep—advisedly. For Mr. Pinchbeck's slumbering fancies soon wandered into that realm in which the imagination, temporarily freed from the control of reason, delights to disport itself. They conjured up to him an enormous capercailzie, as big as an ostrich, which was perched upon a branch just above his head, calmly looking at him, and which, with his gun to his shoulder, he was trying to shoot; but, somehow, the confounded thing wouldn't go off, although he was strenuously pulling both triggers; until, in his mad vexation at being unable to secure the priceless quarry, which seemed so easily within his reach, he threw his gun to the ground with an unparliamentary expression, and the bird flew slowly off, clucking in a fiendishly mocking manner at his futile efforts, and—Mr. Pinchbeck awoke.

He started up and rubbed his eyes, wondering for a minute where he was. And as he looked about him, he caught sight of something which seemed suddenly to take away his breath and to bring his heart almost into his mouth with a wild heave of excitement. There, upon a low stone-wall, scarcely twenty paces distant, sat perched an enormous bird—less gigantic, indeed, than that which had just now figured in his dream, but much too big to be mistaken. The finest black-cock ever hatched would not have been a quarter as large.

Mr. Pinchbeck stared at it for some time with a gaze of immovable fascination. In shape and build, as well as size, it exactly corresponded with the picture in Morris which, since taking the moor, he had often fondly studied. Yes, there could be no doubt on the point. He had before him, and within ridiculously easy range, a real, live capercailzie!

With breathless caution, and making the least possible movement, he took up his gun, which lay beside him, and inserted the cartridges. Then quietly rolling on to his—say chest—he brought the weapon to his shoulder, watching the bird all the while in fearful anxiety, lest it should take the alarm and fly before he could cover it with his barrels.

To his great glee (for he was much too eager to "bag" the capercailzie to trouble his head about considerations of sportmanship), the intended prey remained motionless, evidently unsuspicious of danger, and he was able to take deliberate and careful aim at the sitting bird. Even so, he didn't feel sure of hitting it, since the sun was in his eyes, and his hand was trembling with excitement. But with a fervent prayer to Providence for success, he pulled both triggers in quick succession.

Bang! Bang! . . . Uttering a short, harsh cry, the cock-of-the-woods rose a few feet into the air, then tumbled with a heavy thud lifeless upon the heather.

Mr. Pinchbeck sprang to his feet and waved his gun round his head in uncontrollable jubilation, as he rushed forward to secure his quarry. The event which he had only dared to hope for in his wildest dreams had come to pass. With his own hand he had shot a capercailzie. His feeling of triumph, of exultation, was quite indescribable. And when he reached the lordly victim of his prowess, whose splendid corpse lay there before him on the ground, his face grew pale with very excitement, and his breath came in short and frequent gasps.

But as he looked at the dead bird, he gave a start, and the expression of his face changed with unaccountable suddenness. Hastily, and with trembling fingers, he seized the creature by the neck and raised its head. The truth which this closer examination told him was all too plain. It was no capercailzie he had shot after all; only a meagre, skinny, and unmistakably aged hen turkey!

It is doubtful if anything, except possibly the sudden loss of his fortune or his wife, could have produced a look of more keen dismay or intense disappointment on Mr. Pinchbeck's face. He mopped that part of his person with his silk handkerchief in a most agitated manner, and stood regarding the murdered grandmother of his head-gillie's poultry-yard with a fixed and hopeless stare. How he cursed himself inwardly for not having noticed sooner the numerous coops ranged along the wall not fifty paces away, and the various specimens of poultry, big and little, which were now huddled together in a corner, clucking loudly from fright at the report of his gun.

The sight of these would have given him the hint to examine his intended prey a little more carefully before firing that fatal shot—the shot of which a minute back he had been so intensely proud, and which now he would have give anything—yes, *anything*—to have missed.

There was no use, however, in crying over spilt milk. The first thing to do was to get that confounded old turkey's carcass out of the light, before the other sportsmen returned. For, if they found out what he had done, he knew that he should never hear the last of it. So, glancing uneasily round to see that no one was in sight, he picked up the turkey by its neck, and scrambling over the wall and dragging his burden after him, hurried along in a stooping posture on the other side, looking about with much anxiety for some safe hiding-place wherein to dispose the creature's corpse.

It was not long before he came across a sort of natural hole in the ground, almost entirely concealed by heather, which seemed to him as good a place for his purpose as he was likely to find. He therefore deposited his burden in it, and piling upon the turkey some loose stones, which lay strewn about, in such a manner as to bury it completely, returned with all speed to the rendezvous where the shooting party was to rejoin him.

There, by the aid of a cigar, he managed to compose himself more or less before the others came back; but although, when they did come, he tried to behave towards them with his usual hearty jocularity, the effect was not entirely successful. For Mr. Pinchbeck could not shake off the appalling consciousness of his guilty secret, and all the while felt a nervous, uneasy dread lest something should happen to expose him.

To discount this chance as far as possible, he proposed an immediate return home. The others assented; but, being anxious to make up their bag to two hundred brace—of which it still wanted a dozen—stipulated that they should go back by another route than that by which they had come; and the head-gillie informing them that, without making a détour of much more than a mile, he could take them back over one of the best bits of shooting in the locality, it was agreed *nem. con.* to fall in with the suggestion.

So off they started, Mr. Pinchbeck welcoming with alacrity any plan which promised to remove them at once from that fatal spot. His spirits, indeed, sank considerably when the gillie led the way towards the very place where he had buried the turkey's carcass. But he dared not object, without any ostensible pretext for doing so, feeling that such a line of action would in itself be suspicious; and he tried to comfort himself by the reflection that, carefully concealed as the old turkey's remains were, there was no reasonable chance of any of the "guns" discovering them.

But there were certain members of the party which the good stockbroker did not take into his calculations—

namely, the two retrievers who were out. And it was with the most horrified dismay that, as they drew near the poor turkey's grave, he noticed both dogs sniffing the air keenly, and showing evident signs of excitement and uneasiness.

One of them, a young dog, less well-trained than his companion, actually broke away from the gillie's heels, and made a dash towards the fatal spot.

"Hang it, McTavish!" cried Mr. Pinchbeck, angrily. "Call in that damned mongrel, can't you? He'll be frightening away all the birds in the neighbourhood."

As he whistled his dog in, the gillie regarded his master with a look of keen surprise. It was altogether unusual for Mr. Pinchbeck, kindly, good-natured old soul that he was, to address an underling with such violence—especially when there was really no provocation; and Mr. McTavish could not understand it. Nor did his perplexity diminish when he remarked the evidently anxious expression of the old gentleman's face. Of course, he said nothing; but as they walked forward, while he kept one eye on the dogs, he turned the other in a shrewd, steady gaze upon Mr. Pinchbeck.

In a minute, the younger dog again tried to break away, and even his older and steadier comrade showed strong signs of wishing to follow his example.

"I say," remarked Lord Alec Sponger, the "crack" of the party. "Those dogs must scent something, doncher-know; else they wouldn't be going on like that. Old Pat there is the steadiest and best-behaved chap out; and he'd never get so excited about nothing. He knows his business too well to try to go after live birds. I'll bet you anything there's a dead'un lying somewhere near, which he wants to retrieve; probably one that was wounded and got away from us this morning. Let'em go, Pinchbeck, and see if I ain't right."

"Oh, it's all fancy, I expect," replied his host, with a sickly smile of dissuasion. "If we're going to stop and let the dogs have a hunt every time they get a bit restive, we shall not reach home before nightfall—to say nothing of frightening away all the grouse round us!"

"Well, just try the dogs this once," persisted Lord Alec, "and if I'm wrong in my surmise, I'll never offer an opinion on the subject again."

As the rest of the party, including the gillie, supported his lordship's proposition, Mr. Pinchbeck was irresistibly compelled to yield, feeling, with helpless dismay, that the dogs were sure to break away and get at the turkey, whether they had leave or not, and that to offer further objection would only be to fasten suspicion still more strongly upon himself.

So with a "hie away, then," the dogs were let go. In sickening, hopeless despair the old fellow saw them dash straight for the turkey's grave, and begin eagerly scratching and routing at the stones which he had piled over its remains. The other sportsmen hurried to the spot to see what the dogs had found; and Mr. Pinchbeck—trying to feign a like curiosity—could not but accompany them, though his knees were trembling so that he could scarcely walk, his mouth was as dry as if he had just made a meal of sawdust, and the sinking sensation about his middle waistcoat button bade fair to overwhelm him with faintness.

Oh, it was maddening to have to stand quietly by and calmly watch the process of his own exposure—to see the dogs making furious efforts to get at the buried fowl, the gillie interfering to lift off the pile of stones, and finally holding up to view the mangled carcass of his own hen-turkey.

"Now, hoo in the name of auld Nickieben did this coom here?" ejaculated Mr. McTavish, in great amazement; and, as he spoke, his eye fell upon his master's face.

There he read a desperate "save-me-for-pity's-sake" look, which brought to his shrewd, Scottish intelligence a sudden revelation, and the conviction which it forced upon him was strengthened by the fact that the turkey was still too warm to have been dead more than a couple of hours.

But in Mr. Pinchbeck's appealing look the canny McTavish saw something more than this—to wit, the chance of pocketing over the affair a substantial sum in coin of the realm; and rising to the occasion, with the most commendable ready wit, he exclaimed:—

"My auld hen-turkey, which I had to shoot the mornin', for bein' an incurable egg-eater! I tauld me laddie Sandy to bury her, and this is the way the young rogue has shirked his task. Eh, but I must give him the strap when I get haum the evenin'!"

* * * * *

The shock to his system which this trying experience occasioned Mr. Pinchbeck was so severe, that he did not get over it for a long time. Indeed, all the following winter he could never pass a capercailzie hanging up outside a poulterer's shop without shuddering palpably. And even now—exactly a year after the occurrence—the very name of that splendid bird, mentioned in casual conversation, will awake in his breast disagreeably lively recollections of what he suffered in Scotland on August 12, 1890.

MUSIC.

THE Carl Rosa troupe started their tour at Belfast on Monday, and the second, or Marie Roze troupe, which last season proved even more successful than the principal company, will begin their journey at Blackpool on Monday week. The one will remain on tour till Easter, and the second company will be on the road at any rate till Christmas. Last month I gave the list of the artists who would form the two parties, and inquired what novelties or revivals were to be given. In reply, the manager writes that they propose producing "The Prophet," "Domino Noir," "Fra Diavolo," "Aïda," "Fadette," and "Galatea." It need hardly be pointed out that in the whole list there is not a solitary novelty of any sort. It will doubtless be interesting to see Miss de Lussan as Zerlina in "Fra Diavolo," and Madame Burns as Angela in "Le Domino Noir," but to describe such thoroughly familiar works as novelties would be an abuse of terms. The other operas have, of course, been performed scores of times, and, indeed, the English versions of three at least of them were prepared specially for and were produced by the late Carl Rosa. It will be interesting to watch the result of running an opera tour on such lines. Carl Rosa himself, as every one knows, adopted a far more liberal policy, and although he may not have gained any direct profit, and may even have suffered some temporary loss upon the operas which he commissioned native musicians to write, yet he was shrewd enough to perceive that the small amount thus spent was returned to him over and over again in the prestige which the production of important novelties gave to his company. At any rate, the system he adopted was not only serviceable to art, but was also splendidly successful from a commercial point of view.

The Bayreuth festivities will come to an end next Wednesday. About the future nothing is yet absolutely decided. It has been settled that the next great revival shall be "Der Ring des Nibelungen," and that it will take place in 1893 or 1894. If the proposed supplementary festival (of "Die Meistersinger," "Parsifal," and "Tannhäuser") be held next year, 1894 will be chosen for the revival of the "Ring." The split in the Wagner party will most likely be amicably settled. The members of the various German Wagner societies, who were unaccustomed to the plan of booking seats in advance, were doubtless annoyed on arriving at Bayreuth to find all the tickets sold out to the tourist element. A proposal has, however, been made that for the future seats will be reserved for sale to members of the Wagner Societies till

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CADBURY'S COCOA.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health.*

May 15, after which they will be disposed of to the public. This suggestion, will, it is hoped, stop the large falling off of late in the membership of the Wagner Societies, particularly in Germany. Owing to the demand for seats, the Bayreuth people have turned an honest penny in another way. Wagner designed a free gallery, where impecunious Wagnerian musicians and students could be accommodated. It was, however, not in human nature to refuse good money, so those places have been disposed of to late comers at double the price of the best seats—viz., at £2 each. The hotel waiters at Nuremberg and elsewhere have also done a lively trade in speculating in tickets, frequently receiving £5 for a £1 seat.

A Nemesis has fallen upon the Royal Academy of Music. A short time since they called for the retirement of their old secretary, who for about a quarter of a century had served them well. When, in the troublesome days of 1868, thanks to amateur mismanagement, the Royal Academy of Music was suddenly closed, the Government grant was withdrawn, and the weak-kneed committee urged the surrender of the Charter into the hands of the Queen; it was John Gill as business manager and Sterndale Bennett as musical chief who stepped in, saved the institution, and ultimately brought it to a high pitch of prosperity. The old secretary (without any retiring pension, as I understand) had to make way for Mr. James G. Syme, a "Writer to the Signet," or solicitor, formerly of Edinburgh. Mr. Syme has now been relieved of his duties, and in an uncommonly rough manner. He was haled up at Marlborough-street Police-court on Friday, charged with embezzling over £120 of the Academy money. Mr. George Lewis put the case very clearly and fairly, Mr. Syme had nothing to say in defence, and the Magistrate sentenced him to six months' in gaol. Mr. Syme's salary was, it seems, £300 a year, plus £100 a year for keeping the books. The Academy would not have the smallest difficulty in filling up his berth, and plenty of honest men would jump at £400 a year for such duties. But for the present, it is understood, the post will be left vacant, and official documents will be signed by Mr. Frederic Corder, the Curator.

A meeting of the Edinburgh University Court will, I learn, be held next month, or a little later, to consider the draft Ordinance. One alteration is absolutely necessary. It is provided that the new Faculty of Music shall be formed of the Principal (*ex officio* and as head of the University), the Reid Professor of Music, "and such other professor or professors, not exceeding three, as the Senatus may from time to time appoint to be members of the said Faculty." I venture to say that any plain man reading this provision would understand that the "other professor or professors" should be musicians. But it is proposed to read it otherwise. The Senatus hold themselves free to appoint members of their own body—that is to say, any professor of the University, whether a Professor of Metaphysics, or Divinity, or the Celtic language—who may know nothing about music, and certainly cannot be acquainted with the art in a professional sense. These laymen will, accordingly, have the power, upon purely musical questions, to out-vote the Professor of Music in the proportion of four to one in his own Faculty. The crass absurdity of the suggestion seems to have struck neither the University Commissioners nor the heads of Edinburgh University. Music is pooh-poohed in Edinburgh. Yet if a suggestion were made to appoint three musicians to out-vote the Professor of Surgery in his own Faculty, the idea would rightly be deemed nonsense. Another weak point of the Ordinance lies in the fact that, although the Reid Professor is bound to attend only in the winter term, yet no provision has been made for the instruction or examination of the students in the summer term, which lasts from the beginning of May till the end of July.

"The 15th of October," now put on as a first piece at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, would, no doubt, have been a very good play if the audience could have made head or tail of it. The adaptor has modestly not disclosed his identity, so that it is impossible to inquire of him whether he really intended the operetta for performance in its present shape, or whether the translation is one of those rough ones which, before the Berne Convention, served for purposes of securing copyright in this country. The fact that the adaptor forgets that the French word "brigadier" is identical with the English word "corporal," and that he makes a trooper entreat his captain to make him a "brigadier," would seem to favour the latter alternative. All that could be gathered from the performance on Saturday was that a French captain has an uncontrollable desire to bury a box of ladies' dresses, that his orderly, a stage Irishman, jumps at the conclusion that his master is burying a woman's body, that the Captain entertains a prosy old busybody, whom he hopes to make his future father-in-law, and that shortly before the end a strange lady arrives whom the Captain declares he intends to marry. Some of the audience seemed inclined to believe that the mysterious lady was, after all, the elderly gentleman's daughter; while others were of opinion that she was the rightful owner of the buried box of dresses. The music, which is simple enough, is the best feature of the piece, although as it was written and produced by Mr. Jacobi at the Bouffes Parisiens shortly before the Franco-German war drove that excellent conductor to England, it necessarily is strongly imbued with the style of Offenbach, who in 1869 was first favourite of the Parisians. But the plot of the play is as profound a mystery as its title, the meaning of which, so far as could be detected, was never once alluded to. Indeed, for any indication to the contrary, the piece might have been called "The Fifth of November" or "The First of April."

The Liverpool organ case has reached a new phase. It will be recollected that the Corporation received gratis the site of old Liverpool Castle, on condition that upon a portion of the ground they should erect a church and pay for its maintenance and the salaries of those engaged in the church duties. They did so, and in the church they placed an organ. By and by they quarrelled with the Vicar, and they then resolved no longer to pay an organist. The Vicar appealed to the law, and was beaten. The judges held that the organist was not a church officer, and, despite the self-evident fact that, the organ once erected, the instrument was useless without an organist to play it, the Court ruled that the Corporation were not legally bound to pay one. The Lords Justices of Appeal, however, added the very significant hint that "the Corporation of Liverpool was a very rich one." Disregarding the hint, the Corporation taxed the costs, and the very day that the bill was delivered, and without even making a request for payment (as I learn by the letter of protest addressed by the Vicar to the Town Clerk), they passed a resolution to stop the amount out of the rev. gentleman's salary. It is not often that I have to side with a clergyman against the laity, but if the facts be as stated, the proceedings would appear to be both mean and unnecessarily insulting.

The Park bands have now started, and Londoners on the Embankment and elsewhere are able to enjoy a good deal of gratuitous music. On the other hand, it is a pity that the programmes are not made a little more interesting. So-called "classical" music is popularly supposed to be above the heads of the multitude. The idea is erroneous, as the success of the classical concerts given to the working men of the East-end conclusively prove. But between serious music and *pot-pourris* from comic and other operas, dance tunes, and similarly wearisome trivialities, there is surely a happy mean. In respect to the choice of programmes, the German, French, and Belgian military bands are far in advance of our own. This is hardly, perhaps, so much the fault of bandmasters as of those who provide and arrange music for wind-bands.

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is, 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Have you seen in the papers that three happy couples claimed and received the Dunmow flitch of bacon this year? A Devonshire vicar and his vicaress, a Sussex doctor and his spouse, and a Mr. and Mrs. Bowen, of Hounslow, were the felicitous pairs. They must all be very courageous, as well as good-tempered. Fancy the ordeal of being catechised in domestic happiness before an assemblage of several thousand people. I should have liked to be present, and to hear the questions and answers. I see that a provincial paper thinks that there should have been a rigid cross-examination of the claimants before they received their flitches.

There was a jury composed of six unmarried men and six unappropriated girls, the former wearing white favours, and the latter pink and white. We are not told if any witnesses were called. What interesting domestic records would have been revealed if cook and housemaid had appeared to testify to the uninterrupted character of the connubial bliss of the three couples. A year and a day was the duration of their married life—the very hardest year of all, as every one who has tried it willingly admits. The first year of marriage is fruitful of trials to the temper of both parties to the contract. Each other's "ways" have to be discovered, and duly "allowanced," as it were, after having been carefully noted. This would be the kind of thing if one could read the mental jottings:—

WIFE'S: "I must remember that Richard is very particular about the way in which the *Times* is folded. He does not like it cut, and he hates to see it folded crooked."

Mem.: "To see that the papers on Richard's study table are *never dusted*. This will be dreadfully difficult, but it must be carried out. He *says* he dusts them himself!"

N.B.—Find that R. is *very* particular about the rotation of his boots, and that the housemaid is continually making him very angry by displacing them. Must endeavour to find out what his rule is, and to induce her to observe it.

HUSBAND'S:—"Helen runs upstairs to put on her things and says she won't be a moment; but I find that the adjustment of the bonnet alone takes exactly twenty minutes. Must remember this. She does not like to be hurried when dressing."

"Tried to persuade Helen not to wear her gloves and boots a size too small. Mem: *Never to refer to this subject again.*"

"Found fault with the curry at dinner, and Helen took it as a personal matter, because it was prepared from a recipe that has been in her family for generations. She was very hot about it; hotter than the curry. Must beware of old family recipes."

When one thinks of the enormous number of subjects on which it is possible for husband and wife to entertain different opinions, and when we reflect how very few people amicably "agree to differ," the preponderance of happy marriages over unhappy ones appears to be almost miraculous. The three Dunmow couples ought to be canonised, instead of receiving such a commonplace reward as a side of bacon.

I cannot find out anything about the clergyman or doctor ménage, but from a little local paper I learn that the Hounslow couple met and were attracted by each other twenty years before they married, and that their household, since the happy union, has been shared by the wife's mother. She accompanied them to Dunmow, and came in for a portion of the ovation given them. They took with them a testimonial from the vicar and a lady resident in the parish. The business of this model couple is in the laundry line, which, one would think, must afford an uncommonly good test of temper.

We spent Wednesday at Cowes, and had a delightful time. The weather was splendid, and our friends said we had brought it with us, for it had thundered, and lightened, and poured the previous day. The nautical costumes proved as becoming as usual to the great majority of their wearers. I like the new-shaped coat immensely. It is so smart and neat. The Duchess of Fife had several made for her sojourn in Scotland. The collar is turned down, and the lapels come sharply forward to the single button that fastens the coat on the chest. Below this point, the fronts are cut away in a line that leaves the shirt or blouse visible, especially at the waist, belt and buckle being well in evidence. The shoulders fit to the figure in immaculate fashion. We saw this delightful coat on nearly all the best-dressed women, in every colour. It looks charming in white. We also admired one in a striped cloth of grey and pale blue, worn over a blue birdseye shirt, with grey belt, and big old-silver buckle. Navy blue was, of course, the reigning colour, but white ran it pretty close on that brilliant day. The Princess of Wales, we were told, had been seen in a Redfern gown of white corduroy, the skirt plain, and hemmed up with a few rows of stitching. The blouse was in heliotrope surah, and the jacket was in the very newest shape, in which the deep turned-down collar crosses the shoulders and comes down the fronts just a little way. The pockets and collar were bound with fine white mohair braid.

The strong sea-air made us dreadfully sleepy, but we brought away with us a clear impression of a few strikingly good costumes, which I should like to describe to you. One was in white alpaca of the softest and silkiest texture, the skirt made in the new "umbrella" shape, widening towards the feet, and the jacket cut out in deep tabs, edged with white braid. The collar and lapels were turned back with cornflower-blue cloth in a lovely shade, neither dark nor pale, and one that was remarkably becoming to the clear-cheeked, dark-haired girl who wore it. The blouse was in white surah, held in at the waist with a belt of cornflower-blue ribbed silk, very wide, and fastened with clasps in which deep blue enamel played a prominent part. The en-tout-cas was white alpaca, with a border of cornflower-blue, and the hat was one of the sailor-shaped rush ones, with trimming of cornflower-blue velvet.

Did I say that the pretty little white coat was lined throughout with cornflower-blue surah? I did not think I could like alpaca so well as I did in this instance, but then the texture was so fine as to render it almost as costly as silk.

A tall and well-made woman wore a tweed gown, in colour a heather mixture, and hemmed up with some rows of stitching in bright green, a tint that was rather dominant in the tweed itself. The long basque of the coat was cut up in tabs, each one of which was turned back in a "dog's-ear," held at the corner by a button in enamel reflecting the tones of the tweed. This corner showed the lining of bright green cloth, a rather pretty shade, darker than apple, but much lighter than leaf-green. In front, the facings were in this cloth, and the brown hat was trimmed with a surah scarf in brown and green. Gloves and shoes were in the same shade of brown as the straw hat.

You may safely call that a thoroughly sensible gown, especially as the skirt was short enough to clear the ground all round. The tweed was, of course, practically waterproof, apart from the light summer cloth with which the coat was lined. Thus clad, one might emulate with fair success a man's indifference to the weather. This is a matter of some moment, considering the extraordinary behaviour of the climate just now. The daily walk, so necessary to the maintenance of both health and cheerfulness, is apt to be neglected if we have not attire in which we may fearlessly face a downright wet day. Maud and I have quite enjoyed one or two walks in the rain of late. I wonder if it is true that rain-water, applied *au naturel*, is good for the complexion?

DRESS AND HABIT MAKERS.—Messrs. JOHN REDFERN & SONS have now on view in their Show Rooms, Conduit-street and New Bond-street, a collection of original designs of outdoor Gowns, Coats, Wraps, and Hats, especially prepared for the "AUTUMN SEASON."

By the way, do you remember the "hulachans" made of Harris tweed that I mentioned to you some time ago? We invested in one each, and have found them an immense comfort in this most moist of summers. They are short cloaks with hoods, made of the tweed in pretty colours. Maud's is a serene sky-blue, flecked with little dots of greyish white. Mine is an amiable amber which does not quarrel with any of my gowns or hats, but lives in harmony with the whole of the contents (limited) of my wardrobe. Lady Alice Leslie and Mrs. F. S. Thomas, who have for some years taken the Harris tweeds under their protective wings, have now left the Berners-street depot and joined forces with the Scottish Industries Association at 14a, Lower Grosvenor-street. So if you want to buy a hulachan—the name is rather suggestive of bad weather, don't you think?—you now are fitted out with the address, corrected up to date.

Do you know how to cook sturgeon? I do not suppose you can often procure it in the country, but when you do, try the following mode :—

Clean, wash, and tie into shape the middle cut of sturgeon; let it lie in salt and water for twelve hours, take it out and rub into it a little ale and vinegar, set it aside for two hours, then put it into a stewpan containing boiling water, with a few sprigs of sweet-marjoram, two large onions, and 1 oz. of bay salt. When it is nearly done remove it from the stewpan, strip off the skin, dust over the fish a little flour, put it before the fire, constantly basting it, until it is quite brown. Garnish with crisp, fried parsley and red pickles. Place in a stewpan a pint of good stock, a blade of mace, a teaspoonful of black peppercorns, an anchovy, a leaf of celery, a slice of lemon, a cluster of sweet herbs; these ingredients must then be boiled until the liquid is reduced to half a pint; then strain it and thicken with 2 oz. of butter rolled in a tablespoonful of flour; let it simmer gently for five minutes, throw in half a dozen pickled mushrooms, gently stir in a gill of cream, with a dash of nutmeg, taking care not to let it come to a boil.

You ask me how savoury almonds are prepared. The method is very simple, as you will see by the following :—

Split, scald, blanch, and skin ½ lb. of sweet almonds, put them into a tin, add a lump of butter the size of a walnut, place them in a hot oven, seeing that each almond gets well oiled; let them remain there till all are perfectly brown and dry. Send to table on an ornamental paper, sprinkling a little of the finest salt over them.

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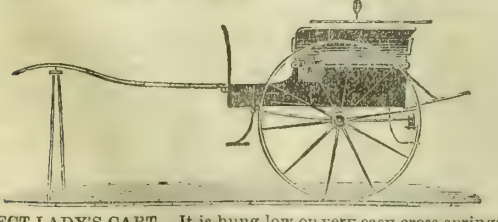
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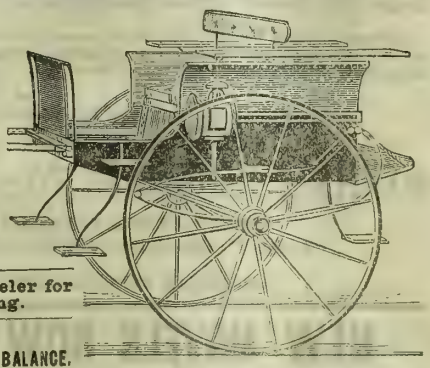

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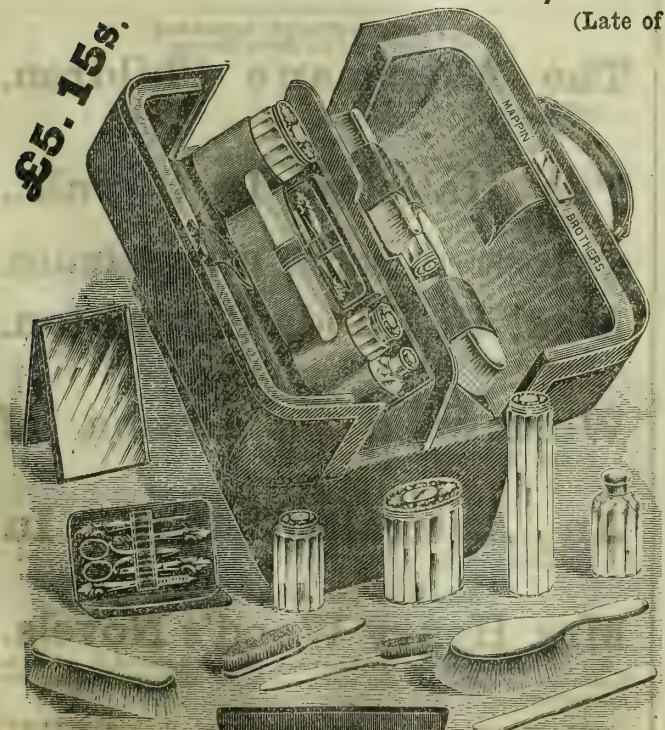

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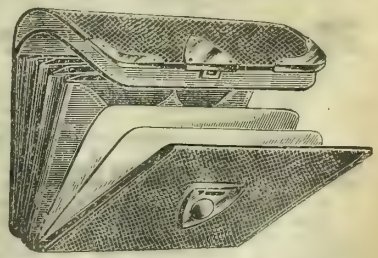

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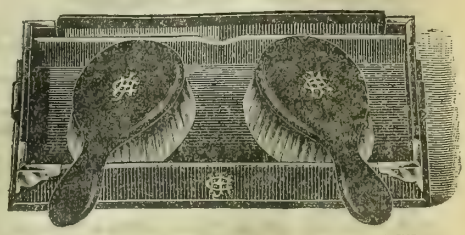

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"BELLAGIO" (Thirty) COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Sept. 30.
"TELEGRAPH" HERTFORD COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Oct. 7.
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IN the HIGH COURT of JUSTICE. Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division.—MACKENZIE *v.* MACKENZIE.
Whereas a Decree for Judicial Separation was pronounced in this suit on July 20th, 1888, and whereas JOHN FRASER MACKENZIE, the Respondent in the said suit, has represented to divers persons that he obtained the said Decree. Notice is hereby given that the said Decree was pronounced on the petition of JULIA MARGARET MACKENZIE, the Petitioner in the said suit.
Dated Monday, 23rd February, 1891.
EDWARD TAHOURDIN, Solicitor, 20, Victoria-street, Westminster.

Machynlleth, N. Wales, 12th March, 1891.
Dear Sir,—MACKENZIE (Julia Margaret) *v.* MACKENZIE (John Fraser).
I hereby undertake both to your client, Mrs. MACKENZIE, and to yourself that I will not at any future time represent to any person or persons whomsoever that the Decree for Judicial Separation made in the above suit on 20th July, 1888, was obtained at my instance.
J. F. MACKENZIE, Respondent.
E. TAHOURDIN, Esq., 20, Victoria-street, Westminster.

CAUTION.

"The THREE CASTLES" TOBACCO.

In the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in an action of W. D. & H. O. Wills against Marcus Burstein and Eliza Burstein, of Aldershot, Surrey, Tobacconists, Mr. Justice North, on the 14th day of March, 1891, granted a perpetual injunction, restraining the defendants from offering for sale or selling tobacco not of the manufacture or merchandise of W. D. & H. O. Wills, as and for "The Three Castles" tobacco. The defendants were also ordered to pay the costs of the action.
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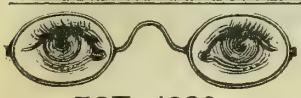

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As Mr. HADEN says in his letters on "Earth to Earth" burial—"A body properly buried, that is to say, in such a way that the earth may have access to it, does not remain in the earth, but returns to the atmosphere. The body, in fact, literally as well as figuratively, ascends from the dead and fulfils the cycle of its pilgrimage by becoming again the source and genesis of life."

This natural system is also advocated by the Church of England Burial Reform Association, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury is and the late Archbishop of York was a president.

The PRINCE OF WALES, writing to the Secretary of the Association, says—"That he trusts the Burial Reform advocated by your Society may be speedily carried into effect, and in view of the rapidly increasing population of the Kingdom, the present system of burying the dead may be exchanged for one more in accordance with the requirements of the age and the sanitary interests of the community."

The DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, writing to the *Times*, says:—"The appalling overcrowding of the dead disclosed in the Parliamentary return recently issued, affords irresistible proof of the imperative need for fresh legislation. That in the various London cemeteries upwards of a million and a quarter have been buried in less than the last half century. That such modes of disposal of the dead is a violation of right feeling, natural laws, and Christian tradition: a ghastly dishonouring of the dead, and a flagrant imperilling of the public health."

According to the testimony of Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN and other eminent authorities, The Necropolis, Brookwood, Woking, Surrey, is the only place where the burial of the dead is properly carried out.

This Company also undertake the whole arrangement of funerals on a new, simple, and inexpensive system. They have published a pamphlet explanatory of their arrangements, which may be had gratis, on application at their Offices 2, Lancaster-place, Strand, and 188, Westminster Bridge Road.—*Court Circular* 3rd January, 1891.

THE "NIAGARA"

SEASIDE AT HOME.

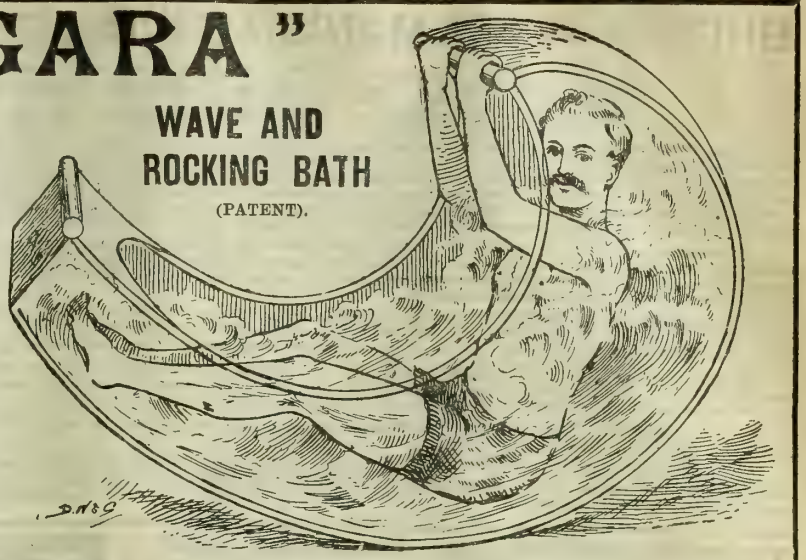
A TREAT never experienced before.
Gives the FULLEST ILLUSION of a Sea or River Bath.
ABSOLUTELY no water splashing in the room.
ONLY three pails of hot or cold water required.
Keeps the blood in ACTIVE circulation.
STRONGLY made of tinned steel, and ARTISTICALLY enamelled.
Will last a LIFETIME.
Specially Recommended for INVALIDS, DELICATE PEOPLE, and CHILDREN.

Price £3 10s. complete.

5 per cent. Discount for Cash if you mention this paper when writing.

"THE JERSEY" CO., LTD.,
PATENTEES AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
Inchbrook, near Stroud, GLOS.

WAVE AND ROCKING BATH
(PATENT).



TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE
OR PREPARED WHITE FULLERS' EARTH,

Is the only reliable and thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. It is prepared by an experienced Chemist, and under its Latin name of "Terra Cimolia" is constantly prescribed by the most eminent living Dermatologists, and was especially recommended by the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., and the late Dr. Tilbury Fox. For general use it is simply invaluable. It is the best Dusting Powder for Infants. Formerly used in the Nurseries of Her Majesty the Queen, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Teck, &c., and now extensively employed in the Nurseries of her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia, our own Royal Princesses and Duchesses, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland, the Grand Duchess Paul of Russia, the Duchess of Sparta, and most of the Aristocracy. Recommended by the faculty. The eminent physician, Dr. Routh, says: "I feel I cannot too highly recommend it." "I cannot afford to be without it."—Dr. Bainbridge. A Lady writes: "Here, in India, for 'Prickly Heat,' I found it worth a guinea a teaspoonful." Post-free. Send 14 or 36 penny stamps.

Ask for "Taylor's Cimolite." See that the Trade Mark, Name, and Address are on every parcel, and do not be persuaded to take imitations.

Introduced into medical practice and prepared by
JOHN TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S Oriental Tooth Paste.

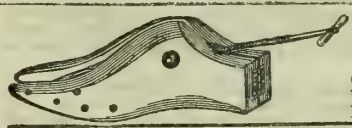
White, Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums to Old Age.

CAUTION.—The only genuine is JEWSBURY & BROWN'S.
Pots 1/6 and 2/6. All Chemists.
60 YEARS IN USE.

THE GENUINE
EAU DE BOTOT
Is the Only Dentifrice *approved* by the ACADEMY of MEDECINE of PARIS

May be obtained in Powder & Paste containing all the beautifying and preservative qualities of the liquid preparation
N.B. See each article has the Signature
M. J. Botot
EAU de BOTOT 1/6, 2/6, 5/, 15/, 30/-
PASTE 1/6, 2/6. POWDER 1/6, 2/6
FROM ALL PERFUMERS & CHEMISTS

VACCINE DE LA BOUCHE
EAU DE SUEZ
The only Dentifrice which has solved the problem of how to preserve the Teeth, and is therefore COMFORTABLE AND BEAUTIFUL TEETH
the only Dentifrice which immediately and permanently puts a stop to Tooth-ache
London Depot: WILCOX & Co., 239, Oxford St. And all principal Chemists in the United Kingdom and Continent.



FAMILY BOOT STRETCHER,
3s. 6d. and 5s. Postage 6d. extra. Cash returned if unsatisfactory. Send boot for special size.—"Le Pedicure," Bootmaker, 72, Leadenhall-st., London

TOO FAT!!
DR. GORDON'S ELEGANT PILLS
Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to
DR. GORDON,
10, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

STATE VICHY SPRINGS.

CELESTINS.—For Affections of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, &c.
GRANDE-GRILLE.—For Affections of the Liver, &c.
HOPITAL, HAUTERIVE, PARC, &c.

INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

VICHY-LIQUEUR.—Valuable in cases of Gout where derangement of the stomach is a prominent symptom.

FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

"CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is entirely free from any poison or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious ingredient, and is a good, safe, and useful medicine."
ALFRED SWAINE TAYLOR, M.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities, from *WHATEVER* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *CAUSE* from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 33 or 132 Stamps, by the Proprietors—THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., LINCOLN.

Ask for CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE, and do not be persuaded to take an imitation

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over
ONE HUNDRED YEARS,
and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

BRITISH WORKMAN'S ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Established 1866. Incorporated under the Companies Act, 1862.

Chief Offices — BROAD STREET CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.

Extracts from the DIRECTORS' REPORT for the year ending April 30th, 1891.

Your Directors have much pleasure in presenting to you their Report and Accounts for the 25th Financial Year of the Company. We are sorry to have to report that Influenza, and the ills that follow in its train, have again made the claims upon the Company's Funds very heavy; in fact, from January last to May they were much heavier than last year. With exception, however, of the small sum of £60, the entire sum has been paid and brought into this year's accounts. In several instances, we regret to say that the amount has been increased through the unfaithful conduct of unworthy employés, and the cunning speculators upon human life. Every honest man and woman should do all they can to stamp out this illegal and immoral system of falsehood, forgery, and robbery, practised upon Companies and Societies, which are established entirely for the benefit of the good and true.

In accordance with the decision of the Special General Meetings of the Shareholders, held on the 20th January and the 10th February, 1891, your Directors decided to issue 18,856 new Shares, the first offer being made privately to those in connection with the Company, at a premium of 50 per cent. We are pleased to report that nearly the whole of the Shares were subscribed for at the time, without any offer being made to the general public, and the sum of £14,507. 7s. 5d. has been paid thereon, as stated in the accounts.

Your Directors have entered into an arrangement to purchase the entire block of buildings, Broad-street Corner, for the Company's Offices, to the end, part of which will be fitted up for the Company's use during the present year. The Auditors, Messrs. Sharp, Parsons, & Co., Chartered Accountants, of Colmore-row, Birmingham, and St. Swithin's-lane, London, were, as you are aware, elected at the last Annual Meeting for a period of three years.

NEW BUSINESS.—The number of policies issued was 252,785, at an Annual Premium of £148,363. 1s. 1d. The total income of the Company was £294,090. 19s. 7d., being an increase of £44,630. 9s. 5d. The total amount of payments was £278,401 12s. 10d., leaving a balance on the year's accounts of £15,689. 6s. 9d., making the total funds at the close of the year £134,226. 13s. 7d.

CLAIMS.—The amount paid in Claims during the year was £140,567. 7s. 9d., including £3,980. 17s. 8d. Surrender Claims. The total sum paid up to the 30th of April, 1891, was £813,854. 5s.

BUSINESS IN FORCE.—The Number of Assurants upon the Company's books on the 30th of April, 1891, was 520,168, and the Annual Premium thereon £305,927. 18s. 0d. We are pleased to say that during the year we have been able to reduce the Company's working expenses 1·62 per cent. as compared with last year.

J. C. FOWKE, Chairman; H. PORT, Managing Director.

THE STOCK CONVERSION AND INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

This Company begs to direct the attention of investors to the Preferred and Deferred Stocks issued by it against London and North-Western and North-Eastern Ordinary Stocks, and which are quoted on the London and leading Provincial Stock Exchanges.

The Preferred Stocks possess security similar to that of Railway Preferential and Preferred Stocks, but yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more income, thus affording to holders of many of the former Stocks an opportunity of adding to their revenue without decreasing their security.

The Deferred Stocks, whilst returning an average income in excess of that yielded by the Railway Ordinary Stocks, against which they are issued, contrast most favourably with all other Deferred and low-priced Ordinary Railway Stocks, and afford the only opportunity to small investors of participating, by means of low-priced Stocks, in the future of these two leading railways of the country. Table showing present price and dividend, and the dividend on the average of a number of years obtainable on the Deferred Stocks, is subjoined.

Any further information with regard to these Stocks can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 12 and 13, Nicholas-lane, E.C.

DEFERRED CHARGE STOCKS.	Present Price.	Last Dividend paid.	Annual Average of Dividend on result of last 10 years.*	Returns on basis of last Dividend.	Returns on Average Dividend of 10 years
London and North-Western Ordinary Stock	27	£1 7 6	£1 7 0 %	£5 1 10	£5 0 0
North-Eastern— Ordinary Stock	40	£2 5 6†	£2 4 0 %	£5 13 9	£5 10 0

*No allowance is here made for bonuses on allotments of new Stock.
†Exclusive of bonus of 9s. 6d. per cent. from allotment of new Stock.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.

UNION DEPOSIT BANK,

No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.

[Established 1867.]

CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.

ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE, Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.

From **£30** to **£5,000.**

To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their NOTE OF HAND ALONE.

ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.

NO SURETIES REQUIRED.

Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.

FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.

A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.

Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.

Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.

EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

MONEY. — Householders or Lodgers desirous of obtaining immediate advances upon their Furniture or other Negotiable Security, are invited to call at the Offices of the Consolidated Company, 43, Great Tower-street, E.C., and arrange. Bills of sale and executions paid out. No fees, the full sum advanced without deduction. An old established and genuine firm.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE, Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.

Botanic Medicine Co., 3, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.

TOO THIN in the **BUST.** Send 3 stamps for pamphlet on sure and safe treatment, to the Manageress, PRETIOSA CARAMEL CO., Nottingham. Highest testimonials. (Quote Paper.)

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803).

1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—

Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £12,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.

London Office: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.

Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.

A. MUNKITTRICK, Jun., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

SUN FIRE OFFICE,

Founded 1710.

THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.

Sum Insured in 1890,

£361,500,000.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.

No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.

General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.

C. HARDING, Manager.

ACCIDENTS

AT ALL TIMES—IN ALL PLACES

INSURED AGAINST BY THE

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1849. CAPITAL £1,000,000.

64, CORNHILL, LONDON.

W. D. MASSY, A. VIAN. } *Secretaries.*

Established 1868.

THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,

20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

RESERVE FUND, £90,000.

Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.

For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.

Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.

No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.)

Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.

THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—

Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY,

58, Old Broad Street, London.

Capital, £3,000,000.

5 per cent. Deposits received for periods of not less than Six Months.
5 per cent. Debentures issued for a period of Five Years.
6 per cent. Freehold Mortgages. Principal and Interest guaranteed by the Company.

ATKINSON & CO., Managers for the United Kingdom.

Profits Certified at £61,555 per Annum.

The Subscription Lists Opened simultaneously in London, Amsterdam, Brussels, and Antwerp, on Monday, August 10th, 1891, and will Close not later than Thursday, August 13th, 1891.

THE UNITED DUTCH OYSTER COMPANY, LTD.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.)

SHARE CAPITAL £510,000. Divided into 150,000 Seven per Cent. Preference Shares of £1 each, £150,000; 360,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, £360,000. Four and-a-half per Cent. Debentures, £150,000. The whole of the Debentures, and also one-third of the Preference and of the Ordinary Share Capital, will be taken by the Vendors in part payment of the purchase-money. The balance of the Preference (£100,000) and Ordinary Shares (£240,000) are now offered for Subscription, payable as follows:—5s. on Application, 5s. on Allotment, 5s. one month after Allotment, 5s. two months after Allotment.

TRUSTEES FOR THE DEBENTURE HOLDERS.

S. W. Josephus Jitta, Esq., Director of the Amsterdamsche Bank, Amsterdam.
Th. A. C. de Geer, Esq., Director of the Hollandsche Hypotheek Bank, Amsterdam.

TRUSTEES FOR THE COMPANY.

The Netherlandsche Trust-Maatschappij, Amsterdam.

DIRECTORS.

Ernest Stobart Inman, Esq., 9, St. Mark's-square, London, Chairman.
Frederick Henry Cator, Esq., 100, Elm-park-gardens, London.
George Clulow, Esq., 51, Belsize-avenue, London.
M. Édouard de Cators, Banquier à Anvers, Administrateur delégué de la Banque C. J. M. de Wolf, Président de la Compagnie Belge du Téléphone Bell à Bruxelles, &c.
M. Edmond Julien, Chevalier de l'Ordre de Leopold, Ingénieur Civil, Administrateur, délégué de la Société l'Électrique de Bruxelles, et de la Société Française d'accumulateurs électriques de Paris, &c.
J. L. C. Pompe van Meerdervoort, Esq., Bergen-op-Zoom, Managing Director.

BANKERS—London.—The Consolidated Bank, Limited.
Amsterdam.—Associatie Cassa.
Brussels.—Comptoir d'Escompte de Bruxelles.
Antwerp.—Banque C. J. M. de Wolf.

SOLICITORS.—Buckley & Keatinge, 3 and 4, Great Winchester-street, E.C.

BROKERS.

London.—G. H. & A. M. Jay, 17, Old Broad-street, E.C.
Liverpool.—T. & C. Musson, Ashton Chambers, 8, Hackins Hey.

AUDITORS.—Murray & Co., 23, Bucklersbury, Mansion House, London, and 104, King-street, Manchester.

SECRETARY (pro tem.)—D. F. Levesque.

Registered Office.—25, College-hill, Cannon-street, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

"This Company has been formed to purchase and work, under one management, ten extensive and profitable Oyster Parks, situated at the mouth of the Scheldt, in Holland, which supply Great Britain and the Continental markets with the well-known Dutch Native Oysters.

The Company have secured as Managing Director Mr. J. L. C. Pompe van Meerdervoort, who is a Member of the Government Board of Fisheries on the Scheldt, President of the Netherlands Society of Oyster Culture, Directing Member of the Netherlands Society for Improving Fisheries, President of the Chamber of Commerce at Bergen-op-Zoom, &c., and is also one of the Vendors. He has furnished to the Directors the following report:—

VALUATION OF PROPERTIES.

To the Directors of the United Dutch Oyster Company, Limited.

13th July, 1891.

The Oyster Fisheries in the River Scheldt have been known for very many years. The oysters are fished both from natural and artificial beds. The artificial culture was begun in the year 1870. The development of the business has been most rapid, especially since the Netherlands Government began to let the beds, so that they might be worked in a proper and efficient manner. The success of these endeavours is proved by the profits. Dividends of 20 and 30 per cent. on the Capital were declared in the years 1872 to 1882. In the years 1875 and 1876 the dividends were 60 and 45 per cent. respectively. The result of this success was to induce the Netherlands Government to grant further leases, and the competition thus set up had naturally the effect of decreasing the price at which the oysters were sold, bringing it down from about £6 per 1,000 (the average selling price at which they stood from 1872 to 1882) to about £3. 10s., but even at this price the business has been very remunerative, and the demand is still increasing.

The union of the properties scheduled hereto as now proposed, would control the trade, and have the doubly beneficial effect of improving prices and preventing the sale of immature oysters. They comprise about 2,400 acres of oyster beds held direct from the Dutch Government for 25 years, at a ground-rent of £15,000 per annum, all the concessions being, according to custom, renewable for another 30 years at about the same rental. This combination will be the largest of its kind in Europe. The beds are estimated to contain at the present time 100,000,000 of oysters. The present annual sale from these beds is at the rate of 20,000,000 oysters, 10,000,000 of which are sold in Great Britain alone. Amongst the firms supplied by us are Messrs. Spiers & Pond, Messrs. Baxter & Sons, Messrs. Sweeting & Co., Messrs. Ferran & Carter, Messrs. Brice Brothers, Messrs. Prosser & Co., Messrs. Scott, Williamson, & Co., Messrs. Johnson & Co., Messrs. Musson & Co. (Liverpool), Messrs. Howard & Co. (Liverpool and Manchester), and the demand both in England and on the Continent is yearly increasing. The Company will acquire, in addition to the beds, steam and sailing trawlers, magazines, reservoirs, mansions, and a large stock of material necessary for working the concern. There is no doubt in two or three years' time the output will have increased to 30,000,000 per annum. The net profits for the four years ending June 30th, 1890, have averaged more than £60,000. per annum, and have not in any of those years been less than that sum. The figures for the year just ended are not yet available, but the arrangement now made to fix the price at £6 per 1,000 will materially enhance the profits. Taking the present sales of 20,000,000 oysters per annum, and deducting £30,000 for working expenses (which is higher than they now stand), there would be a net annual profit of £90,000. Having had a large experience, extending over many years in this business, I unhesitatingly vouch for the moderation of the statements contained in this report.

J. L. C. POMPE VAN MEERDERVOORT.

SCHEDULE OF PROPERTIES TO BE ACQUIRED BY THE UNITED DUTCH OYSTER COMPANY, Limited.

1. De Nederlandsche Maatschappij voor Oester cultuur, being an amalgamation of
   a. L. C. de Meulemeister & Co.
   b. De Oude Oester Maatschappij.
   c. De Mollusk.
   d. Oud Vosmeer.
   e. Van den Berch's Oyster Co.
   f. Albatros, I.
2. De Groots and Boliers.
3. Oyster Culture Company, Van Tienhoven.
4. " " " De Parel.
5. " " " De Zuinigheid; and
6. Various small Oyster Beds situate in proximity to the above-named properties, which have been acquired to facilitate the working of the same by making the whole of the properties compact.

The above-mentioned properties are those coloured red and blue on the plans referred to in the Contract for Sale.

(Signed) J. L. C. POMPE VAN MEERDERVOORT.

The Directors, not having personal knowledge of the various matters referred to in the Report from the Managing Director, have obtained the following additional certificates:—

(1) To verify generally the facts relating to the Oyster Beds, they have been furnished with the following Report from oyster culturers in the Scheldt:—

"Yerseke, 17th July, 1891.

"We, the undersigned, having been for many years oyster culturers in the Scheldt in Holland, certify that we have read a Report from Mr. J. L. C. Pompe van Meerdervoort to the United Dutch Oyster Company, Limited, dated July 13th, 1891, and we certify that his statements with regard to the present position of the Scheldt Oyster Beds, and the increased demand for oysters produced there, are fully borne out by our own experience, and we do not consider that Mr. Pompe van Meerdervoort overrates the importance and the profit to result from the union of Oyster Parks which is now contemplated.

P. SANDEE, Directeur.
J. C. v. d. BURGHT, Directeur, Comp.; Zeeland.
JOOS SANDEE, P. L., Manager of the Company, Groeninx v Zoelen.

(2). To explain the title and tenure upon which the Oyster Beds are held, they have been furnished with the following Report from Mr. C. H. Prins, a leading jurist of Holland:— Bergen-op-Zoom, 21st July, 1891.

To the Directors of the United Dutch Oyster Company, Limited.

Gentlemen,—At the request of Mr. J. L. C. Pompe van Meerdervoort, I have the honour to report that, being fully acquainted with the conditions of right and title under which the Oyster Beds in the River Scheldt are held from the Government in this country, I can advise you that, subject to the payment of the Government dues and to the observance of the conditions of the Leases as to proper management, the continuance and renewal of the Leases by the Government becomes a matter of such continuous custom that no properly-behaving Oysterculturists need at any time apprehend disturbance by the Government, and in the case of the properties included in the Schedule now belonging to Mr. Pompe van Meerdervoort, you may confidently rely that, after the expiration of the now running lease of 24 years, there will be no difficulties to renew the Leases for another period of 30 years, as this is presently the period the Government leases the Oyster Beds on the Scheldt.

Dr. Lw. C. H. PRINS, Barrister at the Court of Justice of Breda, and Member of the Corporation of Bergen-op-Zoom.

(3). To verify the profits for the four years ending June 30th, 1890, to have been as stated by Mr. Pompe van Meerdervoort, in his report, they have been furnished with the following certificate of profits by Mr. Walter Howgrave:—

CERTIFICATE OF PROFITS.

5 & 6, Great Winchester-street, London, E.C., 18th July, 1891.

I hereby certify that I have made an investigation of the books and accounts of the following businesses, viz:—"De Parel," "De Groots and Boliers," and "The Oyster Culture Company," Van Tienhoven, and that the profits of these three businesses for the four years ending June, 1890, as shown by the books, accounts, and valuations produced to me have amounted to £182,268, or an average of £45,567 per annum.

The certificates of profits of the Nederlandsche Mattschappij, issued by Messrs. Labouchere Oyens & Co., and Messrs. Burdet & Druyvesteyn, Bankers, of Amsterdam, have fully satisfied me that the profits for the preceding seven years of the businesses taken over by the Company amounted to £111,916, or an average of £15,988.

This brings the total of the average net profits of the businesses to £61,555 per annum, and I certify that in arriving at such profits the most ample allowance has been made for renewals, depreciation, and administration expenses.

WALTER HOWGRAVE, Chartered Accountant

The Directors (through the Corporate Trust, Limited) have deposited with the Nederlandsche Trust-Maatschappij (as Trustees for this Company) securities satisfactory to Mr. Pompe van Meerdervoort, for the purchase monies payable in respect of the various properties proposed to be acquired, with instructions not to release the same, except upon the order of the Directors, and the delivery of the receipts for the securities, and upon transfer of the various properties, after the titles have been approved to their satisfaction, as well as to the satisfaction of the Solicitors for the Company, and of T. M. C. Asser, LL.D. Professor of Law at the University of Amsterdam, Barrister-at-law, &c., who has consented to advise the Company.

The Works will be taken over as going concerns as from June 30th, 1891, from which date the profits will belong to the Company. All the book debts up to June 30th, 1891, will be received by the Vendors, and all liabilities to that date will be discharged by them.

The purchase-money for the whole of the Oyster Parks, Steam and Sailing Trawlers, Magazines, Reservoirs, Mansions, and material referred to in the foregoing Report of the Managing Director is £630,000. The Vendors take on account of the purchase-money the whole of the Debentures, and also one-third of the Preference Shares and of the Ordinary Shares, being the largest proportion of Share Capital which, under the custom of the London Stock Exchange can be taken by a Vendor in any Company desirous to secure a quotation on that Exchange. The sum of £30,000 of Share Capital is reserved for additional Working Capital.

Assuming the net annual profits not to exceed those certified, they would provide— 4½ per cent. upon Debentures, £150,000 ..... £6,750
7 per cent. upon Preference Shares, £150,000..... 10,500
10 per cent. upon Ordinary Shares, £360,000 36,000

£53,250

Leaving a yearly balance, for administration and reserve, of 8,305

£61,555

But it will be seen that the calculations of the Managing Director show the prospect of profits and dividends far exceeding even the above satisfactory figures.

Mr. J. L. C. Pompe van Meerdervoort and the Corporate Trust, Limited, are the promoters of the Company. The Corporate Trust, Limited, having entered into an agreement with Mr. Pompe van Meerdervoort for the purchase of the property above mentioned, have, by the Contract for Sale hereinafter referred to, agreed to sell it to the Company at a profit, and they have fixed the price at the sum above mentioned.

The following Contracts have been entered into, viz.:—(1) A Contract dated the 18th day of July, 1891, and made between Mr. J. L. C. Pompe van Meerdervoort of the one part, and the Corporate Trust, Limited, of the other part; and (2) the Contract of Sale to this Company, dated the 24th day of July, 1891, and made between the Corporate Trust, Limited, of the one part, and the Company of the other part. The Contract of Sale provides for the payment of all costs, charges, and expenses attending the negotiation of the purchase, and all other expenses of the Company up to allotment. In relation to these and other matters, arrangements have been entered into with various persons, and arrangements have also been made for guaranteeing the subscription of capital, which may constitute Contracts within the meaning of the 38th Section of the Companies Act, 1867. There are also various Contracts connected with the several properties as a going concern which it would be inexpedient to publish. Applicants for Shares must be deemed to waive the insertion of dates and names of the parties to any such Contracts or arrangements, and to accept the above statements as a sufficient compliance with the Act.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, copies of the Contract of Sale, and of the Reports of Mr. J. L. C. Pompe van Meerdervoort, Messrs. Sandee, Van der Berght, & Sandee, Mr. C. H. Prins, and Mr. Howgrave, respectively, can be inspected by any intending subscriber at the offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

Applications for Ordinary and Preference Shares should be made on the forms accompanying the Prospectus, and should be forwarded to the Company's Bankers, accompanied by a remittance for the amount of the deposit, and, if paid by cheque, it should be made payable to the order of the Bankers, to whom the same may be sent, or they may be sent direct to the Secretary, at the offices of the Company.

If the whole amount applied for by any applicant be not allotted, the surplus amount paid on deposit will be appropriated towards the sum due on allotment. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Applications can be obtained at the the offices of the Company, or at the offices of the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors.

July 24th, 1891.

THE

GRESHAM

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

WEST-END BRANCH—2, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

FUNDS.

Annual Income	Exceeds	£800,000
Assets	Exceed	£4,610,000
Payments to Policy-holders	Exceed	£9,250,000

Moderate Rates of Premium. Liberal Scale of Annuities. Loans granted upon Security of Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Property, Life Interests, and Reversions. Also to Corporate and other Public Bodies, upon Security of Rates, &c.

PROPOSAL FORMS, &c., to be obtained on application to the Society's Agents, or to the Head Office as above.

THOMAS G. ACKLAND, F.I.A., F.S.S., *Actuary and Manager.* JAMES H. SCOTT, *Secretary.*

Telephone No. 2083. Telegraphic Address—"SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON."

—THE—

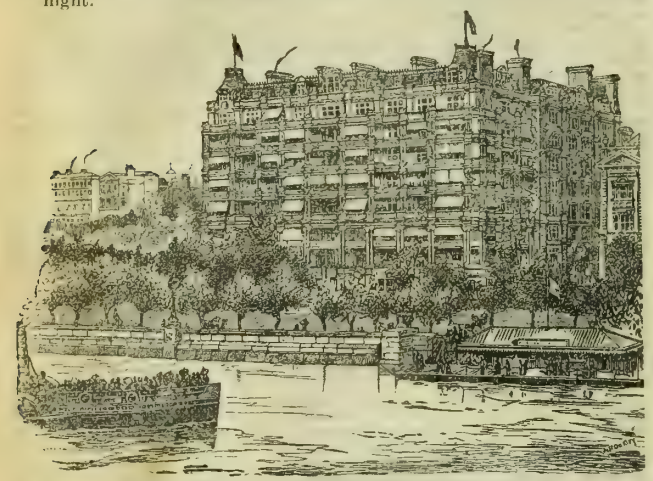
SAVOY HOTEL & RESTAURANT,

Victoria Embankment, **LONDON.**

'THE HOTEL DE LUXE OF THE WORLD,'

The finest River and Garden View in London, giving a Panorama of the Thames from Westminster to London Bridge.

Luxurious Suites on every floor, with private Bath-Rooms, &c. No charge for Baths, Lights, or Attendance. Large "Ascending Rooms" running all night.



THE SAVOY RESTAURANT.

The finest and only Open Air Restaurant in London.

In the GRAND RESTAURANT Breakfasts, Déjeuners Fourchette (Lunch), and Dinners are served *à la carte* either in the rooms or on the wide Terrace Balcony (overlooking the Thames).

Savoy Luncheon, served on the Terrace, 4s.

There are several Private Dining and Reception-Rooms with wide Terrace Balconies, specially adapted for Private Parties, Wedding Breakfasts, Receptions, and "At Homes." Guests may engage tables in advance by wire or letter. The Cuisine and Cellars rival the most famous Continental and American Restaurants. In the SALLE À MANGER, Breakfasts, Luncheons, and Dinners are served at separate Tables at the following *à la carte prices*, viz.:—

Breakfast (plain)... ... ... 2s. 0d.
Ditto, with Fish or Meat... ... ... 3s. 6d.
Savoy Dinner, at separate Tables... ... ... 7s. 6d.

Dinners served in Private Dining Rooms, from 10s. 6d. per head, for not less than Four Persons. Tables may be engaged beforehand at the Reception-Office.

The OPERA SUPPER is now served every Evening, on the Terrace and in the Restaurant.

Chef de Cuisine, M. ESCOFFIER, from the Grand Hotel, Monte Carlo.

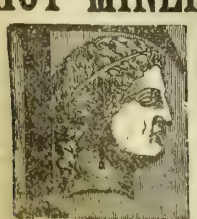
THE VICTORIA HALL.

Beautifully Decorated and admirably adapted for Wedding Breakfasts, Public, Regimental, and Masonic Banquets.

Acting Manager, L. ECHENARD, from the Midland Grand Hotel, London.

General Manager, C. RITZ, Proprietor, Hotel Provence, Cannes.

HOT MINERAL BATHS OF BATH.



Daily yield 507,600 gallons F. at 120°

FOUNDED BY THE ROMANS IN THE 1ST CENTURY.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ ΜΕΝ ΥΔΩΡ.

BATHERS DURING 1890—97,299.

These Baths are unrivalled in Europe for luxury and extent, and contain all that modern improvements can provide for the comfort and relief of the invalid, or the enjoyment of those in health.

Reclining, Deep, and Swimming Baths. Thermal Vapour Baths, for Painful Conditions of Joints, &c. Douche, Inhalation, Aspiration, Pulverisation, &c., for Ear, Eye, Throat, &c. The Aix les Bains Massage System and Doucheurs and Douchenses.

The Medical profession send patients who suffer from Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Eczema, and other skin affections.

Letters to the General Manager will receive every attention.

FLOR DE DINDIGUL,

THE NEW MEDIUM MILD INDIAN CIGAR.

A most delightful weed, full of fine aroma and delicate flavour. Connoisseurs pronounce them better than Havannahs. Everyone should sample these really excellent cigars. Prices 22s. to 20s. per 100 (post-free). Samples, four for 1s. (14 stamps).

BEWLAY & CO. LTD. 49, Strand, W.C.; 74, Strand (East India House), and 143, Cheapside, London. Established 1780.

BLACK TEETH AND WHITE TEETH.

Sweetest voices sound out harshly,
If they come through darkened teeth;
Reddest lips are disagreeable,
If foul gums show underneath.

Then buy SOZODONT, and purchase
With it, teeth of milky pearl,
And pink gums and breath of roses,
Fairer far than crimp or curl.

One might almost say that with it
One buys health and beauty rare;
For white teeth and breath of roses
Make a homely woman fair.

PRETTY GIRLS AND PLAIN GIRLS

Both use SOZODONT, and some of the loveliest of their sex have been heard to declare, when asked what beautified their teeth, that it was SOZODONT. Nature provides women with beautiful teeth. SOZODONT, if used regularly, keeps those pretty rows of pearls from decaying. This is a statement which those who use the article always corroborate. If SOZODONT were not in very truth a preparation of sterling merit, the public would long since have discovered the fact and discarded it. Sold by chemists, 2s. 6d.

Est. 1818. 10 Prize Medals. **HEERING'S** Gold Medals, Paris 1878. London, 1884.

ONLY GENUINE

COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.

PETER F. HEERING, Purveyor by Appointments to the Royal Danish and Imperial Russian Courts, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Sold by all respectable Wine Merchants.

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Very agreeable to take.

A LAXATIVE AND REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE for

CONSTIPATION,

HÆMORRHOIDS,
BILE,
HEADACHE,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
GASTRIC AND INTESTINAL TROUBLES.

Box 2s. 6d., stamps included.

Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

E. GRILLON,

69, Queen Street, Cheapside, London.

OUR PUZZLES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE "TRUTH" CHRISTMAS DOLL SHOW.

I wish my readers to clearly understand that the dolls, of all three sizes, are now ready for sending out. It has fortunately been possible to obtain a good supply thus early, and I am sure many ladies will be glad to have an opportunity of obtaining their parcels at once. If they will apply, then, without delay, the dolls shall be sent forthwith. It may be well to repeat that the rule adopted in sending them out is this :—There is no limit to the number of small dolls which may be applied for; of the medium-sized dolls, one will be sent for every six of the small ones which a lady may be willing to undertake to dress; whilst of the very large dolls, only one can be issued to each applicant. I would refer any ladies who may not have seen the new scheme for the Prizes to be given in connection with the Doll-dressing Competition, to TRUTH for July 30, where full details of the new arrangement were published. Meanwhile, any inquiries as to the doll-dressing that may be referred to me, I shall be most pleased to answer.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

"TRUTH" COLONIAL AND FOREIGN PUZZLE, No. 21.

Since I last published "Specimens" in connection with this competition, I have received additional stanzas for "God Save the Queen" from T. Williamson, B.A.; Alamosa, Colo, U.S.A.; H. E. Routh, Los Angeles, California; E. Spellos, Georgetown, Demerara; Baroda, India; Awful Warrior, Shanghai; T. M., Auckland; M. P. W., Adelaide, and Myra, Dunedin. I am not able to publish any further selection of the verses received, but will at once state that the Prize has been awarded to EVELYN, who, as an additional stanza for "God Save the Queen," suggests the following lines :—

PRIZE ADDITIONAL STANZA FOR "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," WRITTEN FROM AN IMPERIAL FEDERATIONIST'S POINT OF VIEW.

Far o'er the rolling main
Echoes the royal strain—
God save the Queen!
One great united band,
Pray we through every land,
God guard our Empire grand,
God save the Queen!

Evelyn.

*** Next week the real name and address of "Evelyn" will be given, and I shall also endeavour to give the details of the next Puzzle competition in this Series.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 650.

I shall hope to be able before long to devote further space to this interesting competition, and will not, therefore, announce the result this week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 646.

At last I am able to put the competitors in this competition out of suspense. The Prize of Two Guineas for the most correct set of interpretations of the Rebuses and Puzzle Sentences has been won by BAUSÉANT. At the same time I will add, in accordance with my promise, that BAUSÉANT, who only won, so to speak, by the skin of his teeth, was closely followed by Sclanidge, Trout, Parsonides, Bobus, Snooks, Ynyswitrin, Gloucester, Sedgeford, Ipse Dixit, Dora, Benchmark, Selah, X. Y. Z., Richman, Erjor, Guelder Rose, Simla, E. T., Vera, C. M. P., Oriole, Coaly Tyne, and Eneksa, in the order here given. For the publication of the names of the other competitors I have not space to spare. I should like, however, specially to congratulate M. Posse, of Gothenburg (Sweden), on the success which, although a foreigner, he achieved in the competition.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 651.

The Rhymed Acrostics were not particularly successful. I am quite aware, however, that good acrostics are very difficult to write, so that it would have been unreasonable perhaps to expect too much from the competitors concerned. I may say at once, none of the acrostics is quite worthy of the Two Guinea Prize. I shall therefore divide the Prize between BARITONE and TULIP, for whose Rhymed Acrostics, printed in TRUTH on August 6, I am unable to find space again this week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 655.

This is a time when a majority of TRUTH readers must be on the move, travelling up and down on the face of this Island and of the Continent of Europe. Many of them will inevitably be asked during the next few weeks to write something in the "Visitors' Book" of the hotels at which they may have been staying. It has been suggested that, as it is often extremely difficult to know what to write under such circumstances, an interesting and useful competition might be arranged by offering the usual prize of Two Guineas for

THE BEST RHYMED STANZA NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES IN LENGTH, OR A COMMENT IN PROSE CONSISTING OF NOT MORE THAN FIFTY WORDS, SUITABLE FOR WRITING IN A VISITORS' BOOK AT AN HOTEL.

It may be said that the circumstances under which tourists are called upon to write in "Visitors' Books" are widely diverse in character, and I readily admit that they are so. But in this competition any stanza or comment will be eligible which applies to any of the ordinary circumstances which arise in the course of a traveller's average experience. It will only be necessary to preface the said stanzas or comments with a brief statement of the circumstances under which they are supposed to be written. I should be glad to receive all answers on or before the morning of Monday, Aug. 24, 1891.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and address of "R. F.," winner of a third part of Prize No. 649, are R. Fright, Esq., 23, Blythe Vale, Catford, S.E.

L. M. B.—Your suggestion was so apropos that I have hastened to use it, and thank you very much for sending it to me.

BELLA B.—Your list of names for the Ten Yearlings arrived quite safely, and should have been previously acknowledged.

COSMOS.—I have duly received your correction.

VENI.—The omission of an "I" in your anagram was accidental. Thanks for your note.

COALY TYNE.—Many thanks for your capital suggestion. We will certainly have such a competition before long.

C. GARDNER.—The *nom de plume* of "Cecil" being already appropriated, will you please choose some other when you next compete?

PUGGINS.—Your acrostic on the London Season arrived too late for competition.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 652.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTED COMPOSITION OF THE BEST POSSIBLE "ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN."

*** The specimen Elevens printed on this and the following page have been taken quite at hazard from the large pile of answers which have come to hand.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

W. G. Grace, G. McGregor, Abel, Ulyett, Peel, M. Read, W. W. Read, Lohmann, Shrewsbury, Briggs, Martin.—Mowbray.

Grace, Lohmann, McGregor, Stoddart, Gunn, Shrewsbury, Briggs, Abel, Attewell, Newham, Woods.—Drallam.

W. G. Grace, W. W. Read, A. G. Steel, G. McGregor, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Barnes, Abel, Lohmann, Sharpe, Briggs.—Polonius.

W. G. Grace, McGregor, W. Newham, A. E. Stoddart, S. M. J. Woods, J. J. Ferris, Lohmann, Abel, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Barnes.—G.

W. G. Grace, Peel, Shrewsbury, Barnes, Gunn, Sherwin, Martin, W. H. Patterson, Abel, Lohmann, M. Read.—Brer Rabbit.

W. G. Grace, G. McGregor, S. Woods, Gunn, Shrewsbury, Lohmann, Abel, Peel, Ulyett, Bean, Barnes.—Cannud.

W. G. Grace, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Abel, W. W. Read, A. E. Stoddart, Bean, McGregor (Cambridge University wicket-keeper), Lohmann, Wm. Attewell, Martin.—H. C. Rose.

W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, W. Newham, T. C. O'Brien, G. McGregor, Abel, Gunn, Lohmann, Shrewsbury, Peel, Mold.—Tadkey.

W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, G. McGregor, A. Shrewsbury, W. Gunn, G. Ulyett, R. Abel, G. A. Lohmann, J. Briggs, R. Peel, W. Attewell.—W. J. Elsdon.

W. G. Grace, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Lohmann, W. Attewell, S. M. J. Woods, Peel, Newham, Bean, Stoddart, Abel.—Titbit.

W. G. Grace, Lohmann, Gunn, M. Read, S. M. J. Woods, W. W. Read, Ulyett, Shrewsbury, Abel, Flowers, Barnes.—Boz.

W. G. Grace, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Lohmann, Sharpe, Ulyett, Peel, S. M. J. Woods, G. McGregor, Abel, Stoddart.—Thalonka.

W. G. Grace, Shrewsbury, Abel, W. W. Read, Gunn, Ulyett, Barnes, Attewell, Lohmann, G. McGregor, Briggs.—Edinin.

W. G. Grace, G. McGregor, T. C. O'Brien, A. E. Stoddart, Shrewsbury, Abel, Gunn, Attewell, Lohmann, Sharpe, Martin.—C. F. Reid.

Abel, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Barnes, Ulyett, Martin, Lohmann, Peel, W. Attewell, Grace, McGregor.—Garter Tower.

W. G. Grace, Lohmann, McGregor, Stoddart, Gunn, Shrewsbury, Abel, Attewell, Briggs, Peel, S. M. J. Woods.—Pongo.

W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, A. G. Steel, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Abel, Sharpe, Lohmann, Briggs, Peel, Sherwin.—Embankment.

W. G. Grace, Lohmann, McGregor, Stoddart, Gunn, Shrewsbury, Peel, Briggs, W. W. Read, Abel, Attewell.—Acme.

W. G. Grace, G. McGregor, S. Woods, J. Ferris, Gunn, Shrewsbury, Lohmann, Abel, Peel, Ulyett, Bean.—Elaine.

W. G. Grace, G. McGregor, S. Woods, Gunn, Shrewsbury, Lohmann, Abel, Peel, Ulyett, Bean, Sharpe.—Sabretache.

W. G. Grace, Lohmann, McGregor, Stoddart, Gunn, Shrewsbury, Peel, Briggs, W. W. Read, Abel, Attewell.—Redgel.

Abel, Barnes, Briggs, Flowers, W. G. Grace, Gunn, Lohmann, W. W. Read, Sherwin, Shrewsbury, Ulyett.—Dulwichian.

W. G. Grace, Shrewsbury, Lohmann, Abel, McGregor, Gunn, Martin, Abel, S. M. J. Woods, W. W. Read, Stoddart.—Alfred Brewer.

Abel (Surrey), A. Shrewsbury (Notts), W. Gunn (Notts), W. Barnes (Notts), G. Lohmann (Surrey), F. Martin (Kent), R. Peel (Yorkshire), McGregor (Cambridge University), W. G. Grace (Gloucestershire), A. E. Stoddart (Middlesex), T. C. O'Brien (Middlesex).—Leg Before.

W. G. Grace, W. W. Read, A. E. Stoddart, Gunn, Shrewsbury, Ulyett, Abel, Lohmann, Attewell, Briggs, Sherwin.—Sid.

W. G. Grace, McGregor, Stoddart, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Lohmann, Peel, Abel, W. Newham, Bean, Attewell.—Erasiedler.

W. G. Grace, A. Shrewsbury, Stoddard, Gunn, W. W. Read, A. G. Steel, M. Read, Abel, Lohmann, McGregor, Sharpe.—Sam Slick.

Shrewsbury, W. W. Read, Abel, Gunn, Maurice Read, Ulyett, Lohmann, Briggs, Martin, Peel, G. McGregor.—Perseverance.

Abel, Stoddart, Martin, Bean, Shrewsbury, J. T. Hearne, Gunn, Henderson, Lohmann, Newham, W. G. Grace.—Aristo.

Grace, Stoddart, McGregor, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Abel, Lohmann, Peel, Briggs, Maurice Read, Attewell.—Wicket Keeper.

W. G. Grace, W. W. Read, A. G. Steel, G. McGregor, Lohmann, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Barnes, Abel, Attewell, Briggs.—Ormonde.

W. G. Grace, S. M. J. Woods, G. McGregor, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Attewell, Lohmann, Abel, Peel, Briggs, Bean.—Sikas.

W. G. Grace, G. McGregor, S. M. J. Woods, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Lohmann, Sharpe, Abel, Attewell, Barnes, Martin.—Guvnor.

W. G. Grace, G. Lohmann, W. Gunn, Abel, Shrewsbury, Sharpe, Newham, Bean, McGregor, Stoddart, Martin.—P. Mason.

Gunn, Shrewsbury, Abel, Ulyett, Barnes, McGregor, Lohmann, Peel, Attewell, Newham, Stoddart.—Ados.

Abel, Attewell, Barnes, Gunn, Lohmann, McGregor, W. Newham, Peel, Shrewsbury, Stoddart, Ulyett.—Jorks.

W. G. Grace, Woods, Attewell, Stoddart, Sherwin, Gunn, Peel, Ulyett, Lohmann, Abel, Shrewsbury.—Yankee.

W. G. Grace, Lohmann, Barnes, Abel, W. W. Read, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Sherwin, Ulyett, Sharpe, S. M. J. Woods.—Archduke.

Abel, Gunn, W. G. Grace, Sherwin, Ulyett, Peel, Briggs, William Attewell, Lohmann, W. W. Read.—A. E. Wiggin.

W. G. Grace, G. McGregor, A. E. Stoddart, R. Abel, A. Shrewsbury, W. Gunn, W. Attewell, G. Lohmann, G. Ulyett, W. Barnes, R. Peel.—Hardhit.

W. G. Grace, G. McGregor, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Attewell, Abel, Lohmann, Barnes, Briggs, Peel, Ulyett.—The Mac.

Grace, W. W. Read, McGregor, Abel, Gunn, Shrewsbury, Barnes, Lohmann, Peel, Briggs, William Attewell.—Henry Bullock.

W. G. Grace, Lohmann, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Abel, Ulyett, M. Read, Briggs, Peel, W. W. Read, G. McGregor.—A. J. Griffin.

W. G. Grace, Abel, Gunn, T. H. Hearne, Shrewsbury, Bean, A. Mold, Steel, M. Read, T. C. O'Brien, Barnes.—Immortal Will.

W. G. Grace, Abel, Shrewsbury, Peel, Lohmann, G. McGregor, Gunn, Ulyett, W. Read, Briggs, Martin.—Fine.

W. G. Grace, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Lohmann, Attewell, Woods, Briggs, Peel, Abel, Steel, Barnes.—Pavilion.

W. G. Grace, Abel, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Bean, Ulyett, Barnes, M. Read, Lohmann, Peel, J. T. Hearne.—Ginger.

W. G. Grace, A. Shrewsbury, Gunn, A. G. Steel, Peel, Ulyett, Lohmann, Abel, Briggs, G. McGregor, Attewell.—Surrey.

W. G. Grace (Gloucestershire), A. E. Stoddart (Middlesex), W. W. Read (Surrey), G. McGregor (Cambridge), Shrewsbury (Notts), Gunn (Notts), Abel (Surrey), Ulyett (Yorkshire), Lohmann (Surrey), Briggs (Lancashire), Peel (Yorkshire).—Evil.

W. G. Grace (captain) (bat and change bowler), Shrewsbury (bat), Gunn (bat), Abel (bat and change bowler), Bean (bat and change bowler), Briggs (bat and bowl), Peel (bat and bowl), Lohmann (bat and bowl), S. M. J. Woods (bat and bowl), W. Attewell (bat and bowl), G. McGregor (wicket-keeper).—Caer Glowe.

A. G. Steel, W. W. Read, A. E. Stoddart, T. C. O'Brien, W. G. Grace, Lohmann, Shrewsbury, Abel, Barnes, Gunn, Briggs.—Exbury.

W. G. Grace, W. W. Read, A. E. Stoddart, T. C. O'Brien, E. C. Streatfeild, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Briggs, Lohmann, Abel, Barnes.—B. B. L.

W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, W. W. Read, McGregor (Cambridge), Lohmann, Shrewsbury, Martin, Ulyett, Briggs, Gunn, Abel.—Cecil II.

W. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, Shrewsbury, G. McGregor, Ulyett, T. C. O'Brien, Attewell, Lohmann, Peel, Mold, Abel.—Artemus.

W. G. Grace, McGregor, Stoddart, Shrewsbury, Lohmann, Gunn, Abel, Sharpe, Peel, Bean, Briggs.—G. Douglas Robertson.

A. E. Stoddart, W. W. Read, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Abel, Lohmann, Barnes, Sharpe, Peel, Martin, Hunter.—Southerby.

W. G. Grace, W. W. Read, A. E. Stoddart, G. McGregor, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Lohmann, Peel, Ulyett, Briggs, Attewell.—Clock.

W. G. Grace, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Lohmann, Sharpe, M. Read, W. W. Read, Barnes, G. McGregor, Martin, Henderson.—G. C. V.

W. G. Grace, W. W. Read, S. M. J. Woods, McGregor, E. Smith, Shrewsbury, Lohmann, Peel, Sharpe, Briggs, Martin.—H. Northcroft.

W. Read (Surrey), Woods (Somerset and Cam. Univ.), Webbe (Middlesex), W. G. Grace (Gloucestershire), McGregor (Cam. Univ.), Stoddart (Middlesex), Shrewsbury (Notts), Maurice Read (Surrey), Abel (Surrey), Lohmann (Surrey), Attewell (Surrey).—Dak-wallah.

W. G. Grace (captain), McGregor, Walter Read, S. M. J. Woods, Newham, Lohmann, Gunn, Martin, Shrewsbury, M. Read, Attewell.—Sweet William.

W. G. Grace, W. W. Read, A. E. Stoddart, G. McGregor, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Lohmann, Briggs, Peel, W. Attewell, Maurice Read.—G. Repton.

W. G. Grace, Gregor McGregor, Lohmann, Attewell, J. T. Hearne, Stoddart, Briggs, Peel, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Douglas.—Ipse Dixit.

W. G. Grace, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Ulyett, W. W. Read, Peel, G. McGregor, Briggs, Lohmann, S. M. J. Woods, Attewell.—C. H. B.

Grace, Lohmann, Briggs, McGregor, Peel, Attewell, S. M. J. Woods, Shrewsbury, Gunn, W. W. Read, Stoddart.—C.

W. G. Grace, A. N. Hornby, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Briggs, Lohmann, Mold, Hearne, A. G. Steel, Phillips, Peel.—Marple.

W. G. Grace, G. Lohmann, A. Shrewsbury, W. Gunn, S. M. J. Woods, A. N. Hornby, Brigge, R. Abel, Wood (Surrey), A. E. Stoddart, G. Ulyett.—Quilp.

W. G. Grace, Shrewsbury, Gunn, W. W. Read, M. Read, Peel, Stoddart, Attewell, Lohmann, McGregor, Sharpe.—Monny Pho.

W. G. Grace, W. W. Read, A. E. Stoddart, G. McGregor, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Abel, Maurice Read, Lohmann, Attewell, Martin.—Leaf Rule.

Lists of suggested elevens have been received from the following competitors in addition to those already acknowledged:—Little Rough, Munaught, Glena Bay, H. A. L. S., Dulwichian, Redgel, Alfred Brewer, Leg Before, Sid, Erasiedler, Sam Slick, Perseverance, Aristo, Wicket Keeper (S. H.), Polonius, Ormonde, Sikas, Guvnor, P. Mason, Ados, Jorks, Ressela, Yankee, Mervyn, Archduke, A. E. Wiggin, Hardhit, The Mac, H. Bullock, A. J. Griffin, Five, Caer Glowe, Immortal Will, G. C. Vassall, Pavilion, Ginger, G. R. I., F. C. Faux, Drallam, Evil, Exbury, B. B. L., Cecil II., Artemus, Vassall, G. D. Robertson, Southerby, Dak Wallah, H. C. Rose, Tadkey, W. G. Elsdon, Titbit, Boz, Thalouka, Edinin, Pongo, C. I. Reid, Garter Tower, M. P., Maple, Embankment, C. H. B., Acme, Elaine, Sabretache, Cannud, Monny Pho, Marple, Cambus Kenneth, Ipse Dixit, R. F., Back, H. Forbes, Wicket, Dingoe, G. Repton, Umpire, Called-Back, Alpha, J. H. Wallington, G. V. Goulding, F. Ready, Birch Green, Mowbray, Daffodil, Sweet William, L. Gilbert, R. Halliday, Ophelia, Clock, C., Howell, Cranhill, Desideratum, Point, Quilp, Leaf Rule, Glendyne, Nacnud, Scorcher II., H. Northcroft, W. Pinniger, Vespertilio, Tourraine, Alicujus, Medico, Wits, Zodiack, Lorraine, Cosmos, Gumph, Six Knobs, Rienzi, L. J. Fish, Oke, Toose, Nep, A. E. T., Rutcher, M., Off, On, Out, Nomenclator, Ivan, Bunthorne, Soldier Boy, Gunner, Cover-point, Barnum, Bel Demonio, Rufus, Margie, Neste, Spouse, Mogul, A. Wotherall, The School, M. N., D. N., Grainer, T. R. Browne, A. Crammond, Aca, T. H. Schofield, Mignonne, Quinto, St. M., Espoir, Midget, Coffee, Augur, B. G. S., J. Bullock, Nelly B., Katie B., Veni, Arthur B., Seh, Sarah, Fiz, G. C. Harding, Berto, Chancellor, Mickey-Doodle, Glendyne, "The Slogger," E. P. B., Cups, G. J. Gillham, Morrell, T. H. Haines, Kingston, Brun, Shrub, Man of Kent, Robin, Logarithm, Caco Bendi, J. B. K., Caledonia, Golf, Clio, Yoko, Uncertain, Pugg, Hammon Wearne, Gallio, Facilitate, Mrs. Fretsaw, An Old Surreyite, Nunc Dimittis, Edgerton, Trent Bridge, Bottle, Gracious, Epictetus, Maude, Joe, Ajax, Glen Hilda, La Chanterie, Chinon, W. T. Edwards, Spilikins, A. Foster, Ye Hermit, C. S. M., Pelops, Polydore, Sujâta, Admiral, Poodles, Hopeful, R. J., Donovan, Nemesis, X. Y. Z., Kinkra, Arturus, Ache, Catshead, Rimbo, Titbury, Premier, Common, Old Carthusian, Viswamitra, Rose, Inez, Vizagapatam, Llewellyn, Ida, Cestrian, Peppery Sal, Vandadelzen, Blanche, Raethsel, Oakdoor, Bulrush, T. C. S., Dim, Orange Tip, Knight's Pawn, Bike, Linnet, Waltaire, G., Crag, Graigola, Lady Anne, Wandering Jew, Chumick, Snump, Old Nick, Asthma, Gondoliers, Brer Rabbit, Knarf, Blois, Nea Rish, Puggins, Jack Sprat, Tan Tun, Yoicks, Mimi, Cricketer, Mercaptan, Trux, W. Val Rumsey, Alice, M. M., T. W., Bobtail, The Colonel, Fleet, Cato, Jonah, Edris, Hector, Wicket Keeper, Medicus, Polidere, Madras, Cricket Ball, K. M., Red Rose, Tic, Bosco, Jupiter, Little Horror, Vanderdecken, Fifteen Poplars, R. F., M. Castle, Lifter, L. J. Fish, Anon, Toose, Nep, A. E. T., Kätchen, Out, On, Off, In, Nomenclator, Little Rough, Munaught, Glena Bray, Coaly Tyne, Mervyn, Henry Forbes, Wicket, Dingoe, Umpire, Alpha, Called-Back, J. Henry Wallington, G. V. Goulding, F. Ready, Birch Green, L. Gilbert, Daffodil, Ophelia, Cranhill, R. Halliday, W. Pinniger, Epictetus, Maude, Joe, Raethsel, Esk, C. S. M., Chancellor, G. C. Harding, Admiral, Geo. J. Gillham, Hopeful, Arthur B., Nelly B., Sarah, Fiz, Veni, Katie B., Laddie, Whackie, Rienzi, Six Knobs, Gumph, Cosmos, Lorraine, Macnud, Wits, Medico, Alungus, Bach, Cambus Kenneth, Desideratum, Point.

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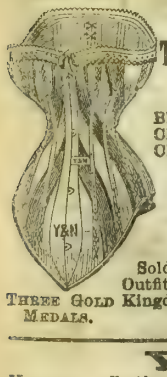

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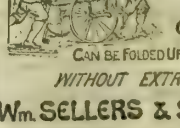

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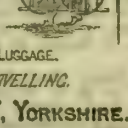

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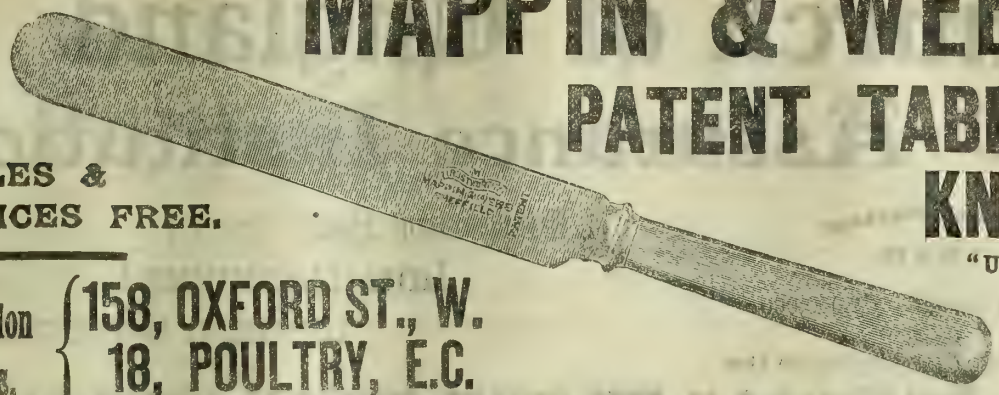

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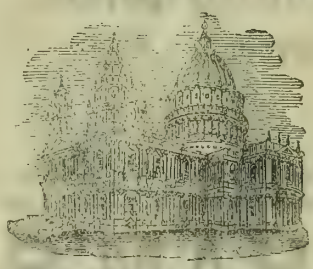

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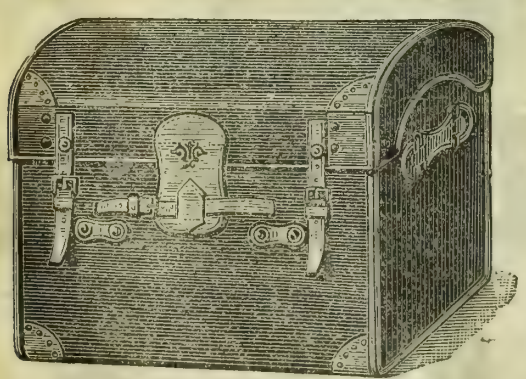

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen is to arrive at Balmoral next Tuesday in time for luncheon, and her Majesty intends to stay in Scotland, according to present arrangements, until November 20, when the Court will remove to Windsor Castle.

Dowager Lady Churchill is to go to Balmoral on Friday week, as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, in succession to Lady Southampton, and she will remain on duty until the 15th of September, when Lady Ampthill is to replace her.

The Duke of Rutland, Lord Cross, Lord Halsbury, Lord Cranbrook, Lord Knutsford, Lord Cadogan, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Chaplin, and Mr. Balfour are to be respectively the Ministers in Attendance on the Queen during the approaching sojourn of the Court at Balmoral, and each will remain at the Castle for eight days.

Her Majesty has intimated her intention of attending the Braemar Gathering, which is to be held on Thursday, September 3. A new location has been chosen for this function, which is not to take place this year at either Balmoral or Mar Castle, but in the Clunie Park at Invercauld.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to arrive at Sandringham, for the winter, on Friday, October 30.

H.R.H. is to visit Dublin for a few days in October, probably about the 20th, and the officers of the 10th Hussars intend to give a ball while he is there.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, who has gone back to Coburg with her family, will reside in Germany until the end of October, when she is going to St. Petersburg for the winter. The Duke is to proceed to St. Petersburg with the Duchess, in order that he may be present at the celebration of the silver-wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Russia, but he will not stay there for more than a fortnight. The Duchess was to have been at Osborne this week, but, in view of the frantic enthusiasm for Russia which now prevails in France, it was thought advisable that she should not accompany her Majesty in her inspection of the Fleet on Friday. An ostentatious "manifestation" to compliment the Duchess, founded upon her relationship to the Emperor of Russia, would temporarily deprive the Emperor William of his reason, and it would be exceedingly embarrassing if the French cheers were less hearty for the Queen than for her daughter-in-law.

The Duke of Connaught is to go on leave on Friday, September 4, when he will proceed from Portsmouth to Aix-les-Bains, where the Duchess is staying, and, after a brief visit to Germany, they are to go to Scotland, to reside for a few weeks at Abergeldie Castle, which is to be lent to them by the Queen. The Connaught children are to go to Balmoral next week with the Court, and they will stay there until their parents arrive on Deeside.

A daily paper announced last week that Prince George of Wales is not going to India, and that H.R.H. is not to be appointed to the *Osborne*. The report that Prince George would shortly proceed to India was contradicted in Truth several weeks ago, and, as to the *Osborne*, if he does not join her, as had been arranged, it will be only because he prefers a more active berth. The chances are that Prince George will go to the Mediterranean if he persists in his wish not to be appointed to the Royal yacht.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife are to accompany the Princess of Wales to Copenhagen in the *Osborne*, by invitation of the King and Queen of Denmark, and they will be included in the Royal party at Fredensborg, by desire of the Emperor and Empress of Russia, in whose caste prejudices there must have been a considerable thaw lately, for two years ago they would not hear of meeting the Duke in his new character as husband of their niece.

Prince Christian is taking a course of the waters at Kissingen, where the Duke of Edinburgh is expected to arrive next week for his annual "cure." Princess Christian, who is staying at Darmstadt with the Grand Duke of Hesse, will shortly proceed to Homburg on a visit to the Empress Frederick.

The Duchess of Albany and her children, who have been staying at Osborne, are to leave Claremont this week

for Birkhall, the Queen's place near Ballater, where they will reside for two months, and H.R.H. will receive visits there from her sisters, the Hereditary Princess of Bentheim and Princess Elizabeth of Waldeck.

The Duke of Cambridge is to return from Homburg next week, and he will shortly proceed to Scotland on a tour of inspection, and while H.R.H. is in the north he is to pay a visit to Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby at Drummond Castle, Perthshire, when he will have some deer-stalking in Glenartney Forest.

There is a truly infantile ingenuousness in the announcement of a "London Correspondent" that he had been "assured at the German Embassy" that there has been nothing seriously amiss with the Emperor William. This is the "assurance" which would be forthcoming if his Majesty were on the brink of the grave, for no Royal personage is ever officially allowed to be dangerously ill, until the rattles are in his throat. As I have often reminded my readers, on the day before Prince Albert died, the published bulletin announced that his illness was "unattended by unfavourable symptoms," although at that very time he was practically a dead man.

The Empress Frederick has abandoned her intended visit to Scotland, and she will stay at Homburg until the middle of October, when she intends going to Italy for a few months. The relations between the Empress and her eldest son are by no means cordial at present. The family squabblings which were the result of her Majesty's ill-advised visit to Paris have renewed the hostilities of 1888 and 1889. The Empress finds that nothing is to be gained by acting as "the buffer" for her son. If the visit to Paris had been a success, the Emperor would have taken all the credit; but, as it failed, he has endeavoured to make his mother bear all the blame.

Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen (the Crown Prince of Roumania) is expected in England shortly, and during his stay in this country he will pay a visit to the Queen at Balmoral. The Prince's betrothal to one of her Majesty's granddaughters will probably be announced in the course of the autumn.

The statement in a contemporary that "dismay" has been caused in Court circles by the announcement that the Maharajah of Mysore contemplates a visit to England is the purest and silliest of fictions. The Maharajah is not to be the guest of the Queen if he comes to England, and there is no idea of his being quartered at Buckingham Palace.

Judging from the number of communications which have recently reached me on the subject, English visitors to Continental health resorts are smarting keenly under the charges of the foreign doctors. Even where these local lights are English, the charges seem to be equally extortionate. It may be useful, therefore, to some of my readers to know that at many places on the Riviera, notably San Remo, it is possible to obtain the services of fully-qualified Italian doctors at five francs a visit. Nearly all of them speak French, and some English.

Lord Londsdale is entertaining a large shooting party at Lowther Castle, including Lords Winchester, Chesham, Churchill, Cholmondeley, and Worcester. There are to be a series of grouse drives this week over the well-known Hilton and Murton moors, which are the most extensive in Westmoreland.

The Duke of Devonshire remains at Holker Hall, Lancashire, but there was a shooting party last week at Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, including Sir Henry James, Admiral Egerton, and Mr. Victor Cavendish, and 168 brace of grouse were bagged on the first day of the season. Lord Hartington is to shoot at Bolton Abbey after his return from Homburg.

Lord Wimborne has arrived at Beaufort Castle, Lord Lovat's place in Inverness-shire, which he has taken for the shooting season, and he will be joined there this week by Lady Wimborne, who has been staying at Carlsbad during the last month.

The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle are staying at Glenakil House, Loch Fyne, Argyleshire, for a month. The Duke has rented the Glenakil shootings for the season.

Lord Edmund Talbot is this week entertaining a shooting party at Derwent Hall, the Duke of Norfolk's quaint old lodge in North Derbyshire, between Bakewell and Glossop. Grouse-shooting on the Duke's extensive moors was to commence yesterday.

The Duke of Grafton has arrived at Euston, his place in Suffolk, where he intends to reside for several months, and the Duke of Cambridge is to be his guest there for a week in October.

Lord and Lady Breadalbane returned last week to Taymouth Castle, Perthshire, and will stay there until the beginning of next month, when they are going to Blackmount Forest, Argyleshire, for the shooting season, and in November Lord Breadalbane is to undergo another course of treatment at Bath.

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford intend to reside at Woburn Abbey during the autumn, and they will probably go abroad for the winter.

Lord Rosebery intends to pass the autumn at Mentmore, and in November he will most likely go abroad for a few months.

The Duke and Duchess of Wellington and Lord and Lady Fitzhardinge arrived at Lairg House, Sutherlandshire, on Thursday, for the shooting-season, and they go next week to the lodge in Ben Armine Forest. The

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 402 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 403.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 404.

Lairg shootings on Loch Shin extend over 60,000 acres, and yield a very heavy bag of grouse and other Highland game.

Lord and Lady Portsmouth have returned to Eggesford; their place in North Devon, and intend to reside there through the autumn and winter.

Sir Andrew Clark has rented Offchurch Bury, the Dowager Lady Aylesford's beautiful old place near Leamington, for two months. Offchurch Bury, which is famous for its gardens, is the ancient seat of the Knightley family, of whom the present owner of the place was the heir.

Lord Alington, who is residing at Crichel, his place in Dorsetshire, will be among the guests of Lord and Lady St. Oswald, at Nostell Priory, near Wakefield, during Doncaster race week.

It is diverting to find a journal which is supposed to be a great authority on shooting ingenuously announcing that "the outlook for the twelfth is anything but promising in Devonshire." How on earth is Devonshire concerned with "the twelfth," considering that there is not a grouse moor within 250 miles of Exeter?

Lord Derby has let his grouse-moors in Cheshire and Derbyshire to Lord Scarsdale.

No really "big" bags of grouse were obtained in Scotland last week, and the only notable report which has reached me comes from Yorkshire, where Lord Ripon's party, at Studley Royal (six guns) shot upwards of 700 brace in two days on the Dallowgill moors, the greatest execution being done, as usual, by Lord de Grey.

The show of the Highland Society at Stirling has proved a great success, the takings having amounted to £2,835, as against £2,831 at Dundee last year, £2,204 at Melrose in 1889, and £2,168 at Glasgow in 1888.

Captain Duncombe's celebrated stud of Shire-horses is to be sold off at Calwich Abbey, Staffordshire, on Wednesday, September 23.

A large portion of Sir Hussey Vivian's choice herd of Shorthorns (about fifty head) is to be sold off at Singleton Abbey, near Swansea, next Tuesday.

The late Colonel Hambro's famous cellar of wines, at Melton, Dorsetshire, has just been sold, and very high prices were realised for a country sale. Lafite went at 90s. per dozen; port, of 1847, at 135s.; sherry, sixty years in bottle, went at 95s. and 90s. per dozen; and Pommery & Greno's champagne (1874) fetched 200s. per dozen. The old oak furniture, of which Colonel Hambro was an ardent collector, fetched extraordinary prices—£56, 14s. being paid for a carved bedstead dated 1609, and a quaint old English eight-day clock realised £16.

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth. Also The Belle Vue and Pier Hotel, opposite the Pier, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach, General Manager, late of the Bath Hotel, Bournemouth.

A contemporary, which states that Aboyne Castle has belonged to the Gordons for six hundred years, is presumably unaware of the fact that the place is not now the property of Lord Huntly, as it was sold a few years ago to his father-in-law, Sir William Cunliffe Brooks. As a matter of fact, "the Gordons" do not now own an acre on Deeside.

The struggle over the right-of-way from Braemar to the "Lion's Face," referred to in Truth twelve months or so ago, appears to be still raging vigorously. A recent number of an Aberdeen paper reports that the fence blocking the road had been demolished and re-erected "three or four times" within the preceding week. The last demolition was followed by the publication of a formal notice to the public (of course, from the demolishers) that "the road is now open." Old Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld, one of the most popular men on Deeside, might almost turn in his grave at the knowledge of the odium which his successor has incurred by this and other acts of high-handed selfishness.

The present tenant for life of the Savernake estate is exceptionally unfortunate in being burdened with no fewer than three jointures for the widows of the last three owners, and one of these ladies has been drawing her income from the property for thirty-five years.

Miss Rushout, of Burford House, to whose death I referred last week, has left a large fortune, and her sister-in-law, Lady Northwick (to whom the Burford House estate passes), is the residuary legatee. There are numerous charitable bequests, and Miss Rushout has left £20,000 in augmentation of the endowment fund of the church and college of St. Michael's, Tenbury.

James Russell Lowell was often described as the American Addison. He was a charming writer, and a truly delightful person. He was a master of the English language, both in prose and in poetry, and his most famous work, "The Biglow Papers," is the most striking combination of wit and humour which has enriched British literature since the appearance of "Hudibras." Scott was his favourite novelist, and he knew by heart Boswell's "Johnson," and Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter." Mr. Lowell was an admirable speaker, and there have been few better talkers. He had an endless flow of anecdote, and his power of repartee was truly marvellous. He was a voracious reader in English, French, Italian, and Spanish. Few men have died of late years who have taken with them to the grave so large an amount of rare and precious attainments and learning.

Mr. Lowell had been engaged for some time in collecting materials for a long-meditated biography of Nathaniel

Hawthorne. He was about to commence the work, which he had hoped to complete in a few months, when his last illness supervened.

The Duke of Westminster, who recently passed a fortnight in Holland, has lent four Dutch masterpieces for exhibition at The Hague. There are three Rembrandts, all portraits, and Paul Potter's delightful work, "A Scene in the Meadows near the Hague."

Sir Noel Paton refused to accept the Presidency of the Royal Scottish Academy, so Mr. George Reid has been elected successor of the late Sir William Douglas. Mr. Reid is one of the best of the Scottish artists, and as a portrait painter he long ago achieved widespread fame. He is a man of notable culture, and very popular.

The latest additions to the National Gallery are five pictures from Lord Darnley's collection at Cobham Hall. There is the "Milky Way," by Tintoret, and four works by Paul Veronese, of which three are excellent examples of his school, but the other (which their late owner presented to the nation) is not a picture of remarkable merit. Lord Darnley has done a good stroke of business in selling the four pictures for £5,000; for when they were purchased for the Cobham Gallery at the sale of the Orleans collection, the five (*i.e.* including the one which he has now given to the National Gallery) cost only £248!

The first session of Mr. Henry Blackburn's School at his studio in Victoria-street, for instruction in drawing for reproduction, appears to have been successful beyond expectation. Some ninety students went through the course, two-thirds of them being ladies. It will, doubtless, therefore, be of interest to many to know that the second session will commence on September 14. The next task which Mr. Blackburn proposes to himself is that of "educating the critics of illustrated books"—an undertaking which deserves a large measure of public sympathy.

I have to thank a large number of Hygienists and Demographists for copies with which they have been good enough to favour me of papers read by them at the recent Congress. I look forward to deriving much recreation from the perusal of these compositions during the holiday season, when one has leisure to devote to literature of the lighter and more entertaining sort. For the present—owing, I suppose, to a naturally frivolous disposition—the only paper to which I have as yet been able to turn my attention is that of Mr. Lennox Browne on "The Sanitation of Theatres." I confess that what I have read here is calculated to create a serious impression, even among the most frivolous.

Hitherto, I have been under the impression that the labours of the County Council had rendered all our theatres physically safe, even if their moral dangers have not been wholly obviated. From Mr. Lennox Browne's researches, however, it would seem that while concentrating all their attentions upon fire—temporal and eternal—our rulers have overlooked other equally serious dangers. We are now told that

> Certain theatres are recognised in the theatrical profession as risky places to play in, from the liability of illness being engendered.

We ought clearly to know which these theatres are, for they should be equally recognised by audiences as risky places to sit in. With the most eminent of theatrical managers upon our County Council, we may, I presume, trust that this matter will not be lost sight of.

On June 11 I referred to the carelessness of the officials of the Science and Art Department, at the last honours examination in inorganic chemistry, in asking pupils to analyse a substance which had not been included in the syllabus of the examination. The following note has now been appended to the published results of the examination:—

> Exception having been taken to the substance given for quantitative analysis as not being within the terms of the syllabus, in awarding results where candidates have failed in this part of the examination, their marks in qualitative analysis alone have been considered, and if they have done sufficiently well in it they have been awarded a class. Candidates who obtained sufficient marks to pass in quantitative analysis have been given the benefit of these marks.

It is some satisfaction to discover that my representations in this matter have not been wholly in vain, but duty compels me to point out that the above announcement is utterly unsatisfactory. It means, as I understand it, that honours have been granted on the strength of an examination in subjects which are not properly the subjects of honours, and it leaves the result grossly unfair to students who have been devoting themselves to certain subjects on the strength of the syllabus, and who might have taken a totally different place in the class-list had they been examined in those subjects. There was one satisfactory way, and one only, by which the Department could get over its blunder, and that was by holding the examination again.

In the current number of that interesting publication, the *Strand Magazine*, there are some amusing illustrations of politicians at play. Mr. Leonard Courtney, however, ought most certainly to have been included. One day last week the Deputy-Speaker officiated as auctioneer at a flower show and industrial exhibition in Longfords Valley. In this capacity, he disposed of a valuable stock of home-made bonnets, to the manifest satisfaction of the company, and the substantial profit of the Society. The bonnets put up were displayed upon a young gentleman who kindly lent his head for the purpose, and by his

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Dr. J. W. Keyworth (M.D. London), Southport, writes: "I have tried Pepsalia, and am so satisfied with its results that I am using it daily with suitable cases, and have every reason to endorse all that is claimed in regard to its usefulness." Pepsalia absolutely effects digestion, and restores dyspeptics to a condition of health and comfort. Bottles 1s. and 2s., from chemists, or G. & G. Stern, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

business-like indication of the "points" in the millinery, the Chairman of Committees disclosed altogether unsuspected traits of character.

For some time past Stratford-on-Avon has been agitated over a contemptible demand put forward by Lord Sackville, as Lord of the Manor, to a rent from the Corporation for the few inches of ground in the market-place on which stands the Jubilee Fountain erected by Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia. As far as I can understand the matter, Lord Sackville is not actually in want of the money, but is anxious to have it clearly placed on record that in civilised England, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, feudal rights have still enough force in them to prevent a municipal corporation erecting a monument in its market-place without paying tribute to the "lord" of the place. This preposterous claim would probably have been resisted *à outrance* had not the situation taken a new turn, owing to the Corporation being desirous of building a bridge over the stream called the Stour, which could only be done on land belonging to the Lord of the Manor. Lord Sackville has now made it known that if the Corporation will pay rent for the fountain, he will let them have land for the bridge, but not otherwise. Truly, in matters of this kind, *noblesse oblige*.

By the way, the Vicar of Stratford, whose aberrations I hoped had received a check, appears to have broken out again. He is now promoting the erection of "A People's Altar," which is to stand in the centre of the middle aisle of the church, underneath the tower. What may be the doctrinal significance of a "People's Altar" I do not know; but unless the people want it—and many of them clearly do not—its name is at any rate meaningless, if not misleading. The architectural objections to the erection of a structure of this kind in the centre of a church are obvious. I hope, therefore, that the parishioners will demonstrate their opinion on the matter in such a way as to remove all doubt as to whether the article in question is really likely to be the "People's Altar," or only the Vicar's freak.

A commission has been given to Mr. Kempe, of Pembroke College, Oxford, to fill the great west window of St. Mary's (the University Church) with stained glass as a memorial of Dean Burgon, who was for many years vicar of the parish. It is also proposed to restore the chancel, under which Amy Robsart lies buried. St. Mary's is one of the most renowned churches in Europe, and ample funds should be forthcoming for its thorough restoration. St. Mary's was the cradle of the Oxford Movement, and it was from its pulpit that Dr. Newman delivered his famous sermons, which, as Dean Burgon remarks, "were like those of no other preacher, for their finished beauty, their pathetic interest, and their constraining power."

YACHTING, FISHING, &c.—MOREL'S new list of YACHT STORES, SPECIALTIES and NOVELTIES in PRESERVED PROVISIONS, just published, on application to 186, Piccadilly, W.

Two exceptionally beautiful stained-glass windows have been placed in Lisburn Cathedral in memory of the late Sir Richard Wallace. The large window, which represents the story of the Good Samaritan, is the gift of Lady Wallace, and the other was subscribed for by the congregation of the Cathedral and the friends of Sir Richard, including the Prince of Wales.

The library of Pembroke College, Oxford, has received a most valuable present from Mrs. Evans, the wife of the Master, in the shape of the late Professor Chandler's splendid and quite unique Aristotelian library, which was bequeathed by him to her.

According to a return which has just been published, the revenues of the Church of England amount to £5,753,557 a year. Of this the Archbishops and Bishops garner in no less a sum than £87,827 for stipends alone, and £192,460 is absorbed by the Cathedral Chapters. It is impossible to understand why the Archbishop of Canterbury should be paid so exorbitant a salary as £15,000 a year, in addition to which he has the use of two delightful residences. The queer Anglican superstition that a Bishop must have an income of several thousands a year, and must dwell in a lordly mansion, in order that he and his wife may swagger during the term of his episcopate as county magnates, appears to be an impregnable fatuity. If the Bishops were paid £1,500 a year each, and were relegated to modest prebendal houses, and deprived of their seats in the House of Lords, it would be much better both for them and for the Church; and, as a rule, they are such atrocious jobbers that their patronage should be placed in other hands.

The late Dean Elliot was a divine of a type that is now comparatively rare either in the Roman Catholic or in the Anglican Church. He resembled in many respects the French abbés and the English Court clergy of the last century. The Dean, in reality, had no special Church principles whatever. He was something more than wide in his theological views, and, as a clergyman, he was emphatically a round peg in a square hole, but, as a young man, he was pitchforked into the Church by some Erastian relatives, who anticipated that family interest would push him in his profession. Dean Elliot was a very clever man, excellent "good company," a noted *bon vivant*, and he had read largely, and had a considerable acquaintance with every department of French literature. He was one of the best of table-talkers when in congenial company. Wilkie Collins was one of his greatest favourites in the old days.

The Dean was related to the Minto family, and this connection recommended him to the peculiar favour of Lord John Russell, who gave him a lucrative Crown living, and then made him Dean of Bristol, and who would

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assuredly have raised him to the Bench, if he had remained in office. Dean Elliot was a sagacious man, and he foresaw, as soon as any one, that all the plums of preferment would fall for many years to the Low Church party, to which he accordingly attached himself, and, astounding to relate, so cleverly did he play his cards that he soon came to be regarded as one of the most able and zealous of the Evangelical leaders. He was particularly prominent during the Gorham controversy, and overwhelmed the High Church leaders with invectives, with the result that they regarded him with absolute loathing. Bishop Phillpotts was reported to have described him as a "hypocritical scoundrel," while Bishop Wilberforce, with characteristic astuteness, made it his business to put a spoke in Dr. Elliot's wheel at Court. The result was that when Lord Shaftesbury induced Lord Palmerston to nominate him for the See of Gloucester and Bristol, after Bishop Monk died, the appointment was peremptorily vetoed by the Queen.

Dean Elliot was infinitely disgusted that he did not obtain promotion, but the fact is that he had overreached himself when he excited the active hostility of the High Church party, and it is hard to understand how so shrewd a man could have made so fatal a blunder. If the leaders of that party were unable to obtain promotion for their own partisans, nevertheless they exercised great indirect influence through their friends at Court, and Dean Elliot was so much disliked by them that it became one of their great objects to keep him off the Bench; whereas if he had not been quite so noisy and downright offensive during the periods of the Gorham campaign and the "No Popery" craze, he would undoubtedly have been made a Bishop. The exasperation of Dr. Elliot's opponents was aggravated by the fact that those of them who really knew him were perfectly aware that he did not care a brass button about either Baptismal Regeneration or any other doctrine or dogma whatever.

For some years the Dean lived a great deal at Farley Hill Court, a pretty place near Reading, which belonged to his second wife, and the house was a very pleasant one, and was frequented by many well-known literary people, and especially by dwellers on the borders of Bohemia. In such company Dr. Elliot took the greatest delight, while his guests were very well pleased with him.

During the last twenty years the Dean had lived always at Clifton, with his daughter by his first wife, who entirely devoted herself to him, and her sedulous attention undoubtedly prolonged his life. He had not taken any part in the Cathedral services since 1874, but he exercised a most pernicious influence over the Chapter, and Bristol Cathedral under his rule has certainly not been the "factor" in the city and diocese which it would have been had a policy more in accordance with the spirit of the age been favoured by the Dean.

The Deanery of Bristol is worth £1,300 a year, and Lord Salisbury ought most certainly to offer it to Archdeacon Morris, who has been the *de facto* Bishop and Dean of the city for more than twenty years; and, being a divine of moderate ideas, a fine scholar, and an admirable preacher, his promotion would be acceptable to all parties in the Church.

Bishop Wordsworth has been on a walking tour through Dorsetshire, in order that he might visit a number of remote villages in his diocese. The Bishop left Salisbury last week to pass a month in Germany.

The Duke of Devonshire has set an excellent example to patrons of livings. The vicarage of Hartington, Derbyshire, which is in the gift of his Grace, recently became vacant, and nearly every householder in the parish signed a petition asking for the appointment of the curate. The Duke has complied with the wishes of the inhabitants by presenting the curate to the living.

Bishop King's health has much improved lately, but he will not return to Lincoln until the middle of next month.

A garden-party was given by Lord and Lady Brooke last week, at Easton Lodge, Essex, at which there was a large attendance of the "clergy and gentry" of the county, to hear addresses on behalf of the Bishop of St. Albans Fund. The Suffragan Bishop of Colchester (Dr. Blomfield) delivered a most animated speech, in which he warmly insisted that it is the imperative duty of persons in station and wealth to look after and care for their humbler and poorer neighbours. In conclusion, the Bishop turned to Lord Brooke, and said, "*You*, my Lord, do not need to be told that your order is on its trial, and *we* do not require to be told that some members of that order have not come out of the trial particularly well."

Manchester Cathedral is a very wealthy foundation, and the Dean and Canons enjoy exceptionally large stipends; but the regular choir has always been limited to "four singing men" and "four singing boys," a ridiculously inadequate number. It is satisfactory to hear that the Dean and Canons are making arrangements which will result in the choir being considerably augmented.

A public prayer which Bishop Blomfield once ordered to be used in the diocese of London was denounced in the House of Commons by Mr. Joseph Hume as "cant, humbug, and hypocrisy." These epithets might fairly be applied to the prayer which the Primate has just written and ordered to be used in the diocese of Truro, "commending the Bishop-elect and the sphere of his labours to the special protection of Heaven." With all the Primate's ardent zeal for the diocese of Truro, he could not bring himself to postpone his departure for the Engadine in order that the new Bishop might be consecrated on Monday next, the result of which would have been that Dr. Gott could have commenced his work in Cornwall on September 1. Now the diocese will remain without its "chief pastor" until the middle of October.

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London, 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

"A Lover of Old Churches" writes from a West-end Club:—

Driving over on Friday last from a friend's house in the neighbourhood to visit the Church of Sible-Hedingham, in Essex, I sat down for a moment in the churchyard to enjoy a view of the tower, when I was suddenly accosted by a lady in the road who asked me where I came from. I told her that I had driven over to see the church. To this she replied:—"Well, I would have you know that we do not like persons sitting about our churchyard." Supposing her to be crazy, I made no reply. After she had gone, I asked the man who was holding my horse who she was. He told me that she was the wife of the clergyman and was as sane as her neighbours.

I publish this letter with some hesitation, having been somewhat severely taken to task lately by some of my Church readers for being too hard on the Established Church, as compared with other religious denominations. I am most anxious, however, to be perfectly fair to all parties. If, therefore, any of my readers will favour me with particulars of a case in which a stranger has been rebuked for looking at the outside of a Roman Catholic church, or a Wesleyan, Congregational, or Baptist chapel, or a Jewish synagogue, a Mahommedan mosque, or a Buddhist temple, or a meeting-house of the Plymouth Brethren, the Quakers, or the Shakers, or any other community, I shall be happy to give it as much publicity as I have done to the above occurrence at Sible-Hedingham.

The following remarks upon the responsibility for the gross ecclesiastical scandal at Shere are doubtless perfectly accurate. From my point of view, indeed, it is of little consequence whether the fault lies with the law or with those charged with administering it; but there is this much consolation to be derived from my correspondent's remarks—namely, that the matter will doubtless be brought before long to the notice of the new Bishop of this diocese, who will hardly treat it as easily as his predecessor:—

With reference to your remarks as to the case of the Incumbent of Shere, non-resident abroad for many years past, though still receiving by far the larger portion of the income of the living, permit me to point out that it is not the "law" which is in this instance at fault, but the administration of the law by the Ordinary (*i.e.*, the Bishop).

The law allows a Bishop to grant a clergyman a licence of non-residence on certain grounds fully specified by statute. But the longest period for which such a licence can be granted (and this only in the case of the incumbent's *own* ill-health, and on production of medical testimony) is to the "end of the year following the one in which such licence is granted." The point I wish to emphasise is this—that a scandal like the one referred to can only exist with the direct connivance of the offending clergyman's ecclesiastical superiors, and (not infrequently) in defiance of laws passed to prevent such abuses.

A gentleman who sent me an anonymous letter a few weeks back with reference to a comment upon a paltry collection made in Winchester Cathedral, now writes (still anonymously) to complain that I spoke of his letter as "abusive." I have not the letter by me now, and consequently cannot possibly enter into a discussion of the question, but if the writer did not intend his vigorous expressions to be read in the sense in which I took them, I cheerfully accept his assurance to that effect. For the guidance, however, of the large number of correspondents who address me every week it may be well for me to express my views on this subject. I divide my letters into two classes. Class I. comprises criticisms, corrections, or other communications addressed to me in a friendly spirit; Class II. comprises pure abuse, or any other matter apparently intended to be offensive. Letters in Class I. I feel it my duty to answer in one form or another; Class II. I take no further trouble over, unless it suits my purpose. It would be well, therefore, for correspondents so to word their communications that no mistake may occur in classifying them.

Enough has, I think, been said on the Missionary question in these columns during the last few months to enable all who are blessed with minds to make those minds up one way or the other. For this reason I must excuse myself from further notice of the letters on this subject which still continue to reach me from distant parts of the Empire. I cannot help being rather struck, however, by an extract which has been sent me from an article published some weeks back in the *Shanghai Mercury*. Dealing with the recent onslaught of the Celestials upon the "foreign devils," the writer of this article remarks that it is "worthy of note" that while the first victims at Wusueh were Englishmen, "so far as is known not one French Missionary has been attacked." The inference drawn is that the Chinese rabble "exercise a wise discrimination in the persons they attack," and that their discrimination in this case is "doubtless due to the wholesome fear the native officials have of French men-of-war." It may be so. Those, however, who have spoken so forcibly in TRUTH of the unique success of the French missionaries in winning the confidence and respect of the Chinese will probably see very different reasons for this remarkable discrimination. And they may be right, too.

Here is, indeed, Sabbatarianism gone mad! A sensible proposal was made at the meeting of the Worcester Town Council last week in favour of opening the public slaughter-houses for a certain time on Sundays during the summer months. It appears that in the very hot weather lamb killed on Saturday will not keep properly till Monday, so the butchers find it necessary to kill on Sunday, even if they have to do so, at great inconvenience, in their backyards. The Corporation cannot, of course, stop slaughtering on Sundays, but they can prevent its being done at the appointed place and under the most fitting conditions, and this they do. I don't dare trust myself to comment on the matter.

A Horse Show, in connection with which was a jumping competition, was held a week or two ago at Calwell Court, Herefordshire. I am told that the Rector of the Parish gave instructions that none of the school-children were to attend the show, on the express ground that such an exhibition would carry them on the road to hell. If this is the result of exhibiting a prize horse, I would respectfully ask this Rector what is likely to be the effect in the parish of his exhibiting himself as a prize donkey?

I have received the following amounts towards Lady Jeune's Fund:—

J. Shearman, 10s.; J. R., 10s.; R. Hughes, £4; C. L., £1; K. A. A., £1; 10 per cent. of earnings, £5; and the second half of £5 note from Nemo.

I am favoured with a great many copies of regimental magazines, and almost invariably find interesting matter in them. The latest received—the Journal of the 1st Royal Irish, which bears the extremely happy motto, "*Quis Separabit*"—is no exception to the rule. All these magazines afford evidence of the change which public education is bringing over the rank and file of the Army, and those who consider that Tommy Atkins may be best dealt with as though he were a brainless trained animal, would do well to read, mark, and digest a few samples of his literary efforts.

A "Non-commissioned Officer" sends me some sensible remarks urging that a potent cause of the want of influence and authority on the part of N.C.O.'s is the failure of commissioned officers to treat them with a reasonable show of respect and civility:—

> I have heard (he writes) an officer in charge of a company call a sergeant a "d——d ass" for some trifling mistake. Immediately afterwards, on the commanding officer giving an order, that same officer turned to the sergeant, and coolly asked him what he was to do. If N.C.O.'s are treated with this contemptuous insolence in the face of their men, how can the men be expected to show any respect for them?

There is much force in this. The modern N.C.O. is too often lamentably handicapped by youth and inexperience. That being so, officers should make it their first business to assist him in gaining that influence over the rank and file, without which discipline is impossible.

With reference to a recent paragraph on the subject of N. C. O.s' marriages, "A Sergeant" writes that only 50 per cent. of the sergeants are allowed to marry, and he adds:—

> As to the wisdom of the regulations I have nothing to say, but I know that they deter very few from marrying who wish to do so, while they are a constant cause of men leaving the service at the first opportunity, either from a desire to get married, or to escape the disagreeable position of soldiers married without leave.

This subject has been frequently discussed in Truth, and I have not yet found any one with a word to say on behalf of the existing regulations. Instead of a set of fiddle-faddling rules as to the percentage of men in one rank and the percentage in another who may receive leave to marry, it would be infinitely better to allow all men of a certain rank or standing to marry as a matter of right, and to enforce celibacy on all the rest.

Some extraordinary statements have reached me with regard to the treatment at St. George's Barracks of would-be recruits suspected of being deserters. I am assured that it is a common thing for men whom the sergeant-major suspects of having previously been in the Army, to be summarily placed in confinement, and kept there for periods of from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, for the purpose of extorting confessions from them. During this period they get no food, unless by the surreptitious charity of other soldiers in the place. If at the end of that time they have not confessed, they are turned out without apology or explanation. This is not mere hearsay. I have before me detailed narratives of cases in which men have been subjected to such outrage as I have described, without a shadow of justification beyond the "suspicion" of a sergeant-major. Mr. Stanhope will do well to cause immediate inquiry to be made into the matter, for, apart from the impudent arrogance of such proceedings, it is difficult to imagine any more efficacious means of deterring men from offering themselves as recruits.

I am continually exposing cases where soldiers and public servants (in the lower ranks, of course, nowhere else) suffer in pocket from compulsory removal to India. The latest instance to hand is that of a colour-sergeant in a line regiment, who in England receives 1s. a day extra duty pay. On his proceeding to India this allowance is reduced to 7 rupees per month, which, at the present rate of exchange for the soldier, are worth 10s. 9½d. The man is, therefore, a loser to the tune of about £1 a month by his removal to India.

In addition to this, I understood that the allowance of twenty rupees a month which a colour-sergeant in India receives for stationery, repair of arms and certain other small expenses, generally falls short of the actual expenditure by about three rupees, or more, the balance having to be made up out of the man's private pocket. Such shabbiness is grossly discreditable to the Government, but the scandal of it is accentuated by the notorious fact that officers in higher grades profit substantially by allowances of the same kind. I could mention a case of one C.O. in India, receiving his thirty rupees "command allowance," who has never yet been known to disburse a penny of it.

The instances given in a recent number of Truth of the topsy-turvy arrangement of the stations of the so-called "territorial" regiments, was incomplete without a reference to the case of the Irish regiments, which are never by any possibility quartered in Ireland. This is a peculiar hardship to the Irish soldier inasmuch as the distance he has to travel home when he goes on furlough means to him the loss of a day or two's holiday, as well as a disproportionate expense. I believe it is the rarest thing for a soldier on furlough to be seen in Ireland. No wonder that Ireland, once the fertile recruiting-ground of some of the best stuff in the British Army, is growing less and less useful for this purpose. But it is idle, I presume, to preach to a "Unionist" Government the desirability of garrisoning Ireland with Irishmen.

A rather hard case recently brought to my attention indicates what seems to me a defect in the rules respecting the commutation of pensions of discharged soldiers proceeding to the colonies. The Royal Warrant on this subject says:—

> In any case in which a Chelsea Hospital Out-Pensioner may prove to the satisfaction of our Principal Secretary of State—and to the satisfaction of our Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital—that it would be a distinct and permanent advantage to such pensioner

The Carpet Beating Season.—The *Queen* says, "A good place to get your carpets cleaned is the Compressed Air Carpet and Tapestry Cleaning Co., Brook Green, Hammersmith. Dust blown out, No beaters,

Invergloy Hotel (by Fort William, N.B.), on Loch Lochy (Caledonian Canal).—Beautiful walks, waterfalls, &c. Good Fishing and Boating. Same Management as "Station Hotel," Oban.

to be granted a commuted sum in lieu of his daily rate of pension to enable him to reside in one of our colonies or possessions or in a foreign country, our said Commissioners may . . . commute such pension for a sum of money in lieu thereof, provided that such pensioner be over fifty and under eighty years of age, and produce a satisfactory medical certificate, showing him to be in a good state of health.

Now, this clearly contemplates that the pensioner is going to settle in the colonies, utilise his capital, and make a new start in life. If it is desirable to allow the pension to be commuted for this purpose at all, why this limitation to men above 50? The earlier in life a man undertakes an experiment of this kind the better his chance of success. By the time he has reached 50, his qualifications for making a new start in life are beginning to deteriorate, and his chances of success to diminish.

Why are soldiers provided with overcoats? The other day a brigade proceeded from Aldershot to Bisley to practise field-firing. Overcoats were taken. On the march back rain fell heavily the whole way. Every man had his overcoat rolled up behind him, but no order to put them on was given, and the men reached camp wet through. As I understand from a gentleman who witnessed the arrival of the troops that this is by no means an isolated occurrence, I think it is well that we should know what these overcoats are for. They cost us a pretty penny, and if the men do not require to wear them, they should be put away and taken care of, not carried about recklessly in the rain.

An interesting communication has been forwarded to me by "An Australian Bushman," who has had exceptional opportunities for studying the subject, with respect to the swimming of Cavalry horses. The reluctance of English military authorities to let Cavalry swim rivers, and the difficulties experienced in the operation, are entirely due, in my correspondent's opinion, to the reins of the present Cavalry bridle being sewn together at the ends instead of being fastened with a buckle, so that they can be readily separated. Here is his explanation of the matter, and I trust that it will attract the notice of all such military officers as it may concern:—

A little explanation will, I think, make my meaning clear. An Australian or any bush horseman on coming to a swim, unbuckles his reins in the middle *always*; the ends are then open like the leaders' reins in a four-in-hand. The reason for doing this is that any horse unused to swimming, directly the water deepens, instead of striking out at once, drops his hind legs and tries to tread on the bottom, pawing at the surface of the water with his fore legs. As the reins have to be quite slack, he is sure to get his feet through them, but being unbuckled, the rider is able to let go whichever rein is fouled. The horse is then clear again with fore legs unhampered, and after a very short time strikes out naturally like any other four-legged animal, and gives no trouble afterwards. With sewn reins, such as all the Cavalry have, directly the horse starts pawing, his legs go through the reins, and on account of their being fast from one side of the bit to the other and having no break in the centre, he is immediately tied up by his fore legs and head, turns turtle, and most probably drowns; and, if not, is never any good in deep water again.

Why not have serviceable buckle reins in your Cavalry instead of the sewn reins which are only fit for the park? Ninety out of every hundred horses swim and swim well, and in summer the swimming would be good for horse and man.

A Russian agent has arrived in Paris to treat for the purchase of 600,000 rifles of the new pattern which has just been adopted by the Government of the Czar, and the armament of the Russian troops with these weapons is to be entirely completed in the course of two years.

A gentleman who recently travelled from London to Scotland by sea, gives me an astonishing account of what he saw of the treatment of a detachment of soldiers (five N.C.O.'s and four men) on board his ship. As the statements bear every appearance of authenticity, and as they point to nothing short of a gross public scandal, I give the material portions of the letter verbatim. Although by an official regulation certain N.C.O.'s are entitled to second-class accommodation "when available," the whole party in this instance were travelling as steerage passengers—*i.e.*, on deck:—

The portion of the deck that was covered in ran alongside the engine-room, the heat from which was almost unbearable. The greater part of the port side was loaded to the roof, except a space 13 ft. long where the ashes were brought up, and where no one could sleep. At the end of the deck it was not loaded to the roof, but was packed with a quantity of greasy tins, bicycles, wet ropes, sails, &c. On the starboard side, there was a small clear space close to the galley door, but here was the shoot down which refuse from the galley is emptied. Of the remaining space a part was occupied with a lot of empty crates. (I actually saw one of the soldiers, a Highlander, crawl through the bars of one of these and sleep inside it.) The remaining space right across the deck would have been a fairly comfortable place had it been empty and dry, but here there was an ice-box, which had sprung a leak and made the whole of the deck wet and dirty, and, in addition to this, there was also a quantity of gear, wet hawsers, &c.

I read on the side of the ship a notice stating that the deck contained 1,690 square feet, and would hold 100 persons, each of whom was entitled to nine square feet. Now, sir, I am prepared to swear that there was only one spot on the deck on which a man 6 feet high could lie. On this spot I saw five passengers lying, and when the ship's company began to swab the deck at about 3 a.m., a stream of dirty water flowed in upon them and compelled them to turn out.

At meal-times the soldiers had to wait until all the other passengers had taken their food, and then they were none too well fed, and treated to a minimum of civility. There were also three recruits on board going to a depot in Scotland. They were worse off than the soldiers in uniform. Their food was given to them through a hole, and served in a tin such as one would feed a dog with. They had no place to sit down at their meals. Two of the three were highly-respectable lads, and you may easily imagine the impression made upon them by their first experience of military life.

So far as I can learn, there is nothing out of the common in this description; on the contrary, I am assured that it is a fair average picture of the experience of soldiers travelling coastwise. Every point in it seems to me a disgrace to the War Office officials answerable for such treatment of the men under their charge, and I trust that the matter will receive further attention.

Last week I expressed my satisfaction with the action of the Admiralty in having taken steps to mitigate the power of Naval Captains to inflict severe punishment. The absolute necessity of the step will be apparent when I add that in one of the vessels on the Mediterranean Station the Captain has signed no less than 250 warrants for severe punishments during the past fifteen months—that is an average of one warrant every other day. Under these circumstances, no one will be surprised to hear that "the crew is said to have been on the verge of mutiny, and acts of gross insubordination have been lamentably frequent."

Vice-Admiral Hopkins is to succeed Vice-Admiral Watson in the command of the West Indian and North American station at the end of the year, and he will take out the *Hercules* as his flagship.

The coveted post of Fleet Paymaster of the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, which will become vacant in October, is in the gift of the Queen herself, who makes a selection from a list of names which is sent to her from the Admiralty.

Several of my Scotch readers have, during the last few weeks, appealed to me to keep the case of the unfortunate man "Dundonnachie" before the public, and the only reason that I have not hitherto referred to it is that I have been hoping to see some active steps taken on his behalf in Scotland. I am ready to do my best in this or any other equally scandalous case, but no Editor is omnipotent in a matter of this kind. He can only speak. It must always rest with other parties to act, by setting legal or official machinery in motion. Dundonnachie earned a good title to the gratitude of his countrymen by a long and costly fight with the Duke of Athole in defence of public rights. There is not a particle of evidence on which any impartial tribunal would have pronounced him a dangerous lunatic, and his condemnation to imprisonment for life as a criminal lunatic is a disgrace, not only to the Judge who made the order, but to the whole legal administration of Scotland. I sincerely hope, therefore, that the unfortunate gentleman's many friends and sympathisers will yet bestir themselves actively on his behalf.

I notice that Mr. West, the Recorder of Manchester, last week described the First Offenders' Act as, "the most ridiculous that had ever been passed." No one interested in an enlightened administration of justice will, of course, pay much heed to the opinion of this Draconic Recorder; for they know that the only way in which the Act is ridiculous is that it is based on the assumption that J.P.'s will exercise a beneficent discretion as to its application. Experience, however, shows that it is quite hopeless to expect the average Magistrate to do anything of the kind. And some Recorders are just as wooden-headed—if not more so.

Here are three cases to which I should like to draw my readers' especial attention:—"For thrashing a three-year-old baby at Blackburn," John James Snape, labourer, was sentenced to pay a fine of 40s. It was proved that the child bore marks on various parts of his body, showing that the defendant had thrashed him severely with a heavy strap. At Cheltenham Police-court, Ernest Privett was charged with cruelty to a horse, which he had driven from Cheltenham to Tewkesbury and back, during which time he had made most unmerciful use of a whip which was split, the loose pieces of whalebone cutting like a knife. The horse's sides were covered with wounds from which blood was flowing. The Chairman described the case as "the most brutal the Bench had ever had before them," and added that "the defendant deserved to be sent to prison without the option of a fine." Sentence—a fine of £3. At Grimsby, a youth from Sheffield, named Bradshaw, aged seventeen, was charged with stealing, at Cleethorpes, two india-rubber balls, valued at 10½d. If a remand had been granted for proper inquiries it would have been proved that Bradshaw suffered from concussion of the brain last year, and that ever since he has been mentally weak. But apart from this fact, as there was no previous conviction against him, it was the duty of the Bench to give him the benefit of the First Offenders' Act. Instead of doing so, they sentenced this afflicted youth, for a most trivial offence, to *one month's imprisonment.* Summary:—Thrashing a three-year-old baby, 40s. fine. Unmerciful cruelty to a horse, 60s. fine. Stealing two india-rubber balls, value 10½d., one month's imprisonment. This, too, in England, the advertised pioneer of Christianity, humanity, and justice!

A reader in the Isle of Thanet calls my attention to a placard now posted at the Chatham and Dover Company's stations, recording a sentence of 13s. fine or fourteen days' imprisonment, recently imposed at Margate on "two boys" for "touting" at the railway station. "Touting," in this context, appears to mean offering to carry bags or other luggage for railway passengers. A man was last week sentenced to a term of imprisonment at Margate for the same offence, but committed on this occasion in the street. These sentences show the need—so frequently referred to of late in these columns and elsewhere—of some means of dealing with offenders against municipal by-laws without treating them as criminals.

It is absurd to find fault, as some writers have done, with the by-laws under which these convictions take place. They are passed in the usual way. They are clearly for the benefit of the town, and for the benefit of passengers, and I should say that they are also for the benefit of the parcel-carrying fraternity. I entirely approve of the organisation and regulation of the casual labourers who pick up a living in the streets. I regard the Corporation of Margate with much the same gratitude as I do Sir Augustus Harris, who recently organised a corps of respectable and civil lads in uniform to fetch cabs and carriages for people leaving his theatre, in place of leaving his patrons to the tender mercies of the "submerged tenth." And if it is reasonable for Corporations to make rules respecting the licensing of porters, it is clear that the rules must be enforced. The question is, How?

I am as averse as anybody to imprisoning a man, and still more a boy, whose only offence is trying to earn the price of a loaf. But if an offender cannot or will not pay a fine, how is he to be coerced into obeying the law? Until some one wiser than I has answered that question, all I can suggest is that the Probation of Offences Act should be employed in all these cases without exception, and that no one should be punished, either by fine or im-

Sea Air and the Skin.—For the next few weeks freely apply Sulpholine Lotion. While removing all spots, eruptions, and imperfections, Sulpholine protects the complexion from sun, wind, and sea, making the skin smooth, clear, and comfortable.

Choice Old Highland Whiskies. Age 7, 10, 15, and 25 years in wood. Price per doz., 48s., 60s., 72s., and 120s. An eminent medical authority, in recommending the moderate use of Whisky, states that on no account should Whisky be used unless it is well matured. Detailed list on application to Morel Bros., Cobbett, & Son, Limited, 210 & 211, Piccadilly; 18 & 19, Pall Mall; 143, Regent-street. Whisky Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

prisonment, until he has shown that mere warning is not enough for him. After all, I suppose that it is not difficult for anybody with a decided bent towards luggage-portering to obtain the requisite licence.

Last Thursday, at Rotherham Police-court, on the hearing of a summons against a husband alleged to have deserted his wife, the defending solicitor was proceeding to cite cases with the view of showing that what had happened did not amount in law to desertion, when the Mayor, who was in the chair, interrupted him with the remark, that if he was going to argue law the Bench must adjourn the case. On the solicitor asking why, his worship replied that in the absence of the clerk—who was taking a day's holiday—the Bench did not feel qualified to decide a point of law. Doubtless this was no excess of modesty on the part of the Bench. I do not blame them for frankly admitting their own shortcomings, though I blame the system which assigns the duty of administering the law to men who confessedly know nothing about it. But, as an adjournment inevitably inflicts more or less hardship—in this case more—upon the parties, the paid lawyer who is appointed to assist the Bench ought, if he takes a day's holiday, to provide a competent substitute to fill his place.

At a recent meeting of the Petworth Justices, whose vagaries have before now been noticed in TRUTH, a local butcher applied for a game licence. In the course of the hearing of the application, the Clerk addressed to the Bench the following remark, or words to this effect:—

> Mr. Henry Thomas Upton met me coming out of my office this morning, and told me that Lord Leconfield was strongly opposed to the granting of this licence.

The observation is so grossly improper that it is difficult to recite all the objections to it. Lord Leconfield's opposition to the granting of a game licence is obviously immaterial, and the magistrates would be utterly wrong to be guided in their decision by what he wished or did not wish. Again, if Lord Leconfield were opposed to the licence, it was his business to put in an appearance, which he could the more easily do as, unless I am mistaken, he is a member of the Petworth Bench. In his absence, evidence of his wishes given by one person who had been told by another person, who might or might not have been told by his lordship, is evidence, on the face of it, inadmissible in any court of justice, even if the fact which it was intended to prove were material. Finally, this illegal evidence is tendered by a witness not on his oath, and who, as an officer of the court, has no business to appear as a witness in the proceedings. When all this is done by a trained lawyer, appointed for the express purpose of assisting the Bench to conduct their proceedings with due legal regularity, is it any wonder that magistrates themselves should sometimes go wrong?

There will soon be no work for the convicts at Portsmouth, and it is very likely that the Portsea Prison will be closed, in which case the buildings will be appropriated by the Admiralty and thrown into the dockyard, excepting the warders' houses, which will be taken over by the War Office, and converted into quarters for married soldiers.

The writer of the following letter appears to be too modest. As he disclaims the intention of sending poison to anybody, I can conscientiously tell him that I think his law is right and mine wrong. I am afraid that no Extradition Act could enable the Courts of this country to deal with an offence committed out of their jurisdiction. Under the circumstances, what should be done to prevent Lord Herschell's Bill being evaded by money-lenders and betting touts posting their circulars across the Channel? Must we try and induce the French Legislature to pass a law for the protection of British "infants," or shall we, as I have always advised, deal with the matter through the Post Office?—

> SIR,—You know a very great deal more about law than I do, but it strikes me, on reading a paragraph in this week's TRUTH (page 326) that you have made a slip.
>
> You say: "If Parliament ever finds time to pass Lord Herschell's Bill for protecting minors against money-lenders and turf-sharks . . . . it will be necessary to get offences against this law brought within the operation of the Extradition Treaties."
>
> But surely if the offence is committed in one country the offender cannot be extradited, and tried in another, because his victim happens to live in that other.
>
> If I send poison by post to a man living in France, telling him that it is a wholesome medicine, I shall be tried, not in France, but in England, where the crime has been committed. Is it not so?
>
> I do not say it is, but I should like to be enlightened (though I have no intention of sending poison to any one).—Your obedient servant, A READER OF "TRUTH."

Those American citizens who appear before the judgment-seat of Judge Hamer, in Florida, are more fortunate than the majority of litigants. This Daniel, being applied to recently to confirm a mortgage foreclosure sale, delivered himself of the following remarks. I reproduce them for the benefit of English judges:—

> The docket is covered, page upon page, with confirmation cases. The last summer's drought has exhausted the farmer's resources, and he is unable to pay his loans. The act of God, for which the people are not responsible, has reduced one-half of them to almost beggary, and this calamity shall not be made worse by any act of mine. We are asked to turn over one hundred farms to the money-lenders, and five hundred women and children to pauperism. It shall not be done in this district while I am judge. The people are not able to pay, and I will not assist in their being robbed. Let us wait until a crop can be raised and confidence restored and all will pan out right.
>
> If a man be living on his land or living off of it, and trying to cultivate it, he should have the reward of his work. I will never confirm a sale in times like these if the owner is trying to make a living on the land. When the people are compelled to ask aid to procure seed, it would be cruel mockery to deprive them of the land to sow the seed upon. I have a right not to confirm a sale when the property sold does not bring two-thirds of its actual value, and in these cases it has not brought that amount. The sale is not confirmed.

One or two questions have been addressed to me recently respecting the "London Samaritan Society and Homerton Mission." The offices of this "charity" are at 98, High-street, Homerton. The manager is Mr. John

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CHINA AND GLASS.—Messrs. GOODE, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKEY. "The Cream of old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whiskey. Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's LL Whiskey. The Prize Medal, Dublin, 1865.

James Jones, who has been advertising extensively during the past summer for money for the purposes of "days in the country" for children and old men and women; for a Seaside Home at Sandgate; and for the general work of the London Samaritan Society. Owing to the number of claimants requiring my attention in other directions, it has been impossible for me to investigate this matter fully. But the past history of this "Society" and of Mr. Jones's operations is so unsatisfactory, that I feel bound to say at once that I should not advise any one to send him money for any purpose.

I have received another inspiration respecting Miss Nina Kennedy—the direct result of an incident which took place at Cowes. It is to the effect that anybody who engages this gifted "inspirationalist" to display her mysterious powers on board a yacht, will do well to have a definite understanding beforehand as to the price to be paid for the performance. Otherwise there may be some little difficulty in getting rid of her.

An astounding example of the asinine stupidity of Mr. Bumble has just been brought to light at Manchester. In that city, as elsewhere, the justices very properly often send juvenile offenders under remand to the local workhouses, where they are sometimes detained for several weeks, awaiting a vacancy in the industrial school or other institution to which they are eventually committed. As the result of a complaint made by a parent, it has now been ascertained that boys remanded to the Prestwich Workhouse are straightway deprived of their clothing and put to bed, where they are compelled to remain day after day and week after week, only getting up when they are taken before the magistrates to be further dealt with! This monstrous practice, it seems, was adopted ten or twelve years ago in consequence of the escape of three boys, and of Mr. Bumble's idiotic inability to devise any other means of keeping juvenile offenders in safe custody. The workhouse master has now been instructed to discontinue the system. So I should think; but it is a pity the guardians could not have sent him to bed for a month so that he might realise the cruelty of such confinement.

Mr. H. L. Roberts, late a District Auditor for London, has been appointed Inspector of Audits to the Local Government Board, and he has been succeeded in his former post, which is worth £1,100 a year, by Mr. T. B. Cockerton, an utterly briefless barrister, who, however, possesses the supreme recommendation of being the son-in-law of Mr. Ritchie. This is a most flagrant job, and I am not surprised to hear that an execrative roar has been raised by the deserving and experienced officials whose claims have been put aside in order to provide for the unknown son-in-law of the President of the Board.

A member of a well-known London firm of surveyors sends me the following letter in reference to my remarks on a case of extraordinary discrepancy in tenders for a building contract. It may explain a good deal, but I doubt if it explains everything:—

> Sir,—Your invitation to experts on the subject of discrepancies in tenders for buildings, contained in this week's Truth, p. 330, is somewhat rash, for you will probably be unable to deal for weeks to come with the replies to your artless question.
>
> The whole list of tenders might throw some light on the subject. If the next tender on either side is not within £200 of the highest or the lowest (as is not unlikely), the highest or lowest man, as the case may be, has blundered; possibly there may be more mistakes than one in the list.
>
> The next and most frequent cause for apparently inexplicable variations in tenders is the lack of proper information. Drawings are frequently by no means clear, and often very insufficient; in some cases specifications are most vague; and in country work, if quantities are prepared at all, they are very rarely so prepared as to be of real value for estimating.
>
> Two things are necessary for obtaining good tenders—a properly prepared bill of quantities made by a competent surveyor, and an estimator who knows his business and is accustomed to price quantities. Under these circumstances, you may often find lists of tenders in the building papers which do not vary 10 per cent.
>
> I do not profess that this is a "satisfactory" explanation, but you will find my views those of the large majority of my fellow experts.—Yours faithfully, H. A. L. S.

Many of my readers keenly appreciate anything in the nature of a mathematical problem, and at the present season an unusual number will doubtless have leisure for this form of recreation. Here, then, is a problem. A certain gentleman desired a vacant appointment in a provincial town. He had two competitors. On canvassing the electors, who were thirty-five in number, he found that one of his rivals had thirteen supporters and the other twelve, while he himself could only muster ten. He discovered, however, that the method of voting would be this:—A first ballot would be taken at which each of the electors would have two votes. The candidate last on the list would then be eliminated, and a second ballot take place between the remaining two, in which each elector would have one vote. Accordingly, the hero of this story called together his supporters, and instructed them how they might return him, although he was the weakest candidate. They followed his instructions and he was returned. How was it done?

The numerous travellers who have been relieving their minds during the last week or two by writing to me on the subject of railway unpunctuality have my sincere sympathy—especially the unfortunate victims of the South-Eastern Company. I have, however, so many demands upon my space, even during the dull season, that I am sorry to say I cannot find room to air this time-honoured grievance. I see, though, that all my daily contemporaries are offering every encouragement to those desirous of addressing them on this topic, so I hope that my correspondents will not feel hurt if I refer them to the editors of the *Times* or the *Standard*.

Some little time back a youth named Towers, a sorting-clerk, on 23s. a week, at Kirkby Lonsdale, was promoted

Droitwich Brine Baths.—Celebrated for the cure of Rheumatism, Lumbabo, Sciatica, &c. &c.—For further particulars and testimonials apply to Secretary, Brine Baths, Droitwich.

Bournemouth.—Royal Bath Hotel. The only hotel on the East Cliff. Grounds of Five Acres. 1,000 feet sea-frontage. South aspect. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited.

to be postmaster at Cockermouth. The appointment was on the face of it a flagrant job, and its character was accentuated by the fact that the original appointment of Towers to Kirkby Lonsdale was a questionable proceeding, little places of this size not being usually allowed clerks. The matter has consequently attracted a good deal of attention, and I am now told by a gentleman who has been inquiring into it, that the only discoverable reason for the official favour bestowed on this young gentleman is that he has either married or become engaged to a lady in the service of Mrs. Raikes. Low as is my opinion of Post-Office administration, I can hardly believe this, and I trust that the publicity I am now giving to the rumour may lead to its receiving an official contradiction.

The Americans are an ingenious people, and they have discovered a fish of a scavenging habit, who cleans up their rivers for them. The fish is the cat-fish, and at Jacksonville, Fla., anybody who catches a cat-fish incurs a fine of five dollars. I venture to suggest to the County Council the advisability of importing a few million cat-fish and casting them adrift at Barking.

The directors of the Cambrian Railway have been formally charged by the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants with having dismissed a station-master named Hood, who had been employed by the Company for twenty years, only because he informed a Select Committee that the Ellesmere accident was really caused by the defective condition of the permanent way, and that the porter to whose carelessness the disaster was attributed had been on duty for twenty-four hours at the time of the accident. Unless the directors have a conclusive answer to this charge, they have been guilty of a gross breach of the privileges of Parliament. If railway servants give evidence before Select Committees which is unpleasant to their employers, and are then to be dismissed in consequence, how can they be expected to speak the truth fearlessly? Parliament must be prepared to protect all such witnesses effectually.

Although I am not sure whether the following letter was intended for publication, I take the liberty of publishing it, as a sample of many expressions of opinion that have reached me of late from different parts of the Continent. These straws show how the wind blows. The English public ought to understand how firm is the belief, even among mere lookers-on in the game of European politics, that England has definitely taken a side in the Continental quarrel, and how unfavourably such a proceeding is regarded. Elsewhere in the present number of Truth I have referred more at length to this question. All that I need say here to my Norwegian admirer is that Lord Salisbury is not England, and that Continental observers, interested or otherwise, will make a great mistake if they assume that the vagaries of the present Ministry in any way indicate the opinions or sentiments of the English people:—

Porsgrund, Norway, August 8, 1891.

Dear Sir,—Indeed you must excuse me that I once more trouble you with my writing, but your great kindness to me encourages me. Of late I have in the newspapers read so many different articles about England's relation to the Triple Alliance, that at last I did not know what to believe. Thus, I have read that England is steadily leaning to the Triple Alliance, and that the English nation entirely sympathise with Germany and not at all with France.

This I should have difficulty in believing if my friends and my father did not entirely maintain the situation as described, and if public opinion here were not also the same. Besides England, I have always interested myself for France, believing that these great Powers are the first culture-States of the world. I am, therefore, very much grieved to hear that England is now following the enemies of France.

I did not know any manner in which I could convince my friends and satisfy myself, and then it was that the obtrusive idea struck me to write to you, beseeching you for information. Indeed, this is so pretentious and audacious, that by no means have I a right to expect an answer. I seem to see how you knit the brow over my audacity, and throw my letter in your paper-basket; but, on the other hand, however, if you would fulfil my solicitation, by some lines making me clear of the situation, then you would do me so immense a pleasure that I never should be able to thank you enough. To be able to convince my father and my friends by your assistance, my ideal of a true Englishman and politician, that I should consider the greatest delight which could happen to me. At all events, I beg you heartily to excuse my presumption.—Your devoted Norwegian admirer, Olaf Halvorsen.

The African native cannot, I fear, have a very good time of it in the Transvaal. Before a judge and jury at Rustenburg last month, a worthy Boer named De Lange was accused of causing the death of a young Kaffir. Being accused of theft, the Kaffir had been committed to the care of De Lange to be taken to Rustenburg gaol. According to the evidence for the prosecution, De Lange mounted his horse, tied a rope round the Kaffir's wrist, and dragged him along, occasionally dismounting to thrash him for not going fast enough. Ultimately, the Kaffir fell, and even kicking and jumping on him failed to get him up again. He died the next day. No rebutting evidence seems to have been offered, but as the Kaffir was proved to have diseased lungs and kidneys, it was argued that De Lange could not know that, and was, therefore, not responsible for the tragic result of his treatment. The jury accordingly acquitted him.

It is announced that Sir Richard Temple will not stand again for the Evesham Division of Worcestershire, in consequence of the state of his health. I am informed, however, by a reliable local correspondent that Sir Richard is really retiring because there is not the slightest chance of his being re-elected, and he does not relish the prospect of all the expense and fatigue of a hopeless contest. The Tories now hold all the Worcestershire seats, six in number, but I am assured that the Liberals will win at least four of them at the General Election.

A Tory journal announces that, although the Vice-Chamberlain has usually been a member of the House of Commons, yet that it is not absolutely indispensable that he should be so, which no doubt may be accepted as a hint that Lord Salisbury's morbid dread of by-elections

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is disposing him to allow Lord Dartmouth to keep the place in defiance of all precedent. It is worth while to point out that the same frantic fear of by-elections has already led to one innovation in the Household, for the office of Treasurer, which has nearly always been held by a member of the House of Commons, and which is distinctly understood to be a Parliamentary place, is still filled by Lord Radnor, although two years have elapsed since he became a Peer.

As predicted in last week's Truth, the Lord-Lieutenancy of Staffordshire, vacant by the death of the late Earl of Dartmouth, has been offered to the Earl of Harrowby, but his lordship, whose appointment would have been extremely popular with all classes and parties, has declined it, not feeling equal to this addition to the many public duties he already fulfils.

Ninety-two hours were passed in the mechanical business of taking divisions last Session. Surely some inventive genius might discover a mode of attaining the required result in a more expeditious fashion without any fear of mistakes occurring, or one member voting for an absent friend. I commend this problem to inventors.

Presumably, the Conservatives, with that confidence in the people which characterises them, will select the moment for the General Election next year when it is most probable that a number of the electors will find it somewhat difficult, owing to their avocations, to go to the poll. The election will, therefore, be during either the hay harvest or the corn harvest. We must accept this as one of the consequences of putting the Tories in power. But it would greatly conduce to the convenience of every one if the former date were adopted. To bring in and pass a Local Government Act for Ireland, when the entire relations of that island with the Imperial Government are to be submitted to the arbitrament of the nation is an indecent absurdity. Far more reasonable would it be for the Tories and their Unionist allies to place before the country their view of what these relations are in future to be by submitting their Bill to Parliament, and, if they please, having it read a second time by the moribund House of Commons. In this case, the electors would be called upon to decide between Local Government and Home Rule, and so soon as the Estimates are passed the appeal might be made—say in June. It is, however, very improbable that this plan will be adopted, because it is a sensible one.

I tremble when I think of the flood of words that will be poured forth on the long-suffering electors between now and the General Election. What a fearful repetition there will be of the same arguments! How the orators on each side will prove conclusively that their party is composed of the noblest and the wisest of human beings, and that their measures are destined to confer happiness and prosperity on the country! How each side will revile the Leader and the measures of their opponents! What well-worn exordiums and well-learnt perorations! What stale and thread-bare jokes! What noble sentiments! What cutting sarcasm! And yet, in all probability, the listeners know already as much about the issues at stake as the orators. What they want to know is, not which Party promises most, but which Party is most likely to fulfil its promises—and this is especially the case in regard to the agricultural labourers. These people are not to be put off with sham Allotment Acts. They are not disposed to remain with no voice in the control over the schools to which they are forced to send their children. County Councils have not brought self-government to the village. The squire, the farmer, and the parson are still supreme there; the labourers are their serfs and their slaves. This is the outcome of six years of Tory rule.

If we can convince the labourers that Liberal rule will really result in their future, so far as village matters are concerned, being in their own hands, we shall sweep the agricultural constituencies. Our business, therefore, is to bring home to the villagers the gospel of political equality, and to get them to understand that if they will stand by us, we shall stand by them. The villager does not concern himself greatly with Imperial politics. His life is one long struggle for bare existence; his interests are limited by his horizon; his enemies are in his midst. A small village meeting, unreported even in the local newspaper, is more useful, is of far more practical value to the Liberal cause than a huge meeting in a large town, with speeches that are dubbed most important, and which are reported in every newspaper in the United Kingdom.

The time has really arrived when the Governments of the United States, England, France, and Germany, all of whom have interests in Chili, might offer to act as arbitrators in the civil war which is raging in Chili, and Lord Salisbury would do well to promote the arbitration. Some neutral town on the sea-shore might be chosen where the Envoys from both Parties might meet under the protection of the war vessels of the arbitrating Powers. President Balmaceda's Presidency will soon come legally to an end, and surely some scheme might be devised by means of which the war might be brought to a close, to the satisfaction of both parties. This would be far better for the country than if one side got the upper hand. In Europe there are the representatives of both parties. They should meet together, and request the Powers to undertake the duty of arbitrators. The country is rich, its inhabitants, unlike those of the other South American Republics, are industrious and not wanting in political intelligence. The

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first step should be to proclaim a truce, during which negotiations under the arbitrators might take place.

Our occupation of Egypt may, or may not, be a good thing for the Egyptians, but it has always been my view that the only Englishmen who derive any benefit from it are the bondholding fraternity. This view receives further support from a correspondence which Messrs. Ashe and Nephew, of Liverpool, have just had with the Inland Revenue Department. This firm are the sole agents at Alexandria for the ale and stout brewed respectively by two of the most famous British Peers. They complained that they are now completely driven out of the market owing to the importation from Germany or France of forged labels and capsules of these two noble brewers, by means of which inferior and plebeian liquors are foisted upon an unsuspecting public. They drew attention at the same time to the still more serious fact that the Inland Revenue stamp upon patent medicines is being forged in the same way. What is the answer? Simply that the Board of Inland Revenue have had the matter "frequently under their notice," but do not see that anything can be done. In other words, it is officially admitted that the British Government has not sufficient influence in Egypt to stop the sale of forgeries of its own stamps, to say nothing of the trade-marks of British subjects.

SCRUTATOR.

NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.

IF the law allows estates to be settled, and the man in possession to have only a life interest in them, it is obvious that a judge, in deciding whether he will allow the sale of such an estate, must consider not only the wishes of the owner *pro tem.*, but those who come after him in succession. Why, however, future possible Marquises of Ailesbury should wish to be burthened with Savernake, I fail to see. It appears to be the sole property that goes with the title. Its gross income is £127,000 per annum, and the net income £11,000 per annum. Assuming that the next possessor of the title gets the estate without mortgages, he is to live on this, give a jointure to some Dowager Marchioness, and provide for his daughters and younger sons, by means of a heavy insurance on his life. Put this at £3,000 per annum, and he would have £8,000 per annum. Wealth is comparative. This income is one on which most persons could manage to worry along, but for a Marquis living in a huge palace it means a struggle to keep up appearances. Lord Iveagh, it would seem, is ready to give £750,000 for this white elephant, which, invested at 3 per cent. interest, would bring in £22,500 per annum. He therefore gives up £11,500 for the pleasure of living in a big house in Wiltshire, and calling the land around it his own. The phase of mind that leads a man to make such a purchase is even more astounding than that of the man who is disinclined to sell on such terms. I had thought that it had disappeared with the social swagger involved in the possession of land. Yet here we have a gentleman who brews porter until he becomes fabulously rich; his next step is to connect himself, by aid of the ingenious Sir Bernard Burke, with an ancient family, and to provide himself with ancestors; the next to secure to himself a title, and to become one of our hereditary legislators. Still he is not happy until he has bought an historic mansion in a forest, and made himself the owner of the forest, and of various farms in its vicinity, at a clear loss to himself of £11,500 per annum.

I never had the slightest wish to be the possessor of broad acres. As Emerson said, the possessions of a wise man are bounded by his horizon. What possible pleasure a man derives from being the owner of a lot of fields, or of a forest, apart from what it brings in, I have never yet discovered. If he can look at them, so can I. If I were desirous of enjoying the pleasure of the use of a forest or of a park, I should perch myself in the neighbourhood of Windsor Park and Forest, which are kept up by the taxpayer. As for a big country house, I can conceive nothing more troublesome. To live alone there would not be particularly pleasurable, and, therefore, I should have to pass my time getting people to visit me. Probably I should bore them—certainly the greater number of them would bore me. Put myself out for them as I might, the odds are that most of them would consider that they were conferring a favour on me in passing a few days in my country house, and abuse me and everything connected with me. I was at a country house last year. The host and hostess were most amiable, and everything was done on the most lavish scale. There was a large party of guests, and we all struggled manfully against depression. A good many of us left at the same time, and found ourselves journeying back to London together. Then, indeed, we were in good spirits, and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, snarling at our host and hostess and all the guests who were not with us.

But the shooting? Well, I do not care about shooting. I have no more desire to slay a pheasant with a gun than to cut the throat of a sheep with a knife. Viewed as sport, battue-shooting is a poor thing. The pheasants are brought up by hand. The sportsmen, arrayed in becoming costumes, each with a couple of guns, and with a man behind him to load them, surround a cover; into it go a number of men who make noises to induce the tame fowl to rise, when the sportsmen knock them over. In the middle of the day a huge lunch is brought out to them in order that they may recruit exhausted nature. In the meantime, the women of the country-house party sit at home or drive or walk out, bored to death with each other's company. Then comes a heavy dinner. Not long after

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it the women go up to their rooms, and the men betake themselves to the smoking-room. And this is called pleasure! Not for me, thank you. I would as soon have passed my days in the Halls of Rotherwood with Cedric the Saxon. I do not wonder that people play baccarat at country houses. After a few days in one (unless the people are exceptionally interesting) I feel that I could ruin myself at baccarat, or that I could commit a crime for the sake of variety. The curious part of these country-house festivities is that they all take place in winter, when the days are short and the air is cold. In summer the thing might be passable for a few days, if the garden is pretty and the trees are shady. But in winter! Why the female sex do not rise up as one woman against this perversion of nature and this sacrifice of common sense to pheasants shows that women's rights have not made any great progress.

The most trying of hosts is the man who shows you over his property. You are taken to the stable—it looks much like any other stable; then you are trotted off to the home-farm; after this, you are dragged up a hill to look at the view. And everything you have, in common civility, to praise, as though you had never gone through this sort of thing before. And the host, strangely enough, really seems to enjoy converting himself into a *valet de place*. Whilst he is showing me off his possessions, I am always wondering how many times he has said before what he is saying to me. The fact is, that the country house, like the Yule-log at Christmas, is played out. There are a certain number of persons whose object it is to pass a certain number of months in the year in the country houses of their friends to save the housekeeping expenses at home and the hotel bills away from home, but with the exception of these cadgers, country houses are a bore alike to their owners and to their owners' guests. The owners have not only to provide the guests with food and lodging, and to weary their brains with attempts to amuse them, but they have to breed up at a heavy cost domestic fowls in order that gentlemen may make believe to be sportsmen by shooting them with all the accompaniments that luxury can provide.

LOBENGULA ON THE WAR PATH.

It is now, I trust, generally understood that the concession from Lobengula, which forms the one tangible asset of the Chartered Company of South Africa, is a mining concession and nothing more. There are, however, persons who (quite rightly) refuse to take facts of this kind for granted until they are substantiated by definite evidence; and there are others, of inferior intelligence, who decline to recognise any unwelcome fact, even when it is their own interest to do so promptly, until it is driven into their craniums by a knock-down blow. For the sake of both these classes, I am pleased to be able to demonstrate the precise nature of Lobengula's concession by the best possible evidence—that of Lobengula himself. The following document furnishes that evidence. It is in the form of a concession and a power of attorney. The gentleman to whom it is granted is no new-comer, but has been in Lobengula's confidence, and the intention of the document, on the face of it, is to declare officially on the part of the King that he recognises no territorial rights in the Chartered Company or those claiming under it. This is the full text of the new concession, which is sealed under Lobengula's seal, and properly attested:—

To all to whom these presents shall come: I, Lobengula, King of the Amandebele nation and of the Makalaka, Mashona, and surrounding territories, send greeting. Whereas I have granted a concession in respect of mineral rights and the rights incidental to mining: and whereas I, the said King, have promised to and agreed with Edward Ramsay Renny-Tailyour (in consideration of his taking steps to maintain the rights and privileges hereinafter mentioned as against the British South African Company, who are the present holders of the said mineral concession, who, according to reports which have reached me, claim to have rights other than those granted under the said mineral concession) to grant to the said E. R. Renny-Tailyour, and to his heirs, executors, assigns, and substitutes, the following rights and privileges, namely:—The sole and exclusive right, power, and privilege for the full term of one hundred years, to lay out, grant, or lease for such period or periods as he may think fit, farms, townships, building plots, and grazing areas; to impose and levy rents, licences, and taxes thereon, and to get in, collect, and receive the same; to give and grant certificates in my name for the occupation of any farms, township, and building plots and grazing areas; to establish and grant licences for the establishment of banks, to issue bank-notes, to establish a mint, and to do everything connected with banking and minting; to commence and prosecute, also to defend, in any competent court in Africa, Europe, or elsewhere, either in my name or in his own name, all such actions, suits, or other proceedings as he may deem necessary for establishing, maintaining, or defending the said rights, powers, and privileges, or any of them, or these presents; and I do further declare that, as soon as the said E. R. Renny-Tailyour, or his aforesaids, shall have succeeded in obtaining possession of the said rights, powers, and privileges aforesaid, or any of them, then immediately thereupon and without any further act being required on my part, all and singular the said rights, powers, and privileges aforesaid shall for and during a period of one hundred years be for the sole and absolute use and benefit of the said E. R. Renny-Tailyour, or his aforesaids, subject, however, to him or them paying to me or my successors in office the sum of £1,000 sterling, which payment shall be made so soon as he shall have obtained possession of the said rights, and thereafter an annual sum of £500, provided always that the rights and privileges aforesaid shall only extend and apply to all such territories as are now and may hereafter be occupied by or be under the sphere of operations of the said Company, their successors, or any person or persons holding from or under them, and provided further that from the rights granted by these presents are excluded only the grazing of such cattle, the enclosing of such land, and the erection of such buildings and machinery as are strictly required for the exercise of the mineral rights now held by the said Company under the said concession.

Given under my seal, this 22nd day of April, 1891.

UMVOTCHA.

Witnesses:—
Signed E. R. RENNY-TAILYOUR.
" JAMES REILLY.
" C. M. ACUTT.
" UMSHETE—his × mark.

Elephant Seal of Lo Bengula

The above was fully explained and properly translated to the King in the presence of Umshete.

Signed, C. M. ACUTT, Interpreter.

This instrument speaks for itself. The occasion of it is expressed to be that reports have reached Lobengula that the British South Africa Company, as the present holders of the mineral concession, claim to have rights other than the mining rights given in the concession. Accordingly he grants to Mr. Renny-Tailyour and his representatives all surface rights in the territory covered by the previous concession, together with the right of granting licences, collecting taxes, establishing banks and a mint, and all rights except such as are strictly required for the exercise of mineral rights. This he does in consideration of Mr. Renny-Tailyour undertaking to maintain against the British South Africa Company, either in Lobengula's name or his own, the rights thus conceded to him, and of his making the specified payments. The whole scope and

purport of the concession are to restrict the Chartered Company to its mineral rights.

The history of the document shows that Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his colleagues appreciate its significance. The Chartered Company duly received notice of its execution. Shortly afterwards they obtained a proclamation from Sir Henry Loch, published in the Government *Gazette* of June 12, which, after reciting that it was expedient for the good government of the territory within the South Africa Company's charter to make provisions respecting the occupation or ownership of land, and the making or levying of rates, taxes, licences, &c., went on to declare (*inter alia*) (1) that no occupation or ownership, or claim to the same, by any European, or any concession or grant of any right to deal with the occupation or ownership, should be valid until approved by the High Commissioner; (2) that no rate, tax, licence, or duty should be levied except with the approval of the High Commissioner; (3) that no concession or grant "heretofore or hereafter" made by any native chief, whether or not supported by any power of attorney, should be recognised by any court of law, until sanctioned by the Secretary of State. In other words, this proclamation purported to nullify Lobengula's concession and power of attorney to Mr. Renny-Tailyour, unless they should be ratified by Sir Henry Loch and Lord Knutsford.

In the meantime, the Chartered Company were intriguing at Lobengula's kraal, to induce him to revoke the second concession. Hearing this, Mr. Renny-Tailyour, who was in Cape Colony, hurried back. But he reckoned without the omnipotent Rhodes. On July 3 a *Gazette Extraordinary* was issued, with a proclamation in which Sir Henry Loch empowered himself to order the "apprehension, deportation, or expulsion" from the Chartered territory of any individual "whose proceedings are reported to endanger the peace." Under this ukase, Mr. Renny-Tailyour was arrested, without warrant, by the officials of the Chartered Company on the borders of Matabeleland. He, however, subsequently effected his escape. At the date of my last information (July 18) he was supposed to be back with Lobengula, and so the affair stands.

This narrative has a double interest—first, for shareholders in the Chartered Company; secondly, for British citizens at large. The former should learn from it how very far they may yet be from having entered into possession of their promised land, whatever the value of that region may be. It is all very well for Lords Salisbury and Knutsford to grant to a party of Company promoters, titled and otherwise, sovereign rights over a slice of Africa the size of a European State. It is very pretty for Sir Henry Loch to issue proclamations purporting to cancel all rights which other parties than the Chartered Company may claim to have derived from native sovereigns. But those who act on the faith of these high-handed proceedings are likely to find that they have reckoned without their host. Their host is Lobengula, who, as is evident from the terms of the concession to Mr. Renny-Tailyour, still considers himself king in his own country, including those parts of it to which the Rhodes concession applies. Will Lobengula stand on his rights? All who know him are confident that he will. What is more, it is the general opinion in South Africa that the bosses of the enterprise anticipate trouble in this direction—nor is it easy to see what else they can expect, knowing, as they do, that the sovereign rights to which they lay claim are derived, not from Lobengula, but from Downing-street. One of the many experienced South Africans who have written to me on this subject, says:—

> If the alleged gold mines have still to be taken on trust, there is only a very small portion of the land suitable for cultivation. Swamps and morass constitute nearly three-fourths of the Chartered Company's territories; and throughout the land the rainy season lasts nearly nine months out of the twelve. It is only fair to acknowledge that there are extensive districts in Matabeleland where the soil would repay any labour bestowed on it. But there exists also a fatal obstacle to any European settlement in these localities in the hostility and ferocity of the natives. Messrs. Rhodes & Co. know this, and their officials are taking every care to keep the pioneers as far from Lobengula's braves as possible. Every one acquainted with the aboriginal knows that he does not part with his land freely, and never on such terms as those which the Chartered Company assert that they have secured. History has proved this over and over again, in both the Americas, in New Zealand, and in this continent. It needs no prophet, therefore, to foresee trouble. Once let the Matabele understand that their country is in danger, and another Maori war may be expected.

I would ask those of my fellow-countrymen who hold no shares in the Chartered Company what is their view of this contingency? Sooner or later, in all human probability, we—the taxpayers of the United Kingdom—shall be called upon to assist Mr. Rhodes and Sir Henry Loch in maintaining sovereign rights which they already assume to exercise in Lobengula's country. It is, of course, just possible that, having obtained a footing in his territory, the Chartered Company may prove strong enough to defend themselves against Lobengula—to hold, that is, by force what they have obtained by fraud. It is infinitely more likely, however, that when it comes to fighting, they will, either from choice or necessity, invoke the aid of the Home Government. It will then be for us to say whether *we* are going to defend by force what Messrs. Rhodes & Co. have obtained by fraud. In view of the patronage hitherto afforded by Lord Salisbury to Rhodes's Company-promoting schemes, it is necessary that the merits of this question, as between Lobengula and the Company, should be understood by the British elector without loss of time.

OUR REPUBLICAN VISITORS.

The French are before all things a shrewd and quick-witted people. It may, therefore, be hoped that they will understand—as they may with a very little trouble—the true significance of the welcome which will be accorded to their ships and sailors on this side of the Channel. They have seen the German Emperor installed in Buckingham Palace, hobnobbing with his Royal relatives at Windsor, fêted by the Corporation of London, entertained by the Premier at Hatfield. They will see, on the other hand, that their own representatives receive no official notice from the Foreign Minister or any of his colleagues, and that their reception wears altogether rather the character of a provincial function. That this should create misunderstanding is not unnatural, but the reasons for misunderstanding only lie on the surface. For my part, I regard it as little short of providential that this visit has occurred, when

the Minister at present responsible for the foreign policy of the country has, together with his colleagues, a decent excuse for absenting himself. Lord Salisbury has wantonly and recklessly thrown the weight and influence of this country into the scale against France. He has assumed the position of a guarantor of the liabilities incurred by one of the signatories of the Triple Alliance. With what face could he, after satisfying the Italians that they might count on the English fleet to save them from any awkward consequences of drawing the sword against France, figure officially in a friendly reception of the French fleet? The participation of any one closely identified with the present Government would have reduced the whole function to the level of a hollow and unmeaning compliment. As it is, it should bear a very different significance. The welcome which the French will receive to-morrow and during the next week will be hearty, spontaneous, and national. That the Queen should take the lead in it is in every way proper. The Queen is not responsible for the foreign policy of her Ministers, and consequently receives no speck of tar from the brush which blackens them. No one can complain of any special demonstration of favour on her part towards William II., or draw any political inference from it, since, on that occasion, she filled the part of grandmother as well as Sovereign. Moreover, she is known to have taken such precautions as the occasion demanded to prevent political significance being attached to the reception of this youth. On the present occasion, however, the Queen will greet the French solely in the character of the reigning (not governing) Sovereign, the official representative of the people in their relations with their neighbours. The French may regard her Majesty for the nonce as "La Présidente" of the Britannic Republic, and they will have ample evidence that behind her official welcome there is a hearty popular sentiment of goodwill. The Naval Authorities of all ranks show every determination to discharge their share of the functions with spirit. The Portsmouth "mob" is not likely to be behindhand. There is, happily, no chance of the French sailors hearing, during their stay in England, such an ugly sound as the hissing which more than once greeted Emperor William in the streets of London.

I trust that the French people will lay all these facts to heart. As a nation their failing is that they take too superficial a view of events and ideas beyond their own borders. If they would but make an exception in our favour, the coquetting of a Tory Minister with the Triple Alliance would give them but little uneasiness. They would appreciate many facts which are now too little understood by them. For instance, they would recognise that the present Ministry is under notice to quit, and that Lord Salisbury's tenure at the Foreign Office is now measured by months only; that neither British sailors nor British taxpayers have the faintest desire to see the British fleet fighting the French in order that Italy may be free to assist the Germans in keeping the French army out of Alsace-Lorraine; that among all Englishmen who have any right to call themselves Liberals there exists a feeling of deep sympathy with Republican France, and a firm conviction that both interest and sentiment point to her as the natural friend and ally of this country. At the same time it would be understood that popular feeling in England has since the last fatuous folly of the Crimean War slowly but surely been arriving at the conclusion that the quarrels of the Continental Powers are no affair of ours, and that, as long as none of our neighbours interferes with us, every consideration, moral and material, should deter us from interfering with them. If the visit of the French fleet should conduce in any way to a clear apprehension of these points across the Channel, it will be a profitable event for both countries, and for Europe at large.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE KING OF GREECE AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

I WAS glad to see that M. Carnot followed the law of good sense instead of foolish rules of etiquette at the lunch he gave to the King of the Hellenes at Fontainebleau. His Majesty was not the President's *vis-à-vis*, he being placed to the right of Madame Carnot, who had M. Ribot on her left. She took superior rank (albeit not a crowned head) as hostess. M. Carnot sat between the French Minister to the Government of Athens and M. Delyannis. There was no lady other than the President's wife at the table. What the Royal guest had to say anent European politics was said to M. Ribot during the call he made at the Hôtel Bristol, or it may be in the train, as they went to Fontainebleau together. The King looks quite grandfatherly, and is as bald as he can be. He has more girth of waistcoat than when he was here to see the last Universal Exhibition, though more slim than most men of his years who are devoted to the *cuisine*. But he still keeps to those high and perfectly-plain dog-collars to which the Danish Royal family—men and women—are so faithfully attached.

King George, I understand, was eager when here to get a slice of Macedonia, which, he was told, is "une véritable *Macédoine*," races being as much jumbled up together as fruits are in the sweet dish called by the word just italicised. He was also keen on a tariff favourable to Greek agricultural products, and ready to promise no matter what in return for one, more than hinting that Greece is the antagonist of Italy as a maritime Power, and, in that quality, a by no means negligable quantity.

The bread of the King of Greece and of his family is so thickly buttered on the Russian side that his Majesty blows rather hot than cold on the *entente cordiale* between Paris and St. Petersburg. Just think that, his second daughter, in defiance of a strict canon of the Orthodox Church, is to be married to her first cousin, the Czarewitch! The man himself is not worth much as a husband, beyond his tenor voice; but the position he fills and the riches that are waiting to flow into his hands make him the greatest prize in the marriage market wherein Royal personages must seek for husbands and wives. Should hereafter Russia overbear all opposition in the Levant and reduce every State in the Balkan Peninsula to vas-

salage, King George will still have the satisfaction of seeing Greece subservient to a member of his own family. I rub my eyes when I look back to the time he was a young midshipman, with no prospects to signify, and devoid of the stuff of which naval heroes are made, though a nice enough lad, despite an absurdly long and stiff neck.

John Bull—with European complications of a redoubtable kind springing up—will have occasion to keep a sharp eye on the Foreign Office. "Family interests and influences" are a serious danger ahead of that worthy personage. I dare say that the swarm of Teutons whom he was called upon to entertain last summer will enable him to realise to what a degree their interests, &c., are Teutonic. In the 'sixties and in 1870-71 the great consideration was to make sure of Vicky not losing her throne, as Lords Clarendon, Derby, and Granville were often made to feel. William's Empire should not weigh a blade of grass in the policy which J. B. may think well to dictate to H.B.M.'s Government. That grand idea of Fritz—the bringing of Alsace-Lorraine into the Reichsland—is now the one great cause which threatens the peace of Europe—and, it may prove, of J. B.'s part of Asia. I need not dwell on the necessarily antagonistic relations in which it has placed the Reich and the French Republic, and the military channel into which it has been forcing the energies of the whole French nation for more than twenty years. Indeed, it may be said that Fritz's grand idea—Moltke and Bismarck aiding—led to the democratisation of the French army, which is now, I believe, the most numerous, the best armed, the most alert, lively, and patriotic in the world. The military strength of France is now simply prodigious. I will not say that the French army has got to an ideal state of perfection; but it is cleaner, more spirited, better housed, and infinitely more "fit" than it was under the Second Empire, and is used to the idea of possible defeat at the outset, with final victory through perseverance. The discipline is not the worse for the absence of pipe-clay. It should be also remembered, in calculating the probabilities of an inconsiderate plunge of the German Emperor and his allies into war, that France is now one in politics and patriotic feeling; that the Army is no longer under Prætorian or Monarchical generals; that Monarchical Pretenders are nowhere; and that the railway companies are placed, in the event of mobilisation, under the finger and thumb of the War Minister. Republican France, let John Bull be assured, is no Jericho, and stands on such a strong basis that if conclusions were tried with her by the Triple Alliance, we might live to see Europe divided into a great Russian Empire, with a zigzag frontier extending in a diagonal direction from the coast of Norway to Salonica, and elsewhere a Republican federation, with France for its boss. England should try not to have *trop d'affaires avec la France—i.e.*, too many causes for diplomatic wrangling—and above all not to pass here for taking a deep interest in Fritz's grand Alsace-Lorraine idea, or the maintenance of William's Empire. France, J. B. should also remember, is the wealthiest of the Continental States. Her financial prosperity is on the broad basis of the thrift and intelligent industry of, roughly speaking, every man and woman not born to wealth, and of the fine soil and climate, which they know how to turn to such great advantage. The Germans are rising to industrial wealth, which a great and unsuccessful war might destroy in a short time. "Austria," Victor Emmanuel wrote sixteen years ago from Vienna to an Italian politician, "is a brittle reed to lean upon, and one that can never be ready to hand. Her dual system of Empire has had the contrary effect of curing her proverbial unreadiness. She has now two minds instead of one, and they are doomed to be always in conflict with each other." Italy is, above everything else, a diplomatic time-server, and as a naval Power, though superior in swift cruisers to France, is greatly inferior in her seamen to those of Provence, Gascony, and Brittany. Were Greece brought into a Franco-Russian combination, Italy would be just nowhere as a maritime belligerent. France, unquestionably, is weak in regard to the speed of her vessels, and the cumbersome methods followed in her Naval building yards. The Revolution hardly interfered with the Navy: a reason why it has, in its Ordnance and shipbuilding departments, been for the last hundred years a laggard. But the facts of Dunkirk and Calais now being first-class ports in the matter of dock accommodation, and Havre and Cherbourg great military ones, could enable the French to make things hot for John Bull along the south and eastern coast, while his Navy was protecting Italy and a Russian Navy was giving the German more than enough to do to protect itself.

There is one thing to be said in favour of the German Emperor. If he is restlessly self-conscious and always longing for opportunities to show off and air the "ego," he is not insolent in his relations to foreign Powers, and has turned his back upon the Bismarckian method of bullying and insulting—which was only good as long as France was weak.

From the fall of the Empire to the present year the Camp of Châlons has been unvisited by any Chief Magistrate. The Orleans Princes, as military men, used to go there, before they were excluded from the Army. The Duc d'Aumale, for many succeeding summers, bossed the Camp. M. Carnot has arranged to go there in a few days with his Civilian War Minister. The old Imperial Pavilion is being made ready for him, and the same etiquette will be observed which was agreed upon when M. and M. de Freycinet went last year to review troops in a camp near Cambray. M. Carnot and his War Minister will be in civilian dress, but their carriage will have a military escort of cavalry and artillery, and artillery soldiers are to serve as postilions.

I recommend the British pater and mater familias visiting Paris as tourists, with their olive branches, not to go to see the Soudanese "Egyptians" at the Bois de Boulogne. Or, if they are tempted to witness the *fantasia* executed by horsemen, let them on no account stop for the dancing. The steps are those practised by almees for the delight of past Khedives who wanted to find on earth the Paradise which Mahomet promised in another world to good Muslims. Need I say more on this score? Madame Constans, I own, did not see the harm of her husband

being present at the dancing, and had no objection to go with him herself.

This "camp" is made up of men, women, and children dromedaries, horses, goats, and sheep of a goaty aspect. The ladies are of the colour of gingerbread, and light-hearted coquettish creatures. Some of them have the beauty (in all but the thick lips) of sculptural features, and all the young ones of life, health, and splendid sparkling eyes and gleaming teeth. I should not compare them in point of good looks to faded-out and expressionless ball-room beauties. They have a superfluity of red, yellow, blue, and brown raiment, with a profusion of rude, many-coloured jewels and white mantles, to bring them into harmony with the draperies of the men. Children run about in a state of nature. Babies are treated as pet animals by all the adults, and nursing mothers are not asked to work. I feel like sending these Soudanese on a mission to England to humanise Poor-law Guardians, Bumbles, and baby-farmers. They are nomads, and live by shifting their flocks and herds from one oasis to another. In religion they are Mahommedans, with the modifying doctrine of equal rights. Whenever there is inequality it is in favour of the ladies, who are allowed to love whom they will, provided they be handsomer than the husbands. A woman who loves an ill-favoured man is placed under a social ban. What a deal Belgravian matrons might learn from those Africans! The ugly men have to go to strange countries to look for wives. It appears that dress goes for a good deal in making conquests of dusky Adonises. The talent shown by the women in dressing their black woolly tresses might put French capillary artists to shame. A wondrous semblance of volume, and infinite varieties of form are given to heads of hair which are brightened up with jewels and bits of coloured stuff. Representations are given of tribal flittings from localities where herbage and water have fallen off. Each exodus is led by a couple of marabouts on dromedaries, which are followed by the cattle. The women and children are placed behind these with a guard of warriors, whom the former choose. The exodus begins with dancing, singing, and noisy instrumental music, which I dare say would be enlivening in an African desert. In the language the feminine is more worthy than the masculine. And we call Africa "the dark Continent"!

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THE Piccadilly goat, dear Lady Betty, is a notoriously intelligent beast, but it has been reserved for me to discover the amazing depth and breadth of his wisdom. Ever since the exodus at the beginning of the month the goat has deserted his usual corner within the shadow of Gloucester House, and, probably desirous of concealing his continued presence in town, has retired to the more unfrequented thoroughfares that surround Shepherd's Market. Indeed, it was in the comparative seclusion of Little Stanhope-street that I encountered him one day last week, and the look of annoyance that crossed his countenance plainly betrayed how unwelcome was the *rencontre*.

"Not gone away yet?" he inquired. "No," I replied. "Here I am and here I shall probably remain till death or a bailiff carries me off . . . . And, by the way, since you are apparently able to speak"—and here the journalistic instinct which is in me displayed itself—"will you oblige me with some of your impressions on men and things, for these, I feel persuaded, should be both original and valuable?"

"Well," said the goat, leisurely, "I don't very much mind if I do. . . . . You men and women are strangely inconsistent creatures. You possess a dual standard. For instance, you call yourselves Christians, but, unless Christianity 'up to date' is merely a polite and æsthetic pretence, you are no more Christian than I am myself. I will tell you what you are, you are business men—*ni vlus ni moins*."

"Oh," I interrupted, "of course, if you expect us in these days to practise at their highest perfection the precepts of the Christian creed, you are asking that which is utterly unreasonable. Were we to relax the strict principles of business in compliance with the ideal injunctions of religion nothing but ruin could possibly result from the experiment. Were I to attempt to bestow alms upon every genuine pauper I met, to relieve all the distress that surrounds me, and to assist the innumerable deserving applicants that apply for my help, I should speedily be driven to the workhouse."

"Quite so," said the goat. "In other words, the conditions of modern life have rendered the precepts of Christianity totally impracticable. This creed of yours is out of date, and 'up-to-date' Christianity merely implies an outward acknowledgment of certain admirable principles, which cannot, however, be adapted to daily uses.

"Now I will give you an instance. Whilst one day on the pavement at the corner of Park-lane and Piccadilly, two men hurrying in opposite directions met close by where I lay. One was a debtor, the other his creditor. 'When are you going to pay that money you owe me?' asked the latter.

"'I am very sorry,' said the debtor, 'but I have had terrible misfortune of late, and it is almost as much as I can do to keep my home and family together. Have a little more patience, and I shall no doubt be able soon to pay you in full.'

"Creditor: 'Really, what has all this to do with me? You acknowledge that you owe me this debt? Very well then—pay me.'

"Debtor: 'But I tell you I have no money to pay you with. You cannot crush blood out of a stone. Is there no humanity, no Christianity about you, let alone reason?'

"Creditor: 'Never you mind my Christianity. That has nothing to do with it whatever. This is *business*. Pay me that money.'

"Well," continued the goat, "this is an appropriate object lesson. This creditor, as I happen to know, was an excellent Christian, a regular 'go to church on Sunday' man, trustworthy in all his dealings, a kind father, and, in fact, generally respected. But the practical exigencies of business came before the spiritual injunctions of religion. And, what is more, these inevitably *must* come first if the unfortunate man intends to keep a coat on his back and a roof over his head. The commercial system you have elaborated is in direct conflict with the religious system which you profess, and the two cannot by any possible means be made to harmonise together. The essence of Christianity is charity, chivalry, self-sacrifice, and brotherly love. The essence of business is to buy in the cheapest market, and to sell in the dearest. According to the one, man is spiritual; according to the other he is mechanical. Your creed requires you to live for others, civilisation compels you to live primarily for yourself. How are you ever to reconcile the two?

"Look here, my friend," he went on, "have you ever calculated what it would cost you at the present day to lead a perfect spiritual life—for, of course, like everything

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else, this also now depends absolutely on money? Suppose that you decided to imitate the career of one of the great prophets. Charity, brotherly love, and disinterestedness, if properly persevered in, would alone necessitate the possession of a quite fabulous income, unless, indeed, you practised these virtues at other people's expense. But, then, what would it further cost you to carry the war vigorously into the enemy's country? In biblical history the king either protected the prophet or the prophet generally met with an untimely death. Now, however, the Courts would simply mulct you in damages for slander. Say that you accosted Lady Frippmere in the Row, and fearlessly denounced her notorious infidelities to her husband; or that you upbraided young Scattercash publicly for his riotous living; how much do you think would this ideal interference with the modern conditions of civilised society cost you? A consistent prophet in these days would never be slaughtered—they would simply make him a bankrupt.

"Bah! your divinity is Progress.

"Good-bye. I have had sufficient of you; you are an agreeable talker, but somewhat too argumentative."

And with this critical farewell the Piccadilly goat peremptorily dismissed me.

* * * *

The dull, or, rather, the literally dead, season has set in with quite extraordinary severity this year, and the West-end becomes every day more and more deserted. But gaiety has nowhere been remarkable—not even, indeed, at Cowes itself, where the gathering for the Regatta week was anything but brilliant. Poor Harry Tyrwhitt-Wilson on several occasions figured on the lawn, but, as if conscious of his death-like appearance, kept very much to himself. He was most grateful, however, if any old friends came up and spoke, but all took care not to allude in any way to his health.

Meanwhile, Madame de Brienen has figuratively transported Mayfair to Clingendaal, her beautiful place near the Hague, and for the past fortnight relays of English friends have visited there and enjoyed her generous hospitality. Sir Horace Rumboldt, our Minister to the Netherlands, has assisted these festivities by contributing several dinners and dances to the general enjoyment. Amongst Madame de Brienen's guests during the past week have been Miss Stanley Clarke, Mr. Alpin Macgregor, and several Guardsmen.

Count de Bylandt leaves London for the Hague, on his annual leave of absence, on the 25th instant.

Mr. Larz Anderson, the newly-appointed Second Secretary to the United States Legation in London, has arrived in town to replace Mr. McCormick.

Lord and Lady Hothfield are entertaining a large party this week at Hothfield, their place in Kent. The purpose of the present gathering is a cricket-match with the I Zingari Eleven.

Apropos of the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis to Vichy, the French papers have suggested the appropriate motto of "Veni, Vidi, Vichy."

It is also said about our own admirable Prince that he has successfully passed his "Bacca(rat)lauréat."

Lord Colin Campbell's divorce suit and subsequent bankruptcy will still be fresh in the minds of most. In any case the memory of this *cause celèbre* will be revived by the singular statement of accounts which has just been supplied to the creditors by the trustee in Bankruptcy. From this it would appear that whilst Lord Colin Campbell's "estimate of amount expected to rank for dividend" was £8,598. 6s. 8d., the total receipts from the date of the receiving order only amounted to £156. 13s. 4d., of which £72. 5s. goes as remuneration to the trustee, and, after subtracting the other various incidental items for outlay, &c., only a balance of £3. 4s. 3d. remains to be distributed amongst the creditors! This is, I believe, a quite usual experience in bankruptcy proceedings, though nevertheless discouraging.

Sir Frederick Burton's attention should be called to two pictures in the room set apart for the Dutch and Flemish School in the National Gallery. Here a "Rocky Landscape" by Teniers and a neighbouring picture are apparently being destroyed by mildew—possibly the result of the present system of warming the galleries. —Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

SOME of the best judges at Newmarket insist that Gouverneur will beat Révérend in the Leger, if both horses go to the post. I do not believe that Gouverneur will stay the course, whereas Révérend has both stamina and speed. They have both been very quiet in the market during the last week. I certainly have no prejudice against Gouverneur, having predicted his success in all the races which he won last year, and, having thrown him over for the Two Thousand, I anticipated that he would be Common's most dangerous opponent at Epsom. Mimi has been going in beautiful style at Newmarket, and if she keeps well she is tolerably certain to come to much shorter odds than are now offered against her, but I have no fancy for her Leger chance. Orvieto has been so freely backed that only 10 to 1 is now offered against him, but I have no belief in this horse's ability to stay the Leger course. The simpletons who backed Ermak when betting on the race first commenced are not likely to have a run for their money, but this horse could have no chance, and his owners will be well advised if they reserve him for his French engagements. I do not believe that there will be more than ten runners for the Leger.

There are fifty-four entries for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, including several animals of high class, such as Blue Green, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, and Rathbeal; and among the other well-known performers which have been engaged are Vasistas, Father Confessor, Silver Spur, Houndsditch, Martagon, and Ragimunde.

There are only forty-nine entries for the Portland Plate, and the names of the two early "pots" for this race—Killowen and Euphony—do not appear in the list. I expect that Killowen will be run in one of the T.Y.C. handicaps at Liverpool or Manchester, and Euphony will probably start for a five-furlong scramble at Derby. There is a very good entry, however, for the Portland Plate, including Peter Flower (who, as I stated some time ago, is to be exclusively reserved for T.Y.C. races, which is a very wise decision of Lord Durham's), Unicorn, Bumptious, Ralton, Le Nord, Benvenuto, Tostig, Noverre, Friar Lubin, Marvel, Lord George, Formidable, and Charm.

The acceptance for the Leicestershire Royal Handicap is described as "most disappointing," but I cannot discover any justification for such croakings. Considering the class of the topweights, it was manifest that two-thirds of the animals which were handicapped could have no possible chance, and I only wonder that ten at least of those which have been left in were not scratched. The principal surprise is the withdrawal of Common, who was wonderfully well handicapped with the best of the older horses, and it was to be expected that he would be left in, because he has no engagements after the Leger, except the Free Handicap at Newmarket, and a trumpery race at Liverpool in November. Blue Green has also disappeared, but I fancy that his withdrawal may be attributed to the fact that the distance would not be far enough for him. Mr. Corlett's theory that Blue Green has gone out because Porter does not expect to be able to train him again, is refuted by the fact that he has just been engaged in the Great Yorkshire Handicap; but, on the other hand, it is certainly odd that his name does not appear in the entry for the Doncaster Cup. Unicorn (6st. 12 lb.) has been made favourite, but for the next three weeks the betting on the race is likely to be of the most harum-scarum description. I do not believe that Unicorn can stay a mile, and this is clearly Major Egerton's opinion. Le Nord (8 st. 2 lb.) is unquestionably the pick of the handicap, and if he took it into his head to run for once in public as well as he does in private he would come in alone, but who can

trust such an ill-conditioned beast? Killowen is as well treated as Unicorn, but with him also there is the same doubt as to whether he can stay the distance.

It will not surprise me to find Gouverneur turn out the best of the topweights.

I see it is stated that the Prince of Wales proposes to be at Leicester to see the race run, which is quite untrue, for H.R.H. will then be in Denmark, and he is not likely to be seen on a racecourse (unless he goes over from Homburg to the meeting at Frankfort) before the Cesarewitch week.

I have reason to believe that it is not the present intention of the Duke of Westminster to start Orme for the Lancashire Plate at Manchester, and if he finally decides to reserve his colt for the Middle Park Plate he will act most sagaciously, in view of Orme's important and valuable engagements next year. It is nonsense and rubbish to run a two-year-old, which looks like making a Derby horse, against very smart old horses over seven furlongs. Orme might, perhaps, beat Gouverneur and Surefoot (though I fancy that if both were well they would walk away from him over this distance), but the chances are that he would never recover from the effects of the race. First-class two-year-olds have done their best every season in the Lancashire Plate, but have always been beaten—Corstorphine last year, and Alicante in 1889.

The Lancashire Plate for 1893, which has recently closed, has been reduced in value to £8,000. The largest subscribers are Mr. D. Cooper, with ten; Lord Rosebery, with eight; and Lord Rosslyn, Mr. W. Milner, "Mr. Abington," Lord Calthorpe, and M. E. Blanc, with six each. The majority of the animals which have been engaged are foals and yearlings, in which no interest can be felt at present; but the entry of two-year-olds and three-year-olds is well worth a careful study, as shrewd people may gather some valuable hints from it. Among the three-year-olds are Gouverneur, Révérend, and Grammont. Among the two-year-olds are Rueil, Arrogant (a dark colt), Archiduc, out of Acacia, which belongs to M. E. Blanc, La Flêche, Dunure, Bushey Park, Kyle, Flyaway, Lady Caroline, Broad Corrie, Lady Hermit, Lorette, and Carmilhan. It may justifiably be assumed that all these animals will be worth remembering during the next year. The omission of Common's name from the entry looks as if only a brief career on the turf is anticipated for him, or it may be taken as a hint that his owners and trainer are not disposed to regard him as being a really good horse.

I hear from Newmarket that it is very unlikely that Corstorphine will stand a preparation, so it is probable that she will be relegated to the stud at the end of this season.

There was a terrific thunderstorm at Newmarket last week, and a beautiful yearling filly by Isonomy out of Corrie Roy was struck by lightning and killed on the spot. This filly had already been heavily engaged, and her destruction must represent a loss of several thousands of pounds to her owners, who, however, may congratulate themselves that Corrie Roy and her colt foal by Wisdom, who were close at hand, escaped injury.

M. Lefevre has again sold his yearlings to Baron Alphonse de Rothschild. They are mostly sired by Tristan, and among them is a colt out of Ramette, but the lot does not include any relative to Haute Saône, as that mare and her yearling were purchased some time ago by Mr. Daniel Cooper.

The announcement that Goldfinch has been "put by" for the Middle Park Plate is not correct. Goldfinch is in reserve for the £5,000 stake at Kempton Park, which is run on the Friday before the Middle Park Plate, and in which he may meet Lady Hermit, Lady Caroline, Petrovna, and Gossoon.

During the first seven months of this year we exported 5,896 horses, as against 6,498 during the same period of last year, the value having been £259,991, as compared with £323,831 last year. There were 323 stallions, against 811; 1,951 mares, against 2,241; and 3,572 geldings, against 3,446. Of the total number, 1,914 went to Holland, 1,644 to Belgium, 1,183 to France, 274 to the United States, 251 to British North America, and 630 to other countries. The respective value of he exports was £82,361 to France, £50,953 to Belgium, £41,408 to Holland, £26,680 to the United States, £13,768 to British North America, and £44,821 to other countries

During these seven months 11,612 horses were imported, as against 12,955 during the same period of last year, and the respective values were £228,444 and £209.691. Of these imported horses, 409 were stallions, 2,095 mares, and 9,108 geldings. The value of the horses imported from the United States was £24,504, and from British North America £23,000.

I have several times animadverted on the exorbitant fees which are now demanded for untried sires, and on the feather-brained fatuity of the owners who pay such outrageous sums. Every good horse which now goes to the stud is charged 100 gs. or 150 gs. as a matter of course. It may be worth while to point out that Isonomy commenced his stud career at the fee of 50 gs., which was raised in the following season to 70 gs., at which he stood for five years. The charge for St. Simon also was 50 gs., when he went to the stud at the end of 1884.

The root-and-branch reform in the conditions of the Doncaster Cup, which was originally suggested in Truth, has been a complete success, for the race has obtained no fewer than twenty-five entries, including nearly all the best stayers in training. There are Morion, Gonsalvo, Queen's Birthday, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, Houndsditch, Rathbeal, and Memoir, of the older horses; and among the three-year-olds are Patrick Blue, Martenhurst, Bosphorus, and St. Simon of the Rock. It is quite on the cards that this will prove to be the great cup race of the season, and if Morion comes to the post fit and well I shall expect to see him win as cleverly as he did at Ascot. He will meet Gonsalvo at even weights, and they will be giving 10 lb. to Queen's Birthday.

At Redcar the principal two-year-old stake was won by Therapia, a very pretty filly by Thurio, which was bred by her owner, Mr. Joicey; but on the following day she was beaten for the Wilton Plate by Cardrona, a filly belonging to I'Anson, which I mentioned as likely to win a race at this meeting, for she must have been highly tried before Pontefract, to judge from the free manner in which she was backed then for the race in which Golden Arrow beat her. Mr. Lowther won the Biennial with Salamones, and in the Wilton Plate she separated Cardrona and Therapia.

The Breeders' Foal Stakes brought out only three runners, although there were ninety-three entries! This race was won for Lord Zetland by Grammont, who just beat Enniskillen by a head, but he ran dreadfully "green" throughout, and when he knows his business better he will show much superior form. Grammont, who is by St. Simon, out of Marguerite, is a fine, racing-like colt. He was well tried before Goodwood, but met with an accident just before he ran for the Sussex Stakes, which accounted for his bad running in that race. Early in the spring I mentioned Grammont as being a dark three-year-old of considerable promise, and he ought to win plenty of races for his popular owner.

At Kempton Park Flyaway won the Breeders' Stakes very cleverly from The Lover, a colt belonging to Mr. O. Cooper, who had been well tried, and who was backed for a great deal of money, and would have won easily enough if Mr. Leigh's filly had been out of the way. The most interesting race at this meeting was the City of London Stakes, wherein Bumptious showed that he can stay a mile, and he beat Orion in a common canter. It would be interesting to learn the particulars of the trial which caused Porter to regard Orion as being a really smart horse, for either there must have been some egregious muddling, or else he is a dreadful rogue.

The Grand Prix de Paris for 1893 is to close on the 15th of September, being the Tuesday after Doncaster. The added money has been increased to £8,000, which, be it remembered, is really given, and not wriggled back in the form of forfeits or entrances, as in England. There will, no doubt, be an enormous entry, and especially as owners can "get out" on very reasonable term if they wish to do so.

THE YORK PROGRAMME.

There will be some fairly interesting sport on the Knavesmire next week, although the fields are not likely to be large in the principal stakes.

The entry for the Yorkshire Oaks includes Siphonia, Belvidera II., Mimi (who will probably start for this race), and a large number of fillies which have shown very indifferent form this season. I shall anticipate the success of Mimi, who will have to give 9 lb. to Belvidera II. The Ebor St. Leger should be won by Lord Zetland's representative. The Great Yorkshire Stakes has Peter Flower (who will not run), Benvenuto, Orvieto, Simonian, High Havens, Ordinance, Friar Lubin, and Grammont. I do not believe that Orvieto could stay this course in tolerable company with a fast run race, and shall expect to see him defeated by Grammont if the pace is good.

The Prince of Wales Plate of £1,000 is the most valuable two-year-old race in the programme, and it may bring out De Retz, Bouthillier, Bushey Park, Cantire, Priestess, Pilgrim's Progress, El Diablo, Lord Burleigh, and Carmilhan. Priestess is the best of the public lot, but she has to give 15 lb. to maidens, and Bushey Park or Cantire may win. The Convivial Produce Stakes has Desdemona, Salamones, Cantire, Clarence, Carmilhan, and Vermeil, as the best of the ninety entries. The Gimcrack Stakes has one hundred and two entries, of which Halsbury, Kyle, Cantire, Cardrona, El Diablo, Therapia, and Salamones are the best, but the prospects of this race will be altered by previous running.

There is a very poor acceptance for the Ebor Handicap, only eighteen horses having been left in. It is probable that St. Benedict will be favourite, as he seems to be a universal tip, but I prefer the chances of Loricula or Heremon.

[I have received from Lord Westmorland the following letter, which I cheerfully publish, having no desire to mislead posterity respecting the ambitions or tastes of the late Earl. In regard to the closing sentence, if I understand its meaning correctly—of which I feel far from certain—it is "beyond comprehension," so far as I am concerned, how Lord Westmorland can state as a fact that my correspondent "can possibly know nothing whatever about" the matter in question. I will, however, communicate with this audacious scribe, and hear what he has to say on the matter.—Ed.]

Apethorpe, Wansford, August 14, 1891.

Sir,—I wish you to contradict in your next issue the statement made in your paper of the 13th inst., under the head of "Sporting Notes," that "he [Lord Westmorland] was anxious to be appointed Jockey Club handicapper when Mr. Weatherby resigned that post, but there were insuperable obstacles to such an arrangement."

My father was never anxious for the appointment of handicapper, and, if he had been, insuperable obstacles would not in any way have interfered with the appointment.

How your correspondent can state as facts things he can possibly know nothing whatever about is beyond comprehension.—Yours,

Westmorland.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My dear Ben,—On the whole, it may be said that the better feeling in the stock markets to which I referred a week ago is maintained. There is no boom, nor is there likely to be one, but the long-continued shrinkage in stocks has at last come to an end, and small recoveries begin to make themselves felt. Argentine stocks have shown greater steadiness than they have exhibited for a long time, and there has been a rally in some other South American securities. The scarcity in heavy railway stocks again shown at the settlement has furnished support to that department. The scare in Union Pacifics made further progress, but a strong rally in the Yankee market has since set in. The Kaffir Circus and the mining market generally show signs of returning animation, and there are indications all round that the "Bears" will no longer have it all their own way, but that, when holiday-making is over, a good deal of animation and a higher range of prices may be expected. Cheap money is assured for the present, nor are there any more serious financial difficulties to fear. New issues have been on a small scale, and the accumulated savings of the country must in time find their way into investments. When that point is reached, and produces an improvement in quotations, the public, which has kept out of the markets so long, will probably take a hand in more active operations. At present the "House" has it all its own way, and in this game of "diamond cut diamond" few have been making any money.

Home Rails.

The July statement of the South-Eastern Company has been hanging over the market, depressing quotations, but when it appeared, although showing an increase in expenditure, it had little effect, especially as the weekly traffic proved favourable. Brighton "A" have shown little elasticity during the week, chiefly because the traffic returns show little improvement. Any marked increase in traffics, which might follow a spell of settled weather, however, would, no doubt, set the "Bulls" going again, and the review of the English and French squadrons is likely to give a fillip to Brighton "A" as it may to South-Western. It is apparent from the scarcity disclosed at the "carry-over" that the "Bear" account in "Berthas" is by no means liquidated yet, as had been suggested. Dover "A" have reached to 80¾ in anticipation of the July statement, and improved to 81. The heavy brigade is likely to improve on any moderate investment buying which may set in, stock being in small supply. On the other hand, the Board of Trade returns foreshadow rather a falling off in traffics, a circumstance which will have to be taken into consideration in forecasting the future of heavy rails. Amongst these Midlands remain my favourites, and, standing as they do at 155 xd., they have fully justified the favourable view I expressed of them some months ago. Dividend estimates are disturbing the Scotch stocks. I must confess to holding a very gloomy view on North British, and it may well be that the Preferred will go somewhat short of its dividend. In any case the Deferred will hardly get any distribution. The Caledonian methods employed in connection with the new issue of stock have been sharply criticised, and the fall in Caleys to 112¼ and of Caledonian Deferred to 35⅛ has been partly due to that circumstance, while unfavourable dividend estimates have also been put forward. These, however, should be taken with a grain of salt. The Caledonian shareholders who have taken the new stock allotted to them, by the way, will do well to insist that any reduction in the price or conditions made in selling the unplaced stock should also be conceded to them. Great Eastern are fairly maintained at 89, which is a good price, taking into consideration the unfavourable result of the first half-year's working. But the east coast seaside resorts served by the line are more crowded than ever this year, and in view of the large excursion business traffics ought to improve. Chatham securities and the stocks of the Underground lines are neglected.

The Union Pacific Debt.

The Union Pacific slump is slowly passing away, and although it will take some time before this stock will recover from the scare, I hold to my opinion that it is not in Jay Gould's interest to place the road in a receiver's hands. When he has got all the cheap stock he wants, the floating debt will be arranged for, and the price will

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, E.C.—165, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—8, Haymarket, S.W.—18, Westbourne-grove, W.—Nos. 19 and 20, Railway-approach, London-bridge, S.E.—Manchester address, Bridgewater-chambers, 6, Brown-street.—Brighton address, Central-chambers, The Quadrant. No commission on speculative accounts. He buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired. Telephone No. 1,578.

recover. But the occurrence must once again utterly disgust European investors with the dishonest methods of this unscrupulous manipulator. With regard to the amount of the floating debt, it is given in the last annual report under date of December 31 as about 6,900,000 dols., the liabilities being 21,418,000 dols., and the assets 14,543,000 dols., but these amounts included bills and accounts receivable 13,753,000 dols., which comprise advances to branch lines on current account, and past experience shows that these advances are not available as cash. The real floating debt may therefore be double the amount stated. To provide for this awkward factor and "for other purposes," the Company, or rather Jay Gould for it, decided in April, 1891, to create a collateral Trust Bond for 25,000,000 dols., but the difficulty of placing the bonds interfered with that scheme. Then apparently the Little Wizard conceived the idea of using the huge floating debt as a bugbear, and to depress the market so as to make it worth while for him to step in as the saviour of the road later on.

Louisville, Norfolks, and Other Stocks.

The recent decline in Louisville was as much due to the forced closing of a big "Bull" account in that stock, Union Pacifics, and Denver Prefs., as to the clumsy manner in which the new stock issue was made. The account closed was that of an important firm of dealers in the American market, who were once possessed of very considerable resources, which were attenuated by the continued slump in Yankees. With regard to the Louisville issue, it may well be asked what sense there was in calling for the balance of 90 per cent. on the stock so soon as August 12. A little common sense would have told the Board that it would have been much wiser to spread the calls over some longer period, for it is impossible that they wanted the cash all at once. Undoubtedly many people have had to sacrifice their holdings for this reason, which thus formed an important factor in the recent slump. The syndicate who have taken over the balance of the Louisville issue consists of half-a-dozen large firms, and the price at which it stands them in—70 (New York), less ½ per cent. commission—was not by any means remunerative until the present strong advance set in. The financial position, both of the Louisville and Nashville, and of the Norfolk and Western, has now been amply secured by the new issues. On the subject of the Norfolk and Western I shall have something to say on the arrival of President Kimball, who is expected here almost immediately. But the full dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum is now secured for October. Had there been a demand for bonds the new stock of the Louisville and Norfolk and Western Companies would not have disturbed the position of the share market. In this direction the Ontario and Western have just completed a good stroke of business in selling in New York 400,000 dols. of their Six per Cents. at very nearly the price at which they had the option of redemption. The Ohio and Mississippi is a road which is fortunate in the amount of its floating debt, as I learn from a trustworthy authority that the utmost that could be put down under that heading would be £20,000. By the way, the President and three of the directors are now in England, so that the London Joint Committee are in a good position to be posted with respect to the steps they may consider it advisable to take in the interest of the shareholders. Mr. E. R. Bacon, the President of the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western, has gone to the Continent. On his return, in about a week's time, all parties will probably come to close quarters. There has been an important rally in Erie stocks on very shadowy rumours as to a possible dividend on the Prefs.; but the good old Erie has no elasticity in its capital account, and is entirely dependent upon its current resources. As regards the market outlook generally, there can be no doubt that the splendid harvest must tell strongly in favour of the railroads. The question is whether the rally, which has again set in, will be more lasting than the previous ones, which have been so short-lived. Both here and in New York the same operators who begin the rallies generally put them down again. It was at first all "House" operating, and the public kept aloof. But there are strong indications that this latest improvement will develop into a boom, and I shall not be surprised to see a very sharp advance established. One point is against the "Bears" at present. Stories of financial difficulties do not gain credence so easily as they used to. Ever since the sensational events of last autumn in London, a continuous apprehension has existed in New York in regard to the secondary effects of the Argentine collapse and the Baring failure. In fact, rumours that various houses or institutions in London were involved in serious complications arising from these causes, have been constantly circulated, and have been among the most potent factors in maintaining the lack of confidence which disturbs the money and speculative markets on both sides of the Atlantic. Hence the Wall-street "Bear" party working so hard and unscrupulously to get the stock-market down, have resorted to this base element of depression by inventing evil rumours to help them in their task of depreciating other people's property. It is a scandalous and despicable way to make money, and the pirates of Wall-street who have adopted it deserve the punishment of highway robbers. Perhaps, however, retribution will come to them in the form which will bring suitable punishment to them—namely by a "Bear" squeeze.

Canadian Railways.

Canadian Pacifics have had an important rise since I recommended them to you so specially a few months ago. They then stood at 78. Now they have advanced to 86 ex. div., a rise of 10½ points, and you have thus secured a splendid profit by following my advice. As regards Grand Trunks I am unable to modify my views, notwithstanding all the *rapprochement* talk. The result of the half-year's working is lamentable, a dividend of only ½ per cent. falling to the share of the guaranteed, and it is now more than doubtful that this stock will get its full 4 per cent. for the year. That the First Prefs, thus deprived of any hope of a dividend, should still stand at 64 is entirely owing to the support given by the "Bull" clique in Trunks, who are ever trustful in the future. The Grand Trunk traffic announcement last week for the Detroit division seems to have mystified the Trunk management here as much as the Stock Exchange, being about double the amount of that for the corresponding period last year. After all, the explanation of the circumstance was very simple, some 50,000 of the Great Army of the Republic having met in the city of Detroit in that week. The wonder is that the Grand Trunk people were not better informed. The appointment of Mr. McIntyre on the Grand Trunk Board is not quite in harmony with poetical justice. It adds, no doubt, a strong mind to a Board singularly in need of such a commodity, and the new director is thoroughly well acquainted with Canadian affairs. But it is not so easy to forget that Mr. McIntyre had as much as any one else to do with the creation of the Ontario and Quebec line, which has contributed more to the ruin of the Grand Trunk than any other circumstance.

Foreigners.

There have been no sensational developments in Foreigners during the past week. Paris operators have confined themselves to giving moderate support to Spanish and Portuguese stocks, and the level of prices has remained very much the same. When the next Portuguese coupons fall due, however, we shall probably see another spasm in prices, for there will, apparently, be trouble about means and ways, as there is already great difficulty about the coupons of the Portuguese Railways. South American stocks have kept up pretty well. Argentine Government stocks have fully maintained their recent recovery, and some of the issues provided

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for out of the funding loan have also put on a few points. The debentures of the guaranteed railways remain at very low prices, and they are, moreover, kept down by the disinclination of bankers to make advances on them. In fact, a man may hold £50,000 of Argentine Railway stocks, and yet not be able to raise a farthing on them. Having encouraged holders in the past to keep such stocks at high prices, the same bankers now refuse to make advances at a level at which these stocks ought to be safe enough. The repeal of the moratorium by the Argentine Senate is, of course, a favourable feature, but the success of the new Bank of the Argentine Nation, which is to be created in Buenos Ayres, seems as yet problematical. I understand that modifications in the scheme have been urged by cable by influential quarters, the suggestion being made that holders of the old Argentine National Bank shares should be entitled to an allotment of shares on payment of an assessment, and that the Argentine Government should leave the issue of 50,000,000 dols. in paper, permanently to the Bank, at a rate of interest of 3 per cent., instead of cancelling it as and how shares are subscribed for. The new Uruguay reorganisation scheme is to be brought out this week, and I will withhold further comment until it is before the public. Ecuador is to the fore with a scheme, under which the payment of interest is to be resumed. For every £100 bond a bond of £40, carrying 4½ per cent., is to be exchanged, while three shares of £20 in a railway at present in course of construction, and very much *en l'air*, are to be given to every holder of £1,000 bonds. It is satisfactory to see that another Spanish American Republic is returning to honest ways; and the arrangement does not seem inadequate, provided it be kept to. The assumption of the Presidency of Chili by Vicuna, the nominee and successor of Balmaceda, may or may not bring about the possibility of a reconciliation between the two contending parties, but it is quite clear that it is time that the Chilians stopped fighting. I am afraid that the reviving hopes of a release by the new President of the money locked-up at the Bank of England to the Peruvian bondholders will be doomed to disappointment. A further fall has taken place in Interoceanic of Mexico Six per Cent. debentures to 80, at which they yield 7½ per cent. on the investment. There must have been some forced selling somewhere, but the decline has, no doubt, been partly caused by the mistaken impression that the new debentures (£165,000) issued to the contractor against the newly-acquired Matamoras line rank *pari passu* with the old debentures. This is not so, the latter being secured on that new section of the line, and having only a claim for interest on the general fund after the older debentures. These debentures are a good purchase, and should be picked up. Mexican Rails are in the dumps. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Percy W. Tulloch, the author of the pamphlet on "The Mexican Railway, its Real Position," to which I referred last week, in forwarding me a copy remarked that "the 'Bear' clique were doing all they could to annul its effect. Finding that a pamphlet was coming out, they attempted to get out an opposition one, but, this proving impossible in the time, they succeeded in getting an article into the *Statist*." My view is that Mr. Tulloch is not correct on the score of expenditure, and that the real truth of the position will be found to lie between the *Statist* article and the pamphlet.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

The event of the week in the Kaffir Circus has been the recovery of De Beers from the lowest point touched, 10⅞, to 12½, upon influential purchases. It was caused chiefly by a revival of the demand for diamonds on the Continent and in Hatton-garden. This demand for the glittering favourites of the fair sex seems to be as fickle as the English weather, and it always takes effect at once on De Beers. It is well known that New-court never fights a market. The great firm allowed the "Bears" to work their sweet will, and when large option dealings had been concluded, the price was taken straight up, much to the discomfiture of the ursine party. But, my dear Ben, on a further rise you should consider the advisability of selling. There has been a much better tone in several Witwatersand mines, and a recovery in the mining department generally may well be at hand. Jumpers have improved to 1$\frac{15}{16}$. It is well known that the bulk of these shares is held very firmly, awaiting an improvement in the position of this Company. Several other Randt shares have improved, but Durban Roodepoort at 2$\frac{1}{16}$, and May's Consolidated at 6s. 6d., remain very cheap, and ought to be picked up. Australian Broken Hill Consols remain dull, awaiting advices from the mine respecting the cutting out of the fault in the rich vein and the resumption of the output. I am glad to find that the *Melbourne Argus* keeps me in countenance with regard to the views expressed by me contradicted by the *Silver Age*, as to the Australian Broken Hill Consols vein being a branch of the Proprietary lode. The *Argus* of June 27 last in an article headed "The Broken Hill of To-day," whilst referring to Block 14 (which was originally part of the Proprietary Company's property) states as follows:—

> Block 14 Company possess a first-class property, despite the fact that its ore body is not quite so rich as that of the Proprietary. It is just possible that the lateral vein, known as the Australian Broken Hill Consols, and which is a branch from the big lode running out from the north end of the Proprietary, has stolen much of the silver that otherwise would have been in Block 14 and in the British portion of the main ore body.

I find the following in a recent circular issued by the Mining Department of the South African Trust and Finance Company of Johannesburg, which I cannot refrain from quoting:—

> British S. A. Chartered Co.—This passing fad of City men and City Lords is generally finding its level. A good thing from an Imperial—political—territorial point of view, but of little import from a Company, financial, or dividend point of view. Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Beit (a director) have plunged into the wilderness with twelve teams of salted Mules, and their end no man knoweth. The plunge was deferred till it could be deferred no longer. Things are being made as pleasant as possible to Lord Randolph, but the lurking fear in certain quarters is he will do a retrograde and premature plunge for Piccadilly and concurrently and incontinently damn the De Beers John Company. The Portuguese Government, the British Consul at Beira, and the Natal Government have been busy warning people not to venture into the country, unless equipped after the manner of a Stanley or Livingstone, and on the top of the Crown official warnings, comes the same from Prospectors of the Chartered Co., who sign their names. The Chartered Co. have, however, from Cape Town, dubbed the whole warnings as wrong or false with but little avail.

Amongst the mining shares which are likely to enjoy a marked recovery are undoubtedly those of the Indian gold mines, the Mysore, now quoted 5⅜, ranking, of course, first. Next to these comes the Gold Fields of Mysore. A new mine which is likely to attract a good deal of attention is the Mysore Nagar, the £1 shares in which are quoted 5s. 6d.-6s. 6d. It has acquired a mining lease for one square mile n the Mysore territory. The mines are stated to have excellent quartz reefs and alluvial deposits, the property having been specially selected by Major-General Robert A. Cole (late of the Mysore Commission). There is a strong tip about that these shares are going much higher.

The Silati Railway Concession.

Some time ago, when giving particulars of the forthcoming railway race to Pretoria or Johannesburg, I mentioned amongst the various lines about to be constructed in or near the Transvaal the concession for the Silati, or, as it is called by the Dutch, the Selatie, Railway, which had been virtually granted to a group of French financiers, headed by Baron Oppenheim. It will be good news to those interested in the Transvaal, and especially in the Silati and Zoutspansberg gold-fields, to learn that the Bill embodying this concession has been finally passed by the Transvaal Volksraad by a majority of eighteen votes on July 15th. From a map published in the Pretoria *Weekly Press* of July 18th I find that the line will run from Komatie Poort to Leydsdorp, near the Silati River district, passing through or close to eight farms of the Oceana Company, the chief of which are as follows: Junniesdale, Albatruss, Murgenton, Moria, Blaaunbank, Holdsplint, and Hunningnest-Kranz, while other eight farms are also situated close to the new

line near the Portuguese boundary. There seems to be little doubt that the line will be promptly constructed. The Government Bill, which has just been adopted by the Volksraad, provides for a Government guarantee of 4 per cent. on the capital required. The line will be 195 miles long, without extensions. The first thirty miles of this line can be constructed at a comparatively cheap rate, because it runs through a level country. Beyond that point, construction through heavy mountain ranges will be necessarily difficult and costly but it is estimated that the total cost of the 195 miles will not exceed two millions sterling. Branch lines will be added to the main line, which will thus extend to the Limpopo River, and the new line will absolutely be the shortest direct route to the north and to the territories of the British Chartered Company, while it will directly open up the mineral and agricultural wealth of the Zoutspansberg district, and be of immeasurable advantage to the Silati River Company's farm Burgersdorp and the adjacent farms of the Oceana Company. Shareholders in these Companies may therefore find in this latest development a further important point in favour of their property. As it is, Oceana shares are distinctly firm at a material recovery to $3\frac{7}{8}$, and as there is still in existence a considerable "Bear" account, a marked advance is probable as soon as further advices come to hand from the Transvaal. Mr. Oliver Pegler, the well-known mining expert, arrived on the Silati River property on July 12, and energetic working of the alluvial gold deposits will follow. Messrs. Conybeare and Henderson, too, will by now have arrived there, and important developments will doubtless follow.

More About Elmore Copper.

A good deal of ignorant or biassed nonsense has been printed on the position of the Elmore Companies since I recently drew attention to them. An electrical contemporary, one of the editors of which has distinguished himself from the outset by an extraordinary hostility to the Elmore process, makes my remarks the subject of verbose comment. But it has apparently dropped its criticisms on the merits of the process itself, and confines itself to weak comments and retrospects, which have little to do with the present position. I do not see the slightest reason to modify the views which I have expressed upon the prospects of both the English and French Elmore Companies. There is, moreover, absolutely no disposition on the part of the management of the English Company to any secrecy, and others who are interested in the process or in the shares will have no difficulty to convince themselves with their own eyes, at the works near Leeds, of the promising position. If they will make application to Mr. William Elmore, he will be prepared to show them what I have seen at the works, and to give them also access to the books, so as to confirm my statements respecting the numerous repeat orders, which, after all, are the best proof of the value of the process. He will, no doubt, also be able to satisfy them with regard to the profits to be made. I omitted, when briefly giving an outline of the Elmore process, to mention a material advantage possessed by it over other processes. In its working the gold and silver usually contained in copper is separated from the baser metal, and remains at the bottom of the tanks. Special marks of copper contain larger proportions of the precious metals, and can all the same be obtained at the current market price. I have it on Mr. William Elmore's authority that he has obtained gold and silver (chiefly the latter) to the amount of £10 per ton of copper, and it will be seen that, in the case of an output of 20 tons per week, an extra profit of £200 per week would, on this basis, be available with proper selection of the copper utilised. The price of the shares has fluctuated considerably of late, "Bear" sales having been effected by imprudent operators; but the English Elmore shares have now recovered to $3\frac{5}{8}$-$\frac{7}{8}$, and the French shares are not obtainable below 3, with every prospect of a marked advance. In fact, I have no doubt that, the better the position and prospects of these Companies are known and the more closely they are investigated, the more promising will they appear.

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My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

O.B.—Yes, Costa Rica bonds, especially the "B" series, are an excellent investment, yielding close upon 8 per cent. at to-day's price, and the present is a good opportunity. *Silver.*—It is impossible to forecast the future of Rupee Paper, but on the whole it looks as if silver, and with it silver securities, would rather rise than fall further. *Investor, Dublin.*—No, I do not advise investments in Uruguay bonds. The position is too uncertain. You had better place your money nearer home. *Sud-americano.*—The Funding loan, paying 6 per cent. interest, secured on the Customs revenues is the cheapest of Argentine Government stocks. *James.*—I see no reason to sell Ottoman Defence at present, but no such foreign stock can be called "thoroughly safe and good."

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Kent.—I cannot tell you if a call is probable in the case of the South Australian Land Mortgage and Agency Company, but should think it best to hold both these shares and those of the Bankers' Investment Trust. I have never recommended this investment, but after the recent heavy decline such Trust stocks may recover to a moderate extent. *Subscriber.*—1. I do not like to advise you to sell your Trust stocks after the continued decline, but I should sell on a recovery. 2. Hold, but do not buy more. Do not put too many eggs into one basket. 3. Emerald and Phœnix Brewery Prefs. should be held. 4. I should rather advise you to wait until a more decided improvement sets in. *Carlton.*—The Trust seems to be respectably managed, but I do not care to advise you to put too much money into it. *Voici.*—No, I do not care for Middlesbrough Town shares. Sell on the next rig, which is not improbable. *Colonial.*—I do not care for these Debenture Corporation shares. Sell on a recovery.

Home Rails.

Infelix.—Your stocks have suffered in common with all others in the universal slump. Certainly hold Brighton "A" (2) and Berwicks (3) now, as Home Rails seem to be in the ascendant. To London General Omnibus shares (1) I have repeatedly referred as too high, but after the recent fall they had better be held. The shares No. 4 will recover again, but that particular trade is bad just now. You might sell, and come in cheap again. No reason to sell No. 5. *Scotia.*—No, have nothing to do with North British Deferred, an unfavourable dividend announcement, which seems at hand, would put them again lower. *Home Investor.*—Brighton "A" are a very speculative stock, but if you are prepared to hold for some time you cannot do much harm at about 146.

American and Foreign Rails.

Bell Rock.—Yes, the Alabama, New Orleans, and Texas Road is likely to be leased by a large Company, and the Texas "B" shares will undoubtedly be benefited in that case. *Ninety-two.*—Read my remarks *re* Union Pacifics, and hold. *Trustee.*—Having waited so long, I should not advise you to sell Antofagasta stock at present. It is not improbable that now that Balmaceda's nominee and successor becomes President, some way will be found to patch up a peace in Chili. *Excellenza.*—Yes, I should advise you to invest in Interoceanic Six Per Cent. Debentures. They are very cheap at about 80-82. The new issue against the Matamoras line ranks after the old Debentures. *G. W.*—The depreciation of Interoceanic of Mexico stocks is due partly to the general slump, and also to a mistaken view that the new issue of Debentures and Ordinary shares against the Matamoras line might interfere with the older issues, which will not be the case. Hold these as well as Mexican Sixes and City of Mexico bonds. See remarks under "Foreigners" in last week's issue. *Bewildered.*—There is a great deal of irresponsible "Bear" talk about Mexican Rails. I do not think that there is any fear of the First Preference dividend going short. *Queenie.*—It is impossible to forecast the future of Denver Preference at present, but they ought to be held now in common with all American Rails. Inter-oceanic Debentures and Prefs. are a good purchase at present low prices. Buenos Ayres and Rosario ordinary and Tucuman shares will recover again in due time. *W. D. J.*—There is absolutely no valid reason for the fall in Interoceanic Debentures. Hold, and buy more, they will recover. *The Depressed.*—1. Hold Interoceanic Debentures, or buy more to average. 2. The tip is being passed round that De Beers are going much better again. *Imperial.*—Hold your Brazilian Railway stocks for a probable recovery, but do not buy any more at present. Argentine Railway stocks, such as those mentioned, are likely to recover in time, but it will be wisest to wait until the turning point has actually been reached. *H. B., Epsom.*—Inter-oceanics of Mexico debentures should be held. See remarks under "Foreigners." City of Mexico bonds are recovering. I always advised against Midland of Uruguay stocks. Under the new scheme the guarantee will be cut down, but you had better await its publication now.

Mining Shares.

Anxious.—Certainly, hold May Consolidated shares, there is no fear as to further liability. *Van.*—The expedition is on the

property, but communication is difficult. As soon as advices are received, I will give full particulars. *Behind the Scenes.*—1. They are probably "Bears" of the shares. You should distrust all such advice. 2. Yes; very frequently. 3. I have little faith in this property. Hold Australian Broken Hill Consols.

Industrial Companies.

T. G., Carmarthen.—1. See remarks under "Various Investments" respecting St. Louis Brewery shares. 2. Yes; quite reliable. 3. Yes; Bartholomay and City of Chicago Brewery shares are a good purchase. *S. D., Worthing.*—1. You should hold all your stocks; they will recover again. 2. Yes; quite reliable. See remarks under "Various Investments." *Limerick.*—You are too impatient. I could not reply sooner. You are misinformed about St. Louis Breweries. See remarks in my letter. All stocks have declined in the general slump. *Panels.*—1. There is no valid reason for the low price of St. Louis Brewery shares. 2. Hold all these shares; they will recover. 3. Yes; in the course of a year these Meat shares will, no doubt, improve again. *Martino.*—The accounts of the Company seem fairly satisfactory. The balance-sheet is returned. *Yearly Subscriber of Truth.*—The Denver Brewery dividend will probably be 10 per cent. Barnsley Brewery shares seem to be cheap, but I cannot forecast the dividend as yet. *M. P.*—As far as can be judged at present, J. & P. Coats are doing well. It is a fair industrial investment. *Station Master.*—You have certainly been very ill-advised to invest your moneys in the Buenos Ayres Water and Drainage Company's shares. No interest is to be expected at present. Do you not know that a compromise has been effected with the Argentine Government, which is at present being discussed by Congress? If yours are Ordinary shares you will have to await the liquidation of the Baring estate, on the chance of some portion of the capital being repaid, if there be a surplus. *Poor Rod.*—I am afraid that your only chance is to hold on in the hope of a recovery. The Preferred were certainly a better investment than the Ordinary. *J. F. B., Dudley.*—You ought not to have bought Salt Union, I have always warned my readers against these shares. Certainly place your money on good mortgages, but do not deposit too much with Building Societies, as there are pitfalls also in that direction. Those mentioned, A. and B., belong to the better class. I do not care for C. *Limerick II.*—If you attach the slightest value to the sheet from which you send an extract, you had better dispense with my advice. *Aberdeen.*—The paper in question knows nothing of the real position, and has probably its own reasons to run the shares down. *Interested Peruser.*—These Companies were started later, and the progress made with the works has probably been slower, but you should hold.

Mixed Investments.

Solicitor.—Yes, you should hold Norfolk Prefs., Milwaukees, and Union Pacifics. An important improvement is probable in a short time. I do not care for Allsopp's Ordinary. Sell, and invest in a dividend-paying stock. French Elmore shares are likely to go much higher, although there will be temporary reactions. I do not care for the British Chartered Company of South Africa. *Apex.*—1. If you send me the last report and balance-sheet of the Counties Conservative Permanent Benefit Building Society, I may be able to advise you. 2. I do not care for the Land Company in question. *Cove.*—Midland Railway Ordinary shares, and some of the other Heavy Rails, as specially mentioned in last week's issue under "Home Rails," will give you the return you want. You might also buy some English Corporation stocks, and average with Mexican Central Four Per Cent. Gold Bonds, which yield over 5 per cent. on the investment. I do not advise the purchase of Tramway shares at present. Coat's Preference are a fair industrial investment. *Pachá.*—I am afraid that if the £2,000 in question may be wanted at any time, it will be best to put them on deposit with a good bank. *Unlucky.*—All the stocks should be held. "A" and "D" may be expected to recover on an improvement in Argentine affairs. "B" are a fair English railway investment. Sell "C" on a recovery. "E" should improve with Yankee rails generally. "G" and "H" will improve on favourable advices which may be expected. *Armagh.*—1. Yes; hold San Francisco Brewery Prefs. 2. Yes; a good investment of the kind. 3. Scarcely. 4. I cannot advise you on these. 5. Yes. 6. Read my letter. 7. Bell's Asbestos, yes; but not Salt Union. *Stert.*—The list of your investments is so long that I must defer reply to next week.

Various Investments.

Nitrate shares have experienced a moderate recovery on an advance in nitrate of soda to 8s. 9d. for cargoes off coast and 9s. for distant shipment. While the advance in Primitivas which has been engineered thereupon is premature, the effect of the combination for restricting the output, which forms the basis of the rise, will no doubt in time benefit the Nitrate Companies. Bell's Asbestos shares again proved scarce at the settlement, a backwardation of 6d. to 1s. per share being paid by the "Bears," and the price looks like going much higher as soon as the ursine operators commence covering in earnest. City of Mexico bonds have begun to recover, being quoted 64-66. Moderate purchases would no doubt promptly put them up to 70 and higher, for there was absolutely no reason for the previous fall. The stocks of Trust Companies have turned in the upward direction during the past week with the recovery in a number of stocks in which they are interested. While the stocks of carefully-managed concerns of this class may possibly improve again to par, those of others which are in an indifferent position ought to be sold on any further recovery. Brewery shares have had a quiet market. A good deal of nonsense is being said and written about American Breweries, and interested parties are seeking to discredit these investments. A case in point are St. Louis Brewery shares. In contradiction of the reports put about, the following extract from a letter, dated July 10, from Mr. Ellis Wainwright, the President of the Company, to a correspondent on this side, will prove conclusive:—

> I enclose you statement of sales, copy of which I have already sent to Willink. You will see that our sales for the last twelve months show a gain of nearly 50,000 barrels over the corresponding period of the previous year, surely a satisfactory showing. The weather has been persistently cool and rainy, so that our June month shows a decrease, but that is owing partly to the weather and partly to the fact that the June increase of 1890, as you will remember, was 17,500 barrels, and we could hardly expect to beat that. Business is good at present writing, and everything is in a most satisfactory condition.

A new electrical Company is about to be formed under the title of "The Electric Installation and Maintenance Company, Limited, for the supply of electricity to the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and district, with a capital of £100,000." The district to be served by this Company is one of the wealthiest suburbs of London, and the forthcoming Electrical Exhibition at the Crystal Palace will no doubt bring grist to the new Company's mill.—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

P.S.—Tuesday.—According to all appearances, the boom in American Rails has commenced. There are indications that the public are coming in on this side as well as in New York, and prices are beginning to move up by jumps. Thus my long-standing prediction seems at last likely to be fulfilled. Even at the present level, prices are moderate, and a further important advance seems fully justified, in view of the splendid prospects that the States will obtain high prices for their superabundance of grain. Louisville and Nashville and Norfolk Prefs., as regular dividend-payers, should be bought for a further rise. Atchison Income Bonds, my old favourites, are strongly on the wing. Amongst the low-priced shares Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, and especially Ohio and Mississippi, are a good purchase. Some very favourable developments are taking place concerning the latter stock, which is on the eve of an important advance independent of the general boom. As soon as the Union Pacific arrangement is definitely announced, these shares are also likely to recover. Wabash Prefs. and Bonds, too, are being bought by a strong "Bull" syndicate. Do not omit to lay in at once some of the very depreciated Texas "B" shares. If, as is probable, you cannot get in at the extraordinary make-up price fixed by the dealers of ¼, pay a higher price at once.

QUEER STORY.

THE DEAN'S CONFESSION.

I AM an old man now, and the events which I am about to relate occurred many years ago—before I had reached the period of middle life. But they are nearly as green in my memory as if they had happened yesterday—and well they may be. For no other circumstances, external to myself and my personal welfare, have ever impressed me so deeply. Indeed, it is on that account that I wish to put them on record before I die; feeling that a story of such strong tragic interest ought not to be buried in the grave of the only man perfectly acquainted with it. I can tell it, too, now without compunction, since all those who might have been hurt by its publication are long ago dead, and (such is the oblivion which time induces) those who have even heard of him round

whom the interest centres, and whose name for one brief period was in all men's mouths, could probably now be counted on the fingers.

I am a member of the Church of England, a clerk in holy orders. Now, in my old age, I hold a snug country living, where there is but little to do—so little that even my feeble old self can manage it without assistance. But I think that I have fairly earned this repose, for in my time I have had to work as hard as any. The most trying period of my life was certainly when I was chaplain to the criminal lunatic asylum at Y——. And it was while there, that I learned all the tragic details of the story which I am about to record.

The best known of the unhappy sufferers there being "detained during her Majesty's pleasure," and the man whose crime had created by far the greatest sensation among the public, was the Dean of S——. Nowadays, forty-five years after the occurrence, his very name (as I have said) is scarcely known, and his crime, which then made such a stir, has passed into oblivion. I must, therefore, briefly recapitulate its prominent features, in order that my readers may properly comprehend the hitherto unknown circumstances connected with it, which I am about to lay before them.

A man of great piety, deep learning, and high distinction in his sacred calling, one who moved in the best social circles, and yet spent much of his time doing good to the poor, the Dean of S—— was certainly one of the most popular and respected among the Church dignitaries of his day. His wife was dead, and he lived with his only child, Marian—a beautiful, winsome girl of eighteen or nineteen, upon whom he doted with all a loving father's fondness. She, too, was much beloved in S—— for her gentle, unselfish nature, and ever-ready kindness; and even in that little country town, where spiteful gossip was rampant, none (saving, perhaps, a few jealous female rivals) had anything but good to say of her.

You may imagine, then, what a profound, what a deeply painful sensation, was created when the good people of S—— woke up one morning with the news, the awful, incredible news ringing in their ears, that in the previous night the Dean had taken his daughter's life, and had only been prevented by the most strenuous efforts of his servants from afterwards taking his own!

First of all, many, nay most, refused to believe the story. That a man so pious, so upright, so refined as the Dean should have perpetrated a brutal murder, and that, too, upon the one being whom, by all appearances, he loved better than any one else in the world—seemed a sheer impossibility. But the dreadful truth was soon established. It was known that the Dean was in custody, where (as the report ran) he was behaving himself like one deranged, needing to be most carefully guarded all the time, lest he should fulfil upon himself the fatal purpose in which he had already been, with so much difficulty, foiled.

For a long while, people could talk of nothing else than this frightful tragedy. And they speculated, in their morbid love of dwelling upon horrors, as to the causes which *could* have impelled the Dean to commit so dreadful a deed. They knew no ground of quarrel between father and daughter; except, indeed, that there was a rumour of attachment between Marian and a certain young man, son of one of the Dean's oldest friends, whose suit, for some reason, her father regarded with strong disfavour. This, however, could be no sufficient cause to explain the tragedy. And the most reasonable, as well as the most merciful, account seemed to be, that the unhappy man had been driven to his crime by a sudden attack of that homicidal mania, which is one of the most dreadful distempers wherewith the Almighty afflicts his creatures.

Facts soon came to light to strengthen and confirm this view. Indeed, when, amid intense excitement, the Dean was tried before one of her Majesty's judges at the assizes, his own demeanour in the dock—even apart from the conclusive medical testimony—was enough to establish his insanity beyond a doubt. And so, to the great relief of all—(for surely, bad though it was, this was the best issue so unhappy an affair could have)—he was found to be "of unsound mind," and sentenced to confinement "during her Majesty's pleasure."

It is quite certain that no other decision could have been come to. Of all lunatics with whom I have been brought in contact—and the number of such is not small, I can assure you—he was quite the most hopeless. Through the time of his detention at Y—— (which was mercifully cut short by death after a twelvemonth) he had never a really lucid interval. And, although at some times his insanity was less marked than at others, yet never was it possible to be with him for two minutes together without being made painfully aware, by some sign in his look, speech, or demeanour, of his terrible affliction.

But what made his case especially sad and pitiable was the intense, inexpressible misery, which was all the while apparent in him. The other lunatics at times were unhappy and dejected enough; as much so, perhaps, as the Dean in his worst moments. But, then, *they* had frequent periods of—I will not say happiness—but, at any rate, freedom from active misery. *He* never had one. His attendants, as well as I, noticed the same especial circumstance about him. We never saw him smile—never saw the look of unutterable misery fade from his eyes. Even those who, by constant familiarity with the insane, were (so to speak) hardened to their distressing symptoms, used to be moved by the sight of *him*. And I have seen more than one doctor, who came to visit him professionally, turn away, during his interview, to hide a tear.

But there is no object in my lingering over this part of the tale. I must hasten on to relate all the sad, sad circumstances, hitherto known only to myself, which drove the unhappy man out of his mind so suddenly, and impelled him to the awful deed. These circumstances I learned from his own lips.

I have said that during the time of his detention at Y—— he *never* had a lucid interval. I must now take the liberty of slightly qualifying the statement. Shortly before his death, though not more than a few hours, he partly—I cannot say quite entirely—regained his reason. And it was then that he made me the confession, which now, as my own time of death is drawing near, I feel it my duty to communicate to the world. I do so after many years of careful thought and consideration, because I feel that it may serve as a solemn warning to those who may be suddenly tempted to fall, as he was; and, also, because the recital of it, so far from bringing odium on the dead, will raise in the hearts of all right-thinking people the deepest compassion for, the strongest sympathy with, that unhappy man. For each may well think—as I have often thought—My God! what if every moral slip of which *I* have been guilty were punished so severely as that poor sufferer's!

Well—very well, do I remember the night when he made me his confession. He was lying upon his bed, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling. I was alone with him, praying now and then (for I saw that his end was near), and now and then reading him some comforting passage from the Book of Life, in the hope that his diseased intellect might grasp, if in ever so faint a degree, something of my words. Suddenly he turned, and looked straight at me, and I saw in his eyes an expression which I had never seen there during my acquaintance with him—an expression which told me that now, in the near approach of death, his reason had returned. He laid a wasted hand upon my sleeve, and for several minutes, I think, gazed into my face without speaking. Then starting up from his pillow, with more assertion of energy than I could have believed possible in one so weak, he exclaimed excitedly,

"I know that I shall die very soon. But before I go, I *must* tell you something—I *must* relieve myself of a heavy, heavy burden. Will you listen to me?"

Of course I replied in the affirmative; and thereupon, in piteous, broken accents, which went to my very heart, and which, I am not ashamed to say, made me sob like a child, he told me all.

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Such an impression did his story have upon me, and so often have I thought over it to myself since, that every sentence of it remains indelibly rooted in my mind. And though I now set it down from memory upwards of forty years afterwards, I am confident that I can do so almost entirely in the very words he used. Even so, thus retailed at second-hand, and through the inexpressive medium of writing, the story must lose much of the force with which it came to me from the sufferer's own lips. But that is inevitable. And my readers' imagination will doubtless supply to them much which is not, and cannot be, actually expressed in black and white.

"When I was at Oxford," he said, "I made the acquaintance of Methuen Wright, whom you now know, as one of the leading men at the Bar. We quickly made friends, and our friendship ripened into the closest attachment. Nor, as so often happens, did we drift asunder after leaving the University. But my first curacy being in London, where Wright also was reading for the Bar, we had almost daily opportunities of meeting, of which we took the full advantage. He was such a nice fellow—so frank, and upright, and true. And I loved him—oh, my God!" (clasping his hands agitatedly). "I *did* love him, in spite of what I ——"

Here he broke off suddenly, overcome by his emotions; but he soon recovered himself, and proceeded:—

"I remember the day—it is vividly before me now—when he came to me perfectly radiant with happiness, and told me, as he always told me everything, that he was engaged to be married. He brought with him a miniature of the girl who had won his heart, from which I could see that she was very beautiful; and, while I was examining it, he told me all about her—how she had not been in England long, having lived most of her life with an invalid aunt at Nice, to which place she was shortly going to return; how she was an orphan and an only child, with no nearer relatives than the aunt referred to and another aunt, with whom she was now staying in London; how (and this was the subject upon which he had most to say) she was the gentlest, sweetest, and most lovely of her sex—a goddess among women. Yes, that was his very phrase. And then he went on to tell me that his father—a wealthy man—was agreeable to the match, and would make him a good allowance to marry upon; that the consent of the girl's aunt in London had been obtained, and that it only remained to get that of the other aunt at Nice, about which there would probably be little difficulty. And he ended by saying that he should not rest until he had introduced me—his best and dearest friend"—(the dying man covered his face with his hands and groaned bitterly) "to his *fiancée*.

"In a day or two he got an opportunity, and did introduce me. As I looked at Esther Chambers—that was her name—I could not wonder at his having fallen in love with her. The miniature had not nearly done her justice. For, beautiful though it represented her to be, it did not reproduce half the charms to be noted in the original. I have travelled much, and seen many beautiful women of many countries, but I am sure that, of her style, Esther Chambers was the most perfect I have ever come across. She was a brunette—her complexion almost olive, and her hair a glossy black. Every feature of her face seemed to be the proper shape and size, and the whole was lit up by a pair of the most brilliant and expressive brown eyes in the world. I believe she was little more than seventeen, but having lived always under Southern skies, she had matured more quickly than girls in England do, and had the appearance of being some years older than she really was. I gathered, too, from a short acquaintance, that the Italian sun had endowed her with something of the warm-blooded and impetuous nature which those who live beneath its beams so commonly display. But this rather added to her charms than otherwise, and helped to make her as fascinating as she was beautiful."

(Here the poor sufferer stopped awhile, evidently mastered by painful recollections. Each time he spoke of his friend's *fiancée*, I had noticed a strong tremor in his voice; and I had expected him to break down even sooner than he did. It was several minutes before he regained his composure sufficiently to go on.)

"Some months after this, my father became very ill—(he had always been delicate in the chest)—and was ordered to spend the winter in a warmer climate. He chose Nice, as being the place to which, at that day, most English people in search of balmier air resorted; and my mother and I accompanied him thither.

"While I was at Nice, I renewed my acquaintance with Miss Chambers, who, unknown to me, had already returned there. She was come, she said, only for a few weeks, just to get together her goods and chattels, and to say good-bye to her aunt, before going back to London, where her marriage with my friend was to be celebrated in little more than a month.

"The day after I first met her there I wrote to Wright telling him about it; and I got a letter back from him in course of post, in which he asked me, both to be his 'best man' at the wedding, and also to escort Miss Chambers on her journey to England; as he himself was too much tied by pressing business to get away, and he did not like the idea of her travelling all that distance alone. Of course, I wrote back that I should be delighted to fulfil both his requests; and I made my arrangements accordingly.

"In the interval before we returned together to England, I naturally saw a good deal of Esther Chambers. I used not infrequently to walk or ride out with her alone, for she had no one else to take her about, and it was a great relief to her to escape for part of the day from her somewhat querulous and exacting old aunt. I have already spoken of her beauty and fascination, and the manner in which they struck me when I was first introduced to her. I found that her charms only increased by further acquaintance. And—and—fool that I was" (there was a ring of the bitterest remorse in his tone), "I went on allowing myself to be more fascinated by her daily, without realising—before Heaven! without realising—to what a termination it was tending.

"I myself was considered a good-looking fellow, with a pleasing manner and address. (I say it without pride or satisfaction, for I wish now—with all my heart—that I had been the ugliest and least attractive of mankind.) And I certainly did my best to make myself agreeable to Esther Chambers. But I was not conscious of anything wrong in my feelings towards her; the Almighty is witness I was not, until—until—the very day before we were to return to England. And that afternoon, as we were walking alone together by the sea, I awoke, with a certain sense of horror, to the conviction that I—I—was too little indifferent to Esther, and that she, unless I were altogether mistaken in her manner and demeanour, felt more warmly than she ought to do towards me." (Again he broke down, and was overpowered by his emotions for some minutes, while I sat waiting in eager, troubled interest for him to resume.) "No words passed between us" (he at last went on), "but I think that Esther read my secret feelings, as, I believe, I read hers. At all events, there was a strangely disturbed look, half tender, half frightened, in her great brown eyes when I bade her good-bye at the end of our walk.

"That evening, in the solitude of my bedroom, I had a tremendous struggle with myself; in which I fondly thought that I had conquered my dishonourable weakness. Although I thanked heaven that this great temptation had not come upon me sooner. 'For in one short week from the present,' I said to myself, 'Esther will be safely married; and in much less than that, in forty-eight hours at the farthest, this daily intercourse of ours—the great source of danger—will be ended. Till then I will keep the strictest watch upon my every word and action; and after that I shall soon school myself to regard her with no

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more tender feelings than I ought to entertain towards my dearest friend's wife.'

"But, alas! how misplaced—how miserably misplaced, my God—was my confidence in my own virtuous resolve! The next day came. We started, Esther Chambers and I, on our journey to England. At Marseilles we stopped to dine, before leaving that city by the evening mail. . . . It was quite dark, I recollect, when we started. We had a compartment to ourselves, and the express did not stop between Marseilles and Lyons. And then, when we were thus alone together, suddenly there came upon me an awful, vile temptation, which I had neither the will nor the power to withstand. . . . O God, great God, judge me not too harshly; for have I not expiated my sin by inexpressible suffering and anguish! But Esther was weak and yielded to the fierce impulse of my passion, and—and—when she came to her husband it was no longer as she should have come; aye, and it was his dearest friend—the man he trusted before all the world—who was guilty of it."

He stopped a fourth time, choked by the violence of his bitter feelings, and gave way to uncontrollable sobs and cries of anguish; indeed, it must have been fully ten minutes before he had recovered sufficiently to continue his sad story. At length, however, he proceeded in the following terms:—

"Wright never knew the truth—never, in his generous nature, suspected anything wrong. For my part, I was so overcome with horror and remorse at my awful sin that I was half prompted to confess to my friend the wrong I had done him. But partly shame on my own account, chiefly consideration for Esther, sealed my lips, and I never breathed a word of it to any human ear until to yours this minute.

"In time Esther's child was born. Poor Wright! He never doubted it was his, and was so proud and fond of the lad, you cannot think. But I could not bear to look at him—the living token of my shame—and I avoided meeting Wright whenever it was possible to do so.

"Soon after the child's birth, Esther died. And, within a year of her death, I myself was married. In my home duties and occupations I tried to forget the hideous deed as well as I could; and, by-and-bye, I managed to lull myself into a state of comparative ease of mind. But after many, many years, my sin was to find me out in a way I little dreamed of—to punish me by the very man whom it brought into being . . . . There sprang up a mutual love between the—*the* lad—and my daughter, Marian . . . . I was horror-struck, and tried to separate them immediately . . . . But—but—all my precautions against their meeting were fruitless, baffled by the Providence which was working out my retribution . . . . They contrived to be secretly married!—and one evening, when Marian confessed it all to me, with many tears and prayers for pardon—a sudden, nameless frenzy seized me. I knew not what happened! But ever since I seem to have been living in a sort of dreadful darkness! And I have often thought that I am in hell. But I am not, am I? Oh, mighty God, forgive me—forgive me—ere it is too late. For have I not suffered bitter torments for my wickedness?"

Such, in his own words, is the story of his fall and its punishment. I have set it down without colouring or exaggeration. And if it was considered deeply tragic before these hidden elements in it were known, how much more so must it now seem to those who here read them! I do not ask such persons to spare their condemnations. For I am confident that all endowed with human feeling will entertain nothing but pity for one who, while far from being the worst, came very near being the most unhappy of mankind.

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is, 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

MUSIC.

THE inauguration of Madame Patti's new opera-house at Craig-y-Nos last week passed off very pleasantly. Operatic performances were given on Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon, there was a reception on Friday, and on Thursday the floor was raised level with the stage by machinery and *La Diva* gave a ball. There was a large house-party at the Castle; other guests were lodged at Swansea, and the rest of the audience of about a couple of hundred were made up of Madame Patti's friends and neighbours. It would, of course, be a breach of etiquette, to venture to criticise a private performance of this sort, while eulogy where Madame Patti is concerned would be equally superfluous. It will suffice that Madame Patti played Violetta in the first act of "La Traviata," Marguerite in the garden scene from "Faust," Martha in the third act of Flotow's opera, and Juliet in the balcony scene from Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette." The Romeo and Faust was M. Nicolini, while the other tenor rôles were sustained by Mr. Lely (Madame Patti's tenor on her concert tours), the contralto parts being entrusted to Madame Valda, and the baritone music to Mr. Novara. Such choruses as there were to sing were undertaken by the St. David's Amateur Operatic Society, and Signor Arditi conducted a small orchestra borrowed chiefly from Swansea. Mr. Terriss, who in place of Mr. Irving delivered Mr. Beattie Kingston's inaugural address, rightly dwelt upon the splendid equipment of the Opera House, the stage, so far as its diminutive size would allow, being perfected with every modern improvement that the Lyceum staff could suggest, while the reference to the fairy of the "Rock of the Night" (Craig-y-Nos is its Welsh equivalent) was a particularly happy one.

The speeches at the annual meeting of the Crystal Palace shareholders, last week, must have put the final extinguisher upon the silly people who for some years were clamouring to abolish the classical concerts, and to substitute music-hall entertainments in lieu thereof. In a big place like the Crystal Palace all the entertainments must cost money, and it would be as sensible to suggest that the building should be left in darkness, because there is no tangible return for the gas-bill, as to propose the abolition of the Sydenham orchestra. This year, however, the malcontents have been beaten out of the field. The net cost of music for the year was a little over £3,000, while the profits on the Handel Festival alone amounted to well-nigh thrice that sum. Consequently good music not only is an attraction, but it also pays. The Crystal Palace directors would now do well to think of a festival programme for next year. There is no reason why a Mendelssohn Festival should not then be held, and be followed, in 1893, by an English festival, of the works of Sullivan and other masters; the year 1894 again, of course, being reserved for the triennial celebration of Handel.

The report which in this dull season is again going the rounds anent the offer made to Dr. Richter to replace Mr. Theodore Thomas as conductor in New York, is venerable enough to be an Old Master. It will suffice to say that the offer was, in fact, made some months ago and was declined. It was then passed on to Mr. Henschel, who also refused it. The truth is that if Dr. Richter went to the United States he would have to resign his posts of conductor of the Vienna Opera and of the local Philharmonic Society, and would thus lose the right to a pension for himself and his widow and children, for which he has loyally worked for many years.

M. Paderewski is to go to America a few months hence, and thence to Australia. In revenge we are, it seems likely, to have a return visit from M. Vladimir de Pachmann, "the great Chopinzee" as he has been christened across the Atlantic. M. Paderewski, by the way, has frequently of late been referred to as a pupil of Rubinstein. He is nothing of the sort. He studied first under his father and other Polish teachers, and his subsequent masters were Kiel, of Berlin, and later on Theodor Leschetitzky, the husband of Madame Essipoff.

It is, however, not generally known that M. Paderewski, although now only thirty years of age, is a widower. He married as a lad of nineteen, and spent a happy wedded life for some years, when his wife had a serious and fatal illness. He has a son of about eight years old, who possesses sufficient talent to be a juvenile prodigy, if his father cared to bring him out as such.

Sir Charles Hallé will shortly be on his way home from Australia, where, at any rate, after the first few concerts, he seems again to have had a fairly successful tour. On his return, Lady Hallé intends to take a holiday of a few months in her native land, and will, consequently, not be able to take part in the early performances of the Popular Concert season. Dr. Joachim, too, who will come to England for the Birmingham Festival, will not be able to remain for the "Pops." At the opening concert, on November 2, therefore, Mr. Willy Hess, leader of Sir Charles Hallé's Manchester band, will be first violinist, and afterwards M. Ysaye will undertake the duties until early December, when Lady Hallé will return. Dr. Joachim will, as usual, make his re-appearance at the Popular Concerts early in February.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—As I do not believe either in novelists or in relatives as biographers, I was not disappointed to find Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Laurence Oliphant" (1) more entertaining than discriminating or painstaking. The novelist's is a butterfly business, of much observation, but of light and little labour and research, and the difference in this respect between the novelist and the historian may be measured by the difference between the number of books—two cab-loads—Carlyle sent Dickens to assist him in the composition of "A Tale of Two Cities," and the half-dozen volumes out of that number which Dickens found more than enough for his patience and his purpose. There are, of course, such brilliant and laborious exceptions to the rule as Charles Reade, who, as I find from a well-edited volume of "Selections" (2) from his works, had compiled a whole library of extracts, notes, cuttings, &c., as raw material for working-up in his novels. Of these there "was a collection of solid quartos, and of smaller folio guard-books called indexes. There was 'Index rerum et librorum,' 'Index rerum et hominum,' and a lot more; indeed, so many, that by way of climax there was a fat folio ledger entitled, 'Index ad Indices.'" "He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know," says Robert Hall; "but he had laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move," and the fire of Charles Reade's genius must have been intense indeed, not to have been smothered under all this fuel. That it was not even smoked thereby you know, and this volume testifies; though a novelist's gems look to less advantage, perhaps, torn from their setting, than those of any other artist. But Charles Reade was a novelist exceptional both in his gluttonous literary appetite and in his ostrich-like mental digestion; and, as a rule, no one expects from a novelist the painstaking industry and accuracy looked for in either an historian or a biographer. Nothing, for instance, could be less like the manner of the ideal biographer than the airy way in which Mrs. Oliphant puts lightly aside as of inappreciable interest and import the pivot on which Laurence Oliphant's life turned—the amazing and mysterious conversion of himself, his mother, and his wife by the Prophet Harris. If the Prophet had been a near relative of "Mrs. Harris," Mrs. Oliphant could hardly have brushed him more scornfully aside; yet he could only have been the commonplace, conscious or unconscious, impostor she considers him, upon the presumption that her hero, his mother, and his wife were imbecile or insane. Though, however, in this, and in a dozen other ways, the biography by its inadequacy betrays the careless and casual hand of a novelist, it is extremely interesting, having, in fact, the qualities of its defects, the brightness no less than the lightness of a novel. But what gives it its chief interest to me is the light it throws upon the genesis of religions. Now that faith is dead in so many countries, out of its corpse, so to say, crawl the maggots of a host of gross or grotesque superstitions—from Theosophy down to Spiritualism, from Swedenborg to Sludge—each having among its disciples a few men in all other points not sane only but wise. The truth is, when people are in eager search of a belief they will believe anything. *Populus vult decipi; decipiatur.* Gods they must have at any price, and, if no Mr. Harris is to hand, they will invent a "Mrs. Harris," and insist upon the rest of the world believing in her existence and accepting her oracles as gospel. With so many unattached believers drifting about, like young oysters in search of a settlement, it is really easier to float a bubble religion than to float a bubble company; as, indeed, Robert Macaire, in one of M. Philipon's caricatures suggests to his accomplice Bertrand:—"*Mon ami, le temps de la commandite va passer, mais les badauds ne passeront pas. Occupons-nous de ce qui est éternel. Si nous fassions une religion?*" Here, for instance, is a man of brains, of affairs, and of society, Laurence Oliphant, who sets up as a prophet on the strength of an inspiration which lied to him upon every critical occasion. It assured him that his mother would recover two days before her death; it assured him that his first wife would recover on the day of her death; and it assured his second wife that he would recover from his last illness. And what is to be said of the inspiration which brought about this second marriage before his first wife—the most charming of women—was cold in her grave? Here is Oliphant's account of the match, given in good and simple faith: "The thought of marriage never entered our heads, as she is a strong-minded person, but she decided to come to Haifa with me. But on the passage she was brought into very close relations with Alice"—his recently dead wife—"and at the same time felt that Alice wanted to give her the protection of my name. So I decided to come here to have the civil ceremony performed. She realises Alice most intensely, and brings her closer to me than I ever felt her, so that instead of in any way separating me from her, it unites me more closely, while she can work through us combined more powerfully than through me alone." Is not this enough to make the profane echo Mr. Shandy's cynical sarcasm to his wife:—"Call it by the right name, my dear, and look through the key-hole as long as you like." Yet, as I say, it was all done in perfect good faith; and in faith which once more was belied, since he is seized with the fatal illness which ended in death a couple of days after this second marriage. In the teeth of all this I have read a long notice of the book in a leading literary journal, wherein the writer contends for the genuineness of both Harris' and Oliphant's prophetic missions! "Les badauds ne passeront pas!"

Another sign of a faith that has lost its moorings, and is beating about blindly for a new, safe, and lasting anchorage, is the number of thoughtful books suggesting the rebuilding of Christianity from its foundations upon a securer base than "supernaturalism." The best book of this class I have read for years is "Natural Religion" (3) by the author of "Ecce Homo." I cannot give the sum and substance of what it contends for with such singular and cogent

(1) "Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife." By Margaret Oliphant W. Oliphant. 2 Vols. (London: William Blackwood & Son.)

(2) "Selections from the Works of Charles Reade." With an Introduction by Mrs. Alexander Ireland, and a Portrait. (London: Chatto & Windus.)

(3) "Natural Religion." By the Author of "Ecce Homo." (London: Macmillan & Co.)

(4) "Personal Reminiscences of the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G." By Henr Lake. (London: Cassell & Co.)

(5) "Oysters and All About Them." By John R. Philpots, L.R.C.P., and S.Edin. (London: John Richardson & Co., Medical Publishers.)

(6) "A Child Widow." By Mrs. F. H. Williamson. 3 Vols. (London: Chatto & Windus.)

(7) "Captain Lanagan's Log: Passages in the Life of a Merchant Skipper. By Edmund Downey (F. M. Allen), Author of "Through Green Glasses." London: Ward & Downey.)

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force, more adequately or concisely than in its own closing words:—"But what of Supernaturalism? Throughout this volume it has been held aloof, and our principal object has been to break the inveterate association which in the general opinion connects religion with it. We have denied that Supernaturalism is necessary either to the idea, or to the practical vigour, or to the popular diffusion of religion. . . . . As described here religion does not brood over a future life, but is intensely occupied with the present; it does not surmise something behind nature, but contemplates nature itself; it does not worship a power which suspends natural laws, but the power which is exhibited in those laws; it does not shrink from political organisation, but is itself the soul of all healthy political organisation; it does not damp enjoyment, but is itself the principle of all rich enjoyment; it is not self-conscious or self-absorbed, and does not make us anxious about our own fate, but is the principle which destroys self and gives us strength to rise above personal anxieties." On the other hand, supernaturalism has a doughty defender in a Mr. Henry Lake, the author of "Personal Reminiscences of the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G.," (4), a little volume whose exquisite silliness no one would have appreciated with more cynical relish than its subject. Could St. Paul himself silence "the shrieking sisterhood" more summarily or Scripturally than Mr. Lake does in this passage? "The shrieking sisters evidently have feelings peculiar to themselves. Do they know the elementary difference between man and woman? They write and speak as if they thought that a woman is a female man, sent into the world with nothing distinguishing her from man but the accident of sex. She is nothing of the kind. When man was created 'in the image of God,' there was an end of creation (Gen. i., 27). It was afterwards that the Almighty gave his best gift to man in the person of woman, whom he 'made' out of man, to be his help-meet, his exquisitely beautiful and sympathetic companion, and whose union with man he sanctified by the divine institution of marriage" (Gen. ii., 22-24). You see, while man was "created," woman was merely "made!" but, being made out of man, this gentleman proceeds to argue, she is naturally, necessarily, and essentially unlike man, *q.e.d.* And particularly the lambent flame of woman's love differs from the fierce fury of man's. "Bulwer (!) says, 'love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence.' 'A thing apart,' yes, but his affection is erotic, powerful, absorbing, corybantic, and overwhelming." In two volumes, of 1,370 pages, devoted to "Oysters and All About Them," (5) I was interested to find that an oyster lives twenty years, and produces each year about 1,800,000 young; yet is that delicious mollusc scarce and dear. Great as Butler and Tennyson have remarked, is this mystery of waste in nature! Only less inexplicable and lamentable is the mystery of the volumes of printed waste paper, like this of Mr. Henry Lake's, which pour in thousands annually from the press to perish still-born. "Sunk in the abyss of things!" cries Swift of such works, born but to die, "though of their own nature light enough to swim upon the surface to all eternity! Unhappy infants! many of them barbarously destroyed before they have so much as learned their mother tongue to beg for pity!" But I must close my letter with, as usual, a recommendation of a couple of volumes for light reading. I think Mrs. Williamson's "A Child Widow" (6) will pass a very pleasant hour for you; and I have no doubt of your enjoying the racy vigour of "Captain Lanagan's Log" (7). For myself, I can say that, having taken it up casually when tired, I could not lay it down till I had finished it; though I admit that from the circulating library point of view the story has two faults—first, that the love interest is next door to nil; and, secondly, that the general interest is relatively less in the latter half of the tale than in the exciting scenes on board the *Rover* of the former half.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely, DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

Shooting, Sporting, and Travelling Garments are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—How should you like to bathe in a costume composed chiefly of woollen lace, and made with low bodice and hardly any sleeves? Should you not feel *dreadful* if, clad in such a mockery of garb, you had to face a staring crowd of both sexes? But one gets used to almost everything, and even Englishwomen, who go to Dieppe, Ostend, Biarritz, Trouville, and other French watering-places, soon begin to array themselves *à la Française* for a bath in the sea. Lilla spent last week at Dieppe, and saw many marvels in the mermaid line. One lady wore scarlet lace, fashioned into a tight-fitting bathing gown. Lilla says the design of the lace was *not very* transparent! Some of the bathers had funny little skirts tacked on to the gowns, about the length of a little child's frock. A girl, with magnificent arms, dispensed entirely with sleeves. Another, with glorious hair, had it tied up with a blue ribbon, and otherwise floating freely to her knees. Neither of them bathed. Like the majority of the ladies and many of the men, they only paddled about in the shallow water, just as children do with their skirts tucked up. They do not pretend that bathing is more than a pretext for donning a costume that serves to display a variety of charms.

Laurel has sent us an American paper with a delightful description of the "summer girl," as understood by our Transatlantic cousins. It is from the clever pen of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poetess, but in this instance she writes in prose. The pink-and-white winter girl, she remarks, is seldom a success in summer, because she burns to a lobster-red every time she takes an outing, or else her nose turns scarlet and "scales" in the sun. But the girl who tans a warm brown all over may successfully venture on a summer campaign, if nature has only fitted her out with the one great essential—pretty feet and well-turned ankles. Sitting in hammocks, going on boats, and wearing bathing-costumes cannot be managed without a liberal display of feet.

I wish some of our own girls could read what the poetess writes about the limp, straight ends of hair that are sometimes seen dangling over the collar, and hanging about behind the ears. "Thin wisps of scolding locks," Mrs. Wilcox calls them. Their possessor need never hope to reign a summer queen, she declares.

Now do not you know those locks of hair? And do they not make you feel cross? No girl need ever have her coiffure trailed over with ragged ends like these. Has not human ingenuity been equal to the occasion, and invented the thinnest of little tiny hairpins wherewith these uneven edges can be fastened up? I believe, too, that liquid preparations for curling up the hair are also procurable, but of these I have no experience. There must be some tidy means of disposing of these most unpoetic pieces of hair. I notice that men, by constantly twisting round the ends of their moustaches induce the most obstinately straight of them to take on a dashing little curl in course of time. Women would probably fidget quite as much about these supplementary gifts of Nature, if they grew in front, where they could be often seen; but, as they are at the back, and the owners apparently suppose them to be pretty little, hyacinthine curls of a decorative kind; or else it is a case of "out of sight, out of mind."

The summer-girl's hair "kinks and curls about her brow and neck" without any artificial aids. This is one of the charms that make her irresistible, so says the poetess, even if she cannot row, play tennis, or ride. "Men will leave the dancing-girl, with the limp, rolling locks, and the tennis-girl, with the fish-scaled nose, to lean over the verandah-girl's chair, and talk sweet nothings and keep other men away." In this poetic language Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox sums up the subject of the summer-girl. She must, of course, be pretty, but who is it who declares that every girl can be pretty if she only sets about it the right way? Oscar Wilde, in his book, "Dorian Gray," says that the secret of the charm of the American women is that they "behave as if they were beautiful."

There is certainly something in it. If a girl has a few good points she makes them go a long way by believing in them herself, and in that manner setting others to find them out.

Well, Amy, dear, I am not a poetess, and do not much regret that I am not. Verses, I am told, are a drug in the market, as nobody has ever any time to read them, and the capacity of producing them appears to go arm-in-arm always with an incapacity for living comfortably in every-day life. But, prosaic as I am, I should like to tell you of one or two points without which the summer-girl, or any other girl, is very imperfectly equipped for conquest. One is a musical voice; another a pretty laugh, with a sound of real mirth in it; a third, small, white hands, which are so well formed that they look better without rings than with them; a fourth point is an upright, graceful carriage, with a charming poise of the head, and a pretty line of chin and ear.

A dreadful defect in the appearance of some otherwise nice-looking girls is a sort of baldness about the ears and neck. Too often they try to hide it by banding plaited hair in a spread-out sort of way. But the hard line that this produces makes them look as if they had a wig on. Sometimes they cut the outlying hair short and try to train it forward towards the neck and ears, but it only results in a semi-circular scrub that is ridiculously suggestive of a crumb-brush.

What a becoming uniform that of nurses is! A girl is staying with us who entered the profession of hospital nurse two years ago, and she looks her very best in the close, black bonnet with white strings, and the graceful black cloak that ties in at the waist and flows outward over her dress to the ground. But what she tells me of hospital work makes me anxious to warn any girl from undertaking it unless she has excellent health and a fine physique. The day nurses have to be downstairs at seven, when they breakfast, going on duty at half-past. They get two hours off from ten o'clock, when they may do what they like, generally going on the top of an omnibus to get all the fresh air they can. At noon they dine, and have half an hour for the meal, afterwards giving the patients their dinner and making all ready for the doctor's rounds at two o'clock. In the intervals of attending on the patients, they do hospital sewing until tea-time at four o'clock. From five to six is leisure time, and then commences the work of the evening, tidying up the wards, making the patients comfortable, tending the flowers and plants, and scrubbing tables, chairs, lockers, or cleaning all brass handles, chains to washstands, &c. From eight to nine is a quiet hour, the patients composing themselves for the night. Supper is at nine and prayers at half-past, and then comes bed-time.

The night nurses go on duty at 9 p.m. and remain at their posts till 9 a.m. They then breakfast, take the air, dine, and are obliged to be in bed at one o'clock, getting up at eight.

Altogether the work seems to us to be very hard, and the hours very long. Our visitor, however, takes it all as a matter of course, and talks of her profession as if it was one of the blithest in the world. She and the other nurses are like youngsters let loose from school in the hours off, and all seem to be as happy and cheery as possible. The life would appear to outsiders who have never tried it to be very dull and depressing, but that it is not so you would feel convinced if you could hear our visitor's account.

But our nurse's hours are short as compared with those at other hospitals. The institution she belongs to is the Chelsea Hospital for Women in the Fulham-road. Here the nurses have exceptionally long hours off on Sundays, but their holiday time is only one fortnight in twenty-six months. That cannot possibly be enough, even though one whole day in each month is given as well.

How should you like to be a nurse, Amy?

Dress and Habit Makers.—Messrs. John Redfern & Sons have now on view in their Show Rooms, Conduit-street and New Bond-street, a collection of original designs of outdoor Gowns, Coats, Wraps, and Hats, especially prepared for the "Autumn Season."

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

Dearest Madge,—I have been travelling! If only you could realise one-half that this simple phrase expresses for me. But, perhaps, you, too, are *en voyage* and have a full understanding of it. The mingled pains and pleasures of the recreation, how evenly they balance the scales! The weariness of hot, dusty days in crowded trains, the jolting of which discovers every weak point in spine and nerves, the sleepiness that never succeeds in passing the barrier of all-but sleep. The late arrivals at hotels, worse still the early starts from them. For of all inventions of the enemy, commend me above everything to the early start—the hurried breakfast after the night of unrestful rest and scrambled morning toilet. Don't you hate dressing quickly, without having sufficient time to consider the special suitability of the costume required for the occasion? And do you always find, as I do, under the circumstances that one invariably selects the hot heavy frock for the broiling day and *vice versâ?* Then the awful moment, which inevitably comes, when the train has started and the spectral memory rises up of a favourite garment or book left behind, or, worst of all, one's keys. The agony of the latter loss is very severe—while it lasts. That the keys generally turn up in their usual place in the pocket, when a calmer search succeeds the first hurried self-defeating one of anxiety and despair, does not take from the genuine shock given to the nerves by the moment of supposed loss. But I will not have you think me a grumbler. Heaven forbid! since it is the leading principle of my philosophy of life to look for the lights rather than shadows. The latter, for that matter, do not need a search; they come freely enough without it. The brighter skies that dome foreign lands, the clearer air that blows over them atone for much. And then the variety of changing scenes and the novelty of the scenes themselves. The good effect of such powerful stimulants to the mind more than counteracts the exhaustion of the body.

We are a *partie carrée*, and all women. Not one of us could produce a manly belonging who was willing to forgo his "killing" pursuits in favour of touring. In confidence let me say that we get on wonderfully well without our men. In fact, I am not at all sure that they are not a mistake on a tour; they are so liable to be bored, and to feel victimised. I imagine Fred being dragged around cathedrals and galleries, sauntering through old towns, falling into rhapsodies over fruit and flower markets, bargaining in shops, and so on through all the delicious things which we delight in! What responsibility I should feel, and what compassion! We have our rights, and men have theirs too. Amongst the latter, I, for one, cheerfully admit exemption from "mixed family" touring. And now as to where we have been. Is there any place or anything new under the sun of this last decade of our nineteenth century? The "pathless woods" in which to find Byronic pleasure exist no longer, the "society where none intrude" has been swept away by the resistless force of the wave of progress. At the same time, with the increase in the difficulty of attaining the object, the craving to do something new is stronger than ever in our breasts. We, of course, wanted to do something that every one else is not doing. At last one of the party had a happy thought. Whilst the rest of the world were rushing at express speed over the Continent, knowing as little about the countries they were going through as if they were in the parcel's post, we should take to slow trains and stop at all sorts of towns not recommended by Bradshaw or Baedeker. We had the authority of Ruskin to uphold the worth of our slow method of progression. I could not tell you all the odd and interesting towns we visited. Amongst others by the way—Laon which is usually "rushed" on the way to Basle. Built on the top of a hill that rises from a plain, it is most picturesque, old-fashioned, and French. There is a fine old cathedral and old towers and gates, which were the delight of the sketchers of the party. We could not withdraw ourselves from the delights of Laon's quaintness and out-of-the-worldness for several days. How superior we felt in our peace and picturesqueness to our friends who were rushing by four times a day, at the station on the plain, their views of Laon not extending beyond the "buffet." We were comfortable at Laon at the Hôtel de la Hure, also we were within Bradshaw circles. We had a complete change, however, when we went—still slowly—further south, and finally into the Vosges. How picturesque it was, you can form but little idea, in the old towns of Alsace and Lorraine, and how uncomfortable. Our rejoicings at finding ourselves in regions where the personally conducting foot of Cook never leads his legions, were often changed to the most materialist lamentations. Heroic were our endeavours to make the willing spirit conquer the weak flesh. And vain, alas! like so many efforts of heroism. At Rosheim, town of quaint old streets, walls, towers, and churches, we finally gave way. Owen Meredith's "civilised man cannot live without cooks" was proved to us by personal experience. A certain brown sauce, inseparably connected with the viands, uncooked ham, and a delicate savoury of raw turnips conquered us in the end. Was it not ignominious? But you might have lived on bread and butter, perhaps you think? So we might have, only you don't know these possibilities in the heart of the Vosges, unless you have taken a lesson in personal experience.—Yours ever, Clare.

Would you like to know of a little dish that invalids find irresistible, and adults also? Here is the recipe for producing it:—

Boil hard several eggs. When cold, cut them in two, and take out the yolks without injuring the cup-like halves of the whites. Put all the yolks together into a basin and beat them up with salt, pepper, a little cayenne, some Worcester sauce (or other kind if preferred), and sufficient butter to penetrate the mass and induce

it to cohere. Now shape the yolk into round balls of the shape and size of real yolks, and put each into one of the cups formed by the whites. Lay them on a glass dish, and garnish with green leaves. Serve with thin brown bread and butter.

Grouse taste nice now that we have not had them for so long. Try the following way of preparing them:—

Dress the grouse with the heads around the wings; baste them with butter only while roasting before a quick fire for twenty minutes. Lay a round piece of bread in the bottom of the pan under the grouse. While the birds are cooking, prepare this sauce:—Simmer a teacupful of port-wine in the same quantity of good veal gravy, with a small shalot, a dash of nutmeg, dust of pepper, pinch of isinglass shaving, and salt to taste. Thicken it with a lump of butter rolled in flour; let it boil for one minute, then pour into the body of the birds; dish them up hot on the toasted bread which was laid under them while roasting. The gravy must not run from the birds till they are carved. Serve with half lemons larded, and garnish the dish with juniper sprays or heather.

This is a German way of treating them. I am told it is excellent:—

Take a brace of grouse as prepared for the spit; inside each put a lump of butter the size of their eggs; wrap them in slices of fat bacon, and roll in well-buttered papers; roast before a good fire for twenty minutes. While they are cooking, mince a dozen shalots, and a small bunch of parsley; add a saltspoonful of ground ginger. Cut and raise the legs and wings of each bird, and put under them a little of the above mixture. Place each bird between two plates and press them well. Squeeze over them the zest of an orange peel; screen with bread-crumbs, pour over them one tablespoonful of good gravy, and the juice from half an orange and lemon. Place the grouse on a chafing-pan; allow them to heat thoroughly, as they must be quite hot when served. Garnish with small hillocks of fried bread-crumbs.

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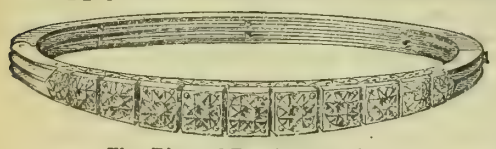
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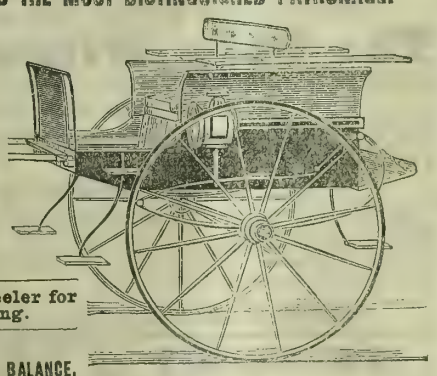

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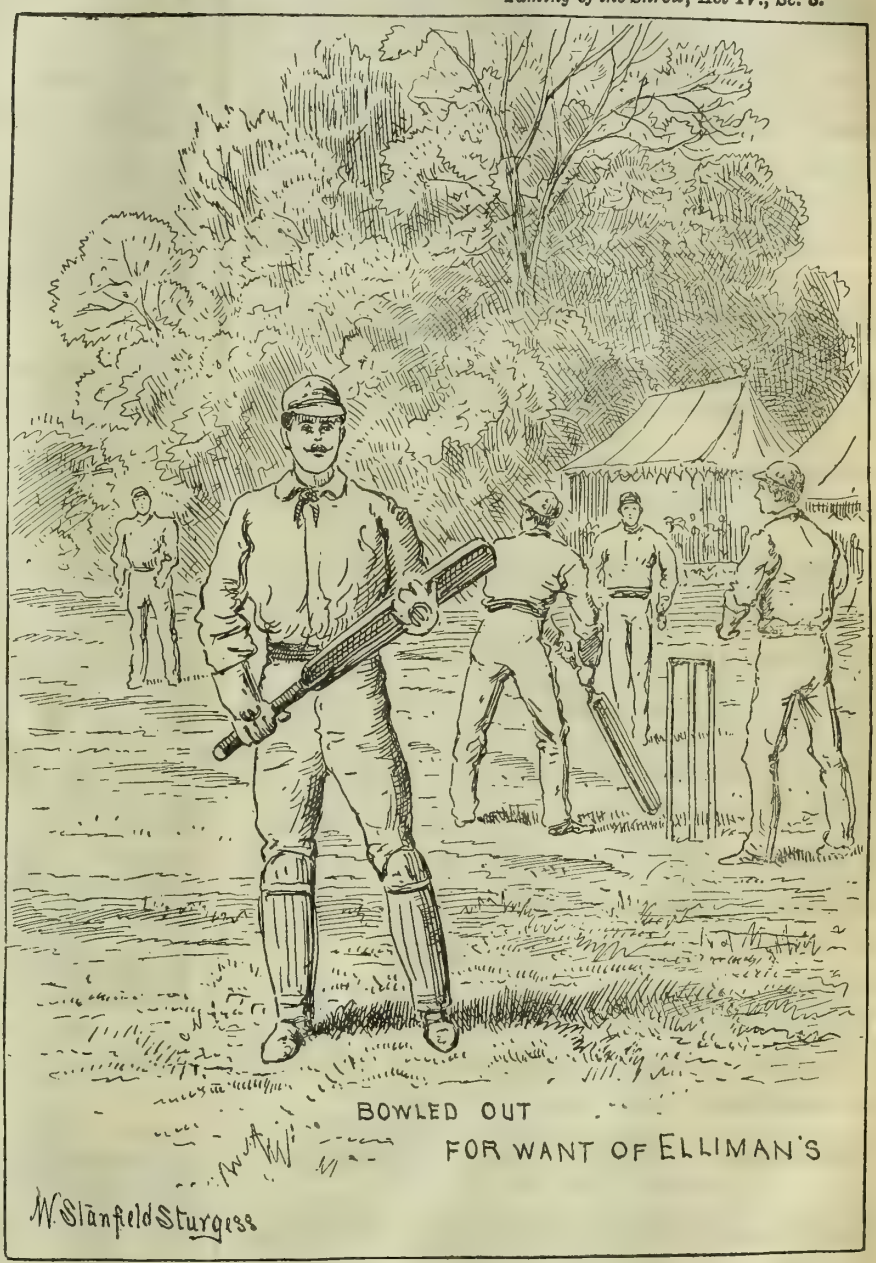

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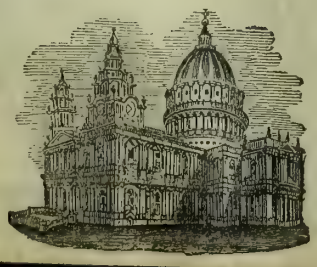

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SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor, JOHN LANCASTER.
Under the management of Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES.
EVERY EVENING.
At 8.15, THE LANCASHIRE SAILORS, by Brandon Thomas.
At 9.15, A COMMISSION, by Weedon Grossmith.
At 10.0 A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL, by Cecil Clay.
The FUNNIEST and MOST SUCCESSFUL PLAY in LONDON.
Messrs. Brandon Thomas, Forbes Dawson, Compton Coutts, C. P. Little, W. L. Branscombe, Maxwell, and Weedon Grossmith; Misses Edith Chester, Beatrice Lamb, Dolores Drummond, Sybil Grey, L. Ruggles, and Miss Norreys.
Box Office open 10 till 5. Seats to be had at all Libraries.

COMEDY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. CHAS. H. HAWTREY.—Every Evening, at 9, a new Farcical Comedy, by F. C. Philips and Percy Fendall, entitled HUSBAND AND WIFE. At 8.10, HOUP, LA.—Box-office open 10 to 10.—Business Manager, Mr. E. F. BRADLEY.

LONDON PAVILION.—AS USUAL, the STRONGEST COMPANY in LONDON.—Fanny Leslie, Dan Leno, Jenny Hill, Charles Godfrey, Bessie Bellwood, Brothers Griffiths, Harry Freeman, Charles Bignell, G. W. Kenway, and all the Stars. EVERY EVENING.

THE EMPIRE, Leicester-square.—Grand Programme.—The new Pantomimic Fairy Ballet, DOLLY, at 8 (Last Nights), and ORFEO, at 10.15. Unrivalled VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.—Doors open at 8, commence at 8. No free list.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—Marvellous Attractions. Warmth, Light, Fun.—The most Fashionable, Popular, and Select Entertainment in London. Unrivalled Variety Entertainment Twice daily, at 3 and 8, &c.—Open at 12, close at 11.30.

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Open EVERY EVENING from 8 until 11.30.
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Operatic and other Selections by the Band. Conductor, M. Jacobi.

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For particulars concerning admissions, &c., see London Daily Papers.

CRYSTAL PALACE. — Astounding Performances of TWENTY-SIX WILD BEASTS. TWICE DAILY. Lion Driving Pair of Tigers, &c., &c. Seats 6d. and 1s. CHILDREN'S FIREWORKS, by Messrs. C. T. Brock & Co., on THURSDAYS, AUGUST 20th and 27th, at Quarter past Eight. The Special Devices will include Acrobats, Monkey up a Stick, Marionette Skeleton, and Jack in Box. Great Realistic Naval Device, depicting THE BATTLE OF THE NILE, an eighth of a mile in length and covering an area of upwards of 50,000 square feet. Admission to the Palace One Shilling. Children Half Price.

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CANCER WARDS at THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, Mortimer-street, W.—The Weekly Board make an URGENT APPEAL for Funds in aid of these Wards. There are 34 beds set apart for patients suffering from this terrible malady. They are admitted without letters of recommendation, everything that human skill and kindness can suggest is provided, and sufferers are permitted to remain until relieved by art or released by death. Bankers, Messrs Coutts & Co.

F. CLARE MELHADO, Secretary Superintendent.

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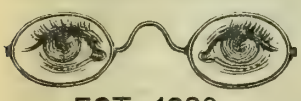
CONTRIBUTIONS are EARNESTLY SOLICITED towards meeting the EXPENSES of this unendowed Hospital, and will be gratefully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Drummond, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Messrs. Martin & Co., or by the Secretary, at the Hospital.

The deficit on 31st December, 1890, was £7,550.



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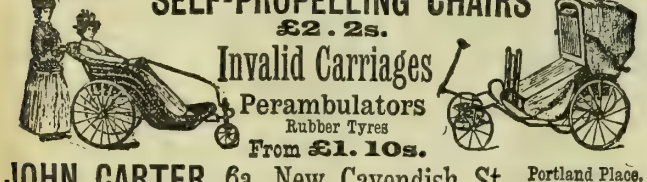

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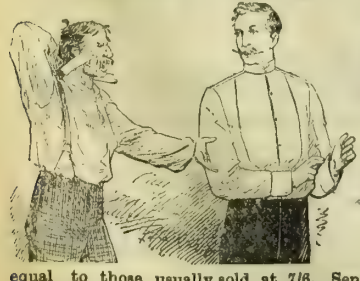

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The boats leave Southampton for Guernsey and Jersey at midnight every Week-day; last train leaves Waterloo at 9.45 p.m., express direct to the docks. Steamers arrive at Guernsey (under ordinary conditions) about 6 a.m., and Jersey 1¾ hours later.

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To Havre, Paris, Rouen, Caen, Honfleur, Deauville, Trouville, from Southampton, at midnight, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; last train leaves Waterloo at 9.45 p.m., direct to the docks.

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Through tickets issued from London and principal stations on the South-Western, London and North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern Railways, including conveyance through London by the omnibuses plying between the stations; but passengers may break their journey in London.

All information can be obtained upon application to the Office of the Traffic Superintendent, Waterloo Station.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

PLEASURE CRUISE

to CYPRUS, PALESTINE, &c. THE ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their large full powered steamship "GARONNE," 3,876 tons register, 3,000 horse power, from London, on the 5th September, for a 47 days' Cruise, visiting Tunis (for Carthage) Santorin, Cyprus, Tripoli, Beyrout (for Damascus and Baalbec), Haifa (for Nazareth), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Malta, Gibralta, arriving at Plymouth on the 21st October, and London 22nd October.

The "GARONNE" is fitted with electric light, electric bells, hot and cold baths, &c. First-class cuisine.

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For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch-avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 16, Cockspur-street, S.W.

CAUTION.

"The THREE CASTLES" TOBACCO.

In the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in an action of W. D. & H. O. Wills against Marcus Burstein and Eliza Burstein, of Aldershot, Surrey, Tobacconists, Mr. Justice North, on the 14th day of March, 1891, granted a perpetual injunction, restraining the defendants from offering for sale or selling tobacco not of the manufacture or merchandise of W. D. & H. O. Wills, as and for "The Three Castles" tobacco. The defendants were also ordered to pay the costs of the action.

In consequence of frequent imitations of Messrs. W. D. & H.O. Wills' "Three Castles" tobacco, that firm give this public notice, that any person selling tobacco under the title of "The Three Castles" except that manufactured by Messrs. W. D. & H. O. Wills, will be proceeded against.

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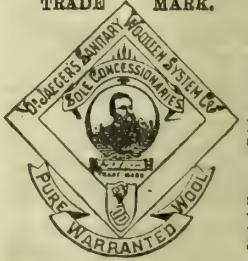

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BRITISH WORKMAN'S ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Established 1866. Incorporated under the Companies Act, 1862.

Chief Offices — BROAD STREET CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.

Extracts from the DIRECTORS' REPORT for the year ending April 30th, 1891.

Your Directors have much pleasure in presenting to you their Report and Accounts for the 25th Financial Year of the Company. We are sorry to have to report that Influenza, and the ills that follow in its train, have again made the claims upon the Company's Funds very heavy; in fact, from January last to May they were much heavier than last year. With exception, however, of the small sum of £60, the entire sum has been paid and brought into this year's accounts. In several instances, we regret to say that the amount has been increased through the unfaithful conduct of unworthy employés, and the cunning speculators upon human life. Every honest man and woman should do all they can to stamp out this illegal and immoral system of falsehood, forgery, and robbery, practised upon Companies and Societies, which are established entirely for the benefit of the good and true.

In accordance with the decision of the Special General Meetings of the Shareholders, held on the 20th January and the 10th February, 1891, your Directors decided to issue 18,856 new Shares, the first offer being made privately to those in connection with the Company, at a premium of 50 per cent. We are pleased to report that nearly the whole of the Shares were subscribed for at the time, without any offer being made to the general public, and the sum of £14,507. 7s. 5d. has been paid thereon, as stated in the accounts.

Your Directors have entered into an arrangement to purchase the entire block of buildings, Broad-street Corner, for the Company's Offices, to the end. part of which will be fitted up for the Company's use during the present year. The Auditors, Messrs. Sharp, Parsons, & Co., Chartered Accountants, of Colmore-row, Birmingham, and St. Swithin's-lane, London, were, as you are aware, elected at the last Annual Meeting for a period of three years.

NEW BUSINESS.—The number of policies issued was 252,785, at an Annual Premium of £148,363. 1s. 1d. The total income of the Company was £294,090. 19s. 7d., being an increase of £44,630. 9s. 5d. The total amount of payments was £278,401 12s. 10d., leaving a balance on the year's accounts of £15,689. 6s. 9d., making the total funds at the close of the year £134,226. 13s. 7d.

CLAIMS.—The amount paid in Claims during the year was £140,567. 7s. 9d., including £3,980. 17s. 8d. Surrender Claims. The total sum paid up to the 30th of April, 1891, was £813,854. 5s.

BUSINESS IN FORCE.—The Number of Assurants upon the Company's books on the 30th of April, 1891, was 520,168, and the Annual Premium thereon £305,927. 18s. 0d. We are pleased to say that during the year we have been able to reduce the Company's working expenses 1·62 per cent, as compared with last year.

J. C. FOWKE, Chairman; H. PORT, Managing Director.

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For CHILDREN OF ALL AGES; Develops Bones, Muscles, Teeth, and Brain.

For INVALIDS; Can be taken and RETAINED when all other Food is REFUSED.

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DOMINION OF CANADA.—PROVINCE of BRITISH COLUMBIA THREE PER CENT. INSCRIBED STOCK.

Issue of £200,000 Stock, part of a sum of £700,000 sterling, authorised to be raised by the British Columbia Loan Acts, chaps. 13 and 22, of 1891. Redeemable at par in London on 1st July, 1941. Interest payable in London half-yearly on 1st January and 1st July.

Price of issue £86 per cent (yielding £3 12s. 6d. per cent.) payable as follows:—
£5 per cent. on Application.
£31 per cent. on Allotment.
£50 per cent. on 1st October.

The Bank of British Columbia, 60, Lombard-street, London, E.C. is instructed by the Government of the Province of British Columbia to receive applications for the above amount of Stock authorised to be issued by Acts of the last Session of the Legislature, and secured upon the consolidated revenues of the Province.

According to the Acts in question, the proceeds of the loan are to be applied, as to a sum not exceeding £250,000 towards the public purposes of the Province, and as to the balance in redeeming the bonds issued under the "British Columbia Loan Act of 1877," and the "British Columbia Loan Act of 1887," and the redemption of the Loan is provided for by the appropriation under an Order in Council of an adequate sinking fund.

With a view to the more efficient protection of the sinking funds of the several Loans of the Province it is the intention of the Government to invest the sums annually required for the reduction of its Debt in purchases of the Stock now offered.

The Province is entitled, under the terms of Union provided by the British North American Act, to an Annual Subsidy in perpetuity from the Dominion of Canada, amounting for the current year to upwards of £40,000, and which, being subjected to decennial revision on the basis of population, should amount for the ensuing year to about £50,000.

The total debt of the Province amounts to £355,400, less £69,000 sinking fund, invested in London, being less than £2 10s. per head of population, which has nearly doubled in the last decade, and is steadily increasing.

The revenue has correspondingly increased, and more than covers the expenditure, exclusive of that on public works which is provided for by loans.

The Crown lands belonging to the Province aggregate about 200,000,000 acres.

The Stock issued in respect of this loan will be inscribed at Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co., 67, Lombard-street, E.C., and will bear interest payable by them half-yearly, on 1st January and 1st July, at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum. The first interest payment will be made in full on 1st January, 1892.

The revenues of the Colony of British Columbia alone are liable in respect of this Stock and the dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom and the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury are not directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock or of the Dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto—40 and 41 Vic., cap. 59, sec. 19.

Interest Warrants will be forwarded, by post, to the holders of Inscribed Stock. In the case of joint accounts, the Warrant will be forwarded to the person first named in the account, unless instructions to the contrary be given.

Scrip Certificates will be issued after the payment of the amount due on allotment, which, when the Stock is paid up in full, whether under discount or otherwise, may be inscribed forthwith and exchanged for Stock Certificates at Messrs. Glyn, Mills Currie, & Co.

Payment of the instalment due on 1st October may be made on allotment under discount at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum. In case of default in the payment of any instalment, or balance, at its proper date, the amount, or amounts, previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

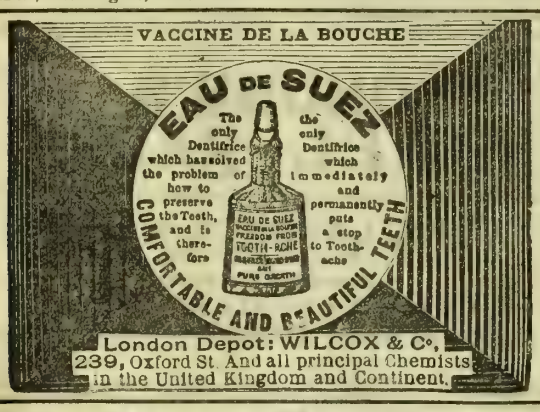
The Subscription List will open and close on Friday, 21st August, but Country applications by first post on the following day will be received.

Applications, accompanied by the deposit of £5 per cent., will be received by the Bank of British Columbia.

Copies of the Authorising Acts may be inspected at the Offices of Messrs. Freshfields & Williams, 5, Bank-buildings, E.C.

Prospectuses, with Forms of Application attached, may be obtained from the Bank of British Columbia, 60, Lombard-street, E.C. and from Messrs. Woolston & Beeton, 6a, Austin Friars, E.C.

LONDON, 18th August, 1891.



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Botanic Medicine Co., 3, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.

CARLSBAD
Natural Mineral Waters and Salts

Are used in the treatment of all cases in which the cure is recommended, viz., in Chronic Gastric Catarrh, Hyperæmia of the Liver, Gall Stones, Chronic Constipation, Diabetes, Renal Calculi, Gout, and diseases of the Spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

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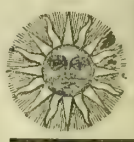

SUN FIRE OFFICE,
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1890,
£361,500,000.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803). 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.
ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, JUN., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

TOO FAT !!
DR. GORDON'S ELEGANT PILLS
Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to
DR. GORDON,
18, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

ALL FAT PEOPLE
can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors.
70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

THE LATE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD,
SIR MORELL MACKENZIE,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
MISS EMILY FAITHFUL,
THE LATE GEN. W. T. SHERMAN,
and many other persons of distinction, have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA
Established nearly a Quarter of a Century.
Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an Inhalation and without any after bad effects. A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In tins, 4s. 3d. British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London; also of NEWBERY & SONS, BARCLAY & SONS, LYNCH & CO., J. SANGER & SONS, W. EDWARDS & SON, JOHN THOMPSON, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

COCKLE'S
ANTIBILIOUS
PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over
ONE HUNDRED YEARS,
and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

The LISTS CLOSE not LATER than FOUR o'clock on FRIDAY NEXT, the 21st inst.

THE ELECTRIC INSTALLATION AND MAINTENANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, FOR THE SUPPLY OF ELECTRICITY TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM, & DISTRICT.

Under a Provisional Order which has been granted by the Board of Trade and duly confirmed by Act of Parliament.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1883 (whereby the liability of a Shareholder is limited to the amount of his Shares).

Capital £100,000, divided into 10,000 Shares of £10 each, of which 626 Shares have been already allotted. Issue of £60,000, in 6,000 Shares of £10 each, 1,124 of which will be allotted as Fully Paid-up to Messrs J. E. H. Gordon & Co., Limited, the Contractors, in part payment of the Works. The Shares are payable, £1 on Application; £1 on Allotment; £1. 10s. on first October; £1. 10s. on first December. And the rest as may be required at intervals of not less than two months, and in amounts not exceeding £2. 10s. per Share.

DIRECTORS.

Col. Lewis Vivian Loyd, D.L., J.P., 8, Rutland-gate, S.W. (Chairman).
Samuel Green, Esq., 4, Chester-place, Regent's Park, N.W., Director of the Crystal Palace Company.
Robert M. Meyer, Esq., Fairlawn, South Dulwich, S.E.
Joseph Pyke, Esq., Devonshire-place House, N.W., Director of the London Electric Supply Corporation, Limited.

MANAGER.—George Offor, Esq., Peak Hill Villa, Sydenham, S.E.
BANKERS.—London and County Banking Company, Limited, 21, Lombard-street, and Westow-hill, Upper Norwood, S.E.
BROKER.—Philip Quirk, Esq., 2, Copthall-buildings, Throgmorton-street, E.C., and Stock Exchange.
SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Pyke & Voules, 85, Gracechurch-street, E.C.
AUDITOR.—J. D. A. Norris, Esq., Suffolk House, Laurence Pountney-hill, Cannon-street, E.C., Chartered Accountant.
SECRETARY & OFFICES (pro tem.)—Mr. J. W. Barnard, 4, Gt. Winchester-st., E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The objects of the Company will be primarily as follows:—(1) To supply, by means of electric motors, the horse-power required by exhibitors at the forthcoming Electrical Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, in the ensuing winter; and (2) To supply electricity for light and power purposes to the Crystal Palace and district surrounding it, under the powers contained in the Provisional Order granted to them last year, and duly confirmed by Parliament.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES.—The Company has secured a Provisional Order (duly confirmed by Act of Parliament) as hereinafter mentioned.

It has secured an excellent site, at Upper Sydenham, for the Central Station.

It has secured the services of Messrs. J. E. H. Gordon & Co., the eminent Electrical Engineers, who will act as Contractors to the Company, and who show their confidence in the undertaking by agreeing to take three-fifths of the contract price of the works in Shares and Debentures. The district to be lighted is one of the wealthiest suburbs of London. It is anticipated that this Company will begin to earn profits immediately, as hereinafter mentioned.

An arrangement has been entered into with the Crystal Palace Company by which exhibitors at the Exhibition requiring electric power are referred to this Company for the first 400 horse-power they may ask for. The Directors anticipate that handsome profits will accrue to the Company from this source.

THE CONTRACTORS.—A Contract has been entered into with Messrs. J. E. H. Gordon & Co., Limited, of 11, Pall Mall, S.W., the well-known Engineers and Contractors, to erect a station capable of generating sufficient electricity to supply 400 horse-power in the Crystal Palace, and afterwards to supply electricity to 20,000 lamps (including certain mains and other electric apparatus, which are duly set forth in the Schedule to the Contract) for the sum of £51,175, payable as to £11,240 in Shares, as to £19,935 in cash, and as to £20,000 in cash or in Six per cent. Debentures at the option of the Directors. Out of the above the Contractors have also agreed to pay all expenses that may be incurred in connection with the placing of the Shares of the Company, and have reserved to themselves the right of entering into contracts for this purpose. Such further mains as may be required for the lighting of streets and private houses will be laid by the Contractors at an inclusive charge of £1,000 per mile.

AREA OF SUPPLY.—The Provisional Order, which is of a favourable nature, extends over a district that, in the opinion of the Directors, will open out a great demand for the electric light, consisting, as it does for the most part, of substantial residences standing in their own grounds, and the property of merchants and others who will, it is anticipated, readily welcome the opportunity this Company will afford of fitting up their houses with the electric light, the advantages of which for domestic use are now recognised as beyond question.

COMPARATIVE COST OF GAS AND ELECTRICITY.—The cost of electric light, while it exceeds that of gas, is cheaper than either lamps or candles; and taking into account the great saving in wear and tear to ceilings, walls, books, pictures, and decorations, not to mention the beneficial effect upon the general health, it may be doubted whether, in the long run, the cost of gas is exceeded by the use of the electric light.

PROGRESSIVE INCREASE.—The following figures show the rapidity with which the demand for electricity is increasing, and bear out the general opinion of the experts that the electric light is the light of the future.

Metropolitan Electric Supply Company, Ltd.—To which Company Mr. J. E. H. Gordon is Consulting Engineer.—October, 1889, 6,111 lamps; April, 1891, 60,000 lamps.

Kensington and Knightsbridge Electric Light Company, Limited.—31st December 1889, 11,794 lamps; 31st December, 1890, 25,535 lamps.

Chelsea Electricity Supply Company, Limited.—31st December, 1889, 8,730 lamps; June, 1891, 23,675 lamps.

House-to-House Electric Supply Company, Limited.—1st January, 1890, 4,520 lamps; June, 1891, 16,144 lamps.

Westminster Electric Supply Corporation, Limited.—February, 1891, 12,000 lamps; June, 1891, 39,300 lamps.

St. James's and Pall Mall Electric Light Company, Limited.—The effect upon Revenue of this increase is shown by the following figures:—

September, 1890, 12,000 lamps; June, 1891, 33,000 lamps.

Electric Current sold during quarter ending 30th June, 1890, £1,991; 30th June, 1891, £6,632. The Metropolitan Company obtain an average revenue for each 8-c.p. lamp connection of 12s. per annum.

At this rate—a moderate one—20,000 lights would bring in £12,000 per annum. Estimating the total annual expenditure, including working cost, repairs, Directors' fees, and Manager's salary at £6,000, and allowing for the cost of future mains at the inclusive agreed price of £1,000 per mile, this £12,000 per annum would leave a sum available for a dividend of about 8 per cent., whilst the rate of profit on the lights above 20,000 will be much higher, and there is little doubt that when once the electric light is established in the district that far more than 20,000 lights will be required to supply the demands of the consumers.

CAPITAL.—Out of the £60,000 now issued, after payment for the erection of the works, and of all other expenses, there will be available a sum for working capital, which is, in the opinion of the Directors and of Mr. Gordon, amply sufficient for present purposes, bearing in mind that 4,000 Shares are reserved for future issue. These will be issued as money is required to pay for the laying down of mains for the lighting of the streets and houses.

Applications for Shares should be made on the proper forms accompanying the Prospectus, with a remittance to the Bankers of the Company of the amount payable on application.

Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full.

Should a less number of Shares be allotted than is applied for, the surplus paid on application will be credited against the amount due on allotment (and any further surplus will be returned). A quotation and settlement on the Stock Exchange will be applied for in due course.

Copies of the full Prospectus, with Forms of Application for Shares, may be obtained at the Company's offices, and from the Bankers, Broker, Auditor and Solicitors of the Company.—London, 15th August, 1891.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.— Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £12,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

Established 1868.

THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,

20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.

Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.

For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED. Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.

No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.

UNION DEPOSIT BANK,

No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.

[ESTABLISHED 1867.]

CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.

ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE, Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.

From **£30** to **£5,000.**

To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their NOTE OF HAND ALONE.

ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.

NO SURETIES REQUIRED.

Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.

Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.

EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

THE STOCK CONVERSION AND INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

This Company begs to direct the attention of investors to the Preferred and Deferred Stocks issued by it against London and North-Western and North-Eastern Ordinary Stocks, and which are quoted on the London and leading Provincial Stock Exchanges.

The Preferred Stocks possess security similar to that of Railway Preferential and Preferred Stocks, but yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more income, thus affording to holders of many of the former Stocks an opportunity of adding to their revenue without decreasing their security.

The Deferred Stocks, whilst returning an average income in excess of that yielded by the Railway Ordinary Stocks, against which they are issued, contrast most favourably with all other Deferred and low-priced Ordinary Railway Stocks, and afford the only opportunity to small investors of participating, by means of low-priced Stocks, in the future of these two leading railways of the country. Table showing present price and dividend, and the dividend on the average of a number of years obtainable on the Deferred Stocks, is subjoined.

Any further information with regard to these Stocks can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 12 and 13, Nicholas-lane, E.C.

DEFERRED CHARGE STOCKS.	Present Price.	Last Dividend paid.	Annual Average of Dividend on result of last 10 years.*	Returns on basis of last Dividend.	Returns on Average Dividend of 10 years
London and North-Western Ordinary Stock	27	£1 7 6	£1 7 0 %	£5 1 10	£5 0 0
North-Eastern— Ordinary Stock	40	£2 5 6†	£2 4 0 %	£5 13 9	£5 10 0

*No allowance is here made for bonuses on allotments of new Stock.
†Exclusive of bonus of 9s. 6d. per cent. from allotment of new Stock.

THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY,
58, Old Broad Street, London.
Capital, $3,000,000.
5 per cent. Deposits received for periods of not less than Six Months.
5 per cent. Debentures issued for a period of Five Years.
6 per cent. Freehold Mortgages. Principal and Interest guaranteed by the Company.
ATKINSON & CO., Managers for the United Kingdom.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.

THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.— Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

MONEY. — Householders or Lodgers desirous of obtaining immediate advances upon their Furniture or other Negotiable Security, are invited to call at the Offices of the Consolidated Company, 43, Great Tower-street, E.C., and arrange. Bills of sale and executions paid out. No fees, the full sum advanced without deduction. An old established and genuine firm.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING. Jewellers, Stationers, &c. Illd. Guide, "How to open a Cigar Store," 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-rd., Ldn. A Prospectus on the other trades free. H. MYERS. Est. 1866.

BROOKE'S SOAP.
4d. a large bar.

The World's most marvellous Cleanser and Polisher. Makes Tin like Silver, Copper like Gold, Paint like New, Windows like Crystal, Brass Ware like Mirrors, Spotless Earthenware, Crockery like Marble, Marble White.

Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, and Chemists. If not obtainable, send 4d. *in stamps for full size Bar, free by Post, or for* 1s. *three Bars (mentioning* TRUTH*) to*

BENJAMIN BROOKE & CO., 36 TO 40, YORK ROAD, KING'S CROSS, LONDON, N.

OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" COLONIAL AND FOREIGN PUZZLE, No. 21.—ADDITIONAL VERSE FOR "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

EVELYN (Miss Emily Stead, Prince-street, Maritzburg, Natal, South Africa) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 646.—ANSWERS TO REBUSES AND PUZZLE SENTENCES.

BAUSÉANT (Real name and address will be given next week) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 651.—RHYMED ACROSTIC ON "THE LONDON SEASON."

TULIP (Real name and address will be given next week) £1 1 0
BARITONE („ „ „ „) 1 1 0

PECIAL NOTICE.—THE "TRUTH" CHRISTMAS DOLL SHOW.

As many of TRUTH'S readers are now out of town, and may possibly have not seen last week's number of this paper, I may, perhaps, be allowed to repeat an already published announcement and state that the Dolls of all three sizes—large, medium, and small—are now ready for sending out. It will be remembered that if the standard of last year's Show is to be again attained more than 4,000 dolls will have to be dressed for exhibition and distribution next Christmas. For the sake of those ladies who may not have seen previous statements on this subject, it may be well to mention the facts that there is no limit to the number of small dolls which may be applied for; that of the medium-sized dolls one will be sent for every six of the small ones which a lady may be willing to undertake to dress; whilst of the very large dolls only one can be issued to each applicant.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 652.

I have not been able to complete the collation of the names comprising the Cricket Elevens which have been received in connection with this competition, but I shall be able to announce the result next week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 656.

The Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE LONGEST LIST OF QUOTATIONS FROM THE BRITISH OR AMERICAN POETS, CONTAINING SUCCESSIVE NUMBERS FROM ONE UPWARDS.

For example, the first quotation, containing the number one, might be:—

"The clock strikes *one*, we take no note of time."

The second, with the number two,

"The hour was *two*, a dark and misty night."

The third,

"When shall we *three* meet again?"

And so on.

The prize will be given to that competitor who can in this way furnish the longest list of successive numbers without a break. After each quotation a reference to its source must be given, and all answers must reach me by the morning of Monday, August 31, 1891, at the latest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and address of WAHRHEIT, winner of a third part of Puzzle Prize No. 649, are J. J. James, Esq., Northmarston, Winslow.

*** The real name and address of GUELDER ROSE, winner of a third part of Puzzle Prize No. 649, are Mrs. Nibloe, 117, Alexandra-road, Wimbledon, S.W.

*** The address of J. MCGRIGOR ALLAN, Esq., should have been given as The Yews, Carshalton-road, Sutton, Surrey.

F. W. E. BLAKE, JUNR.—Your "Eleven" has been duly received.

TANKEL.—I have been very pleased to receive your *Bouts-Rimés* in connection with Puzzle No. 635. Your lines unfortunately arrived too late to take part in the competition, but it is interesting to know that even from far Fiji a competitor has now been found to enter the Puzzle Lists.

COALY TYNE.—You will see that your excellent and original suggestion has been turned to account. Let me again thank you for it.

BILL MARLINSPIKE.—Under the circumstances, I have much pleasure in including your Cricket Eleven in the competition. THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 653.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

RHYMED DESCRIPTION OF FAVOURITE WATERING PLACES.

LYME.

"Experience teaches," so we learned at school,
Which means, at fifty, none should be a fool;
So having now passed by that mystic age
Life bears me on towards its closing stage.
No longer youthful, fashion's charms have fled,
To nature's beauty oft I turn instead;
And though I've travelled far from time to time,
I give the palm to Dorset's ancient Lyme;
No crowded beach, no vile excursion trains,
No torture here for overtaxéd brains.
Sweet air to breathe, the loveliest hills to climb,
With distant views on every side sublime;
Strange fossils oft are found anent the shore
Of fearful beasts that lived in days of yore.
And those who care for sailing out to fish,
May find good sport as often as they wish.
Lawn tennis courts for all who like to pay
Per week or month, or even day by day.
Houses let well and fast, so don't lose time,
But pack your boxes and go down to Lyme.*

* Lyme Regis, Dorset, near Axminster.

Offa.

TORQUAY.

Of all the gems which grace our seagirt Isle,
Or basks in nature's pure perennial smile,
None can compare with thee, thou richly blest
Devonian town, our glory of the west,
Which sits enthroned, like some enchanting fay,
Close by the margin of Tors famed blue bay,
Where Doric villas rise above thy strand,
Hedged in by floral blooms on every hand.
Here zephyrs waft their clear delicious air,
Here thrives the peach, plum, apple, and the pear,
While rose and jonquil glow beside the vine,
And honeysuckle round their stems entwine.
Dear verdant spot, where native birds of song
Trill forth sweet lays, to charm the eager throng;
And where fair nymphs disport in grottoed cove,
Which Juno guards against the shafts of Jove.
O, sylvan sphere, whose boundless stores of wealth,
Ethereal sky, and germs of rosy health,
And frond clad hills, which overlook yon sea,
Crown thee as Queen, our own adored Torquay.

Foy.

RYDE.

Why should the *Daily Graphic* puff up Ryde?
When one and all who've ever been and tried
Loud in complaint and bitter in their vow
Have been ne'er to re-enter, ne'er they trow.
A lovely pier, 'tis true, adorns the town;
Alas! far better were it long pulled down—
For charges "off" and then their charges "on"
Have made Ryde look for years quite pale and wan.
All other sea-side towns seem to have grown,
But "swells" and tourists long ere this have flown;
The Census even shows a sad decrease,
As if they've shorn alike the natives' fleece.
The vaunted Union-street now looks quite bare,
See what a lot of empty shops are there!
And Ryde's much-talked of grounds—the Esplanade—
Is nothing but a well-stocked cab parade.
Yet rumour says:—"The Pier now governs Ryde,
Their fiat is the law we must abide."
And still the Corporation have the *power*,
While all the time they choose to cringe and cower!!!

Bournemouth.

MOLDE.—"THE NORWEGIAN SCARBOROUGH."

Now pack your knapsack, shoulder rod and gun,
To Norway steam, "land of the midnight sun!"
On sweeter spot ne'er rested toil-worn eyes
Than Molde—the fair Norwegian Paradise.
Nestling in hills, fann'd by an arctic breeze,
She sits enthron'd, "Queen of the Northern Seas!"
Range upon range, high mountains, capp'd with snow,
Reflect their proud peaks in the Fjord below.
Land on the pier, then tread the tree-fring'd strand,
Where summer villas smile on either hand;
A straggling street, a church, some shops as well,
"The Alexandra," and "the Grand Hotel"
Dine where you will, at "table d'hôte," you'll find
Salmon and reindeer, fowl of divers kind,
Fresh eggs and milk, and, may be, lager beer,
With sweet brown cheese, to Norseman's palate dear.
Here "you can shoot, fish, paint," read, work, or play,
Or idly dream the peaceful hours away;
Content at last to reach "some favour'd isle,"
Where Time may fold his weary wing awhile.

Moonshine.

BIARRITZ.

In England, Scotland, Ireland, and abroad
Have I a host of health resorts explored,
But though at times each one my fancy fits
Of all I weary saving Biarritz.
Here throng together on the matchless sands
A brilliant concourse called from divers lands;
While close beside them rolls in contrast grave
The ceaseless thunder of the Atlantic wave.
But lest the eye should tire of watching these,
Far on the south extend the Pyrenees,
Now clad in sunshine, now in heaven's dews,
Each mood of nature varying their hues.
Nor is the town unworthy of the place,
The charm of quaintness lends each street a grace;
And on the cliff, close to the palace gate,
New buildings rival old imperial state.
E'en for the bather in this favoured spot
Beyond all others happy is the lot;
For him the sun pursues a cloudless path,
For him the ocean fills a natural bath.

Puppy.

HOMBURG.

Far from the madding crowd, from London's strife,
From calls of office, and from cares of life,
In lazy meditation fancy free,
How sweet, dear Homburg, 'tis to rest in thee!
The early pipe of just-awakened bird,
In soft persuasion at my lattice heard,
Bids me awake, and, ere the tocsin ring
Drink deep, and fear not the *Louisen* spring.
Then comes the well-earned meal, the mild cheroot,
The blissful comfort of—a flannel suit;
Till, luncheon o'er, smooth lawn and well-strung net
Invite to tennis and a hard-fought sett.
Finis, a simple dinner 'neath "the blue,"
Soft lights, good viands, and a friend or two.
While fain I am, though hailing from the Strand,
To own there's music in a German band!
Homburg! Thou art the only place I know
To make man happy, and to keep him so!
How blest is he who crowns in scenes like these
A year of labour with a month of ease!

Kathleen.

FOLKESTONE.

I hate most "health-resorts"—perhaps I'm wrong;
I've tried them all by turns, and few for long.
From far St. Andrews unto wild Penzance,
From Aberystwith to the coast of France,
Of all, from north to south, from east to west,
Experto crede, Folkestone is the best.
A-mornings on the cliff you taste the breeze,
And "sniff the briny" from the famous Leas,
From Dungeness to Dover scan the main,
Or stroll to Shorncliffe camp, and back again;
Then, luncheon over, pierwards with the throng
Which meets the boat arriving from "Boulogne,"

To mark, with mirthful eye or laughter frank,
Each pallid traveller as he treads the plank.
Hard by the old "Pavilion"—famed resort
Of Law and Medicine overlooks the port;
The Canterbury coach, the drive to Hythe,
The regimental bands—to name a tithe
Of all the pleasures Folkestone yields galore
Needs both a poet and ten couplets more. G.

BLACKPOOL.

Let Capel-court laud Brighton to the skies,
And humbler Cockneydom its Ramsgate prize;
From Preston, Blackburn, Bolton—all o'erfull,
The toiler seeks sea breezes at Blackpool.
Sweet 'tis to watch the burdened trains arrive,
Their inmates packed like bees within a hive;
Sweeter to watch the merrymakers gay—
On every face is written "holiday."
Quickly the beach with beauty is beset,
And 'Arry waves the sportive cigarette.
The sands once gained—what sport, ye gods, is there!
Some take to boats—a shilling for each pair.
Upon the North Pier soon the dance begins,
The nigger minstrel approbation wins;
But, see! "The Army" comes, with flag and song,
'Midst frolic preaching that all pleasure's wrong,
Whilst mingling with their prophecies of ban
Are heard the coaxings of the "donkey man."
Then up the town what feasts when day is done
On German sausage and the "Sally Lunn"!!!
Nibs.

HASTINGS.

There's ne'er a country-spot so dear to me
As quaint old Hastings—Eden by the sea!
Its red-tiled roofs, green slopes, luxuriant trees,
Its golden sands, its rocks, and dashing seas,
Its moonlight walks to Fairy Glen, so sweet,
Where lovers oft fond vows do still repeat;
Its Castle, picturesque, whose praises poets sing,
Whose conqueror became a noble English king;
Whose wild walls the artist loves to paint,
And cuckoo's voice sends forth its melancholy plaint;
And would-be poets rhyme in doggrel hard to read
'Bout "lambs and goats, who skip o'er flow'ry mead!"
Yet laugh not critic, their blunders do but show
How fine the air that makes dull fancy flow;
Indeed, its "climates three," like magic, cure
Each ailment young and old at times endure,
While those who're well, are out the live-long day
On pier, beach, and parade, all rollicking and gay,
Drinking in air more freshening far than wine,
In fact, Utopia 'tis, an Arcady divine!
E. N. S.

LLANDUDNO.

Talk not to me of lands beyond the sea
Till England's fairest spots exhausted be,
And seas so green, and hills and woods not least,
Make memory's joys a true and lasting feast.
Of all the beauteous places on God's earth
(And faithful searchers never know a dearth)
Llandudno's claim to foremost place is seen;
Nature and art combine to make her queen.
The man exhausted with the work of life
Can breathe the air to fit him for the strife,
Brace up his sinews, know not that nerves he has,
Forget (with thanks to Wales) the wreck he was.
Oh, Great Orme's Head, and Gloddaeth Woods, all hail!
To tell thy many virtues time would fail;
And beauteous Conway Falls and Fairy Glen,
Well worthy of a Poet Laureate's pen,
Menai's straits, and Snowdon's towering head,
Carnarvon Castle, with its wondrous dead,
And Bangor fair, on sea serenely calm,
All make this favoured spot for care a balm.
Jam.

SCARBOROUGH.

Of health-resorts, Old England's pride and boast,
The king is Scarbro', on the Yorkshire coast.
From the bluff rock, three hundred feet in height,
Majestic sea-views charm the wond'ring sight.
New joy the bracing atmosphere bestows,
As quicken'd life through ev'ry channel flows.
The Northern Sound, all ripples and commotion,
Is stirr'd by breezes from the German Ocean.
On towards Whitby, o'er a wild, rough sea,
We trace brave vessels sailing gallantly.
Southward, the Promontory shields the Bay,
Where March is genial as the "flow'ry May."
Thence, far beyond, in native gradeur, spread
The cliffs to Filey and to Flamborough Head.
The handsome town o'erlooks the wave, whose strand
Is broad and beautiful, of firm, smooth sand.
Delicious bathing; landscape passing fair;
Cliffs, verdant slopes, and soft, salubrious air;
Spa, Park, Aquarium, Esplanade, and Pier
Yield health and happiness throughout the year.
Red Dragon.

BLACKPOOL.

Blackpool! Gem of the coast! Thy praise I sing.
For thoughts of thee to me sweet memories bring.
Upon thy sands a merry child I played.
Along thy shore in thoughtless joy I strayed.
Borne on thy waters I have ploughed the sea
As far, at least, as shilling trip took me.
Beneath thy waves I've sported, and with glee
Shouted aloud in childhood's ecstasy.
When older grown I "mashed" upon thy pier,
Flirted with gorgeous belles without a fear,
Spent on them cash that I could ill afford,
And nonsense talked till all alike were bored.
Again 'twas on thy shore, at eventide,
I met the one who soon became my bride.
So I must praise thee, for to thee I owe
A prize whose value I shall never know.
Yes! I extol thee, Blackpool! Land of shrimps,
Of oysters also, and of dirty imps
Who get your cash; no matter, still I say,
Blackpool's the spot to spend a month—or day.
Immortal Will.

HASTINGS.

Sheltered beneath the cliffs' protecting wings,
Bright, balmy Hastings from the briny springs;
Reclines her graceful form along the coast,
At once the pride of Sussex and the boast.
Her rustic charms in scenic beauty shine,
Dotted with fleecy flocks and well-fed kine;
Tradition tints the spot with romance grave,
For Albion's star here rose with Norman brave.
A ruined castle, dignified with age,
Watches aloft—of Time the heritage;
Standing erect upon the dizzy height,
A forlorn monument of feudal might.
Here's Fairy Glen, where light and shade contrive
A sweet retreat for elfin imps to thrive;
A Lovers' Seat—fit pilgrimage for they
Whose troth is still re-plighted day by day.
A graceful pier glides out into the deep,
Where joyous music lulls the waves to sleep;
And rest and quiet are the welcome friends
That pleasant Hastings to the weary sends.
W. Val Rumsey.

DOVER.

Dover, I sing thy cliffs and breezy heights,
From Shakespeare's beacon to the Foreland lights;
There can we lie and fill each vein with life,
Forgetting daily cares and life-long strife.
Thy dimpling waters dance beneath our feet,
The soft caresses of the wind to greet;
Then, pierward sweeping, with a deeper surge,
Ten thousand vessels through the channel urge.
Where yonder film of smoke floats, curling high,
The feeblest sight can France, her cliffs, descry,
Whose flashing beacon, ushering in each night,
Joins shore to shore with fitful paths of light.
Gaze landward, and thine ancient castle crowns
Th' embattled crags, whence many a cannon frowns
Across the downs' green, undulating sweep,
Like giant seas locked in some magic sleep.
Look where you will, on sea, or land, or sky,
On every side some beauty fills the eye.
No noise, no crowd, to mar the restful piece.
Here on thy cliffs all daily worries cease.
Infelix.

YARMOUTH.

Oh, for a visit to the cool seaside!
Well, go to Yarmouth, drop all foolish pride.
This watering place than Brighton's better far,
Here English people seem just what they are.
Of ozone here, as wholesome we can boast,
As any found upon the Sussex Coast.
We've got a jetty, two piers, sprightly asses,
And a long "drive" that other "drives" surpasses,
A theatre, and large Aquarium,
To which, in throngs, delighted hearers come,
A grand old church, of Market-place in sight,
Whose steeple, so they say, you can't spell right,
A quaint old town, that's honeycomb'd with "rows,"
Down which the vehicle primeval goes.
For shrimps some other spots may be renown'd,
But here the finest bloaters may be found.
Then, "Eastward Ho!" ye pamper'd sons of wealth,
Shun fashionable spots, come here for health.
Come here, 'tis worth a visit, be advised,
The town which Dickens has immortalised.
X. Y. Z.

BRIGHTON.

Brighton!—tho' scarce a spot for poet's lays—
I'll tell her fame but cannot sing her praise.
On the parade, unless the *nose* deceives,
Suburban Jews abound as thick as—thieves!
Below them, motley youngsters share the sands
With preachers, niggers, quacks, and German bands.
Scan the hotels which face these varied scenes—
The Norfolk, Bristol, Prince's, Grand, and Queen's,
And (lately added to sustain the rôle
Of London-by-the-Sea) the Metropole.
Further, she boasts a pier without a peer;
A County Ground where lusty patriots cheer.
A batch of avenues and squares, and last
A palace fraught with frolics of the past.
That gaudy monument of royal waste,
A Chinese puzzle to our modern taste,
Bids us reflect that in these Georgian days
Our princes had no TRUTH to note their ways.
Such are her charms—I think I've summed the lot,
Go if you will, but I advise you not.
Twins.

NEW QUAY, CORNWALL.

Would'st thou, poor slave of counting-house or mart,
Banker, drysalter, whatsoe'er thou art,
Enjoy the hard-earned rest that sweetens toil,
Cease from thy money-grubbing for a while;
Shake off the City dust from thy poor feet;
Be missed a while from thy accustomed beat;
Exchange the Corn Exchange for sweet Cornwall,
With Bass at par, let Allsopps rise or fall,
And hie thee to that Eden by the sea,
Which bards call Dreamland, and the world New Quay.
There roam at will along the yellow sands
Unvexed by clamour of Teutonic bands.
On that grand panorama feast thine eyes,
That from old Toman Head before thee lies,
Whose green downs stretch to the Atlantic blue,
And ever varying beauties bring to view.
Oh! dear old misnamed New Quay, loveliest spot
In all the fairy land of Lancelot;
Here for the o'erwrought brain or wearied arm
Is rest, indeed, with every added charm.
Baritone.

FOLKESTONE.

A breezy, health-inspiring town is this:
No breath that blows seems these white cliffs to miss.
Who that has stayed at Folkestone but has found,
Though but the silver streak, rough gales abound.
How gay the sands! where sheltered by the cliffs,
You bask in sunshine, and you watch the skiffs.
The Leas, a charming promenade, quite high;
Thence on to Shorncliffe, where the camp doth lie;
The Downs behind, diversified and fair—
An evening stroll is most delightful there.
The queer old town, with one steep, narrow street,
Makes the new buildings look more trim and neat;
But some will say its chief attraction lies
In viewing the French coast when clear the skies.
In watching on the pier the boats come in;
The travellers locking oft so white and thin.
Having the chance to spend a day or two
At quaint Boulogne to call upon Mossoo.
To Dover Castle, Shakespeare's Cliff, all go;
While Rye and Winchelsea rare sights can show.
Esperanza.

BRIGHTON.

Of English places in the Autumn season
None can compare with Brighton—for this reason,
Whate'er you seek, you're sure to find it there.
Health, enjoyment, comfort, bracing air,
Entertainments various, every pleasure
To rouse and cheer the weary mind. At leisure
Saunter by the sea, and criticise
The youth and beauty—hard to give the prize
Where perfect specimens are found,
From dainty Miss to Madame most renowned.
Dinners, balls, if you've a taste that way;
All social gatherings then are in full sway;
For luxury you've the Metropole Hotel;
For comfort, many others do as well.
The Bedford, Norfolk, Grand, and good old Ship;
'Tis hard to beat the latter—take my tip.
A glorious canter o'er the breezy down,
In pleasant contrast to the lively town.
Had I more space its virtues to dilate on,
I'd prove the Queen of watering-places, Brighton.
E. T.

BRIGHTON.

Awake! My London boy, leave City cares
To those who can't afford their half-crown fares.
Let us to Brighton! I'll its joys unfold,
In twenty verses they must all be told.
The *Skylark* waits to take us on the sea;
Much jettison, i' faith there's sure to be.
There may you study fishes in the tanks,
Or catch the greedy dogfish on the banks;
May swim, or row, or paddle in the surf,
Or gallop o'er the downs on springy turf.
Madeira-walk will take away the ills
Of influenza. No more Beecham's pills
You'll need. The pier, with its performing fleas,
Its band, electric lady, sweet salt breeze,
Will give you joy. Or would you royal games
Of tennis see, or mashers, or fair dames,
We'll seek the Court, or King's Parade, or try
A drive from Hove to Kemptown in a fly.
Softly you'll sleep, lulled by the calm sea's roll,
In Norfolk, Bedford, Grand, or Metropole.
Ache.

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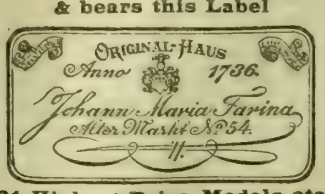

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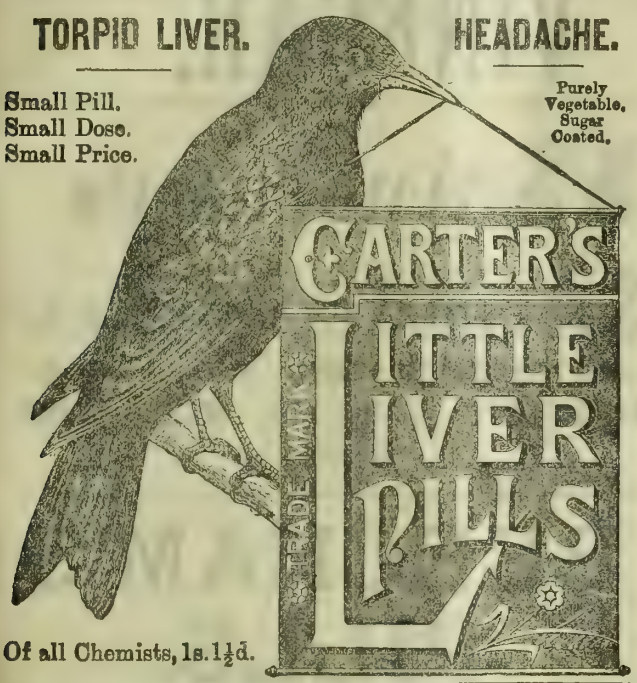

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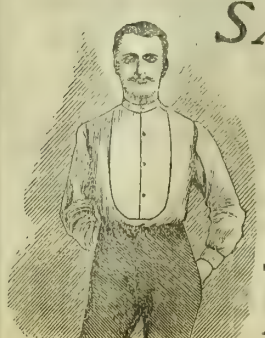

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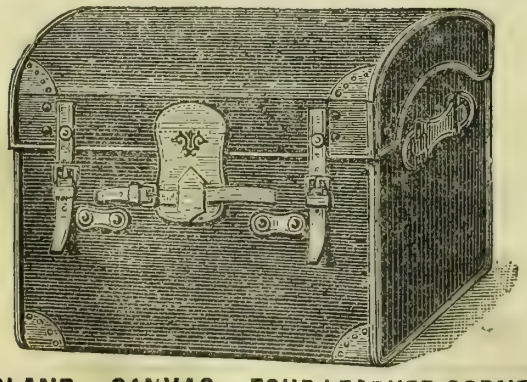

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Investiture which was to have been held at Windsor Castle, but which was postponed to Osborne, and which was then abandoned altogether, was suddenly ordered to take place after all. The sudden change of plan and the short notice caused a great deal of grumbling among the persons concerned, particularly among the officials. It would be much better in future if the Queen would hold Investitures only at Windsor, which is very much more accessible than Osborne, and a fortnight's notice should always be given of such functions, instead of there being a hugger-mugger scramble and confusion, which could so easily be avoided if definite arrangements were made in due time.

The Prince of Wales is to be the guest of Lord Lonsdale at Lowther Castle, Westmoreland, for three days towards the close of the autumn, and the immense covers on the Lowther estate will not be disturbed until the Royal visit.

An announcement made by the *Times*, on the authority of the Press Association, that Princess Maud of Wales "is paying a series of country visits," is the purest of fictions. The Princess has gone to take a course of waters and baths at Vichy, where she is staying with Mrs. Edward Johnson, who was formerly governess to the young Princesses. H.R.H. is to remain at Vichy for a month, and then she will go to new Mar Lodge, Aberdeenshire, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who will by that time have returned home from Denmark.

The Duke of Edinburgh left Devonport on Thursday for Osborne, and he has since started for Germany, where he is to remain until the end of next month. The first year of the Duke's term of command at Devonport has now ended, and during that period not a single entertainment of any sort or kind has been given at the Admiralty House, except a few official dinners, which were *de rigueur*. The "society" simpletons of Plymouth and Devonport, who expended several hundreds of pounds last autumn in giving a ball to welcome the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh to the station, now feel *honteux comme des renards qu'une poule aurait pris.*

The Duke and Duchess of Fife are to stay in Denmark for only a fortnight, after which they will return to New Mar Lodge until the beginning of November. The Prince of Wales is to be their guest at Braemar for several days early in October, probably from the 5th until the 10th, and the Princess is also to be there for a fortnight in October, but the date of her arrival will depend upon the arrangements for her visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at Gmunden.

By the way, the Duke of Fife will be surprised to find the London correspondent of a well-known Tory paper announcing that his Grace "is very popular at the Danish Court." As a matter of fact, the Duke had never been in Denmark until Saturday last, nor had he previously any personal acquaintance with the King and Queen of Denmark, or with any members of their family, excepting the King of the Hellenes and the Crown Prince, both of whom he has met in London.

Sir Henry Ponsonby is about to leave the Court for a six weeks' holiday, and during his absence from Balmoral his duties as private secretary to the Queen will be discharged by Sir Fleetwood Edwards and Major Bigge.

Lord Bridport is going shortly to Balmoral, not in his official capacity as Lord-in-Waiting, but on a visit to the Queen. He intends to proceed to Sicily early in November, and he will pass the winter on his estate in that island.

The Dowager-Duchess of Athole has returned to Dunkeld House, her beautiful place in Perthshire, on the banks of the Tay, from Osborne. If the Queen pays her projected visit to the Dowager-Duchess at Dunkeld, it will take place in October, but the precise date cannot at present be fixed, as all her Majesty's arrangements depend upon Princess Beatrice's approaching accouchement.

Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton, Captain Walter Campbell, Mr. Alexander Yorke, and Lord Burghley are to be successively the Grooms-in-Waiting on the Queen while the Court is at Balmoral.

The *World* announced last week that the "formal" betrothal of the Czarewitch to Princess Marie of Greece, the second daughter of the King of the Hellenes, is "settled to take place at Fredensborg on October 3." This arrangement has only been "settled" by some imaginative French newspapers. No such betrothal could possibly take place, as the marriage of first cousins is most positively forbidden by the statutes of the Orthodox Church.

On August 6 I published certain remarks about the recent attack on the Czarewitch in Japan, giving an account of what took place, at variance with that given by Prince George of Greece in his letter to his father. I need not say that I was not present when the attack on the Czarewitch took place. I was, therefore, dependent for my facts upon a correspondent whom I know, and consider well-informed. The following corrections are now sent to me by another correspondent, and as his observations sound plausible, I give them for what they are worth:—

Will you allow me to point out that the letter of Prince George to his father was published in a semi-official Danish paper at a time when Prince George was still far from Europe; that it was not a letter written *ad hoc*, but one of a series of letters regularly addressed to the King of Greece by his son, recounting the incidents of his travels; and that even the most bold of story-tellers would hardly have ventured to give an account of the occurrence as fantastically opposed to the "real facts," as you have been induced to make it appear. The amount of veracity contained in these "real facts" will be manifest when I assure you, without fear of contradiction, that not one single Greek officer was included in the suite of the Czarewitch or in that of Prince George. The Prince was absolutely unattended during the journey, and the only Greek in the whole suite or rétinue was Prince George's valet! But even Homer slumbers at times, and this time you have been imposed upon. The true "real facts" are as related in Prince George's maligned, but unanswerable letter.

The death of the Duke of Cleveland places a Garter at Lord Salisbury's disposal, and surely Lord Bath will not again be passed over; but, if this should be his fate, I fancy that the Duke of Abercorn will get the vacant stall in St. George's Chapel.

For twenty-three years the late Duke of Cleveland sat in the House of Commons as Lord Harry Vane, and he was regarded as a typical Whig of the old Grey-Lansdowne school. He seldom spoke in Parliament, but he exercised considerable influence on his own side of the House, and during any political crisis his view carried great weight, especially with Lord Palmerston, who entertained a very high opinion of his capacity. He was never an earnest politician, having no taste for the turmoil of public life. The Duke was a fine classical and French scholar, with an excellent taste both in art and literature, an admirable talker and *raconteur*, and, indeed, all his tastes and pursuits were of a refined character. He was altogether a very agreeable man, and he had the fine manners of the old school. The Duke had been really a Liberal-Conservative during the last twenty-five years, and latterly he was an ardent Unionist. He had a great personal regard for Mr. Gladstone, but did not approve of the later developments in his friend's politics. The Duke was supremely happy in his marriage, for his accomplished wife fully shared all his tastes.

The late Duke possessed immense estates and vast wealth, and the whole of his property was at his own disposal. He always lived in great state, and particularly at Raby, where he was quite a grand seigneur. His Durham estate, which extends over 55,887 acres, included a large portion of the borough of Darlington, but the land was sold by him for building purposes about twenty years ago, as north-country people usually refuse positively to build on leasehold tenure. The Duke owned the great tithe of Darlington. Raby is a magnificent place, the Castle dating from the fourteenth century, and it stands in a finely wooded deer park of a thousand acres. Lord Beaconsfield described it as the only place in England, except Alnwick, which came fully up to his ideas of the country seat of "a great noble." The Duke always passed the autumn at Raby. He was an excellent landlord, and there never were any vacant farms on the Raby estate, the tenants, as a rule, having lived on the property for generations. No estate has been more improved, and, in addition to rebuilding farmhouses and steadings, and erecting cottages, miles of land in Upper Teesdale, which were formerly barren moor, have been drained, and so well managed that the land is now productive.

Besides an estate of 25,604 acres in Shropshire, the Duke owned another of 3,482 acres in Northants, and another of 1,997 acres in Cornwall, while he also had 1,085 acres in Devonshire, and 4,784 acres in Somersetshire, the last domain including a considerable portion of the famous Vale of Wrington, and also the valuable Bathwick property in the city of Bath, from which he drew a very large rental. These were his family estates; but, before succeeding to the Dukedom, he bought the Battle Abbey property of 6,025 acres, from Sir Godfrey Vassall, and the beautiful old Abbey became, and always continued to be, his favourite residence.

The father of the late Duke was one of the largest owners of rotten boroughs. It was said of him that he bought his boroughs to be made a Marquis, and let them go in order to be made a Duke. The Marquisate was conferred upon Lord Darlington in 1827 as the price of his support to Canning, and in 1833 he became a Duke in return for his votes and interest in favour of the Reform Bill. He was a highly cultivated man, but his great passion was fox-hunting, and he always lived at Raby during the season, and regularly hunted his own hounds six days a week, his stable establishment being the largest in England.

It is a curious and interesting fact that the late Mr. Lowell was descended, through his mother, from an ancient Jacobite family — the Traills, of Blebo, in Fifeshire. His mother, Mrs. Charles Lowell, was the only daughter of Mr. William Traill, of Westness, Orkney, and this William Traill's mother belonged to an old Norse family, so that Lowell had both Scottish and Norwegian blood.

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 452 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 451.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 455.

Lord and Lady Yarborough, who have been travelling in Switzerland during the last month, are to return next week to Brocklesby Park, their place in Lincolnshire, where they will receive company during Doncaster race week.

Sir William and Lady Gordon-Cumming, who have been visiting Lord and Lady Thurlow at Dunphail House, Morayshire, are now the guests of Lord and Lady Middleton at Applecross Forest, Ross-shire, where they will remain during the shooting-season. Applecross was bought from the Mackenzies by the late Duke of Leeds, at whose death it was sold to the father of the present Lord Middleton. It is one of the most beautiful places in Scotland, the grounds extending to the sea, and the forest, of 75,000 acres, affords scenery of surpassing grandeur, and is heavily stocked with red deer. Applecross was let to Lord Brownlow for some years.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland are to leave Langwell, their place in Caithness, on Friday week for Welbeck Abbey, where they will entertain a large party during Doncaster races including Lord and Lady Zetland, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Winchester, Lord and Lady Enniskillen, Lord and Lady Granby, Lord and Lady Hastings, Lord Calthorpe, Lord Houghton, Lord Lurgan, Lord and Lady Gerard, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Colonel Forester, Sir Henry Keppel, Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, Lady Charles Beresford, and Colonel Pole-Carew. The Duke and Duchess will return to Langwell on September 14 for a stay of about three weeks.

Sir George and Lady Tryon have gone to Scotland, to visit Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby at Drummond Castle, Perthshire, and Sir Archibald and Lady Campbell, of Blythswood, at Glenshee. Sir George is to leave Portsmouth for Gibraltar on September 10 in the *Nile*.

Lord and Lady St. Oswald will entertain a large party during Doncaster races at Nostell Priory, their place near Wakefield, including Louisa, Duchess of Manchester, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lord Durham, and Lady Anne Lambton, Lord and Lady Cadogan and Lady Emily Cadogan, Lord Alington and Miss Sturt, Lord Hartington, Lady Dudley and Lady Edith Ward, Lord Athlumney, Mr. James Lowther, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, and Mr. and Miss Drummond-Willoughby.

The Duke of Portland has just reduced the rents of the tenants on his Caithness estate from 30 to 35 per cent., except in the case of some of the larger farmers, and when the tenants are widows or single women, who have been many years on the property, the rent has, in many instances, been reduced as much as 80 per cent.

Land in the immediate neighbourhood of Bristol is increasing in value so much that an estate, which was let a few years ago at the rate of £3 per acre, is now laid out for building purposes, on ground-rents, which, at twenty-two and a-half years' purchase, are equal to £2,200 per acre!

This year's potato crop in Jersey has been the best ever known, the amount being 66,840 tons, which realised £487,642.

Next year's show of the Royal Agricultural Society is to be held at Warwick, and for 1893 there will be a most vigorous struggle between Chester and Manchester. The Duke of Westminster, Lord Powis, Lord Tollemache, and others are working for Chester, and £2,500 has already been subscribed towards the necessary fund. At Manchester, Lord Egerton of Tatton, Lord Sefton, Lord Derby, and Lord Lathom are moving, in order to bring the Society to that city. It is probable, however, that Chester will be successful, and the Royal Show has not been held there since 1858.

A sale of draft-stock from the famous Aberdeen Angus herd of Mr. A. J. Mackenzie, will be held at Dalmore, Ross-shire, on September 15. About twenty of Mr. Mackenzie's scarcely less famous Clydesdales will also be sold on this occasion.

The horses of the principal coaches still on the road will be sold at Aldridge's during September and October. The "New Times" and "Present Times" horses have already been disposed of. The Colchester, Reigate, Sevenoaks, Bellagio, and Hertford will be sold on successive Wednesdays from September 9 to October 7; on the following Wednesdays, the Margate and Canterbury and Folkestone and Canterbury teams will be offered; and the fifty horses of the "Comet" (London and Brighton) will conclude the series on October 21.

I have been asked to give publicity to the fact that a Society is now at work for the purpose of checking the destruction of wild birds for millinery purposes. I am most happy to comply, for the Society appears to be an excellent one. There is no subscription, and there is only one rule, viz., "That members shall refrain from wearing the feathers of any bird not killed for purposes of food, the ostrich only excepted." Miss H. Poland, of 29, Warwick-road, Maida Vale, is the Honorary Secretary, and she is supported by thirty-two local secretaries in different parts of the country. My experience is that when a lady is remonstrated with respecting the wholesale slaughter caused by the fashion of wearing dead birds, or their plumage, as ornaments, she replies that it is idle for her to abstain, as the fashion would still be followed by the rest of the female world. This excuse cannot be honestly used in future, as all ladies who really disapprove of the practice may at once influence the fashion by joining the "Society for the Protection of Birds," and inducing their friends to do the same.

CHOICE OLD HIGHLAND WHISKIES. Age 7, 10, 15, and 25 years in wood. Price per doz., 48s., 60s., 72s., and 120s. An eminent medical authority, in recommending the moderate use of Whisky, states that on no account should Whisky be used unless it is well matured. Detailed list on application to MOREL BROS., COBBETT, & SON, Limited, 210 & 211, Piccadilly; 18 & 19, Pall Mall; 143, Regent-street. Whisky Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

The Latest Social Infliction.

By an Alarmed Diner-out.

"It is announced that a social novelty in the shape of five-minute recitations between the courses at fashionable dinners is shortly to be introduced."—*Daily Paper.*

No! no! It's impossible! Nothing will make
Me believe such a sinister rumour;
'Tis a canard at best,
Or is due to the zest
Of some editor's ill-advised humour.
A reciter, I know, is a desperate foe,
And used to persistent endeavour;
But still, I opine,
Even he draws the line—
Recitations at dinner? No, never!

If such things could be, just imagine one's lot,
Constrained by the new social forces,
To sit, *sans* escape,
Whilst a fiend in man's shape,
Recited between all the courses!
As it is many dinners are hard to endure,
But, oh! 'twould be sore aggravation,
If cold soup, flabby fish,
And each badly-cooked dish,
Were sandwiched by worse recitation.

A Chicago dealer has offered £2,000 for Nathaniel Hawthorne's house at Salem, in order that he may remove it to his city and exhibit it in the World's Fair. The owner, however, asks £3,000 for the house, which he purchased eighteen years ago for £500.

I hear from Rome that the financial reverses of the Borghese family are likely to cause the sale of their famous gallery of pictures, which has always been one of the great sights of the Eternal City, and which was recently valued at ten millions of francs.

A manuscript volume was bought for a small sum, at a sale which took place at Dunsford the other day, which has been found to contain three holograph poems by Burns, two of which have never been published. It appears that the book was once the property of Riddell, of Glenriddell, who was a friend and neighbour of the poet when he lived in Ellisland. One of the new poems is a scathing satire on the Duke of Queensberry ("Old Q.") for his desertion of George III. for the Prince of Wales, at the time of his Majesty's attack of insanity in 1788. The other is an exceedingly coarse "bucolic," entitled "Grizzel Grimm, the Witch of Cluden," which was suggested to Burns by a tombstone in Dunblane Churchyard.

The third annual exhibition of amateur art work, under the auspices of the "Artists' Guild," will be opened at Berkeley-gardens, Campden-hill, on Tuesday, November 3. The exhibits will include embroidery, fans and lace, painting and design, wood-carving, bent iron and brass repoussé work, burnt wood engraving, photography, and miscellaneous work, in each of which classes prizes will be awarded.

With reference to a paragraph in Truth of the 30th ult., respecting the tapestries from the Barberini Palace, I have been asked by one or two American correspondents to state that the church to which they have been presented by Mrs. Cole is not a new Roman Catholic Cathedral, but the new Protestant Episcopal Cathedral in New York, for which the plans were recently selected.

The Archbishop of York and Mrs. Maclagan are to take up their residence at Bishopthorpe Palace next Tuesday. The Archbishop has allowed himself a fortnight to settle down, after which he has Diocesan engagements almost every day until Christmas. His Grace is to be enthroned in York Minster on September 15, and on the following day he is to hold his first confirmation in York, and, on the following Sunday, his first ordination. The Bishops of Beverley and Hull are to act as Suffragans to the Archbishop, and Dr. Blunt will retain the Vicarage of Scarborough, but he is about to resign the Archdeaconry of the East Riding (which is worth £200 a year), and it is tolerably certain that his successor will be a High Churchman.

Directly after the Bishop of Worcester had entered into possession of the temporalities of his See the living of Alvechurch, which is one of the best in his gift, became vacant by the promotion of Dr. Jex-Blake to the Deanery of Wells. Instead of presenting a clergyman who had earned preferment by hard work in the diocese, the Bishop proceeded to job into the living his chaplain, who was then beneficed in Sussex. This reverend person, animated presumably by feelings of gratitude to his complacent patron, has written a letter to the *Times*, explaining the Bishop's views respecting the Birmingham Bishopric, in which letter there is, most assuredly, a deal more of zeal than knowledge. It appears that Bishop Perowne is willing to give £500 a year out of his stipend of £5,000 (at present he receives only £3,000, as the late Bishop has a pension of £2,000 a year, but Dr. Philpott is in his eighty-fifth year), on condition that he is relieved of Hartlebury Castle, the episcopal residence, which is an expensive place to keep up. Inasmuch as the Bishop of Worcester would at the same time be "relieved" of by far the heaviest portion of his Diocese, I hardly think that his proposal is what one would call liberal, for if £5,000 a year is the proper stipend for the Bishop of the present Diocese of Worcester, surely when that Diocese is divided, and the Bishop is pleasantly left with the easier portion only, he ought, in common fairness, to be compelled to give up half his stipend. As to the impudent proposal to appropriate the revenues of certain churches at Birmingham, in order to provide an income for the new Bishop, it really exceeds in effrontery anything that I can recollect. This flagitious scheme cannot be carried out without an Act of Parliament, and the clerical jobbers will find it no easy matter to pass any such measure through the House of Commons. The cupidity of the "upper clergy" is really insatiable.

The new Bishop of Truro, who possesses ample private means, has found that Lis Escop, the Episcopal residence of the See, is inadequate to his requirements, so he has taken, for a term of years, Goonvrea House, Perran-Arworthal, which is a very pretty place, about four miles from Truro, on the road to Falmouth, and near Carclew, Mr. Tremayne's seat, famous throughout Cornwall for its beautifully-wooded deer-park, and for its gardens, which are full of exotic trees and shrubs. The Bishop intends to make only an official residence of Lis

Escop, which was Kenwyn Vicarage until 1877, when the late Canon Vautier vacated it to accommodate Dr. Benson, the first Bishop of Truro, and afterwards a new Vicarage-house was built for the Incumbent of Kenwyn.

A clerical correspondent sends me the following ingenious defence of Bishops' salaries. I have read something like it before, and it is worth notice:—

> Your remarks in TRUTH on the incomes of Bishops seem based on the assumption that their thousands a year are spent on themselves. You would find, on investigation, that the greater part of it goes in official hospitality and in subscriptions. As long as the laity in a diocese expect the Bishop to do as much as temporal peers and wealthy proprietors, it is not possible to realise your ideal of £1,500 per annum and a prebendal house. The mischief is that the Bishop in a diocese is expected to return a great part of his Church revenue for the needs of the Church. *I* do not at all object to your being "down on" the Church of England; but you might remember that the Church is not composed entirely of *clergymen*, and *all* her faults must not be laid at their door.

Emphatically I disclaim any intention to suggest that the Bishops spend all their income on themselves. For the rest, my correspondent puts, in my opinion, the cart before the horse. Bishops have not been given huge salaries because they are expected to entertain, but they are expected to entertain because they have huge salaries. If the Archbishop of Canterbury's income were cut down to £500 a year, and his residence removed from Lambeth Palace to some eligible site in one of the neighbouring streets, his Grace would not be expected to feast Dives at his board, nor to entertain his clerical brethren whenever he transacted business with them; the world of fashion would not feel hurt if it were not asked to Mrs. Benson's garden-parties; the Archbishop's name would not be looked for in half the charity subscriptions in the Kingdom.

The same argument applies all down the scale. I once knew a parson who was nominally the curate-in-charge of a "chapel of ease," but practically the priest of a populous suburban parish. His church was "free." His stipend was a first charge of £200 a year upon the offertories. I doubt whether he and his wife had sixpence a year besides. He was the most popular cleric within the range of my personal acquaintance. He worked hard among the poor, but he and his wife were always welcome in the houses of the rich, although they never gave a dinner-party or an "entertainment" in any other shape. If every clergyman in England, great and small, were placed on the same footing to-morrow, my belief is that it would be a good thing for them, and a good thing for the Church.

There is no truth in the announcement made last week by a morning paper (and widely copied) that "strong representations are being made to Lord Salisbury" that the office of Dean of Bristol should be merged in that of Bishop of the proposed new diocese of which that city is to be the centre. This statement is pure fiction, for no such "representations" have been made by the Bristol Bishopric Committee, or by any other person whatsoever. The offices could not be united without an Act of Parliament, and the case of Truro is irrelevant, for in that Cathedral neither the office of Dean nor the stipend existed. It seems to me that in course of time, if the Establishment lasts, all its revenues will be grabbed by and for Bishops. There is not the slightest necessity for severing the See of Bristol, as all sensible people in that city are perfectly aware, and, even if the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol ought to be divided, then surely the Bishop's stipend of £5,000 a year should also be divided.

Canon Scott-Holland is to be in residence at St. Paul's Cathedral during September, and he will preach on Sunday afternoons throughout the month.

The Rev. Charles Gore, Principal of the Pusey House and Editor of "Lux Mundi," is to conduct a Retreat in Lincoln Minister for the clergy of that diocese from September 22 to 25, at which Bishop King will be present.

Mr. W. H. Smith has made an excellent appointment to the Crown living of Stonegrave, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, which is worth about £600 a year. He has presented the Rev. E. A. B. Pitman, who has been vicar of Old Malton for seventeen years, where he has worked very hard, and with conspicuous success. The fine old priory church of Old Malton was thoroughly restored about three years ago, mainly through the efforts of Mr. Pitman. The Bishop of Hull had the refusal of the living of Stonegrave.

On Tuesday next the Rev. W. Rowe Jolley will succeed Dean Vaughan as Deputy Clerk of the Closet-in-Waiting on the Queen, and he is to remain on duty until January 1, when Canon Rowsell replaces him. Mr. Jolley will have to travel to Balmoral early in October, in order that he may be in attendance upon the Queen when the new Bishops of Truro and Lichfield do homage for the temporalities of their respective Sees.

Another ecclesiastical scandal in Exeter diocese! The patron of a certain living in Devonshire has been for some time past suffering from softening of the brain, and his condition is at present such that he knows little or nothing of what is going on about him. Nevertheless, this gentleman has somehow executed, or gone through the form of executing, the legal documents necessary for making an appointment to the living. I am told that the next presentation to this living was in the market a few weeks ago, but how that may be I do not know. The question is, how the Bishop of Exeter, who had notice of the patron's condition, can have found it consistent with his duty to accept a nomination under

ELECTRIC LIGHT WITHOUT GLARE.—The new Patent Bead Ray Diffuser, the only possible means of preventing glare without decreasing the light, will fit on any existing electric lamp. Sample forwarded, carriage paid, 7s. 6d.—RASHLEIGH PHIPPS & DAWSON, 53, Berners-street, W. Ivory Switches a specialty.

PFUNGST FRERES' EXTRA QUALITY CHAMPAGNES.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. PFUNGST & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

such circumstances. Surely this prelate would be better employed in looking after his own diocese than in touring through Japan?

I have never yet discovered why lotteries are legal in Ireland but tabooed in England. Is it that Irishmen are less amenable than Englishmen to temptation in this form, or that they have so much money to throw away that it is thought unnecessary to place any legal restrictions on their getting rid of it? I ask these questions in view of a penny lottery—called, of course, "An Art Union Prize Drawing"—now being promoted by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, county Cork. The good sisters are sending broadcast into this country books containing five or ten shillings' worth of penny tickets, and they incite others to sell these tickets (1) by offering to every person who clears a bookful a ticket for "an all-prize drawing;" and (2) by representing that to sell them is a work of charity, since the proceeds are to be devoted to building schools and "promoting industries for the poor." If, however, lotteries for such purposes are to be winked at by the law, it would be much better for the State to take charge of them, as is done abroad, and apply the proceeds at its discretion.

To the Clerk of the Weather.

O Clerk of the Weather! what *is* it you mean
  By this treatment persistently scurvy?
And is it your humour or purposeless spleen
  That has everything turned topsy-turvy?
As it is, you have ruin'd our tennis and hay
  By the rain that's continued to fall so,
And it now seems your plan is to spoil, if you can,
  Our wheat and our holidays also.

What is it that ails you? Oh, say, if you please,
  Is it *malice prepense* or a blunder
Which makes it one morning seem likely to freeze,
  Whilst the next it does nothing but thunder?
Have you grown past your work? Are you touched in
    your brain?
  Or merely portentously lazy?
Come, give me the answer I wish to obtain,
  For your conduct is driving me crazy.

Or, failing confession, I'm bound to suggest—
  Since your name now a popular scoff is—
That thorough Reform is in urgent request
  In your muddled and mismanaged Office.
And if you are really anxious to end
  A scandal of growing dimension,
Why your very best plan, my incompetent friend,
  Is at once to retire on a pension.

I have received the following amounts towards Lady Jeune's Fund:—M. E. A. Powles, £1; C. T. A., £1; W. E. K., £2. 2s.; Persis, 10s.; A. V., £1. 1s.; C. H. T., 10s.; C. J. T. W. F., £5.

Health and Electricity.—Harness' Electropathic Belt should be worn by all sufferers from Nervous, Muscular, or Organic Weakness. It is beautifully designed, scientifically constructed, very comfortable to wear, and is recommended by the highest authorities. Pamphlet and consultation free on application to the Medical Battery Co., Ltd., 52, Oxford-st., London, W.

With reference to the cases of Mrs. Murch and Mrs. Allen, the wives of the *Egeria* mutineers, I am now happy to state that I have made arrangements which will keep both these good ladies in comfort for the present. Mrs. Allen has left the workhouse, and £5 out of the money remitted by the proprietor of the Sydney *Sunday Times*, has been sent to a lady who has undertaken to see that it shall be employed in providing her with some new furniture. I have given both Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Murch to understand that I shall pay over the money still left in hand at the rate of 10s. a week to each of them, and the first payments have been made accordingly.

It is evident, however, that the sum of £40 received from the Sydney *Sunday Times* will not suffice to keep the two women at this rate until the release of their husbands in May next, and I hope that this fact will be recognised by those interested in the case. I have to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of £3. 15s. from sympathisers on the lower deck of one of the ships now at Spithead; perhaps it is as well that I should not publicly mention the name. This money I propose to apply in the same way as that previously received. I may point out, however, that beyond the provisions for the wives, it is extremely desirable that there should be some money in hand to assist Allen and Murch when they are released. There is, therefore, ample scope for more assistance, if those in the Navy who sympathise with the men are disposed to give it.

Several naval correspondents have from time to time submitted this query to me: How much longer are petty officers and seamen of the Navy to be treated like children? The query has reference to the absurd regulation enforced at the dockyards by which both petty officers and men are prevented from entering the gates after 10 p.m., and, in consequence, have frequently to remain on shore for the night at considerable expense, and, I might add, danger, to themselves. It appears that officers who return to their vessels lying in the dockyards after 11 p.m. are required to sign their names in a book kept at the gates. Well and good; but why should not the men be allowed to do the same? Imagine the indignation of military officers if they had to sign their names under such nonsensical conditions!

A naval correspondent writes:—

If the Naval Manœuvres have taught us anything at all—which is open to much doubt—it is that the Admiralty are disposed to underrate the value of torpedo boats. They continue to build costly ironclads and cruisers, which, during the next European war, are likely to be destroyed by the enemy's torpedoes, and meanwhile they refuse to carry out experiments to test the real value of these torpedo boats. The operations of the Blue and Red Squadrons have thrown no light upon this important question, and what is far worse, the umpires' decisions appear to have been most misleading.

Sir Anthony Hoskins is certainly far from being one of the most popular officers in the Navy, and yet, as Horace Walpole wrote of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, he seems not merely to have caught the wheel of fortune, but to have fastened himself to its spokes. Sir Anthony became Junior Sea Lord of the

Admiralty in 1880, and only quitted Whitehall on his appointment as Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves, and when he gave up that post he went back to Whitehall, where he remained until his appointment to the command of the Mediterranean Squadron. Now, after anything but a successful term of employment in the Mediterranean, this strangely fortunate officer is returning to Whitehall as Senior Sea Lord. I should like to know the reason for Sir Anthony Hoskins being again appointed to the Admiralty Board. Is he supposed to be an exceptionally efficient and wise administrator? And, if so, by whom?

A Naval officer sends me the following suggestions for a Charter for Naval Officers. The points of the proposed Charter, more particularly the second and the fourth, have been so frequently advocated in these columns that I cannot refuse them a further airing. But I venture to remind my correspondent, and naval officers generally, that no class ever yet obtained a Charter without putting its own shoulder to the wheel:—

I.

COMMISSION.—The commission of a man-of-war is not to last more than three years.

II.

LEAVE.—(*a.*) All officers, without exception, to be entitled to full-pay leave in the following proportion, viz.:—One calendar month for each year of full-pay service, or seven days for each complete quarter. (*b.*) All absence from England over three years to count as double time towards full-pay leave.

III.

SERVICE.—(*a.*) All service on full-pay to count as full time for every purpose. (*b.*) All service on half-pay to count as half time for every purpose. (*c.*) No officer is to be promoted to a higher rank unless he has served a certain proportion of sea service (to be hereafter defined) in a ship of war at sea. (*d.*) No honorary rank is to be given on retirement, until after the same period of sea service.

IV.

RESIGNATION.—Any officer shall be at liberty to resign his commission at six months' notice, on payment of a fixed sum, except in time of war, or active preparation for war.

The North German Lloyd Company have decided to run monthly passenger steamers between New York and Genoa, for the accommodation of Americans proceeding to the south of Europe. The first steamer is to leave New York on October 21, and the passage will occupy eleven days.

The Calcutta Naval Volunteers send me a copy of their "Annual" for 1890-91, which is not only very handsomely got up, but contains a great deal of interesting reading. I gather from it among other things that the Calcutta Naval Volunteers are a very serviceable force, and that they are exceptionally strong, even among Volunteers, in martial energy and *esprit de corps*. From this I infer that they are not under the jurisdiction of any body analogous to the English Board of Admiralty. Nothing else will explain the contrast between Naval Volunteering in England and India.

"TRUTH" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is, 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the MANAGER, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

By the terms of the Queen's Regulations, in conjunction with the Army Order of 1889 and the Royal Warrant governing the case, a Quartermaster-Sergeant is eligible for promotion to the rank of Warrant Officer without a first-class school certificate, provided that he obtained his present rank before January 1, 1889, and is recommended for promotion. My attention was recently drawn to a case in the Army Service Corps in which a Quartermaster-Sergeant though repeatedly recommended for promotion has been invariably passed over, and on the ground, so stated in answer to inquiries, that he only holds a second class school certificate.

I find that this is not an isolated case in the Army Service Corps, and the only explanation forthcoming is that it is a "fad" of the commanding officer to insist on first-class certificates. The matter demands attention. Even if the fad of a commanding officer were reasonable, it cannot override the Queen's Regulations. But in this case the fad is both unreasonable and unjust—unreasonable, because a man will not make a better Army clerk for having passed an examination in history and geography (the extra subjects required for the first-class certificate); unjust, because when the men obtained their second-class certificates they were given to understand that they would require nothing higher.

The old grievance of the slowness of promotion still seems to be acutely felt in the Medical Staff Corps. The grievance is a very serious one, for the effect of the length of time now required to reach the rank of sergeant (not to mention the examinations which have to be passed), is that a man is unable, within his twenty-one years, to complete the twelve years' continuous service in the rank of sergeant which is necessary in order to entitle him to a full sergeant's pension of 2s. 3d. per diem. The following remedy is suggested to me by a man in the Corps. I express no opinion of it; but I am very strongly of opinion that if the War Office do not like this remedy, it is their duty to devise another:—

One means of removing this grievance would be to allow promotion to take place as at present until the rank of sergeant is attained. On first appointment to that rank, a man should get 3s. 8d. per day (as at present). After three years in the rank, he should have 4s. 2d. per diem, and be appointed third-class staff-sergeant, ranking as colour-sergeant for pension only. After three years in that rank (if no vacancy occur before) he should be appointed second-class staff-sergeant, with pay as such, and after three years in this rank, first-class staff-sergeant; the various promotions depending upon qualifications and recommendations.

This need entail little or no extra expense on the public, as the abolition of extra duty pay for compounders would cover the apparent extra cost. A further saving could be made on the equipment of the corps, which is of no practical use to N.C. Officers,—in fact, only an encumbrance.

I take the following from a letter from an Adjutant of a Line regiment, who thinks that I have been "making a mountain out of a molehill" in the matter of the defence of prisoners before courts-martial. I publish it for the sake of the concluding suggestion, which I hope will receive further notice. My correspondent, however, and my military readers generally, may assure themselves that the "mountain" in this instance is not of my making, but that it has been raised to its present dimensions, such as

they are, entirely by representations addressed to me from the ranks:—

> Nine out of ten cases are undefended ones of desertion and fraudulent enlistment, and in half of these the soldier has either surrendered or confessed. These cases are so straightforward that the prisoner nearly always pleads "guilty," the evidence is quite formal, and usually documentary.
>
> In the remaining cases there are, of course, plenty of defended ones in which the conviction depends on the skill with which a defence is conducted. In taking the summary of evidence in such cases, I invariably ask the prisoner whether he would like an officer to assist him in his defence, yet I have never known a case in which this privilege has been claimed. . . . .
>
> I accept it on your word that a large number of soldiers say that they are ignorant of the privilege accorded them by existing regulations; this appears to be more the fault of the soldier than of the regulations. Still, if this is so, the ends of justice would be met by giving more publicity to these regulations—say, by publishing them in the soldier's small book.

Here is another example of the hardship of the rule under which officers of the Indian Service forfeit their privilege leave, if sickness or any other unavoidable cause necessitates their taking other leave in continuation. An officer went up to Kashmir on three months' "privilege leave" with his daughter. Just at the end of the time the daughter was taken dangerously ill, and the father was compelled to obtain an extension of his original period of leave in order to remain with her. By doing so, he at once changed his leave into "furlough," and reduced his allowance to about one quarter of what he would otherwise have been entitled to. This case is not a recent one, but it is a good example of the grievance. An Indian officer of very high position assures me that "scarcely a week passes without the present rule bearing with excessive harshness upon deserving officers," and the fact appears to be so well-established, that the Indian Government can have no excuse for allowing such a state of things to continue.

A good many stories have been told at one time and another, illustrating the contempt with which the Queen's uniform is regarded by a certain class of the Queen's subjects, but the following is, I hope, unique. The wife of an N.C.O., on the regiment going abroad, took lodgings in the village where she had resided before her marriage, and sent a message to the baker, requesting him to call daily for orders. The baker replied that he could not undertake to supply bread to the wife of "a common soldier." I expect to hear next that the shoeblacks in the streets object to clean poor Tommy Atkins's boots.

I should be disposed to think that I have had a letter this week from Rip Van Winkle, only that there seems to be no ground for believing that notorious character to have held a commission in the Army Medical Staff. My correspondent takes me to task for some supposed slight as to the right of Army doctors to rank befitting their importance and attainments. The letter was answered by anticipation months ago. My last reference to the subject was on June 25, and, as the subject had been fully debated in Truth prior to that date, I doubt if my readers would thank me for allowing it to be revived now.

Some accounts have appeared in the London Press during the last few days respecting the attempt to close the navigation of the River Avon at Charlecote Park. The obstructions appear to have been erected in a very half-hearted way, for a correspondent of the *Stratford-on-Avon Herald* describes how he got his boat through, there being a gate at the lower end of Charlecote Park which was not locked, and a chain at the upper end, which was easily circumvented. The intention, however, is clearly indicated by a board notifying that "no boat is allowed to pass without permission from the Charlecote Estate Office." This is a most impudent invasion of public rights, the river having been a public highway from time immemorial, and it is to be hoped that the usurpation will be stoutly resisted. Charlecote is still held by the descendants of Shakspeare's Sir Thomas Lucy—the original of Justice Shallow—and to all appearance three centuries have brought very little change in the family character.

Much annoyance appears to have been caused among the Inland Revenue officials in the Birmingham district by a circular issued by the collector, in which the periods of leave for each officer for the current year are definitely fixed. This order appears to have been drawn up and issued without any communication between the collector and his subordinates, although the "General Instructions" of the Board of Inland Revenue lay down that "applications for private leave should be complied with to the fullest extent compatible with the interests of the public service." On the face of it, therefore, the obnoxious circular seems to be an unwarrantable excess of authority on the part of the collector, and as such it ought before now to have received the attention of the Board.

There was a good deal of tall talk when the representatives of the Hygienic Congress visited Cambridge, and the Vice-Chancellor stirred up the hearts of his visitors in this strain:—

> This University—the University of Bacon, Newton, Charles Darwin, Clerk Maxwell, and young Francis Balfour—offers you its greeting to-day. Go on with your beneficent labours till not only experts accept your victorious conclusions, but even the poorest, the humblest, the least instructed classes rise up from their insensibility, and call you blessed.

A curious comment upon these glowing periods is afforded by a letter addressed to me by the mother of a Cambridge undergraduate. This lady's son came home six months ago with typhoid fever upon him, and though his life was with difficulty saved, his health suffered so severely that he has not yet been able to resume work. That his illness was due to the unsanitary condition of his college

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth. Also The Belle Vue and Pier Hotel, opposite the Pier, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach, General Manager, late of the Bath Hotel, Bournemouth.

Sea Air and the Skin.—For the next few weeks freely apply Sulpholine Lotion. While removing all spots, eruptions, and imperfections, Sulpholine protects the complexion from sun, wind, and sea, making the skin smooth, clear, and comfortable.

is as certain as it is that the case is not an isolated one. A well-known Cambridge doctor wrote at the time on this point:—

> I regret to say that cases of typhoid keep cropping up in different parts of the town. I fear that unless our Sanitary Authority wakes up, we shall some time or other find an epidemic upon us.

Facta, non verba, should have been the answer of the assembled demographers to the Vice-Chancellor. For my part, I trust that the Hygienists will continue their beneficent labours until not only the poorest, the humblest, the least instructed classes, but also the responsible authorities of learned and wealthy corporations like the University of Cambridge, rise up from their insensibility and call them blessed.

The Worcester Board of Guardians have come to the sensible resolution that they will in future send the children living in the workhouse to the various elementary schools in the city for their education. Anything which dissociates young paupers from their pauperism, which brings them into contact with better and more independent conditions, and which leads them to look on pauperism as a thing to escape from, must be beneficial both to the children and the community. I have had to criticise the Worcester Board before now; and I am, therefore, all the more glad to be able to compliment it on the most excellent example that it has now set in the matter of pauper education. But I hope its members will guard against one pitfall. They must not send the children to public schools clad in that horrible uniform of poverty which they wear. They must go as other children go; and must not be branded by their dress as a class apart.

At Retford the Guardians have a singular method of dealing with an officer who, in the words of the Chairman, has acted "most callously," "in a very inhuman manner," and "without any feeling." At the last meeting of the Board it was proved that Thomas Hoskins, the porter, had refused to admit an old woman to the workhouse on the ground that he could take nobody in after nine p.m., and she did not apply till a few minutes past that hour. He told her also that if she did not go away he would have her locked up. Being ill and worn-out by a long journey she troubled him no more after this threat, but sank down in the road, where she was found next morning in an insensible condition, from which she did not recover for some hours. Having ascertained these facts the Chairman addressed a "severe reprimand" to Hoskins, and there the Guardians allowed the matter to end. It seems to me that the Board are equally deserving of a severe reprimand for retaining such a man in their service.

The sick paupers in the Wolverhampton workhouse do not appear to receive too much attention from the medical officer, Mr. Watts. A return presented to the Guardians, at their meeting on Friday, showed that during a period of three months the attendances of the medical officer or his deputy only averaged thirty-eight minutes per day, and that on twelve days no doctor paid any visit whatever to the workhouse. The average number of patients in the insane and ordinary wards was 371, and, besides looking after the sick, the medical officer has to perform various other duties in the workhouse. The Guardians are, I am glad to see, not satisfied with this state of affairs, and there can be no doubt that they have ample reason for asking for an investigation by the Local Government Board.

The following invitation has been issued by the parochial gorgers and guzzlers of Lambeth, whose quasi-official "outings" have long ago obtained for them an unenviable notoriety:—

> Churchwardens and Overseers' Office, August 13, 1891.
>
> Dear Sir,—The churchwardens and overseers of Lambeth request the pleasure of the company of yourself and a lady on the 25th inst. on the River Thames.
>
> It is proposed to go by train at half-past ten from Vauxhall to Hampton Court, and thence by steam launch to Windsor, and to dine at the White Hart Hotel there before returning by train to London. An answer will oblige.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully
>
> Wm. Honey.

Can it be true that all the expenses of this pleasant excursion are to be paid for by the luckless ratepayers?

The "Big Gooseberries" of the Period.

Once, when the silly season came,
As memory still deposes,
"Big Gooseberries" sought ephemeral fame,
And whales with bottle-noses;
Then the sea-serpent made its bow,
Where skippers used to scan it;
And, all agog, we hailed the frog
Tombed in a block of granite.

This used to be, but all is changed.
Now, enterprising papers
Have very different plans arranged
To captivate the gapers,
And every "Silly Season" brings
The "Correspondence Column,"
In which most idiotic things
Are said in way most solemn.

For instance, people now discuss,
With vapid iteration,
The "Ethics of the Omnibus,"
And "Cooks' Remuneration."
And to such questions now resort—
Their folly waxing stronger—
As, "Why, whilst children's sight grows short,
Do children's ears grow longer?"

And, doubtless, when this subject fails—
The season still is early—
They'll start the topic, "Why dogs' tails
Are worn, of late, more curly?"
And, ere the interest can cool,
Propound another riddle—
"Why 'tis that ladies, as a rule,
Their hair part in the middle?"

In short, the climax will be gained
Of *Telegraphic* twaddle,
And penny papers be constrained
Their programme to remodel,
Unless they are prepared to own
Henceforward, willy-nilly,
That, of what "silly seasons" bring,
They are themselves most silly!

By the death of Lord President Inglis, Scotland has lost one of the very best judges that ever sat in the Court of Session. Over that Court he presided for twenty-four years, and his administration during that long period has shed a lustre alike upon the tribunal and the judge. His strong common sense, his shrewd legal understanding, and his thorough acquaintance with the general principles of jurisprudence, speedily enabled him to correct any deficiency in his knowledge of case-law and technicalities, while his temper, manners, and faculties were eminently calculated for his judicial station. Lord President Inglis possessed all the qualities which go to form a great judge, and no one has ever administered the laws in Scotland whom one can name as his superior. No time was wasted in his Court, for the cases were speedily and well despatched, and its decisions gave general satisfaction, and were very rarely reversed by the House of Lords.

Lord Inglis's success as a Judge has cast the fame of his achievements as an advocate into the shade. It would be difficult, however, to overrate the merits of his celebrated speech in defence of Madeleine Smith, which was pronounced by competent critics to be one of the finest forensic efforts ever heard in a Court of Justice. When the Lord President was at the Bar his speaking was hardly more perfect than his examination of witnesses. He was a consummate advocate, and for several years before his appointment (in 1858) as Lord Chief Justice he had the largest and the most lucrative practice at the Scottish Bar, although he was a comparatively young man.

The Lord President had a salutary dislike and contempt for the technical and quibbling details of procedure which led to endless appeals about trifling points, and he heartily welcomed the Act of 1868 which put an end to the old state of affairs, when, as Lord Cockburn remarked, a lawsuit in Scotland gave one the best idea of eternity. The Lord President was a fine scholar, and it is to be regretted that his devotion to his judicial duties prevented him from undertaking any literary work, except a charming article on the famous Marquis of Montrose, which he contributed a few years ago to *Blackwood's Magazine*. Lord Inglis was a sincerely religious man, and every Sunday, while the Court was sitting, his stately figure was to be seen in the Judges' Pew in St. Giles's Cathedral. He died full of years and honours, having earned for himself the respect, confidence, and admiration of the entire community.

Lord Justice Clerk Macdonald (Lord Kingsburgh) will, of course, succeed Lord President Inglis, as the one place has nearly always been the stepping-stone to the other. The Lord President of the Court of Session gets £5,000 a year, the Lord Justice Clerk gets £4,800, and the other Judges get £3,600 each. The Lord Advocate is considerably under fifty, so that he may not care to shelve himself by accepting the office of Lord Justice Clerk, to which he has a prescriptive right. He is an eloquent speaker, and an effective debater, and the Government would not care to see him leave the House of Commons, and especially as they would very likely lose the seat for Buteshire if there were an election just now. If the Lord Advocate does not care for the promotion, it is probable that either Lord Adam or Lord Young will be the new Justice Clerk.

The Tories have enjoyed marvellous luck with their Scottish legal patronage, of which there has been an unprecedented flood during the last five years. It is a very remarkable fact that, although the Liberals have been in office so often and for such long periods during the last sixty years, yet the Lord Presidency of the Court of Session has always fallen vacant when the Tories were in power, and the Liberals have only once appointed to the office of Lord Justice Clerk.

I hear that the serenity of the South Wales Circuit has been much disturbed in consequence of Mr. Justice Lawrance having jobbed a perfectly unknown barrister, one Mr. Robert Woodfall, into the coveted appointment of Revising Barrister. This Mr. Woodfall was called to the Bar only eight years ago, and he has since lived for two years in New Zealand. As far as I can ascertain his sole qualification for the office to which he has been appointed, is the portentous fact that he happens to be a brother-in-law of the Lord Chancellor. His appointment, is a flagrant piece of nepotism, and it is the more reprehensible inasmuch as there are at least two senior barristers on the Circuit who are admirably qualified for the place into which Mr. Woodfall has been pitchforked, inasmuch as they are not only excellent lawyers, but also thoroughly conversant with the Welsh language. The fact is that it is a mere farce to appoint any man who is ignorant of Welsh to a post of this kind in the Principality. What makes this gross piece of favouritism the more disgusting is the certainty that Mr. Justice Lawrance, in thus obliging Lord Halsbury, is facilitating further jobbery; for, considering Mr. Woodfall's relationship to the Chancellor, the Revising Barristership is sure to be only a stepping-stone for him to some more lucrative and permanent place.

The correspondent from whom I had the account of the proceedings at Lampeter County Court, commented upon in TRUTH of the 30th ult., writes to explain that in stating that the judge was asked to hear certain pressing cases, he meant to convey that the request was made by telegraph, not, as I understood it, on the arrival of the judge at the court. This explains the first contradiction of fact made in the Registrar's letter in TRUTH of August 13. As to the Registrar's further statement that the judge wired back that he would take any pressing cases, my corre-

PARIS.—HÔTEL ANGLO-FRANÇAIS, 6, Rue Castiglioni, facing the Continental. First-class. Highly recommended for comfort, cuisine, moderate charges, and sanitary arrangements. Otis American lift.

INVERGLOY HOTEL (by Fort William, N.B.), on Loch Lochy (CALEDONIAN CANAL).—Beautiful walks, waterfalls, &c. Good Fishing and Boating. Same Management as "Station Hotel," Oban.

spondent says that the only effect of that was to keep the parties in the court till the afternoon, when they were informed that their cases would not be taken that day, and that it was useless to wait. That great inconvenience was caused is, I should imagine, beyond question; and if the judge's responsibility is not sufficiently clear from what has already been said on the subject, it is conclusively established by the further fact to which my attention has since been called, that it was a simple matter for him to have posted from Caermarthen, and that by so doing he could have reached the court by the middle of the day.

I really begin to hope that the unpaid magistrate is on his last legs. If he is not afflicted with the insanity with which the Deity is said to visit those marked for perdition, I am at a loss to imagine what is the matter with him. The last week has been distinguished by at least two monumental exhibitions of magisterial folly and incapacity. There is first the case of Mr. Dymoke, of Horncastle. The ordinary law respecting "sleeping out," bad as it is, is not half bad enough for Mr. Dymoke. Having discovered by a superlative intellectual effort, that "there is nothing in the Vagrancy Act about permission," this bright particular star among magistrates proceeded to send a respectable young fellow to gaol for a week, without the option of a fine, for sleeping in the stable of an inn with the express permission of the landlord. The fact was that the young man's mother, living in the town, wished to turn a penny by letting her son's bedroom during the fair; and, by way of assisting her, the landlord of the inn had given the man leave to sleep in the stable, and provided him with some sacks to sleep on. And out of this Mr. Dymoke, with the assistance of an Act of a pre-Reform Bill Parliament, succeeded in constructing a criminal offence.

The other case to which I have referred is the committal of the three excursionists at Sevenoaks to gaol for fourteen days' hard labour for damaging standing corn. These, also, were all men of good character, employés of a firm in London, who had come down to dine and spend Sunday afternoon at Polhill. The prosecution assessed the damage done at 7s. 6d. The extent of it was not proved, as the defendants pleaded guilty, expecting—according to the statements since put forward on their behalf—that by throwing themselves on the mercy of the Court they would ensure their being let off with a small fine. It is now denied that they did any substantial damage, or that they knew they were trespassing. But even taking the worst possible view of the case, supposing that they had stupidly or recklessly done seven shillingsworth of damage to the corn, the justice of the case would have been amply met by compelling them to compensate the farmer, and imposing a small fine as a further deterrent. To impose a term of hard labour upon respectable men for an offence of such a character is a piece of blundering folly a thousand times more criminal than the worst that could be imputed to the defendants.

There is, I trust, only one Dymoke upon the Magisterial Bench. With some experience of the subject, I venture to look upon his performance as unique. But as long as we have an unpaid magistracy recruited exclusively from the land-owning class, so long sentences like this at Sevenoaks will be constantly recurring. One would think that two such "awful examples" within a week would be sufficient to beget an immediate reform of the system. As, however, that is too much to hope for, it is well to consider how such abominations can be mitigated or corrected.

At present the only resource is the Home Secretary; and how little this is worth, even when the Home Secretary can be successfully set in motion, is shown in both these cases. The Horncastle prisoner was released by Mr. Matthews's order after he had served six out of the seven days of his sentence. The Sevenoaks men were released on Saturday evening, when they had been five days in Maidstone Gaol. Prior to the release in the last case, an application had been made to Mr. Justice Collins for an order that the men should be released on bail pending an appeal. The Judge, however, found that he had no legal power to interfere. The most prompt and efficacious remedy would probably be to give the power here found wanting. In all cases of this kind a Judge in Chambers should have discretion to admit prisoners to bail until an appeal against their sentence can be heard, or until the Home Secretary has had time to consider the case. There is one measure already to hand, however, which ought to be freely made use of. Wherever a miscarriage of justice of this kind occurs, the Magistrates at fault ought to be instantly removed from the Bench. That any of the Queen's subjects should be left at the mercy of Mr. Dymoke after what occurred last week at Horncastle is a scandal of the first magnitude.

Two other bad cases have been recorded within the week. The notorious Justices of Southend have earned fresh distinction by sentencing an old man of seventy-two to fourteen days' imprisonment for theft, in the face of a certificate from the police surgeon that the culprit was not responsible for his actions. At Enfield, again, a boy of fifteen, who was evidently in a miserably neglected condition, and of whose mental responsibility the School Attendance Officer expressed himself doubtful, was ordered fourteen days' imprisonment for stealing a few cherries from a tree. Such abominations all serve to point and enforce the same moral.

At Glasgow last Friday, before Bailie Martin, who is temporarily doing the Stipendiary's duty, a good-for-nothing ruffian was charged with a brutal assault on his wife. It appeared that the woman had to work to support herself and seven children, while her husband was spending all he got in drink; and that on her coming home and attempting to enter her lodgings, he went to the door in a drunken state, pushed her away, and beat her with his fists. The Bailie's assessor justly remarked

Furnish by Monthly or Quarterly Payments, to suit customers. Large selection. Call or write. Established many years.—Apply Norman & Stacey, Ltd., 79, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

that it was "a very bad case," but the Bailie replied, "It is not a very bad case," and fined the man 10s. 6d. He had previously inquired of the prosecutrix whether she wished her husband to be sent to prison, and on her replying that she did, he observed, "As I have said oftentimes before, the woman that would send me to prison would never sleep again with me under the same roof." She would probably not desire the privilege. From a verbatim report in a local paper of his observations on a series of "drunk" charges, it would seem that Bailie Martin possesses more than his share of Scotch humour, but it looks as if he had cultivated that rare gift at the expense of his common-sense.

I referred last week to the extra-judicial utterance of Mr. West, Q.C., the notorious Recorder of Manchester, in which the First Offenders' Act was characterised as "the most ridiculous ever passed." The case in connection with which the observation was made deserves further notice. A young man named Masters, in business on his own account, was charged with receiving goods stolen by one Neild from his employers. The transaction was in no way clandestine, the purchase having been entered in Masters's books, and Masters, besides having an excellent character, had no motive for dishonesty, but rather the contrary, as he was making a good business, showing a turnover of £3,000 per annum. He had made no great profit on the goods bought from Neild, and some he had sold considerably below the price he gave. His case was that he understood from Neild that they were damaged goods which the employés of the firm had permission to buy; and evidence could have been given that it is a custom in Manchester houses to allow goods to be so dealt with, but the evidence was ruled out by the Recorder. Mr. West summed up in a most unjudicial spirit, dead against the prisoner, and the Jury convicted him, but added a strong recommendation to mercy. Mr. West's notion of mercy was a sentence of twelve months' hard labour. The sentence deserves to be reconsidered by the Home Secretary, and I should hope that the Manchester papers will agitate the matter. In no other way is justice likely to be done.

Right-of-way disputes are arising in many parts of Scotland, and there is everywhere a stern resolution to vindicate the privileges of the public. In addition to the Braemar case, to which I referred last week and which is still very much *en évidence*, there is another in Forfarshire, where Lord Dalhousie's trustees are endeavouring to stop up an ancient "kirk and school" path through Kelly Den, and a crowded public meeting was held at Arbroath on Friday night at which it was resolved to raise funds in order to legally assert the public right. At Motherwell, again, a meeting has been held to protest against the action of Lord Hamilton in obstructing a path which is alleged to have always been open to the public.

The Spalding Magistrates had before them last week a boy of twelve, who had made his escape from the York Industrial School, and had been working for some months in the town. The boy was said to be of weak intellect, but he was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment and five years in a reformatory. Whether his intellect was strong or weak, I should have thought that if the boy's worst offence was that he preferred work to school, the best thing to do with him would be to keep him at work.

I would as soon see a murderer decapitated as strangled. If, however, we wish to remove the heads of this class of criminals I trust that some more scientific way of effecting the operation will be speedily adopted than that of wrenching the head from the body with a rope, in the manner practised by Mr. Berry. At present, it seems to me that they order this matter better in France. It may be of trifling moment to the condemned man whether his head is severed by the swift, unerring stroke of the guillotine, or by the rougher and readier method illustrated last week at Liverpool; but, after all, his interest in the matter is of the most temporary character, while that of the public, which has to face descriptions of "shocking scenes on the scaffold" in the evening papers, is abiding. I think, therefore, that the public should be considered as well as the culprit. At any rate, if some less disgusting method of execution is not soon devised, we shall certainly have to face before long a strong agitation against capital punishment, which I, for one, should be very sorry to see.

A respected lady correspondent implores me to start a petition to the Queen on this subject. I think, however, that it would be better to go straight to the fountain-head. The House of Commons ought to appoint a Committee to consider the most decent and business-like method of executing the sentence, and then to appoint a properly-qualified official to carry it out. I am inclined to think that the old-fashioned style of hanging—strangulation pure and simple—is the best, but that is a matter for experts. All that I am quite certain of is that the present system, with its division of authority and responsibility between the Sheriff, and the Home Office, and the executioner, is essentially bad; and I am also disposed to think that, with all respect to Mr. Berry, it would be as well if he gave way to some one with a little more of the higher culture about him, and a little less of the butcher's apprentice.

Apropos to my recent remarks upon the betting agents who prey on boys with money to throw away, I have been favoured with numerous samples of the circulars of these rascals that have been addressed to "infants" in the Army. One of the most active of them appears to be one "Moore," of Exeter. It may interest Moore to know that had Lord Herschell's valuable Bill been passed last Session the evidence that has come into my possession

Millinery.—All the latest Novelties in Smart Millinery at the 216, Regent-street Branch of the Maison Nouvelle (next to Liberty's East India House).

during the last week alone would have sufficed to procure some eight or ten convictions against him.

I see that the French have a new law expressly directed against the English betting touts domiciled across the Channel, and that it has been put in motion in the most salutary way. On Saturday last all the rascals of this class in Calais and Boulogne received peremptory notice to shut up shop and suspend operations, only a fortnight's grace being allowed them. With this salutary law at work on the other side of the Channel, and such a measure as that proposed by Lord Herschell on this side, this pestilent nuisance would be in a fair way to extinction.

Miss Nina Kennedy, the "Inspirationalist," now presents her customers with a little card notifying them that she wishes it to be understood that "her sole object is to provide an *interesting entertainment*, with of course no guarantee or representation on her part of the certainty of the conclusions she expresses." This is very honest, and would have been even more commendable if it had been made spontaneously, instead of being offered, as the Prophetess explains, "in consequence of ill-advised and unfounded statements." I am concerned, however, not with Miss Kennedy but with Messieurs the Policemen. Do these stalwart guardians of the law hold that fortune-telling is not a criminal offence if the fortune-teller offers "no guarantee or representation" of the accuracy of what she tells? Are the shilling and sixpenny fortune-tellers—the gipsies and the rest—accustomed to offer such guarantees or representations? If not, I still fail to see why their "interesting entertainment" infallibly lands them in gaol, while Miss Kennedy's is never interfered with.

The following edifying advertisement appeared on the 16th inst. in the *Bayreuther Tagblatt*:—

With reference to the repeated advertisements in this paper of tickets at 100 marks apiece for the performances in the Richard Wagner Theatre, I wish it to be publicly known that my house in Meyernberg is let to the Earl of Dysart, from London, to whom the above-mentioned tickets belong.

Katharina Bencker, Kaufmanns-Wittwe.

That is to say, worthy Madame Bencker is so much humiliated at the spectacle of a money-grubbing speculator advertising Wagner tickets from her house, at an extortionate premium, that she feels compelled to publicly repudiate all responsibility for the proceedings. In England, as I have pointed out, Lord Dysart is pleased to pose as more German than the Germans in his patronage of German art. In Germany, however, he seems in danger of being considered more British than the Britishers.

When a Prussian subject is created a Baron he has to pay £120; the title of Graf costs £400; and elevation to the dignity of Prince involves an outlay of about £1,800.

The most extravagant high-falutin' was interchanged at Glasgow last week between the Lord Provost and the Lord Mayor of London; but the Lord Mayor unquestionably "took the cake." After alluding in glowing terms (which I cordially endorse) to the virtues of Scotchmen, he wound up with a panegyric upon the Corporation of London, which reads like a fragment of a sermon—I hope, in this case, an original one:—

The honourable gentleman who proposed the toast of the Houses of Parliament alluded to the attacks which have been made on the Corporation of the City of London. I venture to say that the Corporation of London is not afraid of these attacks. As long as she continues in the faith upon which she has fixed her eye, I am not afraid of attacks, no matter from what quarter they may come. The City of London has no politics except those which ought to be the politics of every true statesman—namely, the best welfare of the State. The Corporation of London has no creed save that which should be the creed of every Christian—namely, the glory of God; and her daily prayer is that motto which adorns my breast to-day—*Domine dirige nos.*

I should vastly like to know a little more about that faith on which the City Corporation has so steadfastly fixed her eye. If it is anything else than a sublime belief in £. s. d., and in the virtues of the civic turtle and the Mansion House wine-cellar, the Lord Mayor who is to preach this mysterious creed has not yet arisen.

The following has been posted in the Haworth Conservative Club:—

NOTICE.

Members are not allowed to introduce friends as visitors

AFTER TEN O'CLOCK P.M.

The Committee earnestly request the assistance of all Members to carry out the same.

Club Room, December 10, 1890.

Julian Judson, *Secretary.*

Has it really been found impossible to get rid of visitors introduced after 10 p.m. by milder measures than carrying them out? If so, I should say that there must be something stronger at work in this Club than the spirit of Conservatism.

A Tory paper in the north of England, recording the marriage of a young lady at Silverdale, says:—

The bride is well known in Silverdale, her native village, and was presented with a clock by the members of the Primrose League, of which she was secretary, in the vestry of the Parish Church on Monday evening.

Truly, things are coming to a pretty pass, when the Parish Church itself is utilised for Primrose League functions! Probably, in the same village, if the parish schoolroom were wanted for a Liberal meeting the request would be met with a peremptory refusal. The "National Church," forsooth!

Here is another item pointing in the same direction. A reverend gentleman named Royds—who is Rector of Heysham, Lord of the Manor, Justice of the Peace, a County Alderman, and Chairman of the Local Conservative Association (a pretty combination truly for a parish priest!)—was entrusted with the task of returning thanks for the President of the Society, at a dinner given after a Horse Show at Stalmine in Lancashire. Such a rabid political partisan is this minister of the Gospel that

Inns of Court Hotel, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.
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he could not get through this simple duty without praying for the return of a candidate who would

> Support Lord Salisbury's Government against any machinations that may enter into Mr. Gladstone's mind, whether in alliance with Parnellites, Tim Healyites, or other politicians.

One of the judges, a Mr. William Trotter, subsequently made an excellent reply:—

> He very much regretted that the gentleman on his left had thought fit to refer to Mr. Gladstone in the terms he had (hear, hear). He came there to judge horseflesh, and not to hear remarks on a statesman like Mr. Gladstone, who had served his country to the best of his ability—whatever might be their individual views on politics—for so many years (hear, hear).

I think that religion might have a better chance in the parish of Heysham if the pulpit there could be occasionally occupied by Mr. Trotter, instead of by the Chairman of the Conservative Association.

The Hon. R. Dawson, one of the Liberal Unionists, has resigned his candidature against Mr. Seale-Hayne in Mid-Devon owing to the refusal of some of the leading Tories to support him. In explaining his intentions at a Primrose gathering in Torquay last week, Mr. Dawson spoke with a candour which entitles his utterances to be placed on record:—

> Had the Primrose League used the power for education which they possessed, and been able to explain to everybody that there was absolutely no difference between a Liberal-Unionist and a Tory, he would not have retired. It was simply owing to a want of knowledge on the part of a small clique of ultra-Tories who declined to advance with the times, and declined to support a Liberal Unionist, that he would be obliged to retire.

That "there is absolutely no difference between a Liberal-Unionist and a Tory" is no news, though it is satisfactory to have the fact formally admitted by a Liberal-Unionist. But this being the case, why should "ultra-Tories" be abused for declining to support a Liberal-Unionist? If there is no difference between the two things, the Tories—"ultra" or otherwise—may very reasonably insist that their candidate should not only be a Tory, but should also call himself one.

During the last financial year the Public Works Loan Commissioners have made 481 advances, amounting in the aggregate to £990,068, as against 458 advances, for £856,742, in the previous twelve months. A sum of £44,620 has gone to provide buildings for the labouring classes, whereas only £15,450 was demanded for this purpose during 1889-90. The largest item is £416,014 to local authorities in England and Wales for sanitary purposes; and School Boards have taken £470,887, as against £332,191 during the previous year.

The Queen's Remembrancer for Scotland has presented a very satisfactory report to the Treasury. He commenced the last financial year with a balance of £41,777, and he ended it with £52,816. The Crown received £14,300 in respect of estates of intestates who died leaving no relatives, while treasure trove yielded £7. 16s.

Mr. Raikes's death will be regretted not only by his personal friends and his own party, but by everybody in political life, for he was an extremely amiable man as well as a capable politician. Many hard things have been said of him during the last two or three years. In the course of business, it has fallen to me to say some of them. It has always been my belief, however—a belief which I have more than once expressed—that the Postmaster-General's difficulties with his employés and with his customers were aggravated, if not created, by the short-sighted policy of the Treasury under Mr. Goschen. Mr. Raikes certainly held office at a peculiarly trying time, and I do not suppose that there are many men in the present House of Commons who would have acquitted themselves even as well as he did.

It would seem necessary that a person desirous of treating political matters with Mr. Parnell *vivâ voce* should have a witness with him, for Mr. Parnell's stock-in-trade appears to be to boldly distort whatever is said to him. He has given an account of his conversation with Mr. Gladstone, at Hawarden, the accuracy of which Mr. Gladstone denied. He has given an account of a conversation with Mr. Morley, at Brighton, which Mr. Morley declares is apocryphal. At this latter interview, according to Mr. Parnell, Mr. Morley was told that the divorce suit would go against him, on which he urged him to remain in public life notwithstanding. Putting aside Mr. Morley's denial, all antecedent probability is against this story, for Mr. Parnell, again and again, told Mr. Davitt and others that the verdict would be in his favour.

Unquestionably there was, however, a mess about Mr. Gladstone's letter. Mr. Morley sought to see Mr. Parnell in order to show it to him, but Mr. Parnell kept out of the way. The letter, was shown to Mr. McCarthy. He, however, supposed that Mr. Parnell had met Mr. Morley, and that he was aware of its contents. Then occurred the first meeting of the Irish party in Committee-room No. 15. With the exception of Mr. McCarthy none of the Irish knew of the letter. Mr. Parnell was elected sessional leader in about two minutes, when the meeting broke up. On hearing of this, it was decided to send the letter to the Press for publication next morning. This was incidentally mentioned to one or two of the Irish members, and a copy of the letter was, at their request, handed to them. On its being read, Mr. Parnell was asked to call a second meeting the next day. This he refused to do, when the meeting was called by a requisition of the proper number of signatories. When, however, Mr. Parnell says that he was in blissful ignorance of the intentions of Mr. Gladstone, he is not quite accurate. Parliament met on Tuesday. On Monday Mr. Parnell was privately informed that the letter would be written, and he was urged to anticipate it by a voluntary withdrawal. Had he adopted this course, and had he disappeared until the decree nisi had been confirmed, and then married Mrs. O'Shea, it is very probable that he would now be the Leader of the Irish Party. He is an able man, but thoroughly wrong-headed. Since his departure he has, from his own personal standpoint, committed fault on fault.

Yachting, Fishing, &c.—Morel's new list of Yacht Stores, Specialties and Novelties in Preserved Provisions, just published, on application to 186, Piccadilly, W.

The *Times* and other Ministerial newspapers are pointing to the reception of the French fleet as triumphant proof that Lord Salisbury has not joined the Triple Alliance. No one ever said that he had. What was asserted was that he had used his best endeavours to promote that Alliance by making certain declarations to Italy, which led, and which were intended to lead, the Italians to believe that if their country were involved in war with France in consequence of their joining this Alliance, their Mediterranean littoral would be secure from maritime enterprises on the part of France by our active intervention in their behalf. That these declarations were made, has been openly asserted by Italian Statesmen again and again. When Lord Salisbury was first asked about them, he fell back on diplomatic evasions. Last Session he attempted to do the same, but he had the sense to perceive that the country was not with him, and, as an Election was approaching, he declared that England was in no way bound to any particular line of policy in the event of a European war. The case, therefore, stands thus: Lord Salisbury is bound, but the country is not bound. If, in the event of a war occurring, the Tories are in power, we are pledged to take such action in behalf of the three Leaguers as must necessarily involve us in a war with France; if the Liberals are in power we are free from all pledges. The reception of the French fleet in no way alters this state of things. If Lord Salisbury had not been tackled last Session and brought to book, there would have been no reception. This is important as showing that Lord Salisbury's foreign policy is his own, and not that of the English nation.

SCRUTATOR.

MARIENBAD.

MARIENBAD is called a cold Carlsbad, because the waters are pretty well the same in their composition, but are cold, whereas those of Carlsbad are warm. But if the place is usually like what it has been since I have been here, the air is as cold as the waters. It lies in a high valley between two spurs of pine-covered hills, in which there are a vast number of walks. The town itself is new, and consists of big hotels, big lodging-houses, big restaurants, and little shops. There is no Kursaal. A band plays when it is fine on a promenade, and when it rains under a colonnade. Most of the people are in bed at ten o'clock, and get up before six. The day begins with three glasses of water, with an interval of twenty minutes between each; then a walk of an hour, after which comes breakfast. The régime is very severe: for breakfast, a cup of coffee and a roll; for dinner, at one o'clock, fish, meat, and compôte; for supper, cold meat and an egg. I always take the waters when I am at a place of this kind, for if they do no good, they do no harm. What these particular waters are composed of I have not the slightest notion. I gather that they make thin people fat, and fat people thin. The thinning process, however, is, I should fancy, mainly due to the régime. Be this as it may, most of the water-drinkers are fat—very fat—and they go down a good many pounds' weight during the cure. With the men, fat seems to run to stomach. They look as if they had put a huge barrel in front of them under their clothes. There is one man with so vast a barrel, that when he sits on one chair he puts another chair for the barrel to rest on. I watched him the other day looking at his watch to see the time. The watch was in his waistcoat pocket, but it was far beyond his reach; he had to haul it up with a chain, like a pail from a well. The women develop fat all over. They are like a feather-bed that has been knocked about. If they could only be exported to Africa, they would fetch an untold number of tusks of elephants from sable Monarchs desirous of replenishing their harems. The fat are ordered to take a great deal of walking exercise, and it is a curious sight to see them puffing up the hills at the rate of about a mile an hour. They go about two and two together, and they fill up the path, so that every one has to get out of the way for them. There are a vast number of Jews here, who come from Galicia and Poland. Most of them are thin, so I suppose that they are here to get fat. They wear caftans down to their heels, and long love-locks hanging by the sides of their cheeks. Whatever water may do to them internally, an external application would certainly improve their appearance, for more filthy human beings I never set eyes on.

The springs belong to a monastery in the neighbourhood, and annually bring in a vast sum of money, for every one on arrival has to pay either ten gulden or five gulden, according to his station. Princes, bankers, Counts, Barons, merchants, and *rentiers* pay ten gulden; Shopkeepers, untitled Noblemen, and *Privateers*, five gulden. A Privateer is a private person, and under this category almost every one enters himself, with a view to save five gulden. In the Austrian Empire, the cost of living has gone up even more than in Germany during the last twenty years. A gulden is worth about 1s. 9d., and it is, for purchasing purposes, not worth more than a shilling. England used to pass as the dearest country in Europe; it is now almost the cheapest. The restaurant proprietors conduct their establishments upon a system which I trust never will be adopted elsewhere. There is a "pay waiter," who takes the money. He has to be tipped, for he provides the crockery and glass. There is the waiter who attends to the table, who expects a tip, and there is a boy who brings the wine or beer, who also is tipped. The whole thing is a perfect nuisance, all the more as the "pay waiter" only comes after having been called for about five minutes, as when the restaurant is crowded, he has too much to do. At every point of vantage on the surrounding hills there is a café. In the afternoon they are all full, for the fat are allowed to take a cup of coffee and one roll between dinner and supper.

I have always wondered why these German cafés are not established in the vicinity of English provincial towns. Their cost would not be great. A covered-in room with walls of glass is needed for bad weather, and a large square has to be closely planted with chestnut trees, which

Major Howe & Co.'s fashionable Boots & Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-street, City; 13, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London.

produce a thick shade in a very few years. Under these, and in the room, there would have to be a number of small tables and chairs. The entire eatables and drinkables consist of coffee, tea, rolls, butter, and ices. All classes frequent them with their wives and children. If the proprietor is a man of energy, he adds to the attraction a small band; this, however, is rarely done. In some of them beer is also on hand, but the German beer has so little alcohol in it, that it can hardly be termed an intoxicating drink.

We have a theatre here which is largely frequented, where plays and operas are performed. As this is by way of being a musical country, it is curious how bad the latter are. The other evening I went to hear "La Cavalleria Rusticana," the opera that is all the rage just now in Germany and Italy. I had come across Mr. Raimo, a gentleman eminent in music. He told me that the music was a foretaste of Paradise, uniting the harmony of the Italian masters with the method of Wagner. Before the opera was over, however, he fled, like Adam from Paradise, with his fingers to his ears; for all the singers sang false, and none of the orchestra kept time. There is a curious story about this opera. An Italian impresario advertised that he would pay 10,000 francs for the best opera in one act handed over to him within a month. A fortnight had passed, when an unknown leader of an itinerant band saw a piece of paper on the ground. He picked it up, and found that it was a bit of newspaper containing this offer. He at once got a friend to write him a libretto, and wrote the music for it. Within a fortnight the whole thing was done, and the opera was accepted.

There are but few English here, for they seldom come so far afield during their autumn peregrinations. The list includes Lady Radnor, the Duchess of Newcastle, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. MacEwen, and Mrs. Grevele, Mr. J. Parkinson, and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. Some of them are thin, others are fat, but they all take the waters, and hold to the régime. And yet Marienbad is not far away. You may start by the Cologne Club train at 3 p.m. from London, and be here the next evening.

A SOUTH AFRICAN RUSSIA.

The Company-mongering exploits of Messrs. Rhodes & Co., and the dangerous position which they occupy in regard to Lobengula, are only a portion of the objections to the present position of the British South Africa Company. By virtue of their charter, and of the proclamations which—as instanced in last week's TRUTH—the omnipotent Rhodes can at any moment obtain from the "British Commissioner" at Cape Town, the managers of this enterprise have acquired despotic powers such as have never before been exercised under the English flag. This, I take it, is more or less known; but what the public at home do not yet seem to know is the manner in which these powers are being used or abused in furtherance of the ends which the ruling ring have in view. Evidence has lately come into my possession which throws valuable light on this point.

Among other sovereign functions exercised by the Chartered Company are those of managing the Post Office. It appears that for some time past this power has been systematically abused by opening letters for the purpose of obtaining any information of value to the Company, or suppressing any intelligence, the transmission of which does not suit the officials and directors. Persons in Cape Colony and the Transvaal suspected of having interests antagonistic to Messrs. Rhodes & Co. assert that they invariably find that letters addressed to them from Matabeleland and Mashonaland are either not delivered or long delayed, and that in almost all cases they bear evidence of having been tampered with. The matter has become so notorious that formal complaints on the subject have been addressed to Sir Henry Loch. In one of the cases complained of a letter addressed from Matabeleland to the Secretary of the Secheleland Concessions Syndicate at Johannesburg (with which Mr. Cecil Rhodes has a dispute) was delivered with the envelope open at both ends. In a later case a letter addressed to Mr. Renny-Tailyour at Johannesburg, and originally sealed at both ends, was found, when delivered, to have been opened and resealed. These are merely two samples of what is constantly happening What is more, the Company's officials appear to make no secret of their proceedings. Certain of them have openly boasted, in the presence of witnesses, that no letter of importance is sent to or from the Company's territories the contents of which they do not know. One of them informed a gentleman in Johannesburg who had sent an important letter into Matabeleland that the Company's officials had a certified copy of the letter, and that the handwriting had been identified. The letter in question was never delivered at its destination, but was, after some months' delay, returned to the sender through the Dead Letter Office.

What does this mean? When individuals invested with authority have recourse to the most detestable kinds of espionage, it means that they are living in mortal dread of something or somebody, and that their fears are strong enough to overcome all scruples respecting the means to be used for defence. Mr. Cecil Rhodes has succeeded in investing himself with some sort of spurious reputation as a democrat. The facts, however, described above and in last week's TRUTH, reveal him as an autocrat of the worst type, a sort of South African Czar, perpetually on the *qui vive* against some unseen foe, and protecting himself with all the most approved weapons in the armoury of despotism. Of what are he and his colleagues afraid? It is not difficult to see. First, I take it, of any attempt on the part of Lobengula (such as I described last week) to restrict the South Africa Company to the terms of their concession, and to recover the sovereignty in his own dominions out of which he has been so nearly tricked; secondly, of any too accurate intelligence leaking out concerning the El Dorado which Rhodes & Co. have foisted upon the British investor. This is the motive which inspires not only the abuse of the postal powers with which the Company has been entrusted, but all other high-handed proceedings with which the public is already familiar. This is why no British subject is allowed to travel, settle, or trade in Mashonaland without the

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London, 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

leave and licence of the Company. This is why every "prospector" who enters the country, even with a licence, finds himself under the orders and supervision of the Company's armed police from the time he crosses the border until the time he reaches his appointed destination. To all intents and purposes, every immigrant is at the mercy of the Company's agents and officials. If he incurs their displeasure they can make things as unpleasant for him as they please, and they will take care, if necessary, that no breath of complaint from him shall reach the outside world.

Where does the blame rest for this state of things? Obviously upon those who conferred upon the directors of this Company the sovereign powers which are thus abused. For, observe, the probability that the powers would be abused as they are being abused was a matter that could be clearly foreseen from the first. The Charter of the British South Africa Company is unique in the history of such charters, and for this reason—that it was conferred, not upon a Company of bonâ-fide traders with territories in their possession, but upon a gang of speculators and Company promoters, whose first object was, and is, to "boom" their shares upon the Stock Exchanges of Europe, and to sell for fifty shillings what cost them five—or less. What I have pointed out from the first is every day becoming clearer, that the Chartered Company does not possess a single tangible asset of ascertained value. Territorial rights it has none, except what it can usurp by fraud or force. A mere mining concession at the best ought never to have been made the foundation for a Royal Charter, for at the best the value of a mining concession is speculative. But this particular concession was unique, in that not a particle of evidence existed on the value of the minerals which it conceded; nor, after all the prospecting that has been done, does a particle of such evidence exist at the present moment. In proof of this I take the following from a letter written from Hartley Hills, to and for the *Cape Times*, and published on July 1. After discussing the prospects of the various reefs, the writer sums up the position thus:—

> Experienced men in this country differ as regards the value of Mashonaland as a gold country. The whole truth about the matter seems to be that it is altogether too soon to say much upon this subject with certainty. Surely almost nothing is known of the value of the reefs now pegged out. In a few months, after several hundred miners have been at work exposing the reefs, we shall know something of the value of the Mashonaland gold-fields.

If that is the position now, what was it at the time when the Royal Charter was granted to Rhodes and his colleagues? What else, I ask, was to be expected than that the regal powers thus conferred upon a syndicate of speculators would be used to keep the public in the dark, to crush opposition, and to inflate to the largest possible dimensions the bubble which the public are invited to buy? It is a strong thing to say, but I believe that there is not a more discreditable incident than the genesis of this Charter in recent English politics.

China and Glass.—Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

THE MORGAN AND STEDMAN SWINDLE.

I continue to receive an enormous mass of communications respecting W. J. Morgan and the "International Society of Literature, &c." To deal with all the facts that have been brought to my knowledge is quite out of the question, but I trust that the selection which I am about to make from my materials will give a sufficient idea of the case which I am prepared to prove against these two gentry.

To begin with, I have received a further communication from Mr. Stedman in the same strain as the letters published in Truth of the 13th instant. It is best left to speak for itself:—

> 22, Talgarth-road, West Kensington, W., August 12, 1891.
>
> Sir,—As you prefer to follow your own method of treating my letters, instead of applying to the Marquis of Salisbury for information concerning myself, I will yet once again take the trouble to enlighten you a little. You are altogether in the dark, and quite ignorant of the reasons which caused my appearance before the public as an officer in the International Society of Literature, Science, and Art. However, as I have not the slightest ill-will against you, it is easy to overlook your blind statements about myself; at the same time, I am more than positive that your mental faculties are not of sufficient calibre to warrant my giving you an autobiography. Suffice it for me to say that had you applied to the Prime Minister, as I requested you to do, he could have given you some startling facts in connection with my experiences relative to the greatest mystery of modern times, and one of the greatest tragedies in the whole history of the world. I refer, of course, to the Whitechapel atrocities. And as only a few persons are initiated into the truth of this horrible business, it may be that the force of circumstances has drawn me into some peculiar publicity that the world may yet learn that nothing is hidden from the All-seeing eye of Almighty God. I fancy you will admit that to the world the Whitechapel mysteries are absolutely profound, but Lord Salisbury knows *who* is the real author of them. You may wonder, and I can quite understand your wonderment, whatever the International Society of Literature, Science, and Art has got to do with this. I can tell you that it has everything to do with the *truth* and the solution of these hideous mysteries. Were you anything of a scientist I might feel disposed to teach you some very extraordinary things; but I cannot feel that you are qualified to receive any abstruse or occult scientific revelations. For the past eighteen months, Lord Salisbury has been aware of the causes and the author of those alarming murders, and he thought it wise to keep the world in ignorance. Hence my using the language I did to you in my first letter. If you can think carefully, and will remember my first letter word for word all through, you may discover the analogy. Pray do not deceive yourself as to my sanity, or to the absolute truth of my calling. "A prophet is not without honour," &c., and I am perfectly capable of holding my own with you or any one else. Therefore, your employment of abusive and impudent phrases only testifies to your own impotency.
>
> I said, and say again, that it is your office to serve up a carrion barbecue. May I ask if you consider you have sufficient intelligence to understand that assertion in its context with the Whitechapel murders? Can you discover aught prophetic in that assertion? Were your head screwed on as neatly as is mine, Almighty God might have chosen you for His instrument of revelation. Personally, I court truth and hate a liar, therefore you are perfectly at liberty to make just whatever use you like of this letter. By *Faith* I stand, and *stand firm*, thank God, and am, sir, Nathan the Prophet, a man of God,
>
> William Nathan Stedman.

It may interest the public to know that, from one who knows this prophet personally, I have been fortunate enough to learn the nature of the secret which Stedman and Lord Salisbury are treasuring up between them. I understand it to be nothing less than this, that the prime mover in the Whitechapel murders is, or was, Mr. Gladstone himself! Everybody must appreciate the delicacy which has led the Prime Minister and the Prophet Nathan to keep their discovery dark for so long. The fact seems likely, however, to be of so much use at Primrose demonstrations that I take the liberty of making it public at once.

Mr. Stedman may be mad or he may be simulating madness as a convenient resource at the present juncture. It is not for me to decide upon his mental condition. All I am concerned to do is to warn the public against the

invitations which are being addressed to them wholesale to entrust this individual with hard cash in sums of two, or three, or seven, or fifteen guineas, as the case may be. I have already published (TRUTH, July 30) some correspondence which showed clearly enough the remarkable amount of method in Stedman's madness when there was cash to be obtained. I have now learned the facts in another case which gives a far worse complexion to that correspondence. In the former case (that of "Mr. B.") Stedman was endeavouring to get £200 out of a gentleman in the country as premium for appointing him his assistant secretary in the office of the "International Society." In the present case, which I will call that of "Mr. G.," the premium has been obtained, and the victim has been appointed to an "assistant secretaryship." This is done by an agreement between himself and Stedman, under which "Mr. G." pays Stedman £12. 10s. for the appointment for three months, at a salary of £1 a week, plus 15 per cent. commission on the subscriptions which he may obtain for Stedman, for which purpose he engages to write 300 touting letters per week. After the first three months, the agreement may be renewed (but not for any specified period) on "Mr. G." paying down the further sum of £37. 10s. In other words, having first guaranteed himself against loss by obtaining from his "secretary" enough to pay his salary for the period of the agreement, Stedman kindly allows him 15 per cent. on whatever his exertions may bring in.

But now note the subsequent history of this transaction. The agreement and Stedman's receipt for £12. 10s. were dated May 4 last. For four weeks from that date Mr. G. wrote his 300 letters, and received his £1 weekly. He also received commissions during that time to the amount of £7, which indicates that in four weeks his exertions alone brought grist to the amount of over £46 to Stedman's mill. After the fourth week, however, neither salary nor commission was forthcoming. Mr. G. continues to write his 300 letters a week, but at the end of June he begins to press Stedman for payment. Stedman appeals to him to wait, and promises to make him a handsome present. A week or two later he writes that he has "been fool enough to lose the whole of his money through a damned cad," and has only "just escaped the Bankruptcy Court by the generosity of a friend." He goes on to make the impudent suggestion, that Mr. G. should pay him down the sum of £20 in discharge of the £37. 10s., which would fall due as the balance of premium if the engagement were continued in August, adding the comforting assurance, "you are safe as the Bank of England with me." In this way he puts off the man who is working and earning money for him till July 23; when in response to a peremptory request for payment he writes in this strain:—

> Please understand me, I will settle *all* up with you at the expiration of our agreement, and after that I shall not require your services any longer. You force me to do this by plaguing me after I had taken the trouble to explain everything to you . . . . My affairs are nearly settled, so that I will not stand any humbug from any one, as I pay 20s. in the £, and really feel competent to look after myself; so your threat sounds rather an empty one. You say that you "are absolutely obliged to remind me of the *necessity* of an *immediate* settlement." Well, allow me to say, that since you think it wise to write this to me, I will *not* make any settlement at all until the expiration of our agreement when I will go into your account, settle it, and relieve you from any further obligation. And to do this, I shall require the proper number of letters duly delivered *here* to me this and next week or you will nullify the terms of our agreement, &c., &c.

On the following day he writes in a still more insolent and bullying tone; but, fortunately, Mr. G. was not overawed. He placed the matter in the hands of a solicitor, and that gentleman very soon obtained from Stedman a payment of £10 in settlement of his client's claims up to date. In all, therefore, this gentleman paid £12. 10s. for the privilege of working for Stedman for some eleven weeks, in the course of which he wrote 3,300 letters, and received payments amounting in all to £21.

Incidentally, in the course of this correspondence, Stedman mentions that he is going "to make use of an apartment" as offices at 22, Talgarth-road, West Kensington, from which address most of his correspondence seems to be written. Henceforward accordingly, his correspondence bears the printed heading:—"International Society of Literature, Science, and Art. *Chief Secretary's Offices:* 22, Talgarth-road, West Kensington, London, W." From inquiries made on the spot I find that 22, Talgarth-road is a boarding-house or lodging-house where Stedman resides, and the "Chief Secretary's Offices" of the International Society of Literature, Science, and Art appear to be comprised in the modest bedroom occupied by Stedman in this establishment. Could any fact speak more eloquently for the character and status of this learned society?

There is, however, another fact deserving notice in connection with the above case. It was during June and July last that Stedman was conducting the negotiations described in TRUTH of July 30, in which he was endeavouring, by the most shameless lies, to obtain £200 from a gentleman at Birmingham as premium for an appointment as "joint secretary" with himself. It will be remembered that he was going to pay the £200 into his own bank. Now we have it by his own confession that he was at this period on the verge of bankruptcy, and that he was totally unable to pay one of his assistant secretaries the pound a week due to him. A pretty specimen, this, of a "Society" of Literature, Science, and Art, in which the officials hawk about appointments in the office in order to keep their own heads above water, and in which the arrears of salary due to one victim have to be met by obtaining more premiums from another.

One other point and I have done with Mr. Stedman. In the first of the insane letters which he has written to me, and of which the most notable passages were published in TRUTH of July 30, he stated that in 1886 he "held an appointment as an Editor in the great house of Dalziel Brothers;" and he referred me to Mr. Gilbert Dalziel or Mr. Chas. H. Ross for their opinion of his editorial attainments. The letter spoke so plainly for the writer's attainments, that I felt it unnecessary to trouble either of the gentlemen referred to; but Mr. Gilbert Dalziel has been good enough to send me an unsolicited testimonial to Mr. Stedman's abilities, which I have much pleasure in publishing:—

> 99, Shoe-lane, E.C., August 10, 1891.
>
> DEAR SIR,—Mr. William Nathan Stedman in his letter to you somewhat magnifies the position he held in this office. As a matter of fact, he never held an appointment as an Editor, or anything else in the firm of Dalziel Brothers. He was employed by

me merely as an assistant to the Sub-Editor of *Ally Sloper*, but his reign in that capacity was short—very short.—Yours faithfully,

GILBERT DALZIEL.

Such, then, was Mr. Stedman's "appointment as an Editor in the great house of Dalziel Brothers," and I think that the public have now ample materials before them for forming an opinion upon all phases of this person's character.

With regard to W. J. Morgan, I have received a great deal of interesting information respecting the Charing Cross and the City of London Publishing Companies and "the Authors' Alliance," in connection with one or other of which concerns Morgan was operating for some fifteen years prior to the establishment of the "Artists' Alliance" and the present egregious "International Society." As, however, every new story which reaches me is merely a repetition of others which have already appeared in TRUTH, I see nothing to be gained by multiplying evidence, which has not been seriously traversed. As I stated a fortnight ago, Morgan has written me an insolent letter, which I decline to publish, and in which the only answer he makes to the allegations respecting his past career is that he was only a paid servant of those fraudulent Companies. If that is all he has to say for himself, it is fortunate for him that he does not perceive (as he says) any necessity for asking a jury to vindicate his character. But it is, perhaps, as well that the reader should see a sample of this gentleman's attempt to vindicate himself:—

Place aux dames. Miss Annie Thomas stoops, too, in the mud with you to have a throw. All her allegations and yours fade away into nothingness when it is stated as a fact, *which both she and you conceal from your readers*, that her arrangements were made with, and her magazine published by, a duly registered Limited Company, of which, for eight years, I was merely the paid servant.

A more impudent misrepresentation was never penned. My readers have seen Miss Annie Thomas's letter (TRUTH, July 30), which stated in express terms that all the arrangements in connection with the publication of her magazine were made with the "Charing Cross Publishing Company." My own statements have been equally explicit—that Morgan and his friend Tomkins, though figuring as the officers of a "Company," were the only active and responsible parties connected with this or any other of the concerns which they ran. To that statement I adhere, and better evidence than Morgan's word to the contrary will be required to disprove it.

But look at the attitude of this fellow, even on his own account of himself, towards Miss Annie Thomas. Without a word of comment, and in the most temperate language, this lady wrote to TRUTH the story of her dealings with the "Charing Cross Publishing Company;" how she paid to these rascals the whole cost of producing 10,000 copies of a magazine, every contributor to which was a writer of eminence; how the magazine proved a splendid success; how Morgan evaded her requests for a settlement; and how, when she prepared to take legal proceedings, the Company was found (to adopt Morgan's own phrase) to have "faded away into nothingness." Not a single fact in this story of a barefaced swindle does Morgan now traverse. Does he, then, express any regret for it? Does he offer any apology for his share in the proceedings? Not he. So far from that, he now turns upon this lady—the cur that he is—and talks of her "stooping in the mud to have a throw," he being by his own showing the very agent by whose instrumentality the lady was tricked and plundered.

On only one other matter of fact is it worth while to answer him. By way of meeting my observation that he and Stedman have been collecting money all over the country for the last two years without publishing any accounts, he answers that the International Society was only founded in December last. What quibble he is relying on here I cannot say, but the prospectuses of the "International Society," which he and Stedman have been circulating by thousands for months past, are headed with the imposing inscription "Instituted A.D. 1889, under Act of Parliament, 17 and 18 Vict., cap. 112." Either this statement must be a deliberate attempt to deceive the public, or Morgan himself must have made a deliberate attempt to deceive me; and which alternative may be nearer the truth is really of little consequence.

I am in a position to prove up to the hilt that this man Morgan has been for something like twenty years connected with rotten and fraudulent publishing concerns of one kind and another; and, to all appearance, he is engaged in very much the same kind of business now. On the door of a room in York-buildings, Adelphi, communicating with what the International Society calls its "Central Offices" (as distinguished from the chief-secretary's bedroom at Hammersmith) appears the name of "James, Longman, & Co.," publishers. Whether there is any "James" in this firm I do not know; but those who go there on business usually have the pleasure of meeting "Mr. Longman," and the gentleman who passes under this name is no other than W. J. Morgan. That this man, after his previous record, should now have the impudence to be trading under the name of one of the oldest-established and most respected publishing houses in London, is a fact which speaks eloquently enough for itself. But if comment upon it is needed, enough is supplied by the fact that only within the last month I have caught Morgan, in his new character of "James, Longman, & Co.," at his old games, offering, on the strength of "our reader's favourable report," to produce an unsuspecting author's book, and to allow him two-thirds of the profits on the sales (if any), all for the modest sum of £45 down. The reader is now in a position to judge the value of one of the few tangible advantages offered to subscribers to the "International Society," namely, that of having their MSS. published for them by the Society, *alias* W. J. Morgan, *alias* James, Longman, & Co., *alias* the Authors' Alliance, *alias* the City of London Publishing Company, *alias* the Charing-cross Publishing Company, and so on *ad infinitum*.

If any reader should think that I have given these gentry more space than their importance deserves, I would refer him to the facts disclosed above in regard to Stedman's relations with his assistant secretary. The commissions actually paid in that case showed that a single assistant secretary, writing 300 letters a week, brings in £40 or £50 per month into the coffers of Stedman or Morgan. In their latest prospectus Stedman & Morgan own to no less than half-a-dozen "assistant secretaries," from which may be judged the extent of their operations and the

revenue which they are deriving from "subscriptions" or "fees" alone, to say nothing of the traffic in premiums for appointments, the publishing business, and the profits from the "Art Gallery," where members' works are sold on commission. This "Society" is not only a swindle, but one of the biggest and most profitable swindles now running. I venture to hope that, as the result of the facts now made public, this view will be widely diffused among those classes on whom these two rascals have been hitherto preying so freely.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

MORE BISMARCK-BAITING.

PAINS are being taken by persons connected with the Press department at the German Embassy to secure newspaper publicity for an attack, in the form of a brochure, on Prince Bismarck. This publication has on the title-page, "The Policy, Home and Foreign, of Prince Bismarck," who has been a good deal, as the Americans would say, "ovated" on his way to Kissingen, and thence back to Varzin, as a great patriot. The Emperor, probably, was nettled at this, and hence the brochure, which bears the marks of having been written and brought out in hot haste, and by somebody who holds any number of State papers to which official magnates alone have access. So far as I can see, all it does is to prove that, relatively to the late "Frederick the Good," Bismarck was a paragon of moderation. Frederick's appetite, to speak again as an American, was "greater than his chew." Bismarck, in 1866, almost quarrelled with Frederick because the latter foresaw the necessity of South Germany, North Germany, and Austria standing shoulder to shoulder against either France or Russia, or both. Bismarck thought it better to let the South Germans manage their own affairs, under, if they chose, the presidency of Austria. North Germany was to come under the leadership of Prussia. This was wise. But Fritz the Good, who had to promote the honour and glory of a dynasty, would not hear of it, and so force was brought to compel all Teutonia to bend to the Imperial sceptre of the Hohenzollerns. Prince Bismarck is, moreover, blamed for not having seized on Luxemburg in 1867. The then Crown Prince Fritz, and the General Staff at the Berlin War Office, urged Prince Bismarck to strike the blow suddenly, as the Emperor of the French was busy with his Universal Exhibition. Frederick the Good, who always postured before the world as a lover of peace, went to King William and argued him into acquiescence. But Prince Bismarck, after pretending to give in, prevented, by a series of tricks and delays, the striking of the blow until it was too late, and then told the King that the best thing he and Fritz could do was to go to Paris and study the Exhibition—and the military resources of France. He again stood in the way in 1868 of a raid on Luxemburg, saying that to make it would get Prussia in a bad light in the eyes of Europe. Fritz again was worsted in his great plan for restoring the Empire of Charlemagne—or something like it—under the family sceptre. Instead, he had to content himself with going to see the Suez Canal opened, and, though the author of the brochure does not say so, as an apostle of peace.

In 1871 Bismarck was against East and North France being partitioned between Germany, Italy, and Belgium, which would have so crippled her that Prussia might sleep for the rest of her life on her laurels, so far as her "hereditary foe" was concerned. But Bismarck only thought of squeezing milliards out of the French. The more territory left them, the more milliards they could pay. That was his leading idea. He also wanted to *appear* right in the eyes of *Europe* instead of doing his duty to the Fatherland, and not minding what Europe thought.

But where the author of the brochure is most irate is in those passages dealing with Bismarck's dealings with Russia. In 1879, Moltke urged him to provoke a war with Russia, she being then exhausted by her Turkish campaign. France was then too weak and unprepared to stir. But Bismarck let both of them gather strength, and sought the alliance with Austria, into which he eventually drew Italy. Germany was able to crush Russia, whose head was under her arm and might have been pounded into a pulp. Bismarck preferred to dodge and tack, and to intrigue with Nihilists. He was at bottom favourable to Russia, and wanted to unite with her against Austria.

His last "wise notion" we are told, was to "provoke a rupture with Austria, which would have thrown her on the side of France and Italy, and created a triple alliance against Germany, which thus must have been placed at the mercy of Russia." I hear that Caprivi has, acting on the suggestion of the Emperor, inspired this brochure. Prince Bismarck, I suppose, must defend himself. If he remains what he was before he quitted power, he is pretty sure, in replying, to rend the late and the present Emperor.

The Paris Press swarms with canards about the German Emperor's health. What is true about it is that having to keep quiet made him restless to an explosive degree. The safety-valve which he keeps open by rushing hither and thither, and letting off harangues, is, you see, closed. A fracture of the knee-cap is no trifling matter. In his case there is the additional disadvantage of the balance of the body not being true, in consequence of the withered arm. Natural restlessness, aggravated by forced immobility, and a fit of acute inflammation of the ear, made him a heavy handful for the Empress and her uncle-in-law, Professor Esmarch, who by the way, comes of the same antique race as Mr. Goschen.

An effect of the inflammatory virus is to make the bones of the ear as hard as flint. They are, in their normal state, soft and spongy. The Emperor's must be now so hard as to break any surgical gouge not made of steel of the highest temper, and even that would not stand a good chance of resisting. The danger in his case is of pyæmia, there being no part of the body in which reabsorption of pus (one *has* to write that nasty word) is so rapidly attended with death, as in

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the seat of his ear affection. Doctors speak of a tubercular tumour. This would explain the intense and injudicious interest shown by his Imperial Majesty in the so-called discovery of Dr. Koch.

By the way, Kochaline has been again before the Academy of Medicine. A doctor who thought he saw his way to bringing his name before the public, spoke of Koch's virus as being efficacious if injected into the blood in infinitesimal doses. This would not do. The head doctor of the Consumption Hospital stood up and described the method he had resorted to. The doses he used were infinitely small. But all they did was to anger sores, and disperse microbes everywhere over the patient's body. It was better to let them remain localised. The proverb said, Do not wake a sleeping dog. Why send consumption bacilli all over the organism? It was better to let them stay where they had settled down. Many thus treated died. Not a single one recovered, and all were worse for the treatment.

Madame or Mademoiselle Agar was one of those who did not know how to suit herself to the varying tastes of times in which she lived. When she made her début, beauty was thought to lie not so much in the expression of life and fleeting feelings, as in plastic form and big lustrous eyes. Mdlle. Agar had the regular features of a Greek statue, but without statuesque serenity. The agitation of self-consciousness was strong in her, and often ran away with her. She would have had glorious black eyes were it not for a virago look that robbed them of all loveliness. Her manner was posturing and stagey in the old-fashioned style when heroines of tragedy declaimed, and sometimes with such vigour as to belittle the heroes who played with them. She was, on and off the stage, a bore. I never knew her to be without a grievance, which it was her way to air. It was also her way to carry positions by assault instead of by turning them or by sap and mine. Of course she got repulsed, and was given fresh reason to think herself a martyr. She may have been right in feeling disgust at the *furore* for Sarah Bernhardt's feline interpretation of the passion of love. Indeed, I think she was right; but she was too emphatic in saying what she thought. It would have been better to let the public "gang its own gait," and devote herself to the study of parts requiring flexibility and no emphatic declamation. Emphasis was the rock on which Agar was wrecked. She was best in the character of Agrippina, Nero's mother, in the tragedy of Britannicus, and made her gestures (so to speak) rhyme with the cadence of the tirades. But she was not at all the patrician lady, and failed to understand to what a degree Agrippina should be mistress of herself and cool and collected, unless just now and then when the cup of bitter humiliation flows over. Agar had cause for complaint at the set made against her for singing at a concert at the Tuileries, given in April, 1871, by the Commune of Paris, for the benefit of its wounded troops. I suspect that her real motive was to have a grand opportunity to recite the "Marseillaise," which really suited her. Humanity was the excuse: M. Jules Simon and Charles Blanc (Director of Fine Arts under J. S.) professed scepticism on that score. Charles Blanc was of as different a disposition from Louis Blanc as one brother could be from another, and the most time-serving and pusillanimous of men. He was fearfully down on poor Agar for singing at the Tuileries concert, and his chief did not dare to support her against the reactionists of the Versailles Assembly. They wanted to drive her away from the Français, and bring in Léonide Leblanc. Perrin, the manager, also disliked her. The last time I saw Agar was at the Français as Queen of Denmark, in Paul Meurice's translation of "Hamlet." She played to Mounet-Sully's Hamlet. That actor tore every passion he had to simulate to rags. Agar looked a tamed virago, and a highly respectable stage-Queen of the posturing sort, with no conception of true dignity. She worked herself up on the stage into believing herself to be a Queen. She would have done better to have studied women used to play great parts on life's stage, and then, imagination aiding, sketched out in her mind a Queen of Denmark, and acted according to her notion, keeping her head cool, and not letting her blood and nerves run to fever-heat. Tragedy took hold of her, and would not let her go in private life. She sometimes dined at Duval's Bouillons—a dreadful come down for a stage beauty—and behaved herself as though the bonne who served her was a confidante, and the restaurant a regal banquet.

The only contemporaneous things in which this actress made her mark were in Coppée's "Passant" and Emile Augier's "Fourchambault." He would not have any one else to play the part of Madame Bernard. In Catulle Mendez's drama of "Les Deux Mères" she made some splendid points, but, finding they carried away the house, she went on producing thrilling effects until the audience sickened of them.

Agar was not, as was commonly supposed, a Jewess. Her married name was Marye, and her maiden name, Léontine Florence Chauvin. Saint Claude in the Jura was her birthplace. It is a burg which in the time of Voltaire was mainly peopled by a community of monks, an abbot, and his serfs, of which his monastery owned more than two thousand. The monks—I know not why—were often recruited from Italy. Agar might through one of them have inherited her statuesque face and figure and contadina complexion and black eyes. She latterly gave up trying to set the Seine on fire, and helped her husband to recruit theatrical companies for provincial towns, in which she was the star. One of her last reflections expressed in the Café des Variétés on the eve of her departure for Algiers, where she died, was "It is far more profitable to live on the talents of other people than on one's own. I was a long time in finding it out, but I think I have come to the knowledge soon enough to leave a fortune to my heirs."

The President and his wife have not won rest by going to stay at Fontainebleau. Every day for the last week they have been called upon to receive important visitors, show an interest in local flower and agricultural shows, extend civility to artists who use the forest as a studio, and entertain two actual Kings and an ex-one. They

will have, in the course of September, the Grand Duke Vladimir as a guest, and he will go probably with the President to the grand review of 126,000 troops at Vitry-le-Français. The Grand Duke Alexis is daily lionised at Vichy. He would rather enjoy privacy there. His only way to escape from the pressmen who dog him is to drive in a carriage drawn by fleet horses and go at the top of their speed into the country. Being of an adventurous disposition, and a sailor in his admiration for the other sex, he finds the publicity to which he is condemned a bore. A big dog, called Phraxa, is the companion of his walks and drives. Sympathy for the canine race is one of the amiable qualities of the Romanoff family. The one in question is a Newfoundland. He has learned to show contentment at the Marseillaise and Russian hymn, which last resounds in every public place of amusement. "The tune the old cow died of" I never had the luck to hear; but I wonder whether it was so expressive of dejection and submissive resignation to hard fate as the now-hackneyed Russian hymn.

The Grand Duke Michael Michaelson was advised, when the Czar cashiered him for marrying the morganatic daughter of Prince Nicholas of Nassau, to set up as a photographer. He has been relieved from the necessity of earning his bread by his father-in-law, and is now, with his spouse, living in gentlemanly style at the Hôtel Vendôme. She is set down in the guests' book as Her Grand Ducal Highness. The Czar has not yet regularised her status in the Imperial family. Were he as well read in his own family history as in the legends of the Virgin Mary, the inconsistency of standing out against his cousin's love match would have come home to him. Love matches and free-love liaisons were far more the rule than the exception in the Imperial House of Russia. The morganatic marriage is not recognised by the Greek Church, or, indeed, in any Church but the Lutheran one, and that in Germany alone—to the shame of the Germans be it said—the morganatic wife being always liable to be put away should the high and mighty husband choose to desert her for a lady of his own caste. Anent this matrimonial slip-knot, I have been hearing a curious question discussed by a couple of Germans. It was whether the power of repudiation existed when the illustrious husband wanted, say, to marry a Princess, not a German in law, albeit of direct German extraction, and bearing the family title of a German Sovereign house. Would the German blood and title of the lady justify, in Germany, the desertion of the morganatic wife and her children, and would the children of the subsequent marriage be legitimate? It appears that the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, who married George III.'s handsomest daughter Elizabeth, deserted a long-established morganatic wife for that Princess, and doctors of law justified him. "But," said one of the Germans, "George III., being King of Hanover, all his children were counted Germans in Germany." Hesse-Homburg's second marriage was, therefore, legal. If some German Prince were to quit a morganatic wife to become the husband of a daughter or granddaughter of Queen Victoria, he would be a bigamist all the world over, and the children born of the marriage would have no legal status. As there are Serene Transparencies wishing to enter the Wales Family through the door of the Chapel Royal, this opinion on the limitations of morganatic marriages may be worth giving.

It is so absurd to see a youth like Alexander I. set up as necessary to the good government of the Servian people, that really the Sovereigns of Europe should, in the interest of royalty, combine to knock him over. My impression is that he will not turn out much better than his father, though the Regents keep a tight hand upon him, and a sage mentor, yclept a tutor, is always at his elbow. Alexander I. is a burly lad of fifteen, and visibly the son of Milan and that militant woman Queen Natalie. Seeing him the other day in a museum, with a following of Servians at his heels, I wondered what it was that he wanted in order to be fully and completely himself. After beating my brains a little the requirement came home to me. It was a blue linen apron and a basket of meat on his arm The Obrenovitch, you know—and that within the memory of some very old Belgradians—were swine-herds. They had been so from time immemorial, and, like all their brethren, practised pork-butchery every winter. A type was thus formed which persists on the throne, and in spite, in Milan's case, of a classical and courtly education in Paris. He has the physique of the ancestral business, and so has Alexander, who, along with it, has the rude complexion for which Natalie is remarkable. Nature outlined him in reddle, lamp-black, and yellowish-olive tint. His bright red under-lip, showing a good deal of the mucous membrane, tells of carnal tastes. Long black down on cheeks and upper-lip give him that unwashed look of the hobbledehoy, too old to have a perfectly smooth face and too young to shave. Big black eyes under straight eyebrows, thick and black, as though made with burnt cork, stare straightforward, betraying no feeling of timidity. The young master has already developed a masterful disposition. His father is galled at having to walk behind him, and on that semi-state occasion of the visit to Fontainebleau, let Alexander and his tutor ride in the same carriage together, and followed at some distance, as though not one of the party. If Milan were not devoted to baccarat and other games of hazard, the French would commiserate with him on having to yield the *pas* to his own son, who is only a *gamin*.

The Prince of Wales, the King of Greece, and Lady de Grey were among the illustrious tenants at the Hôtel Bristol last week. It is not true that Lord Carnarvon was there too. H.R.H. was rather out of sorts, and a nervous twitch was noticeable in his cheek and eyelids. The King of Greece had the best rooms. This was a novelty.

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LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DEAR LADY BETTY,—An anonymous correspondent has kindly favoured me with the following extract from the *Mulligan Irrepressible*, which I hasten to forward on to you as a curious example of transatlantic journalism:—

"Our much-esteemed fellow-citizen, Theodosius P. Hacker, has returned to this town from a protracted tour on the Continent of Europe. The gallant Colonel, in the course of his travels, paid a brief visit to the parent country, but he does not appear to have been favourably impressed by his experience of the British Isles. In conversation with a member of the staff of this journal, Theodosius described London as a 'sizeable village, surrounded by market-gardens, and enclosed by the sea.' We had thought the country larger.

"Theodosius asserts that everything in England is on a pocket scale; toy trains run along miniature lines through diminutive fields, where dwarf cattle browse under pigmy trees. This surprises us. He reports that the mountains are hillocks, the rivers rills, and the forests thickets.

"Colonel P. Hacker paid the customary visit to Marlborough House, where, however, he informs us he encountered unexpected difficulties in procuring an interview with the Heir Apparent. We respectfully warn his Royal Highness that any slight to an independent citizen of this town will not be overlooked. Theodosius describes the Prince as a tall, shapely young man, with powdered hair, and wearing scarlet plush knickerbockers and silk stockings. He speaks of him as a genteel, civil-spoken youth, singularly perverse in distributing his aspirates, in defiance of the orthodox regulations laid down by Lindley Murray.

"This description completely baffles us, it being so utterly at variance with other accounts previously contributed through well-authenticated sources. It cannot possibly be that a monstrous practical joke has been perpetrated at the expense of our esteemed fellow-citizen, and yet it is otherwise difficult to reconcile the conflicting versions. The mighty eagle that spreads its wings over the Capitol at Washington will readily protect any member of this community from foreign outrage, and we of the *Mulligan Irrepressible* may be counted upon not to flinch in the strict exercise of our duty and patriotism.

"Colonel Hacker reports that England is mainly inhabited by Irish, Americans, and refugee foreigners. He assures us that a specimen Englishman is preserved in spirits at the Natural History Museum in expectation of the race shortly becoming extinct. He also says that in the City of London German is principally spoken; at the West-end, American; at the East-end, Polish, and at the restaurants, French. Strangely enough, he observed that nothing like the same interest was apparently taken in England with regard to American politics as we in America evince in respect to similar matters in England. This statement we utterly discredit. It is notorious that throughout the Continent of Europe the one all-absorbing element of interest centres on this country. Theodosius P. Hacker may delude us with fanciful tales and reminiscences of his experiences abroad, but when he attempts to impress upon a free-born American citizen that Europe is not continuously contemplating even the most trivial details affecting the United States, Theodosius taxes our credulity beyond its reasonable limits. We will not again allude to the Washington Eagle, but we beg to remind our esteemed fellow-citizen that it still remains at its post, prepared to avenge even the slightest insult that may be offered to the *amour propre* of this incomparable country."

Homburg is anything but bewilderingly gay this year, and those who travelled thither last week had a bitter experience at Frankfort, as on account of the Exhibition and the races not a room was to be had in the entire town. Homburg itself is crowded, and the number of Americans utilising this spot as a stepping-stone towards London beatification is even larger than ever. Mrs. Sherman gave a very successful dance, at which her fellow-countrywomen abounded. Amongst the better-known people to be met with in the Kurgarten are the Prince of Wales, attended by Colonel Clarke, Lord and Lady Spencer, Lord and Lady Walsingham, Lord Hartington, Sir Rainald and Lady Knightley, Mrs. Mitford, General Stephens and his brother "Beauty," Lady Julia Wombwell, Captain Shaw, General Du Plat, Lady Anna Chandos-Pole and her two pretty daughters, and last, though not least, Mrs. Blackwood, who threatens to be the beauty of the Homburg season. Lawn-tennis flourishes greatly, the more so on account of the presence of Renshaw, the ex-champion, and flirtation of the usual mild nature progresses favourably. Strangely enough, in the many years that I have visited Homburg I never yet heard of an engagement having been agreed upon there. Can this be explained by the influence of baths or the waters?

The death of the Duke of Cleveland came as a surprise to no one, all hopes of his recovery having been for some time past abandoned. General speculation is rife as to the disposal of his vast estates, but it is believed that Battle will go to his step-son, Lord Rosebery. The Duchess will probably continue to inhabit Raby. And, by the way, at the latter place, as in many other country houses, a book is kept for visitors to contribute some impression of their stay. I think it was Lord Bennet who inscribed the farewell lines—

A pity at Raby
There isn't a baby.

Whoever the author was he may be congratulated on his pithy and witty versification.

It is with real regret I learn that all hopes of Sir Philip Grey-Egerton's recovery are now abandoned. Sir Philip, who was first taken ill last year, had a serious relapse a few weeks ago in Eaton-square.

The Cingalese are in a state of general jubilation at the Queen having graciously granted to Mrs. de Soysa—widow of the late native philanthropist—the "rank, style, and precedence of a Knight Bachelor's widow." Lady de Soysa is the first Cingalese who has ever secured this honour, and she is entitled now to precedence directly after the Governor himself. It was almost entirely due to the public spirit and generosity of the late Charles de Soysa that the Ceylon Court at the Colonial Exhibition achieved the great success it did, a success which, moreover, has directly brought about the immense development in the sale of Ceylon teas. M. de Soysa, it is estimated, spent over half a million of money in philanthropic works in Ceylon, and during his short stay in England he contributed fully five thousand pounds towards English charities.

Writing of philanthropists reminds me that Sir Vincent Kennett-Barrington sails for Rio on the 27th instant, whence he intends going a long way up the Uruguay River, and later to the Argentine. Sir Albert Rollit and Sir Vincent Barrington have recently been pushing forward the matter of instruction in first aid among sailors of the mercantile marine. It appears that ninety-nine out of a hundred of the small merchantmen do not carry a doctor, and thus many valuable lives are lost, and suffering is greatly augmented.

Lord and Lady Clifford have been entertaining a party of guests at Chudleigh during the past fortnight. Last week Lady Clifford, ever thoughtful of charitable efforts, utilised the resources of her houseful of friends to help in organising a bazaar for raising funds in aid of a neighbouring sisterhood of nuns. Lord Alington, Mr. Percy Ffrench, Count Vay, Mrs. and Miss Agar-Ellis, and Mrs. John Towneley all assisted indefatigably towards the success of the undertaking. Miss Augusta Hervey's guitar band was a great feature in the afternoon's entertainment, including, as it did, several of the best-known amateurs, aided by the excellent singing of Mrs. Godfrey Pearse.—Believe me, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

MINTON'S (Limited).—MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

SPORTING NOTES.

IT is a fact that many good judges of racing are of the opinion that Common will fail to stay the course at Doncaster. There is certainly no reason for regarding Common as a really good horse, for the Two Thousand and Derby form has direfully collapsed, and it would really seem as if the fields at Newmarket and at Epsom were composed of non-stayers and platers. Common won both the Two Thousand and the Derby with consummate ease,—as well he might, considering the class of his opponents; but I fancy that he has never been galloped over the Leger distance, and, under the circumstances, it would not be worth while for his owners to test his stamina by borrowing Gonsalvo from Mr. Gretton for a trial. If, however, Common cannot stay, as some people assert, where in the Leger field can we find any animal with proved stamina, excepting only Révérend, the horse which I have always insisted would be the most dangerous opponent of the favourite? M. Blanc has backed Révérend to win some £20,000, and his best policy would be to start Gouverneur to make the running, which he would do most effectually, and if there were a cracking pace for a mile, the weak spot in Common (if it exists) would be discovered, and Révérend would be the winner. The price of Mimi has shortened, and, as I stated last week, she has been going quite in her old form lately at Newmarket, but she is another animal that has really beaten nothing. Orvieto stands at a preposterously short price, and for this horse I have no fancy. His victory over a mile at Goodwood has no bearing upon his Leger prospects. When The Deemster was made second favourite, after his race with Révérend at Leicester, I warned my speculative readers against having anything to do with Mr. Leigh's horse, who was scratched on Saturday, and an enormous amount of money has been lost this year over him.

Alicante, who was sent from Newcastle to Deauville to run for the Grand Prix, and who was to have gone on to Baden-Baden, where she would probably have won the Jubilee Prize of £2,000, sprung a curb shortly before the race at Deauville, and, of course, she could not start, and she has since returned to Newmarket, where she has several engagements during the October meeting.

Unicorn has been backed for as much money for the Leicester Royal Handicap as could be got on in a very limited market, but it would surprise me vastly to hear that this animal's owner has invested a farthing on him. Early in the year it was discovered that Unicorn is a non-stayer, and his easy victory in the Stewards' Cup does not prove that he will be able to accomplish the mile at Leicester. Amphion is well known to be a very good horse over this distance, but I expect that the weight will stop him. If Le Nord (to whom Amphion has to give 33 lb.) will run as well in this race as he usually runs in the home trials, he will come in alone.

The most notable events at Stockton were the victories of Bosphorus and of Patrick Blue, but the infatuated gulls who at once rushed Mr. Stevenson's horse in the Leger betting to 100 to 7, on the strength of his beating three platers, must surely, on reflection, be disposed to bewail the rash impetuosity of their proceedings. Bosphorus may possibly get a place at Doncaster, but I cannot discover that there was anything in the Stockton field within even measurable distance of Leger form, and the race could not be regarded as a satisfactory test of the winner's stamina, for it was run at a miserable pace, and, as a matter of fact, they did not really race for more than half-a-mile. Several weeks ago I expressed the opinion that Patrick Blue was then the best outsider in the Leger to back for a place, and he has now come to a comparatively short price. His victory over Enniskillen last Thursday was a very creditable performance, for he was giving 9 lb., and he really won with quite a stone in hand. Early in the season I particularly mentioned Patrick Blue as a horse which it would pay to follow, and he has now won three races, and in two of them he started at remunerative odds. I hear that Lord Zetland very much fancies his horse for the Leger, but before one can think seriously of his chance of *winning* that race, it is necessary to consider his complete and ignominious collapse at Ascot, when he was heavily backed for the Prince of Wales's Stakes on the strength of his having been well galloped at Newmarket. The "form" of that race was not good, and the probable explanation is that Patrick Blue could not stay the course, in which case he will have no chance at Doncaster.

Royal Engineer was a great favourite for the Wynyard plate, and Lord Lieutenant and Lunelle (a beautifully-bred filly by Muncaster out of Muscat, for which Lord Durham gave 1,100 gs. at Doncaster last September) were both heavily backed, but the winner turned up in Dower, a filly by Town Moor, which is trained at Middleham by the Osbornes. I fancy that Lunelle was the best animal in the field, and she will win the next time she starts, and if she had gone as well during the early part of the race last week as she went in the last furlong she would have won easily. She ran dreadfully "green," just as did Orme in the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood. The favourite for the Hardwicke Stakes was Killossery, the winner of the Halnaker Stakes at Goodwood, but he had no chance with Cardrona, whose success was particularly satisfactory to me, as I predicted that she would win some races at the Redcar and Stockton meetings, for she would never have been backed as she was at Pontefract if she had not been well tried. I am told that I'Anson has a still smarter filly in Cantire. Among the beaten lot were Sir R. Jardine's 2,500 gs. Rent Payer, by Esterling, who is not likely ever to win back his price, and Lord Dudley's 1,100 gs. St. Odille, by Hermit out of Dee, who was backed for a great deal of money, but she could not stay the course, and when she wins it will be over an easy five furlongs. After Golden Arrow had won the principal stake at Pontefract I derided the notion that he was a flyer, and that my moderate opinion of his merits was correct was proved on Thursday, when he was most recklessly plunged on for the Elton Plate, and was beaten by Fair Margaret, who had considerably the best of the weights, and who had run well in a race on the previous day.

St. Benedict, who has been a universal tip for the Ebor Handicap, started a hot favourite for the Stockton handicap, next in demand being Martenhurst, who has been a grievous bargain to Lord Rosslyn, whose infantile ingenuousness misled him into the blunder of supposing that the third in the Derby must be a smart animal, but his disastrous experiences during the last few months must have tended to develop his unsophisticated intelligence. These creatures were both beaten by Rosebery Despatch, who won in a common canter, as well he might, for he was literally thrown in. Houndsditch ran very badly, and he is evidently quite out of form. Mr. Lowther was very unlucy at Stockton; for, although he ran several horses, he did not win a single race, and in the Stewards' Cup Workington was easily defeated by Ramelton Lassie.

Surefoot and Signorina are being specially prepared for the Lancashire Plate of £11,000, which is run at Manchester, on September 26, in which race they will meet Gouverneur.

A weekly sporting paper announces, as a great piece of news, that Charibert's services are still available for English mares, and that his fee for next season will be 100 gs. As a matter of fact, this information appeared in TRUTH about a year ago, and the last volume of the "Book Calendar" contained an advertisement which notified that Charibert's list was then full for 1891, but that subscriptions at 100 gs. each mare could be booked for 1892. The journal in question states that Schleuderhau, Baron Oppenheim's stud farm near Cologne, "is easily and cheaply reached by the steamers plying between Amsterdam and Cologne," whereas there are no such vessels. Steamers run up the Rhine from Rotterdam to Cologne, but the cheapest and most expeditious method of reaching the latter city from England is to proceed, either by Flushing and through Holland, or by Ostend and through Belgium.

I was diverted the other day by reading that "enter-

prise" in purchasing high-priced yearlings is sure to be rewarded in the long run, if only the buyer knows "the secret of success," which, it seems, is to select only animals of the most fashionable running blood. This may be vastly fine, but this "secret of success" appears to me to be nonsense and rubbish of the most muddy-minded description, and reminds one of the story of the Irish nobleman, who, when dying, summoned his heir to his bedside, and conveyed to him the gratifying intelligence that he had a secret to communicate which would compensate him for the grievously dilapidated condition of the family estates. It was—that crab sauce is better than lobster sauce.

Lord Hartington does not intend to start Morion for the Doncaster Cup, as it will be impossible to get the horse fit for racing so soon, after the long rest which was found to be necessary for him after Ascot. The chances are that Morion will again start only for the Rose Plate, which is run at Newmarket on the last day of the Second October Meeting; and for the Jockey Club Cup, on the last day of the Houghton Meeting.

I see it is stated that Mr. Gretton intends to have a cracking pace in the Doncaster Cup, as it is thought that Gonsalvo would have won the Ascot Cup with a faster run race, which, in my opinion, is a mere fairy tale. It is quite incredible, however, that Mr. Gretton can intend Gonsalvo to make hard running at Doncaster, considering that his horse will be giving 10 lb. to Queen's Birthday, whereas at Ascot they met at even weights; and, by the way, Memoir also has a penalty of 10 lb., which fairly settles her chance. I now expect that Queen's Birthday will win this race for Major Joicey; and it is to be hoped that Morion and Gonsalvo will both start for the Jockey Club Cup, in which race they will meet at even weight, as at Ascot.

I understand that the early betting on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire has been unusually heavy this year. The favourite for the long race is Judith, who finished third last year to Sheen and Alicante, after which she ran nowhere in the Cambridgeshire. Next in demand to Judith are Cameronian, Junius, Parlington, Old Boots, Shall We Remember, Primrose Day, and War Dance, and M. Ephrussi's horse is also first favourite for the Cambridgeshire. Then comes Admiral, Victoricus, Shrine, Swift, Mons Meg, Narraghmore, Buccaneer and Chesterfield. The early betting on the Cesarewitch is always heavier than that upon the Cambridgeshire, the latter handicap being principally touched by those who dabble in double events. Besides War Dance the animals in most demand for the short race are Corstorphine (who is very unlikely ever again to start for any race whatever), Amphion (whose backers must be pure moon-calves, for this horse is sure to run at Leicester, and his race there will settle his Cambridgeshire chance, win or lose), Quartus (who has been quite a Mail Train in handicaps during the last two years), Victoricus, Eyrefield, and Signorina, who certainly could not stay the distance. It may be as well to remind persons who are interested in these handicaps that this year the interval between the Leger and the Cesarewitch has been extended from four weeks to five.

There is a very good entry of sixty-two for the Prince of Wales' Nursery of £1,000 at Doncaster, including Canobie, Palisandre, Pilgrim's Progress, Lorette, Clarence, Lord Burleigh, Juvenal, Suspender, Katherine II., The Smew, Euclid, Lady Hermit, and Cantire. I hear of a couple of two-year-olds which have been expressly reserved for this handicap.

FUTURE EVENTS.

There will be racing next week at Derby and at Sandown Park, and some interesting sport may be expected at both meetings.

The Champion Foal Stakes of £1,000 at Derby is a most satisfactory race for the managers of that meeting, inasmuch as the entrance fees of the subscribing owners amount to £1,092. The entry, which fills six pages of the "Book Calendar," includes Palatine, Posy, Bellinzona, Killossery, Bouthillier, Halsbury, Kyle, Bushey Park, Dunure, Glenayes, Cantire, Desdemona, Broad Corrie, Gossoon, Carmilhan, and Vermeil. I cannot attempt to predict the winner, as several of these animals will probably run at York this week.

The entry for the Breeders' St. Leger (a mile) fills more than four pages of the "Calendar," and the stake of £1,000 costs the fund exactly £197. The best animals engaged are Orvieto, Common, Pannonia, Cleator, Simonian, Mardi Gras, Bumptious, White Feather, Bosphorus, Grammont, and Friar Lubin. In the certain absence of Common, Orvieto ought to win, as the distance will just suit him.

Sixty-four two year olds are left in for the Harrington Stakes of £1,000, and this is another whited sepulchre race for the owners, whose subscriptions amount to exactly £1,000! The entry includes Cantire, The Smew, St. Odille, and Shade, and Lord Dudley's filly should be able to win.

There are such immense entries for both the Michaelmas and the Abbey Stakes at Sandown Park that these two races fill nine pages of the "Book Calendar," but neither of them is likely to bring out any first-class animals, all of these being in reserve for Doncaster, Manchester, and the Newmarket October meetings.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—The clouds which have been darkening the financial horizon ever since the Baring catastrophe are gradually disappearing, and considerable progress to a clearer sky has been made during the past week. Thus the prophets of evil have no longer got it all their own way. Some of these gentry have been truly revelling in the general slump in securities from which the whole community have been suffering for so long.

Prophets of Evil and the Recovery.

Always predicting calamities and shrinkages these prophets must of course at some period or other prove right, and they have been exulting to such a degree since the South American collapse that the present recovery is not at all to their taste. Nor does it suit the "Bear" interest, which is at present very large on the Stock Exchange. The prediction is also very frequently heard that, when operators for the fall have covered, prices, especially of Home Rails, will relapse again. That line of argument is open to question, and it is none the less certain that the "Bear" squeeze has to come yet. Nor must it be forgotten that values all round are at an extremely low level, and that it wants but a strong impulse to bring investors in the market, who have been holding off so persistently, as is their wont as long as prices are falling. There has been more investment and speculative business this week than for a long time past, and it is quite on the cards that when once the upward movement begins it will be more lasting than the pessimists predict. Money promises to be reasonably cheap during the autumn, but the position of the Bank of England is a strong one. The wholesale throwing away of South American stocks has stopped, and a material recovery has occurred in Argentines, much to the chagrin of the City Editor of the *Standard* and others of that ilk. There has been a pause in the American revival, but the position is full of promise, and there is every prospect that the renewal of the upward movement in Yankee Rails, which is only a question of days now, will accentuate the recovery, which has set in in speculative securities, such as Foreign Rails, in Mining shares, and in the miscellaneous department. The present is, therefore, the time to pick up bargains, and investors will do well to throw off their reserve and to buy more freely such of the many depreciated stocks as may fairly be considered entitled to an improvement in value.

Home Rails.

The last settlement disclosed an increased scarcity of stock of the heavy brigade, and it looks as if the position would be found quite as oversold at the "carry over," which will begin on the day on which this letter will reach you, my dear Ben. The last weekly traffic returns, moreover, showed a distinct improvement, and do not confirm the theory, towards which I was also inclined to lean, in view of unfavourable Board of Trade Returns, that trade was about to decline materially. Future traffics will, therefore, be well worth following closely. In the meantime a moderate amount of investment buying and "Bear" closing has caused an advance of over 3 points in Midlands to 157¼, thus again justifying my favourable opinion of this stock. "Brums," which, by the way, seem likely to fall from their high estate in favour of Midlands, rose 2, Great Western and North-Eastern about 1½. A marked recovery of 3 points has taken place in Chatham Prefs. at 106½, and Dover "A" have gained 1½. It seems too much to hope that there is any foundation for the rumours which have accompanied this improvement, that Sir Edward Watkin is at last convinced of the evil of his ways, and inclined to agree to a working arrangement with the Chatham Company. Chatham Prefs. probably owe their advance to scarcity of stock, and Dover "A" are known to be heavily oversold. That, of course, furnishes a reason for a rally on any moderate buying, but there is also a report that the Company is getting increased Continental goods traffic. It cannot be said that the Brighton line has received any favours at the hands of the clerk of the weather of late, the Naval Review traffic having again been marred by inauspicious weather. This continued enmity of the elements prevents the "Bulls" of Berthas from hoisting their favourites to a higher level than about 147. Great Eastern continue scarce, but are very high considering their yield. The Scotch stocks have shown more animation. Anticipations of the Caledonian dividends are improving, and in North British stocks the "Bear" account still open will probably mitigate the effect of the dividend disappointment.

Yankees on the Wing.

Important advances are to be recorded in American Railroad stocks, and, although a moderate reaction set in temporarily, the market looks like going materially better. For the week Atchison Income bonds are up 6 points to 57; Louisville and Nashville are 5½ higher at 74; Norfolk and Western having gained 4½ at 52¼; Ohio and Mississippi, 2½ at 20¼; Wabash Prefs., 2 at 26; ditto "B" debentures, 2½ at 40. These are, as it happens, the stocks in which the greatest rise has taken place, and which I specially recommended to you last week. Atchison Incomes, Louisville and Norfolk Prefs. are, in fact, the stocks to which I have for some time drawn attention. There has been of late less activity in Milwaukees, although they are also 2½ up at 68⅝, but London has not been supporting this stock, as it is as yet a non-dividend payer, while the Chicago Syndicate seems to have relaxed its efforts to hoist it. But it must not be forgotten that this line will benefit directly and materially by the large grain crops in the States. After a temporary pause or reaction it may, therefore, be relied upon to again take a jump. Louisville and Nashville continues a great favourite on this side. The new issue seems to have been absorbed, and a marked further rise may at any time take place. The present price of 74 compares with 82 on April 25 last, and with 95⅜ on May 15, 1890, the highest price touched last year. Regular dividends at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum are now being paid, the line is about to benefit largely by the new Clinch Valley extension connecting it with the Norfolk and Western, and giving it an outlet at the port of Norfolk, and, being held largely on this side, the shares are less subject to manipulation by the Wall-street operators. There is room for at least a 5 point rise in the immediate future in Louisville. As I anticipated, Texas "B" shares have recovered, being in request at ½. This price having been paid repeatedly, there is, of course, no longer a shred of an excuse for the dealers to "make up" this stock at a lower figure. In fact, I expect to see a further material advance in the near future. I have repeatedly pointed out how the Atchison line will derive a large accession of traffic from the splendid grain harvests. The Income bonds, although they received only 2 per cent. for the past financial year, seem to be pretty sure of the full 5 per cent. dividend during the current year, the largely increased earnings pointing in that direction, while the powerful interests which are now engaged in the stock, will no doubt see that the distribution is duly made. Compared with the shares standing at 38, and which have little chance of a dividend, at all events for the current year, the Income bonds at 57 are still at a very moderate level. Although, as already stated, there seems no fear of the Atchison Company evading its responsibility towards the Income bonds, this class of security of Yankee Roads, which ought to rank high in the speculative lists, is unfortunately somewhat discredited by past neglect on the part of the respective boards. If ever, for instance, a mortgage was drawn with great care, it was the Reading Income Mortgage, in which it is stated, with all the explicitness at the command of the best railroad lawyers, just exactly what the term "operating expenses" means, and what is to be understood by "net earnings," and yet in each year the Court has been asked to construe this mortgage. The Reading Company invited this inspection by charging up to the operating expenses all that which might with perfect justice have been charged to construction and equipment account. Texas and Pacific has some little excuse, because the interest on its income bonds becomes obligatory next year, and therefore it was a wise policy to expend all surplus earnings in the improvement of the property, since the road would pass from the control of the stockholders to the trustee should the income bondholders ask for it, in case of a default in interest only fourteen months hence. The Western New York and Pennsylvania has shown its inability under the present circumstances to meet the interest on its income bonds, and so we may anticipate new financiering for this Company in the year 1893. The Baltimore and Ohio South-Western, on the other hand, has treated its First Five per Cent. Mortgage Income bonds fairly, and these bonds are in good demand at 63-64. A stock which should also command an improvement is Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Second Mortgage bonds at 41-43, as there is no doubt that justice will be done to them. Wabash stocks are strongly supported by a "Bull" syndicate on this side. The Wabash will benefit to a very large extent from the splendid grain crops, its earnings are improving, and while the Prefs. are perhaps hardly even a silver-edged security at present, the Wabash Six per Cent. "B" Debenture bonds at about 40 seem to be pretty certain of a distribution from the increased earnings to be anticipated. Union Pacifics are the most neglected stock. Their sharp fall, the delay in the arrangements of the floating debt, and the fear that the salvage syndicate may not leave much for the stock-holders, are causing investors from standing under. A recovery from the present low price of 37½ may, of course, be expected on the announcement that the new settlement has been completed; but as the distrust of Jay Gould has been greatly increased by his action in connection with the Union Pacific, the improvement in these shares will hardly attain such proportions as that in the other stocks already referred to.

Three Railroad Presidents.

It is not often the case that three real "live" American Railroad presidents are in our midst at the same time, yet I had the pleasure last week of shaking hands with

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, E.C. —165, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—8, Haymarket, S.W.—18, Westbourne-grove, W.—Nos. 19 and 20, Railway-approach, London-bridge, S.E.—Manchester address, Bridgewater-chambers, 6, Brown-street.—Brighton address, Central-chambers, The Quadrant. No commission on speculative accounts. He buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired. Telephone No. 1,578.

Mr. E. R. Bacon, the president of the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western, Mr. J. E. Barnard, the president of the Ohio and Mississippi, and Mr. E. J. Kimball, the president of the Norfolk and Western. In addition to these gentlemen there are also at present on this side a number of directors of American Railroads, who will thus be able to study the sentiments held by British investors on the subject of Yankee stocks. With respect to Mr. Bacon's visit to this country, it is no secret that he will be prepared on certain terms to conclude a lease of the Ohio and Mississippi with the London Joint Committee of Ordinary and Preference shareholders. Nor is the Baltimore and Ohio and South-Western the only Company which is looking after the Ohio, for, according to a contemporary, President Ingalls of the "Big Four" and Chesapeake and Ohio has a hankering after it. Add to this the circumstance, which was pointed out to me by those well able to judge, that the Ohio and Mississippi is fast working into a better position, and that, if certain arrangements were made to enable its legitimate earnings to be distributed as dividends, it would be able to pay a small dividend on the common stock, and it must be clear to holders of the Preference and Ordinary shares that their stock is likely to appreciate considerably in the near future. Such are, it may be said with justice, the benefits of united action. In an interview last Friday with a representative of the *Financial News*, President Kimball, of the Norfolk and Western, fully confirmed his previous cabled statement that the payment in cash of the October dividend was fully secured at the usual rate of 3 per cent. per annum. In fact, as Mr. Kimball assured me, not the slightest doubt was ever entertained of this distribution. The small traffic decreases of the first two weeks in August were really increases, as there was one working day less in the fortnight. The Clinch Valley extension through the Cumberland Gap, connecting the line with the Louisville and Nashville, may be expected to bring a large accession of traffic to the Company, especially in the shape of grain from the North-west to the port of Norfolk, whence some six vessels are already chartered for the conveyance of grain to Europe. The excellent grain, cotton, and tobacco crops will benefit the line considerably, and thus more than make up for the depression in the iron and coal and general trade which followed the Baring crisis. The Company is keeping up its traffic, showing an increase of 301,801 dols. from January 1 to August 11, and there is every prospect that it will be able to increase the dividend in the year 1892. At the present price of 52, as compared with 68⅝ on May 19, 1890, the highest price touched last year, and with prospects at least equal to those they had then, Norfolk Prefs. seem on the eve of an important recovery.

American Railway Bonds.

Now that investors are looking about for securities yielding a good return and yet possessing the advantage of thorough safety, it is probable that American Railroad bonds will receive increased attention. There has been little demand for these bonds for Europe during the whole year, the general slump and the fall in Yankee shares having made European capitalists somewhat shy of these investments. With the revival in Yankee shares the bonds are likely to pick up again, and, with judicious selection, they form one of the best investments out. At the request of a number of correspondents, I herewith give a short list of American Railroad bonds, dividing the same under the heading, I., of "gilt-edged" bonds, which are considered thoroughly safe, and yielding a satisfactory interest; and II., of second-class bonds, reasonably safe, but yielding a better return :—

I.—Gilt-Edged American Bonds.

Railroads.	Description of Bonds.	Price.	Interest per cent.
Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans	Gold Bonds, guaranteed by Illinois Central ...	112-118	5
Illinois Central	Gold Bonds	97-99	4
Pennsylvania	Gold Bonds	108-110	4½
"	Equipment Trust.....	102-104	4
West Pennsylvania	Mortgage Gold Bonds...	98-100	4
Baltimore and Ohio South Western	First Mortgage, guaranteed by Baltimore and Ohio	101-103	4½

II.—Good Second-class Bonds.

Railroads.	Description of Bonds.	Price.	Interest per cent.
Denver and Rio Grande	First Cons. Mortgage Bonds	81-82	4
Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul	First Mortgage	100-102	5
Oregon and California...	First Mortgage, guaranteed by S. Pacific ...	96-98	5
Nashville, Flor., and Sheff.	First Mortgage, guaranteed by Louisville and Nashville	100-102	5
Central Pacifics	Land Grant Extended Bonds	99-100	5

With regard to American Railroad bonds generally, I may say that the bonds of all first-class American Railways are gilt-edged, and would-be investors can choose for themselves by taking Wetenhall's List or the *Financial Chronicle*, but for second-class bonds yielding a good return which are fairly safe I can recommend, in addition to List II., Ohio and Mississippi Five per Cent. Generals at 95 London (92½ New York) with three months' interest on them, and the Ontario Five per Cents. at about the same price or, say, 96. The Ohio Fives will undoubtedly increase in price as the outcome of the negotiations, whatever takes place.

Mexican Rails.

The last few days have brought a material recovery in Mexican Rails, which have been greatly depressed by "Bear" sales. The report that the Interoceanic Railway of Mexico would remain closed for through traffic for several months on account of damage to the line between Jalapa and Vera Cruz by heavy rains gave the "Bulls" courage again, and a little buying brought in operators for the fall with the result of an advance in the Ordinary stock to 37, and of a proportionate recovery in the Preference stocks, but a reaction has since set in. Although it cannot be said that "Mails" have much value as far as dividend prospects are concerned, there are considerable possibilities in the oversold account. Most of the dividend forecasts vouchsafed, moreover, had a strong flavour of ursine bias, and the revulsion which is probable now that the line has a new lease of life, as far as Interoceanic competition for through traffic is concerned, may prove dangerous to the "Bears," provided that the traffic returns show some improvement on recent figures. The official circular issued by the Secretary of the Interoceanic Company fully confirms my previous statements that there was no valid reason for the heavy fall in the Debentures, which have accordingly recovered to 87-90. Not only have the contractors handed to the Company on the transfer of the line £10,300 balance of administrative moneys, and £77,000 to be applied in payment of the debenture and preference interest, due on September 15, but the local traffic alone is more than sufficient to provide the full debenture interest. I am also told that the Company have received security from the contractors in respect of the amount still required to do the remaining works and repairs, this amount having to be repaid by the contractors. Interoceanic Debentures are likely to recover to a much higher level, notwithstanding the mishap to the Jalapa section, which had evidently been constructed very temporarily, and one cannot help thinking carelessly.

The Argentine Recovery.

I wonder whether the pessimistic scribes who have of late so eagerly figured out the amount of depreciation in Argentine stocks, will take the trouble to calculate the extent of the recent recovery? It would reach a very important sum, the Funding loan alone having improved from 48 to 61½, the 1886 loan from 53 to 63. I am glad to see in the *Times* a temperate article on Argentine finance, and I agree with the writer that Lord Melbourne's maxim, "Can't you leave it alone?" is particularly appropriate. The Argentines will have to help themselves, and the Government has, so far, shown every dis-

Arthur Forbes & Co., Australian Investment, Finance, and Mining Agency, 16, Cornhill, London, E.C., and at Brisbane, Queensland, have special business in some of the best Colonial Mining Stocks, including Brilliant, Victory, Victoria, Sunburst, Broken Hill, Raub, and other prosperous concerns. Constant information by cable. Telegraphic address, "Orpharion, London."

position to keep faith with the bondholders, availing itself in the meantime of the Funding scheme. With the recovery in the value of the Funding bonds, the criticisms of the scheme elaborated by the Argentine Committee, will, no doubt, lose much of their force. As to the proposed Bank of the Argentine Nation there seems, according to latest advices, a fair prospect of its being successfully started by Argentine capital. Not that I anticipate a very rapid recovery of Argentine credit and finance, and the recent rise has been engineered somewhat too quickly. But a beneficial change will no doubt be caused by the excellent crops of the country. The bulk of the wool clip comes to market in October-November; that of wheat in December-January; maize in March-June; sugar in July-September. The latter product is, in fact, now coming in. How important the figures of these crops are may be gathered from the figures recently supplied by the *Buenos Ayres Standard*, a journal which cannot be accused of any favourable bias to Argentine finance. My contemporary sums up the real value of agricultural produce on the ground as follows:—

	Tons.	£ sterling
Wheat	800,000	5,000,000
Maize	1,000,000	2,700,000
Barley, &c.	80,000	300,000
Linseed	20,000	120,000
Sugar	50,000	500,000
Tobacco	6,000	120,000
Alfalfa	3,000,000	4,500,000
Wine, gallons	6,000,000	400,000
Sundries	—	1,050,000
Total		£14,690,000

This is, according to the Buenos Ayres paper, vastly below the Government estimates, which point to a total of 100 million gold dollars, or twenty millions sterling. The *Standard* values wheat about £6 per ton, whereas the Government valuation is £12, and the latter is more likely to be the real figure, in view of the enormous rise which has taken place in Europe during the last few weeks. The above values are for the total product of tillage, the quantity for exportation and its value being, of course, very much less, viz.:—

	Tons.	Value.
Wheat	300,000	£2,100,000
Maize	500,000	1,500,000
Linseed	15,000	100,000
Sundries	—	300,000
Total		£4,000,000

On these figures it appears, therefore, that the agricultural exports are equal to £1 sterling per inhabitant, as compared with £2 per head in the United States. But the pastoral products are of far greater importance. The two sections show as follows:—

	Agricultural.	Pastoral.
Home use	£10,140,000	£10,800,000
Export	4,000,000	11,500,000
Total	£14,140,000	£22,300,000

Taken collectively tillage and pastoral industry make up thirty-seven millions sterling per annum—say £10 a year per inhabitant—which shows what fine resources the country possesses. It is equal to a product of £100,000 per day. It will be seen that those who are relying upon the produce of the country to bring about a change in the position of Argentine finance have much in favour of their argument. An important fall in the gold premium will probably be brought about by the crops, but it will take some time. While investors have an excellent opportunity now of picking up on a moderate scale cheap Argentine Government stocks and Railway stocks, holders of such stocks will find enough in the present position to justify them in sticking tight to their holdings in anticipation of a recovery which will come sooner or later.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

As I have anticipated for some time, a marked recovery has set in for mining shares, especially for South African Gold Mines. Jumpers, to which I repeatedly drew the attention of my readers, have recovered to $2\frac{5}{16}$, Langlaagte to $2\frac{7}{16}$, Durban Roodepoorts to $2\frac{1}{4}$, May's Consolidated to 9s. There is also a much better inquiry for Indian Gold Mines, which, by the way, are deserving of a recovery, especially Mysore Gold at $5\frac{9}{16}$, Mysore Goldfields at 17s. 6d., and Mysore-Nagar at 7s. It is anticipated that the first returns from the latter property will come to hand in October. De Beers Diamond shares, after touching $12\frac{3}{4}$, reacted to $11\frac{7}{8}$, and recovered to $12\frac{1}{4}$ upon influential purchases. With regard to the Otto's Kopje Diamond Mine, I have in the past had nothing favourable to say. There was great mismanagement, and the entourage was unsatisfactory. The reconstructed Company starts under more promising auspices. The report made by the chairman, Mr. F. Stobbs, on his return from Kimberley, is straightforward reading, and at the present rubbish price of 3s. 3d. per share, this is a fair mining gamble. There have been some lively doings in Pahangs, which are again being rigged by the old clique. Oceanas have experienced an improvement of a full point, to $4\frac{7}{8}$, since I gave you full particulars of the new concession for the Silati Railway. The "Bears" find themselves in a cleft stick, for there is no stock about, and at any moment further favourable developments may be reported from the Transvaal. According to advices from the farm Burgersdorp of the Silati River Company, dated July 13, the outcrop of the Swiss Reef was furnishing some enormously rich stuff, and, under July 18, it is reported that in shaft No. 3 "the reef was more solid and very rich." The mill was being supplied with fairly rich ore. With reference to the fable which was put about last year that there was no timber on the farm, I may state that I have recently seen the particulars of waggon-loads of logs, measuring 10 ft. in length by 10-14 in. by 9-10 in. in width, with planks 20 ft. long. Australian Broken Hill Consols have been fluctuating, and the latest cablegram reports "expected developments still deferred," although 40 tons of lower-grade ore, containing 14,500 oz. of silver, are being shipped. As soon as the fault in the rich vein cuts out, there will, of course, be a rebound in the price. The last monthly return of the Maid of Erin Silver Mine of a net profit of 76,000 dols. for July is again very satisfactory.

My Letter Box.

I must again remind my readers that I cannot undertake to answer letters which do not come to hand at least on the Friday or Saturday previous to the publication of Truth. The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Stocks.

Rustic.—Yes, I should most decidedly advise a transfer from Buenos Ayres Waterworks Prefs. to Six per Cent. Argentine Funding bonds. *Station Master.*—You did not state in your first letter that you held Buenos Ayres Water and Drainage Preference shares, and my reply referred to the Ordinary. The arrangement with the Argentine Government has just been ratified by Congress, and the Funding Bonds will be issued to the Company in about a month. *Miss E. W., Paris.*—I have never believed in Salt Union shares, and should advise you to sell at the next opportunity. You would have done well to buy Argentine Funding loan at 54, it now stands at 61, and is not dear at that. Hold Cedulas and Entre Rios Central Rails. There will, no doubt, be a recovery on present prices, although it may take some time. Do not put all your eggs into one basket. The "B" bonds of the Costa Rica Government at 65-68 paying 5 per cent. interest are an excellent investment. *A. E. S.*—Although Brazilians of 1889 are fairly safe, I should advise you not to hold so large an amount, sell part, and re-invest in Costa Rica B bonds, Mexican Six per Cent. bonds, City of Mexico bonds, or similar securities. See replies to remaining inquiries under "Industrial Companies."

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Interested.—No, I do not think that there is anything in this talk about the Baring guarantors being called upon to pay any material sums, and it certainly need not cause you to sell the Bank shares in question. *R. E. T., Bournemouth.*—This is not the time to sell Argentine Land Prefs. Affairs have taken a turn for the better, and you should hold for an improvement. *Universal, Edinburgh.*—1. A third-rate concern; do not go too far with deposits. High rates of interest are not compatible with security. 2. Have nothing to do with the shares. The circumstances are

Shooting, Sporting, and Travelling Garments are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

suspicious. 3. You might as well clear your profit and re-invest in some of the numerous depreciated securities. *W. W. W., Woodbridge.*—Thanks. Extremely suspicious. I will fully investigate the matter. *Limited.*—By far the safest plan will be to employ a respectable London solicitor, whom your own solicitor can no doubt recommend. The Government stamp duty is the chief item, and that you cannot avoid. *Constant Reader.*—No. 1 is the best bank of the three named, although I do not generally recommend easy deposits with foreign banks. 2. I know nothing of this bank, and should advise you to be very careful. 3. Second rate, although respectable. *Bobus.*—Of the investments named, Kimberley Waterworks (No. 2) are the least promising, but might be held for a recovery. No reason to sell Bank of Australasia shares (1). Of the Trust Companies named, Nos. 6 and 5 are the best. The other Trusts stocks, Nos. 3, 4, and 7, ought also to be held, as likely to improve, although they are not first class.

Home Rails.

Rover.—Midland Railway Ordinary are my favourite amongst the Heavy lines. The line is doing well and bids fair to eclipse the North-Western. *Bertha.*—If Brighton "A" get a fair chance from the clerk of the weather they may yet recover. *Lothian.*—I really should not like to prophesy about the Caledonian dividend now, but I think the stocks should be held. *S. R.*—On their merits North British ought to decline, but the "Bear" account keeps them up.

American and Foreign Rails.

Mac.—You should certainly hold Union Pacifics at present. They will improve with the American market generally. There is no reason to sell Mexican Rails now, as any lasting improvement in the Yankee market will encourage the "Bulls" in that department also to squeeze the "Bears." *Marmion.*—1. Certainly; the Six per Cent. Debentures of the Interoceanic of Mexico are safe to hold. The line is built very cheaply, and the debenture interest is amply covered by earnings, while the position of Mexico is a progressive one. 2. The Company in question is a fair speculative investment. *Station.*—I suppose that you hold Grand Trunk First Prefs. If so, sell out on the next improvement, and divide your investments over Canadian Pacifics, Louisville, and Norfolk and Western Prefs., all dividend-paying and progressive stocks. *S. M. E.*—Yes; Interoceanic of Mexico stocks will recover. See remarks in last on this week's issue. *Stert.*—Your investments are, on the whole, very satisfactory. No reason to sell No. 1-2. The bonds, No. 3, are quite safe. No. 4 are recovering. No. 5 perhaps not very promising. All your American stocks, No. 6-12, will benefit by the present Yankee boom, but when the latter has developed further, you will do well to sell out of 11 and 12, and exchange into Louisville or Norfolk Prefs. (7). I do not care for these Brazilian Railway shares (13). Sell on a recovery. *W. W., Manchester.*—The Chattanooga Land, Coal, and Iron and Railway Company is one of the Southern booms that are now being pinched through the tightness of time loans. The firm in question is very respectable, and I do not think that you can do better than place yourself in their hands. I have no doubt that they went into the matter in perfect good faith. *Kent.* I do not care for that new huge Brazilian Company, the Companhia Geral, and should advise you not to convert. There are at present plenty of cheap investments to be had. Try Costa Rica Government bonds, or well-selected American Railroad bonds. *G. W.*—The letter of the Secretary of the Interoceanic of Mexico gives full particulars, and should reassure debenture holders. See also remarks under "Mexican Rails."—*Alpha, Sunderland.*—You will find a number of gilt-edged American Railroad bonds mentioned under "American Railroad Bonds." The present is a good time to buy, as prices are very cheap and likely to improve. *Seeker.*—You will find under "American Railroad Bonds" a list of—1. Gilt-edged American Railroad bonds; 2. Higher-yielding bonds, from which you can make your selection.

Mining Shares.

Kaplan.—Certainly hold both Nos. 2 and 3; these shares will recover again. As to No. 1 that particular trade is bad just now, but if you have patience to hold the shares will work right again. *Addie.*—1. Yes; take the new Preference stock of the Vogelstruis. 2. No; do not sell out. *M. U. C.*—Yes; I consider that you had better join the Venezuela Austin reconstruction. *Loanda.*—You had better hold all the six different mining shares, 1-6. The mining market is beginning to move, and they will probably recover. Yes; the low-priced American Railway shares mentioned are worth buying, especially No. 9 (Missouri, Kansas, and Texas), and Ohio and Mississippi. *Mining Spec.*—Yes, Mysore Nagar are a promising cheap speculation. *L. N. O.*—Otto's Kopje has been reconstructed, and lost its shady entourage. It is a fair low-priced mining gamble. *Inquirer.*—Yes, Kaffir shares are improving. Durban Roodepoort and May's Consolidated deserve special attention. Oceanas seem on the eve of a further rise. *O. P.*—Hold Australian Broken Hill Consols, and buy more to average.

Industrial Companies.

Observer.—The balance-sheet looks very unfavourable, the Company seems to be extravagantly managed, and I should get out of it at once. *Scotus.*—1. I am afraid that prospects of this Company are not favourable, and that dividends are not in sight. 2. If you can get a decent offer, sell. 3. Not as far as I know *Ajax.*—I am glad to hear that you are pleased with your investment in Young's Paraffin, which are doing well. *Q. T. B.*—This is a speculative industrial investment about which it is very difficult to form a conclusive opinion. *Tito.*—I fancy it would be advisable for your friend to join the reconstruction of the Company. *A. E. S.*—I see no reason to change your investments at present. No. 1 is doing excellently; 2 is a fair investment of the kind; 3 ditto; 4 is connected with the iron and steel trade, and is, therefore, not particularly remunerative just now; 5, a fair speculative investment; 6, good, if not high yielding; 7, with fair promise for the future.

Mixed Investments.

W. K., Bayswater.—The National Bank of Mexico (1) is doing well, and there is no reason to sell. No. 2 are very speculative bonds, but likely to recover. Hold No. 3, but sell on the next important recovery which is probable. Hold 4 and 5, these American bonds will see much higher prices. Bell's Abestos (6) should be held, the "Bears" are making frantic endeavours to cover. Hold 7 and 8, they are all likely to recover. This will also, doubtless, be the case with the mining shares, 9, 10, and 11. The shares of the South American and Mexican Company (12) should improve with any marked recovery in South American securities. Oceana (13) are on the upward tack, but North British Deferred (14) should be sold on a further recovery. *Dubious.*—If you have patience to hold, these investments will come round again. 2. Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds, Midland Railway Ordinary stock, Buenos Ayres Great Southern Four per Cent. Debenture stock, and a selection from the American Railroad bonds named in my remarks on "American Railroad Bonds." *Chi va piano.*—As the money may be required unexpectedly, it will be preferable to deposit it with a good London bank. *Pacha.*—If the money may be required at any time, the only safe course is to place it on deposit. *Plym.*—1. For investment of £10,000 with safety, you might select the following:—Midland Railway Ordinary, Manitoba Debentures, Buenos Ayres and Great Southern Debentures, Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds, Canadian Pacific Mortgage bonds, and a selection of three or four American Railroad bonds, as fully set out under "American Railroad Bonds." 2. Yes, French Elmore Copper, and Australia Broken Hill Consols are a good speculation. *Alpha, Berks.*—A similar selection as the preceding one, recommended to "Plym" under No. 1, would suit your purpose.

Various Investments.

Bell's Asbestos shares have now recovered to close upon 10, and the "Bear" operators who are now trying to get in are finding it very difficult to buy at anything like these prices. What has become now of all that rabid "Bear" talk about the price of the shares falling to "par"? The fact is that, according to all accounts, the position of the Company is good, and in accordance with the statements made to me by the managing director some time ago. Now that operators for the fall are attempting to cover, there is no stock about, and holders will do well either to average at present prices or, at any rate, to stick tightly to their shares. They will now find their property, with which ursine operators have taken such liberties, rapidly appreciate! 15 is much nearer the proper figure than 10. Elmore Copper shares have been attacked by the "Bears," but the latter will have to insure their skins, as a marked recovery may take place at any time. I understand that visits of influential parties to the works near Leeds have just been arranged in accordance with the suggestion which I made a week ago. Nitrate shares have been slightly more active at times, although the movement is premature. The higher price of nitrate can hardly bring much profit to the Companies for the current year. In the meantime, much interest centres in the forthcoming battle between the Congressionists and Balmacedists near Valparaiso. The recovery in Trust stocks has made further progress in sympathy with the improvement in Argentine stocks, which are held largely by many of the Trust Companies. St. Louis Brewery shares are improving on favourable advices from the States. A trustworthy correspondent writes from that city that prospects for American Brewery Companies for next year have greatly improved. He estimates that hops will be bought at 15 cents per lb., against 43 cents in the past year, while barley and maize are very heavy crops.

The Servian Bacon-Curing Company.

At a meeting of shareholders of the Servian Bacon-Curing Company, held on the 11th inst., some very curious revelations were made. It appeared from a report made by Mr. A. H. Sunner, the manager in Servia, who at the same time tendered his resignation, that the statements of the prospectus were in no way borne out by facts. The astounding assertions were made by Mr. Sunner that hogs suitable for the pur-

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured

poses of the Company could not be procured for anything like the price which had been anticipated, nor could the food, with which they would have to be supplied or the salt necessary for the process of curing. Thus, the very basis upon which the promotion of the Company was founded disappeared, and yet there was, on the part of the vendor, strong opposition to the winding-up of the concern. It will, of course, have to come to this, and I also hope that the extraordinary circumstances surrounding the promotion of this undertaking, which partakes of the wild-cat order to an unusual extent, will be investigated. The following letter draws attention to a special circumstance connected with this Company:—

20 and 22, Mathew-street, Liverpool,
August 19, 1891.

DEAR TRUTH,—I wish to draw your attention to the following cutting from the Servian Bacon-curing Company's prospectus:—

FOREIGN OFFICE.

The London Chamber of Commerce has received a communication from the Foreign Office, in which it is stated that "Mr. Frederick St. John, Her Majesty's Minister to Servia, has lately pointed out that the present time is singularly favourable should British merchants desire to extend their sphere of commercial action in the Balkan countries. He considers this to be the case more especially in regard to Servia."—*Press*, October 13, 1890.

The difficulties of want of transportation for her (Servia) produce are disappearing, and there seems no reason to doubt that a great industrial future is awaiting her. It would, indeed, be lamentable were we to fail through our neglect of present opportunities to secure our share in this future, of which the estimate formed by other nations may be judged by the strenuous efforts which are being made by Germany, Belgium, and Austria.—*Foreign Office Consular Report*, No. 534.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Pork-curing at Nisch.

In answer to Sir R. Lethbridge, Sir J. Fergusson said:—An exclusive concession for pork-curing has been granted to a British subject for fifteen years, with certain requirements as to his erection of a factory and obligations to slaughter 60,000 hogs in the first year, 80,000 in the second, and 100,000 in the third, with many contingent privileges and immunities. Her Majesty's Diplomatic and Consular Officers all over the world are instructed to report on enterprises which offer openings for British capital, and notices of such reports are frequently published.—*The Times*, August 1, 1890.

With reference to the above, having been asked by the Board of Directors to report on the prospects of this Company, I went to Servia about July 1 with Mr. John Barron, of Derby. In my opinion, "Her Majesty's Diplomatic and Consular Officers all over the world" had better be careful in their reports with reference to openings for British capital. It appears that Mr. Maclure, who is the Secretary to the British Legation at Belgrade, received a commission for placing shares of this Company in Servia. I believe the British Legation supplied the vendor with prices of corn and hogs in Servia, and the seal of the Legation was attached to the papers relative to same; fortified with these figures, the vendor floated this Company, and induced people who had a practical knowledge of the pork-packing business to invest heavily in the undertaking. The prices for hogs supplied by the British Legation were 50 per cent. under what they could be actually bought at.

I reported the facts to the Board on my return, whereupon the vendor went off quietly to Servia on his own account and came back with his hands strengthened, as he thought, with a lot more figures and statistics from the Servian Government, which figure for all practical purposes are entirely incorrect.

I think this is a very serious question for all British investors. One would naturally suppose that the reports of British Consuls and Legations are entitled to some respect. I think when these reports are made the Consuls at various points should state how they got these reports, and if they are satisfied themselves that such are true. It is a splendid opening for promoters if they can get official seals to their figures, and is certainly a method of liming the twig for the unfortunate British shareholder to hop on to. I trust you will ventilate this matter, as at the meeting of shareholders held on the 11th inst. I referred to this question, but none of the financial papers seems to attach any importance to it.

Hoping you will insert this in your next issue, and thanking you in anticipation,—I remain, yours truly, JAS. L. GRANT.

If the facts are as stated by my correspondent, who, of course, is responsible for them, and who does not seem to wish to shirk that responsibility, since he gives his full name and address, there is something very extraordinary in the conduct of this matter by Mr. Maclure, the Secretary of the British Legation at Belgrade, which should certainly be inquired into by the Foreign Office.—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

HOUSE DRAINAGE.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

QUEER STORY.

HIS GOLF-MADNESS.

WHEN Edward Standard married Ethel Preston every one said it was a mistake, and that they were a very ill-assorted couple, and for once every one was right. To begin with, Edward was forty, and Ethel was barely twenty. Edward hated society, whilst to Ethel balls, routs, dinner-parties, flirtations were as the breath of her nostrils. And what made it worse, Edward, who had amassed a considerable fortune in the colonies before he was middle-aged, had returned home for good and all, and, from being a man who lived laborious days, came to be a man whose time hung heavily on his hands.

At the time he came across Ethel, and fell head over ears in love with her, he was beginning to find his enforced idleness intensely irksome. However, for the moment his engagement and prospective marriage gave him an object in life, and in a vague sort of way he expected that matrimony would prove an occupation rather than merely a condition of life, and felt more hopeful for his future.

He looked forward to and promised himself satisfaction from his pretty wife's constant companionship. He pictured himself and her pottering along through life together, content to take as many sweets as they could get, and to minimise the evils of existence by an inseparable and sympathetic union. Love was all-sufficing—at least, so books and songs were continually reiterating, and he expected to find they spoke the truth.

They would have a place in the country, and they would have horses and ride about together, and they would have a trout-stream and they would fish together, and they would have a garden and plant it together, and they would have a library and a billiard-room, and a music-room and a lawn-tennis court, and this, that, and the other, and they would read and play billiards and sing together, and lob balls backwards and forwards to one another, and do this, that, and the other to their very great mutual satisfaction. That was Edward Standard's dream, but Ethel Preston's was very different.

Her intention was that they should have a house in Mayfair and live the life of a smart couple, and, like most smart couples, should see less of each other than of everybody else. Edward should belong to clubs and be away from home all day long, like other men were. She should have carriages and horses, and dresses and laces, and boxes at the Opera and at Ascot and Sandown, and her attendant fan-holders, which was the privilege of all pretty young married women. Not that she was vicious, but her one idea in life was to live and die smart, and certainly there would be little opportunity of doing either buried in the country with the one man in the world on whom all showiness would be worse than wasted. Dress was a passion with her, and what was the use of dressing without spectators? Edward might not care for that sort of life, but he would soon learn, like hundreds of others, to acquiesce in it. Men were such sentimental creatures before marriage—at least, non-society men like Edward were; but he would soon see that it was absurd to expect a girl to give up all her tastes and occupations just because she graciously consented to be his wife. From all of which it will be evident that Edward and Ethel were hardly the best-assorted couple in the world.

Of the two dreams above-mentioned Ethel's was the one most nearly fulfilled in the first year of their marriage. Edward, who was devotedly attached to his wife, gave her everything that she wished and that money could buy, but at the same time he did not conceal from her that the gay life she led and the separate existence to which he was condemned was anything but satisfactory to him.

Now Ethel, although she was not prepared to forgo all amusements of a gay and fashionable life at her husband's desire, was yet sufficiently attached to him to feel some compunction for his evident disappointment at the result of their matrimonial experiment. She, of course, did not see that she was to blame. It was so evidently his fault that he did not solace himself with occupations like to those of other men of her acquaintance. But still she

was not so heartless as not to feel anxious that he should find some interest in life that would free her from what he considered her responsibility for his discontent. She was, on the whole, very well satisfied with her own life, for she was very pretty and very popular, but at the bottom of all her enjoyments was the constant bitterness that her husband's unhappiness was a sort of reproach to her. If she could only rid herself of that she felt that she wanted nothing else. Not that she would have rid herself altogether of her husband if she could. There were times when she felt it the greatest relief in the world to have his quiet support to fall back upon, but then the craving for excitement and adulation and flattery would soon return upon her, and poor Edward's glimpses of paradise were never long enough to satisfy him.

Now, Ethel Standard prided herself on her powers of management. There was no doubt about it that she was blessed with a very nice tact, and, considering her youth, showed considerable dexterity in leading people by the nose. Diplomacy may be another name for "lying as a fine art," but Macchiavelism is not condemned by everybody. And Ethel produced a rather elaborate little fiction for the purpose of developing an enthusiasm in her husband which would relieve her from the reproach of neglecting him.

"Edward," she said, just before Whitsuntide, "I'm sick of London. We must get right away together alone into the country."

"Them's my sentiments exactly, my darling; where shall we go?" said Edward, delighted at the prospect.

"Oh, I've heard of a delightful place right on the top of the Cotswolds. The Saundersons have taken a house on Minchinhampton Common, and they say there's a dear little place with a lovely little garden close by to let. What do you say, dear, shall we spend Whitsuntide there?"

The crafty little woman said nothing about the golf bacillus which is said to abound in those high latitudes, nor did she hint at the fact that the whole population of the neighbourhood surrounding Minchinhampton, Painswick Proud, Beggarly, Bisley, and Strutting Stroud, talks, dreams, thinks, and energizes about caddies, and bunkers, and brassies, and foozles, and putties, and gutties, and divots, and stymies, to the exclusion of almost every other consideration in life.

"Once," Tom Saunderson, an enthusiastic golfer himself, had said to her, "Once, Mrs. Standard, you get your husband to address a golf-ball with the object of emulating the average drive of a golfing friend, once he finds that the club oftener misses than meets that ball, and once you laugh at him for failing in his attempt, from that moment, in the words of a classic, he is a golfer. Nothing can save him, his days will be occupied with topping balls along the ground, and his nights with dreaming of balls flying through the air. No idle man who has once taken up the fascinating pursuit has ever been known to abandon it, and many a man has given up the prosecution of learning, the hope of distinction, the carrying on of business for the sake of pursuing 'gutties' and 'putties' to their destined holes."

These words had sunk deep into Mrs. Standard's mind, and with Tom Saunderson's co-operation, she looked forward to the enthralment of her husband, and certainly the results fully justified their anticipations.

The day after their arrival at Laburnum Lodge, Tom Saunderson had called round. He carried in his hand a brassy.

"What's that thing?" said Edward.

"Oh, a golf club."

"What, do they play golf up here? I've never seen the game played."

"Never seen the game played, my dear fellow, why, no one does anything else here. What do you say to a walk round the links?"

"Oh, do let us," chimed in Ethel, running up at once to put on a hat.

"This is Pond Hole," said Tom Saunderson, after they had been walking a few minutes, and found themselves by the circular little piece of water which is paved, like another place, with good intentions in the shape of golf balls.

"You see that grassy corner there up among the trees, about a quarter of a mile away, that's Lancaster's Hole; you have to drive the ball from there, in as few strokes as you can, on to this green. Once on the green you try to putt the ball into this little hole."

He took a "gutty" out of his pocket, and threw it on to the green about ten feet from the hole.

"That looks easy enough," said Edward.

"It's harder than it looks," retorted Tom. Then, turning to Ethel, he said,

"The next hole is up over yonder, this side of the distant wall. That's the Gate Quarry Hole."

Meanwhile Edward was surreptitiously trying, with but little success, to putt the ball into the hole with the handle of his walking-stick. It was harder than he had expected.

"Oh, I should so like to see a drive," suddenly exclaimed Ethel.

"That's easily done," said Tom, and, dropping a ball, with a beautiful clean sweep he sent it flying away over the pond a hundred and fifty yards towards the Gate Quarry.

"Oh, that's lovely, do let me have a try," cried Ethel.

Tom tee'd a ball nicely for her, and by good luck she sent it a few yards over the greedy pond in front. Then nothing would satisfy her but that Edward should try to emulate her success, and Tom, not without a sly smile, deposited another ball in position.

Their victim then grasped the "brassy" tight with both hands, brought it back quickly with both arms well bent, rose on his toes, and hit wildly at, and—entirely missed, the ball.

Ethel laughed merrily, and Tom said, "Try again."

He did try again, and this time hit the earth so soundly with the heel of the club, some six inches off the ball, that he broke the head clean off the handle. Then there was an end to their performance that journey, but from that moment Edward Standard had an object in life. From that day he followed a jack-o'-lantern, a will-o'-the-wisp which landed him in ruts, in quarries, in bushes, in ponds, and bunkers of all sorts. He invested in innumerable drivers, and brassies, and bulgers, and irons, and niblicks, and mashies, and cleeks, and spoons, and putters. In fine, before they left Laburnum Lodge he was a golf maniac of the most pronounced type.

When they returned to town, he cut a series of holes in the carpet of the billiard-room, and practised putting round the table. He became a member of every golf club that had a vacancy, and got put down for every one that was full. He spent at least four days a week, on the average, out of town, and was soon known on every green in the United Kingdom.

And Ethel Standard was abundantly satisfied. She could now enjoy herself with a clear conscience. She and her husband seemed to have reached a nice equilibrium in their lives. It was very gratifying to realise that now, for the first time since their marriage, her content was equalled by his.

"Teddy," she said to him one day at breakfast, "you remember it's Doncaster next week?"

"Oh, is it?" he answered absently, turning over the leaves of the *Field*. "I hope it'll be decent weather. I shall be at St. Andrew's."

"Indeed, you won't, my darling. You've got to take me to Yorkshire."

"My darling, I'm afraid that's quite out of the question. I've arranged with the two Fenwicks and Jack Loring to go up to-morrow (Sunday morning) by the Scotch express, and play a series of foursomes all through the week."

"Well, I do call that a shame. You knew I should want you for Doncaster."

"My darling, I knew no such thing. Indeed, it's very difficult for me to know when you do want me. I'm sorry it should put you out; but really you have only yourself to blame."

"Oh, of course, of course, you never do anything

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wrong. I wonder you like your wife to go to races under the escort of any other man. I should have thought, at least, my husband was the proper person to take me to such places."

"Now, Ethel, you know you are talking nonsense. However, it's no use discussing the matter further. I cannot go with you to Yorkshire, and there's an end of it."

Yes, and that was not only the end of their first battle on equal terms, but it was also the beginning of the complete emancipation of Edward Standard from the government of his wife.

But it is not our object to follow out the process by which the equipoise of life was soon a thing of the past. It is sufficient to say that, whereas in the first year Ethel had ignored her husband's happiness, and neglected her domestic duties for the sake of routs, dinner-parties, flirtations, and balls, now, in the second year of their married life, Edward evidenced a devotion to putting-greens, hazards, and golf-balls, which deprived Ethel almost completely of his society.

And then, of course, like every other human being, directly she had, by every means in her power, brought about a riddance, nothing would satisfy her but that she must have her plaything back again. In her heart of hearts she had always loved her husband, and now, deprived of his ever-ready attention, she found, to her dismay a growing distaste for the frivolities to which she had up till now devoted herself. And then she grew frightened, for she found herself thinking, "I cannot live without some one to love me. Suppose I have lost Edward's love for ever. Well, if I have, he is as much to blame as I am, and he must take the consequences."

Indeed, so terrified did she become at the reckless thoughts which came into her head, and the persistent way in which the impassioned tones of one of her most constant esquires would recur again and again to her remembrance, that she sent a telegram there and then to Edward, who was at their cottage on Minchinhampton Common, announcing her intention of joining him the next day. However, a few hours brought back the following reply:—

Sorry. Cottage full of men. Come next week.

Had Edward Standard known what was in Ethel's mind, and what this rebuff meant to her, he would have given his guests summary notice to quit, but as Nathaniel Hawthorne says in his tale of "David Swan," "we hear not the airy footsteps of things that almost happen." When he hesitated whether he should postpone Ethel's visit or not, he little guessed that his future and hers hung in the balance.

That same evening Ethel addressed a letter to Captain Julian Carbine, care of E. Standard, Esq., Last Hole Cottage, Minchinhampton Common. It ran as follows:—

My Dear J.,—You, of course, remember the proposal you made to me when we parted at Lady Fortune's dance last week. I felt that I could not then possibly fall in with your plans. Edward has, however, again treated me with the most absolute coldness. I despair of ever regaining his love. I shall go down to the place you mentioned, by the eleven o'clock train, the day after to-morrow (Wednesday) morning, unless you wire to me that you cannot meet me there. Do not forget to telegraph for rooms.—Yours, ever affectionately, Ethel.

On Tuesday morning Julian Carbine, who had been Edward Standard's guest at Last Hole Cottage, since the previous Saturday, and had come down for a stay of ten days, suddenly packed up his traps and departed, leaving a message for his host, who was out at the time, that he was called to London on the most urgent business.

On Wednesday morning Edward Standard received the following letter. It was from one of Carbine's brother officers, and an intimate friend of his own. It ran as follows:—

[*Private.*]

Dear Standard,—I hear that Julian Carbine is staying with you. It has come to my knowledge that he is in danger of being led into an exceedingly serious entanglement, from which, as his friend and yours, I would give my right hand to save him. It is quite impossible for me to get away this week, and I beg you to keep a sharp look out on him, and, if he goes off at short notice, do you go with him and stick to him like a leech. If the worst comes to the worst, you may be able to head him off by showing him this letter.—I am, in great haste, yours ever,

Bernal O'Malley.

That same morning Edward Standard found the letter written by his wife to Julian Carbine lying about, and read it. The meaning of the whole thing flashed upon him in an instant.

That afternoon he arrived at his house in Eaton-square, and learnt from the servants that his wife had left town on Wednesday morning, saying she would be gone for a week, but leaving no address.

He thereupon took a hansom and drove off to Julian Carbine's club.

"Yes," the porter said, "of course, he would be happy to give Mr. Standard his address. There had been a letter only that very morning ordering everything to be sent on to the Captain at Cross-roads Cottage, Stow Plowden."

An hour later Edward Standard had taken train for the little Essex village.

In his heart murderous hate for a man who was false to him whilst yet eating his salt, and yearning, pitiful, reproachful love for a woman, hustled each other for place. And then there flooded back upon him all the early love for Ethel that had been swamped by the all-engrossing pursuit which he followed. After all, she had not been so much to blame in preferring her youthful amusements to a stay-at-home life with an old stick-in-the-mud like himself. If only he had had patience with her she would soon have tired of these frivolities, and by natural process have come back to his companionship. At any rate, he had no right, once having made her his wife, to neglect her as he had done for this pursuit of the will-o'-the wisp which engrossed his every thought. It was sheer insanity this outweighing of a woman's love with a golf-ball. Oh! how he cursed himself to think that now the mischief was done, and nothing remained but the conventional retaliation, the customary shameful repudiation.

Good God, how he prayed that if it were possible this thing might be as though it were not. But his experience told him that, though God may do all things, even He cannot undo the past, and despair settled down upon his soul.

"Yes," they answered to his inquiry at the little station, "yes, there was just such a couple as he described stopping at Mrs. Jones's at the cross-roads yonder, the white house on the brow of the hill."

And Edward Standard strode forward up the hill, blindly eager to get the thing over, but utterly oblivious of the fact that though he had rehearsed the scene to himself in a hundred different ways, he had not come to any definite conclusion as to how he proposed to comport himself.

"Mr. Carbine at home?" he asked of the little maiden who opened the door, and who was scared by the sight of this bloodless-faced, savage-looking stranger.

"No, sir, he's jest gone out; but Mrs. Carbine's in, sir, if she'll do."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Car—— that is to say, the lady will do just as well," said Edward, with a grisly attempt at a smile, as he stumbled over his wife's new name.

"She's in there, in the parlour, sir," said the girl, intimating a closed door, "shall I tell her any name, sir?"

"No, thank you, she knows me; I'll announce myself."

With these words, Edward Standard seized the handle of the door and walked in.

There was a very smart and attractive-looking young lady sitting on the sofa. She rose as he entered.

"Oh, excuse me," said Edward, taken aback by the unexpected apparition. "I—er—the servant—er—said I should find Mrs. Carbine here. I beg your pardon, there must, I fear, be some mistake."

"Not in the least," was the exceedingly self-possessed answer. "I am Mrs. Carbine. To what am I indebted, may I ask, for this unexpected pleasure?"

"Oh, er—the fact is—I, er—by the bye—perhaps your husband will be in soon and I had better say it to him."

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Luckily for Edward Standard, at this moment the handle of the door turned and Julian Carbine stood in the room.

"By Jove, Standard," he said, holding out both hands to him, "this is, indeed, good of you. I should hardly have thought you could have got down so quickly from Gloucestershire in answer to my letter announcing my marriage and address. You have, I see, made the acquaintance of my wife already. I knew you would be great friends directly you met. Why, you must have started by the first train after receiving my letter. It is, indeed, good of you."

"Yes," said Edward, somewhat mendaciously, "I could not bear the idea of appearing cold in a matter which so deeply concerned your happiness, old fellow."

That evening, as he was saying "good-bye," Julian said to him,

"By the bye, Standard, please apologise to Ethel for me for my not having answered a letter I received from her the day I left Laburnum Cottage, asking me to go down to Felixstowe with her to teach her golf. She wanted to surprise you by her play when next you met."

MUSIC.

MADAME PATTI has now definitely contracted an engagement with that Napoleon of entrepreneurs, Mr. Abbey, for an opera tour in the United States next winter, leaving Ireland at the conclusion of Messrs. Harrison's concert tour, towards the end of November, and making her reappearance in the new world before Christmas. At present she proposes to be back in England by May, as in the course of the grand season she will give two or three concerts at the Albert Hall. La Diva at one time thought of reserving her reappearance in America till the Chicago Exhibition year of 1893, but more than one impresario made her offers for concerts, and she ultimately settled with Mr. Abbey for opera. A good many guesses have been tried as to the salary she will receive, but the secret is, at any rate for some little time, to be kept. It is understood, however, that her fees will again, to a certain extent, be based upon the plan of "payment by results," that is to say, that the great prima donna will be guaranteed a specified nightly sum, in any event, and that she will afterwards share in any receipts which exceed a certain sum. If Mr. Abbey intends that Madame Patti shall join his regular troupe, and play on alternate nights with M. Jean de Reszke, he will have probably the most expensive operatic company known in the history of music. The De Reszkes, M. Capoul, Mesdames Albani, Van Zandt, Lilli Lehmann, and Scalchi all receive high salaries; and even Miss Eames, who is comparatively a beginner, is, it is alleged, to be paid at the rate of £160 per night. With the De Reszke troupe, however, Mr. Abbey intends to visit only Chicago and New York; but his company is a large one, and can easily be divided, so that Madame Patti is likely to be heard in other cities of the States. It seems a thousand pities that arrangements cannot be made for her appearance in opera in London.

An extra operatic performance was given at Craig-y-Nos on Friday as a compliment to Prince Henry of Battenberg, who was at Swansea for the Eisteddfod, and ran over for the day to the Castle on a visit to Madame Patti. Mr. Novara was hastily recalled from his holiday at Cromer to play Mephistopheles, Madame Valda came from the Carl Rosa troupe in Dublin to double the rôles of Siebel and Martha, and the hostess and her husband were the Marguerite and Faust in the garden act of M. Gounod's opera. Aftewards La Diva sang "Il Bacio," the most popular, and "Rosebuds," the latest, of the waltz songs of her old friend, the veteran Signor Arditi.

The Welsh Eisteddfod duly took place last week. There was not much variety in the proceedings, which, as usual, consisted of daily choral and other competitions and evening concerts, varied by slate splitting contests and the "chairing of the Bard." At one of the meetings for discussion strong complaints were made against the almost total neglect of orchestral music by the Welsh. There are hundreds of choirs in Wales, some of them of very great excellence, but in the whole Principality—save at Swansea, where Mr. Squire has trained a capital band—there is barely a solitary symphony orchestra of adequate numbers. It is, at any rate, satisfactory to find that this defect is recognised by Welsh musicians, and that some pretty plain words have been spoken on the subject. At the same time, none of the remedies proposed is particularly happy. It is obviously of little use to offer small prizes at Eisteddfodau for violin, or even for quartet playing; while the demand for money to pay a staff of missionary musicians, who would be content for a few years to bury themselves in various outlying districts in order to cultivate the local talent, is equally nonsensical. Local talent obviously declines to be cultivated, or, at any rate, shows a supreme indifference in the matter, and all the missionary musicians in the world would be powerless to conquer such apathy. The problem, therefore, has yet to be solved, although, if the Welsh displayed any desire to study orchestral instruments, there would be no difficulty in providing teachers.

It is proposed to celebrate the centennial of Meyerbeer's birth at the Crystal Palace with a concert on September 5. Both the scheme and the date are unfortunate, and I do not for a moment suppose that they will receive the sanction of Mr. Manns. Meyerbeer was essentially an opera composer, and his music is wearisome enough in a concert room; while to hold the celebration on September 5 would be vastly absurd for two reasons: first, because on that day all the musical critics and many wealthy music lovers will start for Hereford for the Triennial Festival; and secondly, because the records of the Jewish confraternity, preserved at Berlin, show that Meyerbeer was born on September 23. If it be necessary to celebrate Meyerbeer's centennial at all, the proper way would be to place "Les Huguenots" on the stage as Meyerbeer intended it, and not in the outrageously mutilated form now adopted in England.

The first of the Carl Rosa revivals of the present season is fixed for Friday of this week, when "Fadette" will be given at Blackpool, with Madame Marie Roze as Rose Friquet, a part which she created in England. "Fadette," it may be said, is an English version, prepared for and produced some time since in the provinces by the late Carl Rosa, of Maillart's "Les Dragons de Villars," the overture to which, by the way, is now being played nightly in front of "La Cigale" at the Lyric.

It is understood that in the incidental music to "Hamlet," which Mr. Henschel is writing for Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the composer has utilised a couple of alleged Danish melodies preserved in the British Museum. To what purpose is by no means clear. If Hamlet be not altogether a mythological personage, he lived (according to the commentators) about 500 B.C. Whether the date is correct or not does not in the least signify, for it is perfectly certain that for at least a thousand years afterwards the Danes had no music, properly so-called, at all. To introduce so-called Danish melodies into "Hamlet" would therefore be as hopeless an anachronism, as to cause the King to enter to the strains of "God Save the Queen," because that tune now happens to be the national hymn of Denmark. Sir Arthur Sullivan in his "Macbeth" music perceived this obvious difficulty, and wisely resolved to make no attempt at local colour. For the rest, if the account, which has apparently been furnished by Mr. Henschel himself be correct, the incidental music will probably be found to be of the very advanced German school—*i.e.*, a work of the "programme" sort, and duly provided with the inevitable "leading motives." More than one Danish tune was utilised by Sir A. Sullivan in the music written by him in 1863 on the arrival of the Princess Alexandra. By the way, when incidental music was wanted for "Hamlet" I wonder no one thought of applying to a Danish composer to do the work. We have several Danish musicians of high talent resident in London, from the brothers Hartvigoon downwards.

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The engagement of Miss Kate James for Chinna, and of Mr. Penley for the Rajah, will give that strength to the cast of "The Nautch Girl" which has been needed since the departure on their entertainment tour of Miss Jessie Bond and Mr. Rutland Barrington. I am told that, despite the dull season, the Savoy piece is going capitally, and that it is hoped it will run until Sir A. Sullivan's new comic opera is ready next year. If not, another opera by Mr. Solomon will, I believe, be available.

The "dead-heads" of Birmingham are already beginning to squabble about the distribution of free tickets. With almost amusing effrontery these worthy individuals seem to look upon gratuitous tickets as a sort of right, and are by letters to the local papers indicating to the Festival committee in what quarter they should be placed. If the committee are wise they will let it be known, once and for all, that not a single ticket will be given away, except to a few of the distinguished musicians who are invited to the Festival and to the critics. The "dead head" system has been the curse of the Birmingham Festival, and more than once on slack nights, scores of people have been passed into the reserved seats, before even the "rovers," or serial ticket-holders, were permitted to take their places. We all know what happens in such cases. So long as a chance of a gratuitous admission remains, "dead heads" will not buy tickets. To "paper" the house in order to see the hall full is, therefore, a perfectly suicidal policy, and one for which the unfortunate results of the Festival of 1888 were largely responsible. At Leeds, on the other hand, no free tickets of any sort (except, of course, to the press) are distributed. Music lovers know that if they want to get in they will have to pay, and in the result the hall is crowded at every performance, and a handsome profit is realised.

At Chester it seems that the recent festival proved pecuniarily successful, and that there was a balance of £186 to the good. Provincial musical festivals are usually supposed to be held for the benefit of a hospital or other charities. At Chester, however, the money was divided in a somewhat original fashion. £105 was voted as an honorarium to Dr. Joseph Bridge, the conductor, and £70 went to the charity, which in this case meant the Cathedral Restoration fund.

The pretty outspoken newspaper comments upon the treatment of the Rev. J. Kelly by the Corporation of Liverpool have had their effect. It is now explained that the Committee of the Corporation did not intend to subject this aged clergyman to the indignity of deducting from his salary the costs of an unsuccessful action. This being the case, it seems a pity that the Committee ever allowed the obnoxious resolution to have been brought forward.

The dispute between the choirmen and clergy of Bath is progressing merrily enough. The choirmen have formed themselves into a Defence Association, upon the trades union plan, and they are putting to rout those of the clergy who have bound themselves by a species of self-denying ordinance not to pay more than £8 per year to any chorister. It seems that the choirmen stand out for the utterly extravagant salary of £10 per annum (no less than sixpence halfpenny per diem), and have got it, while some of the leaders even receive a little more. In the epistolary warfare they appear to have been equally successful. The clergy protested that their only object in binding themselves not to pay more than £8 a year to any choirman, was "to put a stop to the practice of members of the choir moving from one church to another on being offered a slightly higher salary." A heinous offence, truly. But the choristers, with unanswerable logic, have replied, "Choirmen are not the only persons who 'move from one church to another for a slightly higher salary.' Rectors have been known to do the same thing, and some go as far as from eastern to western counties to attain it."

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GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I have a theory that the people who spent their childhood near a river are never quite happy in later life unless they can live near one. The same may hold good about the sea, but I am quite convinced that it does about a river. Its varying voice entwines itself with our early associations, and in that way becomes a part of us; one of the things by which, as some one has said, we should know ourselves if all external circumstances were suddenly to change. When we grow up and live in towns and cities, where the river is but a crowded and malodorous highway, we unconsciously and vaguely feel that something is lacking to us.

When we found ourselves living near the river, we felt a contentment of mind that induced us to acquire a cottage and a garden in which to ruralise and riverise at will, and hence the above theory, for we should all feel like exiles if we were compelled to live in any place that did not possess a great wide stream. It is delightful, when the weather is fine, to sit in a boat and be rowed up against the stream, then drifting gently down, while we "prospect" the people in the other boats. There are the family parties, with father and son at the oars, and the girls looking rather as if they found it monotonous. There are the pic-nic people, the young women, bright-eyed and animated, the young men, attentive, and, in some instances, evidently glamoured by the soft illusions that belong to youth. The honeymoon couples are plainly to be detected. A pair of these amused us intensely the other evening. The lady sat in the stern and steered, while her barque drifted slowly down stream. On her knees was a book from which she read aloud to her recumbent spouse, who lay across the boat at her feet, smoking a cigar, and looking the very embodiment of repose and peace. In contrast with these came a four-oared boat, the crew practising hard, the meagre little coxswain directing them in a voice that was painfully sharp, while they presented a spectacle of straining muscles and anxious faces. Almost equally hard worked a girl on the tow-path, with two small brothers, holding a rope by which she and they pulled a dreadfully lazy-looking elder brother and sister up against the stream. The young men in the outriggers have rather an undressed effect, in their guernseys and abbreviated accompaniments, and their action in rowing seems to outsiders of a rather inconvenient kind, the knees rising high with every stroke, as the seat slides forward. Some men, however, manage it all with marvellous grace, while others appear as if they were worked with wires, using far more exertion than is really necessary. The steam and electric launches also vary the scene. Life on the river is, taken all round, anything but monotonous, I can assure you, and we are going to hire a house-boat for a month or so next year, if all is well, and we are not swamped by the raging breakers of the City scare.

Just fancy, Amy, dear, some one has started a Company for turning out a constant supply of good wives, perfectly competent in every branch of domesticity, and guaranteed, so far as a diploma can guarantee them, to accomplish every particular of home duties in unimpeachable fashion. To Edinburgh belongs the credit of this happiest of inspirations. A school of cookery there has developed into this grand scheme. Charlie declares that the shareholders ought to have first choice of the successful students. What a rush there would be for a group of girls warranted to wash well, to cook to perfection, to clean silver and glass, to make their own dresses (and, perhaps, their husband's coats!), to knit, patch, mend, construct their own bonnets, trim their own hats, keep accounts, nurse invalids, and work church embroidery. These attainments comprise the curriculum, and the Company undertakes to turn out the perfect article in twenty weeks! Quick work, is it not?

Would you like to join the classes? You can live on the premises, if you like, which would be a good plan, for even when not actively acquiring the necessary information, you could be unconsciously imbibing it with the atmosphere. You could begin with the winter session, on September 14, and be turned out completed on February

10, 1892. It would cost you only £20, in addition to the expense of board and lodging. Twenty pounds is a mere nothing to give in exchange for being made into a perfect wife, equipped at every point.

The only preliminary examination is in plain sewing, a course of which must be taken if the student fails to pass. Henceforth, the eyes of England will turn hopefully to Edinburgh for useful wives. The diploma should be something that could be worn as an ornament, so that all men might know the successful young women.

Engaged girls should lay out some of their trousseau-money upon the "Housewife's Diploma," especially if what everybody says is going to come true—that we are shortly to have no servants, the supply having been gradually diminishing during the last thirty years. Perfection in such varied accomplishments as form the curriculum would be far better than a fortune to bring to a husband.

Nelly, who went out to India a bride last autumn, writes from Poona, under date July 10:—

We are in the midst of the gay season just now, and I am enjoying myself tremendously. Instead of Jack objecting to my flirting with other men, he really seems to like it, which is very satisfactory and pleasant, especially as the dear boy never attempts anything of the kind on his own account, though I am told he was rather a masher before marriage. Lady Harris's dance last night was delightful, but I had my pretty new ball-dress ruined by the officers' spurs. Do, dear Madge, write to the Commander-in-Chief and ask him to make a new regulation forbidding the wearing of spurs in a ball-room. There have been so many new rules of late about military costume that one more cannot possibly matter to the authorities, "but oh! the difference to us!" I entered the room as neat as though I had just walked out of a fashion-plate, and in the middle of a "square" I heard the well-known sound of rending. Apologies, a sweet smile, and a flight in quest of some one with a needle and cotton. That darling chiffon gown in palest eau-de-Nil—you should see what a wreck it is. The first waltz tore the frill that bordered it into rags, and I felt like a bit out of the "Beggars' Opera." I borrowed a pair of large scissors when the dance was over, and simply cut off the whole of the flounce, being in rather a hurry to get back to the ball-room, for my next partner was a delightful man—*so* good-looking, Madge, and had an insinuating way with him that made me almost think he was a little in love with me. That small impression only lasted till I saw him about an hour later sitting out with another, and looking and murmuring in exactly the same way to her! One comfort was, that she looked taken in too. But do not forget, now, Madge, to write to some of the papers, and suggest that spurs shall be banished from the ball-room. If you could have seen me at the end of the evening—or, rather, early in the morning! I was bereaved of about a fifth of my skirt. I will not have any more chiffon ball gowns. But Mrs. Threestars tells me that her pretty white satin was damaged by spurs, so what is one to do but appeal to one's country for relief?

The floor was very slippery—so much so that a few couples came to grief, a disaster for which there is never any sympathy felt, though some may be expressed. I hope I shall never come down in ignominious fashion in a ball-room.

The men outnumbering the women at dances and elsewhere is one of the novel features in Indian life that make it so pleasant to the new-comer. After my few months' experience of it, I can quite understand how it is that the men at home have learned to appraise themselves at so high a rate. To be aware that one is in demand is a misleading bit of knowledge on occasion. I felt quite vain and uplifted when we first came out, but, after awhile, when I saw that the plainest and least attractive girls were equally sought after, I subsided to my natural level of subdued and no more than adequate self-appreciation! If you could see some of those girls, you would not wonder at my becomingly humble frame of mind.

Now, Madge, don't forget the spurs. The Prince of Wales would be the best person to approach on the subject. He is so good-natured and fond of dancing himself. A girl here once danced with him, and no one was ever twenty minutes in her company without hearing, "When I danced with the Prince of Wales," &c., &c. The incident has been a source of intense happiness to her ever since, and will so continue during the remainder of her existence. Happy Prince, to be able so easily to stock other lives with a fund of blissful contentment!

Clare sends me the following, not from Dublin, but from the Schweitzer-Hof, Lucerne:—

Dearest Madge,—You can imagine the feeling of humiliation and failure with which I write the above address. We, who were so resolved to do something new; something that everybody else was not doing. I do not know exactly how or why it has happened that we have drifted into Lucerne, into the very stronghold of the touring—one might even go farther and say, "tripping"—world. So much for the vanity of human wishes! Our intentions have gone with so many others, to be pieced into that wonderful mosaic which is being eternally manufactured in the regions of darkness.

We are now, indeed, in beaten tracks, worn bare with the tread of touring legions. I suppose we only obeyed a natural and irresistible law in coming here, since every one, no matter where else he or she may be going, seems to come to Lucerne. The Tower of Babel hardly furnished a greater variety of tongues than one hears by the shores of the lake. Such opportunities for studying, not a nation, nor a race, but humanity itself *en voyage!* What object-lessons one can take in this typical hotel palace, under the alleys of trees, and on the crowded boats! And what "objects" one sees! Mankind, without any distinction of race or nation, has a fearful and wonderful taste in travelling dress. The men vie with the women in exercising it; in the former case the results are even more terrible than in the latter—which is saying a good deal for them. Men are usually dressed to order, and in strict accordance with precedent, witness the uniformity of dress in the Park during the London season, or at Ascot, &c. Can it be that touring costume is an outburst of individuality? If this be so, "and the apparel proclaims the man," how awful many of these revelations are. Is it the feeling—in a lesser degree, of course—which impels murderers to confess their crimes, that apparently leads the most thick-set men into knickerbocker costumes? What legs one sees in the most vivid leather mixtures! What feet, turned away from the greater leniency of dark shoes into the brightest of tan ones! Even the head dresses of the most uncompromising of our sex are not more appalling.

Besides the ordinary tourist world, there are crowds of the fashionable world of France, Italy, and Belgium, to say nothing of Kings and minor Royalties. The youthful King of Servia spent his birthday anniversary here with his father. The party made the excursion to Brienz over the Brunnig Pass by rail, returning the same way. I cannot reconcile myself to those railways, can you? They have taken all the poetry out of Swiss nature, annihilated the lofty grandeur of the mountains by scaling them, and dispelled the mystery of their solitudes by the scream of the steam whistle. I felt an overwhelming sympathy for these outraged giants Pilatus and Rigi, as, from the railway stations at their feet, I watched the motley, heedless, and irreverent crowds tearing up and down their rugged sides. No wonder they clothe themselves in clouds and thunderstorms. A real wonder, however, is that these manifestations of a righteous wrath have no deterring effect on the unabashed tourist. Though the thunder roars, and the rain pours down in torrents, Pilatus and the Rigi have to be done, the touring hordes must sweep over their proud heads. By the way, amongst those whom I saw setting out for the ascent of the Rigi, were ex-Minister Crispi and his family. I had strength of mind enough to await at Vitzuau the return of the rest of the party, who made the ascent of the Rigi. I am bound to say that my friends called it by a different name—viz., weakness of mind, which shows that one's neighbours' and one's own view of one's self can be diametrically different. I wonder which is the more correct? We are not supposed to know ourselves, but I am inclined to think we do usually know ourselves far better than we get the credit for. Possibly the very nature of that knowledge makes us only too glad to accept the dictum that no man knows himself.

The weather of late has been dreadfully bad in Lucerne and its neighbourhood, an occasional day of broiling sunshine, followed by a thunderstorm and many days of rain, sometimes torrential, sometimes of the Scotch mist family. Coming from our islands one feels dreadfully aggrieved with bad weather. It is a home specialty that one likes to leave at home. Last week, during the nights, fresh snow fell on all the high mountains. On some mornings there has been a suspicion of frost in the air. Does not that seem a calamitous weather report for the season of summer holiday? Don't think that we grumble. Not at all. Alternating between warm woollen costumes—which we are fortunate enough to possess—and light, airy costumes of delaine and foulard, we philosophically accept one more pain added to the pleasures of touring. There are many smart costumes to be seen here, most of them with the very négligé long loose jackets and vests in every variety; head-dresses of unmistakable Parisian stamp also abound. But I must not descend to millinery, though others do, on the shores of one of the most beautiful lakes in the world.

From Ireland we hear of a very gay and crowded Horse Show week, the usual large Viceregal party in the Park, also a gathering at Lord and Lady Iveagh's, and hotels in Dublin crowded to the utmost. If the weather be not good, it is no special Irish grievance this season.—Yours, &c., Clare.

I forget whether you turn a golden brown or freckle. Whichever you do, you will find that the following preparation is a good one:—Take a pint bottle; place in this the juice of 1 cucumber, which will be found to yield from 1 to 3 tablespoonfuls, according to the size of the cucumber. Half fill the bottle with elderflower water and 2 tablespoonfuls of eau de Cologne. After shaking it well, pour in slowly ½ oz. of tincture of benzoin. Fill up your bottle with elderflower water, and the lotion is ready for using.

A doctor who was with us on the river the other day, and whom I told about this, made an awful suggestion. "Instead of benzoin," he said, "use gin." Just think of it.

Here is another nice little bit of advice from the same source from which came the lotion. If you come home

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tired and fagged from any expedition, do not fly to half a glass of sherry or claret for relief and strength to dress for dinner—Take instead a glass of lemonade and drop in it a raw egg; beat all quickly with a little shaker and drink slowly. The feeling which is the result of this cooling and nutritious egg lemonade will be found simply delightful, and will have permanent effect, as well as a temporary refreshing one. It is very palatable, too.

Bird's-nest soup is a luxury but little known in England, though the nests are to be seen for sale in Piccadilly. Here is a recipe brought to Europe by Batavian merchants, and which is always followed in the King of Holland's kitchen, being a modification of Chinese methods to suit Western palates:—

Steep rather more than 4 oz. of the nests in water the night before they are required; they average ½ oz. each. In the morning, they should be examined one by one, and the tiny feathers that appear like black dots extracted by the help of a larding-needle. Cut them into strips, place in a saucepan, and cook slowly, with a little Madeira, a dust of cayenne, and a teaspoonful of meat extract dissolved in water, sufficient liquid in all to just cover them. Meanwhile, prepare a strong stock as follows:—Take 2 large Spanish onions sliced, 2 lb. of lean beef, 2 lb. of veal cut in pieces, and ½ lb. of lean ham. Brown these in a stewpan, over a slow fire, and then add a gallon of hot water, and allow the whole to come very gradually to a boil, removing the scum as it rises. A fowl, a couple of partridges, or a pair of pigeons are frequently added, according to the season, as also carrots or leeks. When the whole has been immersed for five or six hours, closely covered the while, strain the stock into an earthenware basin, and remove all traces of grease. When the nests are quite soft and gelatinous, add the stock, together with half a bottle of Madeira, and salt to taste. Skim carefully, and serve.

Ever, dear, your loving cousin, MADGE.

P.S.—I saw a delicious tea-gown yesterday on a very pretty woman. It was Nile-green chiffon, made over white silk, and bordered with one frill, headed with emerald trimming, which also formed the loosely-tied girdle, and the square collar, into which the whole length of the dress was gathered. The silk lining was, however, made to fit correctly to the figure.

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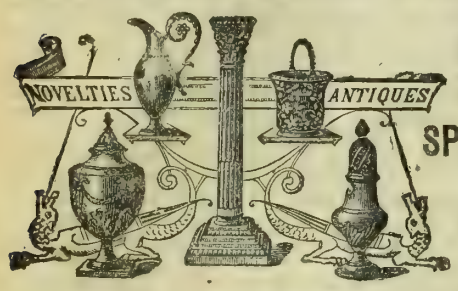

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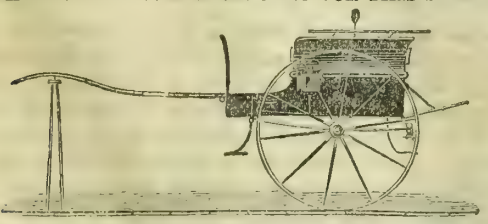

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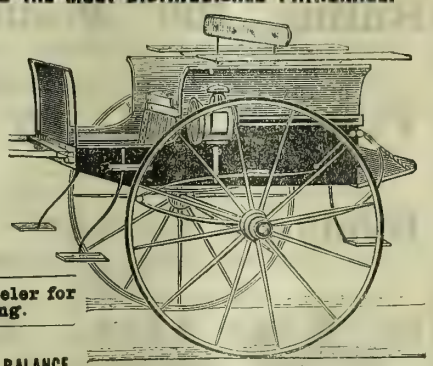

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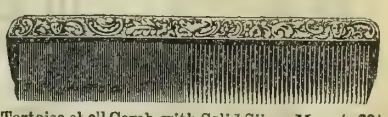

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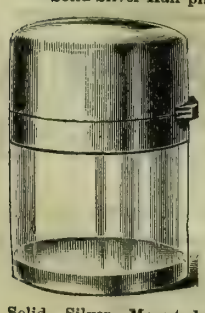

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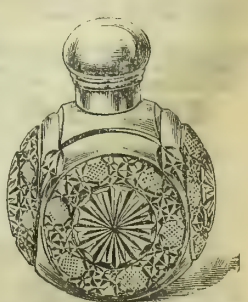

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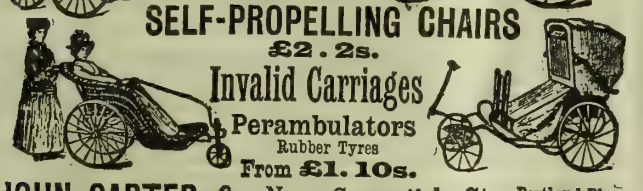

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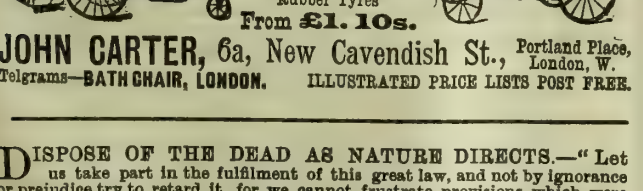

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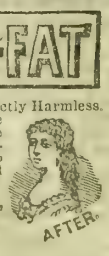
PURELY VEGETABLE, Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week: acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.
Botanic Medicine Co., 3, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.



TOO FAT!!
DR. GORDON'S ELEGANT PILLS
Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to
DR. GORDON,
18, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

ALL FAT PEOPLE
can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors, 70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

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E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £12,000,000.

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LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

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SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.

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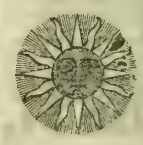
A. MUNKITTRICK, JUN., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.



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FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
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£361,500,000.

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No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. Railway Accidents. | Personal Injuries. Death by Accident.
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AT ALL TIMES—IN ALL PLACES
INSURED AGAINST BY THE
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1849. CAPITAL £1,000,000.
64, CORNHILL, LONDON.
W. D. MASSY, A. VIAN, } Secretaries.

Established 1868.
THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,
20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.

Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.
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THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY
58, Old Broad Street, London.
Capital, $3,000,000.
5 per cent. Deposits received for periods of not less than Six Months.
5 per cent. Debentures issued for a period of Five Years.
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ATKINSON & CO., Managers for the United Kingdom.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
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CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.
UNION DEPOSIT BANK,
No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE, Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From £30 to £5,000.
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
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A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
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EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

HOSPITALS AND APPEALS.

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CONTRIBUTIONS are EARNESTLY SOLICITED towards meeting the EXPENSES of this unendowed Hospital, and will be gratefully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Drummond, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Messrs. Martin & Co., or by the Secretary, at the Hospital.
The deficit on 31st December, 1890, was £7,550.

CANCER WARDS at THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, Mortimer-street, W.—The Weekly Board make an URGENT APPEAL for Funds in aid of these Wards. There are 34 beds set apart for patients suffering from this terrible malady. They are admitted without letters of recommendation, everything that human skill and kindness can suggest is provided, and sufferers are permitted to remain until relieved by art or released by death. Bankers, Messrs Coutts & Co.
F. CLARE MELHADO, Secretary Superintendent.

THE EARLSWOOD ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, Red Hill, Surrey.

628 Patients are now receiving Care and Education.
156 Candidates are Seeking Admission.
The Income is not sufficient to meet the Accounts now due, FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.
H. GERARD HOARE, Esq., J.P., Treasurer.
JAMES DOWNING, Secretary.
BANKERS: Messrs. Hoare, 37, Fleet-street, E.C.
OFFICES: 36, King William-street, London Bridge, E.C.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, Paddington, W.

The WINTER SESSION begins on October 1st, with an Introductory Address at 4 p.m. by Mr. H. JULER. The Annual Dinner will be held the same evening, Brigade-Surgeon ARTHUR MYERS, Scots Guards, in the Chair.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS IN NATURAL SCIENCE.
One of £105. } will be awarded by Examination on September
*Five of £52. 10s. } 24 and 25, at 10 a.m.
[*Two of which are specially open to Students from Oxford and Cambridge.]
The School has all the requisite Laboratories and appliances, and provides complete preparation for all the Examining Boards, and for the higher Examinations and Degrees of the Universities.
The Residential College is at 33 and 35, Westbourne-terrace, W. Students received at a charge of £60 for the academic year. Warden, E. W. Roughton, M.D. and B.S. Lond., F.R.C.S.

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Consulting Physician—Sir Edward Sieveking.
Consulting Surgeons—Mr. S. A. Lane, Mr. H. Spencer Smith.
Physicians—Dr. Broadbent, Dr. Cheadle, Dr. Lees.
Physicians to Out-Patients—Dr. Phillips, Dr. Maguire, Dr. Luff.
Surgeons—Mr. Norton, Mr. Owen, Mr. Page.
Surgeons to Out-Patients—Mr. Pepper, Mr. Silcock, Mr. J. E. Lane.
Physician Accoucheur—Dr. Braxton Hicks, F.R.S.
Physician Accoucheur to Out-Patients—Dr. Montagu Handfield-Jones.
Ophthalmic Surgeons—Mr. Critchett and Mr. Juler.
Aural Surgeon—Mr. Field.
Surgeon to the Skin Department—Mr. Malcolm Morris.
Surgeon Dentist—Mr. Morton Smale.
Physician to the Throat Department—Dr. Spicer.
Anæsthetist—Mr. Henry Davis.

OTHER LECTURERS IN THE SCHOOL.
Physiology, Dr. Waller; Chemistry, Dr. Alder Wright, F.R.S., and Mr. Leon, B.Sc.; Comparative Anatomy, Dr. Bottomley.

EXTENSION OF ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL AND SCHOOL.
The land adjoining the Hospital, now covered by 23 houses, has lately been bought, and arrangements are now being made to build—(1) a new out-patients' department, and also in separate blocks—(2) a Residential College for Students—(3) new Special Wards—(4) a Nurses' Home, and—(5) well-isolated Wards for Lying-in Women. The latter, now that there is a general outcry for the more thorough instruction of medical students in the practice of midwifery, will be a most valuable addition to the facilities for teaching.
This will add 100 beds to the Hospital, making 381 in all.
Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales have graciously consented to lay the Foundation Stone of the New Building. The estimated cost of this great addition to the Hospital and School is £100,000.
The prospectus may be had on application to the School Secretary, Mr. F. H. MADDEN.

G. P. FIELD, Dean.
A. P. LUFF, M.D., Sub-Dean.

WHEAT PHOSPHATES NOURISH BRAIN and FRAME.
WHEAT PHOSPHATES STRENGTHEN BONE & MUSCLE.
WHEAT PHOSPHATES ENRICH the BLOOD.

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DELICIOUS, SUMMER & WINTER.

Is a Cooked WHEATEN Powder, STRENGTHENED with the "FRAME FOOD" EXTRACT of WHEAT PHOSPHATES, and therefore the most

NUTRITIOUS FOOD in the WORLD

For CHILDREN OF ALL AGES; Develops Bones, Muscles, Teeth, and Brain.
For INVALIDS; Can be taken and RETAINED when all other Food is REFUSED.
For ADULTS; A Delicious BREAKFAST and SUPPER DISH. Increases VIGOUR, Restores STRENGTH.

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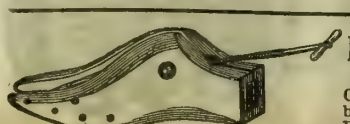
Or sent Carriage Paid, with full particulars, by
FRAME FOOD CO., LTD., LOMBARD ROAD, BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.



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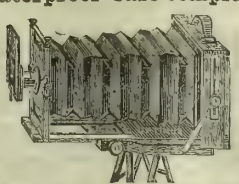

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Pictures 4¼ by 3¼ inches. Adapted for Hand or Tripod.

Carries Six Dry Plates.
Three Double Dark Slides, Focus Screen, View Finder, and Shutter.

With Rapid View Lens 55s.
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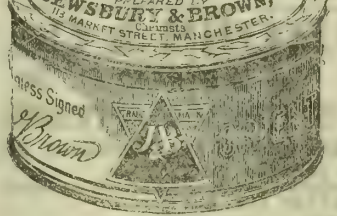
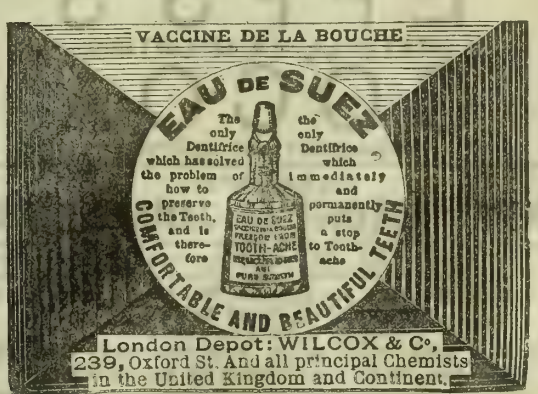
White, Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums to Old Age.



CAUTION.—The only genuine is JEWSBURY & BROWN'S.
Pots 1/6 and 2/6. All Chemists.
60 YEARS IN USE.



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CELESTINS.—For Affections of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, &c.
GRANDE-GRILLE.—For Affections of the Liver, &c.
HOPITAL, HAUTERIVE, PARC, &c.

INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

VICHY-LIQUEUR.—Valuable in cases of Gout where derangement of the stomach is a prominent symptom.

TOO THIN in the BUST. Send 3 stamps for pamphlet on sure and safe treatment, to the Manageress, PRETIOSA CARAMEL CO., Nottingham. Highest testimonials. (Quote Paper.)

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

"A comfortable sum, to be sure,"
You say, as you mark the pile,
But I'll tell you something that's worth still more
If you'll only listen awhile.

Ten thousand dollars is naught, compared
With a set of perfect teeth,
In fact, there's hardly a blessing more
Desirable, heaven beneath.

And SOZODONT will give it, sure,
If used each day with care,
'Twill harden well the gums, and scent
The breath with odors rare.

WHEN OTHER CHARMS HAVE FADED

A sound, white set of teeth redeems the countenance. But they should be brushed with SOZODONT to keep them in a healthy condition. The breath, moreover, is perfumed by this delightful toilet article, which has to a great extent superseded the old-fashioned powders and pastes. It is well-named SOZODONT, a word derived from the Greek, and signifying a preservative of the teeth. No dealer who says that some other dentifrice possesses qualities identical with SOZODONT, or superior to it, should be credited. Ask for SOZODONT. Sold by Chemists, 2s. 6d.

FLOR DE DINDIGUL

THE NEW MEDIUM MILD INDIAN CIGAR.

A most delightful weed, full of fine aroma and delicate flavour. Connoisseurs pronounce them better than Havannahs. Everyone should sample these really excellent cigars. Prices 22s. to 20s. per 100 (post-free). Samples, four for 1s. (14 stamps).

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Est. 1818. 10 Prize Medals. **HEERING'S** Gold Medals, Paris 1878. London, 1884.

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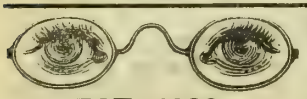
COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.

PETER F. HEERING, Purveyor by Appointments to the Royal Danish and Imperial Russian Courts, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Sold by all respectable Wine Merchants.



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EST. 1830. OPHTHALMIC OPTICIANS.

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BOILING WATER OR MILK.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

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CORDIAL ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER.

Prepared with finest Brandy (by a process which dissolves the sweetness, aroma, and warmth — the only valuable constituents). Most effectual in Sea Sickness, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Spasm, Cramp, and all Gouty Affections.

Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s., equal to three 4s. 6d.

The larger sizes forwarded post-free.

Prepared and sold at 5, Pimlico-road, Belgravia, London, S.W.; and sold by all Chemists.

LIQUEUR OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

This most excellent Liqueur, the great preventive of Indigestion, and almost certain remedy for Sea-sickness, can now be had of all Wine Merchants, and at prices much lower than formerly.
Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Very agreeable to take.
A LAXATIVE AND REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE for

CONSTIPATION,

HÆMORRHOIDS,
BILE,
HEADACHE,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
GASTRIC AND INTESTINAL TROUBLES.

Box 2s. 6d., stamps included.
Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

E. GRILLON,
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HOT MINERAL BATHS OF BATH.

Daily yield 507,600 gallons F. at 120°

FOUNDED BY THE ROMANS IN THE 1st CENTURY.

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BATHERS DURING 1890—97,299.

These Baths are unrivalled in Europe for luxury and extent, and contain all that modern improvements can provide for the comfort and relief of the invalid, or the enjoyment of those in health.

Reclining, Deep, and Swimming Baths. Thermal Vapour Baths, for Painful Conditions of Joints, &c. Douche, Inhalation, Aspiration, Pulverisation, &c., for Ear, Eye, Throat, &c. The Aix les Bains Massage System and Douches and Doucheuses.

The Medical profession send patients who suffer from Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Eczema, and other skin affections.

Letter to the General Manager will receive every attention.

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BATH CHAIRS from £1 10s.
Self-Propelling Chairs, £2.
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CARRYING CHAIR, 25/-
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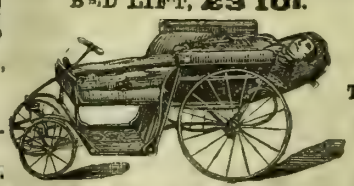

PORTABLE TURKISH BATH, £2 10s.
READING MACHINES, from 17/6

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PORTABLE W.C., £8.
CRUTCHES, 10/-
Largest Stock in the World.

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ALFRED CARTER,

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Catalogues (228 pages) post-free. No connection with any other Firm.

The Y & N Patent Diagonal Seam Corset

Exquisite Model. Perfect Comfort Guaranteed Wear.

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all the Fashionable Colours and Shades in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil; also in the New Sanitary Woollen Cloth. 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair and upwards.

CAUTION. — Every genuine Y & N Corset is stamped "Y & N Patent Diagonal Seam No. 116," in oval on the lining.

Sold by Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters in the United Kingdom & Colonies.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.

OUR PUZZLES

SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE "TRUTH" CHRISTMAS DOLL SHOW.

It is, I think, desirable to repeat, from week to week, the announcement that the Dolls are now ready to be sent out from this Office to any applicants who may write up and state their wishes on the subject. At this time of the year, many of the readers of TRUTH are away from their homes, and it is very possible that the notices about the Doll Show which have already appeared may not have been seen by them all. Let me say again, therefore, that there are some thousands of Dolls of various sizes now at this Office, all of which I shall be pleased to get rid of as soon as may be. As the TRUTH Toy and Doll Show will take place as usual about a week before Christmas, ladies have now rather more than three months at their disposal, during which they will be able to devote some of their leisure to doll-dressing. It is obvious, too, that the sooner they commence operations, the more dolls they will be able to dress. As I find from several correspondents' letters that doubt still exists as to how many dolls may be applied for, I will add that there is no limit as to the number of the small dolls which can be sent out; but that of the medium-sized dolls only one can be sent for every six of the small ones which are applied for; whilst of the very large dolls only one can be issued to each applicant.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 650.

It must not be supposed that I have lost sight of this interesting competition. The fact is that the opportunity which I anticipated for publishing a further selection of the list of suggested names for Ten Thoroughbred Colts and Fillies has not yet presented itself. I still hope, however, that the necessary space will be available, and meanwhile I will not make any announcement as to the prize winner.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 652.

The selection of the Best All England Eleven from the many hundreds of lists received by me has proved a more lengthy task than I anticipated. I shall, therefore, be unable to announce the result of this interesting competition until next week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 653.

First of all let me say that by an oversight of mine I omitted last week to acknowledge "The Rhymed Descriptions of Watering-places" sent by YE HERMIT, CHICKEN, IPSE DIXIT, BEL DEMONIO, SPUP, and KINGSTON. Space could not be found to publish their lines, but they all safely reached me. And now let me add that the Prize in this Competition will be divided between "KATHLEEN" and "MOONSHINE," for their descriptions of Homburg and Molde, the Norwegian Scarborough, which appeared in TRUTH last week, and for the repeated publication of which I am unable to find space in this number.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 657.

This is *par excellence* the playtime of Europe. Kings and statesmen, Judges and barristers, authors and actors, peers and poets, are alike taking holiday, and it will, therefore, be *apropos*, as well as interesting, to make this week's competition refer to the all-engrossing occupation of the moment. A year or two ago the weekly Prize was given to the competitor who suggested the most appropriate holiday resorts for the principal members of her Majesty's Government; this week it is proposed to ask for similar suggestions with regard to seven of the Potentates of Europe. A Prize of Two Guineas will be given—that is to say, to the competitor who suggests

THE MOST APPROPRIATE PLACE TO WHICH THE CZAR OF RUSSIA, THE GERMAN KAISER, THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR, THE KING OF SPAIN, THE SULTAN OF TURKEY, THE KING OF ITALY, AND PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA CAN GO FOR AN AUTUMN HOLIDAY.

It will be well for each competitor to briefly explain—unless the reason of his selection is quite obvious—why he considers his selected places suitable for the Monarchs for whom they are named. I shall be glad to receive all suggestions by the morning of Monday, September 7, at the latest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of BAUSEANT, winner of Prize No. 646, are Horace Leigh, Esq., 37, Temple, E C.

*** The real name and the address of BARITONE, winner of a half of Prize No. 651, are H. M. Blaine, Esq., 15, St. Augustine's-road, N.W.

EBORACUM.—Many thanks for your letter, and for your readiness to adopt a new *nom de plume*.

A BREWER.—Quite so; the name "Abel" was repeated in your Cricket Eleven in error. Instead of the second "Abel," the name printed should have been "Peel."

M. W.—By all means.

A. M. F.—Certainly.

VERITAS.—The case you kindly draw our attention to was dealt with in TRUTH of August 6.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 653.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

RHYMED COUPLETS CONTAINING ALL THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET.

*** It must not be supposed that some of the shortest of the couplets here published are accepted as fulfilling all the conditions which were laid down in giving this puzzle. The figures in brackets at the end of the Couplets signify the number of letters used in each.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

Vext folk buz, draw nigh—
Q.C.'s, J.P.,—my! * (26)
Non Sequor.

* "My" is an exclamation in common use. "Buz" is spelt with one "z" or two. The verbs in the sentence are, of course, in the indicative, not the imperative. I suppose I need hardly say that the Q.C.'s and the J.P. are some of the "folk" who "buz" and "draw nigh."

EUCLID'S "ELEMENTS."—Lib. xiii., Theor. 1.

(Diagram if required.)
1. If $xyz + abc = ghk - jlp$,
$\therefore mno - rst = uvw$. Q E D (26).
2. Sir F. Pugh, Kt., M.P.,
Vex'd lazy J. Brown, Q.C. (28).
Whig.

Why quiz, Max, J P.?
Bold Frank gets V.C. (27).
Nodding Violet.

Sly quiz, Dr. Vox, M.B.,
Chafe T. W. King, J.P. (27)
Excelsior.

1. Why quiz Job, M P.?
Glad F.R.S. can vex K. T. (27).
2. Jack B. Quyntz M.D.,
Slew XV frogs, H. R. I. P. (28).
Anti-Vivisectionist.

A joke's vext* Gen. L., C.B.,
Why quiz Dr. F., M.P.? (28).
Caledonia.

* As authority for use of vext, "What time have I to be vext" (Tennyson, "The Grandmother's Apology," xxvi.)

1. Wag, quit my phlox.
Vend Jabez' frocks (29).
2. Quoth a pavid fox,
"Jabez wrongly mocks" (31).
A "MENAGERIE RACE."
3. The fox jump'd quickly on,
A savage zebra won (35).
Jack Sprat.

Zech. J. St. Quirk, F.B.S.E.*
Wd only vex (G.L.)† M.P. (29).
X Y. Z.

*Fellow of Botanical Society, Edinburgh.
† Gladstonian Liberal.

1. Go, Jew nymph, *i.e.*,
Fix quartz blocks. D.V. (29).
2. Zephyrs (Jove's gift) go,
Mix and quickly blow (35).
E T.

HASTY BURIAL AFTER THE BATTLE.

Fix vizor! plant yew!
Mud! quick!—job's through.* (35)
La Plata.

* An Americanism.

1. Quiz my lord of the Pyx
Bewailing Jove's tricks (38).
2. Jumping barque of Styx,
Whiz! A devil kicks (34).
Qui Hy.

Fox,* M.P., shocks W. G.†
And, crazy quite, reviles J. B.‡ (35).
The Old Mole.

* Parnell's alias. † Gladstone. ‡ John Bull.

By Jove! quiz Healy mocks
Noted, prowling "Fox" (36).
Eboracum.

Hark! fox quits cover now;
Jump, lazy dog—bow-wow! (37).
Bobus.

1. Sixty zebras jump high
Over downs! Quick! fly! (36).
2. Just deftly quench the smoking flax;
A blazing pile my nerves would tax (57).
Guelder Rose.

1. Jokers quiz and vex
By flighty wit complex (35).
2. Few jokers much perplex—
Brightly quiz and vex (38).
Wraith.

WINTER SCENE IN IRELAND.

Frozen? Pshaw! on job am I:
Quick, evict!—Doxology (37).
Mrs King.

AT THE NAVAL EXHIBITION.

1. Why nymph, tar vex?
Quiz flag, job decks (30).
TO MOCKING SUMMER.
2. Fair quizzing nymph, vex why?
By jest, on cloudy sky? (40).
3. Laugh! quiz! J. P. vex!
May, to them, bode wrecks (32)
Cæsar's Corner.

A MOTTO FOR "TRUTH."

We quiz mad party tricks
Huge venal jobs we fix! (38). Usk.

Six kings, crazy quite,
Jump'd over flowers bright (40).
R. F.

Zephyr, give my Jack word
Of next cruel squib heard (41).
Pseudonym.

1. Why Zoo export Jumbo?
I've funds lacking. Quite so (39).
2. His luck he fix'd on nymph nam'd Liz,
Sad brow he gets for Liz to quiz (52).
V—l.

Vile republic, with a Czar,
Fondly mixing, quickly jar.
Bon Accord.

1. Justly fixed view A. B. C.
Quickly gain the prize for me (42)
2. With vexed amaze poor Henry John
Finds that he quickly must be gone (55).
Lincoln.

1. Vixen! Quickly haste away,
Jump the furze, go by to-day (42).
2. Four magpies, black and white,
Quiz and vex my jay to-night (46).
Dallington.

Xylographic brazen stroke,
Queer Fanny made, with vain joke (51).
Chee.

Prompt zeal for TRUTH jots scenes
Down—vexed by kings or queens (52).
Wanderer.

Calm, with keen and piquant zeal,
Forgive, vex not, be just and leal (52).
J. H.

You quiz the villain's bedlam tricks.
Sans joking, what a precious fix (56).
Einna.

Vain dames, a blaze of jewels bright,
Expect to look unique by night (54).
Bel Demonio.

Just quickly seize the passing days
Moving betwixt life's thorny ways (58).
Bonvalot.

Quiv'ring zephyrs waft delight,
Jocund morn expels black night (52).
Ellart.

Just make for Zoe young, a bride's bouquet,
Expect her groom virtuous'ly will pay (64).
E. N. S.

Jingo zealots quake with fear!
The climax braved you'll disappear (54).
Wigwam.

Pride helps quixotic majesty,
By zeal 'gainst wrathful knavery (52).
Thornbury.

Answers have also been received from:—Dora, Desdemona, Curly Tyne Curly, Real Jam, Dick, Bus, Felixicus, Godfather, Item II., Terrapin, Major, Twenty-Three, Swindel, Gatcombe, Chubby, Ducie, Cestrian, M. S., Waldmeister, Stephanos, Mr. F.'s Aunt, Sprats, E. S. C., Elo, Ipse Dixit, Chips, Jerry, Risk, No Name, Mim, Medico, Foy, Ducie, Crag, Sanskrit, Emily Culverhouse Kappa, Zoo, Jam, El Daeb, Immortal Will, Wild Tyme, Daffodil, Enekss, J. McGrigor Allan, Spup, Little Sewer, Kayway, R kab, Polloc, Wogledogue, C. H. H, Cartlean, W. G. B, Simla, Ye Hermit, Dallington, Pottor, J. H.

The List of Applications will CLOSE on or before SATURDAY, the 29th day of August, 1891.

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£460,000

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1,000 Founders' Shares of £10 each 10,000
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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire the British Patents in respect of Professor Elihu Thomson's inventions for the electric welding and working of metals. Professor Thomson is the well-known scientist of the Thomson-Houston Company, whose Electric Lighting System has attained such vast developments in the United States and elsewhere.

Of all the great inventions regarding the applications of electricity to commerce and manufactures, there is none probably destined to play a greater part than that by which large or small "welding" can be effected cheaply, efficiently, and with ease.

It is anticipated that all large engineering, steel, copper, brass, or other metal works, where welding is necessary, will adopt the Company's machines.

Mr. A. B. W. Kennedy, F.R.S., M.Inst. C.E., late Professor of University College, London, visited the United States in January, 1890, for the purpose of investigating the methods adopted there of applying the system practically in manufactures, and in an exhaustive report upon the subject he states that a factory with about 250 hands is fully engaged in producing the machines.

In summing up the whole matter I have to say that the Thomson Electric Welding Process has already, in America, been carried fairly beyond the experimental stage, and has achieved sufficient success in regular commercial work of somewhat varied kinds to warrant the belief that its industrial future is one of the greatest practical importance.

An investigation of the system of electric welding has been made at the Company's installation depot at Hoxton, London, by Sir Frederick Bramwell, Bart., F.R.S., late President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, who, after thoroughly examining the same and making very numerous tests of the welding effected by the machines, has made a very favourable report thereon which concludes as follows:—

"In conclusion, I am of opinion that this further application of electrical science to the arts is a very great and decided stepin advance; that the process and machines may be trusted for efficiently executing such work as I have detailed, and such other work as that for which they purport to be applicable; that owing to the electrical pressure required being so extremely low, there is no risk of bodily danger; and further, it is perfectly clear that they can be used with certainty by men having only the smith's training, and not possessing even the most elementary knowledge of electricity.

"Under these circumstances there can be no doubt that such machines will come into extensive use, and I believe that the fact of their existence will itself suggest a large number of new uses."

The Government of the United States having adopted the Electric Welding Process in the Military Arsenal, appointed a Commission of Naval Officers to report on the suitability of the process for use in the Navy. The following is an extract from the Report of the Commission.

"We are convinced that the Thomson Welding Process can be found of great utility to the Naval Service, both on shore and afloat, for the following reasons. It can be used—

(*a*) In welding breaks in rods without altering them either in length or shape.
(*b*) For welding tubes.
(*c*) For welding angles and shapes of intricate form.
(*d*) For welding copper, brass, cast iron, or other metals.
(*e*) For heating metals for forging, tempering, or upsetting.
(*f*) For welding wire cables.

"Under these heads the following may be mentioned as a few of the many applications that would result on ship-board:—For welding broken pump-piston rods, valve stems, &c.; for joining wires of iron, copper, or other metal or bars of the same or similar or different shape or sections; for making joints at angles with bars (T or Y joints) for mending chain and wire rope; for constructing or joining end to end pipe of all kinds, and of large or small diameter; working or joining lead pipe; welding T connections or elbows into lines of piping; welding safe ends to boiler tubes; welding eye-rings, and welding these again to bolts or bars; repairing, cutting, and boring tools without hurting their temper; lengthening or shortening rods or bars; repairing broken cast-iron pieces of machinery or broken cast-iron or brass fittings; welding copper electric mains.

"This system of welding thus renders easy many operations in the working of metals with which the forge and smith have heretofore been considered impossible.

"It is the unanimous opinion of the Board that in the present day of ships constructed almost entirely of metals, and in which every fitting possible is made of metal, such a system as that which has been investigated by us becomes not only desirable, but a means to economy of expense, time, and labour, and would add to the efficiency of the vessel under any conditions of service.

"This system of welding occupies a position of its own. It is able to do not only a large part of the work of the forge now in use, but is capable of doing much work that was hitherto considered impossible. By its use the large accumulation of now almost worthless boiler tubes stored at the Navy yards could be made fit for service; and the quantity of spare tubes, and of many other stores now carried by ships, could be reduced."

The American Company has received numerous testimonials from users of the machine, speaking in the highest terms of their efficiency. Messrs. Roebling & Sons, of Trenton, New Jersey, in a letter, dated March 24th, 1891, state that they had made up to that date something like 1,000,000 welds without a single failure. The Johnson Company, of Johnstone, Pa., state that they have had a welder at work for one year with such satisfactory results that they have ordered six more machines. Messrs. Hill & Gourtick, of Quincey, Illinois, state that they have three machines at work, and have ordered two more. The Parry Manufacturing Company, of Indianapolis, have five machines at work, and have ordered another.

The following is an extract from a letter from The Trenton Ironworks (Cooper, Hewitt, & Co.), of New Jersey, to Sir George Elliott & Co., 23, Great George-street, Westminster:—

"Now, in regard to your question about Electric Welding. We use in our workshops two of the small machines for welding individual wire. We find no difficulty in making welds of our rope steel. We think that it is a cheaper method and a better method than either brazing or twisting. The cost of these machines is £225 each and the royalty with us is one halfpenny (½d.) per weld. We do not think you could do better than put one of these machines in your shop."

It is not intended to sell the machines right out to the customers, but it is proposed to adopt the system of the American Company, viz., to charge a sum down on delivery of each machine, and a small royalty on its use. By this course the Company will retain an interest in the machines, and will be in receipt of a steady and increasing revenue, as although the royalties are fixed at a low rate, in the aggregate they are expected to amount to a very large sum.

In the United Kingdom there are sufficient works, trades, &c., to create a great demand for Electric Welding Machines, but if only a small proportion of such works are supplied, the profits from royalties alone will make a handsome return upon the capital.

Each welding machine is fitted with a specially-constructed indicator, or meter, to show the number of welds the machine has made, and the amount of current used.

Over one hundred machines are already in use in the United States, as reported by the General Manager of the American Company (see letter enclosed).

Taking £150 per annum as the average royalties earned for the English Company by each machine, and we have the following:—

If 100 machines only be got into use the first year, the estimated income would be £15,000 at the end of the first year.

If 150 further machines be got into use the second year, the estimated income would be £37,500 at the end of the second year.

Thus, when 1,000 machines are at work, the income should be considerably in excess of £100,000 per annum.

In addition to the above Royalties the Company will charge a sum down for each machine, which, taking only £100 average profit and that only 100 new machines are put into operation each year, would give a further profit of £10,000 per annum in addition to the Royalties above calculated.

The Patents are already in practical work, and have been reported upon by Mr. J. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., and Mr. R. W. Wallace.

The Company obtains the sole rights of Professor Elihu Thomson's invention in this country, with the exception of one Welding Machine, which has been sold outright to the London and North-Western Railway Company, and which has been in use at their Crewe Works for upwards of eighteen months. The London and North-Western Railway have made enquiries for two more machines.

Messrs. Clarke, Chapman, & Co. have had one of the machines running daily for the last fifteen months with most satisfactory results, never having had a single stoppage or one unsatisfactory weld.

The following contracts have been entered into, viz.:—

Two Contracts dated 21st May, 1891, and 20th August, 1891, between the Thomson European Electric Welding Company, of Boston, U.S.A., of the one part, and the City of London Contract Corporation, Limited, of the other part.

Two Contracts, dated 21st May, 1891, and 20th August, 1891, between the Thomson Electric Welding Company, of Boston, U.S.A., of the one part, and the City of London Contract Corporation, Limited, of the other part.

A Contract dated the 20th day of August, 1891, between the City of London Contract Corporation, Limited, of the one part, and the Company of the other, for the re-sale of the patents to the Company at a profit.

Other arrangements have been entered into by the City of London Contract Corporation, Limited, with various persons, for guaranteeing the subscription of capital, which may constitute Contracts within the meaning of the 38th Section of the Companies Act, 1867, and there are also various Contracts for placing out welding plants, &c.

Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or at the Offices of the Bankers and Solicitors.

Besides the machine which the London and North-Western Railway Company has running at Crewe, welding plants have been installed or are in course of installation on approbation or exhibit, as follows:—One at the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Works at Horwich; three at the Works of Messrs. Mather & Platt, at Salford; one at the Works of the Liverpool Condenser Company, Liverpool; one at the Works of Messrs. Clarke, Chapman, & Co., Gateshead; one at Messrs. Dobson & Barlow's, of Bolton; one at Messrs. Stewart & Clydesdale's, at Coatbridge, near Glasgow; one at Sir George Elliott's, at Cardiff; one has been ordered for Palmer's Ship-building and Iron Company, Limited, of Jarrow-on-Tyne; and one may be seen in full work at Fanshawe Street, Hoxton.

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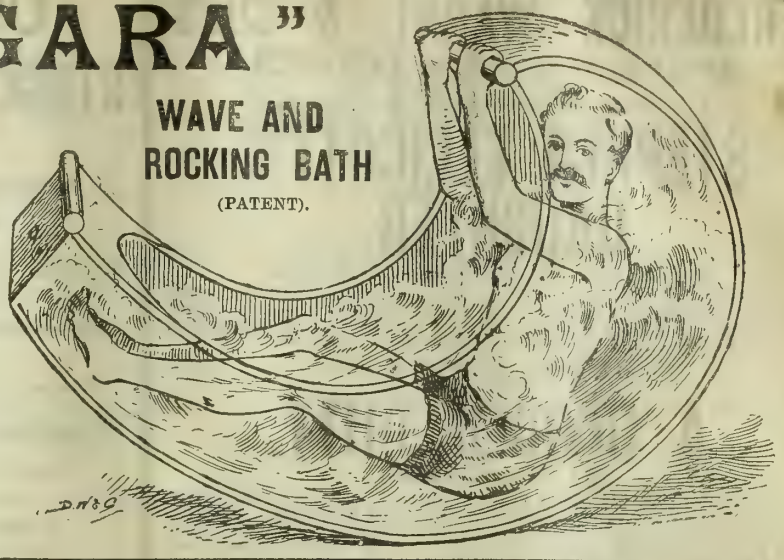

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• TRUTH •

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No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen has lent Birkhall, her place near Ballater, to the Empress Eugénie, who is expected there this week to stay for a month, and when she leaves, the Duchess of Albany and her children are coming there for a few weeks.

An announcement in a contemporary, that Lady Biddulph "is to occupy Abergeldie Mains" during the autumn, is incorrect, for that residence has been placed by the Queen at the disposal of Dr. John Williams, who will stay there for some time, as he is to be in attendance on Princess Beatrice during her accouchement, which is expected about the end of this month.

I have had several communications with reference to the ceremony which took place at Balmoral last week on the anniversary of the Prince Consort's birth, when, according to custom, the Gentlemen of the Household, with the servants and tenants of the Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall estates, assembled at the Obelisk, and drank to the memory of his Royal Highness. I would point out to my correspondents that it is imperative on the part of a lady or a gentleman in the Queen's position to conform to national traditions in matters of this kind. Those celebrations in honour of the late Prince which take place in England, invariably assume the character of religious services. Were anything of the kind held—and it is a pity that they are not—in Ireland, they would, presumably, be something in the style of a wake. In Scotland, by the same rule, they take the form of silent whisky-drinking. What else would you have?

Mr. Schoberth's death was thus noticed in the Court Circular on Monday:—

> To-day the remains of Mr. Schoberth, Groom of the Chambers to her Majesty, and another valued servant of the Queen, was (*sic*) laid in the Spital Cemetery at Windsor, in the prime of life (*sic*), after a short illness of three weeks. He had been for fifteen years the faithful servant of the Queen and his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, whose valet he had been for eight years previously (*sic*), and was much liked and respected, and so (*sic*) deeply regretted by all who knew him. Sir J. Cowell attended the funeral by her Majesty's command, &c.

The Queen is understood to exercise a direct supervision over the compilation of the Court Circular; but I presume that the actual wording of the Circular is deputed to other hands, and that the deputy is at present taking a holiday, and deputing his work to another deputy. In no other way can this remarkable specimen of the Queen's English be satisfactorily explained.

The death of Mr. C. Schoberth renders vacant the sinecure office of Page-of-the-Chambers, which is worth about £250 a year, with apartments and perquisites. This is one of the superfluous offices in the Household which the late Lord Sydney advised the Queen to abolish, so it will be interesting to see whether her Majesty fills it up. Very likely one of the Indian menials will be appointed, for they are now in high favour, and have quite superseded the Scotch domestics. The place is in the Lord Chamberlain's Department.

While the Prince of Wales has been quietly amusing himself at Homburg, the daily papers have been diverting themselves by publishing all kinds of nonsense about the movements of H.R.H. On Thursday he was announced to have passed through Kiel on his way to Copenhagen, and on Saturday he was stated to be staying at Hamburg, where he had been in consultation with Baron Hirsch (who happens to be at Carlsbad) about the Russian Jews. As a matter of fact, the Prince has never quitted Homburg since he arrived there on August 17, and he has not interfered in any way, either directly or indirectly, with the question of the Russian Jews, and, even if he were burning with zeal on their behalf, any manifestation of his sentiments would be decidedly unseasonable just when he is "on the wing" for Denmark, where he is to meet the Czar.

The Prince is to leave Homburg next Monday, and he will probably pay brief visits to the Grand Duke of Hesse at Darmstadt, and to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, at the beautiful Schloss of Reinhardsbrunn, in Thuringia (where the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Hohenlohe are guests) before proceeding to Lübeck, on his way to Copenhagen.

It was Louis XVIII. who exclaimed to M. Corbière, his Minister of the Interior, "Pour l'amour de Dieu, Monsieur, ne me rendez pas ridicule!" The Prince of Wales must be disposed to say the same thing, if he happens to peruse Mr. Stead's elaborate and excruciating puffs of H.R.H.

A daily paper announces that Old Mar Lodge, one of the Duke of Fife's places in Upper Deeside, is about to be "enlarged and improved," in order that it may become the autumn abode of the Prince and Princess of Wales. There is not the slightest foundation for the statement, which is a simple invention. The same journal describes Abergeldie Castle as "the Highland residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales," whereas it is nothing of the kind. Abergeldie is leased by the Queen from Mr. H. M. Gordon, and her Majesty has frequently lent it to the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Empress Eugénie, the Duchess of Albany, and to other friends and members of the Royal Family. Abergeldie originally formed a portion of the vast domain owned by the Earls of Mar, but it has belonged to the Gordon family for the last four hundred years, and the present owner has declined many tempting offers for the estate from the Queen, who has always been most anxious to purchase it, as it is "on the march" with Balmoral on the east and with Birkhall on the west. The best portion of the Royal deer-forest (White Mount) is on the Abergeldie property. The Queen holds the whole estate on lease, and the "amenities" of Balmoral would be considerably reduced if Abergeldie were in other hands.

After staying a month, Princess Louise left Kent House, Osborne, early last week, and she has since been stopping at Levens Hall, Westmoreland, with Captain and Mrs. Bagot, and at Muncaster Castle, Cumberland, with Lord and Lady Muncaster. H.R.H. goes this week to Scotland, to join Lord Lorne at Knock House, Mull.

Princess Christian and her daughter Princess Victoria have been staying during the last ten days at Homburg, on a visit to the Empress Frederick, and Prince and Princess Adolphus of Schaumburg-Lippe are also guests at the Royal Schloss. Prince Christian is taking the waters at Kissingen.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck have gone to Malvern for a fortnight, accompanied by their daughter and youngest son, and they are staying at the Foley Arms Hotel. They will attend the performance of "St. Paul" in Hereford Cathedral next Tuesday, when the Three Choirs Festival commences, and they are to be the guests of Dean Herbert.

The Emperor William has invited the Queen to pass a fortnight next spring at the well-known Schloss of Stolzenfels, on the Rhine, above Coblenz, where her Majesty and Prince Albert were entertained in 1845 by Frederick William IV. of Prussia. Extensive improvements are now being carried out in the house and gardens, and the whole of the interior of the Schloss is being re-decorated. Stolzenfels was one of the Crown residences assigned to the Empress Augusta, but she never lived there, preferring to inhabit the Electoral Palace in Coblenz when she was on the Rhine.

A weekly contemporary has printed a lot of nonsense about the alleged hard work of the Maids-of-Honour, who are absurdly and mendaciously described as being "twelve hours employed every day." The fact is that a Maid-of-Honour is paid £300 a year, which is practically at the rate of £100 a month, for she is at Court for only twelve weeks in each year, and the duties are really very light indeed.

There is not the slightest shadow of foundation for the statement, which has been going round the papers, that Lord Salisbury is negotiating with the Comte de Paris for the purchase of the château and estate of Eu, in Normandy. Lord Salisbury is so anxious to sell his villa at Puys, near Dieppe (where he has been staying during the last three weeks), that I hear that he has reduced the reserved price which had been placed upon the property.

An announcement in some harum-scarum paper that the Duc d'Orléans had landed at Calais last Wednesday caused quite a stir in the Paris Press, but the story was pure fiction, for H.R.H. has been staying in Scotland during the last month, and at the time that he was reported to be arriving at Calais, he was really shooting grouse on the Moor of Moness, near Aberfeldy.

Mr. Balfour, who is staying at Balmoral, as Minister-in-Attendance on the Queen, leaves the Castle to-morrow for Whittinghame, his place in East Lothian; and he intends to pass most of the month there and at North Berwick.

Lady Olivia Taylour, to whom Lord Henry Bentinck, the half brother and heir presumptive of the Duke of Portland, is engaged to be married, is a great heiress, for she will inherit the fine estate of Underley Hall, in Westmoreland, and also the large fortune which came to her father, Lord Bective, from his maternal grandfather, the well-known Alderman Thompson.

Sir Frederick Johnstone has been staying during the last fortnight at Westerhall, his place in Dumfriesshire, where the Prince of Wales will probably be his guest for a few days in November.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland have stopped their Doncaster party at Welbeck, and there will be no guests at the Abbey next week. The Duke and Duchess are not coming south, but will stay at Langwell until the beginning of next month, when they return to Welbeck for the winter. The absence of the Duke's party will make a considerable difference at Doncaster, and the thirty guests who were to have been entertained at Welbeck will be grievously disconcerted by this change of plans.

Lord Carlingford, who has been abroad during the last three months, is to arrive this evening at his favourite residence in Somersetshire, Chewton Mendip Priory, where he intends to pass the autumn.

The Duke of Northumberland, who is in a very feeble state of health, is residing at Albury Park, his beautiful

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 499 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 498.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 501.

place near Guildford, and it is unlikely that he will undertake the long journey to Alnwick Castle, where Lord and Lady Percy and their family are staying. It is reported in the north that the Duke will shortly resign the Lord-Lieutenancy of Northumberland, and that he will be succeeded in that office by Lord Percy.

Lord and Lady Wharncliffe are to return on Friday to Wortley Hall, their family place near Sheffield, from Simonstone, their shooting-lodge in Wensleydale, and next week they will receive a small party for Doncaster races, including the Duke of Cambridge, Lord and Lady Drogheda, Lord Alcester, Sir George Wombwell, and Lord and Lady Bradford.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, who have been living during the last three weeks on board their yacht the *Ceres*, in Loch Scridan, on the coast of Mull, are to leave to-day for Stornoway, and from there they go on to Ross-shire, on a visit to Lord and Lady Middleton at Applecross Forest.

Lord-President Inglis has bequeathed his fortune to his two sons, and his beautiful estate of Glencorse, in Midlothian, is left to his eldest son, Mr. A. W. Inglis, in strict settlement.

It must have been what Lord Beaconsfield would have defined as "a palpitating moment" when the Duke of Cleveland's will was opened, for probably no man ever died with such vast estates and such enormous wealth all at his own absolute disposal. I understand that Lord Wolmer and Mr. F. G. H. Price are the executors under the will, and that the Durham and Shropshire estates (which formed the backbone of the family wealth) are bequeathed to Mr. Vane, who inherits the barony of Barnard, and the house in St. James's-square is also left to him.

The valuable Somersetshire estate and Battle Abbey are left to the Duchess, with reversion to the Duke's great-nephew, Mr. Frank Forester, and other provisions are also made for her Grace. Captain Milbank, the second son of Sir Frederick Milbank, will ultimately come into nearly £400,000, and there are large legacies to Lady Leconfield and her family, to Lady May Hope, and to several of the Duke's relatives.

Some idea of the late Duke's wealth may be gathered from the fact that his father, who died in 1862, left estates which then produced £110,000 a year, as well as £900,000 in money. The bulk of this vast fortune ultimately centred in the nobleman who died the other day, and who was a careful man and greatly improved his landed property.

The statement that the Duke of Cleveland is the only great nobleman who has died in our time with all his estates at his own disposal is incorrect. The late Duke of Devonshire's enormous estates were all in his own power. The entail was cut off when he came of age in 1811, and his father died before the estate was resettled. He acted just as if he had been fettered by an entail, for he left everything to his successor, the present Duke.

The *World* is quite wrong in stating that the late Duke of Cleveland "paid an enormous sum to Sir Frederick Milbank, his sons, and sister," in order to get rid of the entail of his Durham estates. The property was settled by the first Duke on his three sons (of whom the late Duke was the youngest) in tail male, with remainder to his daughter, Lady Augusta Milbank, the mother of Sir Frederick Milbank. When the entail was broken, about twenty years ago, the compensation which the late Duke paid was divided between Sir Frederick Milbank and his son, Mr. Harry Milbank, who were the only persons concerned in the transaction; and the latter would have obtained the whole estate in fee simple if matters had been left to take their ordinary course.

Mr. Frederick Lehmann, who died the other day, was the senior partner in the firm of Naylor, Benzon, & Co., and, being a very shrewd and a very sharp man of business, he made an enormous fortune. Mr. Lehmann was literary and artistic in his tastes, and he was passionately fond of music. He was a very fine violin player, and would have taken a place in the first rank of professionals if he had devoted himself to the art. His thirty-five years' friendship with Wilkie Collins was very close, and among his other intimates were Robert Browning and Sir John Millais. He had been in failing health for several years past, and had become a perfect recluse, going nowhere and seeing nobody. He was a very clever man, but always decidedly cynical, and latterly ill-health and various disappointments had thoroughly soured him. Mr. Lehmann's house in Berkeley-square had an intrinsic interest, through its having been the residence of Horace Walpole (who died there) during the latter part of his life.

Mr. Raikes is described as having been the grandson of Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, the founder of Sunday-schools. He was in reality the grandson of a very well-known ecclesiastic, Henry Raikes, who was for many years Chancellor of the Diocese of Chester, an office which was then very lucrative. On the maternal side, Mr. Raikes was the grandson of the celebrated Archdeacon Wrangham. His grand-uncle was Thomas Raikes, whose entertaining "Journal," published in 1857, after having been ruthlessly "edited" by Mr. Charles Greville, was the parent of the immense stock of diaries, reminiscences, and journals which have since overwhelmed the libraries.

Complaint was frequently made against Mr. Raikes during his tenure of the Postmaster-Generalship, but I thought unfairly, for he always seemed to me to be sincerely anxious to act rightly, and to be not without the *savoir faire* to act wisely. A Postmaster-General has a post in which it is very difficult to satisfy every one. As a former occupant of the office once said, he is a target at a hundred yards distance at which every one can aim a shaft with a prospect of making a bull's eye, whereas most

Dr. J. W. Keyworth (M.D. London), Southport, writes: "I have tried Pepsalia, and am so satisfied with its results that I am using it daily with suitable cases, and have every reason to endorse all that is claimed in regard to its usefulness." Pepsalia absolutely effects digestion, and restores dyspeptics to a condition of health and comfort. Bottles 1s. and 2s., from chemists, or G. & G. Stern, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

of the other Ministers are targets at long range, and those who shoot at them generally either miss or only hit the outer circle. For my part, I always thought Mr. Raikes an able man of business.

But it always struck me as somewhat absurd that a University should have selected him as its member; as absurd, indeed, as that a University should have selected Mr. Talbot. When the Universities were granted Parliamentary representation, the idea was that they would send to Parliament men of light and leading in literature or in science, whose presence would be useful in the House of Commons, and who might not be inclined to court the "rough and tumble" of an ordinary election. For them to send party politicians like Mr. Raikes, or solemn nonentities like Mr. Talbot, was to ignore their mission. This University representation should have been swept away by the last Reform Act. An Act of one clause abolishing it will have to be passed by the next Liberal Government.

A worthy English doctor at Nice who has seen my last reference to the subject of Continental doctors, but not apparently any part of the discussion which preceded it, writes me a lengthy, but highly interesting, defence of himself and his compatriots. I learn from it in the first place that the English doctor abroad must needs be a better man than the local practitioner, because he is "doubly qualified" or has served "twice as much 'apprentissage.'" Then I am told that—

> Your English doctor must have a nice apartment, pay a big year's rent, and a swinging bill of taxes and "patente" or tax on practice.

But why these obligations rest upon him more than upon his native rival is not explained; nor why, if they are peculiar to him, the patient should be expected to pay for them. My correspondent also asserts that qualified men in London or New York think nothing of chargin g£1 or 5 dols. a visit, as against the 20 fr. of the "doubly-qualified" practitioner in Nice; but I can assure him that I have been efficiently doctored both in London and New York at considerably under this figure, and am still here to testify to the value of the treatment. When he warns me that foreign doctors have a local price and a *prix d'étranger*, my correspondent speaks more to the purpose; but my readers have already been warned on this point, and know that it is always possible to insist upon being treated at the local rate.

But do not let me do this Nice medico an injustice. He has at least one irresistible argument for the patronage of the wandering Briton:—

> I must add to this that the English doctor has high travelling expenses, must dress well, gives many gratis consultations to his poor compatriots in distress. He also *feels* for them that sympathy that is inborn in us all for our kind when in sickness. Get the foreigner to do this!

A man who will not only prescribe for you, but feel for you to this extent, ought certainly not to be grudged his 16 francs a visit. If my sympathetic correspondent had only stopped here, he would, indeed, have established his superiority to the unsympathetic foreigner. But there is more to follow:—

> "Strange to say, also, a doctor who is foreign to the country cannot collect his bills should he want to try law. A French doctor or an Italian" can use means to prevent you even "taking your trunks and personal luggage out of the hotel until you have paid his bill; but actions between an English doctor abroad and his clients don't hold."

As an argument for employing a British doctor rather than a foreigner, I venture to think this is unanswerable—and, in the mouth of a British doctor, unique.

Continental travellers give me anything but favourable accounts of the Cologne "Club Train." Owing to the "Cologne-Calais" carriage not being reserved, the through passengers are liable to find their carriage most inconveniently overcrowded at the intermediate stations. A still more serious annoyance arises from the fact that there is no non-smoking compartment. On one occasion last week a Belgian who got in at Brussels, and persisted in smoking the vilest tobacco despite remonstrance, compelled one of a party of ladies in the carriage to take refuge in another part of the train. The second-class compartment of the through carriage was also filled up at Lille with a party of soldiers, all smoking, to the great annoyance of four ladies present. If the Railway Company chose to make a reasonable extra charge for reserving this carriage for through passengers and protecting non-smokers, it would be cheerfully paid.

Here is another growl from the same quarter of the world:—

> The 4.0 p.m. train from Homburg reaches Cologne in time to catch the 10.35 night express to Brussels and Calais, and there is a sleeping-car attached to it at Cologne for Calais. By this we proposed to book places, but we were informed by the agent at Homburg that we should be turned out of it at Brussels at 3.30 in the morning!!! Can this really be the fact?

A complaint reaches me from Loch Lomond respecting the "poll-tax" of twopence said to be levied in that locality "for passage to and from the hotels, in many instances only a few yards from the piers." I have no personal experience to enable me to judge of the extent of this inconvenience, but as my correspondent, travelling with a large party, says that he has been so annoyed by this persistent imposition that he has come to the conclusion that he is not wanted there, and has accordingly left, it may be as well for those who are interested in cultivating the goodwill of the tourist to give their attention to the matter.

Club life at some of the English watering-places—especially on the South coast—is in a fair way to be rendered impossible by the cliques of officious nonentities who take on themselves to blackball every candidate who has not previously received the favour of some of their own number. A conspicuous example of this was given the other day at Exmouth. A gentleman of a good Devonshire family, with high social connections in every direction, was put up with his wife for membership of the local Lawn Tennis and Archery Club, and both were forthwith blackballed, for no other conceivable reason than that their proposer and seconder did not belong to the dominant ring. Until, therefore, some change can be devised in the management, those who do not care to expose themselves to insult at the hands of a herd of provincial slip-slop will do well to give this precious club a wide berth.

I have received the following observations from a gentleman who assures me that "unfair play" is greatly on the increase in West-end Clubs:—

During the last six months I have "observed" five men, who, judged by their social position, rank as gentlemen, make "mistakes" with results to their advantage. There are many ways of cheating at cards. Some practically defy detection, others lack proof of intention, and others are so open as to disarm suspicion of foul play. Besides, who is to bell the cat? Conveying information by one's method of play is, perhaps, the most common form of taking an unfair advantage. In whist, for instance, when calling for trumps, an unusual delay in playing to the trick, a demand to see the last trick (quite recently, a player not content with seeing the trick, insisted on his right to have the cards laid on the table for his partner's observation), a marked emphasis on playing the lower card, or playing the second card so that it may lie on the table apart from the other cards, are methods quite contrary to the etiquette of whist. Cavendish's advice is to avoid playing with men who resort to these practices, but it is impossible to prevent them cutting in at the table. Contrary to commonsense as it may appear, the claiming of the higher card when the cards of the trick run low is by no means an unusual mistake, and only requires a certain amount of bluff to, in many instances, reap the benefit of the error. Cheating at picquet is even more common than at whist, for it is far easier. For instance, a player says "My point is five," and his opponent says "equal," making, replies the player, "eight." "Not good," answers his antagonist, having discarded a card which would have made his point nine, and having taken in a lower one of the suit, and in nine cases out of ten the mistake is not observed. Adding ten to the score, and, if challenged, saying he thought he had made the cards, frequently escapes observation.

I should repeat Cavendish's advice and say, avoid playing with men who indulge in these little "eccentricities" and "peculiarities."

The salmon net-fishing on the Tay, Dee, Forth, Deveron, and other Scottish rivers, closed last Wednesday night, and it has been by far the best for many years past, especially during the last ten weeks, when the takes of salmon and grilse have been enormous, and an extraordinary number of very heavy fish have been captured. The lower waters of the Tay are swarming with salmon, which will now have a free run up the river, and if the weather continues favourable, anglers will obtain splendid sport during the next six weeks.

With reference to the proposed visit of the Royal Agricultural Society to Chester in 1893, I hear that the subscriptions to the local guarantee fund already exceed £4,000, and are expected shortly to reach £5,000.

During last year 3,847,300 hogs were killed and packed at Chicago, as against 2,973,361 in 1889. Messrs. Armour, who are the largest packers in the world, killed last year 1,450,000 pigs, 650,000 cattle, and 350,000 sheep.

The famous stud of Suffolk horses belonging to the late Mr. Samuel Wotton, will be sold on the 24th inst. at Britley Abbey, near Wickham Market. The stud comprises about seventy-five animals, many of them of high individual merit, and all of good pedigree. The ancient Britley breed of chestnuts, are classed by competent judges among the finest of English agricultura horses, and for many years past they have gained the highest distinctions at the Royal and the local agricultural shows.

Mr. George James Spenser deceives himself greatly if he supposes that I feel any reluctance to publish such an idiotic piece of criticism as the following letter. So far from that, I regard it as a gem well worthy of the fullest public notice. I presume that Mr. G. J. Spenser regards every one who complains of the weather as a *bl*asphemer of the most unpardonable kind. If so, he must have been an agreeable companion during this phenomenal summer. What his "indignation" would have been had he heard the language addressed to the apocryphal "clerk of the weather" during some of this season's cricket matches, or the first two days of Henley Regatta, I tremble to think:—

St. James's Hotel, Piccadilly, W., August 28.

Sir,—I have read with indignation your profane verses to "The Clerk of the Weather" in this week's number of Truth. You must know, sir, that unless you are entirely ignorant of scripture, that the ordering of the weather is none other but the Great Almighty, Ruler of All Things. So your flippant nonsense is written against Him. I wonder if you will have the honesty of publishing this or mentioning that you have been called to book?—Yours obediently, George James Spenser.

That we are at the very height of the "silly season" is proved by the fact that the daily papers have been so egregiously foolish as to announce that the vacant Garter will not be disposed of for some time, because, forsooth! "there is no claimant with a pressing title to the highest distinction in the gift of the Sovereign." It would be interesting to learn what simpleton concocted this rubbish. As a matter of fact, the Garter is not "in the gift of the Sovereign," any more than is a Bishopric, nor is it "the highest distinction" at the disposal of the Crown. Lord Salisbury and all other Prime Ministers have never found any lack of eligible candidates for vacant Garters, but, on the contrary, there has always been an embarrassing plethora of applicants. I do not know what the Dukes of Abercorn, Buccleuch, Portland, and Fife, or Lords Bath and Zetland, will say when they read that the Duke of Cleveland's Garter will remain vacant because "there is no claimant with a pressing title"!

For some weeks past I have felt some anxiety as to whether the *Daily Telegraph* would be able to afford its readers their customary autumn debauch— and its staff their customary autumn holiday. When we were reduced to "Children's Ears" and "Children's Manners," I began to think that my contemporary's right-hand had lost its cunning. All anxiety on this score was allayed, however, when I came to the first letter on "The Slavery of Drink," and in a few hours it was clear that "ile" had been struck—indeed, I should say that the *Telegraph*, like Gilead Beck, has got through the earth's crust and tapped the eternal springs underneath. A Symposium on Drink under *D. T.* auspices is not likely to run dry this side of Christmas.

Ingenuous people who are guided in their reading by newspaper criticisms, must be sadly puzzled when they find one journal describing a certain article in one of the monthly magazines as "scrappy and worthless," while another organ, of at least equal weight, announces that the article in question is so "admirable" that "not a line of it should be missed."

It has been asserted by unkind, and, perhaps, interested parties, that Lord Randolph Churchill's letters to the *Daily Graphic* are not being written from South Africa

Pfungst Freres' Extra Quality Champagnes.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

at all, but from South Paddington. Having some knowledge of this noble Lord, and a high regard for his moral — as distinguished from his political — character, I attached no importance, until Monday last, to these vapourings. On that day, however, I discovered that nearly two columns of his Lordship's latest letter consisted of an amplification of the paragraph about the trial of the Boer, De Lange, which appeared in Truth of August 20. The publication is prefixed with a notification that the letter is "copyright throughout the whole of the British Dominions." I am much obliged to the Editor of the *Daily Graphic* for this thoughtful attention, and to show my appreciation I beg to assure him that if he would like any more paragraphs from Truth treated in this way for his paper, I can arrange to have it done for him considerably under the price which he is reported to be paying his present contributor.

A great noise has been raised about the letters written by Dickens to Wilkie Collins, of which the first instalment has just been published. They might very well have remained unprinted, for they are neither characteristic nor particularly interesting. There seems to be a firm resolution to make a market out of everything which Dickens left behind him, but it is hardly fair to a man to publish commonplace notes, which have clearly been dashed off in a hurry. Wilkie Collins had evidently thought that these letters were not intended for the public. A few years ago three huge volumes of letters written by Dickens were published by his sister-in-law and executrix, Miss Hogarth, and Wilkie Collins aided her in arranging and editing them, and gave her a large number which were in his own possession. It may fairly be assumed that Wilkie Collins then selected from his collection all the letters of Dickens which he considered to be worthy of publication, and that he deliberately put aside those which are now being printed.

It is a thousand pities that the letters written by Collins to Dickens are not in existence. He was an admirable letter-writer—witty, terse, and epigrammatic; with a graphic power and faculty of conveying much matter in a few words.

No journalist can hesitate to endorse Mr. Massingham's suggestion in the *Contemporary Review* that distinguished laymen should be admitted to Cathedral dignities, and that a canonry in St. Paul's should be annexed to the editorship of the *Times*. An entirely new prospect for journalism is thus opened up. For myself I may say, *nolo episcopari*. Should, however, a comfortable stall at Westminster be reserved for weekly journalism, I trust that my modest claims would not be overlooked. Already in my mind's eye, I behold Edmund occupying the pulpit. It is unfortunate that at this juncture the collapse of the Bishop of London's scheme of Lay Brotherhoods should be announced.

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth. Also The Belle Vue and Pier Hotel, opposite the Pier, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach, General Manager, late of the Bath Hotel, Bournemouth.

A skimble-skamble article in the *Church Times*, entitled "Some Thoughts of Infidelity," contains the astounding statement that the famous Hugh Miller became "a doubter or denier of Christianity." I do not know what Scotch people will say to this, for every one in the world knows that Hugh Miller was a most devoted adherent of the Free Church, and that he believed in the Christian religion with all his heart and soul.

The eloquent Bishop of Derry is going to the United States in February for a few weeks, and he has engaged to deliver a course of lectures in New York during Lent on "The Evidences of Christianity." Bishop Alexander stands in the very front rank of preachers, and his famous Bampton Lectures in 1876 ("The Witness of the Psalms to Christ and Christianity") rivalled those of Dean Mansel and Canon Liddon in popularity.

Ten years ago the late Archbishop Magee announced that he would deliver no more triennial "charges," and he substituted a series of visitations throughout the diocese of Peterborough, during which he delivered addresses, and, at the same time, he personally examined the clergy and churchwardens respecting their respective churches and parishes. This was an excellent innovation, and it worked well, but it is to be feared that Bishop Creighton is not so severely practical a prelate as his distinguished predecessor, for he has already announced his intention of reverting to the old and absolutely useless practice of delivering himself of an elaborate discourse on Church work and theological thought, to which few people will listen, and which still fewer will trouble themselves to read. The fact is that, with a very few noteworthy exceptions, Episcopal charges, so far as the average clergyman or layman is concerned, might just as well be left unspoken, for, as a rule, they are in the highest degree trite and conventional.

The Deanery of Bristol, which the papers state is worth £1,500 a year, is really worth only about £1,250, and the Dean has to find his own house, for the old official residence was sold many years ago to the Corporation, who pulled it down in order to facilitate some improvements which were then in progress.

Clericus writes:—

I admire the audacity of your clerical correspondent, who pretends to be shocked at the idea of Bishops ever spending "their thousands a year" on themselves.

I will venture to assert that of the Bishops who have died during the present century nine-tenths have made fortunes (some of moderate amount, many very large) out of the Church, to which it may be added that quite as many have loaded their relations with preferment.

I can recall prelate after prelate who, having been without means on taking orders, nevertheless died possessed of considerable wealth.

There was the notorious case of Archbishop Manners-Sutton, who

The Meistersingers' Club, 63, St. James's Street, S.W.—Owing to the List of Candidates for Election in October next at the above Club being so considerable, it is in contemplation to close the List of original Members, and impose an Entrance Fee of Ten Guineas from the commencement of the new year, in addition to the Annual Subscription now payable. The advantages obtainable at other West-end Clubs are increased to Members of this club, by according them the privilege of introducing Ladies to Luncheon, Dinner, and Supper, and to Concerts which are held frequently throughout the Spring, Summer, and Autumn Seasons. An excellent French chef is in the service of the Club.—August 31, 1891.

was overwhelmed with debt when he was appointed to the Primacy, and who died twenty-three years afterwards, leaving a considerable landed estate, as well as personal property to the amount of £180,000! Two clerical sons-in-law of the Archbishop were so well beneficed by him that they drew upwards of £400,000 from the funds of the Church, and he endowed his grandson with the reversions of the Registrarship of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, a sinecure of £8,000 a year.

If one desired to mention modern Bishops who were entirely above reproach in these matters, and who set an admirable example both to their colleagues and to their successors, one would name Hamilton, of Salisbury; Woodford, of Ely; and Fraser, of Manchester.

The Rev. T. G. Livingstone, Vicar of Addingham, who died the other day, was a famous man in 1858, when he succeeded in defeating an attempt on the part of the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to dismiss him from the office of Minor Canon and Precentor of the Cathedral, and he thereby taught the "upper clergy" of the various Cathedrals that their reverend subordinates are not mere hackmen, to be sent about their business through caprice, or prejudice, or mere tyranny. The Precentor had objected to the singing of a certain anthem which the organist had put on the weekly list. The question was referred to Dean Close, but, before that divine had given his decision, Mr. Livingstone struck the obnoxious anthem out of the list, and substituted another work which was more to his taste. The Dean later on decided that the anthem should be sung, and he took such deep offence at Mr. Livingstone's premature condemnation of the work that he proceeded to suspend him from his work in the Cathedral. Mr. Livingstone appealed to the Chapter, who sided with the Dean, and informed their contumacious subordinate that unless he formally retracted a letter in which he had practically defied Dr. Close (who, having always had his own way at Cheltenham, was a great bully), he would be removed from his offices. No retractation was forthcoming, and Mr. Livingstone was dismissed, but he at once appealed to the Bishop of Carlisle (Dr. Villiers), as Visitor of the Cathedral, and, after a long and very thorough inquiry, during which Dr. Travers Twiss acted as Bishop's Assessor, and both parties were represented by eminent counsel, he triumphed, for the Bishop decided that the Dean and Chapter had acted *ultra vires*, and that Mr. Livingstone must be reinstated in his offices, which, accordingly, he continued to hold until 1873, when he was presented to the capitular living of Addingham.

Canon Carus, who died at Bournemouth last week, at the age of eighty-seven, was one of the last surviving of the old school of Evangelicals, of whom the Rev. Charles Simeon, Dean Close, Dean Law, Bishop Baring, and Bishop Villiers were the leaders. Canon Carus, who was the biographer of Simeon, was beneficed at Winchester for many years, and Bishop Sumner (with whom he was a great favourite, and whose confidence he enjoyed in a high degree) gave him a stall in the Cathedral. He was an admirable preacher, and he exercised a great, and often a moderating, influence among Low Churchmen.

The following letter was recently written by that ornament of the Church, the Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, in response to an application on behalf of a party of British School-teachers, who were about to visit Stratford, for permission to visit Shakespeare's tomb. It will surprise no one to hear that the British School-teachers refrained from accepting this generous offer to admit them at half-price. I know not how it may strike others, but it seems to me nothing short of a national disgrace that one of the most famous of our national monuments, and perhaps the most famous grave in the whole world, should be at the mercy of a cleric of this type:—

Dear Sir,—Our rule regarding admission to see Shakespeare's tomb, is to give orders for free admission to *Church* schools and choirs, when the application comes through the clergyman of the parish. As I conclude the teachers on whose behalf you apply do not represent a Church school, all that I can do for you is to offer you admission at half the usual fee—viz., threepence. All the party must enter at the same time. Party not to exceed sixteen, and to count as an even number.—I remain, yours faithfully,

G. Arbuthnot.

A gentleman at Southsea sends me an announcement of a recent missionary meeting as a specimen of "the sort of thing we are constantly suffering from in our parish." I sympathise with the sufferers, but I cannot nerve myself to stir the dying embers of the missionary controversy in which I was lately involved. Quite apart from that thorny subject, however, there is a peculiar interest in the following sentence: "God, in His Providence, is wonderfully opening the vast continent of Africa for Missionary Enterprise." Was the reverend author of that statement thinking of Mr. Stanley, or Lord Randolph Churchill, or the company promoters of Cape Colony?

Offertories appear to be as meagre in Scotland as they are at the majority of churches in England. In a very smart Edinburgh church, where there is an average attendance of about seven hundred, the offertories for four Sundays, there being two services each day, amounted to £24. 16s. 8d.

In Memoriam.

Ended well-nigh ere 'twas begun,
Here lies
The Summer of '91.
If you its age would learn aright,
It lived, in all, just
One Fortnight.
E'en from the first
But falsely fair,
And a delusion,
And a snare,
Its fragile, evanescent form
Died, feebly,
Of
A Thunderstorm;
Leaving this Earth of ours forlorn
Ere many knew
It had been born.
Pause,
Passer-by,
And hope that we
This Summer's like no more may see.

I have received the following amounts towards Lady Jeune's Fund:—

In Memory of Burnie, 5s.; "A Mother," £1; Arthur Humbert, £3. 3s.; Redbreast, 10s.

The Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W., is open daily for the treatment and cure of disease by Electricity, Massage, &c. Consultations free of charge.

Paris.—Hôtel Anglo-Français, 6, Rue Castiglioni, facing the Continental. First-class. Highly recommended for comfort, cuisine, moderate charges, and sanitary arrangements. Otis American lift.

It is not long since I referred to certain facts illustrating the disfavour with which the Eurasian population are—most unjustly—regarded and treated in India. If the Government cared to reverse this treatment for once, they have an excellent opportunity in the case of Signaller Williams, whose heroic devotion and marvellous adventures during the Manipur crisis have already been described in the Indian and English newspapers. I understand that Williams is a Eurasian. The Eurasian population are, of course, complaining that it is owing to this circumstance that the man has not been specially rewarded. I am inclined to think that they are right, for, unquestionably, had the man been a European soldier, his gallantry would have received some suitable recognition. At any rate, such a reward in this case would be specially graceful, and would have a good effect on the position of this outcast race.

The First Battalion Connaught Rangers will shortly be returning home after a long spell of service in India. In the ordinary course of things, they will be drafted to any part of the United Kingdom except Ireland, although the regimental depot is at Galway, and most men going on furlough will have to travel to the extreme West of Ireland if they desire to visit their homes and friends. I would suggest to the intelligent administrators of Whitehall and Pall Mall that this opportunity should be taken to replace the English regiment now in Galway by the Connaught Rangers—an arrangement which would be as much to the advantage of the Englishmen as the Irishmen, to say nothing of the fitness of things under our pretended "territorial" system.

Recent remarks in Truth upon the outrageous periods for which certain artillery battalions have been detained at stations like Gibraltar and some of the West Indian Islands, have led to my attention being called to numerous other cases of the same kind. There are two infantry regiments, for instance—the 38th and the 60th—both of which appear to have been at Gibraltar above five years. I have been told by an officer that there are many worse places for a forced residence than Gibraltar. From an officer's point of view, and for a few months at a time, this may very well be so. But I have already shown what good grounds Tommy Atkins has for objecting to a term of several years' imprisonment on this isolated Rock. It would be worth the while of the authorities to ascertain clearly what he thinks of it, and what sort of an account of a soldier's life is given to intending recruits by the men who from time to time take their discharge after spending five or six of the best years of their lives under such conditions.

A correspondent writes:—

> On page 373 of this week's paper (Truth, August 20) you have a most unfortunate statement in the paragraph about swimming horses. You say that an Australian "unbuckles his reins in the middle always; the reins are then open like the leaders' reins in a four-in-hand." As your leaders' reins *never* are "*open*" by *any chance*, but are always buckled, I fail to see the resemblance.

This "most unfortunate statement" was made not by me, but by "An Australian Bushman," whose letter I published verbatim, in order that he alone might bear the responsibility for his statements. It seems to be quite possible that this gentleman, who was writing upon his Australian experience, may have seen four horses driven with the leaders' reins unbuckled at ends; but whether that is so or not is obviously immaterial, the only point urged in the letter being that cavalry reins should be provided with buckles, so that they may be unfastened if necessary.

In Truth of August 20 appeared some remarks upon the allowance to a colour-sergeant in India to cover certain regimental expenses. The gist of what I said was that the allowance does not cover the expenses, and that the sergeant is consequently out of pocket. An officer now writes to tell me that my correspondent "knows very little about it," that the allowance is ample, and that, if it were not, the pay-sergeant would charge the balance to his troop or company. It may be so. My first correspondent, however, is on the spot, and speaks from personal experience. He furnishes me with a detailed account of expenditure, showing a balance against the pay-sergeant. This balance, he says, the pay-sergeant makes good. I have no reason to doubt his veracity, and he cannot very well be erring through ignorance. I would, therefore, ask Correspondent No. 2 why he expects me to accept his statements in preference to those of Correspondent No. 1?

Her Majesty has approved of the selection of Lieutenant W. Hewett, eldest son of the late Admiral Sir William Hewett, to fill a vacancy on the Royal Yacht.

The Naval Ball to the French officers at Portsmouth has excited a chorus of execrative roarings at that port. The Mayor lent the Town Hall to the Committee, who were therefore expected to invite the fifty-six members of the Corporation; but, although room was found for a legion of midshipmen, yet cards for "the representatives of the ratepayers" were not forthcoming. The Mayor protested vigorously, but without avail, and to him was left the invidious task of "selecting" a certain number of members of the Corporation to attend the ball. Another subject of great and more justifiable complaint is that the refreshments, supper, and wines were supplied by the Army and Navy Stores, and it is alleged that this arrangement was made by members of the committee who are shareholders in the stores. The country paid a considerable portion of the expenses of this ball, and I do think that the local purveyors should have been employed under the circumstances, especially as they have often shown themselves to be perfectly well able to supply a first-rate supper and unexceptionable wines.

One of the worst instances of the way leave is docked in the Navy that have lately come under my notice is that

Bournemouth.—Royal Bath Hotel. The only hotel on the East Cliff. Grounds of Five Acres. 1,000 feet sea-frontage. South aspect. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited.

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of an engineer officer, who returned a month or two ago after three and a half years' arduous service on one of the least attractive foreign stations. By the rules of the service he was entitled on his return to fifty-one days' leave. After ten days ashore, however, he was ordered to one of the ships engaged in the Naval Manœuvres. On this ship paying off, he received, in common with the rest of the officers on board, seven days' "special" leave; but at the expiration of that period, instead of being allowed to enjoy the six weeks' holiday still due to him, he was at once attached to a ship going on special service to a distant part of the Kingdom. This case tells its own tale of the desperate straits the Admiralty are in to find naval engineers for the ordinary duties of a time of peace; but as long as the men in the service are subjected to such treatment, the prospect of a larger supply being forthcoming is not very promising.

I hear that intense dissatisfaction prevails at the Admiralty, in the Accountant-General's Department, through some more than usually scandalous jobbery which has recently taken place, certain promotions having very justly caused direful disappointment in both divisions of that department. The Admiralty has always been a hot-bed of favouritism and jobbery, but matters are worse now than they ever were at any previous period, and Lord George Hamilton would do well to make a rigorous investigation into the various promotions and retirements of the last few months. The fact is, that all the recommendations of the permanent officials for promotion, &c., should be formally dealt with by the whole Admiralty Board, instead of being shuffled through in private.

The steamer *Loch Lomond* arrived at Dundee last week with a cargo of cattle from Montreal. She started with six hundred animals on board, but, having experienced very rough weather, seventy-seven of them died during the voyage, and were thrown overboard, and nearly all the survivors were so severely injured that it was necessary to destroy them directly the vessel reached Dundee, and the scene on the quay is described as having been "perfectly sickening." Mr. Chaplin has power to compel owners to make adequate arrangements for the safety of cattle on board steamers, and it may be hoped that there will be an official inspection of the interior of the *Loch Lomond*. The horrors of the Transatlantic cattle traffic can be neither imagined nor described.

With reference to the exclusion of Blue Jackets from the Dockyards after 10 p.m., a Naval correspondent sends me some remarks which I am bound to admit have force. His main points are (1) that men returning to ship after 10 p.m. are a nuisance to their comrades, as each one must inevitably wake up at least two of those already in bed, in the process of slinging his hammock; and (2) that a dockyard at night is a very dangerous place for stragglers coming in late, who have presumably had fully as much to drink as is good for them. The taking of the officers' signatures, I am told, is intended only as a precaution against the admission of spies. Well and good. But the point to which my remarks were addressed was the expense (and danger) to the men of staying on shore. The fact still remains that ten p.m. is early to expect a man to leave shore who is more or less out "on the spree," and if there really are good reasons against letting men come aboard after that hour, I would suggest that the Naval authorities themselves should provide some sort of shelter for stragglers in or near the dockyard—of course, charging them a reasonable price for the use of it.

I am told by a Naval officer that the satisfaction which I recently expressed with the new order limiting the power of Captains to order punishment is somewhat premature, and for this reason—that, although the punishment warrant must in future be sent to the senior officer for approval, it still remains possible for a Captain to make the punishment proposed by him appear reasonable by wording the offence accordingly; in other words, instead of making the punishment fit the crime, he may make the crime fit the punishment. My correspondent takes a lower view of the honesty of Naval Captains than I did; but he is in the Navy and I am not, so it is very likely that he is right. I would ask, then, whether it would not be possible, by altering the form of the warrant so as to make it a little more explicit, to prevent manipulation of this kind?

During the first seven months of the year, 149,707 emigrants went from Great Britain to the United States, 23,112 to Canada, and 10,040 to Australasia, and of this total number 69,780 were foreigners.

I recently saw an account of an aluminium launch on Lake Zurich, propelled by petroleum, the aluminium being obtained at slight cost from clay. The engine was described as a very small one, owing to the launch being so light. Why are not river launches of this description built by our Thames boat-builders? Electric launches are all very well, but they never are likely to come into general use, owing to the necessity of getting the power whenever the launch has to be used, and stopping at stations to obtain a fresh supply. Two or three years ago, I went out on a petroleum launch of a friend. He had bought it in Boston. There was no smell, because he had imported his petroleum from America, where it is so well refined that it is without odour. He had a tank of this on the river side. All that he had to do was to fill the boat reservoir from his tank, and to light his lamp when he wished to move on. For pleasure launches, the petroleum engine is a thousand times more convenient than electric power, and why our boat-builders have not realised this can only be due to that stolid pig-headedness which is the proud possession of so many Britons.

Major Howe & Co.'s fashionable Boots & Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-street, City; 13, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London.

Choice Old Highland Whiskies. Age 7, 10, 15, and 25 years in wood. Price per doz., 48s., 60s., 72s., and 120s. An eminent medical authority, in recommending the moderate use of Whisky, states that on no account should Whisky be used unless it is well matured. Detailed list on application to Morel Bros., Cobbett, & Son, Limited, 210 & 211, Piccadilly; 18 & 19, Pall Mall; 143, Regent-street. Whisky Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

Probably it is not generally known that the demolishers at Invercauld have a strong precedent for their course of action. The late Colonel Farquharson had placed a key of the gates along his private roads at the disposal of the Queen. One day Her Majesty started on a drive through these roads with the faithful John Brown on the box. The key, it was discovered, had been left behind, but "John" was equal to the occasion—he broke down the gates.

It is expected that Mr. William Wynne, of Penarth, will be appointed to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Merionethshire in succession to the late Mr. Pryce.

A young woman is found shot in a railway train, no one else being with her in the carriage when the discovery is made. She is taken to a hospital, and dies at the end of a few days. Prior to her death she signs a statement to the effect that she shot herself. The statement is signed in the presence of a gentleman who is said to have been travelling with her earlier in the day of the shooting. The gentleman also signs his name as a witness to the document. Ought this gentleman to be called as a witness at the inquest? I should have thought that there could be no two opinions about it. The Bedford coroner, however, who conducted an inquiry last week under precisely the circumstances which I have described, thinks differently, and is so confident of his opinion that he resisted the desire of the jury to have the witness in question before them, taking on himself to say that, on his private information, he considered that only unnecessary pain would be caused by going further into the case. I protest altogether against the right of any coroner to take up this attitude. But the persons who have most cause to complain, as the late Duke of Bedford's inquest showed, are those concerned in the result of the inquiry. In this case the party most aggrieved by the coroner's action is the individual, described as Captain Menzies, who appears to have obtained her dying statement from the deceased woman. He will, I should imagine, leave no stone unturned to get the inquiry reopened, or otherwise to convince the public that nothing has been held back which the interests of justice required to be known.

Mr. Justice Henn Collins deserves the thanks of the Press for the summary manner in which he disposed of the application made to him the other day for leave to institute criminal proceedings for libel against the *Star*. He deserves also the thanks of the public, for, as I have always maintained, the interests of the press and the public in this matter are identical. It is for the interest of the public that the press should be free to speak plainly when occasion demands, and it is for the interest of newspapers to make the best use of the liberty; but it is certainly not the interest of newspapers to abuse their liberty, and in the long-run they gain nothing by doing so. When, therefore, a journalist errs by inexcusable negligence, and thereby injures somebody else, it is only right that he should have to compensate the injured party.

But criminal proceedings stand on a very different footing. The difference between a libel which is merely actionable, and the libel which amounts to a crime, is precisely the same as the difference between a railway accident caused by the mistake or negligence of a pointsman, and an accident caused by the same pointsman putting an obstruction on the line with the deliberate intention of wrecking the train. A man ought not to be liable to criminal proceedings for libel unless he has defamed the complainant's character in pure malice, and for the gratification of personal animosity, or some other illegitimate end. The wrong in that case is of precisely the same character as if the libeller had shot or assaulted his enemy. The *Star* case last week had not the elements of such an offence about it. It was an article on certain legal proceedings, and if it was inaccurate, the inaccuracy was obviously due to nothing more than a reporter's error. It is a comfort that we have at least one Judge on the bench capable of grasping as much as this from the mere statement of the complainant's case.

Probably owing to the holiday season there have been several instances during the last week in which it has been impossible to form Petty Sessions Courts for want of Magistrates. After what has been seen lately, it is a question whether in the long-run justice would not suffer less from the absence of Magistrates than from their attendance. There are, however, cases in which the refusal of justice from this cause leads to scandalous hardship. At Littledean, for instance, in the Forest of Dean, a man was brought up on a charge of being drunk and disorderly. He had been in custody a week, but the single Magistrate present had no alternative but to remand him for another week. It is said that Messrs. Kerr, Colchester-Wemyss, Arnold Thomas, and Brain, who usually attend this Court, were all known to be away from home. Then I should say that Messrs. Kerr, Colchester-Wemyss, Arnold Thomas, and Brain ought to be compelled to compensate those who suffer by their having gone away without having made proper arrangements for the discharge of their duties in their absence.

The utter absurdity of the crusade against Sunday trading for which Worcester recently became notorious was exposed at the meeting of the Watch Committee on Friday. If tobacconists, who are tobacconists only, do not close their shops on Sundays, the antiquated and altogether abominable statute of Charles II. is promptly put in operation by the police and enforced by the wooden-headed city Magistrates. But there are other tobacconists in the town who also possess beer licences; they are open, and, through the closing of the opposition shops, do a roaring trade each Sunday evening. In Worcester, therefore, a smoker who wants to refill his pouch or buy some cigars on a Sunday is compelled to go either to a tobacco shop where beer can also be obtained,

Sea Air and the Skin.—For the next few weeks freely apply Sulpholine Lotion. While removing all spots, eruptions, and imperfections, Sulpholine protects the complexion from sun, wind, and sea, making the skin smooth, clear, and comfortable.

Millinery.—All the latest Novelties in Smart Millinery at the 216, Regent-street Branch of the Maison Nouvelle (next to Liberty's East India House).

or to an ordinary public-house. The Chief Constable (Mr. Sommers) told the Watch Committee that it would be "impossible" to allow the mere tobacconists to open on Sundays. Why? It is done everywhere except in Worcester, Derby, and one or two similarly benighted towns.

With regard to John Cheseldine, of Horncastle, who was imprisoned by Mr. Dymoke for sleeping in the outhouse of an inn, and whose case I referred to last week, a Lincolnshire correspondent informs me that the poor fellow returned home from Lincoln last Thursday in charge of a prison warder, for he was unable to travel alone. While in gaol he slipped several times on the treadmill, and severely injured his legs, and his nervous system has been seriously affected by his sufferings. Surely Mr. Dymoke, who is responsible for the poor man's unfortunate position, will, as an act of common justice, make him some offer of compensation.

Many of my readers have, doubtless, not forgotten the name of Bailie Smail, of Galashiels, who a few weeks back characterised the theft of a bun by a starving man as "the most diabolical case that had ever come before the court, and emphasised that opinion by a sentence of sixty days' hard labour. The Bailie has since gained fresh distinction in connection with this incident. At the Galashiels Court last week he was prosecuted by Mr. Grant, a local reporter, for threatening to assault him, and a most extraordinary story was told against him. Mr. Grant asserts that he went to the Bailie's house about nine p.m. in consequence of a message from the great man himself. He was received by the Bailie in his shirt-sleeves, and invited to sit down and partake of a glass of milk. Scarcely had he accepted this offer of hospitality when the Bailie suddenly developed an alarming demeanour, advanced upon him with clenched fists, threatening to do for him, and using other language too terrible to be repeated verbatim in a court of justice. Mr. Grant appears to be a man of some years, for he is the father of another Galashiels Bailie. He kept off his assailant with the point of his stick, and by a dexterous movement broke the window at the same time and called for help. This diversion had the effect of calming the Bailie, who abandoned his menacing attitude and suffered his visitor to depart in peace.

Extraordinary as is this story, it is not more extraordinary than the conduct of Bailies Riddle and Brownlee, who heard the charge against their brother-magistrate. Although no serious cross-examination of the prosecutor was attempted, and no witness was called for the defence but a servant-girl whose evidence had no bearing upon the material allegations, Bailie Riddle announced that "the Bench were divided in opinion, and must perforce give a verdict of Not Proven." A more unscrupulous refusal to recognise the effect of the evidence is happily not often witnessed in a court of justice. Who may be the authority responsible for checking the vagaries of Scotch Bailies, I do not know; but if Bailie Smail and the colleague (whichever it may have been) who took his part are left, after this exhibition, to work their sweet wills upon the Bench, justice in Galashiels will be decidedly at a discount.

The county magistrates at Bolton imposed a shamefully inadequate penalty last week in a cruelty case. The defendant, Thomas Purchas, of Horwich, bought a horse which had broken its leg near the fetlock, and instead of being destroyed, as it should have been, the animal was kept in awful agony for some days. Purchas, moreover, drove the horse three or four miles with the broken leg. One would imagine that the greatest dunderhead who can write J.P. after his name would have sense enough to know that such atrocious cruelty could only be properly punished by a term of imprisonment; but, incredible as it may seem, the Bench at Bolton let Purchas off with a paltry fine of 10s. and costs.

A scandalous application of the abominable law as to "sleeping out" occurred at Chester Castle Petty Sessions on Saturday. Three men, named Astle, Parry, and Huxley, were charged with "wandering abroad and lodging in a hut without visible means of subsistence." A policeman found the defendants in a railway platelayer's hut at Mollington, where they had made a fire, but so far from being without "visible means of subsistence," they had two bags of rabbits and poaching nets. Upon this evidence the Bench actually sentenced the men—one to six, another to four, and the third to three weeks' imprisonment. No doubt they were poachers. But if the police were unable to convict them of poaching, it was an atrocious misabuse of the law for the Magistrates to send them to gaol for "sleeping out," under such circumstances.

I have had to notice lately an extraordinary number of extravagant sentences imposed by Magistrates; but it would seem that all Justices do not err in this direction. A gang of burglars were recently surprised in a house at Leytonstone. The house had been forced, wardrobes and cupboards rifled, and a quantity of valuables removed. The men made their escape, but one of them, Bishop by name, was overtaken and captured. Some of the stolen jewellery was found upon him. He pleaded guilty before the Stratford Bench to a charge of larceny, but it was contended that there was no evidence of burglary, and the Bench sentenced him to one month's imprisonment. Should this case be followed by an alarming immigration of burglars into the Stratford district, the residents will, I trust, understand whom they have to thank for it.

A friend sends me the following from Brighton. That it is true I cannot for a moment doubt, but it appears to me utterly incomprehensible how such a thing can be possible in the proceedings of a court of justice. I trust that there is somebody at Brighton who will look into the matter:—

Two ladies were summoned by a cabman at Brighton this week for 1s. and were ordered to pay this sum and 3s. 6d. costs. This amount, 4s. 6d. in all, they at once sent to the only person whose name they could find in the paper, viz., the Magistrates who signed the order. A few days after they received another demand for 5s.

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extra costs; in the second demand paper credit was given them for the 4s. 6d. already paid. Is this a question of feeding sundry harpies connected with the court?

Mr. Lorenzo Moore, of Exeter, whose turf circulars were referred to in last week's Truth, desires me to state that he "makes it a strict rule to send out his terms only to those who first apply to him for them," and he thinks that I will agree "that it is practically an impossibility for him to ascertain, before complying with the request, whether the parties are old or young 'infants in the Army,' or even old maids." Even supposing, however, that I agree to that, I do not see that it affects my statement that considerable numbers of Moore's circulars do, as a matter of fact, come into the hands of boys under age. I should advise Mr. Moore to bestir himself at once to prevent the passing of Lord Herschell's Bill, for, notwithstanding the practical impossibility to which he alludes, the measure will throw upon himself and others in a large number of cases the onus of showing that they had reason to believe that the parties to whom their circulars are addressed are of full age.

A gentleman who has sons to look after sends me one of Alfred Warner's circulars, and wishes to know whether the "Opinions of the Press," with which this document is adorned, are *bonâ-fide* editorial utterances, or merely quotations from Warner's own advertisements. Notwithstanding my correspondent's difficulty in believing that the journals mentioned can possibly have recommended their readers to patronise Warner, I am sorry to say that such is the state of the case. Warner, therefore, is not to blame for circulating these extracts. They make a very desirable advertisement for him, though, I should suppose, a very undesirable one for the newspapers whose names are paraded in this connection.

The following is one of W. J. Morgan's latest circulars, and is a specially good specimen of the impudent lies by which the unsuspecting have been entrapped into subscribing to the "International Society" of Morgan & Stedman. My readers are by this time in a position to understand what probability there is of the "Council" of this concern having passed a resolution for the admission of Members of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, and how much such a resolution would be worth if passed:—

The International Society of Literature, Science, and Art,
20, York-buildings, Adelphi, London, W.C.
August 22, 1891.

Sir,—With the view of making this Society thoroughly representative, the Council have passed the following special resolution:—

"That a limited number of members of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers be eligible for election as Members or Fellows of this Society, free from payment of the entrance-fee, on payment of the subscription only, and that in accordance herewith ————, Esq., M.I.M.E., be invited to permit his name to be added to our roll."

I have much pleasure in being the medium of conveying this resolution to you, and in asking you to sign and return the enclosed proposal form.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. J. Morgan, Curator.

Since the above was sent to me, numerous other documents of the same character have come into my hands. In one case "the Council" are said by Morgan to have passed a resolution declaring "a limited number of members of the Iron and Steel Institute" to be eligible for membership of the Society; in another "a limited number of artists," and so on. In view of what I have shown as to the way in which these circulars are produced and sent out, I trust that it will not be long before some of the gentlemen to whom these impudent appeals are addressed prosecute Morgan or Stedman for endeavouring to obtain money by false pretences; and I think that there would be little difficulty in making a strong case in support of such a charge.

There is a great howling and wailing and gnashing of teeth amongst the teetotallers, Puritans, and goody-goody party generally in Manchester, for, subject to its confirmation by the whole body of the Justices, the Licensing Committee has granted a drink licence to the Palace of Varieties. The opposition to the drink licence was just as silly and as bitter—and as unsuccessful—as the opposition to the music and dancing licence. For instance, one of the correspondents of the *Manchester Guardian* invited the licensing Justices to consider where they would be on the Day of Judgment if they set up in the city "another murderer-wife-beater-and-home-destroyer manufactory!" Unfortunately for their case, the narrow-minded opponents of the Palace are unable to prove the existence of any of the fearful evils which they asserted twelve months ago would attend the opening of such an establishment. On the contrary, one objector to the drink licence has been forced to admit that the performances are "perfectly healthy, amusing, and highly moral." The absence of a drink licence up to the present has not materially interfered with the success of the Palace; it has simply inconvenienced visitors who, instead of getting their refreshments at bars in the building, are obliged to go to hotels in the neighbourhood. Intoxicating drinks are sold at the other Manchester music-halls, and in scores of concert-rooms attached to low public-houses, and the Magistrates would have been lacking in common-sense and courage had they refused a licence to the Palace.

The outing of the parochial gorgers and guzzlers of Lambeth, the invitations to which I published last week, duly came off on the 25th ult. The party, twenty-four in number, arrived at Windsor by steam-launch, some of the males—as not unfrequently happens on steam-launches—bearing conspicuous evidence of having already partaken of refreshment. The solid portion of the feast at the White Hart was contracted for at 6s. 6d. per head, in addition to which the company consumed seventeen bottles of wine, besides brandies, whiskies, liqueurs, sodas, and cigars. Who paid the bill I cannot say, but it would be well worth the while of the Lambeth ratepayers to ascertain.

With reference to a recent remark upon the appointment of Mr. Cockerton to succeed Mr. H. L. Roberts as a District Auditor for London, I am glad to learn that Mr. Cockerton does not succeed to Mr. Roberts's salary, it having been arranged that Mr. Roberts should continue to audit the County Council accounts, and that the salary of his successor should be reduced from £1,100 to £600 a year. Mr. Cockerton, who formerly served with credit as the Secretary of the Royal Commission of Market Rights,

has, it seems, been for several years the Assistant-Auditor for London, and has for the last eighteen months done the whole of the London work except the County Council accounts, so that he had undoubtedly a legitimate claim for promotion, for which he was recommended in the usual course by the permanent heads of the Department.

I trust that railway managers will not lose sight of some of the observations made at the British Association's meeting upon the lighting of trains—more especially those of Mr. Killingworth Hedges on the dangers of gas. It is beyond question, I suppose, that gas-reservoirs attached to carriages must always involve imminent risk of a deadly conflagration in the event of a serious collision, and it says a good deal for the excellence of English railway management that the danger has not been brought home to the public by some terrible catastrophe. The most significant point, however, in Mr. Hedges's remarks had reference to the probable consequences of the wrecking of carriages with gas-reservoirs in a tunnel. Surely after this warning the managers of the Metropolitan and District lines will turn their attention to electric lighting?

It is, or used to be, the law, I believe, that a marriage under British law in a foreign country must be celebrated at the British Consulate. Unless I am in error in regard to this, the Foreign Office would do well to investigate the circumstances under which certain marriages of British subjects have recently been performed in the Canaries. I understand that in one case the British Consul, whose post is at the capital, Santa Cruz de Tenerife, married a couple in the adjoining island of Grand Canary, and in another case at Porto de la Orotava. If there is any doubt about the regularity of marriage under such circumstances steps cannot be too soon taken to prevent the repetition of such proceedings, more especially if it is correct, as I am informed, that the marriages took place outside the Consulate for the convenience of the Consul, and not for that of the "happy couples."

The expedition for the relief of Gordon always appeared to me a fatuous operation; but I fully sympathise with the indignation expressed by some of my Liberal contemporaries at the atrocious charge preferred by the Marquis of Lorne in the *Nineteenth Century*, that the expedition was "carefully arranged to be too late." Lord Hartington, the Minister immediately responsible for the arrangement of the expedition, may not impress the public as a master of energy and despatch; but not even his worst enemy would suppose him capable of the depth of criminality here imputed to him, in conjunction (of course) with Mr. Gladstone. It must be a comfort to all Liberals that this charge does not come from their side, and to all sections of the community, that it is made by a person whose opinions on men and things are of no consequence to any living creature.

A correspondent suggests that, after Mr. J. A. Froude's astounding revelations as to the parlous condition in which the Spanish Armada set sail to conquer England, it will be necessary to re-write all the well-known accounts of that famous expedition. For instance, Lord Macaulay's familiar "Fragment" ought, in the interests of truth, to commence henceforth somewhat in this fashion:—

THE ARMADA:

An Amended Fragment.

It was about the lovely close of a Tudor summer day
The Spanish Fleet, in desperate straits, came sailing Plymouth way.
The Admiral's ship was in the van; and he, sea-sick full-sore,
Was lying helpless in his berth and longing for the shore.
For though he was a mighty Don when safe upon dry ground,
He, since the Tagus had been left, had not his sea-legs found;
And every time his galleon lurched, Medina cried "Woe's me!"
And moaned, "Oh! Philip, from the first I warned you how 'twould be.
I told you we lacked every thing that men-of-war require,
Powder and cordage, proper guns, and balls for them to fire;
I told you that our vessels leaked, that dysent'ry was rife,
And that our bravest men had not much stomach for the strife.
I mentioned, too, our meat was stale, our biscuit full of worms;
The putrid water I denounced in most outspoken terms.
But now, your Majesty, I find, my plaints were all too terse,
For things condemned by me as bad have proved, in fact, much worse,
And Heaven only knows the fate which us must overtake
If higher yet the billows rise, or if we meet with Drake."

Just then the quickening breeze of eve blew yet more fresh and free,
And with a groan Medina sank into a syncope;
Whilst up the Channel England's host in all their lusty might
Prepared to meet the Spanish foes who did not want to fight;
And who, if Mr. Froude's correct, had been compelled to sail
So ill-equipped and led that they were bound perforce to fail.

The Junior Conservative Club seems to have quite eclipsed the Primrose Club in the magnitude of its touting operations. During the past few weeks I have been inundated by circulars which have been sent to Liberals in different parts of the country, inviting them to take up membership of this Club prior to the entrance fee being introduced. The proprietors of these Tory pot-houses are just as great a nuisance in their way as the touting money-lenders, turf agents, and charity impostors, and it would be a blessing if a heavy circular-tax could be imposed upon the whole lot of them.

I have to thank several ingenious readers who, in response to a remark in TRUTH of August 20, have sent me suggestions for improved means of taking divisions in the House of Commons. It is evident that there is plenty of intellect ready to grapple with this problem, but it was not my intention, in my remarks upon the subject, to institute a competition among inventors on my own account. At the right time, I shall be happy to go into the rival schemes. Meanwhile I would recommend my correspondents to communicate with the Speaker, who will doubtless be found eager to discuss the question with them.

YACHTING, FISHING, &c.—MOREL'S new list of YACHT STORES, SPECIALTIES and NOVELTIES in PRESERVED PROVISIONS, just published, on application to 186, Piccadilly, W.

A London correspondent reports that Mr. George Curzon has an excellent chance of being appointed to a subordinate office in the Government, because his father was for many years Tory whip in the House of Lords. It is a pity that this writer did not take the trouble to investigate the truth of his statement, which is a nonsensical blunder; for Lord Scarsdale never was Tory whip, nor could he possibly have held such a post, considering that he is a clergyman. No doubt Lord Scarsdale was confused with Lord Lathom, who, as Lord Skelmersdale, was Tory whip in the House of Lords for a long time.

There are loud complaints of jobbery at the Board of Agriculture, where, it will be remembered, Mr. Chaplin commenced operations by pitchforking his private secretary (a young man who was supposed to have "claims" upon the gratitude of "the Party") into the office of Assistant Secretary, with a salary of £800 a year. Mr. Chaplin has recently appointed fourteen Inspectors, under the Pleuro-Pneumonia Act of 1890, at a salary of £300 a year each. These Inspectors ought to be skilled experts, for they have to investigate and report upon the circumstances attending each outbreak of the disease, and to trace and examine all cattle which may have been exposed to the infection. Mr. Chaplin has not appointed a single veterinary surgeon, and there are only two farmers. Of the other Inspectors, one is a barrister, two are military officers, two are naval officers, six are law agents, and one is connected with the mercantile marine. In addition to a salary of £300 a year, these officials are to receive their travelling expenses and an allowance of a sovereign a night when they are absent from home on business. It is scandalous that such ridiculous appointments should have been made, and it is truly remarkable that Mr. Chaplin should have ventured upon such audacious jobbing. I fancy that he will have good reason for deploring his temerity when Parliament meets, and he will probably be severely snubbed by the Prime Minister, who will regard such aberrations as being peculiarily unseasonable with a General Election coming off so soon.

The Bristol Tories expect to lose the seat for the Southern Division of that city at the General Election, and Mr. Francis Fox, the leader of the Party, has issued a most earnest appeal to voters having more than one qualification, that they will register their duplicate votes in that division. It is to be hoped that the legislation of the next Parliament will put an end to the Tory dodge of piling duplicate votes into a doubtful constituency, so that the bonâ-fide electors are swamped by outsiders.

It is somewhat doubtful whether it is not a waste of good material to contest places like Lewisham. The Metropolitan counties are chock-full of people, whose aim in life is to pass as socially superior to their neighbours. If they have any politics they are subordinate to their social aspirations. Liberalism is not deemed the correct thing with them. Toryism they believe to be aristocratic, and they are ready to grovel before the sixteenth cousin of a Lord. The tradesmen in these Tory preserves are as great flunkeys as the inhabitants of the villas, for their dream is to make enough money to live in a villa, and to give themselves airs of superiority over their less wealthy neighbours. Even in the agricultural parts of these counties the agricultural labourers are without a shadow of independence. Generations of subserviency to every one living in a better house than they do, and to the parson, have made them serfs. The uprising of the agricultural labourers in other parts of England has not reached them. For my part, I would accept the fact that constituencies of this sort are Tory strongholds, and that against such stone walls it is vain to fight. Luckily for us, Kent is not England.

Invergloy Hotel (by Fort William, N.B.), on Loch Lochy (Caledonian Canal).—Beautiful walks, waterfalls, &c. Good Fishing and Boating. Same Management as "Station Hotel," Oban.

I have received the following letter from a gentleman of considerable experience in Parliamentary science:—

A few weeks ago I read in Truth a suggestion that if Mr. Gladstone, as now seems certain, secures a majority in the next Parliament, there should be no undue precipitancy in allowing the Peers to dictate to the country a second election. In this view I entirely concur. Mr. Gladstone's aim must be to fight a winning campaign, rather than to secure a victory in a battle which might endanger the success of the campaign. Mr. Gladstone's majority will mean that the electors, after having listened to the arguments for and against Irish Home Rule, have decided in favour of it, and that they have given to him a mandate to give legislative effect to that decision. He will be the negotiator of Great Britain, endowed with full powers to enter into a treaty with Ireland. If the Irish decline the terms that he offers, the whole question will have to stand over. If they assent to them, we must stand by our negotiator. The minority in Great Britain avow that they will use their majority in the Lords to render nugatory the action of the majority. Our business will be to render this impossible in future. If, therefore, the minority, by an abuse of the Constitution, attempt these tactics, we must take care that the issue is not blinked. It will be a general one and not a particular one. It will not be whether Home Rule is to become law, but whether laws are to be made by the majority or by the minority of the electors. In order to make this clear to all, not only Home Rule, but other measures in favour of which the electorates have pronounced, should be sent up to the Lords. These other measures might be "One man one vote," "Welsh Disestablishment," control in all schools receiving public money, and the establishment of popular village councils. If any of these measures are thrown out by the Lords, or if any anti-Liberal modification in them is made by the Lords, the Bill should be put on the shelf, with a resolution of the Commons declaring that it is impossible for the Government of the majority to legislate in this direction so long as the minority arrogates the right to interfere by means of the hereditary Tory legislators. I should be sorry if Mr. Gladstone were to appeal to the country until all the Bills that I have mentioned, together with a Home Rule Bill, have been sent up to the Lords, and either thrown out there on second reading, or emasculated in Committee. I am myself a strong advocate of a large and generous Home Rule Bill for Ireland, but I should hesitate to accept it if, by doing so, I were to strengthen precedent by allowing the Tories to force the Liberals, either to make the duration of a Parliament dependent on the good pleasure of the Lords, or to be placed in a position which precludes them from giving effect to the electoral pledges by means of which the Liberal majority in the Commons has been obtained.

It is to be hoped that Liberals are beginning to understand the Tory-cum-Traitor game. The corner-stone of their plan is the House of Lords. They recognise that certain reforms must be made, so they bring in and pass Bills to effect these reforms. But they take care to insert clauses in these Bills which neutralise the reforms, and then they boast that the Bills, when once converted into Acts, will never be altered, because the Tory majority in the House of Lords will refuse to make the alterations. In regard to education, the Duke of Rutland has announced that henceforth and for ever the yoke of the parson is riveted on the parish school; that the school will be maintained almost entirely at the cost of the taxpayer; and that parents in the parish will be forced to send their children to it; for no Liberal Government will be able to change this Tory legislation owing to the permanent Tory majority in the Lords. So, again, with Home Rule. The elections, says Lord Salisbury, may

go for Home Rule or against it. This matters little, for Home Rule will be defeated by "the play of other parts of the Constitution," the "other parts" being the Tory House of Lords. The question, therefore, that the country has to consider is whether the people are henceforth to be their own masters, or whether elections are to be a mere farce, and the deliberate resolve of the country is to be set at naught by a few hundred gentlemen, who claim the right to set up their will against that of the nation. The Lords have thrown down the glove, and we must take it up. There can be no doubt as to the result, if the people are true to themselves. The Royal veto is a thing of the past. The Lords' veto must go the same way. If it makes them happy to shout "Ichabod," and to think that the glory of England has departed because their sun has set, by all means let them enjoy this illusion.

I have always contended against the absurdity of an Upper House with a permanent Tory majority, absolutely independent of all popular control. Of course, when the Tories have a majority in the House of Commons, such an Upper House is a mere reflection of this majority. But when the country has sent to the House of Commons a majority of Liberals, and when the Government of the country is in the hands of the Liberals, it is out of all reason that they should be forced to obtain the approval of the Tory Upper House before any of their legislative plans can become law. It is for this reason that I have "gone for" the House of Lords. Until its hereditary right to veto all Liberal Bills has been swept away, it is idle to expect that any Liberal Government can give effect to the popular mandate to which alone they owe their tenure of office. They are powerless.

The feeling entertained by the Tories for Mr. Gladstone has always been to me matter for surprise. The word loathing inadequately expresses it. And yet Mr. Gladstone is the one force which stands between them and democracy. He has Conservative instincts, and the respect that is entertained for him by Radicals warps their action. Were it not for this, we should make short work with such survivals of oligarchy as hereditary legislators. As it is, it would be most desirable that he should obtain, on becoming Premier, an assurance from the Queen that he might count on her assent to the creation of new Peers if Lord Salisbury and his Tory following in the Lords attempted to interfere with any measure that has passed in the Commons. This would draw their teeth. With the fact before them that any nonsense on their part would be met by a creation which would make the balance of Parties in the Lords tally with that in the Commons, they might bark, but they would not bite. The value of a title depends upon comparatively few people having titles. Our titled friends would not be pleased by the number of Peers being doubled at one swoop, and by being assured that this *coup d' état* would be renewed whenever the Liberals are in office, and the Lords fail to realise that every Government must have the reality of power with its responsibilities.

If I were a Conservative, I should be as strongly in favour of the abolition of the House of Lords as I now am. These Lords, with large territorial wealth, and with considerable local influence, would make ideal Parliamentary candidates, and, of course, if deprived of their hereditary legislative functions, they would have the same right as any one else to sit in the House of Commons, if elected In the place of the House of Lords, the Conservatives would be wise to establish a Senate, elected by the County Councils or some such bodies, that would have a suspensory veto over the measures of the House of Commons. Whilst all Liberals are in favour of the abolition of hereditary rights to legislate, many of them are in favour of two Chambers. A well-considered measure, therefore, for the creation of an elected Senate with limited but well-defined powers would find many supporters amongst the Liberals. If, on the other hand, the Tories do not take the initiative, and stand to the *sint ut sunt aut non sint*, it is probable that before many years are over the Lords will disappear, and Parliament will consist of only one Chamber.

There are some morbid phases of human nature which have a deep fascination for me. The phenomenal lying with which the would-be-Dictator Balmaceda has astonished the world during the last few weeks, is a case in point. I confess I should vastly like to hear from the lips of this individual what he expected to gain by consistently deceiving the whole world (outside Chili) as to his position, and persisting to the moment when he was in his last extremity, that his enemies were defeated, and had surrendered at discretion. This rascal is now in flight, and it will be a great pity if he should escape. I trust, however, that, if he is caught, the Constitutional Party will not execute him until he has been tried in due form—first, because all matters of this kind should be done decently and in order; secondly, and chiefly, in order that he may have time to explain clearly the motives which inspired his matchless mendacity.

SCRUTATOR.

AN INDIAN GRIEVANCE AND ITS REMEDY.

WITHIN the last few months attention has been more than once drawn in the columns of Truth to the burden imposed upon officers by the passage to and from India, and the very scanty attempts made by Government to lighten the burden for them. The extent to which the tax is felt is shown by the increasing practice of travelling second-class—a practice which, it will be remembered, was recently thought worthy of official notice and condemnation by the Commander-in-Chief in Bombay. There is no crime, that I see, in officers travelling second class, and they deserve the highest credit for pocketing their pride, in preference to pinching their pockets for the mere sake of appearances. But if, as Sir George Greaves laid down—and as may very possibly be the case—an officer holding her Majesty's Commission ought to live on board ship in a style befitting his rank, then it is the business of the Government to give him the means of doing so. Instead of lecturing the officers under his command,

Gout.—"Bishop's' Effervescent Citrate of Lithia is the best preventive of gout. All doctors prescribe it.—Of all Chemists, and of the Inventors, Alf. Bishop & Sons, 48, Spelman-street, London.

therefore, Sir George Greaves would have been better employed in remonstrating with the War Office.

This subject has just been brought to my notice again by a correspondent who calls my attention to the privileges accorded to French officers by the Company of the "Messageries Maritimes." This Company is subsidised by the French Government for the carriage of the mails. The exact amount of the subsidy I cannot state, but I believe that it is very considerably less than that received by the Peninsular and Oriental, or any other English steamship Company under contract for the mail service. As one of the terms of their contract with the Government, however, the Messageries Maritimes undertake to carry all French officers at 30 per cent. under the ordinary rates. That the P. & O. Company can be expected to do as much as this, I do not suggest for a moment. The number of officers carried by them must be out of all proportion to the number of French officers carried by the Messageries Maritimes. But, on the other hand, so is the 30 per cent. allowed to French officers out of all proportion to the nothing at all allowed to our own under similar circumstances. I think, and think very strongly, that the Government, which is paying a very large sum per annum to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, might reasonably stipulate that its own servants should be carried at cost price, or might, if necessary, pay a few thousands a year more in the way of subsidy in order to obtain specially favourable terms for them. So far from that, our Government does nothing whatever. For all that I can learn, no Government official has ever troubled his head on the subject—if we except the remonstrance addressed to the Bombay officers for condescending to the economies of the second class.

An opportunity may possibly arise before long for giving this matter practical consideration. The air has been full for some time past of rumours of an approaching change in the Indian trooping system, by the transference of the whole undertaking to private hands. The only private contractors likely to undertake the job are the P. & O. Company, and, in the event of their accepting such a contract, some arrangement ought, undoubtedly, to be made with them for the conveyance of both Military officers and Civil servants, with their wives and families, to and from India, on special terms. Should no arrangement of this kind come within the range of practical politics, the question, as it stands at present, might very well be brought to the attention of Parliament when next the mail subsidies are under consideration. The Army and the Indian Civil Service are influentially enough represented in the House of Commons to ensure their case receiving a fair hearing, and there will be no lack of support from other quarters.

A CHANCE FOR BUDDING VOCALISTS.

The fact that several of our leading concert artists will during the winter and spring be abroad or engaged in other pursuits, promises to give an almost unique opening to really talented young vocalists of English or American birth and European training. Madame Albani and Madame Eames-Story will be members of the De Reszke American troupe; Miss Macintyre will, doubtless, still be more or less busily engaged at the English Opera-House; Madame Nordica proposes to go on a concert tour in the States; and although *la diva* is not, of course, available for any but miscellaneous concerts of the highest class, yet Madame Patti also may not improbably tour in America after the new year. Thus far sopranos. In regard to tenors, Mr. Lloyd will be on tour during the first two months of the year with (excepting, perhaps, as to two of the artists) rather a poor troupe, and Mr. Ben Davies, in any case until the close of the year, will be at the English Opera. Of first-rate contraltos, we have for a long time past been short, Miss Hilda Wilson being perhaps the best available; while as to the baritones, the voice of Mr. Santley—albeit he is always an artistic vocalist—has never entirely recovered the strain of singing high parts, such as Zampa and Fra Diavolo, with the Carl Rosa troupe; while Mr. Foli will sail in March for forty concerts in Australia, and Mr. Watkin Mills will during the early part of the year be a member of Mr. Lloyd's travelling company. In almost every department, therefore, there is a splendid chance for new-comers of genuine merit. Every choral society in the land is now preparing for the winter season. Hundreds of oratorio and other concerts will be given before next spring is over, and choir committees are at their wits' end to secure good solo vocalists. The best oratorio quartet we shall be able to muster early next spring will consist of Misses Anna Williams and Hilda Wilson, Messrs. McKay and Brereton, and it would be excess of compliment to describe it as a great quartet. In many districts, owing to the paucity of singers, recourse will be had to local talent, and for want of solo vocalists exclusively choral works, such as Stanford's "Revenge" and the "Battle of the Baltic," or compositions which demand the services of only a single soloist, such as Dr. Hubert Parry's "De Profundis," bid fair to enjoy something very like a run. Many societies, owing to the lack of leading singers, are arranging to form one, at least, of their winter programmes of glees and part-songs. But although the demand is acknowledged, and a new concert singer of real merit might be pretty sure of gaining a position to earn £40 to £60 per week in a single season, our numerous Academies and Colleges of Music seem to be unable to provide the supply. Instrumentalists are being turned out by the dozen, and teachers by the hundred, while diplomas, certificates, and other evidences of more or less worthless titles are being scattered broadcast. But still the Academies give us no vocalists of prominence, mainly, as they allege, because they are not afforded the materials to work upon. English men and women no doubt possess as fine voices as their predecessors had; but, somehow, despite scholarships and exhibitions innumerable, the right voices do not find their way either to or from our colleges and academies of music. For a long time past the concert-platform has been recruited mainly from the United States. Dr. Perkins, Madame Marie Roze's brother-in-law, and himself a prominent American teacher, has for this fact recently advanced a reason which at any rate seems to be a very plausible one. He declares that our budding women vocalists are handicapped in the race by the absurd objection of the Church of England to recognise female singers. The higher clergy, wilfully or otherwise misreading a text

obviously aimed only at the garrulity of feminine preachers, declare that women must keep silence in the churches. It is true that Deans make an exception at festival times, when, thanks to women's voices, money is to be garnered for ecclesiastical purposes; and that at St. Paul's Cathedral the devil is occasionally dodged round the stump by placing the lady choristers outside the choir-rails. But upon the Church establishment the voices of women are replaced by those of little boys, who spend in surplices the time that should be occupied in learning a trade, and not one per cent. of whom after the voice has "broken," continues in the vocal profession. In America this is different. Every poor girl who has any sort of a voice aspires to the church choir, where she knows perfectly well she can always earn bread and cheese. The Church in the United States is a free Church, depending for its support solely upon the congregations. The clergy are alive to the truth that man cannot live by sermons alone, and they bring music to the aid of pure religion, thus attracting the rich worshippers who give grist to the mill. Some of the churches have paid choirs of twenty voices, and a few introduce orchestral music. Boston and other cities swarm with church choirs, and in New York alone there are upwards of 2,000 paid church choristers, the total salary list, it is said, exceeding £70,000 a year. All this gives an incentive to budding vocalists, and particularly to American sopranos and contraltos. The girl will first join some elementary singing class, and will drift into the church choir. There, if she have a good voice, she will speedily attract the notice of the wealthy members of the congregation, who will forthwith resolve to send her to Europe. Sometimes one rich man will put down all the money, sometimes a subscription is raised, sometimes a concert is held. It was in this last-mentioned way that European audiences first came to make the acquaintance of Madame Albani. After two years' study in Europe, the American singer either becomes a favourite in the older continent or returns to take a higher place in church choirs in the States. Some of the best of the American singers have thus graduated from the churches. Madame Albani herself originally sang at Albany Cathedral; Miss Emma Abbott was a favourite singer at Dr. Chaplin's Fifth-avenue Church; Miss Henrietta Beebe was at Paxton's church; Miss Winant at Plymouth Chapel; and Miss Emma Thursby, for singing on Sundays at Broadway Tabernacle, received £600 a year. £100 a year, with an annual benefit-concert, which the congregation make a point of supporting, is a low average of the pay of the leading singers at any of the principal New York churches, while many of them earn £200 to £300, plus the benefit, which, if the vocalist be popular, is worth from £100 to £200 more. English girls have no such advantages. They must simply go through the routine of study at an academy or under a private teacher, trusting only to hope and luck, and not knowing, after all the time and money have been spent, whether the voice will be considered good enough, and whether its owner will not be relegated to the already over-swollen ranks of third-rate teachers. The American lady, on the other hand, has her vocal capabilities tested, and is subjected to some sort of criticism at every step of her career. If as a girl she is worthy only of a minor church, the bigger churches will not take her; while, unless she shows exceptional talent, she may wish in vain for the concert or subscription which will defray the cost of her studies in Europe. The chief defect of the American singer is her craze for the stage, where she can earn at best only a very limited income for a comparatively short time, whereas concert work is steady, well paid, continuous, and lasting. Even Madame Patti earns more at concerts than any operatic impresario in this country could hope to pay her, while the incomes of Madame Antoinette Sterling and Madame Belle Cole largely exceed those of many other artists who hover between the opera-house and the platform. The operatic market, indeed, is now greatly overstocked, but a splendid chance is still available to English-speaking concert-artists, and particularly to those competent to sing oratorio.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

EVE IN THE STUDIO.

THE studio models threaten to strike for higher wages. Theirs is a hard life. When they are not splendid creatures they are poorly paid, and when handsome and well salaried they lead lives of the greatest self-denial, studying what not to eat, drinking very little, not to swell veins and arteries or become obese, walking much, sleeping enough, *and no more*, not wearing corsets or tight bodices, or, however severe the cold, heavy clothing. There are statuesque models, who, if they lived eighteen hundred years ago, might have served at Vesta's altar. Beauties of this kind are rare in cold countries. Algeria begins to furnish them. But Italy is still the most prolific mother of such daughters. I cannot help thinking they owe their magnificent figures to the hard training to which the soldiers forming the Roman legions had to submit. French girl models do not often pose as "academies," but for hands, arms, and turn of the neck or head in vanishing-profile, or for effects of toilette in genre paintings. Of course, I do not speak of Jullian's drawing-school, where beings with no more grace than a hodman and by no means young, are often set before the students. These poor creatures take what they can get, and in the intervals of rest work at some small feminine art, such as making bead ornaments for dresses, crochet work, embroidery, knitting babies' boots, and so on. They are as industrious as bees. I should say that as models they earn from 2s. 6d. to 3s. a day. The beauty who poses to great painters can make from 8s. to 10s. a day, or even more, if her neck and arms can with a little management be brought to look aristocratic in a portrait. Very few grand ladies in getting their portraits painted pose for more than the face. They have not patience to do so. Cabanel had a large assortment of girls and young women, whom he paid handsomely for this kind of work. So had Chaplin. They went often to the Conservatoire for models to stand in lieu of rose-bud demoiselles of

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high family. The girls there are developed rather in a nervous than a muscular sense, and are, therefore, more refined than the contadina dear to Jules Lefebvre, Bonnat, and the sculptors. The latter have to pay dearer than their brethren of the brush and palette, feminine models not liking their colourless studios, and getting tired soon of the dirty white pipeclay in which their plastic points are reproduced; but they are fond of being draped in rich stuffs as in Comerre's and Benjamin Constant's paintings. The late Théodore de Banville recruited for his stepson, M. Rochegrosse, those beauties which figure in the picture of "Belshazzar's Feast," which was the sensation of the last Salon; and no wonder! He found some at the Eden Theatre, some in the corps de ballet at the Opera, some at the Hippodrome, and two in a market. The total of their salaries came to £90. Jules Breton looks for his models in Belgium and Brittany. The Belgian girls must be often changed, they being unable to resist the temptation of eating food, which spoils their figures early. The Bretons have lovely hands, ankles, feet, and necknapes, and are clean-built. Country and seaside damsels are not so easy to catch as might be imagined. They will not neglect their field labours or the fish-market to pose unless offered high fees. Apostles, Prophets, aged Bishops, Popes, and so forth, not being attractive subjects at Salons, the poor old masculine "academies" and supers who stood to painters in lieu of these venerable personages, are not any longer in demand in studios. But those men who are employed earn more than women who pose as long and often. Where a beauty can earn eight shillings a day, a man is able to make ten or eleven. A man is paid four francs a sitting, and a beautiful woman three francs. But I have known fair models who stood out for six and eight, and even ten francs, and got that price. Cabanel found it paid to get singularly lovely beings to pose for the figure part of his portraits of wealthy American ladies. Chapu's figure of the Czarina was borrowed from a nun who had run away from her convent, and who while going to law with the community she had left, to recover her dowry, turned an honest penny as a model for hands and the whole figure. She had grace and refinement. Her postures were sculptural, though quite natural and unaffected.

Strange but true, the girl model who poses fully dressed for genre pictures, and wears elegant or smart dress with style or chic, is not nearly so decent in her life as the one who in studios is generally as Eve was before the fall. One goes in for innuendo, and the other for clean, pure outline. The sprucely clad girl will do anything to keep dressed as nicely out of the studio as in it. Spiciness is her stock-in-trade, and free manners a path to success. The great ambition of the nude model is to save a dowry, and, before her beauty fades, choose a husband of her own station of life though not of her own profession, the male models being rather "dull" in the market.

I have at different times pointed out to your readers places in Paris that are cheap and not nasty at which to lunch and dine. In the course of this week I fell upon one in a part of the town by no means fashionable, which I recommend to eccentric millionaires agog for new gastronomic sensations. It is La Tour d'Argent on the Quai des Tournelles, facing L'Ile St. Louis. There is nothing in the look of the restaurant to prepare one for fearful prices. The master of the house personally attends to each customer. If the table-linen is spotless, it is coarse. There is nothing particular in the glass and porcelain beyond their unpretending plainness. Sand is scattered over the floor. A large table runs from the upper part of the room towards the centre, and then there are small tables for single guests or *tête-à-tête* parties. One is struck with the jolly, comfortable air of nearly every one who comes into lunch. Middle-aged men predominate. They seem to know each other, and sometimes club for the sake of variety to order three portions for six of the extravagantly dear luxuries which figure with the prices marked on the carte. These well-to-do and happy sociable but not distingués persons are generally Burgundians having wine to sell, or merchants wanting to buy it, or it may be commercial travellers who are doing a fine business. They grudge themselves no good thing when they lunch at La Tour d'Argent. I was staggered at the prices on the carte, but being addicted to take flying leaps, said to myself, "Here goes." Salad, French beans, and indeed most dishes of vegetables, ranged from 1 f. 75 c. to 3 f. a portion. Being able to get them at home, I determined to eschew them. After careful study I chose for *hors d'œuvre* butter and cucumbers *à l'huile*. The butter, in these days of margarine, was indeed a treat. It had the nut-like taste that shows freedom from adulteration and freshness. Another *hors d'œuvre à l'Italienne* then followed, and consisted of the large *pimento*, in which there is no peppery flavour, capers, Norwegian anchovies, and olives. The *pimento* was cooked and cold, and the different ingredients formed a most toothsome and dainty salad. The *plats* I chose were *filets de sole à l'écrevisse* and *filet de bœuf au fond d'artichaut à la Tour de Nesle*. The sole filets were arranged in a fantastic way, and the narrow ends were let into the heads of crawfish. They lay in a sauce the colour of eau-de-nil, out of which rose little rocky-looking pieces of lobsters' "coral." Altogether the dish was a picture, and fanciful as it could be. There was not much of it, and one wished for more, but did not dare to order it. As to the other part of the *plat*, it consisted of a round, tender, and thick little steak, just the size of the *fond d'artichaut* set upon it. The cup part of the vegetable was filled with some kind of a batter—a distant relative to Yorkshire pudding, but not to be named in lightness, savour, and fondant quality in the same breath with the English cousin. I had half a bottle of old Chablis, cheese, and coffee. This last was real Mocha, and gave out a perfume that proclaimed its Arab origin and the care with which it had been roasted. You see, the lunch was not Lucullian in quantity or variety. And what, you will like to hear, did I pay for my nectar and Ambrosia? Well, 14 francs 50 centimes! It was awfully dear, but I had to

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go and see, when I got up, the new Jewish museum at the Louvre, and had the satisfaction of feeling that (the meal being so digestible) my head was as light as my cleaned-out purse, and that the task of note-taking was not a heavy one.

On reflection, I cannot think the cup of coffee taken at the Tour d'Argent dear at eightpence. In England a cup of vile tea costs sixpence. To be sure, thin slices of bread with bad butter on it are served with the beverage. But one could not get a simple cup of tea in any decent place for less, I assume, than the price just mentioned. The coffee tasted of the berry, and infinite must have been the care with which it was treated from the time it was gathered to the moment it was served fresh from the mill. In all my gastronomic experience in or out of France I cannot remember a lunch so perfect as the one at La Tour d'Argent. I fancy the wine merchants and the commercial travellers—who, I noticed, tried nearly everything on the carte—could not have got off for less than from £1 to 30s. apiece, if so little, they not being sparing of the great vintages which they apparently clubbed to drink. They ate and drank (but not as inebriates), and laughed, and told such stories as were fit company for Old King Cole. I noticed, also, a band of mendicants hovering round the door and windows of "The Silver Tower." Who that had enjoyed lunching there could grudge to throw them a few coppers? These beggars, unknown to themselves, were a testimonial to the super-excellence of the cuisine and cellar. By the way, I never saw a beggar near any of Duval's Bouillon establishments.

What can have induced Carmen Sylva to go to Venice in the dog days, and to stay there in the season when it is most fever-haunted and smells worst of bilge water? King Charles of Roumania, whose care for his own life increases as the danger of losing her becomes more probable, could not be brought to join her there. It was against his wish that she went, and if she became ill, the fault was her own. Her sensibilities and longing for strong emotions have been the plague of his life. But, she belonging to the Republic of letters, and treating journalists as confrères, the newspapers are generally on her side. Those here cry shame at King Charles. I hear from a Bucharest official that his Majesty has been busy clearing the shop windows of photographs of the Queen and Mademoiselle Vacaresco in the attitude of the Beloved Disciple. There is no harm in the Queen appearing in the attitude of a loving mother, or of the young girl being represented with her head reclining on her shoulder, seeming to say, "I worship you in my heart of hearts." But the pose of both strikes the King as beneath the dignity of the Queen. From Vienna to Varna and round by Odessa he is trying to get hold of copies of negatives that he has destroyed. Charles, the Queen being so ill, is less eager to secure an Edinburgh Princess for his nephew. Perhaps he may soon be able to come forward as a suitor.

China and Glass.—Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DEAR LADY BETTY,—Every class, every pursuit, each sport, and each pastime possesses now its own representative club, and other institutions of a similar character are being annually organised to satisfy the still increasing demand. The latest proposal, however, is, perhaps, the most astonishing of all. The extreme youth of members of certain clubs is already notorious, but since our boys are now generally immature infants or premature men, it may possibly be necessary to provide for the new order that prevails. Anyhow, the following prospectus is sufficiently remarkable:—

Confidential.

"The Junior Bachelors' Club.

"The 'Junior Bachelors' is to be formed as a social and non-political club, for the convenience of gentlemen between the ages of six and sixteen.

"It is intended to provide special advantages to meet the requirements of that particular class for whose benefit the club is instituted.

"The cuisine will be under the immediate control of an experienced *nourrice*, and every species of nutritious and appropriate food, such as is in use only in the best nurseries, will be procurable at a moderate tariff.

"A carefully-selected Committee of Matrons will be appointed, and a 'Professional Gentleman' has been specially engaged to attend to the numerous and incessant requirements of the different members. Since his duties will bring him in contact with the aristocratic parents of members, he may be relied upon to devote his entire ability and energy to the task.

"The 'Professional Gentleman' will be instructed to provide invitations to such balls, parties, and other entertainments as he may consider desirable for members of the 'Junior Bachelors' Club' to attend. His selection, however, will be subject to supervision by the Committee of Matrons.

"A special feature of the club will be a large, airy play-room, where in cold, wet, or unpropitious weather, members may either trundle their hoops, play at marbles, soldiers, 'puff-puff,' or any of the other various games still generally indulged in by high-class children.

"No games of chance whatever, gambling, betting, or speculating of any sort, will be permitted on the club premises, not even for such trivial stakes as bon-bons and buttons.

"Smoking will be strictly prohibited in the club-house; but the hall porter, instead of cigars and cigarettes, will be provided with a well-assorted store of English and foreign sweetmeats and toffee of every description.

"A library is being formed composed exclusively of Peerages, Court guides, and all other books of reference bearing upon the titled, official, and landed classes of this country. Parents may rest assured that no works exhibiting either intelligence, originality, or wit will be admitted, and that members will, therefore, have no opportunity of raising themselves beyond that average commonplace level which is so eminently associated with high-bred respectability.

"A suite of rooms will be set aside for the reception of reputable dowagers and elderly spinsters, the proprietors being unanimously of opinion that the companionship and conversation of these ladies will be of incalculable benefit to the youthful members. *Visitors will be strictly prohibited from introducing either wines or spirits of any sort into the club under any pretence whatsoever.*

"A large, comfortable room will be reserved for the use of governesses, nurses, maids, and others in attendance on members. Perambulators must not be taken beyond the front hall.

"Members shall not be corrected by their attendants in ny of the public apartments. A special chamber will be provided for this purpose.

"Any member detected communicating by signs or

otherwise with the street-boys outside the club-house shall be subject to expulsion by direction of the committee.

"The entrance-fee is £10. 10s., and the annual subscription is fixed at £5. 5s.

"The Committee offer the right of membership without ballot to the sons of Ambassadors, Envoys, Peers, and members of the following clubs:—Jockey Club, Royal Yacht Squadron, Travellers', Marlborough, Turf, Guards', Carlton, Brooks's, Bachelors', St. James's, White's, and Arthur's.

"Should you desire your son to become a member, kindly fill up the enclosed form, to be forwarded to the Bankers of the club, together with a cheque for £15. 15s., being £10. 10s. entrance-fee and £5. 5s. subscription to the 1st of September next."

No sooner was the venerable Duke of Cleveland dead than the world, with its usual heartlessness, eagerly commenced to speculate on the terms of his will. The late Duke's mother brought into the family the wealth of the Dukedom of Bolton, she having survived her brother and co-heir, the last Duke of that ilk. Battle Abbey was purchased by the late Duke out of his savings before his succession, and whilst only in the enjoyment of a younger son's portion. Indeed, up to almost recent times he seldom neglected any opportunity of acquiring landed property.

The Dukedom of Cleveland has, with his demise, become extinct, but the Barony of Barnard survives, and devolves upon Mr. Henry de Vere Vane, who in June, 1881, married Lady Catherine Cecil, third daughter of the present Lord Exeter. To him the Duke has bequeathed Raby Castle, and an income of £30,000 a year upon which to maintain the dignity of the Barony. Besides this, the new Lord Barnard also inherits Cleveland House, St. James's-square.

The Duke's three great-nephews, Mr. Powlett Milbank, Captain Forrester, and Mr. Arthur Hay, brother to Lady Moncreiffe, minus the Duchess's portion and various minor legacies and grants, practically divide between them the remainder of his vast wealth and estates. And thus is dispersed one of the largest private fortunes connected with the English peerage.

The Netherlands Minister, Count de Bylandt, who had intended leaving London last week *en congé*, has been detained in town in consequence of the Comtesse de Bylandt's health. Madame de Bylandt is suffering from a severe attack of sciatica.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff is still at Ems, but he is expected home shortly to confer with his predecessor at Bucharest and successor at Teheran, Sir Frank Lascelles. Sir Henry proposes to leave for his new post early in November. After Sir George Petre's severe illness some months back, it was supposed that he would have retired from the Service; and, acting upon this premature supposition, the Foreign Office appointed Sir Henry Wolff to supersede him at Lisbon. But Sir George Petre has still another year to run before being superannuated, and, having almost miraculously recovered his health, he absolutely refused to accede to the contemplated arrangement. Though Lisbon is just now a peculiarly unpleasant post for any English diplomatist, Sir George prefers his comfortable nice house and Ministerial duties to obscure retirement in England. I hear that Mr. Goschen, the First Secretary—and who, by the way, is a younger brother of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—will soon be promoted. He is a clever man, and has done admirable work in Portugal under very trying circumstances.

Mr. Ralph Nevill, a younger son of the popular Lady Dorothy Nevill, accompanies Sir Henry Drummond Wolff to Teheran in the capacity of personal Private Secretary. Mr. Henry Cadogan has been appointed as Second Secretary at Teheran, and will leave England for his new post at the end of the present month.

Sir Francis Denys, First Secretary of Legation at Copenhagen, arrived in London last week on leave of absence. Lady Denys arrived in London some fortnight back.

With reference to the late visit of the French fleet, I hear that whilst we criticised the French vessels as standing too far out of the water, they found fault with ours for just the reverse quality, and asserted that—first, this will prevent our facing a severe gale; and, secondly, that it reduces the range of our guns. Let us hope that the merits and demerits of the two styles will never be tested against each other. Still, the criticisms are deserving of every consideration from both the French and English "Lords of the Admiralty."

Count Annadia, whose stalwart form was a few years back so familiar a figure on all the principal English racecourses, has since his marriage retired to his estates some four hours' distance from Lisbon, and it is extremely unlikely that he will ever revisit England.

After being closed for a month, the Athenæum Club has re-opened its doors, but what a re-opening it has been! The savants and littérateurs are bewildered by the sight of gold, marble, and colour that now greets their astonished eyes. Never was such a transformation seen before! Even the great Apollo Belvedere on the staircase has been painted from head to foot in flashy gold, whilst the ceiling of the hall is embellished in many-coloured decorations from designs by Alma Tadema. Every known colour and the innumerable shades of each seem to have been employed in decorating the Club, producing an effect that is startling, and which, when the eye at length becomes accustomed to it, may very probably prove to be pleasing. For the moment, however, the Club, by contrast with its former self, looks decidedly cold.—Believe me to be very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

NOW that Lord Rosslyn has won a good handicap, and a fair stakes (about £15,000) as well, it may be hoped that he will adopt a more rational system of racing, for unless he gets rid of his platers they will most assuredly get rid of him.

The running at York confirms the general impression that, with the exception of La Flèche and Orme, the two-year-olds of this season are a moderate lot. Priestess, who has shown good form, was favourite for the Prince of Wales's Plate, but there was little difference in the betting between Mr. Maple's filly and Mr. Houldsworth's Bushey Park, to whom she had to give 12 lb., and he was the great tip at Newmarket for this race. Cardrona was well backed on the strength of her excellent performances at Redcar and at Stockton, but she ran very badly, and so also did Bushey Park, while Priestess was just beaten in the last few strides by El Diablo, whose form had not been good since he won the John o' Gaunt Plate at Manchester last May, and his last race had been at Lewes, when he was unplaced to Gossoon, who also beat him in the Findon Stakes at Goodwood. El Diablo, who cost 1,050 gs. as a yearling, was not much backed, and he was mainly indebted for his victory to the excellent riding of M. Cannon. This race gave one of the finest finishes of the season, and Lord Zetland's Carmilhan, who was third, beaten a head by El Diablo, will win a good stake before long, and so also will Rouge Dragon, who is own brother to Martagon. He cost 1,700 gs. as a yearling. Mr. Lowther's Salamones, who has run fairly well more than once, was the favourite for the Convivial Stakes, for which Lord Durham did not start Lunelle; but, as in Tuesday's race, the favourites were all beaten, and Mr. Joicey won with Silvermint, who did not seem to have a chance on the Redcar running, but the fact is that Salamones got off so badly that he never was fairly in the race, and his performance may justifiably be ignored. After El Diablo's excellent form on Tuesday he was, of course, made favourite for the Gimcrack Stakes on Thursday, and Mr. Fenwick's Vampire, who had been expressly reserved for this race, was backed for a great

Kinahan's LL Whiskey. "The Cream of old Irish Whiskies.' Kinahan's LL Whiskey. Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's LL Whiskey. The Prize Medal, Dublin, 1865.

deal of money, having been tried to be quite as smart as Gossoon, but the heavy going did not appear to suit either of them, and Therapia won in a common canter, her victory being another disconcerting upset of public form.

The Great Yorkshire Stakes collapsed altogether, there being only two starters out of eighty-two entries. Orvieto had only Hudson to beat, and of course he won easily, but his style of going did not please the critics. Mimi was not sent to run for the Oaks, and Crown Princess (a grandly-bred filly, being by Isonomy out of Princess Louise Victoria) was made a hot favourite, but she never looked like winning; and Charm beat Epaulette, after a most exciting finish, winning, not for the Duke of Portland, as stated by most of the papers, but for Mr. A. James, to whom the filly was sold early in the summer. The Ebor Leger afforded the solitary sensation of the meeting. Patrick Blue was backed against the field, and a good deal of money went upon Bracken, but they were both cleverly beaten by Rousseau, who was weeded out of the Dowager-Duchess of Montrose's stud in July for 800 gs., and his sale now appears to have been a decidedly tragical transaction for his former owner.

Heremon met with a serious accident while he was going down to the post to start for the Ebor Handicap, which utterly destroyed his chance, and, after going well for some distance, he suddenly stopped, and finished last. Buccaneer won cleverly from St. Benedict, who reversed the Stockton running with Rosebery Despatch, but the form of the race certainly was not good, and Lord Rosslyn ought to think himself very lucky to have won such a handicap with so moderate a horse. Buccaneer's condition did great credit to Matthew Dawson, who had evidently given the horse a most careful preparation, and he looked a very much improved animal to those who remembered his appearance when he was beaten at Newmarket during the July meeting. He has only been trained over a long distance during the last few weeks, as he was previously supposed to be a non-stayer.

York was a smashing meeting for plungers, for nearly all the "good things" in the programme were ruthlessly upset. It is to be feared that Lord Rosslyn must have considerably reduced his Ebor winnings by two unsuccessful selling-plate "dashes," the one upon Eastern Beauty and the other upon Dartmoor. It is simply idiotic to back an animal heavily in an auction race, which is so moderate that it is very easily beaten by a creature which is subsequently bought in for 165 gs. It would be interesting to learn the reasons which induced Lord Rosslyn to have a plunge on Eastern Beauty. And on Wednesday it was a repetition of the same melancholy and ludicrous folly, for Dartmoor, having been heavily backed, could only get third, and the winner's calibre may be estimated from the fact that it was bought in for 115 gs.

Of the T.Y.C. handicaps, one was carried off by Lightfoot, who started favourite. This mare was talked of for the Oaks last year. The other was won for Mr. L. Rothschild by Galloping Queen, who evidently liked the heavy going.

The easy victory of Lightfoot excited vituperative howlings from those who backed her at Goodwood in the Corinthian Plate, when she was beaten by Ivanhoe (against whom 100 to 7 was offered in a field of five), entirely owing to the ridiculous incompetence of her amateur rider.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club ought to pass a rule to prohibit animals from being named after former turf celebrities. Considering that only thirty-one years have elapsed since Lord Portsmouth's Buccaneer (who was one of the fastest horses ever foaled) was to the fore, and that he only died recently, it is quite wrong that there should already be another creature of the same name.

Wenlock, by Lord Clifden out of Mineral, who died last week, was bred at Yardley by the Messrs. Graham, at whose Doncaster sale in 1870 he was purchased for the late Lord Wilton. Wenlock was very well tried before the Derby of 1872, and he was heavily backed, but he could only run fourth. He was then regarded as a certainty for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, having a maiden allowance of 7 lb., but Queen's Messenger (who had ran third in the Derby) won that race, in spite of a penalty of 5 lb., and Wenlock was also beaten at Ascot in the All Aged Stakes, by Prince Charlie and Sterling, as well he might be. Cremorne and Pell Mell, who had run first and second in the Derby, were not engaged in the Leger, and as Queen's Messenger broke down, the way was fairly cleared for Wenlock, although he was not so good a favourite on the day of the race as Prince Charlie, the roarer, and Drummond, the non-stayer. Wenlock, however, won the Leger in a common canter, but he never did much afterwards, and his last appearance on the turf was in the Leicestershire Handicap of 1874, for which he started third favourite, but he ran very badly. In 1875 he went to the stud, standing at Rufford Abbey, and his fee was 15 gs.! He never sired a really good horse. Martenhurst, who ran third in this year's Derby, is one of his sons.

Mr. Snarry has sustained a severe loss by the death of Tiger Lily, who was the dam of Martagon and of Rouge Dragon, and own sister to Lily Agnes, the dam of Ormonde. Her yearlings always realised very high prices. Tiger Lily, who died from inflammation of the lungs, was in foal to Bend Or, a fact which considerably aggravates the disaster.

The catalogue of Messrs. Tattersall's sales at Doncaster has assumed such appalling dimensions that the sight of it must make breeders quake, and if half the animals which are to be offered change hands I shall be vastly surprised. On Tuesday there will be an enormous number of miscellaneous lots, among which I can find nothing notable, except a filly by Galopin or Prism out of Moorhen, the dam of Gallinule and Pioneer; an Irish-bred filly by Kendal out of Sally Brass, dam of Quilp; and an own sister to The Rejected. On Wednesday there are sixteen yearlings from the Wisdom stud, of which no fewer than twelve are sired by Hawkeye, and it is not often that buyers look with favour upon the stock of untried sires, however promising the animals may be. Lord Scarbrough sends up eleven, including a colt by Strathearn out of Poinsettia, and a filly by Prism out of Rosary. There are six from the Belvidere stud, including an own brother to Parlington, and a colt by Highborn out of Rhapsody. There are eleven from the Croft stud, of which several are by Charibert. From Waresley there are seven, including a half-sister, by Hampton, to Geheimniss. Among the miscellaneous lots is an own sister to Galloping Queen and Benvenuto, which Mr. Leopold de Rothschild will, doubtless, look after. The supply of yearlings from Yardley appears to be inexhaustible. There were two huge lots at Newmarket, and yet here are another twenty, of which five are sired by Timothy, and six by the defunct Sterling. On Thursday, which is always the "sensation price" day at Doncaster, Mr. Snarry sends up nine, including an own sister to L'Abbesse de Jouarre, a sister to Martagon, a filly by Hampton out of Jersey Lily (own sister to Lily Agnes), and a colt by Ormonde or Macheath out of Agnes Bentinck, by Speculum. Mr. G. S. Thompson has six yearlings, and Major Stapylton sends up nine, of which one is own sister to Master Bill, and another is sister to Staines. Mr. Chaplin sends up four, including a colt by Hermit out of Substitute, and a colt by Bendigo out of Wandering Nun. Mr. J. S. Harrison's lot of twelve includes a half-brother to St. Gatien, by Royal Hampton; a colt by Bend Or out of Rosy Morn; a colt by Bend Or out of Lady Chelmsford; a half-brother, by Bendigo, to Elizabeth; and a filly by St. Simon out of Lady FitzJames. From Sledmere there comes a lot of seven, which will probably realise the best average of the week. There are colts by Hampton out of Reprieve, by St. Simon out of Plaisanterie (there will be a rush to see the first foal of this great mare), and by Hampton out of Bella Agnes, and fillies by Isonomy out of Re-Echo (dam of Listen and Caller Herrin'), Blue Rock (dam of St. Simon of the Rock), and Quilt, by Hermit, respectively. Lord Rodney sends up three, one of which is a filly by Kilwarlin out of Spoletta. Among Mr. H. A. Harrison's lot of six is an own sister to Jezreel. There are fourteen from Whimple, seven from the Athgarvan stud, thirteen

from Mr. Botterill's stud, and seven from Mr. Marshall's, at Laceby. On Friday there are several of Lord Rosslyn's brood mares, the Wassand yearlings, fourteen in number; the stud of the late Mr. Richard Wright, mares from Marden Park, from South House, from Lord Durham's stud, from Blankney, and from Lord Rodney's stud. The Blankney lot includes Velindra, dam of Lady Hermit, who was covered this year by Friar's Balsam. Mr. Elsey's ten yearlings will be offered on Friday, and thirteen from the Blink Bonny stud (including a half-sister, by Bread Knife, to Lunelle), and fifteen from Mr. Taylor Sharpe's stud.

THE DONCASTER PROGRAMME.

There certainly will not be more than ten starters for the Leger, the principal interest in which race just now arises out of the mystery which prevails concerning the intentions of M. E. Blanc. Both Gouverneur and Révérend have been doing the same kind of work for some time back, and if it is intended to reserve the former horse for his valuable engagements at Leicester and Manchester, it certainly appears a most infantile proceeding to give him a Leger preparation, which cannot fail to impair his speed. Putting the running at Newmarket aside (for Gouverneur might just as well have been in his stable on the Two Thousand day), Common won the Derby in a canter, and M. Blanc's horse had no chance whatever with him, and if the favourite is all right next Wednesday, it seems certain that he will again beat Gouverneur, who palpably failed to stay in the Grand Prix. It is stated that both the French horses will start at Doncaster, and that they are to run independently of each other, just as did Marie Stuart and Doncaster eighteen years ago. This, however, seems incredible, for M. E. Blanc is an *homme sérieux* in his racing, and both himself and his family would regard such philanthropy as a *bêtise* and *sottise*, and would think that an owner thus acting was not the milk of human kindness but the butter and the fat. M. E. Blanc has backed Révérend to win upwards of £20,000, but there has latterly been a marked disposition to support Gouverneur, and it is possible that the recent unsteadiness of the former may have arisen from a hedging commission. Révérend has shown that he can stay, and in his race with The Deemster at Leicester he displayed fine speed. It will now be prudent to leave alone the French horses until the day of the race, when their owner's intentions will be more clear than they are at present. I predicted that Gouverneur would be the most dangerous opponent of Common at Epsom, and I now expect that, if all is well with Révérend, he will next Wednesday give the favourite more trouble than anything else in the field. Mimi looks well and goes well, and she has wonderfully improved in all respects during the last month, but I presume that she will run untried. St. Simon of the Rock will probably start on the off chance, as Colonel North has backed him, but his prospect of winning is utterly hopeless on public form, nor is Pannonia likely to distinguish herself. I do not believe that Orvieto will stay the course if there is a tolerable pace. Patrick Blue will most likely run, but, as I pointed out last week, there has always been a doubt respecting the stamina of Lord Zetland's horse since he ran so badly at Ascot in the Prince of Wales's Stakes. Bosphorus is greatly fancied in the north, but there was no Leger form in the fields which he beat at Newcastle and at Stockton. Admiral, a stable companion of Bosphorus at Malton, is to start, because it seems that there has been some cross bet about the placings of this pair. Three years ago I predicted that Chillington would run well, when forlorn odds were being offered against him, and with a clear course he would have beaten Seabreeze. It will not surprise me if Lord Bradford's colours are prominently carried next week by Cuttlestone, and if he starts, it is as likely as not that he will get a place. As to the winner, Common seems to hold everything safe, excepting Révérend, with whom there is no conclusive "line," and the latter is the one horse in the field which is quite certain to stay the course. Common ran like a stayer, both at Newmarket and at Epsom, and he may have the stamina of his sire Isonomy for all any one can tell, but the fact remains that he has never been tried over the distance, and Doncaster is a testing course. If Common *can* stay, and if he stands training for another year, he will win all the cups next season.

There are neither penalties nor allowances in the Champagne Stakes, for which forty-two animals have been left in, and the race will be worth about £1,400. The public lot includes Gossoon, La Flêche, Dunure, Bushey Park, Cantire, Priestess, Hyères, Bonavista, St. Damien, Lord Burleigh, and Carmilhan. I shall give a most unhesitating plumper for La Flêche. The entry for the Tattersall Stakes on Wednesday does not include any animal known to fame—a fact which, considering the advanced period of the season, does not say much for the purchased yearlings of last season. The Rous Plate on Thursday has Halsbury, Gossoon, Cardrona, and The Smew as the best of the public lot, but winners of £500 have to give 12 lb. to maidens.

The Zetland Stakes on Thursday will probably end in a walk over for St. Simon of the Rock, and this is a race which might as well disappear from the programme. The Scarborough Stakes on Thursday has thirty-seven entries, including Unicorn, Enniskillen, Common, Kirkstall, Henry VIII., High Havens, Ordinance, and Fitz Simon, and, in the absence of Common, I shall predict the success of Cavendish, who was amiss when he ran with Bosphorus at Stockton. The Park Hill Stakes, on Friday, which will be worth about £1,050, has an immense entry, including Cereza, Blavatsky, Belvidera II., Charm, Dorcas, Mimi, Corstorphine, Haute Saône, and Chloridia. It is impossible to attempt to deal with the race until after the Leger, as so much will depend upon the running of Mimi in that race, but unless Mr. Fenwick's mare is in her spring form I shall expect to see her beaten by Haute Saône, to whom she will be giving 4 lb. The Doncaster Stakes, which will be worth £580, has Peter Flower, Orvieto, Simonian, Cleator, Pannonia, Hudson, and Balmoral, and Orvieto ought to win.

There is an excellent entry for the Doncaster Cup, but Morion is not to run, and the Duke of Portland is not likely to start Memoir, who has 10 lb. the worst of the weights with Queen's Birthday, as also has Gonsalvo, and I should think that Mr. Gretton will reserve his horse for the Jockey Club Cup (in which there are no penalties) and his other engagements at Newmarket. I do not fancy that Rathbeal can stay the distance, and L'Abbesse de Jouarre has 10 lb. extra to carry. Of the three-year-olds, Bosphorus would probably be the best over two miles, but he will be none the better for his race on Wednesday. I shall predict the victory of Queen's Birthday, who is lucky to have escaped the 7 lb. penalty.

MAMMON.

AN INDIAN VENTURE.

THE Army, Navy, and Civil Service Co-operative Society of India, Limited, was formed in April, 1890, for the purpose of "extending to her Majesty's Naval and Military Forces, Civil Service, and the European and native community in India, the benefits of co-operative trading." Of the authorised capital of £100,000, in shares of £10 each, £60,000 is stated to have been allotted, the remaining £40,000 of capital being reserved for issue in India. But the somewhat grandiloquent programme of the concern does not appear to be consistent with any benefit to the shareholders, and the unsatisfactory nature of the report issued to the shareholders under date London, June 2 last, necessitates joint consideration of its position by both the English and Indian shareholders. One of the latter, residing at Bombay, has sent me a communication, containing information gathered on the spot, with the object of saving the shareholders' money, or such portion of it as may not have been already lost.

At my correspondent's suggestion, which I cordially endorse, I now ask the directors of the Company—Admiral

Sir Reginald Macdonald, Major-General Sir William G. Davies, Rear-Admiral Robert A. E. Scott, the Hon. Dudley Murray, Mr. Alfred Cotterell-Tupp, and Mr. John D. Tannahill—to kindly furnish replies to the following questions :—

What is the amount of capital actually subscribed, and the profit or loss made?

What is the amount of trade done by the Society, and what are the present average earnings of the Society in India and the expenditure in London and India?

Why has a branch been opened only at Bombay and not at Calcutta, as promised in the prospectus?

Has the result of the arrangements entered into with the firm of Messrs. James Finlay & Co. been of the "very advantageous nature" anticipated by the directors in the prospectus, and warranting the large commission charge levied by this firm from the Society?

It would also be interesting to know what steps the directors took to ascertain that the commission of 3½ per cent. paid to Messrs Finlay & Co. was a fair charge; if they are still of opinion that it is fair; and, if not, what further steps they took to protect the shareholders? It is readily ascertainable that this charge is more than double the ordinary Indian commission charge of such old-established houses as Messrs. Jeremiah Lyon & Co. or Messrs. Allen Bros. & Co. on business of similar extent. There is only too much reason to fear, judging from the report issued, and the scanty information afforded to the shareholders (although the Company has been in existence for more than twelve months), that the directors have nothing of an encouraging nature to state. However this may be, it is time that the directors should take the shareholders into their confidence, and they will, therefore, do well to furnish replies to the above-stated reasonable questions. If they have any encouraging news to communicate, the columns of TRUTH are open to them for the purpose. If the reverse be the case, the sooner the shareholders know the worst the better will it be for all parties. Under no circumstances should the English shareholders permit any further capital to be called up before the points raised in my questions are fully explained.

FROM MOSES MOSS *TO* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—Great progress has been made during the past week on the Stock Exchange, the boom in the American market having at last communicated its invigorating influence to the other departments. The weak holders having been shaken out by the prolonged slump, stocks are now in stronger hands. The improvement in prices has restored confidence where until recently distrust reigned paramount, and a more hopeful feeling prevails generally. Events in Chili have, moreover, shaped themselves so as to put an end to the civil war very suddenly, thus removing a great feature of weakness in the South American market.

PROSPECTS ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

I gave you a chapter on "Prophets of Evil" last week. These dismal gentry will soon find their occupation gone if the Yankee boom holds up a little longer, and other securities continue to gather strength as they have done during the past week. The public is just beginning to realise that during the unreasonable scare which has prevailed so long, prices of many stocks have dropped far below intrinsic value, and that the moment buyers come into the market, even for moderate amounts only, prices move up sharply. The "House," moreover, has made a good deal of money in "Yankee Rails," and so have some big and little people outside the "House." Hence a disposition to take up stocks in other departments. Home Rails have been on the up grade, but are greatly affected by climatic considerations. South American stocks are again being looked at, and will undoubtedly benefit from the recovery in Chilian and Nitrate securities. Nor has the advance in American Railroad stocks nearly run its course, and it is carrying Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunks with it. An important advance in the Mining market may also be looked for at any time. Money is likely to be reasonably cheap, although we may expect stiffer rates, as gold will leave this country, and especially France, in payment of American grain. That movement will have to be faced at an early period, and while it will give a further impulse to the Yankee boom, it will no doubt adversely affect Interbourse securities, such as Portuguese, Spanish, Hungarian Rentes, Russians, &c., which had, therefore, be best left alone. But in all other departments well-selected stocks may now be fairly bought with the certainty that quotations will be carried much higher in a comparatively short period. This argument applies specially to many stocks in the South American and miscellaneous markets, and in the latter, particularly to American Brewery Companies, which should certainly benefit in a marked manner from the unparalleled prosperity which is in store for the United States in view of their overflowing crops.

HOME RAILS.

Although stock was, on the whole, more plentiful in the Home Railway department last settlement than on the previous "carry over," prices have again advanced. It cannot be said that the weather has favoured Home Rails, as it was decidedly against passenger traffic, while considerable damage must have been done to the home crops. But, on the other hand, there have been some favourable developments in individual stocks, and traffics of the heavy lines keep up better than had been anticipated. Investors, too, support the market by moderate purchases. There does not seem to be a great deal in the "House" rumour that negotiations are going on between the Chatham and Midland Companies for giving the latter increased running powers over the Chatham, so as to run Midland trains straight to Dover, &c., but both stocks have maintained best parts of their rise, which put them up to 159 for Midlands, 18⅝ for Chatham Ordinary, and 108½ for First Prefs. As regards Midlands, even apart from the Chatham arrangement, which seems to be a kind of set-off against future Sheffield-South-Eastern trunk line developments, they are still a good purchase. I do not know what benefit the Chatham Company may derive from the arrangements it has made with the Wagon-Lits Company about the "Club" trains to and from Paris, but to its ordinary passengers these arrangements are an unmixed evil. The "Club" trains and "Club" boats have to be continually dodged by those provided only with moderate purses, running as they do at the most convenient times, and I recently was present on an occasion when passengers were much aggrieved at having to pay a heavy supplementary charge from Calais to Dover, because, forsooth, the steamer *Petrel*, by which they had to cross, and which cannot compare with the Company's splendid vessels *Victoria*, *Empress*, &c., was hired by the Wagon-Lits Company. Compared with these methods, the South-Eastern Railway Company's reported intention to introduce cheap third-class traffic is, undoubtedly, progressive, little as it is looked for in that quarter. The rumour was, at all events, utilise to put up Dover "A" to 85¼. It would have been wise if the Brighton Company had added a footnote to their July statement explaining that a certain proportion of the increase in the working expenses was due to repairs of bridges and to the Norwood accident, but those who took the trouble to inquire obtained the information promptly at the Company's offices. The Brighton Company has still the weather to contend against, and even a more settled aspect would probably not be fully expressed in the traffics for two or three days, as would-be travellers by the line no doubt make their arrangements a few days before they start. It is calculated that with moderate luck, as regards an improvement in the weather, Brighton "A" should get 7 per cent. for the year, which would make them cheap at their present price of 146½ Brums and Great Westerns have recovered a fair propor-

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tion of their dividend, especially the latter, but I do not see much inducement to buy them. Berwicks have improved, yet the traffic returns are unsatisfactory, and will remain so as long as the local industries—shipbuilding and the iron trade—are depressed. Sheffield "A" have been taken up two points by the speculative spirit which is at present abroad, and may advance further, although there is no solid basis for the movement. As to the Scotch stocks, which have also improved to some extent, I think it will be wisest to await the accounts and dividends. It will then be possible to see more clearly, and it may be that both North British and Caledonian stocks will be worth buying then.

The Boom in Yankees.

What I have been predicting for months has at last come to pass. American Railroad stocks, which had been unduly depressed during the last six months, have taken a further turn upwards, and may be fairly described as "booming," having risen sharply for the week, the advance ranging from 3 to 6 points. You, my dear Ben, have had to wait with the rest for the fulfilment of your old uncle's predictions, but having taken your cue from him, you bought to average when the market turned, and you have now profits of 8 and 10 points to take on your more recent purchases. Nothing but the prolonged unreasonable scare which followed the Baring collapse could have kept back the recovery, which has now been accentuated by the splendid crops in the States, combined with a great shortage of grain in Europe. There may be temporary reactions, but the tendency will be upwards for months to come, and with proper discrimination in stocks large profits can yet be made. An important point which should not be left out of the forecast is, moreover, the certainty that gold will have to go in large proportions to the United States sooner than most people may imagine. Sterling exchange has fallen to 4·85 (cable transfers), and at any time the rate may drop to gold point (about 4·82$\frac{3}{4}$). The moment that gold begins to return to the States an additional incentive will be given to the Yankee market, and a sensational advance may take place. The Yankees have the best of it this time. Being favoured with prolific harvests they, at the same time, are able to get extreme prices for their grain from Europe, Russia, instead of exporting grain, being compelled to prohibit the export of rye while there is a possibility of her having to curtail her exports of wheat. The last New York Bank statement, moreover, was by no means unfavourable, showing, as it did, a decrease of only a moderate amount in the reserves. Thus all the conditions are given to justify an important advance, and it is probable that even those operators who have been keeping back of late, and thus missed the market, will now come in, as, in fact, the American outside public is doing, to be followed, probably, by the British investor, when prices are five to ten points higher.

What to Buy.

The splendid harvest will, of course, in the first instance benefit the Granger Roads, of which, however, only the stocks of the Milwaukee are currently dealt in on this side. Now, the Milwaukee has just published its preliminary report for the fiscal year ended June 30 last, according to which the total net income is 9,471,900 dols., compared with 9,452,600 dols. for the year 1889-90—a very slight improvement. After paying 7 per cent. on the Prefs., a surplus of 699,000 dols. is carried forward, and so the Ordinary stock has again to go without any dividend. Under ordinary circumstances, this statement would probably have knocked down the prices of Milwaukees, now quoted above 70, but the Road's great prospects from the grain traffic are likely to maintain the price of the shares. The other roads which will benefit are those which carry grain from Chicago to the Atlantic, the Vanderbilt lines (New York Central and Lake Shore), Pennsylvania and the Erie. Pennsylvania are a heavy stock difficult to deal in, but Erie shares are deservedly a favourite stock, and, although already quoted 26$\frac{1}{4}$, are likely to advance materially. Wabash and Atchison stocks, too, will benefit largely, and amongst them Wabash Debentures, now quoted 37$\frac{1}{2}$, and Atchison Five per Cent. Income bonds, at about 60, will probably have the greatest rise. Louisville and Nashville have advanced to 79, Norfolk Prefs. to 55$\frac{3}{4}$. Both are honestly managed, dividend paying, and progressive stocks, and are likely to go much higher. The Canadian lines also will obtain a large increase of traffic through the fine harvest in the States and in Canada. Canadian Pacifics have advanced to 90, Grand Trunk First Prefs. to 69. Canadian Pacifics I recommended when they were 20 points lower. Grand Trunks have not been favourites of mine of late, on account of the bad traffics, but this is likely to mend shortly with the great grain movement, while the returns will now compare with smaller takes last year. Something may also come of the talk of the working arrangement with the Canadian Pacific, and, under all the circumstances, there seems every prospect of higher prices for Trunks.

Jay Gould is Hurt at Last.

It has been repeated by his critics many a time that Jay Gould does not care for public opinion, and that his pachydermatous hide is impervious to the most pointed insinuations or the broadest hints of dishonesty and unscrupulousness. And the manner in which he has again and again defied the voice of the people, the anguish of the ruined victims of his speculations, and the noisy insults of those whom he "bested," lent colour to the view. A story was told of how he adroitly shifted the responsibility for four millions and a-half on the shoulders of the Erie Corporation by signing himself "T. R." (Treasurer), instead of J. G. It did not ruffle his temper. Many have been the criticisms of his *modus operandi* in buying bad Roads at a "knock-out" price, uniting them under a new name, getting a number of people to believe that it was a good Road, making an issue of bonds at a good price, pocketing the money, and finally wrecking the Road, and putting it into the receiver's hands, whence it might again find its way under the Little Wizard's control at a large sacrifice, the latter representing his profit. His scandalous attempt to capture the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad is a matter of history. The manner in which Jay Gould acquired his great control of the Western and South-Western Railroads, and in which he dealt with the Union Pacific in the past, has been branded with the epithet of dishonest jugglery by innumerable writers. His disgraceful connection with the Wabash has been held up to the scorn of the world with equal frankness. He heeded it not! But it is now asserted by the friends of Jay Gould that he is really hurt, that his armour of selfishness and unscrupulousness has at last been pierced by the suggestion that he had had the intention to hurry the Union Pacific into a receiver's hands. He is said to vow that his intentions with the Union Pacific were of the most honourable, and that he wished to save the Road, that, in fact, he has a large stake in it, and would lose heavily if it came to grief. It may be so, and probably it would not be to his interest to wreck the Union Pacific. But before the world will believe him, he will have to show, as his countrymen put it, that he "believes dollars" in the Union Pacific. Let him put his name down for a large share in the new loan, now in course of arrangement, let him buy Union Pacific shares in the market, and then the world will probably believe—if not that his intentions with the Union Pacific are honourable—at least that it is to his interest to save the line.

"Anglo A."

Some shrewd operators have during the past week been quietly buying "Anglo A's" (Anglo-American Telegraph Deferred) whenever any have been offered in the market. Their confidence is well placed. Last year there was only a slight deficiency in the full Preferred dividend. This deficiency has in all probability been more than made up

Arthur Forbes & Co., Australian Investment, Finance, and Mining Agency, 16, Cornhill, London, E.C., and at Brisbane, Queensland, have special business in some of the best Colonial Mining Stocks, including Brilliant, Victory, Victoria, Sunburst, Broken Hill, Raub, and other prosperous concerns. Constant information by cable. Telegraphic address, "Orpharion, London."

during the past few days alone, owing to the activity of the American Railway markets here and in New York, and the large American grain crops are sure to bring about an increase in the number of cable messages between the two continents, so that the profits of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company for 1891 should certainly exceed those for 1890. Apart from this, pressure is likely to be successfully brought to bear on the Board to place the interest received on the securities, in which the Reserve Fund is invested, to the credit of profit and loss account, instead of, as heretofore, adding it to the reserve. This interest amounts to no less than £32,500 per annum, and is more than sufficient to pay 1 per cent. on the Deferred stock of the Company. The Reserve Fund stands at £1,000,000, and has been built up at the cost of the Ordinary and Deferred shareholders, who, now that the amount represents seven figures, think a pause should be made. With the above facts in view, I quite expect to see a steady advance in the price of the Deferred stock, and an investor purchasing now should see a good profit in a short time..

Chilian and other Promising Investments.

The capture of Valparaiso and the victory of the Congress party in Chili will probably put a speedy end to the civil war in that country. The effect of the news upon Chilian bonds was instantaneous, an advance of ten points taking place. Nitrate shares, too, have taken a start. Nitrate Rails rose to 14½, Primitivas to 8½. The former should be bought for a further rise, as the defeat of Balmaceda and the pacification of the country doubtless means safety and greater prosperity for the nitrate industry. The Primitiva Company, however, has great losses to make up, and if you wish to invest in Nitrate shares you should rather choose some such stock as San Jorge, Rosario, or Tamarugal. One of the best, if not the best, of the Nitrate Companies is the San Jorge, which has been earning good dividends throughout the depression, is capitalised on a moderate scale, and the £5 shares in which stand little over par, at 5¾. The pick of cheap Chilian stocks, however, are Arauco Ordinary and Preference shares, the former standing at 7½, the latter at 11 per £10 shares. This Company owns a railway under a Chilian Government guarantee, and a most valuable coal property, from which it has of late been supplying the Government only against full payment. Henceforth the Company will be able to sell its coal freely to all comers, and will be able to do so at a large profit. In fact, it is reported that it has 50,000 tons of coal in stock which will be at once available, now that the prohibition to exports will be withdrawn. The Ten per Cent. Preference shares ought therefore to be pretty sure of their interest, and the Ordinary of a handsome dividend at no distant period. You should buy Araucos at once, while they are at anything like present prices, which compare with 16 for the Ordinary and 23 for the Preference in May, 1890, when prospects were less favourable than they are now. I am not going to write to you about Argentines to-day, having given you a long chapter on that subject a week ago. But I will just draw your attention to a very promising railway stock—the Buenos Ayres and Rosario-Sunchales 1894 Extension shares at 11½ (£10 paid). These shares rank for a 7 per cent. dividend before the Ordinary stock, and are convertible before 1894 at the option of the holders into Ordinary stock. It is argued in the market, with good reason, that, while the 7 per cent. interest is assured, the option to convert into Ordinary stock up to 1894 will give an opportunity for a very profitable conversion, as the Rosario Ordinary stock will by that time probably have again risen to a high premium. The Uruguayan proposals of Dr. Ellauri have met with great opposition, which is not surprising. It is satisfactory to turn from the stocks of a Republic which seeks to compound with its creditors to a country which is most loyal to its foreign creditors, Costa Rica. The Republic of Costa Rica has shown its financial prosperity by depositing 300,000 dols. in London to cover the interest on the public debt for the year 1891. As this interest will not be due until December 31 next, the action of the Government is remarkable. The country is, moreover, prosperous, and its public debt is small. The Five per Cent. bonds, which were depressed for no earthly reason but the general South American slump, are just beginning to move up again. The "B" bonds, quoted at 67-69, ought to stand 10 points higher. Other promising stocks which are beginning to recover, but are still very cheap, are Mexican Six per Cent. bonds at 86, Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds at 75, and First Income bonds at 37, and City of Mexico bonds at 68. It is more than likely that the rise in Chilian securities will give an impulse to most of these stocks.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

The miscellaneous mining market is gradually getting into a better position, for which holders are heartily thankful, after the stagnation and steady depreciation which they have been obliged to witness in their shares. Buyers are making their appearance, and last contango day showed clearly that the dealers are short of shares. If purchasers would take up instead of carrying over, they would at once give the market a really healthy aspect, and considerably enhance the values of their securities. Why the "little man" pays the outrageous rates demanded on "continuing" Mines is a mystery to me, more especially as it leaves the market pretty well at the mercy of the "Bears." I have pointed out the fact so frequently that I am tired of doing so. The report of the proceedings at the Columbian Hydraulic meeting is satisfactory reading, and the improved quotation for the shares is not surprising. Queensland Mines are receiving a fair amount of attention, and such dividend-paying concerns as Gympie, Great Eastern, Day Dawn, Block and Wyndham, and Day Dawn P.C. certainly look cheap at the present heavy discounts. The Quebrado Company is going steadily ahead and at £2 should be bought to lock up for a few months. The leading Indian Mines, Mysore, Nundydroog, and Ooregum, which are probably as well and as strongly held as any mining shares, are quietly advancing, and the movements are justified by the reports from the properties. Mysore Nagar have improved to 8s. and look like going higher. These mines, besides having some excellent quartz reefs, are essentially alluvial deposits, and are for that reason expected to give immediate results. South Australian Petroleums have taken a new lease of life. The Company has received very satisfactory advices regarding the Burmah property, which, if properly and energetically worked, will show handsome profits. Arrangements have been made to find the necessary additional capital without appealing to the shareholders, so that the general position has decidedly improved. The Kaffir Circus seems to be preparing for an upward movement, and some of the big people are laying in stocks of depreciated shares. Of the higher-priced Mines, Durban Roodepoorts, Jumpers, and Geldenhuis seem to be worth attention, but of the lower-priced May's Consolidated at 8s. 6d., and especially Sutherland Reefs at 5s., and Forbes Reefs at 3s., may be recommended for a little spec. Then there are Oceanas, now at about 4¾. The developments which are in progress on the various properties of this Company in different parts of the Transvaal may at any time give startling results, especially on the Silati River Company's Farm, Burgursdorp. Then, again, reports from the Klein Letoba Fields, where the Oceana has a number of farms, are most encouraging. Mr. G. J. Sutcliffe writes very favourably on these gold fields in the *Transvaal Advertiser*, and according to the *Zoutspansberg Review*, Mr. John Dalton, late manager of the Mount Mare Gold Mining Company, has so high an opinion of the Fields, that he is turning his attention to them. There is no definite news yet from the Australian Broken Hill Consols Mine about the rich vein, but those closely connected with the Company are fully confident that the fault will cut out presently, in which case the price of the shares is certain to take a big jump. It is rarely the case that a mining Company, or, in fact, any Company, announces a dividend at its statutory meeting, yet such was last Friday the good fortune of the holders of Maid of Erin Silver Mining shares on which a dividend of 1s. per £1 share was declared out of profits, carrying £11,868 forward. The prospects of the mine are excellent. Its monthly returns show large net

profits, and a large new body of sulphide ores has been opened up. These shares still stand at 1¼-1⅜. There have been violent fluctuations in De Beers, which were over 12 at one time, and have since fallen to 11¼ on reports that the Company had bought a half interest in the new Wesselton diamond mine, with an option on the other half on a basis of £750,000 on the whole property. These are the drawbacks of a monopoly, but it depends, of course, upon the demand for diamonds as to whether the fortunes of the De Beers Company will again flourish. In view of the diamond monopoly, however, which has thus been re-established, the remaining outside Mines deserve attention, especially Otto's Kopje, which I mentioned to you the other day. They are now quoted 3s. 6d., and are a cheap mining speculation. By the time this reaches you Tuesday's meeting will have been held, at which valuable information will be imparted by an eminent mining engineer, Mr. James Lisle, hitherto engaged in Kimberley diamond mining as one of the De Beers managers, who has been secured as the future Kimberley manager of the Otto's Kopje Mine.

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Marcus.—(*a*) A meeting is to be held at the office of the Council of Foreign Bondholders on September 3, when a proposition received from the Argentine Republic concerning the Debt of Tucuman will be submitted to the bondholders. Hold. (*b*) In about a month's time the Funding bonds falling to the share of the Buenos Ayres Water-Drainage Prefs. will be issued, when the price will probably improve. *Enquiry.*—Yes, Costa Rica "B" debentures are one of the best investments, and are likely to go to a much higher price. *S. R.*—Both Mexican Six per Cent. Government stocks and City of Mexico debentures are a good investment.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

O. K.—I cannot recommend the Debentures or Ordinary shares of the Land Company in question. *Homo.*—A very third-rate concern, which I should not like to entrust with any deposits. *American.*—Yes, the American Investment Trust Company seems to have been well managed, and will materially benefit by the Yankee boom. 1812.—High interest generally means bad security. It is a very third-rate concern, and I cannot advise the deposits. *A Soldier.*—1. The Industrial and General Trust is one of the better class of trusts. 2. Hold the South American and Mexican Company's shares, and buy more to average. It will benefit considerably from the recovery in South American stocks. 3. Assets Realisation Five per Cent. Cumulative Prefs. stand at 4⅜-5¼. 4. New Zealand Four per Cent. Inscribed are a fair Colonial investment. *Spectrum.*—The shares of the Australian bank in question have probably fallen on the suspension of several small Australian banks. I cannot advise you on its present position. The same applies to the second-named bank, which is also affected by reported troubles in China. *Lamb.*—I cannot learn anything definite about this bank. Write to Messrs. Matheson & Co., 3, Lombard-street, E.C., who brought the issue out. *Job.*—The life office mentioned is a very poor concern. You will do well to exchange into a first-class office like the Sun or the Provident Life Office. *W. C., Wexford.*—It was clearly not the broker's fault that he could not give you delivery, and you are liable.

Home Rails.

Eclectic.—Hold your Midland Ordinary; it is a splendid investment. Brighton "A" ought to get 7 per cent. dividend for this year, and are therefore cheap. A spell of settled weather would put them up 5 points. Hold! The North-Eastern has a poor outlook on account of the depression of local industries. But Home Rails are moving upwards. Sell on an improvement. *Scotius.*—I think it will be your wisest plan to await the dividends and accounts of the North British Railway before operating. *Operator A.*—Brighton "A" are a very fair speculation at present prices. If the weather should hold up, they would go higher.

American and Foreign Rails.

Crimieth.—Your broker may not have been very judicious in the selection of your investment, but there is every prospect of a recovery in most of them. Hold No. 1 for an improvement. No. 2 (Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary) are also likely to recover, and your American Rails, Pennsylvania (4), Central Pacifics (5), and Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Gold Bonds (8) will benefit by the Yankee boom and should also be held. Nitrate Rails (3) are moving strongly upwards on the latest events in Chili. The future of Santa Fé and Reconquista and Western Colonies of Santa Fé (6-7) is somewhat doubtful, but it is advisable to hold for the present, as some arrangements will probably be come to. Northern Assets (9) are likely to improve with the general recovery in securities. *Ajax.*—There is every prospect of Ohio and Mississippi shares touching 25, although I cannot exactly tell when. They have already moved up to 23½. *L. G.*—I cannot advise you to sell Midland Railway of Western Australia at present price. Hold for an improvement. *Fin.*—I am glad that you are so well in for American Rails, with Northern Pacific Prefs. at 66 dols. and Atchison Incomes at 49. Both will improve further, being now quoted at 73 and 61½ respectively. Sell on a further rise of 3 or 4 points. *Eclectic.*—You should hold San Paulo Debentures for the present. *Marcus.*—The Yankee boom will put Milwaukees, now 72, and Baltimore and Ohio South-Western First Mortgage Income bonds, now 68, still higher. Hold. See reply to remaining questions under "Government, &c., Bonds." *P. S. G.*—The line is not doing well, and Spanish investments are, in sympathy with Portuguese, under a cloud. *Vango.*—Interoceanic Six per Cent. Debentures have now recovered to 92-95 and should be held. Their interest is quite safe. Northern Pacific Prefs. seem good for a further rise. *Maori.*—Now that the end of the civil war in Chili is within measurable distance, buy Arauco Ordinary at once to average. There is a great rise in these shares eventually. Hold the other shares mentioned. *Saxon.*—1. The course of the fall of Paraguay Central was uncertainty about the Government guarantee, Paraguay finance being at low ebb. 2. Impossible to tell yet. 3. Yes. The latest intelligence is favourable; 100 kilomètres of the road from Villa Rica to Yuti were inaugurated on August 9, and the Government has accepted the liability for interest on the Company's capital from August 3. *Ashley House.*—1. Buy more Nitrate Rails to average now that the Civil War in Chili is drawing to an end. 2. The section of the Interoceanic between Jalapa and Vera Cruz has been damaged by rain, and the line is closed, so that through traffic is stopped for two months. The shares will recover again. 3. Hold. 4. There is no market for Magdeburg Trams. 5. Hold Glenrocks for the present. *Imogene.*—The Interoceanic of Mexico Preference interest, due September 15, has been provided for. Hold. *J. M., Lyndale.*—You bought Canadian Pacific at 70, they now stand at 90. Sell half at this handsome profit, and hold the rest for a further advance.

Mining Shares.

Expectans.—1. Yes, you should hold Great Gold Zone; news from the recent expedition is looked for in about a fortnight. 2. Hold Bell's Asbestos. *Meister.*—Some conflicting reports have been abroad respecting De Beers, and it is now finally announced that they have bought half the Wesselton Diamond Mine. It is difficult to judge of the immediate future, but they will be worth buying again on a further drop. *K. T.*—Yes, Otto's Kopje will benefit by the further step taken by the De Beers Company to maintain the monopoly. *Truster in* Truth.—Hold your Australian Broken Hill Consols, and buy a few more to average. *Inquisitor.*—2. Consult my remarks under "Kaffir and Other Mines," and buy, as cheap Mining specs., Mysore Nagar, Otto Kopje, Sutherland Reefs, Forks Reefs. 1. I should rather buy Louisville or Norfolk Prefs. than Milwaukees. *G. G., Brighton.*—1. I see no temptation to hold Port Philips. There will be another call, and then reconstruction may have again to be paid. 2. Hold all the Mining shares (*a-e*) for the present. There are signs of coming activity in the Miscellaneous Mining market, and if this comes about quotations generally will advance. 3. Yes, hold the Brewery stocks *a* and *b*, also Buenos Ayres Western Railway (*c*). Cumberland Lands (*d*) have improved during the last few days, and the price will be further advanced. You should hold all the Elmore Copper shares (*e*) they are on the eve of a rise. 4. No; bank shares are not suitable in the case you mention. 4A. As to investment of £5,000, Midland Railway Ordinary, Buenos Ayres Great Southern Debentures, Threlfall Brewery Debentures would do, also gilt-edged American Railroad bonds, as mentioned in last week's issue. *Tecoma.*—I cannot tell anything about this concern. *Nasus.*—1. Hold Kangarillas. The concentrators are now at work, and the mining captain anticipates £2,000 a month net profit. 2. Keep Bechuanaland Exploration for the present. 3. Hold Wabash Prefs.; they are strongly on the wing. 4. Hold these also, although a dark horse. *Jacobus.*—1. I am not much in favour of Montana Gold. I think you can do better. 2. Yes; the distribution of the Ooregum and Nundydroog shares has been made to the Goldfields of Mysore. I am unable to say whether the Board will declare a cash dividend in December. 3. As regards Cassell Gold Extracting shares, these are £1 fully-paid up, price about 34s. 6d. to 35s., chiefly dealt in in Glasgow where there is a very active market. No special information available. 4. Hold, but do not buy more to average until the turn comes. 5. Hold Gympie Great Eastern for a higher figure. *Borage.*—I have never taken a favourable view of Colons, but I should hold back a sale for a week or two. The West Argentine is a disappointing undertaking, but hold on.

Industrial Companies.

Coal.—Yes, well-selected American Brewery shares will come into favour shortly, and the Preference shares of the Companies named by you (St. Louis, City of Chicago, Bartholomay, and Peter Schoenhofen) are good investments. San Francisco Prefs. are also a fair purchase, as being very cheap. *Rastus.*—Eastman's are likely to recover again in time. The reason of the fall is the bad state of the meat market. But you should wait with averaging until the time has come, which is not yet. *Madrasi.*—I have always held that the Volcanic Aëration Company would not be successful. I cannot obtain any quotation for the shares. I am sorry you are so heavy a loser, although your statement that you would have been £1,500 a better man than you are to-day had you taken my advice is gratifying to me. With the revival in South American stocks generally, Central Argentine are likely to recover. Ooregum and Nundydroogs, too, should participate in any revival of the Mining Market. *Eclectic.*—You are right; something ought to be done to put a stop to the reckless trading of the Eastman's and Hammond's Companies. The meat market is unfortunately against these concerns. I will

forward your suggestions to the proper quarter, and deal with the matter thoroughly. *Bray.*—You have made a good purchase in buying Electric Construction shares at 4. The Company is doing well, and if you have patience you will see the shares stand much higher. *Lubricant.*—There may be some explanation of the reduction of the holdings of Mr. John Bell in the Bell's Asbestos Company, in the circumstance that he had to provide large sums to assist his son, Frank C. Bell, who was unfortunate in his speculations, and came a cropper. But it is probable that the list of holdings will undergo a change soon. *Aileau.*—You should hold these shares, and average by buying more when the turn comes. *Inexperience.*—Both the Electric Light Companies are fairly promising, but I think you can do much better in other departments, such as in American Brewery Preference shares. *Yearly Subscriber.*—I cannot tell you yet what dividend the Barnsley Brewery Company will pay.

MIXED INVESTMENTS.

F. J., Manchester.—1. You may safely hold your Grand Trunks now; they are on the upward tack. 2. Hold your Eastman's, but do not average yet. 3. There is a prospect of a rise in Copper, and Mason & Barry are cheap. Hold. *Club A.*—1. Hold London Street Trams. 2. Guinness' sOrdinary are quite high enough. Why do you not buy some sound American Brewery Prefs. paying 8 per cent.? 3. Coats's Ordinary are high enough. 4. A first-class banking investment, but banks do not make quite so much money with the rate of discount so low. *Damian.*—Outside brokers, who have their own axes to grind. In this particular department you should deal with a respectable member of the "House." *Eochar.*—Argentine investments are likely to improve, if slowly. Hold 1, 3, 5, 6, and 8 for a recovery. Trust stocks are better, and will benefit from the general rise of securities. Hold, therefore, No. 4, and sell on a material advance. It is not one of the best trusts by any means. Hold Costa Rica Railway shares (4). I have no special information on No. 7; a speculative industrial company. *Inquirer.*—I think it is always a mistake to borrow money, and the lender always wants his pound of flesh, even if a life office is concerned. In the scheme you send you have actually to provide two or three sureties, besides taking out a life policy, and I should say that, what with the fees, &c., the rate of interest would be at least 10 per cent. *J. S. T.*—1. Hold Buenos Ayres and Pacific Debentures; they will recover. 2. Dock property is improving. Hold. Although the three Trusts named, Nos. 3, 4, and 5, are not amongst the best, they should be held, as, with the marked recovery in securities, their position is greatly improved. *Lieutenant.*—With patience your stocks will recover, No. 1, with the revival of the Mining Market, which seems at hand. 2. Indianapolis Brewery Prefs, shares are quite safe, and pay handsome interest. No. 3 will also recover. 4. Hold Bell's Asbestos for an improvement, also Central Argentine. You must be aware that there has been a general slump, and all securities have dropped. The turn, however, has now come. Yes; buy St. Louis Ordinary. *J. R.*—What is the use of your asking my advice *after* you have invested? Spiers & Pond shares, Mason & Mason Prefs., and Day Dawn P.C. are fair speculative investments, but no catch. *E. L.*—You had better number the various investments, and keep a copy of the letter, as it may not be convenient to give the opinion with name as to the merits of some of these stocks. As a general rule, all your mining shares should be held, and most of the other stocks. *Universal.*—Make a little Trust of Costa Rica B Bonds, City of Mexico Bonds, Mexican Sixes, Buenos Ayres, Rosario Sunchales 1894 shares, and some of the best American Brewery Prefs., like Bartholomay (Rochester), St. Louis, and Denver United. *Bruce, Rouen.*—You are misinformed as to 1 and 2. Both are excellent investments. 3. I should not care to hold Portuguese. 4. The reports about the St. Louis Brewery are excellent. 5. Mysore Nagar are quoted on the tape prices every day. You will find them in the *Financial News*. *Bathonian.*—You cannot get the yield you want in Colonial and Indian.

ELMORE COPPER.

I am told that a number of City men have been to Leeds last week to inspect the works of the Elmore Copper Company, and have been greatly pleased with what they saw. Their views will, no doubt, shortly be illustrated by a rise in the price of the shares. The time is now also drawing near for the completion of the works of the French Elmore Company at Dives. It is noticeable that this Company still possesses the rights to make copper wire and sheet, which has already been sold by the English Company to a sub-Company. I have had an opportunity of meeting one of the largest shareholders in the French Elmore Company who has just returned from a visit to the works at Dives. He speaks most favourably of the excellent progress made. The engines, boilers, and dynamos—in fact, the whole of the heavy plant—for a total output of about 300 tons per month are already in position. The mandrels and tanks are also delivered, so that the great delay experienced by the English Company will not be repeated in this case. My informant understands that work will be commenced in the course of September, and from all the information he has been able to gather, he is most sanguine as to an unparalleled success.

VARIOUS INVESTMENTS.

It is being pointed out, with every show of reason, that the extraordinary prosperity which seems in store for the United States, in view of their great grain crops, must react most favourably upon the consumption of beer in the States, and that, therefore, the stocks of American Brewery Companies ought to be bought. The logic of this argument is unanswerable, and I shall expect to see a distinct recovery in these securities ere long. Bell's Asbestos shares have been subjected to another "Bear" attack, which has put the price down again. But the curious fact remains that when the "Bears" have got the quotation down, they cannot get any stock without lifting the price very materially. The patience of holders will be rewarded sooner than the "Bears" may think. Trust stocks have been benefited by the stirring events in Chili, which have produced a recovery in a whole class of securities, also held by many of the Trusts. Peruvian Corporation stocks are on the up grade. Even present prices of 28 for the Preferred and 78 for the Debentures are moderate compared with the former level. Railway Investment Trust Deferred (Vestas) remain neglected at 20½, and it seems like preaching in the wilderness to recommend them. Yet they are very cheap.—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

P.S.—TUESDAY.—Since writing the above, the boom in Yankees has again made progress; a further advance of from 1 to 3 points has taken place in active stocks, and the market is visibly broadening both here and in New York, the public being apparently on the feed. Under these circumstances, and with the reported commencement of gold shipments from this side to New York, I anticipate a continued upward movement, and advise further moderate purchases of the stocks mentioned under the heading, "What to Buy." "Anglo A" (Anglo-American Telegraph Deferred), also referred to specially in my letter, have advanced to 14, but they will move up with the Yankee market, and should be bought at once for a good rise. This also applies to Nitrate Rails, San Jorge Nitrate shares, and Arauco Ordinary and Prefs., to which I am drawing attention under "Chilian and other Promising Investments." Nitrate Rails have advanced to 16, Arauco Ordinary to 9½, ditto Prefs. to 13½, but the former may easily go to 20, and there is a big rise left in Araucos. It must not be forgotten that Col. North is on an excellent footing with the new Government in Chili, and will, therefore, be able to obtain every facility, not to say favour, for the Nitrate Railway and the Arauco Company. San Jorge Nitrate shares are quoted 6¼ and are worth a good deal more than Primitivas, which have advanced to 8½.

QUEER STORY.

RIGHT OR WRONG?

NO institution could have been more useful and efficient of its kind, than the Home for Trained Nurses in the county town of F——. When it was first started, in a humble, tentative way, it was recognised as meeting a long-felt need; and it received such substantial patronage from the leading people in the neighbourhood, that it was able rapidly to extend its sphere of operations. Indeed, within the first two years of its existence, its staff of nurses had increased from four to nine. Having now considerable funds at its disposal, the Home was able to engage nurses of the highest stamp, both personally and professionally—women in every way competent to discharge the merciful duties of their calling; and it was seldom that any patient, who had been attended by one of them, failed afterwards to mention her services in commendatory terms.

But well appreciated though they all were by their patients, none was so much liked as Nurse Mansford. This was not only because she was the most skilful, nor yet because she was the best looking (although, with male patients, at any rate, good looks in a nurse go for a great

deal), but chiefly because she possessed that rare gift of quiet, unobtrusive sympathy with the sufferings of others which personal acquaintance with sufferings of one's own will impart to a gentle and refined nature.

And that Nurse Mansford *had* gone through great trouble must have been evident even to a casual observer. The anxious lines which marked her otherwise young face, the premature grey which streaked in places her dark hair, and the sad expression often to be noted in her large brown eyes, all told their tale clearly enough. Of her past she seldom spoke, except to her intimates; and to those only briefly. Indeed, all they learned from her was that she was married, and that her husband had deserted her; but into further details of the affair she could never be persuaded to enter, always replying, with a sad smile, when any inquiry on the subject was addressed to her, that it was far too painful for her to care to recall.

At the time when our story opens, a virulent form of influenza was raging in F—— and the neighbourhood, and the services of all the nurses were in the most pressing demand. Nurse Mansford, especially, who had had a great deal to do before the epidemic broke out, found herself so much overworked that she was obliged to leave her duties and go back to the Home for a few days' rest, feeling that otherwise she should be entirely laid up. It happened, that while she was thus recruiting, an application was received at the Home through one of the visiting doctors for a trained nurse, to attend a lady patient of his, who was just expecting her confinement. And all the others being engaged, the much-worried Matron asked Nurse Mansford whether she were now sufficiently rested to undertake the task.

The latter, whom three days' entire freedom from work had "made quite another woman," at once replied in the affirmative. And as the case was an urgent one, she drove over to Woodlands Hall—her patient's residence—that same afternoon. It was a pleasant, not very large, country house, the property of a valetudinarian squire, who had gone abroad for the winter, and let it furnished. As it stood in the middle of a good hunting country, he had very soon found a tenant—one John La Grasse, whom he heard of through a friend, and who agreed to take the house for the requisite period. It was this gentleman's wife that Nurse Mansford was now required to attend.

Having only been in the neighbourhood a few weeks, Mrs. La Grasse was not even known to the nurse by sight, and the latter felt no little surprise, on entering her patient's boudoir, to find what a veritable child she was. The doctor had said, indeed, that she was young, and that it was her first baby she was expecting; still, Nurse Mansford was scarcely prepared to see before her one who could surely not have numbered nineteen summers. She was lying on a sofa near the window, looking out; but she turned her head at the sound of the opening door. Her face was very pretty after its kind—of a fair, childish type, and in her great, blue eyes shone a certain trustful simplicity, which was decidedly winning.

"You are Mrs. Mansford—my nurse?" she said, in a soft voice, holding out her hand to the new comer. "Doctor Parkins told me your name, and said that he was sure I should like you, and" (with a half-shy glance at the other's gentle face) "I can see that I shall!"

"I only hope you will," replied the nurse, earnestly. There was that about her patient's look and manner which found its way to her tender heart at once.

"Sit down, please!" exclaimed the young wife, pointing to an easy chair near her couch, "and then we can have a talk. I want to get to know you. And there is nothing like a good chat for that purpose."

Nurse Mansford did as requested, and the two were soon engaged in conversation, much less formal and constrained than might have been expected between total strangers. But both were unaffectedly natural, and so quite at their ease with each other. By-and-by, however, the conversation flagged, and the nurse, glancing at her patient, to see if she looked tired, found the large blue eyes resting on her, bright with unshed tears.

"What is the matter, my dear? Are you feeling ill?" she exclaimed, in some anxiety. (The "my dear" slipped out almost unconsciously; for everything about her girlish patient savoured so much more of the child than of the wife and mother that was soon to be.)

"Oh, no; I am quite well at present," was the quick reply. "But I was thinking of you, nurse; and it was *that* that brought the tears into my eyes. You know" (with hurried earnestness, leaning forward, and taking one of the nurse's hands in her own) "Doctor Parkins told me what trouble you have suffered—how your husband has left you. And, oh, I am so sorry—so very sorry for you! . . . . You are not angry with me" (pleadingly) "for speaking of it? But ——"

"Angry? No, indeed, my dear," the other answered, deeply moved by the unfeigned earnestness of the child-wife's winning sympathy. And then, acting upon a sudden impulse, she stooped and kissed the golden head that was bending forward near her.

As if reassured by this, the girl looked up once more at her companion, and said, softly, "Your face is very kind, nurse; but your eyes are, oh, so sad! I noticed that at once; and I do not wonder. For I can guess how bad it must be to be left alone. You have not even" (hurriedly, and with slight confusion) "a little one to comfort you?"

Nurse Mansford shook her head.

"I know how I should feel," the other continued, "if Jack were to leave me. I think it would break my heart. And *I* should not be all alone, as you are. Even now" (blushing, and averting her face), "when Jack has been out hunting all day, and left me by myself, I have not felt altogether lonely, like I used to do. . . . . But" (as if fearing lest there should seem to lurk in her words an implied reproach upon her husband) "Jack is very, *very* good to me. He has gone all the way to London to-day, to get some of the newest delicacies with which to tempt my appetite. I'm sure I can never love him enough. . . . . Do you know" (after a short pause), "I was only a poor little governess when he married me?"

"Were you really, my dear," replied Nurse Mansford, reflecting how entirely unsuited this gentle, sensitive child must have been for such a hard and thankless life.

"Yes," the other answered. "A year and a half ago my father died. He had been in the army, and his pension—all that he possessed—ceased at his death. So, being alone in the world (for I have no brothers or sisters, and my mother died before I can remember), I was obliged to do something for a living; and I therefore went as nursery governess into a rich family in London. Jack used to come and stay with them. There he made my acquaintance, and—and—asked me to marry him. At first, I said no; for he was grand and rich, and I was poor and insignificant, and did not want to drag him down. But he went on pressing me; and I loved him so, that I at last gave way, and we were married privately, without telling any one about it, on the very morning when I left my place. "Oh!" (clasping her hands) "I have been *so* happy with him ever since. And it is my own great happiness, nurse, that makes me sad about you; for if Jack should ever grow not to love me, I know what bitter, bitter sorrow it would cause me."

Her simple confidences, and childlike, impulsive sympathy woke all the hidden feelings of the nurse's heart; and in a minute she found herself pouring into her patient's receptive ear what she had never told to any human being yet—namely, the detailed story of her own great sorrow. How she was the daughter of a jeweller in a Yorkshire watering-place—how a handsome young gentleman, staying at the hotel, had come one day to the shop and seen her there; how his visits, after that, became very frequent; and how at last he persuaded her to marry him; and then how, before they had lived together for a year, he had tired of her, and his fickleness had culminated in ill-treatment and final desertion.

"In justice to him," the nurse concluded, "I must say that he offered to allow me money—enough for me to live upon comfortably—before he left me. But I told him I would rather work my fingers to the bone than soil them with a farthing that came from *him*. Those were the last words I ever spoke to him."

Shooting, Sporting, and Travelling Garments are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

"And is he—your husband—alive now?" asked the girl, gently.

"I do not know," Nurse Mansford replied. "From that day to this I have neither seen nor heard of him. And" (almost sternly) "I have no wish to do so. So far as I am concerned, he *is* dead."

For some while the other said nothing. Perhaps she thought that, under the circumstances, silence would be the best way of showing sympathy. At any rate, she remained for several minutes without speaking, softly stroking one of the nurse's hands which she held in hers. Then, at length, she said:—

"I am very grateful to you for making a confidante of me, nurse, as well as for listening with such patience to what I have told you. Now, I am sure you would like to go to your room and take off your bonnet before tea. Jack will be home by teatime, so you will be able to make his acquaintance then. Shall I ring the bell, and ask the servant to show you your room?"

"Thank you," was the reply. "I should like to take off my cloak and bonnet, and get my things unpacked."

In a minute or two a maid appeared in answer to the bell, and, by her mistress's request, conducted Nurse Mansford to her bedroom—a bright, cosy chamber, furnished with everything that forethought for the occupant's comfort could suggest. There were one or two finishing touches about it, such as the bowl of flowers standing on the table, and the new novels ranged in the bookshelf, which were evidently not the work of servants' hands, but bespoke the presiding influence of the mistress of the house. The mistress of the house!—how oddly that title seemed to fit its owner! Even in years she had scarcely reached the borderland of womanhood; and in nature and disposition she was younger, much younger, than her age. Through all her experience of nursing married ladies under "interesting" circumstances, she (the nurse) had never come across so childlike a wife as this; and it struck her with quite a strong sense of incongruity, that one who at present seemed too young to be out of a mother's care herself, was so soon to have the care of a little one of her own.

With thoughts like these occupying her mind, she leisurely unpacked her boxes, and stowed away her things in the wardrobe. Then, having smoothed her hair and donned a clean, white cap, she started from the room to return to her patient's boudoir. She had to traverse a short passage, which led out on to the landing where the boudoir was situated. The passage would have been dark by this time, for it was late in the November afternoon; but a chandelier on the landing threw a partial light along it. As she neared the landing, she heard a man's footstep on the stairs; and, guessing that it was probably Mr. La Grasse, she stopped, and waited in the passage, to give him time to enter his wife's room first.

It was with some interest that she watched for him to pass, wondering what the husband of this simple, girlish wife would be like. In a second or two, he crossed the landing towards the boudoir, not observing Nurse Mansford, who stood back in the gloom of the passage. The light of the chandelier fell full upon his face, showing every line of it with perfect clearness. An expression of intense surprise, quickly followed by one of agitation and horror, flashed in the nurse's eyes; and, with a little gasp, she staggered against the passage wall for support, still gazing mechanically at the void space under the chandelier, which a moment ago had been occupied by—her husband's figure!

For some minutes her brain seemed to reel before the tide of conflicting emotions which surged in upon it; and every faculty was at a standstill. But in a shorter space than might have been expected, her presence of mind returned, and setting her teeth and clenching her hands in the effort to regain her composure, she told herself that this was no time to give way. A course of action must be fixed upon at once—that very instant; not a moment remained for hesitation or putting off. Only, what was that course to be? Her first sudden impulse had been to follow him and confront him then and there. But this, in the heart accustomed always to think of others' feelings before its own, had died away even ere it had assumed a definite shape. For the sake of that sweet and winning child-wife—nay, no *wife*, alas! God help her!—the immediate *exposé* must be shunned. Even were her condition otherwise, it would be cruel to communicate the stern truth suddenly. And as she was now situated—with not merely her own life to lose in case of a shock—it would be wicked, almost murderous, to dream of such a course.

But, although the impulse to confront him in her—the poor child's—presence, had quickly faded from Nurse Mansford's breast, the determination to confront him alone, and immediately, remained; and she cast about in her mind for some means of obtaining a private interview at once. After a brief reflection, it occurred to her that her best course would be to return to her room, ring the bell for the housemaid, and send a message to him requesting a few words with him in private—hinting (to account for such a proceeding) that it was to say something about his wife's treatment.

But she was spared the necessity of this; for just as she was turning round to go back to her room, she heard the door of the boudoir open, and shut again, and directly afterwards she saw him crossing the landing towards the head of the staircase. In an instant she darted forward, and laid her hand upon his sleeve. He turned sharply at the touch. Then, as his eyes fell on her, his face grew deadly pale, and, starting back, he gasped, in dismayed wonder,—

"You, here?—*You?*"

"Hush!" she whispered, sternly, putting her finger to her lips, and pointing with the other hand to the boudoir door. "Remember *her*. . . . Take me to some room where I may speak with you in private."

Her evident intention to refrain from showing him up then and there to the girl who believed herself his wife, seemed to bring him some slight relief; for, with partially recovered composure, he replied, "Very well, come with me."

She followed him at once, as he led her down the stairs, and into the library below. When he had shut the door, he began, in hurried, nervous words, to attempt an explanation, but she scornfully interrupted him:—

"Do not try to defend yourself," she exclaimed; "I did not seek this interview to hear you make excuses. From my previous knowledge of you, I can estimate pretty shrewdly what *they* are worth. It is about that poor young creature, whom you have deceived and betrayed by going through the form of marriage with her, when——"

"I thought you were dead, when I married her. I swear I did," he broke in.

"Did you?" she retorted, with an incredulous shrug of her shoulders. "I expect that, in gratifying your own selfish passion, you neither thought nor cared whether I was alive or dead; except, perhaps" (with fine scorn), "in so far as there was fear of criminal consequences. For your victim, whose gentle simplicity made her an easy prey to your designs, I am sure no shadow of compunction ever crossed your heart."

"You wrong me—you wrong me," he cried, in earnest, broken accents; "before heaven, you do! God knows that I am villain enough, and that *you* have every reason to think the worst of me. But I am not quite the heartless blackguard you suppose! I really loved Edie from the first, and felt I could not live without her. That is why—I—I—married her—knowing that she was too good, too pure, to come to me on any other terms. And every day since she has shared my home she has wound herself more firmly round my heart, and raised me higher and higher above the slough of my former self, until—oh, my God, my God!" (he covered his face with his hands, and sank groaning into a chair), "what am I to do? When Edie learns the truth, it will kill her."

As she watched his extreme misery, which, whatever its cause, was unmistakably genuine, much of the sternness faded from Nurse Mansford's face, and there was certainly less severity in her tone, as she replied:—

"At present, she shall not know the truth. Her own life and that of her unborn offspring may depend on our keeping her in ignorance. What steps are to be taken, in

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the event of her safely recovering from the effects of her confinement, need not now be determined. Till that time, at any rate, you and I must behave towards each other as perfect strangers. That is why I have sought this interview—to prepare you for such a course; in case by any unguarded look, word, or gesture, you might betray to her the truth. You understand me?"

He bowed his head, affirmatively.

"Very well, then," she continued, "I have no more to say. Now let our interview cease."

* * * * *

On the afternoon of the next day the patient was taken ill, and in the still hours of the night her child was born. For some days afterwards she remained so weak that the doctor feared she would sink from sheer exhaustion. But the fates were merciful. Her naturally healthy constitution asserted itself, aided by the strong desire to live for her baby's sake, and she gradually began to mend. It was a slow process, however—very slow. Indeed, some two months passed before she could be pronounced fairly convalescent. All that time Nurse Mansford tended her with untiring devotion, growing to love the sweet, simple girl more every day. But the more she grew to love her, the sadder did she become on her account, by reason of the terrible disclosure which (as the nurse felt) *must* be sooner or later made to her, with the sure result that it would dash and shatter all her present unsuspecting happiness for ever.

A less conscientious person than Nurse Mansford might, under the circumstances, have been content to let the matter rest. For she cherished no vindictive feelings against her husband, nor the smallest particle of jealousy for the mother of his child. But it would not be right (she argued with herself) to leave the poor young creature ignorant—to let her go on living the rest of her life in a state of sin with a man who was not, and could not be, her lawful husband. But how to communicate the shock? This thought lay on her spirit like a leaden weight all the time. And it did not make matters easier, that her patient, noticing the increased sadness of the nurse's look, and unable to divine its cause, would often try to comfort her by the silent sympathy of a caress, or by starting some cheerful topic to divert her thoughts.

Her husband's evident suspense and misery, which showed itself in the worn, haggard look upon his face (and which Edie assigned to the anxiety her dangerous illness had caused him), moved Nurse Mansford's pity in no slight degree. She had watched him closely in his conduct towards the sweet, simple girl, and had seen, by a thousand signs, that he really loved her with all the devotion of which he was capable. Already he was a different man from the husband who had ill-treated and deserted *her*. And who could tell into what his once paltry nature might not expand, if it were permitted still to remain under the genial influence of so pure and winning a help-meet?

But even to think of this was to encourage weakness. The laws of right enjoined upon her to disclose the truth.

"The laws of right!" she exclaimed to herself, rising from her chair (at this moment, she was in the library alone, having retired thither to write a letter), "how cruel they sometimes are! To blast for ever the happiness of a sweet, pure girl—to drive to moral ruin one who by her aid is even now rising to the light of better things, to lay a blighting shadow on the life of an innocent baby—and, in compensation for all this wreckage, to benefit no single human creature—*that* is right! No! a hundred times, no! Let human laws be what they will—let conventionality make what demands it pleases. . . . I cannot believe that this is right. I will not—will not do it!"

That same afternoon, finding herself alone with John La Grasse, she took the opportunity to inform him of her purpose—telling him simply and earnestly the reasons which prompted her so to act, and to refrain from disclosing the truth to the mother of his child.

He was deeply overcome by her words, and his feelings found vent in broken, heart-felt expressions of gratitude.

But she interrupted him in the middle, and gently drew away the hand which he had taken, and raised to his lips.

"There is nothing to thank me for," she said, with a peculiar brightness in her large, calm eyes. "I am only following the dictates of human feeling. I have long doubted and been in hesitation. But something seems to tell me, that in matters affecting the happiness and welfare of others, true human feeling is a better mentor than any abstract principle of right. It may be weakness in me,—I do not know,—but this I *do* know: the great God sees mercifully; He will make allowance!"

MUSIC.

ON Sunday, in the newspaper owned by Sir A. Harris, it was announced that after all Sir Augustus proposed to start a season of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden on Saturday next. In the course of Sunday, however, it was rumoured that, on his arrival from a brief holiday at Craig-y-Nos, he had thought better of it, and, inasmuch as down to Monday night no official notification had been given, and as it would obviously be absurd to start such a season practically at four days' notice, it may, I hope, be taken for granted that second thoughts have prevailed. As to the rumour that Signor Lago intended to open Her Majesty's for Promenade Concerts, we need not discuss his chance of success until the theatre is actually secured. August was, of course, the best month for Promenade Concerts, and as that month, owing to a regrettable mistake, has been allowed to be frittered away, and inasmuch as from Saturday next the leading members of the orchestra and the whole of the musical critics will be at the Hereford Festival, it would clearly have been unwise to start the concerts this week. Sir A. Harris, it is said, had retained Messrs. Arditi, Ganz, and John Crook, as conductors, had arranged for classical programmes on Wednesdays (though who was to conduct them is not stated), and had engaged Mmes. M. and E. Eissler, Jansen, Farini, and Cerasoli, MM. Mattei, Lely, and Guetary as chief artists. So modest a scheme at the present time it would obviously be superfluous to criticise.

Madame Patti desires to spend Christmas, or at any rate the greater part of December, at Craig-y-Nos; and consequently she has postponed her departure for the United States till the end of that month. The statements in an evening paper last Saturday that *la diva* had signed an agreement with Messrs. Meyer & Stern, that Mr. Carnegie is to find the money, and that she is to receive £900 a night, are from first to last purely fictitious. The London correspondent of a New York paper telegraphed this and other nonsense to New York, but it is hopelessly inexact. Madame Patti's entrepreneur is Mr. Abbey. Mr. Carnegie has nothing to do with the matter except that he may possibly lease Mr. Abbey his new concert hall in New York at the regular price, and the prima donna's fee is entirely understated. Madame Patti, as I suggested last week, will sing in various parts of the States in concerts, and occasionally in opera, though whether she will appear with the De Reszke troupe has yet to be decided. In short, the engagement was, after all, concluded in some little haste. Mr. Abbey had previously made an offer, but the terms (questions of salary were not primarily involved) were unsuitable, and Signor Morini, Madame Patti's secretary, wrote suggesting certain alterations. Madame Patti understood that Mr. Abbey did not accept her requirements, and, consequently, entered into negotiations with his former lieutenant, Mr. Marcus Meyer. Short of actually signing the contract, the conditions with Mr. Meyer were fully arranged, when Mr. Abbey again appeared upon the scene. It was shown that he, personally, had never declined Madame Patti's requirements, and as he was now willing to submit to them in every way, he clearly had a moral right, and, perhaps, a legal

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right to hold Madame Patti bound by Signor Morini's letter. So *la diva* signed with Mr. Abbey, and this is the whole history of the affair. Madame Patti's salary, as I said last week, is, for the present, to be kept a secret, but her fees are certainly settled to a certain extent on the sharing principle, with a definite amount per night guaranteed. It is only a Patti who could make so profitable an arrangement.

Madame Patti last Friday gave her annual Welsh charity concert, this time at Swansea, for the benefit of the Swansea Hospital and the poor of the valley. The proceeds were over £400. Madame Patti sang seven songs, last of all the National hymn, "Land of my Fathers," which nearly drove the audience wild with delight, men and women rising excitedly from their seats and joining in the refrain. In truth, no Welshman can resist the tune of "Land of my Fathers." If he were in church he would start to his feet and raise his voice at the first sounds of this greatly loved melody. It was with this tune that Mr. Abraham immediately silenced a turbulent audience at the London Eisteddfod.

A good and a true story is, by the way, told about this hymn. At the London Eisteddfod in 1887 the authorities could not understand why several of the concerts and contests were so sparsely attended, as they knew that enough people had come from Wales alone to three-fourths fill the Albert Hall. So one evening about ten o'clock a member of the committee went to the "Wild West" Show, where Buffalo Bill was then located, and suddenly began singing "Land of my Fathers." The effect was magical; individuals in all parts of the grounds lustily took up the tune, and the whereabouts of at any rate a good many of the Welsh visitors to "The chief City of Lud in Britain" stood revealed. One of the authorities of the Eisteddfod was urged to try the same experiment at the Alhambra, but he refused, for prudential reasons.

I last week spoke plainly of the unfortunate choice of Saturday next for a concert at the Crystal Palace in celebration of the alleged Meyerbeer centennial. I am glad to learn that this ill-judged scheme has now been abandoned.

Signor Mascagni, who a couple of years ago rose in a few weeks to fame as the composer of the opera "Cavalleria Rusticana" (a work which, being in only one act, is not very suitable to the London stage), has recently finished a grand opera entitled "L'Ami Fritz." The authorities of the Vienna Opera House refused it because they were asked to pay a certain sum down and 8 per cent. of the gross receipts. Instead they accepted a light opera by Strauss and "The Lovers of Teruel" by Señor Breton, who last season introduced some of the music to London. Meanwhile the first production of "L'Ami Fritz" has been secured by the intendant of the Berlin opera. It will be interesting to inquire whether London opera-goers will have any chance of hearing either work next season.

The Liverpool authorities have, I hear, got over their recent craze against Sunday music. Last year, owing, doubtless, to some mistake on the part of the intelligent majority, a local regulation intended to put a stop to Sabbath sing-songs in public-houses was extended to the Liverpool Sunday Society, a high-class body who give lectures and musical performances on Sundays. The society were, therefore, compelled temporarily to migrate to the less congenial, but more broad-minded district of Birkenhead. This year the Sunday Society will be permitted to hold their meetings again in Liverpool.

It is said to be a common experience in this country that mice are found nesting in pianofortes, the explanation sardonically offered by one of the manufacturers being that the instrument is so seldom opened by young ladies, unless a party is to be given, that the animals may safely depend upon being, for the greater part of the year, undisturbed. Now, however, the distressing fact has been disclosed that a particular form of beetle increases and multiplies in London drawing-rooms in that essentially feminine instrument, the harp. The insect is the weevil, and it is, I am told, to be distinguished from other beetles by its particularly long and ugly snout, a fact which lady harp players will doubtless duly appreciate. Somebody has, however, discovered a poison for him, which it is confidently declared any lady can use. All she has to do is to fill a hypodermic syringe with either chloroform or bi-chloride of mercury, drugs which I need hardly say are to be found in every girl's work-basket. These will, I am told, kill them, or it is cheerfully added, if the insect then survives it ought to be permitted to live. The initial difficulty, of course, lies in the particular adaptation of the ancient adage, "First catch your weevil," before the hypodermic syringe can be brought into action.

An endeavour is to be made to start a choir for sacred concerts at Exeter Hall in connection with the organ recitals, and under the direction of the late conductor of the defunct Sacred Harmonic. This is, of course, the thin end of the wedge, and it is hoped that regular oratorio concerts will follow later on. That event will, however, doubtless be dependent upon the securing by the Exeter Hall authorities of a licence from the County Council. A recent decision tends to show that unless the County Council are satisfied that the exits are safe and sufficient, no performance (even when no money is taken at the doors) can lawfully be permitted. Upon this point, at any rate, the judgment of the public will be in favour of the County Council.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—By a happy coincidence I received together two volumes of biography—ancient and modern—of similar and absorbing interest, "Pericles" (1), and "The County Council Year-Book" (2), containing lives and portraits of all the London and provincial Pericles, who are to do for England and Scotland what the great Greek did for Athens. How artistic and imperial the ideals of these classic councils, London at least knows well; and none can grudge the worthies here canonised the immortality conferred by the "Year-Book"—

> Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
> Gold chains, warm furs, broad banners and broad faces.
> Now, night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
> But lived in Settle's numbers one day more.

The Settle of "The Year-Book" seems to have done his work well; but I confess to a Philistine misgiving whether any other soul than the members of these Councils themselves will be interested in the biographies and the portraits of the current Pericles, of the year. Mr. Abbott's admirable volume, on the other hand, deals with immeasurably the most interesting and amazing period in the history of civilisation. For is there in history anything more astonishing than the production by Athens, within a century and out of a population which would not be missed from the census of a third-rate English town, of the supreme masters in all the supreme arts? And if this phenomenal outburst was tropical in its sudden exuberance, it was tropical also in the swiftness of its successive seasons. It took the Athenians less than a century to run round the inevitable vicious circle and cycle of religious thought, which it takes us a millennium or more to traverse. There was Æschylus, so sublimely religious that he regarded Jupiter himself as Dr. Jessopp's Norfolk peasant regarded Providence:—"That there old Providence hev' been agin me all along, he hev! Whoi, last year he mos' spailt my taters, and the year afore that he

(1) "Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens." By Evelyn Abbott, M.A. (Heroes of the Nations Series.) (London: G. P. Putnam & Sons.)
(2) "The County Council Year-Book." 1891. By T. B. Browne. Price 15s. (London: 163, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.)
(3) "The Student's Manual of Greek Tragedy." Edited from the German of Dr. Munk, by A. W. Verrall, Litt. D. (London: Swan, Sonnenschein, & Co.)
(4) "Suspiria de Profundis, with other Essays." By Thomas De Quincey. Vol. I. Edited from the original MSS. by Alexander H. Japp, LL.D., F.R.S.E. (London: William Heinemann.)
(5) "Herodotus." Literally translated from the text of Baehr by Henry Cary, M.A. (Sir John Lubbock's Hundred Books.) (London: George Routledge & Sons.)
(6) "De Quincey Memorials." Edited, with introduction, Notes, and Narrative, by Alexander H. Japp, LL.D., F.R.S.E. 2 vols. (London: William Heinemann.)
(7) "Memoir of Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt." 1820-1851. By Henry Scott Holland, M.A., and W. S. Rockstro. 2 vols. (London: John Murray.)

kinder did for my tunnips, and now he's been and got hold o' my missus! But," he added, with a burst of heroic faith, "I reckon as there's One abev as'll put a stopper on ha' if 'a go too fur!" Precisely the faith of Æschylus in the "Prometheus Vinctus" in a higher and stronger power, ready to override Jupiter himself, if that deity violated the dictate of eternal justice. From Æschylus to Euripides there is but the step of a single generation; yet you stride in that step from the sublime faith and tone of an Isaiah to the scoffing agnosticism of to-day. "The 'spirit that denies' made itself felt in every department of life, and questions which had never yet been raised—questions touching the foundation of society and morals—were matters of every-day discussion." In truth, the race, like a squirrel in a cage, is always turning this eternal treadmill in the vain hope of rising and reaching a firm foothold; but the Athenians spun the wheel round full circle with amazing swiftness and in an incredibly short time. "Æschylus," says Dr. Munk, in his excellent "Student's Manual of Greek Tragedy," excellently translated and annotated by Dr. Verrall (3), "Æschylus, the veteran of Marathon, is the dramatist of the Athenian heroic age. Sophocles reflects in his noble creations the cultured spirit of the age of Pericles, and transmits it in its purity to succeeding times. Euripides is the dramatist of a day when faith in the old gods had vanished, and with it the moral significance of the religious myths. Its place was taken in some minds by a dreary superstition, in others by an unsound intellectualism. Loss of faith in the gods involved a similar loss of faith in the divine in man. This was followed by a gross materialism, which found its greatest happiness in enjoyment, its greatest pain in self-denial. Family ties became laxer; loose connections—tolerated, though not approved, by public opinion—destroyed the sanctity of the marriage bond. All faith in woman's dignity and virtue disappeared, and men avenged by hatred and scorn the indignity they had themselves inflicted on the weaker sex." Might you not imagine that he wrote of Zola and Ibsen; of the realism, pessimism, agnosticism, and misogyny of the European prophets of to-day? Like the children of Israel in the desert (to borrow the words in which Macaulay expresses an image he had himself borrowed from Cowley) we wander round and round, "always moving, yet never advancing, reaping no harvest, and building no abiding city in a wilderness of dreary sands and of bitter waters."

Before quitting the subject of the Greek dramatists I should like to quote for you De Quincey's appreciation of them as I find it in the first volume of a selection from his posthumous works, made with excellent judgment by Dr. Japp (4):—"I protest that five hundred kings' ransoms—nay, any sum conceivable as a common contribution from all nations—would not be too much for the infinite treasure of the Greek tragic drama alone. Is it superior to our own? No (so far as capable of collation), not by many degrees approaching to it. And were the case, therefore, one of degrees, there would be no room for the pleasure I express. But it shows us the ultimatum of the human mind mutilated and castrated of its infinities, and (what is worse) of its moral infinities." While of Euripides, in particular, he says that as a poet he is allowed by his very detractors to be the most tragic of the tragic poets, and "as a philosopher, as a large, capacious thinker, as a master of pensive and sorrow-tainted wisdom, as a large reviewer of human life, he is as much beyond all rivalship from his scenic brethren as he is below one of them as a scenic artist." By the way, I was surprised to find De Quincey in this volume contrast our garrulous old friend, Herodotus (called with significant indifference either "the father of history," or "the father of lies") with Plutarch in this very point of credulity. "Herodotus," he says, "is as sceptical as Plutarch is credulous." I have just been re-reading the delightful old gossip Herodotus, in an idiomatic translation (5) with a growing conviction that the ingenuous sentiments he put into the mouth of Darius meet with his own substantial approval: "When a lie must be told, let it be told; for we all aim at the same ends, both they who lie and they who keep to the truth. Some tell lies when, by persuading with falsehoods, they are likely to gain some advantage, while others speak the truth, in order that by the truth they may acquire some advantage; thus by different processes we aim at the same end." The engaging candour of this diplomacy sounds somehow so like a lofty moral sentiment that you are prepared by your sense of poetic justice to find Darius rewarded with the throne. Another and a greater service Dr. Japp has rendered the admirers of De Quincey is the fine two-volume edition of "Memorials," (6)—chiefly letters from the mother, sisters, and brothers of the Opium-eater, and from Coleridge, the Wordsworths, Hannah More, Professor Wilson, &c. I remember in my enthusiastic youth being laughed to scathing scorn by a friend for saying that I would willingly take upon me all De Quincey's mental and bodily miseries and slaveries if I could thereby acquire his style! Alas! that my sympathies of to-day are not with my old and enthusiastic self but with the cynical scorn of my friend. The gift of genius is like the pearl in the oyster; to others a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, but to its possessor a disease and torment; and De Quincey paid himself in full the cost of all the pleasure he has given three generations of admirers. He was not spared even the sordid and almost squalid miseries of debts and duns; and, perhaps the most pitiful reading in the two volumes are the letters of Christopher North entreating, in his own dire necessity, repayment of loans from De Quincey; and of Coleridge apologising for his abject inability to repay De Quincey loans for which nothing short of the direst necessity could have driven his friend to apply. Did you ever come across François Maynard's epigram?—

> Malherbe, en cet âge brutal,
> Pégase est un cheval qui porte
> Les grands hommes à l'hôpital.

But Pegasus has been always a sorry hack; and it is not of it, but of the more serviceable steed, talent, Macaulay is thinking, when he compares the prosperous condition of men of letters in the nineteenth century with that of their harassed brethren of the eighteenth:—

> There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
> Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

Talking of Macaulay, how tantalising the slight reference to him in one of De Quincey's mother's letters! "A curious little boy is just arrived with a note in his hand from Hannah More, begging us to receive him for a couple of days. This boy is the son of Mr. Macaulay, editor of the *Christian Observer*, and is now sufficiently pleased with himself among the books. He has half read over the 'Mysteries of Udolpho' this evening. He travels post, and amuses me inexpressibly with his motions and emotions. I have scratched out much of our baby genius to tell you that a baronet's son has written what he calls the 'Necessity of Atheism.'" Which sounds to you the more grotesquely incongruous description—Macaulay as a baby, or Shelley as a baronet's son? But it is not given to every one to—

> Look into the seeds of time.
> And say which grain will grow and which will not,

as presciently as a certain dancer, Mademoiselle Lundberg, who discerned Jenny Lind's genius and its famous future when the girl was but nine years old. It is a pretty story, and I shall quote it for you from an interesting life of the *diva* (7) which I have just been glancing through. "Her favourite seat," she told her son, "was with her cat in a window, which looked out upon the street, and there she sat and sang to it; and the people passing in the street used to hear and wonder; and amongst others the maid of a Mademoiselle Lundberg, a dancer at the Royal Opera House; and the maid told her mistress that she had never heard such beautiful singing as this little girl sang to her cat. Mademoiselle Lundberg thereupon found out who she was, and sent to ask her mother, who seems to have been at Stockholm at the time, to bring her to sing to her." And when she heard her sing, she said, "The child is a

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genius; you must have her educated for the stage." And the dancer took the child to the singing-master, and the singing-master, charmed in turn, to the head of the theatre, who declined at first to hear such a mite, saying, "This is not a *crèche*! It is the King's Theatre!". But upon being at last prevailed on to hear her, he also was moved to tears; and henceforward her education became the charge of the Government. Thus Jenny Lind's cat brought her to greater fortune than Whittington's secured for him.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely, DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—It is, as you say, weeks since I told you anything about dress, and now that you ask me "what is worn?" I feel almost inclined to say that I do not know. That is to say, there is nothing really new about gowns or bonnets at this season of the year. The only novelty I have seen announced is that of ostrich feather sleeves for evening wear. The autumn coats are no longer than those to which we have been accustomed throughout the summer. Astrakhan is, apparently, to be in as great favour as it was last year and the year before that. Military braiding will never go out of fashion until soldiers cease to exist.

As you want a useful autumn mantle, which will also be available for mild days in winter, I strongly advise you to have a scarlet serge three-quarter cape, lined with red silk and bordered with a narrow line of black astrakhan. Redfern is making them to fit well into the waist at the back, this closely-fitting portion braided in black, with a rather high collar, either braided and just hemmed with astrakhan, or else made entirely of the fur. As the really good "Persian lamb" is expensive, you must count the cost before deciding. Black fox would not be quite so dear; or, you need not have fur at all, but only a little braiding down the fronts. I am sure you will like the red serge capes, as they have not become common, and yours will be the first to be seen in your neighbourhood.

Plush will again be worn for mid-season mantles in black and seal-brown, but it is unlikely that it will be much seen in other colours, except for evening wear. It is odd that provincial people always cling to plush, believing in it long after it has disappeared from the wardrobes of their cousins in town. I think I know exactly the autumn mantle that your dear little heart is set upon. It is in red plush, rather deep in tone without being claret or Burgundy, and it is trimmed with silver fox. Am I right?

I saw a lovely cape-mantle on a well-dressed woman the other day. The material was either plush or velvet, I could not be sure which, as she sat at the other end of a long drawing-room where Maud and I were making a call. It was in stripes, an inch and a-half wide, of black and white, but the tight back piece was so covered with fine jet that what was underneath it was entirely hidden. In the same way the collar was a mass of finely cut jet, and a band of the same ran down the edges of the fronts. The mantle was three-quarter length, and was cut out in long narrow tabs round the edge, each one being bordered with a narrow line of jet. The garment was lined throughout with white bengaline. It is long since I have seen so pretty a mantle. It was worn with a black serge gown made over a front piece of silver grey brocade, and with a little jet bonnet trimmed with white roses.

I see that felt hats are to be in great request for autumn wear. No other material suits our dreadful climate so well. You may beat, you may batter, the felt as you will, but so long as it is kept well brushed, it will look decent still. Maud has been wearing a grey felt sailor hat during our August liquid weather. It has braved the breeze, has had a swim in the river, and undergone all sorts of knocking about, but it comes up to time smiling after a brisk interview with the clothes-brush. A good felt wears for ever. A cheap one is simply nauseous.

Have you realised the revolution that has taken place in the matter of cushions during the last few years? One hardly ever sees now the large, square or oblong, hard things that used to pervade the drawing-rooms of one's acquaintance. Have you any of these old friends left? If you have, I can suggest an excellent occupation for future wet days. Get some soft old linen from among your stores, and cut it up into squares of not more than a foot each way. The linen may be double, if rather aged, but it *must* be soft. Sew the squares up, all except one end. Now take your old cushions, unpick them, discard the solid crewel-worked covers, and place the stuffing in your linen bags, not filling them too full, which would make them hard. When you have a dozen or so, you can choose some pretty printed Indian silk of a colour that will go nicely with your other furnishings, and of it make covers for your cushions, supplementing them with a dainty little frill of the silk. You will be delighted, not only with the decorative effect of these, but with the comfort of them. Two or three rolled up under your head on a sleepy, dull day are worth all the old ones put together. When you are going on a journey, roll one of your cushions up with your wraps, and use it as a pillow on the boat or in the train. Maud and I have been pillow-making during the last few days, and inside each we have put a few sprigs of lavender. Some of the ancient cushions with which we have unkindly dealt were certainly more than two feet square, and so well stuffed that they made our ears ache when we laid our heads upon them. At each corner hung a tassel with a hard wooden top, which generally managed to find its way under the arm or side, to add to one's discomfort. The little ones are delightful contrasts to the porpoise-like things we have endured so long.

I see that the hostesses of the United States are now having the handles of their table-knives made in china, to match the plates. This probably gives a look of completeness to the hospitable board. It is the revival of an old fashion; but china is not so good a companion for cold steel as ivory. Even the silver handles, pretty as they look, are not so practically robust as the ordinary ivory. Laurel says she has designed for herself a set of china knife-handles for each course. Those for poultry have heads of the victims and little fluffy chicks and ducks upon them; those used with the game course have tiny flights of partridge and miniature long-legged snipe painted on them.

She declares that one of the prettiest table-decorations she ever saw in her life was at a friend's, a few weeks ago. Down the whole of the centre table ran a low, long, zinc pan, about 9 in. wide. This was entirely concealed by, and filled with, clover blooms, which made a lovely glow of colour on the white cloth. The pretty green trefoil leaves of the clover were freely intermingled with the blossoms.

Asters are the principal flower available for these purposes just now. I do not love asters, do you? Nor double dahlias, nor camellias. There is a prim respectability about them that repels affection. And then there is always the suspicion of earwigs. One never knows when an earwig may coolly saunter out from one of the folded petals. The tribe never take such liberties with roses.

Do you know the Aimée Vibert roses? They are pale pink and grow in clusters, with a delicious perfume. We have a huge bush of them in our country garden, and at a little dinner the other night we arranged the table with groups of the roses in turquoise blue vases, and had a pale blue lamp-shade. Every one said it was very pretty.

If you want quite delicious breakfast scones, take a half-pound tin of Frame Food, add a little salt, and mix it well

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through the "food," which is really a cooked wheaten powder. Add to half a pint of milk a teaspoonful (not heaped) of carbonate of soda and as much tartaric acid as would lie on a sixpenny piece. Stir well. Then add the milk to the flour, mix with two forks, roll out and bake, either in one large cake or in scones, in a brisk oven or on a "griddle." Sarah does them on the griddle (I am not sure how it is spelled), and sends them to table piping hot. They must be cut open and liberally buttered. The Pater consumes them with a magnificent gusto since some one told him that Frame Food keeps away rheumatism. The dear old thing had a touch of it in one knee last year, but warded it off with iodine.

You will find that turbot dressed in this way is very delicious:—

Clean, wash, and dry a small turbot; lay it in a stewpan with thyme, parsley, sweet herbs, a shalot, a small bundle of chives, and a little sweet basil; pour in enough white wine and vinegar, in equal parts, to cover the fish, add a small piece of bay salt, and a little whole pepper. Set it over a gentle fire, and let it simmer until nearly cooked, then draw it on one side. To make the sauce, put into a saucepan 4 oz. of butter, 2 anchovies split, boned, and washed, 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped capers, 1 shalot, a dash of grated nutmeg, pepper and salt to taste. Mix one dessertspoonful of flour with a little water, and add it to the sauce, which must be well stirred over the fire till it thickens. Lay the fish on a hot dish, pour some sauce over it, and garnish with small hillocks of scraped horseradish and slices of lemon. Pour the remainder of the sauce into a tureen, and serve hot.

Eggs cooked in the following fashion are very excellent:—

Boil six new-laid eggs for three minutes, lay them in water till quite cold, remove the shells without breaking the whites, wrap them in good puff-paste, brush over them the beaten white of an egg, then sprinkle well with bread-crumbs. Set in an omelette-pan enough clarified butter to allow the eggs to swim; when it is well heated, drop them in one at a time, and fry till of a golden-brown colour. Take them out and drain on paper. Dish on a serviette. Garnish with nasturtiums.

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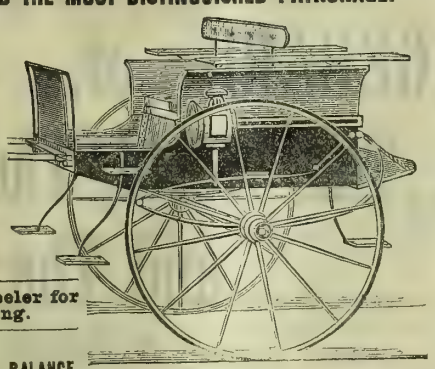

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ADVERTISER, who has just returned to England, after being for many years a resident in South-East Africa, is FORMING an EXPEDITION to visit an unexplored portion of that country. First-class big game shooting will be obtained, and a knowledge of this particular country will be gained which will be of great service in the future. Only three gentlemen will be selected, who will each have to contribute £300, which will cover all expenses, including a return passage. A six months' trip will be guaranteed, but it may be extended. Highest references given and expected.—Address, J. R. P., *Cape Argus* Office, 25, Cornhill, E.C.

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Adjustable Couches and Beds, £2. Exercising Chairs £5. 5s. Reclining Boards £1.1s. Commodes £1. Leg Rests 10s. 6d. Easy Chairs £2. 10s. Commode Chairs £2. 10s.

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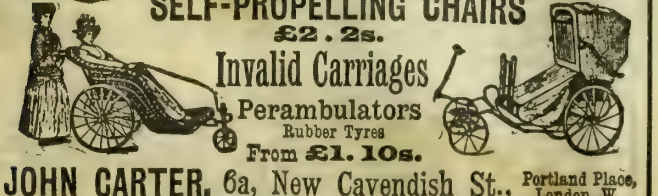
From £1. 5s.



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ESTATES, AUCTIONS, &c.

ALDRIDGE'S.—COACH HORSE SALES, Season 1891.
"ROCKET" COLCHESTER and LONDON (Fifty) COACH HORSES, Wednesday next, Sept. 9.
"MAGNET" REIGATE (Forty) COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Sept. 16.
"EXCELSIOR" LONDON and SEVENOAKS (Thirty) COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Sept. 23.
"QUICKSILVER" BRIGHTON and WORTHING (Twelve) COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Sept. 30.
"LITTLE WONDER" CANTERBURY and HERNE BAY (Eighteen) COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Sept. 30.
"TELEGRAPH" HERTFORD COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Oct. 7.
"OLD TIMES" LONDON and VIRGINIA WATER (Thirty) COACH HORSES, Wednesday, October 7.
"CHAMPION" MARGATE and CANTERBURY (Thirty) COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Oct. 14.
"METEOR" FOLKESTONE and CANTERBURY (Twenty-five) COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Oct. 14.
"COMET" BRIGHTON and LONDON (Fifty) COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Oct. 21. Catalogues forwarded on application.

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HYDE PARK AND PORTMAN ESTATES. — Messrs. FREDERICK A. MULLETT, BOOKER, & CO.'S Registers of the Select Furnished and Unfurnished Residences, TO BE LET and SOLD, may be inspected daily at their Auction and Estate Agency Offices, Albion House, Hyde Park-square (the corner of Albion-street), W.

CHAMBERS or FLATS (RESIDENTIAL) TO BE LET, in suites of from one to twelve rooms, in proximity to City, West-end, Theatres, and central Railway Stations. Cooking and attendance if required, by resident housekeeper. Electric light, and hall-porter in uniform. By messenger boxes.—Apply to Housekeeper, 67, 68, 69, Chancery-lane; or to Collector's Office, 63, Chancery-lane.

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FACING THAMES EMBANKMENT, AND WHITEHALL PLACE, S.W.

These excellent Suites are fitted with every modern convenience, *e.g.*, hot and cold water, electric light and bells, visitors' and servants' lifts in operation night and day, and occupy the finest position in London, affording extensive views of the river (with the Surrey Hills in the distance) and the Embankment Gardens. They are also most conveniently and centrally situate with respect to the principal Clubs, Theatres, &c. The rooms are all finished to suit the wishes of incoming tenants, and the rentals include all rates, taxes, water supply, lighting and heating of the corridors and staircases, and the services of all the porters. The suites may be viewed at any time on application to the Superintendent, J. C. SUMMERFIELD, at the office on the premises; or to HAMPTON & SONS, Estate Agents, 1, Cockspur-street (late Waterloo House), S.W.

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FOR ALL PURPOSES.

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LADIES, WRITE AT ONCE, TO

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CORDIAL ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER.

Prepared with finest Brandy (by a process which dissolves the sweetness, aroma, and warmth — the only valuable constituents). Most effectual in Sea Sickness, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Spasm, Cramp, and all Gouty Affections.

Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s., equal to three 4s. 6d.

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STRAND, W.C.

CONTRIBUTIONS are EARNESTLY SOLICITED towards meeting the EXPENSES of this unendowed Hospital, and will be gratefully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Drummond, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Messrs. Martin & Co., or by the Secretary, at the Hospital.
The deficit on 31st December, 1890, was £7,550.

CANCER WARDS at THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, Mortimer-street, W.—The Weekly Board make an URGENT APPEAL for Funds in aid of these Wards. There are 34 beds set apart for patients suffering from this terrible malady. They are admitted without letters of recommendation, everything that human skill and kindness can suggest is provided, and sufferers are permitted to remain until relieved by art or released by death. Bankers, Messrs Coutts & Co.
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ELECTRIC FITTINGS.
MANUFACTORY: 3, BERNERS STREET, W.

CAUTION.

"The THREE CASTLES" TOBACCO.

In the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in an action of W. D. & H. O. Wills against Marcus Burstein and Eliza Burstein, of Aldershot, Surrey, Tobacconists, Mr. Justice North, on the 14th day of March, 1891, granted a perpetual injunction, restraining the defendants from offering for sale or selling tobacco not of the manufacture or merchandise of W. D. & H. O. Wills, as and for "The Three Castles" tobacco. The defendants were also ordered to pay the costs of the action.

In consequence of frequent imitations of Messrs. W. D. & H.O. Wills' "Three Castles" tobacco, that firm give this public notice, that any person selling tobacco under the title of "The Three Castles" except that manufactured by Messrs. W. D. & H. O. Wills, will be proceeded against.

McKENNA & CO.,
17 and 18, Basinghall-street, London, E.C.
Solicitors for Messrs. W. D. & H. O. Wills.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING. Jewellers, Stationers, &c. Illd. Guide, "How to open a Cigar Store," 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 184, Euston-rd., Ldn. A Prospectus on the other trades free. H. MYERS. Est. 1866.

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W. BLISS & SON MANUFACTURERS — W. BLISS C. NORTON
SPECIALITY FOR
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DAKIN & COMP.Y
CONTINUE TO SUPPLY THE
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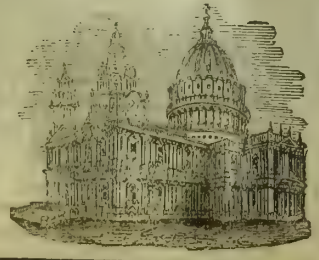

SPECIALITÉ TEAS, 1/6, 2/-, and 2/6.
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Recherché Design.

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Full Set for Twelve Persons (108 pieces), 38/-
Other stylish patterns in delicate tints and varied shapes, at
16/6 18/6 21/- (50 pieces)
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If for the country, 1/3 *and* 2/6 *extra for package.*

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(ESTABLISHED 1853. AWARDED 18 MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS).
For the Relief and Cure of
RHEUMATISM, GOUT, AND THE PREVENTION OF CHILLS.
FLANNEL AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF UNDERCLOTHING
to be obtained of all leading Hosiers and Drapers. Wholesale Depôt for Fabrics, Welch, Margetson, & Co., 16, Cheapside, E.C.
LAIRITZ'S Pine-Wool Wadding, Oil, Extract for Bath, &c., of all the leading Chemists.
CAUTION:—Observe the Tree Trade Mark with Signature stamped on each piece.

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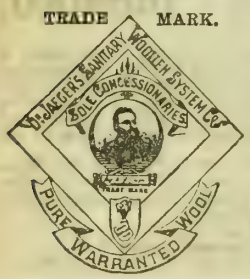

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PURE WOOLLEN CLOTHING

Is Chemically and Microscopically Tested for Purity in the Company's Laboratory, and is Guaranteed by this Trade Mark.
Other goods offered as "JAEGER" are spurious.

COMBINATION GARMENTS for LADIES and MEN, GIRLS and BOYS, specially convenient for Riding, &c.; SANITARY BOOTS and SHOES; CORSETS; "FEATHER-WEIGHT" HATS and CAPS; MEN'S OUTER CLOTHING, &c. &c.

Full particulars, and List of Depôts, in Jaeger Descriptive Catalogue sent free
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THOROUGHLY TRIED & RELIABLE.

FAILLE INVICTA BLACK SILK

REGISTERED No 93095.

AT ALL SILK HOUSES.

Wholesale only, M. & L. MAKOWER & Co., 40, Old Change, E.C.

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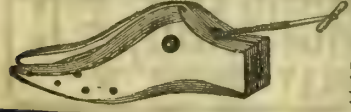
Is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post-free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.



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FER BRAVAIS most effective in restoring the vitality of the blood, and enabling the constitution to resist climatic influences.
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BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—*"It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth."*
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WHEAT PHOSPHATES NOURISH BRAIN and FRAME.
WHEAT PHOSPHATES STRENGTHEN BONE & MUSCLE.
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DELICIOUS, SUMMER & WINTER.

Is a Cooked WHEATEN Powder, STRENGTHENED with the "FRAME FOOD" EXTRACT of WHEAT PHOSPHATES, and therefore the most
NUTRITIOUS FOOD in the WORLD
For **CHILDREN** OF ALL **AGES**; Develops Bones, Muscles, Teeth, and Brain.
For **INVALIDS**; Can be taken and RETAINED when all other Food is REFUSED.
For **ADULTS**; A Delicious BREAKFAST and SUPPER DISH. Increases VIGOUR, Restores STRENGTH.
Sold by Chemists and Grocers at 7d. per ½ lb., 1s. per 1 lb., or 3s. 9d. per 4 lb. Tins,
Or sent Carriage Paid, with full particulars, by
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VACCINE DE LA BOUCHE

CARLSBAD
Natural Mineral Waters and Salts

Are used in the treatment of all cases in which the cure is recommended, viz., in Chronic Gastric Catarrh, Hyperæmia of the Liver, Gall Stones, Chronic Constipation, Diabetes, Renal Calculi, Gout, and diseases of the Spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

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Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to
DR. GORDON,
10, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C

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Non-Mercurial.
THE BEST and SAFEST article for CLEANING SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATE. Sold in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c. everywhere

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Tasteless. Pure. Active.

"It is taken both by children and adults without the slightest difficulty, whilst its aperient effects are unquestionable. It possesses all the advantages claimed for it."—*Lancet.*
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/, 1/9 & 3/.

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†Exclusive of bonus of 9s. 6d. per cent. from allotment of new Stock.

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SIR MORELL MACKENZIE,
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and many other persons of distinction, have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established nearly a Quarter of a Century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an Inhalation and without any after bad effects. A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In tins, 4s. 3d. British Depôt—46, Holborn Viaduct, London; also of NEWBERY & SONS, BARCLAY & SONS, LYNCH & CO., J. SANGER & SONS, W. EDWARDS & SON, JOHN THOMPSON, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

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COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.

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KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over

ONE HUNDRED YEARS,

and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors.
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ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE, Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week: acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.
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IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803). 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
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PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £12,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

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LIFE—ACCIDENT.
CHIEF OFFICE:—Insurance-buildings, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.
PREMIUM INCOME.

		Increase in Four Years.
1882	£7,929	
1886	86,006	£78,077
1890	226,001	139,995

Claims Paid (exceed) £420,000.
WILFRED A. BOWSER, Manager.

SUN FIRE OFFICE,
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1890,
£361,500,000.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.
ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, JUN., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

Established 1868.
THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,
20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.
Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY,
58, Old Broad Street, London.
Capital, $3,000,000.
5 per cent. Deposits received for periods of not less than Six Months.
5 per cent. Debentures issued for a period of Five Years.
6 per cent. Freehold Mortgages. Principal and Interest guaranteed by the Company.
ATKINSON & CO., Managers for the United Kingdom.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.
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CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.

UNION DEPOSIT BANK,
No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE
Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From £30 to £5,000.
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
Interest allowed on deposits, 5, 6, and 7 per cent.
EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

Player's Original Navy Cut

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The GENUINE bears the Trade Mark, "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE," on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES, In Packets Containing 12.

OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 653.—RHYMED DESCRIPTIONS OF WATERING PLACES.

KATHLEEN (Real name and address will be given next week)	£1 1 0
MOONSHINE („ „ „ „)	1 1 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE "TRUTH" CHRISTMAS DOLL SHOW.

The Dolls are not being applied for quite so quickly as I could wish. There is, however, it is reassuring to think, an explanation of this. The fact is, I take it, that many ladies who intend to assist in the doll-dressing are just now away from their homes; and as soon as they return from their travelling and their visiting they will doubtless communicate their intentions to TRUTH Office. Meanwhile, several ladies who are dressing dolls for the TRUTH Show for the first time, have written to ask if there are any rules or regulations laid down as to how the dolls are to be dressed. Let me explain here, then, for the information of these correspondents that ladies are left quite free to follow their own taste and fancy in the doll-dressing they undertake. Experience has proved that it is quite safe to leave the matter entirely open. I have already said that the demand for dolls from the Children's Hospitals and Workhouse Schools of London is certain to be larger this year than ever it has been before. This is another reason, therefore, for asking the assistance of the fair readers of TRUTH and their friends. Any lady who dresses a dozen dolls for the Show will receive one of the silver-gilt brooch badges which have been specially designed for TRUTH.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

"TRUTH" COLONIAL AND FOREIGN PUZZLE, No. 22.

The new Puzzle in this Series, intended specially for those readers of TRUTH who live abroad, whether in a British colony or dependency or a foreign country, will be as follows:—A Prize of Two Guineas will be awarded to that competitor who succeeds best in constructing

AN ORIGINAL ANAGRAM OUT OF THE NAME OF ANY LIVING BRITISH, COLONIAL, OR FOREIGN AUTHOR WHO HAS ACHIEVED MORE THAN A LOCAL FAME.

It is hardly necessary, I think, to explain that in making an anagram all the letters in the name chosen must be used. Competitors may, in addition to the Christian and surnames of the authors they select, also include for their anagrammatic purpose any title, honorary or otherwise, which the author in question may possess. I will not at present state any precise date up to which anagrams in connection with this competition will be received. It is, at all events, my intention to afford plenty of time to enable even those numerous readers of TRUTH who live at the Antipodes to take part in the competition, so that I hope numerous answers will be received from Australasia. Competitors are not limited to one anagram, but may send in as many as they please.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 652.

Having now finished collating the lists received, I find that the best Al England Eleven, as decided by the votes of the competitors themselves, consists of W. G. Grace, Lohmann, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Abel, McGregor, Peel, Briggs, Attewell, Ulyett, and W. W. Read. The first nine of the eleven take their places in it by right of a considerable majority of votes; but the competition for the tenth and eleventh places has proved very keen, George Ulyett and Mr. W. W. Read having been run very close by Mr. Stoddart, Barnes, Mr. S. M. J. Woods, Maurice Read, Martin, J. Sharpe, Mr. Newham, Bean, and Mold. I do not say that the Eleven, as selected, is an ideally perfect one; but it at any rate represents the collated opinions of many hundreds of cricketers and cricket lovers in all parts of the country and would, I suspect, be difficult to beat. It now remains to say that two competitors, and two only, sent in the whole of the names to be found in the Prize Eleven. These competitors are Rose (R. M.) and Rimbo, and the Prize of Two Guineas will be divided equally between them. A large number of competitors included ten out of the eleven selected names in their lists, viz., Polidere, Tic, Bosco, Jupiter, Little Horror, T. H. Haines, Robin, J. B. K., Uncertainty, Gallio, Wandering Jew, Knight's Pawn, J. Bullock, Seh, Mickey Doodle, Trux, Jack Sprat, Chumick, Orange Tip, Ida, Nemesis, Ressela, Glena Bay, Alpha, J. H. Wallington, G. V. Goulding, L. Gilbert, Bach, Alungus, Gumph, H. Bullock, W. J. Elsdon, Edinin, Acme, Redgel, The Mac, A. J. Griffin, Fine, Enid, Surrey, Clock, and C. H. B.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 654.

This Puzzle was headed No. 653 last week in error. I regret to say, too, that a large number of the couplets which were in type had to be omitted at the last moment owing to a sudden demand on the available space. It will be remembered that, in giving this Puzzle, I was particular to state that the shortest couplet would not necessarily gain the Prize. Other points, I said, would have to be taken into consideration. In awarding the Prize I have therefore had to pass over "Non Sequor's" couplet, ingenious though it be. It requires a little too much explanation to be accepted as the Prize couplet. Nor can the Prize be given to WHIG for either of his couplets. The inclusion of proper names, with or without suffixes, in such a competition can only be allowed under very exceptional circumstances. And in the case of Nodding Violet, Excelsior, Anti-Vivisectionist, and Caledonia, I do not consider that these exceptional circumstances have arisen. This brings me to "Jack Sprat's" couplets. The first of these contains 29 letters, and is certainly to be preferred to those containing a similar number of letters sent by "X. Y. Z." and "E. T." I have come to the conclusion, indeed, that to the couplet in question the Prize may fairly be awarded; for it does convey a meaning, whilst the name "Jabez," which it contains, is of course a Christian and not a surname. The Prize will therefore be given to JACK SPRAT for the following couplet:—

PRIZE COUPLET CONTAINING ALL THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET.

Wag, quit my phlox,
Vend Jabez' frocks (29 letters).—Jack Sprat.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 658.

The usual prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE BEST EPITAPH IN PROSE OR VERSE ON THE NOW APPARENTLY DEFUNCT ENGLISH SUMMER.

It is thought that many of the readers of TRUTH will be able, after the experiences of the past two or three months, to write feelingly on the above subject. The Epitaph, whether in prose or verse, should be written as briefly and pointedly as possible; and in no case must the number of words used exceed one hundred. All epitaphs must reach me by the morning of Monday, September 14th at the latest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and address of SINGEON, winner of Prize No. 643, are George St. John Mildmay, Esq., care of Messrs. Read & Campbell, Broad-street-avenue, Blomfield-street, E.C.

E. T.—Thanks for your letter, to which I have attended.

ASPEN.—Your Couplet arrived too late for publication.

ELO.—I have duly received your letter containing name and address.

LEXINGTON.—Your couplet arrived too late for publication.

E N. S.—I regret the mistake in your lines on Hastings. The word printed as "wild" should have been "ivied."

MONOCHUS.—Many thanks for your kind wishes. THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 655.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUITABLE INSCRIPTIONS, IN VERSE OR PROSE, FOR "THE VISITORS' BOOK" AT HOTELS.

ON LEAVING THE DREADNOUGHT HOTEL, N.B., 1891.

"Dread nought," it said, and I, hard up and verging on despair,
Smiled in my trusting innocence, and gladly entered there.
They also smiled. I eat, I slept—think you I'm smiling still?
Ah! no, I'd read but half the name—"Dread nought except the bill!" Imara.

1. BY A DISCONTENTED TOURIST.

What's this? One-fifty for a bit of soap;
Two-fifty for a glass of Pilsener beer;
Eight francs for lunch! Great Scott! Abandon hope
Ye tourists who may chance to enter here.

2. BY A CONTENTED TOURIST.

The soup was good, so was the roast,
First class the bitter beer;
Hearty the welcome of mine host.
We'll come again next year. Whig.

For an hotel where the landlord is old and his consort young—the food being like the former, while the wine is juvenile:—

1. The host and his viands are ancient and tough,
Though his wines and his lady are modern enough.
2. The landlord's tastes are horsey,
And his beef that way inclines:
Its age being great—of course he
Has the newest things in wines.
Ergon.

English inns were once famous for their comfort. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* So on my rare appearances in some English or Scotch hostelry, run by a company of grocer wine merchants, and presided over by some pert, ignorant Miss Manager, to whom a first-class foreign hotel would be a revelation, I would write in the visitors' book:—"Young and untravelled, I often longed to 'take mine ease in mine inn.' Now, I understand why some wise man wished to die in one. Anything would be preferable to living in one."—Monachus.

Snug rooms and beds; good fare; attentive Phillis;
A kindly hostess—moderate her bill is.
Though home is ever best of inns, God bless it!
Clovelly's "Lion" *proxime accessit.* Eboracum.

You may ring here till you're jaded,
Boots and waiters will but scoff,
Though in ranks they'll be paraded
At the door to see you off. Aliter.

You ask me just to write one word
Before I go away:
Perish the thought. Good-bye's absurd!
I'll never go: I'll stay! F. Ready.

Of all but soap there is no lack,
Je le constate avec plaisir,
Doch bleibt nichts mehr in Kleinem sack,
Lasciam l'albergo con sospir. Atom.

While staying at the Balmoral Hotel, Oban, last month, I was greatly impressed by the marvellous cleanliness of the place. I gave my testimony to this excellent characteristic by writing the following sentence in the visitors' book:—"If cleanliness be next to godliness, this hotel should rank next to the kingdom of Heaven."—Clio.

When in many excursions a wayfarer's shared,
He welcomes a rest for a spell;
And as here I've rested and very well fared,
I would bid all the rest here farewell!
Guelder Rose.

FOR ANY TOURIST HOTEL WHERE THEIR IS GOOD REFRESHMENT FOR TIRED TRAVELLERS.

A Greek and a Roman came into this shop
To get some drink for the body,
The Roman exclaimed "*Habebimus hoc(k),*"
The Greek he said "*Hexomen tode*" (toddy).
Viator.

Once staying at "The Royal" at York, I asked if I could have a late supper, and was told that the coffee-room had never been closed since it was first opened. On inquiring where the lift was, I was informed there was none.

You may eat, you may drink, day and night;
"Coffee-room never closed," it is said;
But should you get gay, there you'd have to stay,
No chance of a lift up to bed! E. P. B.

AT A HOTEL WHERE THE CHARGES ARE HIGH AND THE COOKING LOW.

I am asked within this book to write,
But do you charge for booking?
For then 'twould cost a fortune quite
To write about your cooking.
Quintor.

AT LLANBERIS, N. WALES, WHERE IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS.

When raining hard, and getting worse,
A Frenchman groans, "Il pleut à verse;"
But here a Welshman might explain
The case by shouting "Vive la Reine!"
Parsonides.

We were in the country on our sociable, my wife and I, and arrived at an hotel "far from the madding crowd," after a thirty miles' spin, tired and hungry. While waiting for our hot bath, we wandered into the dining-room, prospecting. The table

was ready for ten, and a bill of fare we found on it was most appetising. "Table d'hôte at seven" was announced in large letters. On returning to the room at seven, we found ourselves "first arrivals." The landlord followed us in, and, asking "what we would be pleased to order," informed us that the season had not commenced, therefore there was no table d'hôte dinner! The menu which had excited our admiration belonged to last year. What we ordered is of no consequence; what we had was bacon, and for breakfast bacon, after which we returned to "the madding crowd" mad as any. We left the following entry in the hotel book:—

The bill of fare is very fair,
The table's very fine,
The only thing that's wanting there
Is wherewithal to dine. Simla.

We have fared very well, and are coming again,
But before we return you must see to that drain;
Your waiters are civil, but look for a fee,
While you charge their "attendance"—a thing we "don't see." Frustrate.

"INN" RE A JOKE.—Dramatis personæ: Two travellers, who arrive at the "Crown Inn," Ringwood, one hot September day, hungry as those proverbial "hunters." Impromptu, after an excellent — though expensive — repast on a roasted member of the genus "Anastinæ":—

'Tis *meet* that when to Ringwood's peaceful town
Two hungry travellers come, they dine. What luck
Was ours! The fare was more than fair, yet brown,
As "*Crown Inn*" all was dear, delicious duck!
Beanfeasting.

UNWRITTEN HOTEL RULES.—Hotels are for the convenience of—managers. Travellers must pay cheerfully, never remonstrating, nor disputing any charge. The words "exorbitant" and "extortionate" are forbidden. "Attendance included" does not prohibit tipping. All incivility to servants reported and punished. The luggage of travellers infringing these laws will be labelled "stingy."—J. McGrigor Allan.

AT A NORTHERN SEASIDE RESORT.

The beds are hard, and poor the fare,
The weather a disgrace is;
Let those who'd shun the rain beware
Of Scottish watering-places.
Violet Grove.

Written where comfort, attention, and moderate charges have combined to call up unpleasant recollections of discomfort, incivility, bad cooking, and high charges, which have sent the visitor away feeling he has been "done brown":—

If straightforward truth may be introduced here,
Let me use it (for oft I've been "browned"*);
Tho' there's no place like home, I can say without fear
That a home, far from home, here I found.
* "Done brown." Yorkling.

On the "Twelfth" we arrived at this excellent house,
And the same day at dinner were treated to grouse;
Its "ménage" is faultless, and bounteous the fare,
And a pleasant surprise is its *mauvais quart d'heure*.
Opera.

FROM "VISITORS' BOOK," HOTEL IN NORTH WALES.

We mounted Snowdon in a mist, and on the summit landed,
And "summat" to keep out the fog we very soon demanded.
"De man did" give us of his best, and with you we'll be candid,
The best thing to keep out the cold we found was to be "brandied." Veni.

AT AN A 1 HOTEL.

A landlord that's civil, a bedroom that's clean,
Old wine of good vintage, are blessings I ween;
Nor stand these alone, for this house will be found
Endowed with a chef, and fair charges all round.
N. G. B.

For an inn in the Tyrol, where the partitions are thin and the puddings architectural:—

The guest who at this inn doth stay,
Will find it a realm of delight—
Snow-capped towers in batter by day,
Confidential disclosures by night.
Qui Hy.

MY EXPERIENCE AT A YARMOUTH HOTEL.

The bread, like the landlord, is crusty; the game, like the charges, too high;
The knives and the bacon are rusty; the beds, too, are hard, like the pie.
For attendance—why you do the waiting. Champagne! on that subject I'm Mum;
And hunting abounds in the night-time, and the quarry is "Hop o'er my thumb."
Winnie Prout.

Mine host is a host in himself,
The waiters attentive and good,
They look not for tips or for pelf,
And wholesome the wine and the food.
Eneksa.

AT COLOGNE.

There is not in the wide world a city so sweet
As this, where the "eau" and the odours compete!
Pray give me my "zettel," and let me depart
Ere the chambermaid's smiles have entangled my heart!
Sissie (with apologies to Tom Moore).

In the summer of 1888 we spent a charming time at Fair View, Llangollen. On leaving, we wrote a few lines in the visitors' book (which we are here forced to curtail). Mr. Lowe had just set up a new hearse, the only one within twenty miles, and our allusion to this greatly pleased him, as he considered it a capital advertisement.

Before leaving Fair View a tribute we owe
To the care and attention of good Mrs. Lowe;
And her husband, a driver, he has at command
Either carriage or h.arse for us, ready to hand.
Japonica.

But one thing was wanted to complete this place,
Nature and art combined to give it grace;
The want was filled when this hotel arose,
Whose host as friend of man may well now pose.
Jam.

This is the inn where I do "take mine ease,"
"Mine host" and hostess, never fail to please;
Here choicest viands "wait on appetite,"
And downy pillows slumbers sweet invite.
Moonshine.

At this swell Royal Hotel you bet
They cater for nobility;
If you can't boast a coronet
You'll scarcely get civility. R. F.

The chief hotels of Glengariff are *Roche's* and *The Eccles*. The following lines were suggested by the remark that in poetry the sentiments should succeed each other in increasing importance, culminating in the loftiest! They are in the *Eccles* book of 1884:—

Ho! all ye travellers who ride upon Killarney's coaches,
The *Eccles* is the place to 'bide, so don't go on to Roche's.
Around the *Eccles* you have all the beauties of Glengariff:
You'll praise the view, the good *menu*, th' attendance, and the tariff! A. J. C.

I bet twenty pound no hotel could be found which, take it all round,
Is so cheap, or so sound, so fit for king crown'd, or for judges be-gown'd,
As Hôtel Métropole, on brave British ground, by all tourists renown'd;
Where, when jaded, betown'd, or from yachting half-drowned, or from storms quite land-bound,
There's no noise to confound; low charges astound, and all the world over its praises resound.
E. N. S.

My bed was on the billiard-table,
The fare it was most miser-able,
The waiters were insati-able;
This is the truth, and not a fable.
Igni Ferroque.

1. I am sorry I cannot better express my appreciation of this first-rate hotel. I hope, however, by frequent repetitions of this, my first visit, to prove the reality of my approbation:—

Not a high price;
Everything nice;
People polite;
Plate shining bright.

2. Written by one who protracts his visit and yet finds fault:—Although I am by no means an inveterate grumbler, yet of this hotel I do complain. I complain on principle, for so luxurious are all the appointments, and so moderate the charges, that it tempts me to prove a recreant to my family circle, and to forsake my own home.—Chickweed.

1. After a month's stay at a comfortable homely country inn:—

A month of ease;
Good bread and cheese;
Welcome for all,
And charges small.

2. Upon leaving a badly-managed, expensive hotel after one night's stay:—

A night's unrest;
Unwelcom'd guest;
Food bad, terms high;
Call me a fly. Pseudonym.

The following witticism was written by a late eminent Divine in the visitor's book at an hotel:—I came here for change and rest. The waiter has got the change and the landlord has taken all the rest. —Pug, No. 2.

*** Several competitors, it will be seen, have turned the foregoing *mot* to account.

To this sweet spot for "rest and change" I came,
But find myself no gainer all the same;
I'm fleeced of all the coin I once possess'd,
And waiters have the "change," landlords the "rest."
X. Y. Z.

AT ANY PLACE WHERE THE CHARGES ARE HEAVY.

For change and rest I ventured here,
I leave a bankrupt guest;
The waiters get the change, I fear,
The landlord gets the rest! Parsonides.

Quite worn out and weary doctor's aid I sought,
"You must have a change, sir, rest from care and thought;"
To this inn I came then, hope rose in my breast;
The waiter took the change, the landlord took the rest. Gadabout.

Arrived from town for two weeks' holiday. Had £15. 15s. in cash, and a return ticket. Got influenza day after arrival, and hotel-bill at end, with extras, was £15. 14s. 11d. Expressed myself thus:—

"Here did I come for health and change,
But, alas! I've badly reckoned;
One influenza did derange,
And the landlord took my second." Peter.

In this book write nought, not e'en your name,
It is a signet of stupidity;
And tho' most pretty secrets end in shame,
Yet so may records of validity. Spup.

Alpine tourist, having lost his guide, and himself, eventually reaches the hotel at the foot of the mountain, benumbed, and almost exhausted with hunger and fatigue. Falling in with excellent accommodation, and kind welcome, he thus gratefully pays a tribute to the host upon leaving:—

Frozen I came, but I depart all glowing
From this fair haven, hospital and home.
Ne'er shall my heart, with gratitude o'erflowing,
Forget such welcome, wheresoe'er I roam.
Red Dragon.

For sheltered gardens, stretching far away,
Health-giving pinewoods, tempering the sun's ray,
Hotels commodious, climes of beauty rare,
Come ye to Bournemouth, breathe its balmy air.
Excelsior.

Lines that may not infrequently grace a visitors book:—

Green hills, fair valleys, breezes pure,
Make this position one to work our cure;
Oft imposition mars the lovely site,
And we gaze on its charms with less delight.
Esperanza.

Farewell, O hostelrie, thou art the best
That ever I have seen, or can conceive,
The hour has come. I go. Each future guest,
Sojourn like me, like me reluctant leave.
Redhair.

This place they said had bracing air,
And this hotel had first-rate fare;
Through rain the former I've not tried,
The latter's upset my inside. Paddy.

Why to the Riviera fly,
When here are inns as cheap and good?
In sooth, we sadly must reply,
For sun and savoury food. Braco.

Here I would briefly wish to state,
A pleasant home I've found of late;
Bed, board, attendance, and good wine,
With strictly moderate terms combine.
Heathfield.

A family party, tired out after the trying experience of inferior hotels, with comfortless rooms, bad service, indigestible food, too common a class of companion guests, at last find a haven and home for their jaded selves. Paterfamilias speaks in this parting tribute:—

Here have we found a bright and welcome home,
True to its pledge to give the weary rest;
Sleep, long denied, at last has soundly come,
Favoured by food, for appetite the best.
Fillingham.

There's beauty without, and comfort within!
What more could you wish in exchange for your "tin"?
And of that but a moderate sum is required,
To provide you with all that can well be desired.
Cæsar's Corner.

Art and Nature both combine,
This dear spot to make divine.
Health and pleasure here are found;
'Tis, indeed, enchanted ground.
Immortal Will.

In search of rooms we noticed a quiet private hotel in Regent-street, Freshford. We remained there "en pension" for several weeks, during which time neither cats nor dogs ran away with our meal:—

We find all in this hotel good,
Both maids and waiters are civil;
Good is the wine, good is the food,
Nothing here do we find evil.
Ye Hermit.

Answers have also been received from Moonshine, J. McGrigor Allan, Eneksa, Violet Grove, Redhair, J. McGrigor Allan, Immortal Will, Eneaka, Immortal Will, Cæsar's Corner, and Ye Hermit.

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LITTLE SNOWDROP.

Why does mama call the baby
Little Snowdrop, do you think?
Don't you see two little toothlets,
Peeping through the lips of pink?

'Twas to-day that mama found them,
When the baby smiled, you know;
There they were, so sweet and cunning,
Just like little specks of snow.

And the cunning little rascal
Smiled, its tiny teeth to show,
Just like wiser heads than baby's,
Who use SOZODONT, you know.

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Only when the lips display pretty teeth. It is also very desirable that the breath should be sweet. SOZODONT produces both of these results, is purely botanic in its ingredients, imparts a coral tint to the gums, removes every trace of tartar from the teeth, and is indorsed by members of the Medical, Dramatic, and Musical Professions. In every class of society SOZODONT is recognised as the dentifrice which beautifies and preserves. Ask any one who has used SOZODONT what he or she thinks of it, and the reply will be strongly affirmative of its excellence.

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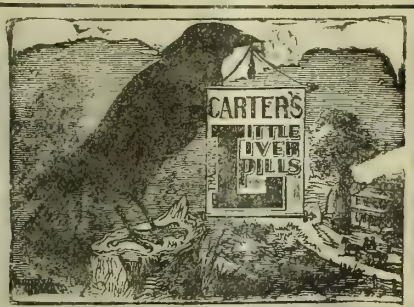

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TORPID LIVER

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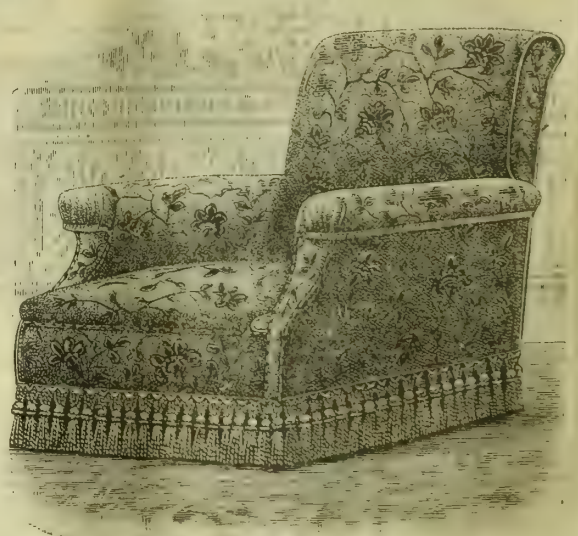

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

SOME time ago I announced that the Queen had given the Emperor William a conditional promise that she would visit Germany next year, and last week I was enabled to state that the Emperor had invited her Majesty to stay at the well-known Schloss of Stolzenfels, on the Rhine. The "London Correspondent" of several Tory journals has just repeated my news, with some additions of his own inventing, which are singularly unfortunate fabrications. The Queen will *not* go to Germany "next summer," but early in April; and the visit will *not* be "of a little over a fortnight's duration," but it will extend over four weeks. It is stated that the first part of the visit will be spent at Berlin and Potsdam, and the latter part at Stolzenfels. Now, the Queen has no intention whatever of visiting either Berlin or Potsdam, as she particularly desires, for private reasons, to avoid going to those places. The idea is that the Queen will pass a week at Stolzenfels, as the guest of the Emperor, who, with the Empress, would reside in Coblenz, at the Electoral Palace, during her Majesty's stay at the Schloss. The Queen would then go to Cronburg, near Homburg, to visit the Empress Frederick, and would afterwards proceed to Darmstadt, and, finally, to Coburg, where she has not been for many years. The Queen would be the guest of the Emperor only during her stay at Stolzenfels.

I do not believe in the truth of the announcement that the Queen is going to have a railway-carriage made expressly for her use when travelling abroad, because her Majesty already possesses a large double saloon, which she has used for many years past on her Continental journeys, and which is kept at Brussels. The Prince of Wales also has a spacious railway-carriage of his own, which he always uses when travelling abroad, and it, too, is kept at Brussels, and it can go on any line, being fitted with bogie-wheels.

The announcement that the German Emperor and the Prince of Wales contemplate visiting the Chicago Exhibition of 1893 is a fiction of the wildest description, for neither the one nor the other of these personages has ever entertained any such idea.

I hear that the visit of the Prince of Wales to Lord Lonsdale, at Lowther Castle, Westmoreland, is to extend over four days, three of which will be devoted to cover shooting, and on the other day there will be a partridge drive. There is to be no shooting over the extensive preserves on the Lowther estate until the Royal visit. There will be a prodigious slaughter of pheasants, as there are upwards of ten thousand of these birds in the covers in and around Lowther Park.

There is no truth in the statement that the Prince and Princess are going to St. Petersburg at the end of next month, to attend the celebration of the silver-wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Russia. It is now definitely settled that the Duke of Edinburgh is to represent the Royal family on that occasion, as I announced would probably be the case several weeks ago.

It was unnecessary for the *World* to announce last week that "the Prince of Wales does not go to Doncaster," for every one knows that H.R.H. never at any time entertained the idea of being present at that meeting. The *World* is also ridiculously wrong in stating that "the indisposition of the Duchess of Portland" prevents the Prince from being a guest at Welbeck.

Much discontent exists in naval circles because Prince George of Wales is attended by a military officer during his foreign tour. Certainly, inasmuch as H.R.H. is a sailor, it would seem that a naval officer would be his proper attendant. Why the Navy should always be slighted by the Court it is difficult to understand, but it was decidedly strange that no naval officer was appointed to attend upon the Prince of Naples during his visits to dockyards and shipbuilding establishments; and it is a fact that arrangements were not made for attaching an Admiral to the suite of the German Emperor until attention had been called to the matter in Truth.

Princess Maud of Wales has been a fertile subject for flim-flams of the most idiotic and absurd description during the last three weeks. A paragraph has been going round the papers which announces that H.R.H., having refused an alliance with a German Prince, because "she would wed none but an Englishman," has gone on a tour of country visits, in order that she may meet a mysterious "member of the nobility," to whom it is alleged that she is attached. There is not a particle of truth in this farrago of nonsense. There has been no

proposal from any Prince, German or otherwise; no vow "to wed none but an Englishman," no country visits, no attachment. The Princess, as was announced in Truth a fortnight ago, has gone to Vichy for the benefit of her health, and she is staying there (as she also did last summer) with Mrs. Johnson, who was her governess for several years.

The Duke of Fife has returned to Braemar from Denmark, and the Duchess is expected there to-morrow, accompanied by Prince George. They will entertain a succession of visitors at New Mar Lodge during the next two months, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, Lord Cadogan, Lord Hartington, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lady Dudley, Sir Charles Hall, and Sir Henry James.

A contemporary announces that the Duke of Fife has just sold an estate of 6,000 acres, "a large proportion being moors, sacred only to grouse and deer." The property in question, which is in Banffshire, is purely agricultural, and consists principally of arable land, and a grouse or a deer upon the ground is as rare a phenomenon as a unicorn or a phœnix. The Duke of Fife sells only agricultural property, and the statement that "he will soon have no estates left" is nonsensical, inasmuch as Mar Forest alone covers 80,000 acres. The Duke sells in comparatively small lots, and he has always obtained excellent prices for his land.

Scotch people are considerably amused by the infantile ingenuousness displayed by the daily papers in publishing florid accounts of the function which they absurdly describe as "the gathering of the clans at Braemar." The Duke of Fife is no more "chieftain of the clan Duff" than he is Emperor of China; for there is no such clan, and the Duffs were never heard of either in Scotland or anywhere else until the reign of George II. The Duke of Fife's "clansmen" are simply his tenants, keepers, foresters, and estate servants. The Balmoral "clan" is another flagrant humbug, for it consists exclusively of the Queen's tenants and employés. The Farquharsons would not be accepted by purists as genuine Highland clansmen. The climax of all this sham and nonsense was reached a few years ago when the late Sir Charles Forbes, of Newe, appeared at the gathering at the head of *his* "clansmen." The whole affair has degenerated into a regular Cockney orgie of late years.

There was a very large attendance at this year's gathering at Invercauld, about 2,500 persons coming from Aberdeen, and after their forty-three miles' railway journey they had a drive of seventeen miles before they reached Clunie. There were no parties from Mar Lodge or Glenmuick, and Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick had only a few people at Invercauld, but pretty well everybody in Braemar came over, including Prince and Princess Oscar of Sweden, and Mr. and Mrs. Goschen. The Queen was expected at three o'clock, but she did not arrive until nearly four, and she only stayed for an hour. Princess Louise and the Princess of Leiningen drove up from Balmoral with the Queen, who was also accompanied by the Connaught and Battenberg children. A queer innovation in the Royal cortège was a carriage containing the Indian domestics, who are now as much to the fore at Court as were Germans when Prince Albert was alive, and then Scotchmen, until the Orientals superseded them. Rain fell in torrents just as the Queen drove away, and everybody got thoroughly drenched.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will not be seen again at Portsmouth until the beginning of November. The Government House is closed for two months, as the members of the staff have also gone away on leave, and so have the principal servants.

A reconciliation has taken place between the Duke of Cumberland and his sister, Princess Frederica of Hanover, which has been brought about through the good offices of the Queen and of their mother, Queen Marie of Hanover. The Princess, who is in now in Germany, will shortly proceed to Gmunden on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, whom she has not met for twelve years.

The Duke of Cumberland was justified in expecting that his sisters the Princesses Marie and Frederica would make brilliant marriages, but they both refused several excellent offers (the Duke of Connaught proposed twice to Princess Marie, and one of the Czar's brothers was desperate to marry Princess Frederica) because they were resolved either to marry purely for love, or to remain single. The Duke was, therefore, furiously angry when Princess Frederica insisted upon uniting herself to Baron Rammingen, who had been her father's equerry, and H.R.H. bitterly resented the Queen's support of the marriage. After the lapse of more than eleven years the Duke has wisely consented to become reconciled to his sister, and has thereby shown himself to be of a better nature than most members of the Guelph family, and particularly of the descendants of George III., of whom it has been truly written by one who knew them well that, "the instant the will was thwarted the most bitter animosity, the most calculating coldness of heart, the most unforgiving resentment, took possession of the whole breast and swayed it by turns. The habits of friendship, the ties of blood, the dictates of conscience, the rules of honesty, were all forgotten."

Lady Ampthill will next Tuesday succeed the Dowager Lady Churchill as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, and she is to remain at Court until October 6, when the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe will replace her.

Sir James Drummond ("Black Rod") has gone to Scotland for the autumn, and he is staying at Dunkeld, where he has taken the manse for two months, which is

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 547 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 546.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 549.

Yachting, Fishing, &c.—Morel's new list of Yacht Stores, Specialties and Novelties in Preserved Provisions, just published, on application to 186, Piccadilly, W.

near to the beautiful residence of his relative the Dowager-Duchess of Athole, whose interest with the Queen procured for him the excellent post which he has held during the last eight years. Black Rod is an office in the personal gift of the Sovereign (the point having been decided in the Queen's favour, after a long controversy with the Treasury, when Lord Beaconsfield was in office), and it was formerly worth quite £7,000 a year; but when Sir William Knollys was appointed it was cut down to £2,000, with a residence, and on the next vacancy the residence is to be taken away, and the salary will be reduced to £1,200 a year.

Mr. Thomas Jones, who has been head-gardener to the Queen at Windsor and at Frogmore for twenty years, has resigned his appointment, and he will be succeeded on October 1 by Mr. Owen Thomas, head-gardener to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. The kitchen-gardens at Frogmore are among the largest and finest in Europe, and supplies of fruit and vegetables are sent daily from them to the Queen throughout the year, wherever the Court may be. Her Majesty also receives daily supplies of cream, butter, and eggs, from the dairy at Frogmore.

The Comte and Comtesse de Paris, who have been entertaining a succession of visitors at Loch Kennard Lodge, Perthshire, during the last month, are to pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Braemar before they come south to Stowe for the autumn. The Comtesse de Paris, who is a fine shot, will be entertained with a deer-drive in Mar Forest, as she is very anxious to kill a stag.

Sir John Neeld, who died last week in his eighty-seventh year, sat in Parliament for nearly twenty-eight years, retiring in 1868. He was a very rich man, and owned a large estate in Wiltshire, where he was very popular among all classes, for he was a most liberal and considerate landlord, and munificent in his charities of all kinds. He took a keen interest in county and local business, and he was a great benefactor to the town of Chippenham. Sir John was altogether an excellent example of a flourishing country gentleman of the old school. Grittleton, the seat of the Neeld family, was rebuilt in 1856 in the Grecian style, and it is one of the finest places in Wiltshire, and contains a choice collection of pictures and statuary. Sir John restored the ancient parish church, which is close to Grittleton House, entirely at his own expense.

Sir John was the second son of Mr. Joseph Neeld, of Fulham, who was a great-nephew of Rundell, the famous goldsmith and jeweller, who left him upwards of £900,000. It was the house of Rundell and Bridge that supplied George IV. with the numerous services of gold and silver plate which he purchased during his reign, and for which the country paid. Rundell's fortune amounted to £1,500,000.

Sir Philip Grey Egerton, who died last week, after a long illness, was a most popular landlord, and he will be a very great loss to the Cheshire Tories, of whom he was one of the most shrewd and most active leaders. Sir Philip, who was for many years in the Coldstream Guards, greatly distinguished himself during the Crimean War. During the last ten years of his life Sir Philip principally devoted himself to looking after his large estates in Cheshire, and, until his health failed, he took a prominent part in county business. He was a most devoted Churchman, and his comparatively early death will be deeply regretted by a very wide circle of friends.

Lord Salisbury is to leave Puys, near Dieppe, shortly for the season, and, before returning to England, he will pay a visit to his new château at Beaulieu, near Nice. Lord and Lady Salisbury are not expected to settle at Hatfield House for the winter until towards the end of next month.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster have a family party staying with them at Loch More Lodge, their residence in Reay Forest, Sutherlandshire, where they will stay until the end of this month, when they return to Eaton Hall. There has been hardly any deer-stalking as yet in the forest, as the stags are very backward. The Duke has lent Gobernuisgach Lodge, another of the Reay Forest residences, to Lord and Lady Leicester.

Lord and Lady Coleridge have arrived at Heath's Court, Ottery St. Mary, for the autumn, and they will entertain a succession of visitors there during the next six weeks.

Lady Biddulph has left her house in Windsor Castle to pass a few weeks at Osborne, as the Queen has lent her one of the houses in the Royal demesne.

Lord and Lady St. Germans, who have been visiting Mr. Stanley, M.P., and Mrs. Stanley, at Quantock Lodge, Somersetshire, arrived on Saturday at Port Eliot, their place in Cornwall, where they intend to reside for several months.

The shooting-party at Bolton Abbey, the Duke of Devonshire's place in Yorkshire, broke up last week. Grouse on the Duke's extensive moors are very numerous, and in excellent condition; but the birds are unusually wild, and rain and mist have much interfered with the sport. The party at Bolton included Lady Edward Cavendish, Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., and Mr. John Cavendish, Admiral and Lady Louisa Egerton and Mr. and the Misses Egerton, Lord Wolmer, Sir Henry James, Sir Frank Lascelles and Mr. and Miss Lascelles, Lady

Dr. J. W. Keyworth (M.D. London), Southport, writes: "I have tried Pepsalia, and am so satisfied with its results that I am using it daily with suitable cases, and have every reason to endorse all that is claimed in regard to its usefulness." Pepsalia absolutely effects digestion, and restores dyspeptics to a condition of health and comfort. Bottles 1s. and 2s., from chemists, or G. & G. Stern 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth. Also The Belle Vue and Pier Hotel, opposite the Pier, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach, General Manager, late of the Bath Hotel, Bournemouth.

Frederick Cavendish, and Colonel Cavendish. There is to be no regular shooting at Chatsworth before November, and Lord Hartington's parties at Hardwicke Hall will be in December.

Lord Dudley and Miss Gurney are to be married next Monday afternoon, at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street. They will settle at Witley Court, his place in Worcestershire, after the honeymoon, and Lady Dudley is going to live at Himley Hall, the old seat of the Ward family in Staffordshire.

Sir George and Lady Julia Wombwell (who have just returned from Homburg) will entertain a shooting-party next week at Newburgh Priory, their charming old place in Yorkshire, and the Duke of Cambridge is to be one of the guests there.

Lord and Lady Ilchester will return next week to Melbury Park, Dorsetshire, for the autumn, from Moy, Sir John Ramsden's place on Loch Laggan, where they have been staying during the last five weeks.

Sir John Millais, who has rented Stobhall House, Perthshire (the ancient hunting-seat of the Drummond family on the banks of the Tay) from Lord Willoughby De Eresby, has taken the Duke of Athole's Benchil salmon-fishings for the season.

Lord and Lady Dufferin have left Clanboye, their place near Belfast, after a residence of four weeks, and are now staying with Mr. and Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson at Raith House, Fifeshire, and from there they are going to pay some visits in the North of Scotland, and Lord Dufferin is to be the guest of the Queen at Balmoral for a day or two. Lord and Lady Dufferin are to return to Rome at the end of next month. I hear that he will retire from the Diplomatic Service in May, and it is very probable that he will be succeeded as Ambassador at Rome by Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff.

Lord and Lady Galway are entertaining a party this week for Doncaster Races, at Serlby Hall.

Lord and Lady Penrhyn will entertain a large party at Penrhyn Castle, their place near Bangor, during the Rhyl Church Congress.

As Lord Ailesbury cannot part with the Savernake estate, his trustees intend to do their best to increase the income from the property by selling "eligible sites for building purposes," which are much in demand at and around Marlborough.

Electric Light without Glare.—The new Patent Bead Ray Diffuser, the only possible means of preventing glare without decreasing the light, will fit on any existing electric lamp. Sample forwarded, carriage paid, 7s. 6d.—Rashleigh Phipps & Dawson, 53, Berners-street, W. Ivory Switches a specialty.

The fact that the women of several Canadian towns have been holding open-air meetings and burning their corsets, suggests the ultimate possibility of some such spectacle as the following.

A Fin de Siècle Possibility.

Scene.—*The Enclosure of a Belgravian Square. In the middle a fire is burning. Thunder.*

Enter a crowd of Ladies of Fashion, Mashers, &c.

1st Lady. Oft full warning there has been
In the name of Hygiene!
2nd Lady. Oft the surgeon of renown
Fashion's follies has cried down!
3rd Lady. Round the bonfire then let's go!
Fan the flames to fiercer glow,
Whilst therein we freely throw
All that we have treasured so.
Corsets, once so tightly laced,
Let them in the fire be placed!
Boots, prepost'rously high-heeled,
To the flames herewith we yield!
Busk and chignon, roll and pad,
To the blaze we gladly add.
Paint and powder, wash and dye,
New caloric shall supply.
All. Rise, ye flames! Roar, bonfire, roar!
We'll be Fashion's serfs no more.
1st Masher. True, the blow is hard to bear,
But we, too, would have our share
In this conflagration rare.
2nd Masher. Collars starched, and stiff, and high!
Once the apple of our eye;
Collars, painfully upright,
Once our great, our chief delight;
We, with features sternly knit,
To the flames do ye commit.
Go! and, Cuffs, go ye likewise,
Bitter though the sacrifice.
1st Clubman. And shall we, in face of this,
Stand here callous and remiss?
Nay, we, too, will play our part
Though it well-nigh break our heart.
Go! High Hat! Go! quit this scene,
Though our fetish long thou 'st been,
Go! thou unrelentless bore
We will be thy slaves no more!
All. Rise, ye flames! Glow, bonfire, glow!
We will still around thee go,
And more fuel on thee throw.

[*They proceed to do so as scene closes.*]

The beautifully-wooded estate of Oak Hill, at Accrington, which extends over thirteen acres, has been purchased by the Town Council for £9,500, and it is to be converted into a public park. Oak Hill was formerly the residence of the Hargreaves family, who made an enormous fortune out of their manufactories.

There has been a very serious outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia in Cumberland, and the large and very valuable Shorthorn herd of Mr. Parker Moore, at Whitehall, near Carlisle, was destroyed last week, by order of the Board of Agriculture.

The name of the late Mr. Samuel Wolton, of Butley Abbey, was given in last week's Truth by a printer's error as Mr. Wotton, of Britley Abbey. For the convenience of those attending the sale of the Butley horses on the 24th inst., I take this opportunity of mentioning that the nearest and most accessible stations are Melton or Woodbridge, Wickham Market station being more distant than either of these.

I have so often expressed the opinion that the Serpentine might with advantage be thrown open to the disciples of Izaak Walton, that I was agreeably surprised on passing through the park a few days ago to observe an elderly gentleman in a boat moored off the island opposite the Humane Society's receiving-house, philosophically pursuing the gentle craft. Upon my asking one of the keepers how long it was since the restrictions against fishing had been repealed, I was told that they were still in full force; and, upon my pointing out that this elderly gentleman was, perhaps, unconsciously rendering himself liable to a penalty, the keeper answered that this particular individual was a certain General, that he was a friend either of the Ranger, or Deputy Ranger, and that he had obtained the right of fishing in the ornamental water years ago from one or other of those officials. Now, with all due respect to the worthy General, I maintain that the privilege of fishing in water which practically belongs to the nation should be either open to all or closed to all. It most certainly ought not to be in the power of the Ranger or the Deputy Ranger to provide amusement for their private friends at the public expense.

But since the Ranger, or Deputy-Ranger, has thought fit to create a precedent by conceding the privilege of fishing to an elderly General, why not extend the principle, and allow a certain number of punts, in charge of competent fishermen, to be placed for hire, at a moderate price, upon the Serpentine? That there are fish of all sorts in more than abundance is amply proved by the fact that only a few years ago the smell from the water was so offensive, owing to the overcrowding of the fish, that it was found necessary to net the water at night after the Park gates were closed, and thousands of fish were caught in this manner, and were sold or given away to the late Mr. Warner of the "Welsh Harp." Why, I ask, could they not have been taken in the orthodox manner, thereby giving pleasure to hundreds who have neither the opportunity nor the means of leaving town?

The splendid antiquarian and historical library of Mr. Elton, Q.C., M.P., at Whites Taunton, his seat in Somersetshire, is to be sold off early next season. This library contains a great number of exceedingly rare books.

I find that I was considerably under the mark in estimating the proceeds of Madame Patti's last concert for the benefit of the Swansea Hospital at "over £400." Although the accounts have not yet been made up, the secretary estimates the net results at above £800, and probably above £850.

The Bayreuth Festival performances have been a great financial success, as the receipts for the twenty representations amounted to about £32,500. Next year there are to be ten performances of "Parsifal," seven of "Meistersinger," and three of "Tannhäuser."

Cadbury's Cocoa.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health.*

In reference to my comments on the question of the licensing of the Manchester Palace of Varieties, "Goody-goody" sends me an extract from the *Manchester Guardian* pointing out that the heads of every religious community in Manchester are against the licence, and that only the drink interest is on the other side:—"I think you will agree with me that even those poor miserable creatures, those 'good-goody persons' who are engaged in works of education and of philanthropy, ought to have some voice as citizens in managing the affairs of their city." By all means. But do not let them have a bigger voice than they are entitled to. I believe in local option in these matters, and when the ministers of all denominations, &c., have converted the majority of the people of Manchester to their views, I shall acquiesce in their views being carried out—in Manchester.

My present attitude, however, is entirely misunderstood by my correspondent. All I contend for is that there is far less danger to morality and sobriety in a great entertainment-hall, well managed—as it is bound to be by persons having an enormous stake in the venture—than in a dozen or more of little drink-shops which exist for no purpose but drinking. I am a goody-goody, too, in my way. Only my goody-goodiness takes more rational and practical shapes than the goody-goodiness of Bishops and ministers of religion.

In Re Waterlow Park.

The Park is ready: through the pales
  Its winding walks are seen;
Its bright-hued flowers, its leafy bowers,
  Its turf so freshly green.
And thousands linger as they pass
  Its barred and bolted gate,
For none can enter there, alas!
  North London has to wait!

The Park is ready—true, but none
  As yet its joys may share;
No one must sit there in the sun,
  Or breathe its fresh, free air.
For Royalty must first, 'tis said,
  The Park inaugurate,
And Royalty elsewhere has sped,—
  So London has to wait.

The populace, that is to say,
  Outside must meekly stand,
Until—whatever the delay—
  There is a Prince at hand.
And until he, with golden key,
  Can first unlock the gate,
Why, tens of thousands, if needs be,
  For weeks and weeks must wait.

But this is too ridiculous
  Thus pleasure to suspend
Merely because a Prince cannot
  Find leisure to attend.
If he *can* come, why let him come,
  By all means, in full state;
If he's deterred, it's too absurd
  To make North London wait!

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The consecration of the Bishops of Truro and Lichfield, and of the Suffragan Bishops of Coventry and Southwark, is to take place on the morning of Tuesday, the 29th, in St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Primate (who is now in Switzerland) will officiate.

A monument to Canon Liddon is to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral in the apsidal chapel behind the high altar, which has just been restored for purposes of worship.

The Bishop of Chichester, who has gone to Switzerland and the Italian Lakes for his annual holiday, will return home in time to preside at his Diocesan Conference, which is to be held at Brighton on October 21. The Bishop, who will celebrate his eighty-ninth birthday in a few weeks, is in excellent health, and fully equal to all his duties, for there is not a better organised and worked diocese in England than that of Chichester.

I learn that the Archbishop of York, who has taken up his residence at Bishopthorpe, has announced his intention of himself preaching the sermon on the occasion of his enthronement in York Minster on Tuesday next. The Archbishop has requested the Dean of York to occupy the Minster pulpit at the Ordination on Sunday week, and on the 27th the Bishop of Lincoln is to preach there at the evening sermon, on the occasion of the annual Harvest Festival, and Dr. King will be the guest of the Archbishop at Bishopthorpe.

The Bishop of Exeter, who went off to Japan five weeks ago, will not return to England until the beginning of January. It was announced that Bishop Barry would be in charge of the diocese during Dr. Bickersteth's absence, but he has not yet commenced work in Devonshire, and it appears that he is not coming to Exeter until the middle of October. The Bishop of Exeter has gone to Japan to visit his son Bishop Edward Bickersteth, and there was a ridiculous canting announcement that his presence in that country would inspire the Anglican missionaries to fresh exertions. The proper location for the Bishop of Exeter, however, is clearly Devonshire, not Japan, considering that he is paid £4,200 a year to act as "chief pastor" of the establishment in that county.

The Vicarage of Pucklechurch, Somersetshire, which became vacant about two months ago, through the much lamented death of Prebendary Barnard, is worth upwards of £500 a year, with an excellent house, but, strange to say, the living has been refused by several clergymen in succession, to whom it was offered by the Dean and Chapter of Wells.

The Simeon trustees have only recently presented to Clifton Church, and now another of these good livings is placed at their disposal, that of Emmanuel, Clifton, the net value of which is £510 a year, with house, the population of the parish being 2,000.

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An indignant clamour is rising at Norwich against Dean Lefroy, who is credited with the intention of spoiling the ancient and picturesque Close by building in it. The Council have remonstrated vigorously against the scheme, and everybody in the city is protesting against the proposal to spoil the meads and gardens, for open spaces are not numerous in Norwich. It may be hoped that the Dean, who is becoming very unpopular in the city, will drop his building speculation, for it is clear that matters must have come to a serious issue when the leading "Church and State" organ in the city announces that "Norwich people have never been used to these huckstering manœuvres on the part of the Church, and do not take kindly to them," and this journal truly adds that even if the capitular income be diminished, "yet the work is not laborious, and if a balance-sheet of the Cathedral revenue were published, most of us would agree that on the theory that the labourer is worthy of his hire, all the functionaries inside the precincts are fairly well provided for."

This writer is quite correct in his ideas, for, even after allowing for the results of agricultural depression, the Dean of Norwich has £1,200 a year, with an excellent house; and each of the four Canons has £600 a year with a good house; to which it may be added that one of the residentiaries holds a valuable London living, another is Master of a College at Cambridge, and another is Archdeacon of Norfolk, a sinecure office which increases his stipend by £200 a year.

A clerical correspondent who recently took up the cudgels on behalf of the Bishops' present incomes now writes as follows:—

> The "hospitality" I meant was not the entertainment of County magnates so much as "open house" for the Bishops' clergy—those occasions so dear to Archbishop Magee, when—as he said—
>
> "The clergy are grazing, their heads never raising,
> They are forty feeding like one."
>
> Surely in this sense a Bishop is bound to be "given to hospitality." As to subscriptions, it may be that a lessened income would ensure a cessation of demands; but who is to begin? May I make a suggestion? Several of our larger dioceses—notably Peterborough—need sub-division. Might not the leading laity, headed by the M.P.'s of the diocese, approach the Bishop of the undivided See and say, "The interests of the Church demand a diocese and a Bishop of, say, Leicester. If your lordship can arrange to transfer one-third of your episcopal income to such a See, *we* will undertake to meet all the demands made upon the episcopal purse for charitable objects in the remainder of your diocese." An example of this kind might have wide and excellent results.

Against the kind of hospitality here defined I have no word to say. By all means let the Bishop feed his clerical flock when business brings them up to the Palace. But let it be such hospitality as is consistent with the "plain living and high thinking" appropriate to clerical life: a cut off the joint—a prime cut, of course, worthy of an episcopal larder, and a glass of beer—sound and wholesome, but not heady—such as befits an episcopal cellar. But hospitality in this shape would not run the episcopal purse into many hundreds per annum. It is your fashionable feasts, your professional cook, your

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choice vintages, your fine old crusted clerical port, and the rest of it, that run away with the money.

But let me assure my correspondent that he is entirely wrong in his second suggestion. If I rightly understand him to propose that, in consideration of the Bishop making over a third of his income to the severed portion of his diocese, he should be relieved of all demands for charitable purposes in what remains, this is nothing more than a new form of the pernicious fraud which I have been combating ever since suffragan bishops became fashionable. A bishop—let us say the Bishop of London—has an income of £10,000 a year given him for a certain purpose. He finds himself unequal to the work, and requires an assistant to take some of it off his hands. Instead of paying the assistant, he appropriates the endowment of some parish church, given for quite a different purpose, and pays his assistant by giving him that, leaving at the same time the parochial work to be done by a substitute receiving about a fifth of what he ought to be receiving. No, my friend. If a Bishop is relieved of a third of his diocese, he may justly be expected to surrender a third of his income. For the sum thus parted with to be then made up to him by private subscriptions would, doubtless, have "wide and excellent results," for Bishops, but for nobody else.

In a certain Wiltshire parish last week the vicar was twice requested by long-suffering farmers in his congregation to offer up the prayer for fine weather on the following Sunday. He declined to do so, however, without the assent of the Bishop. One of the farmers accordingly addressed a telegram, reply pre-paid, to the Bishop, who graciously assented to the use of the prayer, which was accordingly recited at the Sunday service. Why the approval of the Bishop should be required before fine weather is prayed for at harvest time, I am at a loss to understand. If any supervision is to be exercised over these irresponsible interferences with the order of nature, it should surely be in the hands of some central authority who can take an impartial view of the agricultural situation. Otherwise we may have a vicar in the north, whose parishioners have still got their corn standing, praying for dry weather, while another vicar of a more forward parish in the south is praying for rain to help his flock with their root crop. What do we keep Mr. Chaplin for if not to look after this sort of thing?

A vicar is often a great man in his own estimation, but he rarely attains to the same height of inflated self-importance as a "curate-in-charge." A marriage was to take place the other day at St. Saviour's Church, Nottingham, and the bridegroom had requested a friend to preside at the organ on the occasion. The friend thought that he had done all that the circumstances required when he went to the regular organist and arranged to perform in her place; but he reckoned without the "curate-in-charge." As soon as he had commenced to discourse a "voluntary," this worthy appeared on the scene, and in the most offensive strain demanded to know what business he had there, rating the interloper for his "impertinence" in tones audible half-way down the church. There are, I verily believe, clergymen who would deem themselves insulted if a deputy charwoman were to dust the sacred edifice without their formal sanction.

The man Kensit, whose publication of a whole library of obscene literature was exposed in Truth a year or two back, has lately been appealing to his patrons by the exhibition at his shop in Paternoster-row of two filthy old coats, with a notification that pilgrims unable to go abroad may here see Holy Coats with all the powers claimed for the twenty-four or twenty-five Holy Coats, including the one at Trèves, and quite as genuine. Kensit's intention is, no doubt, to insult and shock the Roman Catholics who pass his window, but I should imagine that he will be far more successful in insulting and shocking the Protestants whom he assumes to gratify by this exhibition. One of the latter writes to me:—

> I am not a Catholic, and even Catholics are not obliged to believe in the authenticity of all relics, but such an exhibition as I saw in Paternoster-row yesterday is an outrage to every decent-minded person, and to many with purer and nobler spirits than this Kensit, or those for whom he caters.

As I have already stated, I have no intention of re-opening the recent debate in these columns on the Missionary question; but I think it only fair to a large number of readers and correspondents to say that I continue to receive letters from different parts of China in corroboration of the views expressed in the letter which started the discussion. Whichever way the truth lies, of one thing there can be no doubt—namely, that the British Protestant Missionary (and his converts) have failed in the most singular way to win the respect, not to mention the affection, of a considerable proportion of the British residents in China. I find now that among the latter there exists a very strong feeling that the Missionaries are alone to blame for the riots and massacres at Wussueh. If there be any truth in that, the escape of the Roman Catholic missionaries is very singular and suggestive.

Although the season is far advanced, Lady Jeune tells me that she will still have the opportunity of sending away two more parties of twenty-five children for three weeks in the country, provided that the requisite funds (now about £45) are forthcoming. More than sufficient children to make up both these parties are already in waiting, so that there is still ample room for further generosity in support of this work.

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"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is, 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

There is a regimental order for the special benefit of the troops stationed at Edinburgh Castle, forbidding the men to accept money for showing visitors round the place. Last week, two visitors to Edinburgh went to see a cousin in the barracks, and were taken by him round the Castle. At parting, they arranged to meet in the town in the evening, but the night being wet, the cousin gave the soldier a shilling or two to get something to solace himself with in case he should be kept waiting. In the twinkling of an eye that soldier was under arrest, and after being in confinement all night, was next morning sentenced by the commanding officer, notwithstanding his explanation, to eight days' confinement to barracks, with loss of one good conduct badge. This does not appear to be an exceptional occurrence. I am told that a few weeks back a soldier was visited by two of his brothers. He went round the Castle with them. When they left they gave him five shillings—purely, of course, as a present. For this he was awarded fourteen days' confinement to barracks. It is difficult to see what other motive there can be for such senseless tyranny, except pure love of bullying an inferior.

An officer, just returned from India, tells me that in a certain native cavalry regiment—for the sake of the exalted individual whose name it bears I will not say which—swords are scarcely ever permitted to be drawn, because these deadly weapons frighten the Colonel's horse. Whether the Colonel's nerves are at all in sympathy with those of the noble animal he bestrides I cannot tell. Judging, however, from statements respecting the figure cut by this regiment on one or two recent occasions, it would seem desirable that either the Colonel should obtain a new charger, or the regiment a new Colonel.

If Britons never will be slaves, they will do well to avoid the dominions of the Empress of India. In order to convince them of that, I reprint the following proclamation recently issued by the military officer at present exercising the functions of British Resident in Mysore. There is no question here, be it observed, of the seditious "Native Press," which is such a thorn in the flesh of our Anglo-Indian pro-consuls. The proclamation applies to all newspapers. It hits at least one English editor, who has been pursuing his profession in this part of the British Empire for years, depriving him henceforth of the right to follow his calling without the permission of a practically irresponsible official, and rendering him liable to forcible expulsion from the country at any moment, when he happens to incur that official's displeasure. We lift our Pharisaical hands in horror at the tyranny to which the Press is subject in Russia, but what is worse than this in the dominions of the Czar—or, for the matter of that, in those of the Sultan? And these things are done under a Viceroy who still claims to be called a "Liberal":—

NOTIFICATION.

Under instructions from the Governor-General in Council contained in Foreign Department Notification No. 265-I, dated June 25, 1891, the Resident in Mysore has passed the following orders:—

1. No newspaper, or other printed work, whether periodical or other, containing public news or comments upon public news, shall, without the written permission for the time being in force of the Resident in Mysore, be edited, printed, or published after the first day of August, 1891, in the Civil and Military Station of Bangalore.

2. If after the day aforesaid any person shall, without such permission as aforesaid, edit, print, or publish any such newspaper or other work as aforesaid in the Civil and Military Station of Bangalore, the Resident in Mysore may, by order in writing—

(*a*) Require him to leave the Civil and Military Station of Bangalore within seven days from the date of such order; and

(*b*) Prohibit him from re-entering the Civil and Military Station of Bangalore without the written permission of the Resident in Mysore.

3. If any such order as is mentioned in the last foregoing paragraph be disobeyed, the offender shall be liable to forcible expulsion from the Civil and Military Station of Bangalore in pursuance of an order to be made in writing by the Resident in Mysore.

4. Any written permission granted by the Resident in Mysore for the editing, printing, or publishing of any such newspaper or other work as aforesaid, may at any time be withdrawn by the Resident in Mysore or any of his successors in office.

By order,
Chas. W. Ravenshaw, Captain,
Assistant to the Resident in Mysore.

Bangalore: dated July 9, 1891.

I am credibly informed that, the Sergeants of the Royal Artillery at Calcutta having at a mess meeting decided to take in Truth, Lieut.-Colonel Pearse, the Commanding Officer, declined to allow the paper to be admitted to the mess. Before making any further comment on the matter, I shall wait to hear definitely from Lieut.-Colonel Pearse whether this serious imputation upon him is or is not true. If it be not denied, Colonel Pearse will do well to understand at once that more will be heard of this incident. In any case, however, it is an anomaly and an anachronism that a commanding officer should be allowed a jurisdiction of this kind over the reading of the men under his command. Such a power is certain to be abused, and the time has come when it should be modified or cancelled.

Apropos to recent references in Truth to the erratic distribution of the "territorial" regiments, and more particularly the Irish regiments, I have received from several officers gratifying testimonials to the loyalty and trustworthiness of the Irish soldier. Of his fighting qualities, there is, I take it, not likely to be any doubt entertained even by the bitterest enemy of Ireland; but it also seems to be the opinion of those who know him best that there is not the slightest reason why he should not be trusted to do military duty in his own country. It is only the guilty conscience of the coercionists which leads them to keep the Irish soldier as far as possible from Ireland.

Among the communications, however, that I have received on this subject, I am most struck by a letter from "A Protestant English Officer," who disapproves of the formation of exclusively Irish Regiments, on the ground that the military value of the Irishman is best brought out by leavening English and Scotch Regiments with Irish soldiers. Indeed, in my correspondent's opinion the ideal British regiment is a regiment composed of English, Scotch, and Irish elements, and, he considers, from a fighting point of view, that the territorial idea is distinctly a mistake. There seems to be so much in

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this suggestion that I will let my correspondent speak for himself:—

To have a perfect fighting British battalion, at least one-third of the men should be Irish. The Irish soldier is always cheerful under hardships, and his wit and good humour keep up the spirits of his English and Scotch comrades. Now in most English territorial regiments the Irish soldiers are becoming gradually fewer and fewer—most unfortunately, in my opinion. A regiment of Irishmen is a mistake, too, as the Paddies are too wild in time of peace, and require a lot of English soldiers to advise, and keep them steady and out of trouble. The sooner we go back to longer service and a proper mixture of English, Irish, and Scotch in all our fighting battalions the better.

I desire to call the attention of the military authorities to the scandalous fact that some pictures of the Manipur prisoners, which were published in a recent number of the *Graphic*, were taken from photographs by a subaltern of the Royal Engineers. It is outrageous that this officer should have been permitted to photograph these miserable wretches, and surely common decency should have kept him from proceeding to publish his productions in a newspaper. The scandal would be bad enough under any circumstances, but it is aggravated by the fact that the prisoners had evidently been made to stand in a suitable position for the enterprising photographer's work, and in one picture a man is shown bound with ropes held by Goorkha sentries. The whole affair reflects the utmost discredit upon every one concerned in it.

A surgeon on the Indian Medical Staff gives me a formidable statement of the complaints prevalent in that branch of the service. His first and second heads comprise the lower rates of pay, and the loss on exchange in remitting to England. The third is the fact, already referred to in TRUTH, that the rise of £50 promised in the Army Orders at the end of five years' service reduces itself in practice to Rs. 17 4 a. 2 p. per month, or about £17 a year. This is one of those downright frauds in the dealings of Government with its servants which seem to flourish equally in India and England, and for which, in my opinion, there ought to be a summary remedy in the Courts of Justice.

In addition to this, my medical friend complains of (4) the heavy out-of-pocket expenses thrown upon himself and his colleagues without any of the "allowances" usual in such cases, and (5 and 6) the increased work and reduced leave resulting from the increased strength of the Army (without any addition to the medical staff), and the demands made upon the doctors by the occupation of Burmah. I give the state of things now prevailing in my informant's own words, as a warning to the candidates who—heedless of their fate—still hustle one another for vacancies in the Indian Medical Staff:—

Leave has now become practically obsolete, and the monotonous routine of morning and evening work, day after day, and year after year, is dreary and disheartening to the last extreme. Combatant officers get Sundays and Thursdays as practically "off days," and they have no difficulty in getting two months' leave a year, or six months' leave, or more, after three to five years' work in the country. Surgeons cannot get their two months' leave a year, and often do not get two months off in five years.

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The officer whose reply to a complaint from a colour-sergeant in India I noticed last week, now writes to me as follows, by way of further explanation of his meaning:—

The allowance of 20 rupees for "stationery" is made to the officer commanding the troop or company, and it rests with him whether he expends it or allows his pay-sergeant to do it. In most cases it is given to the pay-sergeant, and he, as a rule, makes a very good thing out of it. In hill depots the same allowance is invariably expended by the officer commanding the "section" (as the men all belong to different regiments there, they are divided into sections, and not troops and companies).

I had command of one of these "sections" in 1889, and found that an expenditure in "stationery" of 7 rupees lasted for *three months*. And I know that in my own regiment all the pay-sergeants make a good thing out of it.

The officer commanding the troop or company still has his 30 rupees for contingencies, so, if a pay-sergeant overstepped his allowance, he would charge it to the officer commanding the troop or company, and it would be taken out of the 30 rupees. So, I take it that an officer commanding a troop or company receives a very liberal allowance from Government.

This is still in direct contradiction to my previous informant's statements, and as my previous informant wrote from actual experience, while my present correspondent seems to rely on *a priori* reasoning, I am still in the same difficulty as last week. However, as the writer of the above speaks from 11½ years' experience in the ranks, 10½ as a N.C.O., and 9 years as a commissioned officer, his remarks are evidently entitled to weight, and I hope he will convince the colour-sergeant that he is either not out of pocket, or that it is his own fault if he is.

I have received during the last two or three weeks far more letters from officers of the Indian Staff Corps than I can possibly deal with. I learn from them, however, that an organised movement is on foot for obtaining better terms, and if all the Staff Corps officers back it up energetically, their case ought to be irresistible. I understand from a printed statement sent to me that at present the efforts of the Corps will be directed to accelerating the rate of promotion, so that an officer may get his captaincy in ten or eleven years, his majority in seventeen years, and a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in twenty-four years. This is a most moderate demand, and will still leave the rate of promotion in the Staff Corps below that in the British Army; but at the same time it will yield substantial advantages to the Staff Corps men in the matter of £. s. d., and will relieve them to a slight extent of the irritating liability to be superseded in command by British officers far inferior to them in standing and experience.

The Duke of Cambridge was down at Aldershot last week, and he criticised the appearance of the two divisions which he inspected in very forcible language, the weedy boys with whom the ranks are filled being woefully unsteady, and palpably below the standard. The recent operations at Aldershot, of which Sir Evelyn Wood was umpire, have been severely condemned by him; "inexcusable" and "very unsatisfactory" being among the terms employed, and he sensibly observed that, "tactics which are utterly impossible in war should not be attempted in manœuvres."

The Naval Exhibition will ere long be closing its doors, so it is high time for the Navy and the public to consider as to the best way of disposing of the money that has been made. The matter must not be left solely to the Admiralty

for decision. The Exhibition was organised for the benefit of naval charities, and thousands of persons have lent valuable curiosities on this understanding; consequently, a representative committee ought to be appointed to consider the disposal of the fund. If this is not done we shall be bound to hear of some horrible jobbery being perpetrated, probably in connection with Greenwich Hospital. The sooner, therefore, that the committee is appointed the better.

An absurd controversy has recently been raging in the *Western Morning News* between the Naval and Military warrant officers, as the former, in their perfectly justifiable efforts to better themselves, have unwisely depreciated the capabilities of the latter. As there appears to be some doubt as to the comparative status of the two branches, I may perhaps point out that a warrant is a warrant, whether conferred by the Admiralty or the Horse Guards, but for some unknown reason the naval warrant officer obtains a higher pension. This is an anomaly that should be remedied without delay.

The *Turquoise*, which was built in 1876 at a cost of about £96,000, has been condemned and sold out of the service. She has proved a direfully bad bargain to the country, like so many of the vessels which were built during Lord Beaconsfield's Administration.

Professor Elgar, Director of the Royal Dockyards, has resigned, and, I trust, that this wholly superfluous office will now be abolished, for the salary of £1,500 a year is simply wasted money, and might just as well be shovelled into the Solent. It may be hoped that the Admiralty do not contemplate pitchforking a certain flag officer, who is known to be a candidate for employment, and who commands powerful interest, into this place, for any such appointment would be a most monstrous job.

The *Nile* was to have left Portsmouth this week for the Mediterranean, and the *Pallas* ought by this time to have been far on her way to the Pacific. Grievous it is to have to state that both vessels are detained at Portsmouth owing to grave defects having been discovered in them at the last moment, and it is quite uncertain when they will be able to leave.

The last fabrication of the "silly season," which has been unprecedentedly prolific, is a story invented by an imaginative "London correspondent," that "a very determined attempt" has been made by "a party of foreigners" to gain access to Woolwich Arsenal, and that "a young clerk" was offered "a great inducement to divulge information which was of the most exclusive importance." There is not the slightest foundation for these silly romances, and it might occur, even to a Tory "London correspondent," that information "of the most exclusive importance" is not usually confided to "a young clerk." It is wonderful that editors can print such trash.

A very sensible paper was read at the last British Association by a Dr. Strahan upon "Instinctive Criminality," the gist of the paper being that there is a certain phase of criminality which is distinctly in the nature of mental disease, and that it should be dealt with by consigning the criminal, after two or three fruitless convictions, to some sort of criminal *maison de santé*, where he would be kept under appropriate treatment until there was some reason to suppose him cured. My attention was drawn to this suggestion by an article in the *St. James's Gazette*, attacking Dr. Strahan as a sentimentalist bent on pampering the enemies of society. That those who believe that the Irish can be made into a contented and loyal people by Coercion Acts, removables, and battering-rams, should regard a few months in Pentonville as the last resource of civilisation for a man twenty times convicted of petty larceny, I can readily believe. To anybody, however, above the intellectual level of a leader writer on a Tory paper, it must, I should think, be obvious that the best prison in England is worse than useless as a corrective, and little or no value as a deterrent in the whole of that large class of cases to which Dr. Strahan referred.

Nothing more surprisingly demonstrates the woodenheadedness of the "Law and Order" people than their invincible faith in remedies, political or social, the futility of which is proved every day. The prison is one of these discredited instances. As a means of raising a man's moral tone it is, on the face of it, the most primitive and childish instrument which has survived the break-up of Feudalism. Its hopeless failure is demonstrated as often as Sir Peter Edlin takes his seat at Clerkenwell. A man steals a watch. Sir Peter says "six months." The six months being expired, the man steals another watch. Sir Peter says, "Two years." At the end of two years the man steals another wateh—or it may be a quartern loaf or a penn'orth of tripe. Sir Peter says, "Five years' penal servitude." Five years roll by, and the man steals another watch, or another loaf. Sir Peter says, "Ten years' penal servitude." And if only Sir Peter and the man live long enough—and, being both happy and comfortable, and quite satisfied with themselves, they very likely may—it is a mathematical certainty that in seventy years' time Sir Peter will be sentencing that man to eighty years' penal servitude for stealing his seventh watch.

This is no exaggeration. There must be hundreds of men in the prisons now who have gone through so much of the process I have described as their span of life has permitted up to the present date. There are women about the police-courts who have been imprisoned scores and hundreds of times on charges of "drunk and disorderly," and who will be imprisoned scores and hundreds of times more if only their constitutions hold out long enough. And yet when an intelligent gentleman

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ventures to suggest that the prison in its present shape is not the most perfect instrument that the wit of man can devise for dealing with the habitual criminal, he is howled at by the Tory press as though he had laid hands upon the Ark.

I understand that I did not do full justice to the position of Mr. Masters, the young man whose conviction under the auspices of Mr. West, Q.C., for receiving stolen goods, was criticised in TRUTH a fortnight ago. The turnover of his business for the year preceding his conviction amounted to £6,000, the figures which I gave being the figures for the last half-year only. This business was largely, if not entirely, of Mr. Masters's creation, and it appears little short of incredible that a young man in this position, with the world at his feet, should imperil all the fruits of his past labour, and all his hopes for the future, for apparently no reason whatever, except pure criminal instinct; for, as was shown, the profit made on the goods was inconsiderable. I have received a large number of letters with reference to this case, but I would strongly advise those who have communicated with me to address themselves at once to the Home Secretary, who can hardly fail, under the circumstances, to give some effect to the recommendation of the jury.

The Rev. A. B. Stanford, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, writes as follows:—

I have read with interest a paragraph in your issue of Aug. 27 referring to a case lately dealt with by Mr. West, the Recorder of Manchester. For some years past I have known the prisoner Masters somewhat intimately, and was, therefore, greatly pained when I heard of the charges which were made against him, knowing as I did his previous upright and honest character. Accordingly, I went to Manchester to attend the trial, to hear for myself whether Masters ought to forfeit the respect of his former friends. The evidence, however, given in Court quite convinced me to the contrary; and, until Mr. West began to "sum up," no one present could have had any doubt that the result would be an acquittal. It was the way in which Mr. West turned the evidence round which changed the aspect of affairs, and he astounded us all by his apparent bias against the prisoner.

I thank you for your paragraph on the subject, bringing before the notice of the public this "notorious Recorder of Manchester." I cannot but hope that the case will be laid before the Home Secretary, and that he will give a reversal of Mr. West's judgment. Is our English law going to allow a man who was obviously innocent to be detained in a felon's cell simply on the word of a confessed thief, while the latter goes off "scot-free"?

At the Bingley (Yorkshire) Petty Sessions, on Wednesday, John Briggs, described as a contractor, was convicted of most revolting cruelty to a horse. He bought the horse some weeks ago, and it was worked till it dropped down from exhaustion. Then, being diseased and altogether useless, the wretched animal was left to its fate, lying in the field where it fell. Neither food nor water was supplied to it by the defendant or his men; but some women and children, hearing its pitiful groans, tried to give it handfuls of grass. On the one occasion when Briggs went to the animal, which was unable to rise, he kicked it in a most brutal manner over a dozen times. It was not until the lapse of three or four days that the horse was destroyed, and then that step was taken through the intervention of an inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. In the opinion of the magistrates, Messrs. A. Sharp, W. Ferrand, Holmes Wright, and J. B. Sharp, this was "a most disgraceful case." It was; and the Bench made it all the more disgraceful by letting Briggs off with a fine £5. Three months' hard labour would not have been a bit too severe a punishment for such diabolical cruelty.

The other day, at Worship-street Police-court, one Thomas Jones was convicted of having stolen two cabbages, value 2d. Jones was a man of good character, but Mr. Bushby utterly ignored the First Offenders' Act, which was passed on purpose to meet such cases, and sent him to prison for a fortnight, with hard labour, a scandalously severe sentence for so trifling an offence.

Three female attendants in Montrose Lunatic Asylum were last week charged before Sheriff Robertson, at Forfar, with assaulting and beating a pauper patient. The medical evidence, given by the doctor who examined the patient, was of the most clear and specific character. He described the whole of the woman's back from the shoulder-blades to the ribs as "bruised as if by repeated blows," with marks of "transverse weals." There were four bruises on other parts of her body of 2 in. in diameter and one of 4 in., and the doctor was positive that they could not have been caused by the woman falling or coming into contact with anything. The woman herself had stated that "she had been hurt on the back by one of the girls," and one of the defendants admitted having given her a good shaking, while another admitted having smacked her and put her to bed for making a noise, both of these proceedings being contrary to the rules of the establishment. The only rebutting evidence was the obviously worthless testimony of persons who had not seen any assault, but nevertheless the Sheriff declined to convict, leaving the defendants to be dealt with by the authorities for such breach of rules as they had admitted. Such a decision is most lamentable. It is difficult enough at all times to obtain any trustworthy evidence to establish charges of undue violence on the part of attendants in lunatic asylums, and it is hopeless to expect to repress such practices if magistrates refuse to convict when trustworthy evidence is supplied to them.

When Bailie James Martin (to whom I have before referred) presides at the Glasgow Central Police-court, it is clear that the administration of justice is turned into a farce, and, from the amount of "laughter" which the reporters record, I gather that the people regard the performance as extremely funny. To properly describe the remarkable manners and methods of this magistrate it is necessary to quote from the account of the proceedings given in a local newspaper. A prisoner named

PARIS.—HÔTEL ANGLO-FRANÇAIS, 6, Rue Castiglioni, facing the Continental. First-class. Highly recommended for comfort, cuisine, moderate charges, and sanitary arrangements. Otis American lift.

INVERGLOY HOTEL (by Fort William, N.B.), on Loch Lochy (CALEDONIAN CANAL).—Beautiful walks, waterfalls, &c. Good Fishing and Boating. Same Management as "Station Hotel," Oban.

Wiseman is charged with being drunk, whereupon the Bailie says:—

Weel, Wiseman (laughter), you were na ackin' very wise, I'll warrant, when you were fotched here (laughter). Was ye drunk, Wiseman?

As Wiseman does not at once admit the charge, Bailie Martin adds:

Mind ye, if ye cause the court to be prolonged by pleading not guilty, it will just be the waur for ye (laughter). If you are guilty, just oot wi' it (laughter).

Another drunkard has lost his coat. Bailie Martin:—

Lost yer coat, did ye say? I'm no hearin' ye—eh? What! got the coat tookin' aff ye? My, that's jist anither proof o' whit I was saying. It's the sober yins that robs the drunk yins (laughter). Ye never heard of drunk yins robbing the sober yins (laughter).

Addressing a woman, who offered to sign the "pledge," the Bailie said:—

I pit very little faith in thae teetotal pledges, for the folks that tak them are in and out and out and in, and in and out and out and in (laughter). That's hoo the temperance folks multiply their numbers (laughter). They would make ye think they had the hale nation fu' of teetotallers, when there's only a very few that'll jine their ban' (laughter). Go away.

The J.P.'s of Blackburn are determined to maintain the reputation of that town as a sort of wife-beater's Paradise. A Mrs. Ingham was lying in bed one night, three days after her confinement, when her husband came home, seized her by the throat, and gave her three violent blows on the head with his fist. Then, after lifting her up by the throat and letting her drop several times on the bed, he intimated that he would cut her head off with a razor which he had in his pocket; and the terrified woman thereupon managed to escape into the street, and was taken into a neighbour's house. Most people would think that Mr. Ingham should pay for this little performance by undergoing a term—three months, say—of imprisonment, especially as it was not his first offence. The Blackburn Bench, with the misplaced lenity in these cases to which I have before called attention, merely fined him £2 and costs.

The barbarous practice of bleeding pigs as a preventive of swine fever, like that of "firing" horses, has not altogether ceased. At Smethwick, the other day, a pig was found "with one of its ears nearly cut off at the root, the other ear very badly cut across the gristle, and the tail severed close to the root." It was ascertained that these injuries had been inflicted by a butcher named Wall, who was asked to bleed the animal to stop it having swine fever! The magistrate who convicted Wall simply ordered him to pay 13s. 6d., an absurdly lenient decision. The cruelty and the uselessness of such operations will not be adequately realised by ignorant people until the punishment is made far more severe, as it should be.

In view of a number of circulars sent on to me during the last week or two, it appears desirable to warn the public against the "Pastel Portrait" trick, which, after having tried the air of Bournemouth, Worthing, and Folkestone, is now being revived in the more bracing climate of Margate, this time in "the Ateliers of Austin & Eddy, 22 and 24, Lombard-street." "Austin & Eddy" assert in their circulars that their portraits are produced "by a new process," but so far as I have had any opportunity of judging it, the process is precisely the same as has been employed by previous practitioners in the same line, the essence of it being that although the "exquisite life-size portrait" is offered "free of charge," it is never delivered until the best part of a sovereign has been paid for the frame. It is also a curious fact that "Austin & Eddy's" circulars are produced by precisely the same process as those of the worthies who have previously run this dodge.

A gentleman sends me a circular which has been addressed by "Fry & Co." of Regent-street, to his son, who is just eight-and-a-half years old. In this document, Fry & Co. intimate to the eight-year-old capitalist that if "he should accidently run short of 'cash' and want to get some at once without trouble or bother, they can supply him on his own name at moderate rates." When Shylock is reduced to offering accommodation to children in the nursery—presumably for the gratification of an illicit passion for toffee or bull's-eyes—it is time indeed that Lord Herschell came to the rescue of our infants.

I am much struck by a circular issued by "Goodwin & Co., Turf Accountants," which contains a postscript intimating that "gentlemen temporarily embarrassed should entrust their affairs to us with the view of arranging for time for a settlement." Probably those who have any considerable dealings with Goodwin & Co. will speedily find themselves in the condition here indicated. But whether they will find Goodwin's antidote as efficacious as Goodwin's poison is not so certain.

A correspondent writes to tell his tale of woe in connection with dealings with a firm of outside brokers. It appears that Krahn & Co., hailing from Avenue House, Copthall-avenue, undertook to cover for him some Australian Broken Hill Consols for two months at 10 per cent. He paid a deposit of £8. 15s. on 100 shares, at 17s. 6d., which were eventually closed at £2. 17s. 6d., a net profit of £200. But my correspondent did not get his money, and on placing the matter into his solicitor's hands obtained the return of the deposit from the reluctant broker, who, however, entered a defence based upon the Gambling Act as to the profit, thus baulking the plaintiff. My correspondent tells the tale as a warning to others, and advises speculators to have nothing to do with any but members of the Stock Exchange. This is good advice. There are a few respectable outside brokers, but the rank and file are swindlers, who pocket the money deposited, and generally speculate against their clients. It is a game of "Heads I win; tails you lose." If the stocks fall, the client's cover is confiscated. If they improve a little, he may, perhaps, get his small profit, but if there is any material advance the chances are that, after a deal of trouble and expense, the outsider evades payment either by vanishing from his offices, or by pleading some such defence as stated above.

Headaches.—Bishop's Effervescent Citrate of Caffeine cures headaches arising from nervous debility, biliousness, &c.—Of all Chemists, and of the Inventors, 48, Spelman-st., London.

At the meeting of the Abbeydore Board of Guardians last week one of the members, Mr. T. Abercrombie, expressed the opinion that Mr. B. St. John Attwood-Mathews, of Pontrilas Court, Hereford, was "mean, impudent, and vindictive." This was plain speaking, but my readers must decide for themselves, after reading the facts of the case which was under discussion, whether they think it was justified. It appears that the Guardians recently appointed a Mr. James Hughes as Relieving Officer for the Kentchurch district, and that Mr. B. St. John Attwood-Mathews thereupon wrote to the Local Government Board as follows:—

> I am of opinion that this person is not fit to hold such an appointment, and I trust that the Local Government Board may see fit not to confirm it. Hughes is a publican of very indifferent character at Clodock, near Longtown, Abergavenny, and has quite recently been convicted before the Dore Bench of Magistrates, and fined heavily for night poaching of an aggravated character. I should add that I am a Magistrate acting for the Dore Division, D.L, and at present High Sheriff for this county.

In his desire to injure Hughes, this Magistrate, Deputy Lieutenant, and High Sheriff appears to have shown—to put the matter mildly—very little regard for accuracy. Hughes, it seems, was not fined for night poaching, but for fishing without a licence and with a net of illegal mesh in water belonging to Mr. Attwood Matthews. That conviction was obtained under such circumstances that the Guardians did not consider it should disqualify Hughes from being elected as Relieving Officer. As to the man's character, he had excellent testimonials from the Vicar and the late Curate of the parish in which he has kept the public-house, and from the agent for Lord Abergavenny, and ex-Vice-Chairman of the Board of Guardians. The public-house, which was being carried on by his wife, was to be given up as soon as the appointment was confirmed. The Guardians, I am glad to say, unanimously passed a resolution asking the Local Government Board to confirm the appointment, and I imagine that that body, on learning the real facts, will have no hesitation in disregarding what Mr. Abercrombie called the "mean, impudent, and vindictive" objections of the High Sheriff of Herefordshire.

A notice, issued by the managers of St. John's Schools, Gosport, announces that the Free Education Act will be adopted, and school-pence abolished after September 1. But, it goes on to add, owing to the heavy loss thus entailed, it will be necessary to impose a charge for school books, slates, &c., and one penny a month will therefore be charged for each child in the infants' school, and twopence for each one in the boys' and girls' schools, payment being made in advance on the first Monday in each month. I have not a copy of the new Education Act before me, but if it imposes no restriction in the charging of fees for books and other school requisites, it has opened a very wide door to the astute managers of the clerical schools who are not to be found in Gosport only. Not content with this move, the Gosport clericals invite parents to subscribe voluntarily to the school funds. If these gentry can manage to eat their cake and have it too, they may be trusted to do so.

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured

At a meeting of the Horsham Local Board last week, after the quorum present had solemnly gone into committee, the Press were re-admitted, and the following proceedings took place:—

> The chairman asked—
> "Is the 'reporter' for the *West Sussex Times* here?"
> "Yes," replied the representative of that journal.
> "Then," the chairman said, "I must ask you to withdraw. We shall communicate with the editor to-morrow. We have simply been considering some very scurrilous and libellous rubbish that has appeared in the paper in connection with the proceedings of this Board." And he added that the Board thought the reporter ought not to be admitted until some reparation had been made.

The reporter accordingly withdrew, and a letter was subsequently sent to his editor informing him of the decision of the Board. Now, if, as the Chairman says, the journal in question has said anything "scurrilous and libellous" about the Board, the law of libel provides an ample remedy. If, again, the remarks complained of were "rubbish," they do not call for notice of any kind. It would have been much more to the point, as the editor of the paper himself remarks, if the Chairman had stated that the language complained of was "untrue." But, be that as it may, the proceedings of the Board are public, and any member of the public has a right to come in and report what goes on, and the attempt to muzzle criticism by applying the boycott to the representative of an unfriendly newspaper is a gross abuse of power, which will, I should hope, be strenuously resisted.

A new town-hall was recently built in the town of Motherwell, at a cost of £6,000. The Duke of Hamilton persists in undermining this town-hall, and he will not desist unless he receives £1,885 for unworked minerals beneath the building, and, even after being paid that sum, he will not be liable for any damage that may be done by the working of minerals in the vicinity, unless such minerals are also purchased by the town. The cupidity of the "old nobility" is notoriously insatiable and I am not surprised that the Provost of Motherwell has publicly described the demand as "scandalous." The Town Commissioners have refused to accept the Duke's exorbitant terms. The next Parliament will legislate to meet such cases as this, and the manners and excesses of such territorial magnates as the Duke of Hamilton will be effectually corrected and reformed.

As if the Corporation had not already squandered a perfectly monstrous sum of money on the occasion of the German Emperor's visit to the City, a respectable amount has just been wasted in presenting an official account of the proceedings, to which several plans are appended. It appears that the Emperor's reception at the Guildhall cost upwards of £3,500, of which nearly £1,100 was absorbed by the gorging and swilling, and £225 was expended on badges! The Corporation voted a number of gratuities to its officers, amounting to £64, "in recognition of extra services."

If the bodily wants of the inmates of the Stockport Workhouse are only cared for with as much assiduity as their religious welfare, the institution must be quite

HOUSE DRAINAGE.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for —The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

a pauper's Elysium. Some months ago the Guardians declined to appoint a Church of England Chaplain, but, far from being in any danger through spiritual neglect the inmates of the workhouse seem likely to become the victims of too many religious ministrations. "Last week," it is reported, "no fewer than twenty-four volunteer workers among the churches were at the workhouse offering instruction." I would suggest to other Boards that they might follow the example set by Stockport, and thus save the expenses of paid chaplaincies.

Here is another example of the irritating, and, therefore, foolish, tolls levied upon travellers in different parts of Scotland. I recommend the North Britons who pocket these imposts to take care of the pounds and leave the pence to take care of themselves. There is nothing so irritating to the traveller as perpetually bidding him to stand and deliver coppers for no tangible value received. It conveys a suggestion of inhospitality, which will drive him out of the country far more readily than an occasional overcharge of a hundred times the amount in an hotel bill:—

Sir,—I notice in your issue this week a notice of an extortionate charge made at Loch Lomond.

Surely this is surpassed by a levy made on every one at Ballachulish, the landing place for Glencoe from the steamers. An uncovered wooden platform about 15 yards long constitutes the pier, and for this they charge 3d. each person to land, and 3d. more to go on the boat again. The boat from which I landed was by no means full, yet the number going ashore, and returning by a later boat, produced over £2. 10s.

In reference to a question asked by one of my correspondents last week, the manager of the International Sleeping Car Co., at Homburg, writes to say that passengers travelling by the 10.35 night express can remain in the sleeping-car all the way to Calais, and are not turned out at Brussels.

During the first eight months of the year 58,758 pipes of port were shipped at Oporto for Great Britain, as against 54,654 pipes during the corresponding period of last year. The sherry shipment was 40,296 butts for the eight months, as compared with 31,149 butts in 1890.

It is proposed to expend nearly £850,000 in obtaining a new water supply, of 24,000,000 gallons daily, for Edinburgh, from the Manor Valley, in Peeblesshire.

I am curious to know more of the "Congress of Orientalists" which was sitting in London last week. I am assured by a competent witness that it was nothing but "a bogus Congress." Now, I am a mere outsider in a matter of this kind, and for the life of me I cannot tell the difference between "a bogus Congress" or a "bogus Orientalist" and the genuine article. All that I know for certain is (1) that the last preceding Congress held was the eighth; (2) that a committee for organising the ninth held sundry sittings last year, and decided that the ninth Congress should take place in London in September, 1891; (3) that a notice was in October last issued by this committee intimating that one Dr. Leitner, previously one of the secretaries, had no longer any connection with the committee or secretariat; (4) that in the same notice it was announced that in view of other important Congresses, the committee had decided to postpone the ninth meeting till September, 1892; and (5) that Dr. Leitner appears to have been the inspiring genius of the alleged "bogus Congress" just held. Under these circumstances I really think that it behoves Dr. Leitner and those who appeared under his auspices last week—but from whose number some of the most distinguished English Orientalists were absent—to explain the situation a little more definitely. The public can then judge which (if any) is the bogus party.

The Latest "Big Gooseberry."

The Dardanelles! The Dardanelles!
Their very name a story tells
Of *canards* and of *boursiers'* sells;
Of diplomatic traps and spells;
Of Tory whoops and Jingo yells.
Their very name wild panic spells,
And peals, as 'twere, alarum bells,
As on the errant wind it swells;
Their very name new fear impels
'Mongst Saracens and Infidels
In European citadels;
And where the dread alarmist dwells
Men glibly talk of shots and shells,
Of cannon and of sentinels,
Of trenches and of parallels,
Till Common-sense at last rebels,
And cries, "Confound the Dardanelles!"

The last few years have been fertile in the aberrations and extravagances of "the old nobility," or one would be surprised to hear that Lord Shrewsbury (the "Premier Earl" of England!) has applied to the Cheadle Magistrates for a licence to sell liquor in the grounds of Alton Towers, which was very properly refused. It would seem that Alton Towers now combines the attractions of a tea-garden and a music-hall, to judge from a suggestive advertisement which was read during the proceedings at Cheadle. The lovely grounds of Alton Towers are glowingly described by Lord Beaconsfield in "Lothair," but he would have shuddered if he could have foreseen the impending fate of that unique place.

When two stalwart black men were recently paraded about London as the Ambassadors of King Gungunhana, I expressed my doubts as to their genuineness. Where these envoys sprang from—whether from Africa, America, or the East-end of London—I make no pretensions to say. Here, however, is the latest statement which has been sent to me on the subject. I publish it purely in the interests of truth, because, as it contains several names, it will be easy for the parties mentioned to dispose of these statements, if they are false. In the meantime, however, I should much like to hear from Lord Knutsford in what way the credentials of these dusky wanderers were authenticated:—

Delagoa Bay, July 25, 1891.

Sir,—The sickening homage paid in England to two supposed envoys of Gungunhana causes amusement to those who have recently left this chief's kraal. The men taken to England are nobodies, were entrapped by the emissaries of the Chartered Company, to parade them as important appendages of Gungunhana and the Gaza Naturo, to bolster up a supposed concession obtained from Gungunhana by the British South African Chartered Company. The joke is, the King did not know of their going, and certainly invested them with no authority. They were brought down to Delagoa by Mr. and Mrs. Fell, being their servants. At

Shooting, Sporting, and Travelling Garments are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

Delagoa the Chartered emissaries made capital by securing them, and telling the Fells they should take them to England. Doyle took them instead, without any explanation given to the Fells. The men were smuggled on board at Delagoa. I shall see the King again in a few weeks, and hear what he has to say about the lavish honours bestowed upon two of his people who are the supposed bearers of Izwi-lenkosi (the King's word).

It is understood that Sir Charles Pritchard, who is a member of the Governor of Bombay's Council, is to succeed to the place on the Viceroy's Council, which has been vacated by Sir Charles Crosthwaite. The post is worth £7,500 a year.

The office of Keeper of the Regalia at the Tower, which is a very nice place and in the gift of the Queen, has become vacant by the death of Captain Loftus, late 10th Hussars.

A few months ago a vote adverse to Sir Henry Parkes' Administration was moved in the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, which was defeated only by the casting vote of Mr. Young, the Speaker, who has now been appointed Minister of Public Works by the grateful Premier. This is strange enough, but still more remarkable has been the good fortune of Mr. O'Connor, the Postmaster-General, who, after having been defeated in two different constituencies at the recent elections, ought to have quitted the Cabinet; but, in order that he may keep his place, Sir Henry Parkes has made him a member of the Legislative Council, a permanent position which is the blue ribbon of public life in New South Wales.

SCRUTATOR.

"A SAILOR'S KNOT."

SIR AUGUSTUS—they still call him "Gus 'Arris" at Drury Lane—together with his loyal henchman, Henry Pettitt, have fairly driven the new school of critics into an uncomfortable corner. It is ludicrous to see how the pluckiest of them are turning tail and running for their lives now that it has once more been proved that the people don't want to be dosed with dramas by Scandinavians and Russians and Belgians with unpronounceable names. "Bless your art," as Mrs. John Wood would say, your Harris's and Pettitt's studied the amusements of the people long before these superfine young gentlemen were born or thought of. Pettitt, the North London schoolmaster, turned dramatist, and learned the art of play-writing under the Conquests at the old Grecian, when these faddists and crotchet-mongers and worshippers of Tolstoi and Ibsen and the unpronounceable Belgian were in pinafores. Harris the Knight was his father's son and learned in the art of stage-management before the "new school" could master the alphabet.

"A Sailor's Knot" has come at a good time, and is proof positive that a popular, showy, and vigorous kind of play is as necessary for the enjoyment of the masses as it ever was before in the history of the drama. The superfine young gentlemen from the German and Scottish universities, whose dramatic creed is a sneer, and whose essence of criticism is a snarl, have hitherto had but one weapon to fight with, and that is the abuse of melodrama. In order to love Tolstoi we must hate Boucicault. In order to worship Ibsen we must curse Sims. In order to "boom" the unpronounceable Belgian we must execrate Pettitt. They could not conceive the possibility of a range of human intellect. They could not imagine the existence of such a state of things as different styles of play for different characters of audience. They could not believe that one class of mind might be delighted at the Lyceum and bored at Drury Lane, or that one man might enjoy himself at the Adelphi and be wretched at the Garrick. No! there was to be a general tarring with the same brush. We were all to be of the new school or hopeless, degraded Philistines outside the pale of civilisation.

It was all a publisher's dodge, only no one cared to point it out. They cracked up plays of which no one had ever heard or wanted to hear, in order to translate them at hack prices. They tried it on with Ibsen, they tried it on with Tolstoi. The public would not have them, the boom was exhausted, the trade dropped. And now they have unearthed the pessimistic Belgian, and have been rash enough to quote him, which will save the trouble of any further production. But their only hope of success was to fight tooth and nail against the popular play. They called it melodrama, but that means nothing. They wanted to persuade themselves that there was a wild, unnatural craving on the part of the public for such unnatural monstrosities as "Ghosts" and "Rosmersholm," and the delirium tremens nightmares of the recently-discovered Belgian. Why, the thing is as absurd as the Theosophist Boom and the Mahatmas. It was done for eccentricity and self-advertisement. The public are as likely to patronise the drama of the dissecting-house as they are to accept the creed of Blavatsky and Besant.

Sir Augustus and Mr. Pettitt have given a very complete answer to the mob of young gentlemen who write with ease and think it clever to be in the minority. They have proved that melodrama is in no worse condition now than any other form of public amusement. In fact, experience teaches that it is vastly better now than it was ever before. Compare, for instance, such a play as "A Sailor's Knot" with the balderdash produced in the Chatterton era; compare the last production of Sir Augustus with the early efforts of youthful "Gus." Unless we are to banish fiction altogether from the stage, there is nothing more absurd in the new Drury Lane play than in the last published novel. The crushing and unanswerable rejoinder of Mr. David Christie Murray the other day to those who wanted to teach him what human nature is like, has been followed by the public and emphatic approval of a drama rough and ready, wholesome and pure, well-considered, a little noisy perhaps, but coloured with that welcome sentiment which must be the chief ingredient of plays made for the public taste.

As I said before, I could have wished for a little less noise. There seems to be a prevalent idea that the most popular drama is the drama of din. Sometimes it takes the form of gunpowder and sometimes of shouting. I do not think I ever sat out a drama with so little sensation, but

so much lung power. Many a time and oft I have been suffocated at Drury Lane. When they give you a battle in Egypt, or in India, the audience is asphyxiated. Every one is compelled to rush out for a breath of fresh air. Cynics tells you that this is designedly done in the interests of the refreshment contractor, but I don't believe it. Art is more potent than whiskey at Drury Lane. But this time they gave us no battles and no smoke. By the mercy of Providence, the one pistol that was supposed to go off missed fire, so that the tintinnabulation and din are not to be attributed to gunpowder or cartridges.

No, the company appears to have been engaged with the fell design of making that deaf boy at the back of the gallery hear at last. A well-known critic has more than once protested against the mumbling method on the stage, and appealed to the modern actor to speak out. He must have been sorry that he spoke if he happened to be present at Old Drury last Saturday. From first to last it was a shouting match, one down the other come on. Mr. Charles Warner came of a very loud-voiced family. He had before played Coupeau at Drury Lane, and desired to beat the record. He did it. The bull of Bashan would have been inaudible on this occasion. Mr. Charles Glenny, being the brother of Charles Warner on the stage, had to follow suit, and he certainly was not a silent member in the course of the evening. Miss Jessie Millward had to marry into this sonoriferous family, and she duly qualified herself for the position in the course of the evening. Mr. Julian Cross, as a villain, knocked about, pulled to pieces, flung hither and thither, and treated as a welsher of the days of George the Third, was naturally entitled to give tongue. This is the legitimate privilege of the villain who is perpetually being throttled, and it is excusable when his agony is pitched in a somewhat high key. But I am sure the audience must have felt as I did, that it was a positive relief when Mr. Harry Nicholls and Miss Fanny Brough came on the stage and were distinctly audible without any obvious effort.

The new drama is really a very good one, a far better style of play than is usually given at Drury Lane. The old Georgian dresses are quaint and interesting, the stage management admirable, the acting part up to the mark, and several of the scenes remarkably exciting. Mr. Pettitt is an old hand at this kind of thing. He knows every move on the board. He is aware that it is far better to suggest than to execute.

Years ago, when Charles Reade's play, "It is Never too Late to Mend," was produced at the old Princess's Theatre, the author of it had all the ardour of the new school of realists, and, possibly, as little discretion. When the wretched boy, Joseph, was to be flogged at the command of the merciless Governor Hawes, flogged the boy was. It was so realistic that a cry of horror went round the house, and an indignant and venerable dramatic critic, one Frederic Guest Tomlins, got up in the stalls and protested against the outrage. There was nearly an uproar on that memorable evening, and the indignant author never forgave the impetuous critic. There was very nearly the same kind of ruction over the roasting of the "beautiful Mrs. Rousby" as Joan of Arc on the stage of the old Queen's Theatre in Long Acre. Once more Charles Reade and the critics—notably "Q.," in the *Athenæum*—were at loggerheads.

But the modern and experienced Pettitt knows a trick worth two of that. Charles Glenny, being a mutineer, has to be flogged. He is seized, stripped, lashed up; the order is given, the cat-o'-nine-tails gives its first swish, when, at exactly the right moment, the punishment is stopped. Had the author condescended to gross and repulsive realism, he would have been no artist. He understands his business better than his master, Charles Reade. The scene is exciting; it is not revolting.

Of course, we shall be told a great deal about the Old Surrey nautical dramas and T. P. Cooke. But that is beside the question. Sea stories are surely not to be banished from the stage because Douglas Jerrold wrote "Black Eyed Susan" and T. P. Cooke danced hornpipes to our forefathers. I don't suppose Henry Pettitt could pilot a vessel from Gravesend to Ramsgate, and I think it would take Charles Warner all his time to dance a hornpipe; but for all that "A Sailor's Knot" is a very fair specimen of a well-made nautical drama. The death of Captain Marryat did not make it a heresy for Clark Russell to write about the sea.

One thing, at any rate, is sufficiently clear, and that is that the people like the new play and seem inclined to encourage it. It is begging the question to say they like it and lean to its sentiment because they somehow believe there was romance in the life of 1815 and none in 1891. This is special pleading of the most miserable kind. I dare say there is as much drama in to-day's life as there was in yesterday's. What Balzac said years ago of history in his celebrated preface to Père Goriot is equally true of the drama of to-day:—

"History does not, like the novel, hold up the law of a higher ideal. History is, or should be, the world as it has been: the novel—to use a saying of Madame Necker, one of the remarkable women of the last century—*should paint a possible better world.*"

This is what the most successful dramatists have ever done, and yet the professors of the new dramatic philosophy, who advocate dramatic horrors, are believers in the wisdom of Balzac!

BOGUS PIANOS AT AUCTIONS.

A new swindle has recently cropped up in connection with auction sales of pianos. I do not, of course, refer to the advertisement deception, because the "Widow giving up housekeeping" and the "Gentleman going abroad" are always, and probably ever will be, with us. Nor do I allude to those deliciously simple auction sales at private houses, in which sundry miscellaneous goods are introduced by the auctioneer, and where the British citizen whose *lares et penates* are being disposed of by his creditors or his executors is credited in the catalogue with the possession of nearly a dozen pianos of various shapes, sizes, and makes. The modern knight of easy conscience prefers a far easier and apparently more straightforward method. He sells the goods at bonâ-fide auctions, and providing that they reach his reserve price, which gives him a profit above the cost, he sells outright. The fraud occurs in the description of the goods sold. Hundreds of pianos are annually brought over from Germany for the purpose

only of being sold by auction. Occasionally, they bear real names, and often purely apocryphal ones. But many of them boast name-labels which closely resemble those of eminent manufacturers. The game is rather too dangerous to use such bogus labels as "Bradwood & Sons," "Erart," and so forth, because a few years ago one well-known pianoforte maker instituted a prosecution on this account, and English manufacturers even now display a most reprehensibly envious disposition to protect their genuine customers. But the names of German firms are frequently imitated, and only recently a case of this sort was brought before the Courts. Imitated names are rarely affixed in the country of origin, for the risk of the goods being stopped at the Custom House, though small enough, is an unnecessary one. The pianos are usually shipped without names, and the name-labels are put on in London. There are makers in Berlin and other German cities who willingly will ship any number of "shoddy" pianos without names at about £16. 10s. each, and with them will send a gross or more of assorted name-labels, so that the dealer (or, for the matter of that, the purchaser) can choose any maker's name he pleases. There is no law against a man putting his own name on the label, despite the fact that it is calculated to deceive the innocent purchaser. Some eminent German firms who have agencies in London now take steps to prevent any imitation of their names. But unless the firms themselves take action, the pianos go through the docks by dozens, and nobody seems to care that a fraud is being committed upon the public. An Act was, however, passed last session by which the Government are enabled to conduct prosecutions on their own account, and it is to be hoped that the enactment will not be allowed to be a dead letter. If another measure were to pass forbidding the importation of pianos without names, it would further protect the innocent purchaser. The Custom House officials are severe enough in requiring that a mere toy, when imported, should have stamped upon it "made in Germany," but pianos, for some occult reason, seem to pass the officers scot-free. The leading manufacturers also could assist the cause of justice by refusing to allow a piano out of their shops until their name is not only upon the label, but is stamped upon the wrest-plank, or the top of the iron frame. Such a mark, if properly affixed, would practically be indelible, and the intending purchaser, by simply lifting the top lid of the piano he desired to purchase, could discriminate for himself the real from the counterfeit. Many makers adopt this simple plan, but the custom certainly should be universal. It need only be done in the case of the cottage piano, for as there is no sale at auctions for grand pianos, it does not pay to counterfeit them. Meanwhile, it is certain that a good deal of the swindling going on in this branch of industry is attributable to the insensate folly of the public, who have a fixed idea that goods bought at auctions must necessarily be cheap. So far as pianos are concerned, the direct contrary is the case. Second-hand pianos fetch far more at auctions than they could be sold for in a shop, while new pianos are never sold at auctions at all, unless the dealer or maker is illicitly parting with them because he is hard up, or because he has no sale for them, or unless they are shoddy goods expressly manufactured abroad for this sort of trade. Contrary to the general belief, they are never sold under cost price (for even prospective bankrupts are aware that this now is a criminal proceeding), and, even quality apart, they can always be bought at a more moderate price at a shop. If the goods could really be purchased cheaper at auctions, the dealers themselves, who know their business, and are never averse to a good "deal," would assuredly snap them up long before the public had a chance.

A CHAPLAIN-GENERAL'S PERQUISITES.

In the course of a recent discussion in Truth upon the position and pay of Army Chaplains my attention was directed to certain facts in connection with the position of the present Chaplain-General of the Forces, the Rev. J. C. Edghill, D.D., which seemed to require explanation. I have made certain inquiries with a view of arriving at this explanation; but so far from my having succeeded in this object, the result has only been to increase my stock of facts requiring to be cleared up. As experience has taught me that full publicity generally solves doubts and mysteries of this kind more effectually than any other means, I will now state the nature of my difficulties in this matter.

The official salary of the Chaplain-General is £800. In addition to this stipend, however, Dr. Edghill now holds the post of Chaplain of the Tower, to which was formerly, and is I believe still, attached the salary of £200 a year. The Chaplain-General does not perform the duties of this office. These have been handed over to an ordinary Army Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Newman, who is at present drawing full pay. I cannot find, however, that Mr. Newman is receiving the salary of the office as well as discharging the duties. Is it possible, then, that this £200 a year has been diverted into the pocket of the Chaplain-General? If so, I say advisedly, that a more flagrant job has never been committed. Up till 1887, when the then holder—a retired first-class Chaplain—died, the Chaplaincy of the Tower was the one of the few prizes worth having in a profession which, as more than one Army Chaplain has complained to me, is conspicuously destitute of even the humblest and most legitimate prospects of preferment. For the Chaplain-General to have acquiesced in its abolition would have implied a culpable want of solicitude for the interests of the men under him. But for him to be a party to its annexation to his own very well-paid office, would be a proceeding which I would rather not characterise until I know, beyond all doubt, where the £200 a year is now going to.

Again, attached to the Chaplaincy of the Tower there is an official residence within the Tower precincts. This is now occupied by Mr. Newman. Mr. Newman, I learn, is drawing the allowance of 3s. a day, to which he is entitled as not living in Government quarters. If he does not pay rent for his house in the Tower, he ought scarcely to be drawing this allowance. If he does, to whom does he pay it? Presumably, to Dr. Edghill. Does it, then, remain in the pocket of the Chaplain-General, or has it been, together with the salary of the

Chaplain of the Tower, diverted to some purpose which I have not been able to discover?

One point in connection with the Chaplain-General's emoluments and perquisites appears to be beyond question. Although in the ranks below him the meagreness of the retiring pension is a matter of universal, and, I think, of just complaint, the very handsome retiring allowance of the Chaplain-General has been substantially raised since Dr. Edghill's appointment, the present amount being £600 per annum, with an indefeasible right to it on retirement after any period of service. This is the one and only concession which has been made to the Clerical staff of the Army within recent years, and in view of the facts to which I have already referred it has a peculiar significance. It strongly indicates that the present Chaplain-General has potent influence at his back, and that he has profited by this influence in pounds, shillings, and pence, while vastly better claims in the lower grades of the Service are overlooked. Indeed, while the head of the staff has been thus favoured, retrenchment has been elsewhere effected in the matter of the Chaplains' pensions. There formerly existed three special pensions reserved as prizes for men with any peculiar claims to recognition. About the time when the Chaplain-General absorbed the Chaplaincy of the Tower, one of these pensions fell vacant, and was not filled up. The reason assigned, I understand, was that it was not considered desirable to bestow any more prizes upon chaplains; but it would seem that for some reason the sauce thus applied to the Chaplains generally was not considered applicable to Chaplains-General, whose retiring pension, as already stated, was about this very time substantially increased. By the way, I presume that the three pensions here referred to were of different amounts. The one suppressed was worth £50 a year. Those which remain appear to be charged at the amount of £150 a year; but whether each of the present holders receives £75, or how otherwise the money is divided, I am not able to discover. In view of a suggestion which has been made to me in regard to the suppressed pension, I should be glad of any information that can be given on this point.

Personally, I know nothing of the present Chaplain-General, but I am aware that he holds a high reputation for piety and spiritual earnestness. Far be it from me to say that he does not deserve it. The mere fact, however, of his holding this reputation makes it the more desirable that he should be acquitted of the desire to combine his higher obligations with the service of the Unrighteous Mammon. It is far from impossible that, under a Tory dispensation, the jobbery by which Dr. Edghill appears to have profited may have been perpetrated by higher powers, for whose actions he cannot justly be held responsible. In that case, he cannot find fault with me for giving him so good an opportunity of repudiating any personal share in these questionable transactions.

Minton's (Limited).—Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

PARIS PRAWNS AND PEACHES.

I AM constantly asked to recommend cheap places for tourists to breakfast and dine other than Duval's and Les Bouillons de Paris. I stick to the three Indian tea palaces in, respectively, the Rue Auber, the Champs Elysées, and on the Boulevard Beaumarchais. There is nothing anywhere in Paris to compare with them in excellence, and the tea is so carefully made and so good that it is really a pleasure to drink it. Then there are all sorts of nice viands to take with it, and not costing more than eighteenpence. This said, I now proceed to remark that with judgment one can nearly always dine at a reasonable price in most restaurants. But judgment is everything. The guest is in the position of a knight of old in a foreign and hostile country, and riding on that mettlesome steed Hunger. He is beset with pitfalls. Prawns form one of these snares. Innocent cockneys, used to tea and shrimps at Margate, have no idea to what an artful purpose these crustacea can be turned. Each restaurant has always a stock of about a saucerful. Waiters serve them to gentlemen who are in the company of amusing ladies. Of course, the lady must not be neglected, in order to pick the flesh out of the prawns or shrimps; and *she* is not going to soil her fingers with them. But they are charged in the bill as if eaten, though only toyed with, and are passed on to the next unwary guests who enter. They are more than worth their weight in gold to the landlord. Another trap at this season is in connection with peaches, which are sold in the hand-carts for a penny or three halfpence, but charged for at the rate of sevenpence apiece in restaurants. Ask for a peach and the waiter will bring you a basketful. Each peach nestles in vine-leaves and soft moss, and the lot of peaches form a rosy mound. They are a worthy subject for Sherrin's brush. If you are a gentleman, and have a lady with you, she will look longingly at them, and, of course, will be asked to help herself from the basket, and, when she has finished off one peach, to take another. You must, to encourage her, eat a couple. If she has not liked the plats, she may make quite a meal on peaches. Ladies often do such things, and gentlemen must seem pleased to satisfy their whims. Fancy, then, what a price a merely comfortable dinner may be brought up to by prawns and peaches! I sometimes dine at a little place in the Rue de Richelieu, called "the Capital U" (le grand U). My dinner is never more than a three-shilling one, and for that I get all that I reasonably need for a day. And yet the place is not without its pitfalls, so that a shame-faced Englishman contented to take what the waiter insinuated was best would, I venture to say, come away with an empty purse and a mouthful of strong language.

One can dine badly or dine well at Duval's. If you pay 3f. 50c. you will get a dinner fit for—well, not for a successful merchant used to "La Tour d'Argent," but at any rate more than fit for a Prince, who rarely is a gourmet, and is pretty sure to be a gourmand, and goes to hotels here noted for their bad cuisines. As a sample of this kind of dinner, I took a friend to one of Duval's, where we had

soup, caviare, salmon (a tiny helping), roast capon, and watercress and fresh cream-cheese in small brown pots. The wine was a genuine claret. I paid 7f. 50c. You may notice that I do not mention coffee. That is a luxury to eschew at Duval's. Pay there at the cheese point, and go and take your coffee in some good boulevard café. Fruit of every kind (not peaches only) should be eschewed at restaurants by any but millionaires, and vegetables, except to "garnish" meat dishes. If the tourist must have fruit, and can get rid of false pride, let him buy it in a hand-cart, where it will be stowed away in a paper bag, and take it to his hotel or lodging, where, with a glass of wine and a roll of bread, he can make a meal of it. Just now fruit is very cheap and excellent on the hand-carts, but it will not remain so long. Paris is always cheapest when the Parisians are away, and the boulevards are crowded with foreigners.

The problem what to do with our boys is coming into prominence here, though, French families being nearly always small, more slowly than in England; nor is the drain of country life into the city so feverishly fast as on your side of the Channel. But in Paris there will be a fearful rush of highly-educated young men for every miserable clerkship which the Government can bestow. Where ten rushed in times past there will soon be hundreds, the way being blocked against fresh candidates by ukases of heads of Ministries, to the effect that no more test exams. of postulants are to take place until further orders. So many who have come off with flying colours are waiting for posts that it is felt unjust to them to let others pass until they are provided for by nomination. I am not sure that this is a retrograde measure. Something had to be done to stem the flood of candidates. Of course, it will be unpopular, and the disappointed ones are sure to say that under a Republic "les carrières devraient être ouvertes aux talents."

The French Government clerk, who often has at the start no salary to speak of, somehow manages to have a good time. Indeed, there are a score of "outs" furiously jealous of every one who has just got "in," and watching for the reversion of his berth when he gets promoted. Fathers and mothers of marriageable daughters run after young men *dans l'administration*. The clerk is a part and parcel of the Government, and the clerkly body holds down Cabinets. A young clerk has really nothing to do for the best part of his office hours but attend to his nails, light cigarettes, and pass on applicants for patronage, or what not, to higher functionaries. The struggle exacted of any young man who embarks in an independent career is, when he is an only son, too terrific for his father and mother to bear with anything short of agonising apprehension. A Government berth is a certainty, which in the long run leads to a pension, perhaps to a red ribbon, and then, as a natural consequence, to a wealthy wife, who, with the paternal lucre gained in a dingy trade, is only too proud and pleased to buy the much-sought-after decoration. For a young man of literary capacity, the public service is a foster mother. It gives him bread and cheese, shelter for eight hours a day, a warm fire in winter, and leisure, a desk, and stationery, for cultivating his talents. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire, when a Government supernumerary clerk at a salary of £4 a year, conceived the plan of learning Sanscrit to aid Littré in his philological studies, and of translating all Aristotle's known works. Rochefort, not having, when behind an official desk, Government work to do, wrote plays. Géard is enabled by a place worth £100 a year to write to please himself, and to have leisure to frame and polish up his manuscripts to his taste. But to keep a machine going that reduces hundreds of men yearly from the state of "some one" to the state of only "something" just in order that one genius among them may do the best for himself, is like burning one's house to roast a pig.

It will astonish English youths who hope "to pass" for the Indian Civil and other Services, to hear of a highly-educated young Frenchman being glad to enter a Government office on £4 or £8, or perhaps nothing a year. Few of your boys have fathers and mothers whose one aim has been to save money for their youngsters, among whom it will be equally divided. It is rare, indeed, for a Government clerk not to have what are known here as *espérances*. If the father and mother are poor, there is an aunt or uncle, or godfather or godmother, or some old bachelor who admired one of these ladies, or a first cousin, who lost his one child or two children, and has lots of money to leave. If the clerk has good patronage and a fair prospect of the red ribbon all his kith and kin search for an heiress for him. For instance, not long since, a police-court judge had nothing on earth but a wretched post of procurator's substitute. A kinsman, who was a doctor, discovered for him a young lady with £20,000 a year. But it was made by her father and mother creating and running an east-end dancing saloon known by the suggestive name of *Le Bal des Vaches*. M. Humbert was also in *la magistrature*, and picked up a South American heiress who can afford to outglitter no matter what copper or railway queen. Her diamonds are a sight, and she is always changing them. Whether they are derived from nitrates or extractum carnis, or coffee or india rubber, I know not. All I can say is that there is no dishonourable fact connected with their source, and that Madame Humbert would, when arrayed in them, compare advantageously with no matter what Royal lady I can think of in all the glory of Crown jewels.

Daly's Company was an object of interest and curiosity. It interested and amused me, and I was again struck with the marks of careful training, from the highest performers to the merest figurantes. I also realised in seeing the American players the great breadth of the Atlantic, notwithstanding the efforts made by fast steamers to narrow it. Their reading of "The School for Scandal," "As You Like It," and "The Taming of the Shrew"

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was intelligent, but their manner was hardly English. For this reason I thought them best in adaptations from French plays by Mr. Augustin Daly. In these they had a right to be American, and were through and through delightful. One cannot conceive a Yankee Charles Surface, and, therefore, felt that that character was not well personated by a young man with a distinctly American physiognomy. Their Shakespearian performances were entertaining, and enabled one to get into the American mind and see its workings. I was glad to know what was their conception of Rosalind and Celia, of Adam, the melancholy Jaques, Touchstone, Audrey, and of the banished and the usurping Dukes. Lewis as Touchstone kept on making points that told, and always knew when to restrain his *vis comica*. Pretty Miss Isabel Irving might, in this respect, take a lesson from him. She was too roughly and rampageously the rustic wench as Audrey, and forced notes in obviously touch-and-go passages. Still she has the stuff of a capital actress, and is endowed with that rare gift, communicative mirth. Miss Rehan's fine figure was well shown off by the russet tights and very short tunic which she wore in the Forest of Arden. The tunic fell half way to the knee. A less statuesque actress must have been at a fearful disadvantage in this costume. I notice that Celia Orlando pronounced her name Rosalynde. Before she ran away she was robed in pink brocade, with two long broad falls of olive-green velvet from each shoulder. Did Worth intend to suggest angels' wings? I take it that he was the author of the garment, he scanned it so closely with his opera-glass. I thought it good for the opera, and, in some respects, a repetition of a costume he supplied ages ago to Madame Albani to wear in "I Puritani." But it did not quite suit Miss Rehan in the young, fresh, arch, witty, playful character of Rosalind. The head-gear was a cap of pearl-net, à la Reine Margot.

Mr. Drew has talent. His American physiognomy and William of Orange profile are in his way in personating Orlando. Of course, the former would not be in the United States. I wonder whether Mr. Tyrone Power is a son of the Irish comedian who was lost in the President. His make up as old Adam and his by-play were perfect, and when he grew faint the audience almost had occasion to use pocket-handkerchiefs, eyes growing moist. Mrs. Gilbert's dry humour is racy of the American soil. I forget which of the actors it was who, in delivering Shakspearian tirades, struck me as having sat at the feet, in learning elocution, of some New England minister of religion. He prepared one for each point by a cough. But I was privately told that he suffered from a bad cold, and was glad of every excuse for coughing.

Drew, the *jeune premier*, has an intensely American physiognomy, and might, to judge from his air of general fitness, turn his hand to anything from running a lawyer's office to extracting salad oil from cotton rags. He is the image of William of immortal memory, and could not fail to make a great mark if some dramatic author were to write for him a play with that hero of Macaulay for its leading character. The nose is as Williamish as it can be.

Queen Mary III., as some English "Legitimists" call the Princess Louis of Bavaria, *née* D'Este, might surely, with her immense fortune, see that the tombs of the Comte and Comtesse de Chambord are kept in a state of decent cleanliness. The Comtesse was her aunt and a degree nearer to the Stuarts. The Franciscan monks in the Goritz Convent, where the last Bourbon of the main stock lies, are utilitarians, and use the Royal vault for storing potatoes, carrots, and other such roots. French Legitimists, who have recently gone there as pilgrims, came away disgusted at the profanation committed by the monks and the negligence of the relatives of the illustrious defunct. One could not expect much more from such good-for-naughts as Dons Carlos and Alphonso. The Parmas are lazy Italians. But Mary goes in for the cult of ancestors, as she shows in telling her children that if she had her rights she should be Queen of Great Britain. As she has now eleven children, perhaps the taxpayer has reason to be thankful that she is not. She is likely, I hear, to have a baker's dozen. Surely the sobriquet of "Mother East," given by Stuart-hating English Protestants to the consort of James II. (*née* D'Este also), would be in Mary's case no misnomer. To go from Estes-*cum*-Guelph-Coburg to Estes-*cum*-Wittelsbach, would be, I fear, from the frying-pan into the fire. There is not a Wittelsbach alive without a bee in the bonnet, and some of them are out-and-out lunatics. Mary III.'s father was not free from eccentricity, and he was as wrong-headed and obstinate as his collateral ancestor, James II. of England. The wisest thing he ever did was to raise suddenly his English groom to the post of Prime Minister, bidding him to govern Modena with the ability he showed in managing his stables. The Stuart blood came to him through one of the three daughters of Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia. She was the second and the most beautiful, though the other two had also the gift of beauty. The married lives of all three were unhappy. The Duchess of Modena and the Queen of Naples used to be beaten by their husbands, and the Empress Mary Anne of Austria was tied to a husband who must have been an object of terror and disgust to her. Like the demoniac, he sometimes fell into the fire and sometimes into the water, and slept at night with his wrist connected by a long string with that of a doctor in the next room. Directly this link announced a spasmodic action of the Emperor's arm, the doctor was up and rushed to his relief. Mary III. is descended from Charles the Martyr, and Queen Victoria from his father, James. In point of Royal Stuart blood, there is little to choose between them. Indeed, there is a strong presumption that Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, the Stuart ancestress of Mary, was simply the daughter of Lord Jermyn, so that the advantage remains to her Majesty.

Carpets—French Cleaning, Dyeing, &c.—For particulars apply to Manager, Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-street Belgrave, S.W.

China and Glass.—Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DEAR LADY BETTY,—The currency in use in the little-frequented Principality of Treloar is as singular as it is, I believe, unique. For here, iniquities of various kinds, and in their varying degrees, perform that office which gold, silver, and copper render in most other civilized communities. Thus, an average room at the best hotel costs from four to five falsehoods a night, whilst an ordinary breakfast, consisting of coffee or tea, with eggs or a chop, can be generally obtained for some equally trifling transgressions.

Dining one evening with certain of the representative notabilities of the town I could not refrain from expressing my admiration at my next neighbour's dress. "Really?" she replied. "I am very pleased it should meet with your approval, for it is a particular favourite of my own, and possesses a quite romantic history, which lends it additional charm. This gown I ordered in a hurry—almost, indeed, at the very last moment—and the humble sempstress to whom the work was entrusted indirectly owes her premature death to its accomplishment. In common with thousands of other girls like herself, her young life was devoted to toiling in an over-crowded, ill-ventilated workroom, labouring continuously, day after day, from year's end to year's end, with never a ray of human sunshine to illumine her dreary existence. No pleasure but the occasional relief from toil, no ultimate prospect but the workhouse. Stay; she had one hope, one enjoyment — the affection of a youth of her own station in life, who was paying her his attentions with a view to eventual marriage. That very night they were to have met at the hour when her work was usually completed, but being delayed considerably over time by her exceptional task, she failed to keep the appointment. He, conceiving himself to be neglected, transferred his affections to another, whom, in due course, he married, and my little seamstress, heart-broken and maddened, sought out the dark, silent river, and voluntarily terminated an existence of incessant and hopeless toil. You can conceive, then, how greatly I value this costume, and how delighted I am by your admiration of it.

"But," she continued, "since you evidently appreciate pretty things, do you notice the exquisite string of pearls that encircles your *vis-à-vis's* neck? Each separate gem has its own pathetic history. That large centre pearl cost the life of the diver who rescued it from the bed of the ocean; another was sold to pay a debt of honour of a cadet of a noble but impoverished house; a third was the price of a woman's honour, and each, in fact, possesses some romantic history that enhances its individual value in our eyes."

After dinner the Gorgius Midas of our party entertained me with an account of his personal rise. He assured me that upon entering life he had not even the very slightest delinquency to his credit, but by persistent selfishness, unscrupulousness, and avarice he had contrived to accumulate one of the largest fortunes in the Principality.

Well, thought I, thank heavens that our currency, however degrading it may be, is not anything like so repulsive as this. Thank heavens that instead of glorifying in the wrong we do, we at least attempt to conceal it with hypocrisy. Thank heavens that our women never embellish themselves with the fruits of the toils, sufferings, and tears of their fellow-creatures; that they never decorate themselves even metaphorically with the broken hearts, and ruined lives and souls of their unfortunate sisters. Thank heavens that our millionaires and financiers are all men of unimpeachable probity, who, whilst rationally enjoying the good things which fortune and their talents combined have secured for them, still never forget that it is their duty to smooth the dreary path of their poorer neighbours!

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Hey? what? Half-past eight? Why surely I must have been dreaming, and Treloar and its monstrous currency is but a phantom of my own imagination. Thank heavens, then, for this also!

* * * * *

Another social fixture is concluded; the Homburg season is over. The Prince of Wales leaves for London to-night (Tuesday) and his faithful henchman, Mr. Reuben Sassoon, has already preceded him, having arrived in Belgrave-square on Monday. Homburg has been exceptionally sober this year, the Prince confining himself more than ever before to his own small coterie. The Misses Margaret and Eleanore Chandos Pole and Sir Lepel and Lady Griffin were constant guests of his, and the American element, though otherwise conspicuous, was also conspicuously unrecognised. Moreover, the Prince strongly and openly discountenanced the social presumption of a certain would-be "gentleman" till at last the latter, enraged by his failure to secure H.R.H.'s favour, had the temerity to stare him out of countenance without having the decency to raise his hat!

The last day of August was celebrated at Homburg by an amateur concert, given under the patronage of the Prince of Wales and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, for the purpose of obtaining funds for erecting a statue in the Kurgarten in honour of the late Emperor Frederick. So great a success attended this effort that over £50 was realised in furtherance of the scheme, after all expenses had been duly paid. Amongst the performers were Fräulein Barder, Fräulein Michael, Major-General Stephens—who was accompanied on the piano by Lady Eva Windham Quin—and Captain A. Fitz-George. General Stephens's performance on the violin met with enthusiastic and well-merited approval.

One word more about Homburg before relegating it to obscurity for another twelvemonth. The waiting at the hotels and restaurants this year has been the subject of very general complaint, and in the interests of the town itself it is a pity that such a complaint should arise. There is nothing that more tends to irritate, especially invalids, than the neglect and inattention of servants; and as Homburg annually reaps a rich harvest in the month of August, it can well afford not to economise on so important a point.

The Comtesse de Bylandt having completely recovered from her recent sharp attack of sciatica, the Netherlands Minister and the Countess leave London to-day (Tuesday) for the Hague for two months. During their absence Baron Gevers will act as chargé d'affaires.

Some fortnight back I reported that Sir Philip Grey Egerton's state of health, unfortunately, admitted of no further hope for his recovery. It is with sincere regret that I now record his death, which took place at his residence in Eaton-square, on Wednesday last. For over a year Sir Philip has manfully battled with death; and, indeed, early in the spring it was believed that he had finally secured the victory in the encounter.

On Wednesday last, Sir William and Lady Clayton gave a most enjoyable garden-party at Harleyford, their charming place on the Thames just above Temple Lock. Most of the neighbouring and local notabilities, numbering over a hundred, responded to Lady Clayton's invitation, amongst others being Sir Edward and Lady Dashwood, and Sir Gilbert and Lady Clayton-East. Señor Zerega's guitar and mandolin band performed in the house whilst the Russian and Austrian band played on the lawn. What with the boats filled with pretty women, the brilliant dresses, the music, and the opportune fine weather a pleasanter sight could scarcely be imagined.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stanley gave a large garden-party on Thursday at Quantock Lodge, Somersetshire, at which were present amongst others Sir Alexander and Lady Ackland Hood, Lord and Lady St. Germans, and Lady Taunton. The Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds met on Monday on the Quantock Hills.

Doncaster will be somewhat shorn of its former glories this week, for the absence of the Prince from the meeting is a quite unusual occurrence. Besides this, the Duke and Duchess of Portland have abandoned their

proposed party; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson are absent in Scotland; and, of course, on account of the death of his wife, Mr. Ernest Beckett will not entertain.

The Committee of the United Service Club is trying to raise a subscription for the benefit of the widow and family of James Laing, who served as hall porter to that institution for over forty years. It is, however, unfortunate that several members, it appears, should be in their late servant's debt; nor is it dignified for a Club of this calibre that a notice should still figure on the board requesting members to pay for luncheons supplied to visitors on the occasion of the recent State visit of the German Emperor to the City.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

WAR DANCE, who belongs to M. Ephrussi, the owner of Alicante, has been a great favourite for the Cambridgeshire, and his early backers must have been struck with consternation when they found that Major Egerton has given him 8 st. 6 lb., whereas in the Lincolnshire Handicap he had only 7 st. 11 lb., and 8 st. 3 lb. in the City and Suburban. The rise of War Dance is due to the fact that last week, on the eve of the publication of the weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, he ran for the first time this year in a small race at Fontainebleau, and beat Maypole, who has shown very fair form, after an exciting finish. War Dance was greatly fancied in France for the Cambridgeshire, and his unexpected appearance at Fontainebleau excited quite as much execrative howling in that country as his heavy weight has caused among British speculators. Alicante seems to me to have quite enough weight, and so has Pourpoint; and if M. Ephrussi is to repeat his last year's victory he will have to win with one of his fillies—Primrose III. or Seraphine II. All prudent people, however, will leave alone the French lots until the day of running; but I have no fancy whatever for Gouverneur (8 st. 8 lb.), who has a very much better chance at Leicester. Cuttlestone (7 st. 8 lb.) is by far the best handicapped three-year-old in the race, and other animals which appear to be decidedly well in are Memoir (8 st. 13 lb.), Rathbeal (8 st. 7 lb.), Alloway (7 st. 9 lb.), St. Simon of the Rock (7 st. 11 lb.), and Haute Saône (7 st. 10 lb.) Signorina has already been backed, but whatever she may do at Manchester over seven furlongs, I am sure that she cannot stay the A.F. course. Major Egerton has estimated Amphion as being about a stone more than weight-for-age superior to the best three-year-old of the season. I have a strong idea that Victoricus will win whichever of the autumn handicaps that he goes for, and he must be backed the first time that he is "slipped."

With regard to the Cesarewitch, Mons Meg (7 st. 8 lb.) is considerably fancied by clever people at Newmarket, and she is supposed to have been reserved for this race. The chances are strongly in favour of the Duke of Portland running Memoir (8 st. 10 lb.), for he is very anxious to win a long-distance race with her, in order to dispel the prevailing and increasing impression that the stock of St. Simon do not stay. Memoir's defeat in the Goodwood Cup must be ignored, as her preparation for that race was (as I pointed out at the time) of the most skimble-skamble description. Alloway has the same weight as in the Cambridgeshire, but I much prefer his chance for the shorter race. Primrose Day (7 st. 9 lb.) is well in, considering that she won in a canter two years ago, and she has since been "resting," so that she ought to be in good condition, and it is much in her favour that she is certain to stay the course. Maypole (6st. 10lb.) is a tip of the "sharps." Judith, the early favourite for this race, is a five-year-old, with 7st. 6lb., and last year she ran a bad third, with 7st., to Sheen, 9st. 2lb., and Alicante, 7st. 5lb., so her chance does not appear to be particularly bright.

Unicorn is amiss, and it is quite possible that he may not run at Leicester. I have not been able to appreciate the force of the reasoning of those who insisted that Unicorn is the pick of the Royal Handicap, because he won the Stewards' Cup very easily, inasmuch as the one race is run over a mile, while the other was only six furlongs, and everybody knows that this horse was tried early in the season to be a non-stayer. The backers of Unicorn may console themselves by reflecting upon the lesson to be derived from the defeat of Bumptious at Derby.

The case of Killowen is similar to that of Unicorn, for he is another animal that is very smart over a T.Y.C., but worse than useless over a mile. I advise my speculative readers to back Killowen whenever he starts for a five-furlong handicap; but, of course, the creature must be in possession of what in cant jargon is defined as "the confidence of his stable." I should fancy that Killowen will be kept quiet until November, and then he will probably be "slipped" at Liverpool, Derby, or Manchester, all of which are favourite meetings with Captain Machell.

The Cesarewitch ought not to be meddled with until after the First October Meeting, at the earliest, and nobody fit to be at large (unless possessed of thoroughly reliable information) will touch the Cambridgeshire until within forty-eight hours of the time of running.

I have repeatedly expressed the opinion that, with the exception of Orme and La Flêche, this season's two-year-olds are an exceedingly moderate and a very uncertain lot. Public running has everywhere tended to confirm the accuracy of this view, and additional evidence in its favour was afforded last week by the defeat of Rueil in the valuable Prix la Rochette at Fontainebleau, for which he was backed to win an enormous sum, odds of 7 to 4 being freely betted on him; but he ran very badly indeed, and Baron Schickler won with Chêne Royal, by Narcisse out of Perplexité, who is half-brother to Fitz Roya, the winner of last year's Grand Prix. Chêne Royal was so backward that he was not fancied, although he had won his trial, and he was the outsider of the field, but he won easily, and if the running of Rueil was correct, Chêne Royal must be one of the three best two-year-olds in Europe. Chêne Royal is engaged in the Eclipse Stakes of 1893.

There were large fields and capital racing on the first two days at Derby, but the meeting was quite as fertile in disasters to the backers as York had been, and they must have found the last fortnight a veritable Moscow campaign. There were eighteen starters for the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes, and Gossoon was a great favourite, as he had been doing well since Lewes, and he looked beautiful, but Barracouta, by Barcaldine, out of Perdita II., won cleverly from Palisandre (who showed fair form at Newmarket in the spring) for the Prince of Wales, who had bred her at Sandringham, and she is the first important winner from his stud. Barracouta was not much fancied, for 100 to 6 was freely offered against her when the flag fell. She is a light and decidedly plain-looking filly, but apparently stays well. The form of the race, however, was not good, and the running may, perhaps, turn out to have been all wrong, for there was a vexatious delay at the post of nearly half an hour, which was eminently calculated to upset any two-year-old. This was caused by the vagaries of Lord Zetland's St. Osythe, by Isonomy out of St. Helena, who was backed for a good deal of money, having been generally tipped from Newmarket for this race, in consequence of her having easily beaten Fontainebleau in a trial. In any case, Barracouta is a very long way from being within measurable distance of high-class form, as it took her all her time to beat Palisandre, who was giving her 11 lb, while Gossoon had 17 lb. the worst of the weights with her. There were no fewer than twenty runners for the Peveril of the Peak Plate, a mile handicap of £1,000, towards which amount the owners contributed £680. Trapezoid started favourite, and won in a canter, thereby showing that Lord Randolph Churchill blundered disastrously when he weeded this horse out of his stud last year.

Orvieto was not sent to Derby for the Breeders' St.

Leger, and, in his absence, there was some vigorous plunging on Bumptious, who collapsed most ignominiously, entirely failing to stay the course, and who was beaten both by Dorice and by Grammont, neither of which animals was backed for a shilling, and 20 to 1 was offered against both of them in a field of six. Dorice had previously shown most contemptible form; but it is rubbish and nonsense to describe the result as an amazing upset of public running, for the only animal of any note in the field is notoriously lacking in stamina, and although Bumptious may be Gulliver in Lilliput over a T.Y.C., yet it is clear that he becomes Gulliver in Brobdingnag over a mile. At Kempton Park, Bumptious was favoured by the hard ground, and he had nothing to beat, except Orion, who appears to be as bad a horse (or as great a rogue) as there is in training. Mr. Houldsworth's Mortgage, who had been well galloped at Newmarket, was favourite for the Harrington Stakes, but he is a big, backward, unfurnished colt, and ran badly, and the colt by Galliard out of Mother Superior won for Sir R. Jardine, but he was disqualified for crossing, in favour of Earl of Annandale. They were both outsiders, and Earl of Annandale was much talked about in the spring as likely to distinguish himself, but hitherto he had done nothing to justify his reputation. The decision of the Stewards met with general approval, for it was quite palpable that Earl of Annandale would have won with a clear course. There were sixteen runners for the race, and the same number came out for the Devonshire Nursery, for which Trance was a general tip, and it was said that he had been highly tried at Newmarket, but the Duke of Portland won with The Task, against whom 10 to 1 was laid. Trance had no chance with the winner, who entirely outpaced her, and it is odd that she was so little fancied, for she had won her trial. The Queen's Plate at Derby was won by Bransdale, and it is certain that Captain Machell must have been under the influence of a temporary gush of imbecility when he let this smart horse go to Lord Gerard, who is now to some extent compensated for his tragical sale of Pilgrimage. The old Greek saying that half is often better than the whole applied to the Derby meeting, as the interest of the racing and the strength of the fields grievously diminished on the third day, over which it ought not to have been dragged.

Lord Rosslyn persists in muddling and puddling with selling platers, and his speculations over auction races must have cost him a respectable fortune since the season commenced. On Wednesday his filly, Bella, was made a great favourite for a selling plate, the winner of which was to be sold for £50. Bella was beaten by the colt by Peter out of Dolus, and there cannot possibly have been any sort of justification for the "dash" on her, inasmuch as the winner is so moderate an animal that he was afterwards sold for £80.

The practical hints to be derived from the racing at Derby are that Vampire (whose defeat in the Gimcrack Stakes was one of the crashes of the York meeting) ought to win next time she starts, judging from Gossoon's good performance on Tuesday; and other animals which must be kept in mind for their autumn engagements are St. Osythe and Mortgage, both of which are capable of prodigious improvement.

The Lancashire Plate of £11,000, which is run on the 26th inst., looks like collapsing, for Surefoot has been stopped in his work and may not start, and it is very doubtful whether Alicante will be fit to run. The withdrawal of this pair would leave Gouverneur with only Signorina to beat, unless the Duke of Westminster decides to run Orme.

Next Tuesday will be one of the most important nomination days of the whole year. In addition to the Newmarket Stakes for 1893 and the new £10,000 race which the Stewards of the Jockey Club have advertised, the Leger and Park Hill Stakes for 1893 close, so does the Gordon Stakes at Goodwood for 1892 (the race is now for two-year olds and upwards, distance a mile and a quarter, £500 added), and the Electric Stakes for 1893 at Sandown Park, the Autumn Cup and nine other races of all sorts and descriptions at Liverpool, the Prince of Wales's Plate at York for 1892, and stakes at Windsor, Stockbridge, Leicester, Lincoln (the Brocklesby for next year, with conditions altered much for the worse), Chester, Hurst Park, and Manchester, where the rapacious managers appear to have been overcome by a peculiarly unseasonable spirit of parsimony, for they have made an end of the old Whitsuntide Plate, which has for some years been one of the principal two-year-old races of the spring, and its place is taken by a new stake with very uninviting conditions. It would be difficult to imagine anything more utterly idiotic than these proceedings, for I believe it is a fact that the Whitsuntide Plate never cost the fund anything, and it gave the meeting a prestige which it much needed.

A remarkable novelty has been introduced into the programme of the Newmarket Houghton meeting, in the shape of a race named the Old Cambridgeshire Free Handicap, to which £500 is added, and the sweepstakes are of £25 each, £10 forfeit to the fund. The horses handicapped are exactly the same as in the Cambridgeshire, and the same weights have been allotted, but only acceptors in that race are qualified to compete, and the winner of it, if among the starters, is to carry 7 lb. extra. This new race is to be run on the Friday over the old Cambridgeshire course.

There will be racing next week at Ayr, Lichfield, Warwick, and Kempton Park, and the first of these meetings will be considered the most important; but even at Ayr the sport is not likely to be of any general interest. It is, however, just as well that there should be an "off" week after Doncaster, especially as it will be followed by two very heavy weeks, Leicester and Manchester taking up the first, and Newmarket the second. It is satisfactory to find, moreover, that the weeks between the First October meeting and the Second and between the Second October and the Houghton will also be comparatively quiet.

MAMMON.

AN INDIAN VENTURE.

MY remarks of last week on the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Co-operative Society of India have brought me the following communication from the Secretary and Manager of that Company, Mr. W. F. Hunt:—

Sir,—With reference to your observations on this Society, in your issue of the 3rd inst., I am desired by my directors to say that a duly audited trading account of this Company, covering the full period of this Society's operations up to June 30 last, is expected here from Bombay in about a fortnight, when it will be incorporated in the London account and a balance-sheet issued in the usual way after audit here. The queries raised by you will thereby be fully answered. In the meantime I am to say that the subscribed capital is £86,460, of which half has been called up. The establishment of a branch at Calcutta has been deferred, as unexpected competition by rival stores at Bombay, which did not exist when this Society opened at that place, had called for a larger outlay in stock than was originally anticipated, and my Directors have therefore deemed it advisable to be guided by the wishes of the shareholders before incurring further expenditure with this object. The commission paid to Messrs. Jas. Finlay & Co. covers the cost of a buying department, which otherwise the Society would have to maintain itself, and also a considerable amount of clerical labour.

In giving publicity to this letter I withhold further comments, awaiting the promised accounts, which, I hope, will clear up the points raised. I will also defer dealing with the vast amount of correspondence which I have received from shareholders and others respecting this undertaking.

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, E.C.—165, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—8, Haymarket, S.W.—18, Westbourne-grove, W.—Nos. 19 and 20, Railway-approach, London-bridge, S.E.—Manchester address, Bridgewater-chambers, 6, Brown-street.—Brighton address, Central-chambers, The Quadrant. No commission on speculative accounts. He buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired. Telephone No. 1,578.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My Dear Ben—Thanks, my dear Ben, for the compliment. You are good enough to say that almost every stock, which I recommended specially last week, has had a sharp advance. But I do not altogether take credit for the result. It is true that I had taken some trouble to select depreciated securities having the promise of an important advance in them, but you must thank the improved state of the stock markets for the sharp rise. A few months ago it was like preaching in the wilderness to draw attention to the cheapest securities. "Nous avons changé tout cela." Confidence has returned to the Stock Exchange and to the circles of investors. Money is no longer hoarded, but let out for profitable investment, and capitalists big and small are on the look-out for bargains. That is the reason, apart from the invigorating effect of the Yankee boom, why the stocks respond so quickly to the whip, and why Costa Rica bonds, Nitrate Rails, Arauco shares, Buenos Ayres and Rosario-Sunchales shares, Mexican Six Per Cent. bonds, City of Mexico bonds, Oceana and Sutherland Reefs, Elmore Copper shares, and last, but not least, Atchison, Erie, Louisville, and Grand Trunks have done credit to my recommendation by a marked advance, and I venture to predict that the stocks to which I am drawing your attention to-day will not disappoint you either.

The Stock Exchange Itself Again.

It was time that the unreasonable distrust, which has overshadowed the Stock Exchange ever since the Baring collapse, should give way to a feeling of relief and of confidence. The level of prices has not been so moderate for years, money is plentiful, and promises to be moderately cheap through the autumn, and we shall, according to all appearances, have a Yankee boom to encourage the other departments for some months to come. No longer are brokers and jobbers compelled to prey upon each other. Orders are flowing in from outside, and not only are investors, but also the speculating public on the war path. It needed an impulse to set the ball rolling, and it was given by the advance in American Rails. The profits which are being made in these securities are already filtering into the other departments, and causing a further revival. In short, the Stock Exchange is itself again. Uncertain elements are the weather and continental politics. I am not going to prophesy about climatic events, but if the clerk of the weather should think fit to let us have some sunshiny weather now, this would greatly benefit Home Rails. All the warlike rumours so eagerly transmitted by the Vienna correspondents of the *Times* and the *Standard* have so far ended in smoke, and it would appear as if the ebullitions of these very martial journalists had to be taken at present with a greater modicum of salt than usual. For my part I do not think that there is any fear of the war-dogs being let loose this year. What may happen next spring is another matter. Six months is quite far enough to look ahead in Stock Exchange matters, and everything looks as if these would prove months of animated dealings and of rising markets.

Home Rails.

"To be or not to be." Will the clerk of the weather relent at last, shall we have sunshine again, or will continual downpours and storms be our lot? For Home Rails the question is momentous. Passenger traffics cannot expand as long as climatic conditions do not improve. Even a boom on the Stock Exchange will not send the members of the "House" to Brighton, to spend their surplus profits, if Jupiter Pluvius continues to reign supreme. Here you have the forecast of the Brighton line in a nutshell. A few weeks of fine weather would send "Berthas," which have been sulking in a corner at about 146, flirting with the "Bulls" above 150, for it is not yet too late for the line to make up for past disappointments. Dover "A" have been puffed by outside brokers, but there is really very little to be said in favour of this stock. Traffic increases alone can help it. The talk about closer relations between the Midland and the Chatham Companies has subsided again, but Midlands are better maintained than any of the other "Heavies" on account of continued good traffic returns. Traffics of other lines have been disappointing. Hence a reaction in most of the stocks. Sheffield "A" are down upon a new issue of Four per Cent. Preference stock. Caledonian stocks improved on the announcement of a dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. (against 5 per cent. last year), which leaves 1 per cent. to the Deferred stock, and is more favourable than had been expected. Caleys and Caledonian Deferred have hardened, the latter to 37½, at which they are not dear in comparison with North British Deferred at 39, with their dividend disappointment before them.

Yankees still Booming.

Notwithstanding prolonged uncertainty with respect to the Union Pacific settlement, American Rails have kept remarkably strong. Nor could repeated rumours of frost in the corn belt keep stocks down for more than half a day at a time. According to the latest advices, the Union Pacific nursing-bottle promises to prove a success. Jay Gould appears to have been sulking, and has even been credited with being on the "Bear" tack. But when that astute operator talks "Bearish" he generally is found to be a "Bull;" and, with big earnings all round in sight, it is hardly likely that the Little Wizard will sit in a corner for long. The position is, indeed, most promising in every respect. The huge grain crops are all but secured, and Europe is scrambling for them. France and Germany are willing to pay full prices now rather than take the chances of not getting it at all later on. It is, of course, for the interest of the States that wheat shall move out of farmers' hands at once. This will put money into their pockets, and enable them to buy goods so as to furnish westbound business for the railroads. One very important factor which should not be overlooked is that the westbound business of the roads during the autumn and winter will be large. The farmers will not only have money enough to pay off mortgages, but they will have a good deal of money to spend. The cash received by Eastern mortgagees for maturing mortgages will be reinvested in bonds and securities, and the large surplus which will be found in the hands of Western farmers will tend to create a demand for goods, and will stimulate the general trade movement. We shall thus have a reciprocity between the East and the West, which will be productive of great good to both. A favourable feature is also the marked improvement in the Bond Market, which is again attracting, at least on the other side of the Atlantic, the attention of speculators as much as investors. The speculators are rushing in to buy the low-priced issues, which investors will buy later at higher figures. It is reported from New York that the trading in bonds on the Stock Exchange during the last few weeks has been greatly in excess of anything witnessed in that department for a long time. The activity and the principal advances were, however, mainly displayed in low-priced issues, some of which were subjected to manipulation. The feature was Atchison Income Fives and First Mortgage Fours, Chesapeake and Ohio Fives, and Hocking Valley issues; but Erie Seconds, Kansas and Texas Firsts and Incomes, Northern Pacific Fives, Oregon Improvement Fives, and Texas Pacific issues were also among the most active issues. Richmond Terminal Fives recovered on the news that arrangements had been made which will secure the Company from any financial embarrassment. The marked improvement in the American Railway Bond Market, although mainly speculative, is one of the good signs that tend to give backbone to the "Bull" movement in shares. Reactions, of course, we shall have, but the reactions recently attempted by the big operators in New York and here have so far not been a success, for the reason, probably, that the public on both sides of the Atlantic is coming in, and the public, after all, is stronger than all the great speculators together. In the days of 1879-80 the best known operators in Wall-street threw over their holdings because they thought prices were at the top, and were compelled to buy them back at higher prices from the public. We are apparently very far from the top yet, and operators have recently had so little success with their attempts to engineer reactions that they will probably give it up. Many stocks are still at a very

moderate level as compared with last year's prices, and should be bought for a sharp rise. Amongst these, I place in the first line Erie and Erie Prefs., Atchison Income bonds, Wabash Prefs., and "B" Debentures, Louisville and Norfolk Prefs. Milwaukees also seem to be bound for a further rise, and Reading stocks are in favour, the Ordinary at 18¾, the First Preference Five per Cent. Income bonds at 67½, Second Prefs. at 45, and Third Prefs. at 35. I hear on good authority that the First Prefs. will get their full interest this year, if not in cash, in bonds. By the way, a correspondent writes to me, drawing my attention to the Four per Cent. General Mortgage bonds of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway, now quoted about 88. They are not redeemable until 1989, and seem cheap in view of the progressive position of the Company.

Erie and Atchison.

The recent advance in Erie stocks is fully warranted, and, what is more, it is likely to make marked progress. The financial condition of the Company has never been better than it is at present. Its equipment is larger, its motive power of much greater capacity than ever before, and it is now absolutely free from legal entanglements. The United States Supreme Court five years ago rendered a very important decision, that the holders of the Preferred stock were entirely at the mercy of the directors, and that they were not obliged to declare a dividend out of net earnings, unless in their discretion the condition of the Company warranted it. The result has been that, while the Company has in the last three years earned a surplus ample to pay the 6 per cent. dividend on the Preferred stock, the directors have thought it wise to use the money in improving the road and adding to its equipment. The settlement of the Chicago and Atlantic complication gave the Company a large amount of first-class securities, with the proceeds of which a considerable amount of floating debt has been paid off. Its coal business, too, has grown rapidly, and is already so important that it has in some years met the difference between solvency and insolvency. The Second Mortgage Consolidated bonds are selling somewhat above par, and pay 6 per cent. interest. The surplus in each of the last two years has averaged over three-quarters of a million more than was necessary to meet the full interest; and therefore, at their present price of 106, these bonds may be considered among the cheapest on the list. But the position is even more promising with reference to the Preference and Ordinary shares, in view of the rapidly advancing earnings of the line. A decrease in the earlier months has now been turned into an increase. The July statement shows a net increase of 198,000 dols. for the month, and of 177,000 dols. for the ten months. Taking the net increase of the two remaining months of the fiscal year at 150,000 dols. a month, which would appear to be a moderate estimate, a total increase of 500,000 dols. would be shown for the year. The last report issued in November, 1890, showed a surplus, after paying all fixed charges, of about 900,000 dols., so that a new surplus of about 1,400,000 dols. might be expected this year. It takes about 500,000 dols. to pay 6 per cent. on the 8,536,000 dols. of Preference shares, which would leave 900,000 dols. available for Erie Ordinary, equal to about 1¼ per cent. The Preference dividend is, therefore, assured, and will, no doubt, be paid, no further excuse being now available. Having regard to the excellent prospects of the line from the large grain crops, which promise further large increases for the next year, the Prefs., now quoted about 68, and the Ordinary shares at 27¾, seem to be considerably below their real value. The Preference dividend was last paid for the years 1881, 1882, and 1883, when the price of the Preference shares stood between 85 and 95. A very important advance has taken place in Atchison shares to 44, ditto Income bonds to 64½, and an investigation of the position shows that the improvement, especially in the latter, was fully justified. The gross earnings for July show an increase of 421,000 dols., and as the expenditure has been only 197,000 dols. more than last year, the net earnings have increased 224,000 dols. This favourable comparison with last year may be expected to continue for the rest of the year, the more so as traffics will be stimulated by the splendid crops all along the enormous extent of the Atchison system. The extensions into new territory built by the Company were a source of trouble to it in the past, but this territory is now certain to contribute, for at least a year to come, very handsomely to the revenues of the Company, and on many of these new lines the volume of freight promises to be two or three times what it was a year ago. While the fixed charges remain the same, there is, therefore, likely to be a very large increase in the gross earnings without a proportionate increase in the operating expenses. A further considerable advance in the Incomes is warranted by the present position of the road and by the prospect of a steady increase of earnings. According to a well-informed Boston authority, the road will earn for the present fiscal year 1,000,000 dols. surplus above the full 5 per cent. interest on the 80,000,000 dols. of Income bonds.

Louisville and Norfolk Prefs.

The Louisville and Nashville is likely to show very favourable results during the current year. The full figures for the year ended June 30 are certainly quite as satisfactory as could have been expected. It is creditable to the Company that the complete returns show increases in gross earnings and in surplus as well. It is evident, however, that with a much larger traffic than in any previous year, and larger gross earnings than ever before, the increase of 197,067 dols. in the surplus is due to a reduction in the interest and rental account. The expenses increased sufficiently to reduce the net earnings 264,627 dols. A larger reduction than that amount, however, was made in interest, rentals, and taxes. The Georgia lines of the Company appear to have paid better this year, while the Pensacola and Atlantic has done about the same as before. From the figures the Company should be well able to pay at least 5 per cent. upon its increased capital stock, at the present rate of earnings, but with a large cotton crop and the benefits accruing to the line from the splendid grain crop, which should be substantial, if not so great, as in the case of the Granger lines, an increase in the dividend would by no means be improbable. At 81, as compared with 92⅛ and 85⅞—the highest and lowest prices last year—Louisville are a promising speculative investment. Norfolk and Western Prefs., too, are likely to touch higher prices. They touched 66⅜ last year, and are cheap at 56½, assured, as they are, of their next dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, with even better prospects for next year. A feature, which has been hanging over this market in the shape of the new issue of Preference stock, has now been satisfactorily disposed of. The whole of the 85,000 shares, which were authorised, were taken by a syndicate, which, however, took them in three doses. On the first lot of 30,000 they made a loss, on the second of 15,000 a small profit, and the last 40,000 have, apparently, left a fair profit, and have, I understand, all been absorbed by the market. It will be seen that the market has had to take a very strong dose, but it has digested it remarkably well, and, whenever the conviction impresses itself upon operators and investors that there is no more stock to come out, Norfolk Prefs. will move up sharply to 60 and higher. You should at once increase your holding, my dear Ben.

Texas "B" and Other Stocks.

Texas "B" shares are about the lowest priced American shares in the market, as the £10 share can be had for ⅝, although there is a strong tendency upwards. The "A" shares have been dealt in at 1⅝, and cannot be bought below 1¾. Now, I am not able to tell you anything definite to-day. You ask me about the negotiations going on with respect to this Company (the Alabama, New Orleans, and Texas), but I am sworn to secrecy, and not ten thousand horses will drag the confidential communication from me. But I am assured that the matter is at

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last coming to a head, and I advise you strongly to buy at once in anticipation of its being pulled off, when you will not be able to get the shares at three times the price. You ask me about Ohio and Mississippi. They have had a considerable rise, and have fully borne out my recommendation, and I may shortly have to communicate further news to you. Should you hold Missouri, Kansas, and Texas shares, now quoted at 18⅜, and ditto Second Mortgage bonds at 46? Certainly, it is an old tip of mine, and it is coming right! Ontarios are in fair request, at 20, and I have told you that my opinion of Readings is favourable. Denvers are a dark horse, and until the management is reformed, or any other favourable development takes place, I prefer leaving Denver Ordinary and Prefs. alone. One of the most promising stocks is Baltimore and Ohio South-Westerns First Income Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds, which are quoted 69½. I have been recommending them to you from 60 upwards. They received a 4 per cent. dividend last year. They will get their full 5 per cent. for the current year, and with 35,000 dols. increase for the last three weeks, they look exceedingly promising.

Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunks.

The strong tone which has made itself felt in both Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunks is not merely a reflection of the Yankee boom. Canadian Pacifics were stimulated by the news of the very quick passage of the mails from Japan to New York by that line, the time occupied from Yokohama to New York being only 13 days 23 hours. Last week some heavy sales were made both of Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunks, which were attributed to operators "in the know," but large purchases have since been made for the same quarter. The official report of the Manitoba Government on the harvest, stating the grain crop to be of an immense quantity, and putting the acreage under crop at 1,334,697 acres, against 1,067,586 in 1890, is, of course, a very favourable feature for both lines. The net gain of the Canadian Pacific for the same month ended July 31 has been 755,000 dols.—a very satisfactory figure. Amicable working with the Grand Trunk appears to be assured, and there is a strong tip about that this will result in a gradual reduction of the working expenditure of the Grand Trunk by 5 per cent. The most sanguine supporters of the line actually predict that the common stock will be within sight of a dividend two years hence. Without wishing to endorse these rose-coloured estimates, I yet think that, in view of the splendid crops and a probable reduction in working expenditure, there is a better time before the Company. Grand Trunk Firsts are likely to improve, and so are the Ordinary, which are in considerable speculative demand.

More About "Anglo A."

There are indications of a considerable "Bear" account in "Anglo A" (Anglo-American Telegraph Deferred). The ursine party succeeded in depressing them to 13 during the last few days, from which there has been a rebound to 14. As usual, distorted and incorrect reports are set about, so it will be as well to brush the cobwebs aside. In the first instance, the present price compares with 17½, the highest, and 13, the lowest quotation in 1890, while in 1889 prices fluctuated between 15⅛ and 20¼. No one can deny that the position of the Company is considerably improved from what it was in 1890 and 1889, and its prospects are, in view of the Yankee boom, most promising. For the year 1890-91 £5. 8s. has been paid on the Preferred, being only 12s. short on the year. Surely, with the increased receipts now coming forward the Deferred should be cheap at 14. Whoever has seen the arbitrage houses receiving half-a-dozen or more cablegrams at the same time will be able to form an idea of the constant stream of messages which is being kept up between New York and Europe now that the American market has attained an activity which it has not enjoyed for years, and which bids fair to outlast this year. "Anglo A" at 14 undoubtedly are cheap compared with Chathams at 18, and Metropolitan Districts at 29, which are in a somewhat similar position, without having the Yankee boom to stimulate their receipts. As regards the action against the Paris and New York Telegraph Company, this was decided on May 1 last in the French courts in favour of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, and the damages will be assessed in November next. It is impossible to say what sum will be awarded, but there is just the possibility of its being large enough to benefit the Company to a considerable extent. An agitation will certainly be set afoot to induce the directors to add the interest, £32,350, on renewal fund to profit and loss account, and the shareholders have been led to believe that the board will not view this unfavourably. As to the argument that the reserve fund had not really reached a million sterling, it is easily refuted by the fact that the securities held against it could now be sold at a profit of £40,000, and, taking this increase in value into consideration, the reserve fund is no less than £1,030,000. All which circumstances tend to prove that "Anglo A" are in sight of a dividend, and are a very good speculative purchase at 14 per £100 share.

South American Stocks to Buy.

I am not going to tell you much about old world securities to day. Portuguese move up and down, chiefly the latter, and I should be sorry to hold them. Spanish bonds are a trifle firmer, but this is also a dangerous stock. Greeks are firmer; the stories as to there being any trouble about the next coupon have been fully contradicted, and Greek finance seems to be in the ascendant. The end of the civil war in Chili, the prompt and complete surrender of Balmaceda's troops, and the rapidity with which the pacification is proceeding, are calculated to enhance the value of Chilian bonds. A reaction has followed the sharp advance to 92, but prices are hardening again, and at 88 or thereabouts the 1886 loan is an excellent investment. Chili is the only honest South American State. She always pays the interest of her debt, and I have it on the highest authority that the January interest is also assured. If she should require a loan, in view of the heavy losses entailed by the war, she would get it on easy terms, but it is very doubtful if she will require it. I shall expect to see Chilian bonds at "par" again at an early date. By the way, the incident of the 1,000,000 dols. in silver, which an English man-of-war obligingly carried to Montevideo for Balmaceda, will require ample explanation. To the various Chilian individual securities which I recommend, I refer specially under the headings of "The Nitrate Group" and "Araucos." Argentine Government stocks have reacted slightly after the recent advance, which was somewhat overdone, the loan of 1886 being quoted 64½, the Funding loan 65½. The Republic has, of course, a good deal of leeway to make up, and no really important improvement has, so far, taken place in the financial position. But the country's excellent crops, combined with the policy of retrenchment which has been entered upon, will probably tell strongly in favour of the country by the end of the year, if not sooner. Whenever these results become apparent, a sharp upward movement may be anticipated. It will then no longer be possible to buy at the present level, and investors who wish to take advantage of the low prices, and can afford to hold for a few months, should begin picking up these depreciated stocks at once. For this purpose I recommend Entre Rios Provincial Six per Cent. Government bonds of 1886 and 1888. A settlement with the bondholders has just been sanctioned by the Legislature of the Province of Entre Rios, according to which the interest on these bonds will be funded for three years, the bondholders receiving new Provincial Government bonds, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, in cash, secured on a special security, for their coupons, including those in default. After the lapse of the three years, the Province will resume the payment of the coupons in cash, which should by no means be difficult, as Entre Rios is one of the wealthiest Argentine provinces. Now that the Entre Rios Central Railway has been handed over to the holders of these railway bonds, and the guarantee cancelled, the total foreign debt of the

Province amounts to less than two millions sterling, apart from the £300,000 of Provincial bonds handed over to the Entre Rios Central Railway. Entre Rios bonds ought eventually to double in value. A very cheap security is Cordoba Central Five per Cent. Debenture stock (Central Northern Section) at about 49. The interest is funded for three years in the Six per Cent. Argentine National Funding bonds. This Extension is a line of about 600 miles, and works out at the present price of the Debentures to £3,000 to £3,500 per mile, as compared with an actual cost of £8,000 per mile. During the last eighteen months about a million sterling has been spent on this line in improvement of permanent way, relaying rails, and purchase of rolling stock; and it is now considered one of the best-equipped lines in the Republic. When it is considered that the Central Argentine works out at the present price of its stock to £6,650 per mile, and the Buenos Ayres and Rosario to £8,000 per mile, it will readily be seen that these Debentures are at a very low level. Costa Rica "B" bonds, which I recommended when they stood at 62, have now improved to 73, and those who have followed my advice have done remarkably well. I now direct attention to Costa Rica Railway Six per Cent. Second Debentures, which are exceedingly cheap at their present price of 80, yielding as they do 7½ per cent. on the investment. I understand that the earnings of the railway fully cover the First and Second Debenture interest, leaving a dividend on the shares, which are also exceedingly cheap at 5½–5¾ per £10 share, and will, no doubt, receive 4 to 5 per cent. per annum for the current financial year ending June 30, 1892. Of Buenos Ayres and Rosario, 1894, Sunchales shares I had occasion to speak favourably last week, since when they have advanced to 11⅞ with a strong demand.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

I drew your attention last week to the incipient revival in the Mining Market, and have to-day to report further progress, although the demand is intermittent, and has not yet developed into a boom, or even boomlet. But some of the shares which I recommended to you have improved materially. Thus May's Consolidated have advanced to 9s. 6d. on a crushing for August of 2,400 oz. against 2,200 oz. in July, which is very satisfactory. Sutherland Reefs, which stood at 5s. when I mentioned them to you, have risen to 9s., and are worth picking up at that, and so are Forbes Reefs, a very cheap share at 3s. Of the higher-priced Kaffir mines Durban Roodepoort at 2⅛, Jumpers at 2¼, City and Suburban at 3½, Crown Reefs at 4½, seem to be worthy of attention, but there is as yet little movement in them, the tendency being, apparently, to pick up low-priced shares. Amongst these Sheba at 18s., Spitzkop at 2s. 6d., Graskop at 1s. 9d. may be mentioned, also Transvaal Gold at 15s. 3d., but you will quite understand that hese are mere gambles. Amongst Indian Mines, Mysore Gold and Ooregums are up ⅛ for the week, and Mysore Nagar have advanced to 7/16. The latter remain a good speculative purchase, and in the second line Baloghat Mysore, Champion Reef, and Mysore Gold may be mentioned. In the Miscellaneous department Day Dawn Block, Gympie Great Eastern, and Petroleums are enjoying some favour. Oceana, which I recommended last week at 4¾, have advanced to 5¼, and look like going materially higher. Great Gold Zones have recovered to 7s. The Australian Broken Hill Consols Mine remains *in statu quo*, and advices of the cutting out of the fault in the rich vein are awaited with some impatience. But those most interested and best able to judge are confident that good news will come to hand soon. De Beers Diamond Mining shares have recovered to 12⅛ on influential purchases. Otto's Kopje improved at one time to 4s., but are again to be had at 3s. 6d., at which they are a cheap speculation in view of the promising position of the mine, as explained at the meeting held on Tuesday last week, to which Mr. James Lisle reported.

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The Nitrate Group.

As I anticipated, the whole of the securities of the Nitrate Group have felt the effect of the sudden collapse of the civil war in Chili and the complete victory of the Congressionist Party. That the latter should have gained the day is, of course, satisfactory in every respect, but, apart from the sympathy their cause has excited everywhere in Europe, the holders of Nitrate securities have particular reason to congratulate themselves on this result. The victory of Balmaceda would have meant hard times for the nitrate industry, for he accused most of the men connected with it of complicity with his enemies. For fear of eventualities, Colonel North went so far as to deny that he had supplied the Congressionists with money, but every one knows which way his sympathy went, and there are some who view the denial as one of those diplomatic utterances which, although true in the strict sense of the words, yet allow a liberal interpretation. However that may be, the nitrate industry will, no doubt, be fostered by the new Government, and the combination for restricting the output will, on the other hand, permit remunerative working. The price of August-September cargoes has advanced to 9s. 2d. to 9s. 4d., which is about 1s. above the prices current last year, or in 1889. Nitrate shares have during the past week risen about ½-1. In the case of the Primitivas, Colorado Nitrate and San Jorge, the rise reached 1, while the chief difference in some of the smaller concerns is that the quotation has become effective, whereas it had been quite nominal before. I hold to my opinion that a rise in Primitivas is not yet justified. The Company has heavy losses to make up, it has passed its last dividends, and will, no doubt, have to do so again. The San Jorge Company, to which I have already directed attention, is one of the best, if not the best Company. Moderately capitalised, it earned 15 per cent. for the first year and 10 per cent. for the year ended December 31, 1890, notwithstanding the low price of nitrate. According to the chairman's statement at the meeting held in June, the Company, which is also manufacturing iodine most successfully, has made nitrate so cheaply that it had already then secured the dividend for the present year. With returning prosperity and higher nitrate prices the San Jorge will earn dividends of 20 to 30 per cent., and the £5 shares at 6¼ are a good purchase. It seems preferable to invest in a solid concern which has weathered the storm so well rather than go into small concerns which have had to suspend dividends and were only able to hold on with the skin of their teeth. Bank of Tarapacà shares have recovered 1½, to 3½, Tarapacà Waterworks, 1⅜, to 9⅜. But the most active dealings have taken place in Nitrate Rails. Large transactions are reported in options, the price of a single option for November being 1⅛-1¼, for a double option 2½. The price has jumped up to 17, but this is, after all, very moderate when compared with a price of over 30 two or three years ago. The Company paid a dividend of 20 per cent. for the year 1890, and as the civil war in Chili was at the time in full swing, the directors decided to carry forward a credit balance of £157,259. This amount is sufficient to pay a 10 per cent. dividend, and now that the civil war is over, additional profits will, no doubt, be earned, so that the line is likely to maintain its old prosperity. At 17 Nitrate Rails are still a promising speculative purchase.

The Rise in Araucos.

In reply to a number of inquiries I take the opportunity of explaining that the Arauco Company is not a Nitrate Company. It is a Railway Company and owns a splendid coal property, which has now been so far developed that a large output is assured. Coal had hitherto to be imported to the West Coast, hence the value of local collieries will be evident, and a large profit is made on the coal sold or exported. The civil war unfortunately prevented the Company from reaping the full benefit from what promises practically to develop into a monopoly. In order to deprive the Congressionist fleet of this local coal, Balmaceda prohibited its export, drawing, however, the Government supplies from the Arauco Company against payment. The consequence was an accumulation of stock

which can now be marketed at good profits. The Arauco collieries will, of course, supply the new Government. Its line of railway is in direct communication with the State Railways at Concepcion, where complete arrangements are made for tipping coal into the State wagons. The railway also connects the mines with the port of Coronel, where the Company possess every requisite shipping facility, that port and Lota being the only two in the Province of Arauco at which coal can be shipped throughout the year with safety. The Company owns three different coal mines, Colico, Peumo, and Descabezado. The coalfields have been "proved" by sinking eleven different pits in coal adjacent to the line of railway over a distance of fully twenty miles, but operations are at present limited to two overlying seams on the Descabezado and to two seams on the Colico estate, the Company's engineer estimating the available coal in the proved portion of the latter at over four million tons! It may be mentioned that the Arauco £10 preference shares rank first for cumulative dividends of 10 per cent., and equally with the Ordinary in surplus profits, after the latter have also received 10 per cent. When the Preference shares shall have received 50 per cent. in dividends, they will be converted into Ordinary. The Ordinary have advanced to 10½, the preference to 15, but as the pick of Chilian industrial investments they are still cheap at these prices. Three years ago the Ordinary stood at 24½, the Preference shares at 32!

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Icleche, Bognor.—I consider Egyptian Unified quite high enough, and should change the investment. *Investor, Manchester.*—If you wish to purchase cheap Argentine bonds or debentures as a "lock up," you cannot do better than buy Entre Rios Six per Cent. Provincial bonds of 1886 or 1888 at about 35, or Cordoba Central Railway Five per cent. Debenture stock (Central Northern section) at about 49. See also under "South American Stocks to Buy." *E. L. L.*—Chinese bonds are reasonably safe. Hold Santa Fé Six per Cent. bonds. Eventually some settlement will be come to with the bondholders, and the price will then improve. I advised the sale of Uruguay bonds long ago, when they were quoted much higher. You might hold now. It is a pity that you did not read my letter more carefully. *J. W. J.*—1. I do not advise Brazilian Railway investments at present, as trouble may be in store with the Companhia Geral, which would affect this class of stock. 2. I specially recommend Costa Rica Railway Six per Cent. Second Debentures at about 80 as much cheaper than the First Debentures at 99, and safe enough. 3. Instead of Cordoba and Rosario Prefs, I should advise you to buy Cordoba Central Five per Cent. Debenture stock (Central Northern Section), at 49. 4. Yes, Mexican Central First Incomes are sure of their 3 per cent. dividend, and one of these days not a long way off the Second Incomes may become dividend paying. *Ryde.*—There is nothing to be said against your investment in Province of British Columbia Three per Cent. inscribed stock, although it is no catch.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Anxious.—This so-called Trust is a swindle; have nothing to do with it. *Ilex.*—1. Hold Mexican Internal bonds. Mexican stocks are on the up grade. 2. Hold Northern Pacifics and Montana bonds, now quoted 107. A good investment, and likely to improve. 3. Hold San Jorge Nitrate, and buy more. 4. No occasion to sell St. Louis Brewery Prefs. The Company is doing excellently. 5. I do not care much for such foreign banks. Sell on a recovery. *A. R. B.*—No doubt the shareholders in the English Bank of the River Plate will have to face a call, but it is impossible to tell how much. It is quite time that some information were vouchsafed by the liquidator.

Home Rails.

N. O.—The future of Brighton "A" is largely dependent upon the weather. If you can now be sure of that, buy. *B. D.*—I do not care much for this stock. Sell on the next opportunity. *Constant Reader, Brighton.*—Caledonian Deferred will receive a dividend at the rate of 1 per cent., and are very cheap compared with North British Deferred. *Manchester Man.*—Of the heavy rails, Midlands are the best to invest in. The traffics of the line keep up wonderfully

American and Foreign Rails.

Anagram.—1. In view of the Yankee boom, which is now in full swing and likely to make considerable progress yet, you should hold your Wabash Ordinary. See replies to remaining questions under "Mixed Investments." *Dodo.*—1. I suppose that you had duly deposited your Missouri, Kansas, and Texas shares, when you would have received your proportion of new Second Mortgage 4 per Cent. Gold bonds now worth 46. The Ordinary are quoted 18¾. Hold both for a further rise. 2. The Tarapacá Nitrate Company was an ill-conceived concern, but in view of the end of the civil war a recovery in Nitrate shares is probable, and you had better take the Paccha and Jazpampa shares, making the best of a very bad job. *Calais.*—Hold your Erie Second Mortgage bonds. There is no truth in the report you mention, and a good prospect of the Preference interest being paid this time. *K., Brighton.*—1. Yes, Louisville remain a good purchase even after the rise. I do not care for Great Western, but Norfolk and Western Prefs. are a good purchase. *Clermont.*—Your chance to get out without a loss or even at a profit, is coming through the Yankee boom. Hold Louisville and Nashville (1), Atchison Four per Cent. bonds (already quoted 85), Colorado Midland Six per Cent. bonds (now quoted 107) for a further material advance. 4. Wheeling and Lake Erie First Mortgage bonds (now quoted 98) are a good investment. 5. City of Cordova Six per Cent. bonds are a very unfortunate investment, which I should never have recommended. They are quoted only 20-30. Hold. Eventually some settlement will no doubt be come to. At present, the interest is in default. *E. H.*—Norfolk and Western common stock is not officially quoted here, but you can deal in it through brokers connected with New York. They are improving. No more money is wanted by the Norfolk and Western. See remarks under "Louisville and Norfolk Prefs." *Inquisitor.*—Hold Louisville and Milwaukees for materially higher prices. The boom is good for a few months at least. *Bell Rock.*—Yes, there is every prospect of a rise in Texas "B's." Negotiations are going on, and in a few weeks time I shall probably be able to make some definite announcement. They are a good purchase at their somewhat firmer price of ⅛. If the negotiations are successful, these shares are likely to go to four or five times their present value, at least. *W. J. P.*—I do not care for the Canadian bonds referred to, nor for the other shares. If you wish to invest in American Railroad bonds select them from the list which I gave a few weeks ago (Truth, August 27). Birmingham Central Trams will, no doubt, pull round in time. *E. M.*—I should not advise any Portuguese investment of any kind. This country is going down hill. Why not select some of the gilt-edged American Railroad bonds mentioned in Truth of August 27? *Bruce, Rouen.*—1. The Arauco Company owns a railway and a large coal property, and has nothing directly to do with Nitrates. See remarks under "The Rise in Araucos." 2. The San Jorge is a nitrate company, not a railway.

Mining Shares.

A. McG., Manchester.—The market is now again advancing, and may reach a somewhat higher figure. It might then be advisable to sell part. 66, *Kirkcaldy.*—If you speculate in mining shares, you must have patience, and not regard intermediate fluctuations. If you hold, there is every prospect of your making a good profit. Matters will look very differently three months hence. I do not deal in shares, nor does any one connected with Truth. You must operate through your stockbroker. I cannot possibly take notice of what other papers say. They probably know nothing about it. *A. W.*—The Gympie Great Eastern may have suffered through the heavy rain, but not to any serious extent. You should distrust statements from such quarters. *W. J. D.*—Hold Australia Broken Hill Consols. There is every prospect of an improvement. I do not care much for the electric shares. I was against Wickens, Pease, & Co. at the outset. Whether they are worth the present price is at least doubtful. The other Companies are fair speculative investments at the price. It would be preferable if you were to number your questions in future. *Sarza.*—1. Certainly, hold Bechuanalands. 2 and 3. No; I should advise you to wait until the turn comes. 4. The Exploring Company is a limited Company privately subscribed, and the shares are not dealt in on the Stock Exchange.

Industrial Companies.

Belfast.—No, I cannot recommend a purchase of the Maxim-Nordenfelt Gun Company's shares, even at the present low price. *Medicus.*—If you wish to go into industrial Companies, I do not think you will do much good in the shares mentioned by you. Why not buy St. Louis Brewery shares? They are likely to improve materially, and pay high interest. *Thomas.*—I do not think that there is any need to sell out at any price. The Company is said to be doing a fair amount of work. *A Constant Reader.*—1. If you mean the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation, that is a prosperous undertaking. 2. The electrical shares are a fair investment. 3. I really cannot advise you about the Victoria Hotel Company. The shares seem cheap, but hotel property fluctuates in value. *Nemo.*—Hold Hammond Meat shares at these prices. Every effort is being made to improve the position. *Dux.*—I have advised against these Co-operative Stores from the first. Sell while you can! *T. O. A.*—Yes, Alliance and Dublin Gas stock seems to be reasonably safe. *W. A. W.*—1. Yes, I suppose that the price of these shares will eventually advance with the other Elmore shares. 2. I would not yet buy to average the other shares mentioned. *C. A. C.*—I know nothing of this intention. May I ask who is your informant? This refers probably to the second issue of £100,000 already made some considerable time ago. *An Ass.*—I trust that the future will show that you do not deserve the *nom de plume* adopted by you. As soon as certain investigations are completed, I shall have more to say about Bell's Asbestos. With reference to the Brewery shares in question, I have every reason to anticipate a marked recovery. You ought to be aware that almost all investments have shrunk in value during the persistent slump, in many cases without any reason. *Eastman's Shareholder.*—You may be sure that I am giving the matter the fullest attention, but I cannot control events. See "Various Investments."

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London, 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

Mixed Investments.

Cimolus.—I do not think that it is fair for you to send me the cutting of a letter which had been printed in a contemporary, apparently with a reply, and ask me to answer the same questions. You do not even furnish your name and address. *Hookah.*—Hold the Bank shares No. 1. The shares No. 2 will probably improve with those of the other Elmore Companies, and should be held. I have a poor opinion of the Trust Company (No. 3), and should sell on an improvement. No. 4 is a large American Life Office, with ample funds. *Job.*—I do not consider the Life Office you now mention as first class. It does a large business, but it is second rate, and has large expenses. *Mac.*—1. The *Financial News.* 2. Much as I love the country, I cannot point out any special investment, excepting local industrial Companies, about which you will know as much as I do. 3 and 4. Probably. 5. I am not prepared to advise you on this point. 6. I must owe you a reply to this question. *Anagram.*—2. Yes; hold Trustees, Executors, and Securities Corporation shares. This Company is likely to benefit considerably from the revival in business. 3. No; leave National Telephone shares alone. Sooner or later this concern will have to meet strong competition. 4. Yes; Transvaal Gold are a fair speculation. 5. With regard to mining specs., see remarks under "Kaffir and Other Mines." *R. T. N.*—1. Have nothing to do with the Evangeline Mines, provisional prospectus of which you send me. 2. Yes; Jumpers are a good speculation. 3. You have done well to buy Araucos at 8⅛. They now stand at 10, and are likely to go higher. Certainly hold Missouri, Kansas, and Texas; I hear well of them. Hold also Union Pacifics. Their financial needs seem in a fair way of settlement, and they will now probably improve. *E. L.*—1. A good Home Brewery investment. 2. Hold Bristol and West of England Bank shares. 3. A local concern, about which I cannot advise you. 4. Hold, and average. 5. Hold for a further recovery, then sell half. Hold the Mining shares 6, 7, and 8. They are improving. Hold also No. 9. As to No. 10, these have improved recently, and the price will be further advanced. Hold the Indian Mines No. 11 and 12. I do not think much of the Trust Company, No. 13, but the stock is likely to recover with other Trusts, when you should sell. 14. An industrial investment of doubtful prospects. *Cerberus.*—I cannot say that I am particularly in love with the Trust which you propose to make for yourself. Victoria and Queensland bonds may be right enough for those who fancy them, but you might with advantage replace the Sheffield stocks with gilt-edged American Railroad bonds, as recommended in Truth of August 27. Chatham Prefs. are quite high enough now. Why not buy Midland Ordinary? Robinson Gold Mining shares look curious side by side with first-class stocks. There is nothing to be said against Manchester Corporation stocks or Stock Conversion Trust First Charge. The Trams are a fair investment, but the Iron Companies are hardly promising. Please to number your investments in future enquiries.

Various Investments.

The first effect of the visit of some leading capitalists to the works of the Elmore Copper Company at Leeds has been felt in the market in considerable purchases for a "lock up," and an advance in the shares to 4¼. French Elmore shares have also recovered to 3, and are, in comparison, much cheaper than the English shares, and certainly much more worthy of attention than the other Continental Elmore shares which are now being offered. The French Elmore works at Dives are planned on a magnificent scale; they will commence with a much larger output than the works in Leeds have even now attained, and the profits and dividends ought, therefore, also to be proportionately larger. The French Company have not yet disposed of their Wire Patent rights, for which the shareholders in the English Elmore Company received £1 per share. If the English shares, therefore, stand at 4¼, the shares in the French Company ought to stand at 5¼ instead of 3$\frac{1}{16}$. Bell's Asbestos shares will not be kept down. After the "Bears" had laboriously depressed them to 9 they recovered promptly to 9⅝, and there is very little stock in the market at anything like this price. American Brewery shares are improving. There has been a special demand for the Preference shares, St. Louis having advanced to 9⅞, Chicago Brewery and Malting Prefs. to 10¼, San Francisco Prefs. to 7. The demand will probably soon extend to the Ordinary shares. I heed hardly mention to you that I follow the course of Eastman's and Hammond's Meat shares with much concern, and I am in hopes that an improvement is not far off. Both Companies have reduced their shipments, but other competitors have so far continued to ship at a loss. There are some signs that they are getting tired of this game, and the meat market is hardening. The new chairman of the Hammond Company has sailed for New York, and advices are, so far, that the American trade is improving.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

QUEER STORY.

THE SQUIRE'S CREMATION.

DR. HEALY could make nothing out of the case. Though only a country physician, the doctor possessed a good deal of learning and a great deal of experience, and yet never before had he seen or read of such a case as the Squire's. The man was not suffering from any known—or, at any rate, ascertainable—disease, and yet he was obviously very ill, and possibly dying. "Upon my word," the doctor muttered to himself more than once; "if it weren't that the idea is preposterous, I should half suspect that he is being poisoned."

If the case was a peculiar one, the patient, as Dr. Healy knew and took into consideration, was a peculiar one, too. Squire Devenish was a man about sixty. He had led a very wild and reckless youth—under the extenuating term "youth" is to be included all the period of his life between twenty and fifty-five. Fortunately for him, just as he was about to take his promotion to the ranks of elderly and hopeless roués, he happened to meet a young governess named Alice Cleverly. Miss Cleverly was a woman of undoubted beauty, and of considerable intelligence. She was also poor and an orphan, without friends and without a home. Squire Devenish, in spite of his follies, was not without generous and manly qualities. He was much attracted by the poor girl's beauty, but he scorned to attempt to take advantage of her helplessness. After hesitating for a time, he at length made her an offer of marriage. The young governess, delighted at the chance of escaping from her sordid and laborious life to one of ease and luxury, eagerly accepted him.

Probably there was little love on Miss Cleverly's part. It is hardly possible that a young girl of twenty-two could feel much affection for a blasé and somewhat obese gentleman of fifty-five. But whether she loved him or not she made him an excellent wife. Every wish of his was obeyed, every desire anticipated and gratified. So comfortable was his old manor house at Saxby made that he actually began to like it. And as time passed the feeling grew upon him, until at length he preferred the quiet pleasures of his own hearth to the joys of Piccadilly and Pall Mall. At the end of two years of matrimony, Squire Devenish, to the amusement, and perhaps also to the disgust, of his old companions, from being the most inveterate man about town, had become the most domesticated of husbands.

The long years which he had spent in dissipation had, however, left their effects behind. They had impaired for ever his once sound and strong constitution. Again and again since he returned to the Manor House he had been ailing without anything definite being the matter with him. He was very secretive now about his earlier years, but Dr. Healy suspected that they were probably responsible for his present condition, and that they caused his present illness to be hard to recognise, and made ordinary diseases assume extraordinary symptoms. This was the suggestion in which the physician saw a possible explanation of his present mysterious and suspicious sickness.

Mrs. Devenish was unremitting in her attendance upon the patient. All the medicine prescribed by the doctor was administered by her. All the dishes ordered by the doctor were prepared by her. Nothing reached the sufferer's lips but through her hands. No length of watching, no amount of labour seemed too great a demand on her gratitude to the man who had raised her from poverty to riches, and from dependence to position.

It was about the third week of the Squire's illness, and he was not getting better, but steadily worse. Several times Dr. Healy had proposed to call in the services of a London physician of high reputation, but the patient had always objected, and Mrs. Devenish had somewhat reluctantly acquiesced in his objections. Dr. Healy was becoming more and more utterly bewildered by the symptoms, and more and more perplexed as to their cause.

When he reached the house that morning he found his patient in a state of great excitement, which Mrs. Devenish was vainly trying to soothe. Dr. Healy joined her in her efforts, but it was no use.

"I won't have him here!" the sick man cried, in a

wild incoherent way. "I won't have the ruffian here. Order him out—tell James to turn him out. He has no right to be in my house—the coward! Doctor, you won't see me insulted when I'm too ill to protect myself? You'll see that he's turned out?"

"Yes, yes, Squire," replied Dr. Healy, not certain whether the patient was referring to an actual person or was the victim of a delusion. "Yes, yes, Squire, make yourself easy on the point. I'll turn him out and no mistake. Just you lie still, and it will be all right."

"You'll promise, Doctor, you'll promise?" cried Squire Devenish eagerly, but in a very weak voice. He was becoming exhausted by his previous excitement.

"Yes, yes, I'll promise," answered Dr. Healy, as he smoothed down the patient's pillow.

The patient still was not satisfied, and tried to urge the Doctor to immediate action in the matter. Dr. Healy, on his part, did what he could by word and act to quiet and compose him, till at last, to the Doctor's and Mrs. Devenish's satisfaction, he dropped off exhausted into a deep sleep. Dr. Healy and Mrs. Devenish then left the bedroom.

"What caused all this excitement?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh, Doctor," replied Mrs. Devenish, with a sob, "Captain Roke arrived this morning, and forced his way into John's room."

Dr. Healy understood the situation at once. Captain Roke was the Squire's cousin; and, though much younger, had been formerly his bosom friend. Many a time had the two heard the chimes together. At that time the Squire was very liberal to his young kinsman, who cherished reasonable hopes that he would make him his heir. With the Squire's marriage, Captain Roke's prospects were considerably darkened, and Captain Roke was proportionately annoyed. His opposition to the marriage had been very unscrupulous, and had left a certain bitterness in the mind of the Squire. After the marriage, he and Mrs. Devenish got on badly together. Mrs. Devenish did not like the Captain, and the Captain cordially hated her. At last matters came to a crisis. The Captain, in a moment of half-tipsy folly, let drop some expressions reflecting on the lady's character, and after a violent scene, he was ordered out of the house. Since then, Squire Devenish had refused utterly to have any intercourse with him whatever. This was the gentleman who had suddenly turned up, and had forced his way into the sick man's room.

Dr. Healy reflected for a moment. "Where," he then inquired, "where is this person?"

"In the library," murmured Mrs. Devenish.

"I'll see him."

With a resolute face and a firm step Dr. Healy walked straight to the library. The moment he opened the door he espied the Captain sitting quietly by the fire reading a big folio and smoking a cigar. He rose as the Doctor entered. He was a handsome man enough had his features not been rendered sodden with drink.

"The Doctor, I presume?" he said.

Dr. Healy bowed.

"Ah, glad to meet you. Just came here to see how my cousin, the Squire, was getting on," continued Captain Roke, in an uneasy tone. He evidently noticed the resolution in the physician's face, and was uncomfortable.

"Not any the better for your being here," replied Dr. Healy, bluntly. "Your conduct in forcing your way into his bedroom was, let me tell you, cowardly, and might have caused his death."

When Dr. Healy was roused he didn't mince matters.

"I wanted to know what was wrong with him," stammered Captain Roke, angry, yet disconcerted. "I'm his nearest relative, and I have a right to know. I'm not going to leave him helpless in the hands of that creature whom he picked out of the gutter."

"If you had wanted to know, you should have come to me," said Dr. Healy, sternly.

"Well, now you're here, what *is* wrong with him?" demanded the Captain.

Dr. Healy hesitated. He had suggested the question, and now he couldn't answer it. He took refuge in a stratagem.

"After your conduct to-day, sir, I shall tell you nothing," he said.

"Because you can't, or are afraid," cried Captain Roke, who had noticed the doctor's momentary hesitation.

"Leave the house this instant, sir, or I shall be compelled to use force."

"I'll go," muttered Captain Roke, as, half scared by the doctor's manner, he picked up his hat and gloves and moved towards the door. "I'll go, but it won't be far. I don't like the look of things here at all. Poor Jack's at the mercy of his gutter wife and her doctor, who's her special favourite, I suppose."

"If you repeat that, I'll kick you out of the house," said the doctor; and he would have kept his word, only Captain Roke thought it wiser not to give him the chance. That individual took himself off as quickly as he could, and made his way to Braxley Inn, where he established himself to await developments.

The interview brought home to Dr. Healy the awkwardness, if not danger, of his position. If the Squire died, how much more awkward and dangerous would that position become? His mind was made up. Without consulting Mrs. Devenish or the Squire, he walked to the village telegraph-office, and wired to the distinguished London physician, Sir William MacFissic, to come at once. An hour later he received a reply. Sir William would arrive the next morning.

With a mind much easier than it had been of late, Dr. Healy was that evening sitting smoking his pipe in his study, when his equanimity received a rude shock. The groom from the Manor House arrived post haste with a message for him to come at once. The Squire had suddenly become much worse.

Hastily scrambling up upon the dog-cart beside the groom, Dr. Healy drove off to the Manor House. When he arrived, he found the Squire obviously in the last agonies. To Mrs. Devenish's pitiable appeals, the physician could only make one answer: there was no hope. Half an hour later the Squire was dead.

With a downcast mind, Dr. Healy walked home that night. Never before had he felt in so trying a position. What a fool he was not to have called in Sir William MacFissic sooner! Here was a patient dead of he knew not what. Was he to give a certificate or not? If he did not give one, and it turned out that the Squire died of natural disease, what a useless scandal he would create, and what a fool he should look. If he gave one, and Captain Roke renewed his insinuations, what then? At best an inquest, and a verdict that the deceased died from natural causes. But if, and Dr. Healy could not disguise from himself that it was possible, the death was not from natural causes? Why, he might might find himself in the dock as the poisoner or the poisoner's accomplice.

Dr. Healy spent a most miserable night. When the morning came all that he had resolved on was to do nothing until he had consulted Sir W. MacFissic, whose coming he had not countermanded.

Dr. Healy met the great physician at the station, and on the way to the Manor House told him of the Squire's death, and of his difficulties as to the cause of it. Sir William asked carefully as to the symptoms, and as to the deceased's habits of life. He gave no opinion as to the cause of death until he had seen the body. Then he spoke decisively.

"Don't trouble your mind about it, doctor," he said; "it's a perfectly clear case."

"But what did he die of, Sir William?" asked Dr. Healy anxiously.

"Why, everything. There isn't a sound organ in the man's body. Say, as the most obvious, cirrhosis of the liver. That will do very well. When can I get a train back to town?"

Dr. Healy gave the certificate of death, but still he was not quite so easy in his mind as Sir William, and when he saw Captain Roke seated in the library again, he felt less comfortable than ever. That man's face showed that he meant mischief. Dr. Healy felt inclined to turn him out again, but on reflection he overcame his natural desires. After all, the Captain was the Squire's next-of-kin. Perhaps he had a legal, at any rate he had a moral, right to be there until the will was read, and the funeral had taken place.

A second shock was in store for Dr. Healy. By Mrs.

Devenish's direction the will was read the next morning. Under it she was appointed sole legatee and devisee and sole executrix of the Squire. When this was read, the look in Captain Roke's face sent a shiver through Dr. Healy. But what startled and shocked the doctor more was this: the will contained a direction that the testator's body should be cremated!

Here, then, was a situation. Captain Roke meant mischief. What if after the cremation he charged Mrs. Devenish with poisoning her husband, and Dr. Healy with being an accessory to the fact? How could the charge be disproved when the body was gone, and how could the evidence that Captain Roke could easily procure be met, that many of the symptoms were consistent with poisoning?

That evening, Dr. Healy left Saxby for London, to consult Sir William MacFissic. He returned the next morning with a determined look on his face. He offered to undertake the arrangements for cremating the Squire, and Mrs. Devenish accepted his offer.

The day after that ceremony the crisis came. Mrs. Devenish, white with terror, called to consult Dr. Healy. Captain Roke that morning had demanded a private interview with her. He there and then declared that unless she divided the inheritance with him, he would charge her and Dr. Healy with poisoning the Squire, and he would prove it. He had taken all precautions, he added significantly.

"Let him do his worst," said Dr. Healy calmly.

That evening Captain Roke called again on Mrs. Devenish and asked her for her answer. She refused, point blank, to give him a shilling. The Captain, without a word, left her. The next morning he swore an information against Mrs. Devenish and Dr. Healy for the murder of John Devenish of the Manor House. They were both immediately arrested.

When the case came before the Magistrates it was soon clear that the defendants had an ugly series of circumstances to meet. As counsel for the prosecution stated, Captain Roke would swear that, suspecting something was wrong from the behaviour of the widow and the unsatisfactory answers of the doctor, he privately took some of the medicine and other things which had been administered to the deceased and sent them to London for analysis. Unfortunately, the analyst's report did not reach him until after the cremation. It was to the effect that they were all charged with arsenic. The analyst would come forward, and the medicines would be produced. Then, further, a distinguished medical man had been consulted, and would give evidence to the effect that the symptoms of the deceased's illness were not merely consistent with, but suggested, arsenical poisoning. Much other evidence was promised, which seemed to raise the strongest suspicions of guilt.

A considerable part of the day had been occupied in stating the case for the prosecution, and hearing Captain Roke's evidence. Then counsel asked for an adjournment to enable more evidence to be brought forward.

"Perhaps," said the counsel for the prisoners, "I may as well now state my defence. It will, I think, make an adjournment unnecessary."

"What is your case?" asked the chairman, sceptically.

"Simply this—that the arsenic was put into the medicine by Captain Roke, which the detective now beside him, and who has been watching him since the morning after the Squire's death, can prove."

Captain Roke turned ghastly pale.

"Yes," said the startled chairman. "Anything further?"

"Only this," proceeded counsel for the defence, calmly, "that Dr. Healy suspecting this man's intentions, secretly withheld the body from cremation, and requested Sir William MacFissic and Dr. Precipitate to hold a *post-mortem* upon it. Those gentlemen are now present to testify that the deceased died of a complication of disorders, of which cirrhosis was one, and that there isn't a trace of poison of any sort or description in the body."

"What became of the body?" asked the chairman in amazement.

"It's in the next room at present," said the counsel quietly, "awaiting inspection from any one who likes."

* * * *

Captain Roke is now doing seven years' penal servitude for wilful and corrupt perjury.

MUSIC.

THE Hereford Festival, which is taking place this week, must have come as a god-send to the amateur who is, or, at any rate, is supposed to be, ever athirst for serious music. It will also, I imagine, be welcome, to certain writers who, in the intervals of August idleness, have been searching out (or inventing) silly press notices, and deducing therefrom the argument that musical critics generally are a very ignorant and altogether a bad lot. The Hereford Festival will give both classes something to talk about. Happily, too, the present festival is not likely to elicit any very damaging criticism. Hereford, for some time past, has been a particularly dull festival, but this year it is brightening up. The late Dr. Langdon Colborne, excellent organist as he was, was by no means a progressive spirit, and both performances and programmes under his régime left much to be desired. Now, however, he has been succeeded by Mr. George Robertson Sinclair, a very energetic young gentleman who showed such promise at the age of nine that the late Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley took him from the choir of Dublin Cathedral, where he was a singing boy, and brought him to be educated at St. Michael's, Tenbury. Mr. Sinclair must have been something like a "prodigy," for at fifteen he was assistant organist at Gloucester Cathedral, and he had won the position of organist at Truro Cathedral at the very early age of seventeen. Mr. Sinclair has yet, of course, during the present week to show what ability he possesses as a festival conductor, but he has already gained considerable reputation as a director of amateur societies (including one at Truro bearing the quaint name of "The Deanery of Powder Choral Association"), and, as he has spent practically all his life in cathedral work, he ought now to know his duties perfectly well. Hereford, unfortunately, cannot yet boast a choir of its own, the local singers having again to be reinforced by a strong contingent of the famous Yorkshire choristers from Leeds. But the programmes, at any rate, have been improved, the secular concerts being reduced to one, symphonies and similar works being introduced in the cathedral, and several standard favourites being interspersed with novelties from the pens of four Mus.Docs., to wit, Hubert Parry (whose "De Profundis" for triple chorus promises exceedingly well), Villiers Stanford, Edwards, and Harford Lloyd. There is a strong dose promised for Thursday afternoon, the programme including Dr. Lloyd's new cantata, Dr. Parry's new choral work aforesaid, one of Bach's motets, and Spohr's "Calvary"; but the western men, when they care for music at all, can stand it in large quantities, and they promise on this occasion, at any rate, to have plenty for their money.

Manager Harris, after all, has decided to go in for Promenade Concerts this autumn, starting next Saturday. The season is hardly likely to be a very long one, for the regular winter concerts will begin with the resumption of the Crystal Palace performances a month afterwards, while if a cheap opera season be arranged for it ought to commence next month. The Promenade Concerts this year are also more or less experimental, if I may judge by the fact that grand tier boxes at the opera-house are now reduced to half a guinea.

The Secretary of the Cardiff Orchestral Society has written to me anent my remarks a fortnight ago announcing the lack of first-rate symphony bands in the Principality. I thought I was duly guarded in the statement that, "save at Swansea, there is barely a solitary symphony orchestra of adequate numbers." The word "barely" is, however, apparently, not sufficient qualification for my Welsh friends, and, I therefore, willingly place it on record that the Cardiff Orchestral Society is a first-rate band which, under the conductorship of Dr. Joseph Parry, gives excellent concerts, the programmes including many of the symphonies and concertos of the great masters. There

THE GREATEST OF ALL PIANOFORTES, THE STEINWAY, New York and London. STEINWAY & SONS, by Special Appointment Manufacturers to H.M. the Queen and T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour-street, W.

is also, I believe, a good band at Newport, and there may be others in places less easily spelt and pronounced. The fact, however, remains that, with these comparatively few exceptions, Wales, so strong in choirs, is woefully deficient in orchestras, that this deficiency was lamented at a public meeting held at the recent Swansea Eisteddfod by such patriotic Welsh musicians as Mr. John Thomas, Mr. C. F. Lloyd, and Mr. Squire, and that the Musical Association of Wales has more than once, and not very successfully, appealed for funds to enable it to increase the taste for orchestral music in the Principality.

Mr. Ferdinand Praeger, who died last Wednesday, at the age of seventy-six, had been for nearly half a century London correspondent of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, to which he was appointed by Schumann. He was more than thirty-five years ago an energetic champion of Wagner's music, at a time when even so comparatively simple a work as "Tannhäuser" was almost unanimously declared cacophonous, and he was a successful teacher, some of our best pianists having passed through his hands. He also firmly believed himself to be a great composer. Here, however, the world refused to follow him. They respected him, and occasionally one or other of his friends would, to the intense delight of its author, produce one or other of his works. But a man who had six-and-thirty sonatas and twenty-five quartets waiting a hearing, could, I imagine, hardly consider himself a success in this department of art. Praeger lived here fifty-seven years, so that, although his sympathies were to the last German in general and Wagnerian in particular, he had some right to consider himself a naturalised Englishman. His mother was a Scotch lady named Davison, but when he first arrived here in 1834 he could hardly speak the language. He, however, soon taught himself, and he became an excellent English scholar, his translation of Naumann's "History of Music" being, indeed, a most praiseworthy example of the adaptation of German into our own tongue.

Professor Marshall Hall seems to be suffering from Sullivan on the brain. Here is his latest utterance:—

> Is there, then, no distinction between the artist-priest, the artist-tradesman, and the artist-mountebank? Can the three be united in one ungodly trinity? I have no objection to the musical mountebank in his proper sphere—the world must have its Sullivans as well as its Beethovens—but for decency's sake let him not turn our temples into circuses.

This insulting nonsense was not a mere slip in an after-dinner speech. It forms a portion of the peroration to the lecture delivered by Mr. Marshall Hall on July 1 in the Wilson Hall at Melbourne University as Ormond Professor of Music.

A good story is being told apropos to the organ-grinding nuisance, and I do not think it has yet got into print. A poor man suddenly became stone deaf, and thus lost his means of livelihood. Some charitable people therefore subscribed and, not without a touch of gentle sarcasm, bought him a barrel organ. After the man had been on his rounds a month or two, one of the subscribers, a confirmed practical joker, surreptitiously removed the cylinder so that the machine would not utter a sound. The organ-grinder on the very first day he was out after this operation had been performed, brought back thrice the amount of money he usually took. Whether the people entered into the spirit of the joke, or whether the offerings may be attributed to public gratitude, is a question upon which it would be idle to speculate.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We have had some delightful rows on the river this week, and the weather, on the whole, was quite delicious. Both Maud and I are becoming quite expert with the oar, though, as yet, we can only manage one each. We generally row randan, Charlie with a pair of sculls and Maud and I with an oar apiece, the Pater steering. The dear father enjoys himself immensely, but often forgets all about his rudder in the depths of his indignation and surprise at what he calls the "river girl." He is for ever girding at her, and warning us against following in her footsteps. And really, Amy, dear, she is far from fascinating. She disdains any care of her complexion, and consequently, her face is all swollen about the eyes, and tanned to every tint of brown and red with the sun and wind. She is skilled in punting, sculling, and all the details of boat management, and can even pull her boat over the rollers when she has a companion to help her accomplish the task. The river girl despises such feminine charms as pretty hands and a musical voice. Her hands are well-developed and of masculine size. Rowing *does* make the hands large, you know. Her voice is loud and commanding, and when there are men of the party, she still takes the lead. She rows stroke. She handles the sail. It is she who holds on with her boat-hook to the sides of the lock. In fact, the river girl is a master-spirit, and the good, old-fashioned Pater gazes at her with a mingled wonder and repugnance, while younger men evidently regard her as a "thoroughly good fellow."

Maud and I often wonder to what social class these girls belong. They are for ever on the river, often without any male escort, but quite as often with a young man apiece. They seem bound by no social rules. Their speech, loud and harsh as it is, shows signs of education. They dress like gentlewomen, in plain serge skirts, neat shirts, and well-made coats. Their hair is well arranged, and bears marks of frequent brushing—one of the signs that distinguish the well bred. But there is a roughness about them and an air of defiance that seem to say they are not quite certain of their own ground. Possibly they are emancipated, or partly so, and during the process they naturally display their hardest side to the spectator.

A little scene we witnessed only yesterday will partly explain what I mean. Two girls were rowing a boat, and a third was steering. We were just behind them, keeping in the shade of the trees, for the sun was very hot, and saw an outrigger coming towards us. You know that this is a long narrow boat for one man to row, and that he has to sit with his back to the direction in which he is rowing, and consequently it behoves all other boats to keep out of his way, since a touch would upset him. One of the girls said to the steerswoman, "This man coming in the outrigger is the same one who was so disagreeable this morning because we kept to the shore instead of letting him do so. Now, mind you don't give way. Make him go out in the middle." This was shouted in a huge voice, like a landrail's, just in front of us, and it put us in a difficulty. If we steered out in the centre, as the rule of the road directs, in order to give the shore side to the rower against the stream, the unfortunate outrigger would find himself between two boats. But Charlie decided our part of the question in a moment. "Steer us right out," he said to the Pater. "Let those women do what they like." So we got well out of the way and watched events. The man in the outrigger turned round and saw the girls on the inside, so he gave way and came between the two boats. He was a good-looking young fellow, with a sunburnt face and white teeth. After he had passed the girls' boat, he shot past us, and, with a laughing look at Charlie, he called out, "Those ladies would quite enjoy drowning a fellow. They nearly did for me this morning, so I was on my guard."

That is the river-girl. Her hand seems against every man. But I must admit that she behaves much better when there is a man in the boat with her, and, though she still takes the lead, she is much less aggressive.

We rowed down to Kingston on Wednesday and found the Regatta going on. You have no idea what a picturesque scene it was; more like something abroad than in our grey and colourless island. The sun shone on the crowd of boats and on the bunting, and the band played softly old Scotch and Irish airs, and, as we had our tea under the trees by the bank, we enjoyed the rare sensation of forgetting ourselves and the workaday world,

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and indulging in the pleasures of the moment just as children might. This frame of mind is not often to be attained, and it is delightful in proportion to its rarity.

In curious contrast with the independent and coarse-complexioned river girl comes the following protest, which forms part of a letter I have just received :—

Every year there are more and more mothers who try to improve nature when their daughters are still in their teens. In some cases girls really lose their complexions from tight lacing begun too early, but in many it is only because the mother does not like her daughter to have a pink "dairymaid" face; but in either case it is a thousand pities that young girls—in some instances only fourteen or fifteen years old—should have to "make up." One child of sixteen whom I know well had a lovely fresh pink and white skin, but her silly mother constantly wishes she had a pale creamy one, so much more "ladylike," as she observes; so, besides the child's life being made a burden to her with veils, sunshades, and dieting, her mother every morning covers her face with cold cream, zinc ointment, or some similar cosmetic, and then rubs in face-powder for about a quarter of an hour. I have seen the poor girl's face through a veil *thick* with white sticky paint, her eyebrows and eyelashes. touched-up, and the whole thing more like a pallid doll than a girl. Only once I saw her before she was made up, since her mother began it, and she is becoming as white and colourless as a girl after six seasons; but she will continue to be messed and painted till every atom of young bloom has disappeared.

You may imagine, my dear unsophisticated cousin, that this description is exaggerated, but I can, I regret to say, endorse every word of it. There are scores of young girls who could write whole chapters of lamentations about the misery to which their mothers subject them in the endeavour to deprive them of the natural bloom which Nature has painted on their cheeks. Their health is often injured, and sometimes ruined, by the pills and potions that their idiotic mothers administer to them, in obedience to the advice of certain advisers on such matters. There are three sisters, well known in London society, whose mother began to "treat" their complexions at the age of ten, applying all sorts of washes, plasters, medicaments, and sticky layers of creams and powders mixed up together. The girls were never allowed to go out without two or three veils over their faces, and the whole of their early girlhood, which ought to be the brightest and happiest period of life, was sacrificed to this care for complexion. The sisters are lovely women, it is true, but this is rather owing to beauty of feature than colouring, which is of an unnatural, though very striking, description. One result, however, has been to completely ruin the tempers of the poor girls, probably owing to the effect of all these precautions upon their general health.

Fancy a boy being subjected to such senseless processes as these! How soon he would kick over the traces, and send all the pills and washes and powders to that mysterious region which he calls "the mischief." What fools girls are! How futile their rebellion is, even when in a good cause! They allow themselves to be tight-laced, and their faces laid over with disagreeable mixtures, when a single word in the ear of "father" would put an immediate stop to the whole senseless business. I often fear that we women share some of the characteristics of people whose ancestors have been slaves for generations. We need emancipation, though not precisely of the kind that the River Girl is bent on securing for herself.

We drove across to Sandown on Saturday, and found the pretty place looking its loveliest under the brilliant sunshine that shone upon the scene. There was quite a large attendance, considering the season. The women who had ventured upon wearing summer dresses certainly scored, for though it was cold in the shade, the sun was very hot on the lawn. A few foulards, daintily fashioned and trimmed with lace and ribbon, had a festive air as compared with the tweeds and serges that composed the majority of the gowns. A very pretty little woman wore pink with cream-coloured crochet trimming and sleeves, her head being crowned with roses red and pink. A black spotted grenadine, made up over white silk, was one of the best gowns to be seen. A tall woman wore white serge, made with great simplicity. In fact, the coat made no attempt to fit, but hung loose and shapeless at the back in a way that made its wearer look gigantic. A tall girl in pale blue wore a deep white basque added on to her bodice. Unpardonable! These deep basques are egregiously absurd, except when in the same colour as the rest of the dress. Several good people had elected to wear light gowns over dark silk petticoats—a proceeding that transgresses one of the unalterable laws of dress. When the wearers of these unsuitabilities sat on the lawn, there was no difficulty in detecting the colour of the skirt beneath. Too many women appear oblivious of the fact that, owing to the precipitous slope of the enclosure, the display of ankles is very extensive, if care be not taken to avoid it.

The sleeves of all the best gowns were very long, and rolled back from the wrist in mediæval fashion. I regret to add that the skirts were very long, too, in some cases. This fashion is suited only to grassy lawns and drawing-rooms, but, if well-dressed women wear long skirts, the ill-dressed will follow suit, and carry them through mud and dust and snow for many a month.

Of course, there were a few atrocities. Chief among these was a grey frieze gown, admirable in itself, but odious in its etceteras, which consisted of a sapphire velvet vest covered with gold in a way that reminded one of the Lord Mayor's insignia. Yellow shoes worn with black gowns were another saddening circumstance, but they did not interfere much with our enjoyment of the lovely day, the pretty racing, and the paddock, in which garden-seats are now placed under the shade of the grand old trees. Sandown is constantly being improved in various ways. The lawn at the back of the Club leading to the paddock was asphalted just in time for a rainy season, and the turf on the farther side of it has been laid out in little terraces, on which chairs are now placed, where people can sit and see the horses go down to and return from the course.

Clare sends me the following from Amsterdam :—

Dear Madge,—From the high Alps—to where we betook ourselves after Lucerne—to the Low lands! Literally a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous; a descent, however, of which the great sharpness is decreased by the way in which inventive man mars the sublimity of Switzerland, and, on the other hand, makes quaint and interesting, with his handiwork, the ridiculousness of Holland. Have you ever been in this country, I wonder? Do not the words ridiculous and quaint apply, above all others, to the smaller towns, with their rows of queer little houses, so suggestive of just having come out of toy boxes? The small size, the bright colours, the neatness and straightness, recall memories of our early architectural days, when we built up towns in our nurseries and planted them with stiff rows of trees. One has the feeling that all these little towns might disappear in a night—be packed up in their boxes with the straight rows of trees stowed away beside them.

To soften the fall, as it were, we came down the Rhine. Alas! we did nothing all the way but mourn the decline of its picturesqueness, which seems to diminish with each year. The nineteenth century has almost completed its conquest of the Rhine, where, in my early days—not so very long ago, please to remember—one could feel one's self, for the time, carried back to mediæval days, as the broad waters bore one along between the old-fashioned villages by the river banks, and the castled hills above them. The castles are there still, but most of them rebuilt and in perfect repair; brick and mortar have worked complete constructive destruction on the villages; the river banks are turned into embankments. Every year brings some fresh outrage on the picturesque. Imagine a Byron of these days condescending to the Rhine! Childe Harold going up the Drachenfels in a funicular railway! Shade of that very posé, tragic and romantic poet, to be in eternal association with the Drachenfels of the modern "tripper"! We bade farewell to the Rhine at Arnheim; alas! that I should have to say it, without regret. In time, resignation to the inevitable always comes; some day, I suppose, we shall grow reconciled to the new, modern dresses of the old friends. Or we may even go further, and awake to a sense of the picturesque—at present quite dormant—in modern bricks and mortar, and in railways.

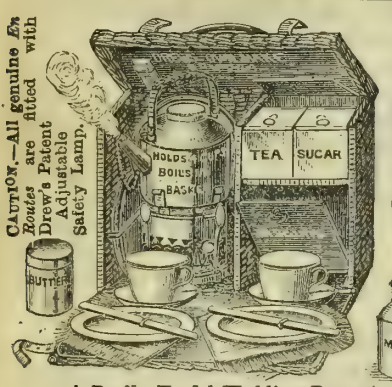
One good thing about Holland, we had no romantic anticipations, and, therefore, no disappointments. It is wonderfully interesting in its quaintness; not poetry, but an original, charming bit of prose. Amsterdam is the most curious city in Europe. Such crowds, such noise! One expects noise amongst the children of the south, but not from the supposed phlegmatic Dutch. They, too, seemed changed, like everything else. On our first night in Amsterdam, not one of us could sleep. Good heavens! what riot, shouting, and singing in the streets. Legions of brazen throat-fiends let loose, the philosopher of Chelsea would have thought! Of course, I never use bad language, but while my tortured head tossed restlessly on the pillow in vain search for sleep, the last syllable of the capital in which I was became suddenly prominent to my mind. It was Sunday night. We said to ourselves for consolation in the future, "It is because it is

Sunday." Next night the noise was even worse—because it was Monday. Not an ordinary Monday, however, but the Queen's birthday, when the Sovereign completed her eleventh year. The manner in which her subjects commemorated the anniversary made us feel very Republican. What a strange position for a little girl of that age to be in. She is a very nice-looking child, with a somewhat *retroussé* little nose, and long hair falling over her shoulders, like all other girls of her age. When a child occupies a throne, one cannot but be struck by the uselessness of a Sovereign—the unnecessary luxury of having a throne at all. It was strange to think of that pretty little girl, with the long hair and short frock, ruling over busy, bustling, crowded Amsterdam. And sad, too, in many ways. Even without being much of a philosopher, one could wish a girl many happier fates than the fate of being brought up a Queen from early childhood. There are, as the guide-books tell us, three hundred bridges in Amsterdam, which gives an idea of the number of canals. The sketchers of the party were in ecstasies over these canals, and over the red and brown houses, with so many windows rising up from the water and finishing in pointed gables. The crowding boats of every shape and size, so rich in warm colours, also roused artistic enthusiasm. What miles of streets we walked through, over rough pavements, by the sides of canals. And everywhere busy crowds. Of course, we bought old silver and delft, and, of course, we paid more for it than we would for the same articles at home. But is not this inevitable? One would not feel like touring otherwise; one must become foolish, by way of a thorough change. As for the language, we were agreeably disappointed. Some of us discovered in ourselves a natural aptitude for Dutch, the pronunciation always excepted. A mixture of German and English carry one a very long way in construing a language. In a few days we were able to master the newspapers, also we could understand the people, but as for making them understand us, that was quite another matter. Perhaps it is just as well for our own and for our friends' sakes that we have not a natural aptitude for Dutch pronunciation. Those awful gutturals! Could any voice with the least claim to musical intonation ever produce such sounds? Farewell.—Yours ever, CLARE.

I wonder if you will like this new way of cooking partridge?—

Truss the birds as for roasting, place them in a stewpan, with any trimmings of poultry or game you may have, half a pint of good stock, three or four small onions, a cluster of sweet herbs, two bay-leaves, and a blade of mace. Now lay in the birds, and cover them with thinly-cut slices of ham. Parboil, in another pan, a well-washed cabbage, take it out; when cold divide it into four parts, squeeze it well in a clean, dry cloth without disarranging the leaves, dust over it a little pepper and salt, tie it up tightly with tape, and put it in the stewpan with the partridge, add a glass of sherry, and cover closely. Let it simmer over a slow fire for about an hour. Place a lump of butter, well rolled in flour, in a stewpan, add the liquor from the partridges, free from all fat; let it boil for three minutes. Dish up the birds, arrange the cabbages between, pour the gravy over them. Garnish with Bologna sausages and watercress.

Ever, dear, your loving cousin, MADGE.



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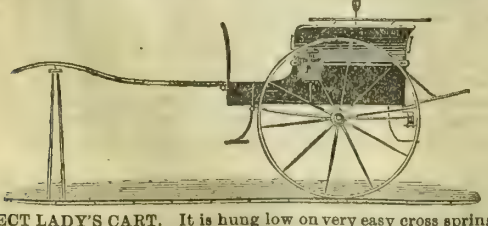

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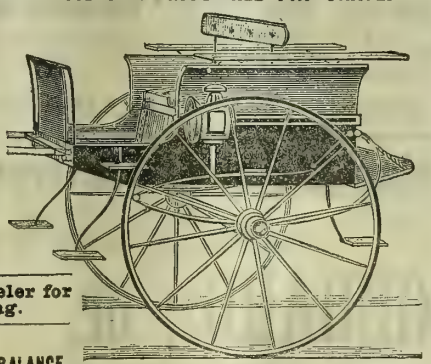

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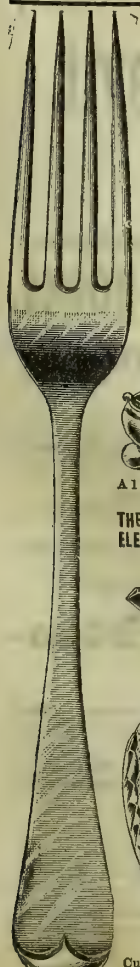

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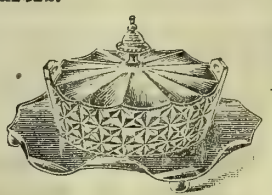

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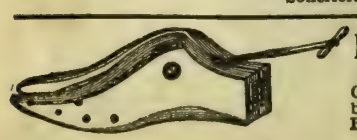
In the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in an action of W. D. & H. O. Wills against Marcus Burstein and Eliza Burstein, of Aldershot, Surrey, Tobacconists, Mr. Justice North, on the 14th day of March, 1891, granted a perpetual injunction, restraining the defendants from offering for sale or selling tobacco not of the manufacture or merchandise of W. D. & H. O. Wills, as and for "The Three Castles" tobacco. The defendants were also ordered to pay the costs of the action.

In consequence of frequent imitations of Messrs. W. D. & H.O. Wills' "Three Castles" tobacco, that firm give this public notice, that any person selling tobacco under the title of "The Three Castles" except that manufactured by Messrs. W. D. & H. O. Wills, will be proceeded against.

McKENNA & CO.,
17 and 18, Basinghall-street, London, E.C.
Solicitors for Messrs. W. D. & H. O. Wills.



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ESTATES, AUCTIONS, &c.

ALDRIDGE'S.—COACH HORSE SALES, Season 1891.
"MAGNET" REIGATE (Forty) COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Sept. 16. On view, Sept. 14.
"EXCELSIOR" LONDON and SEVENOAKS (Thirty) COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Sept. 23.
"QUICKSILVER" BRIGHTON and WORTHING (Twelve) COACH HORSES. Wednesday, Sept. 30.
"LITTLE WONDER" CANTERBURY and HERNE BAY (Eighteen) COACH HORSES Wednesday, Sept. 30.
"TELEGRAPH" HERTFORD (Forty) COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Oct. 7.
"OLD TIMES" LONDON and VIRGINIA WATER (Thirty) COACH HORSES, and the "OLD TIMES" COACH, Wednesday, October 7.
"CHAMPION" MARGATE and CANTERBURY (Thirty) COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Oct. 14.
"METEOR" FOLKESTONE and CANTERBURY (Twenty-five) COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Oct. 14.
"COMET" BRIGHTON and LONDON (Fifty) COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Oct. 21.
"SPORTING TIMES" FOLKESTONE (Twenty) COACH HORSES, Wednesday, Oct. 28.
Catalogues forwarded on application.
W. & S. FREEMAN.

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Warned	459	Otherwise dealt with	91
Prosecuted	129	Dismissed, transferred	104
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The above cases involved the welfare of 1,901 children.
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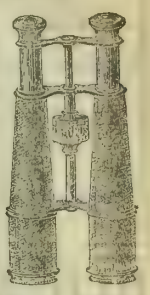

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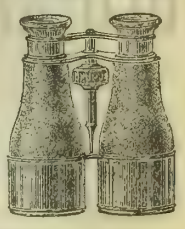

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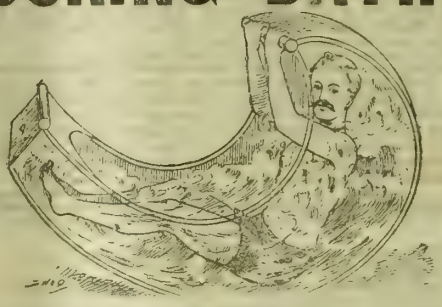

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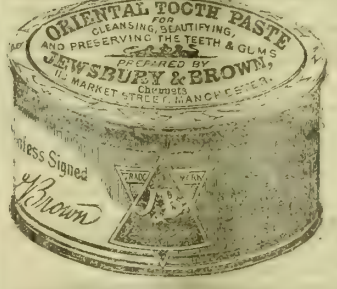

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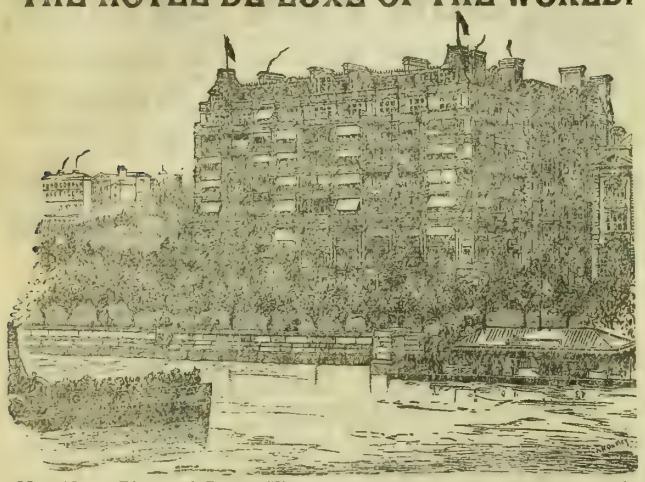

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 652.—SUGGESTION OF NAMES FOR AN "ALL-ENGLAND CRICKET ELEVEN."

ROSE, R. M. (Real name and address will be given next week) £1 1 0
RIMBO („ „ „ „) 1 1 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 654.—SENTENCE CONTAINING THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET.

JACK SPRAT (Real name and address will be given next week) £2 2 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE "TRUTH" CHRISTMAS DOLL SHOW.

Applications for parcels of Dolls continue to come in; but there is no chance at present of the available supply being exhausted. I continue to receive letters, too, asking various questions bearing on the Doll Show and Competition, and it will be well, I think, for the information of the readers of TRUTH generally, to answer in this column the queries which I have received. To repeat, then, what I said last week, ladies are left to freely follow their own taste and fancy in the doll-dressing they undertake. Dolls may be dressed in masculine or feminine attire; and there is no objection whatever to their arrangement in groups. On the contrary, certain groups representing a wedding, a May-pole dance, a garden-party, &c., have in former Exhibitions proved most interesting; and similar arrangements of some of the dolls will be again most gladly received. Parcels consisting of medium-sized dolls only cannot be sent out, the rule being to send one of the dolls in question for every six of the small dolls which may be applied for. The number of the largest size of doll is also limited, and only one can be sent to each applicant. It is impossible to fix the date of the Home-made Toy and Doll Show, but it will probably be held about a week before Christmas.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 655.

The Prize in this competition has been awarded to WINNIE PROUT, for the following stanza :—

MY EXPERIENCE AT A YARMOUTH HOTEL.

The bread, like the landlord, is crusty; the game, like the charges, too high;
The knives and the bacon are rusty; the beds, too, are hard, like the pie.
For attendance—why you do the waiting. Champagne! on that subject I'm Mum;
And hunting abounds in the night-time, and the quarry is "Hop o'er my thumb."

Winnie Prout.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 659.

Some years ago a competition, which proved exceptionally popular, had for its subject the suggesting of the best possible cast for "The School for Scandal." I have since often been asked to give a similar competition, and this week accordingly the usual prize of Two Guineas is offered to that competitor who succeeds

IN NAMING THE BEST AVAILABLE CAST FOR THE TRAGEDY OF "ROMEO AND JULIET."

This competition will be decided, as was the recent Cricket Puzzle, by the competitors themselves. That is to say, the names of the actors and actresses selected by them for the various parts will be collated, and those which occur most frequently in the lists received will be considered to form part of the Prize Cast; and, of course, to the competitor whose list of names most closely agrees with the cast thus obtained the Prize of Two Guineas will be awarded. Only the names of actors and actresses who are still actively engaged in their profession should be included, and all lists of names must be received by me on the morning of Monday, September 21, at the latest. The characters which it will be necessary to cast are as follows, and competitors will render me much assistance by keeping the names in the same order as they are here given :—1, Romeo; 2, Paris; 3, Montague; 4, Capulet; 5, Mercutio; 6, Benvolio; 7, Tybalt; 8, Friar Laurence; 9, Friar John; 10, Balthasar; 11, Samson; 12, Gregory; 13, Peter; 14, The Apothecary; 15, Lady Montague; 16, Lady Capulet; 17, Juliet's nurse; and, 18, Juliet.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and address of TULIP, winner of a half of Prize No. 651, are Mrs. Johnson, 72, Warwick-street, Belgrave-road, S.W.

*** The real name and address of MOONSHINE, winner of a half of Prize No. 653, are Miss A. J. Gill, Hopton Hodnet, Market Drayton, Shropshire.

DRYASDUST.—The addition of the lines will certainly not disqualify you.

MATER.—Your lines on Lodgings at Hastings arrived too late to be published last week. "One and Twenty" is permissible under the circumstances, but quotations can only be reckoned up to the first break.

BON ACCORD.—Thanks for your letter. The omission of the "s" from the word "republics" was unintentional.

CRAG.—I quite agree with you that competitors who have been within reach of a good library have had a better chance of succeeding in competition No. 656 than those who live in the country, where no such collection of books is available.

J. R. ADAMS.—Well done!

JACK SPRAT.—Many thanks for your suggestion. Some day, probably, I may act upon it.

BAUSEANT.—I will give instructions in accordance with your wish.

TOM NISSED.—You are right in both your suppositions. I am glad to say the competition has been generally approved.

ARTEN.—There is much truth in what you say. In the present instance, however, no such result as you anticipate has taken place. I am glad to welcome you back as a competitor.

CÆSAR'S CORNER.—I think I must hold you to blame for one of the misprints in your alphabetical sentences. The substitution of "them" for "fun" was, however, a printer's error.

E. CULVERHOUSE.—I would have complied with your metrical request with much pleasure, but your list was apparently already complete.

FAROL.—Many thanks for your suggestion.

J. H. H.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* brought out an "Extra," I believe, on the subject you write about.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 656.

EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH AND AMERICAN POETS CONTAINING CONSECUTIVE NUMBERS.

*** Many of those engaged in this competition have written to assure me how very interesting they have found the task of searching for available quotations. On my part I have found it exceptionally interesting, I may say, to go through the lists of extracts which I have received. My only regret is that I am unable to find space to print more of these lists, and thus to make public the indefatigable industry which has been shown by scores of competitors. All I can do, at present, however, in the limited space at my disposal is to print two or three of the longest lists, and to append a few brief notes as to what has been accomplished by other competitors. I shall, of course, have more to say about the competition next week. Especially will the point have to be considered how anonymous extracts taken from *Punch* and other such sources can be considered to comply with the conditions laid down in giving this puzzle.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

*** In the first place I have decided to print the list of quotations received from Real Jam, who claims to have found passages in which are contained the numbers 1 to 83. But for a break caused by his inability to find an extract containing the number 84, this competitor claims that he could have carried on his series of "Poetical Numbers" to 108.

1. This is help if the heaven has one (Swinburne, "Poems and Ballads," 1st Ser. Dedication) 2. This twilight of two years (Dr. John Donne, "To the Countess of Bedford") 3. Amongst these knights there were three brethren bold (Spenser, "Faëry Queen," Bk. iv, canto ii, v. 41). 4. Four hours the sun his high meridian throne (Falconer, "Shipwreck," canto 2). 5. Since one the tallest of the five (Coleridge, "Christabel," part i.). 6. Six tall hunters, lithe and limber (Longfellow, "Hiawatha, 17) 7. And the stars in her hair were seven (D. G. Rossetti, "Blessed Damozel"). 8. With stately steps and eight well-chosen steeds (William King, "Art of Love," part i). 9. Though 't be nine years kept in (Ben Jonson, "Horace, of the Art of Poetry"). 10. Next Monday at ten if the morning is fair (A. Locker, "Saint Monday," v. 1). 11. Eleven the church bells chime (A. A. Procter, "A Legend of Bergeng"). 12. Twelve furlongs off each dreadful word (Churchill, "The Ghost Book," 3). 13. Which thirteen times she danceth every year (Sir John Davies, "The Orchestra"). 14. She's not fourteen (Shakespeare "Romeo and Juliet," act i, sc. 3). 15. Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen (Sheridan, "School for Scandal"). 16. A beauty of sixteen (Ashby Sterry, "Lazy Minstrel"). 17. 'Tis seventeen years since he had Consul been (Sir John Denham, "Of Old Age"). 18 Some eighteen years ago (Robert Dodsley, "The Petition"). 19. And all the nineteen scholars of Miss Jones (Hood, "Elegy on David Laing, Esq."). 20. Then I cou'd write in twenty (Shenstone, "Rape of the Trap"). 21. The virtues of a saint at twenty-one (Pope, "Essay, Man," iv. 84). 22. Twenty-two good ships (Robert Browning, "Hervé Riel"). 23. I'm twenty-three and five feet nine (Burns "Extempore April, 1782). 24. Though only twenty-four years old (Moore, "Rhymes on the Road," Ext. 4, v. 2). 25. A bard, of love, till twenty-five may sing (Philip Jas. Bailey, "The Age," p. 72). 26. Battalions twenty-six (M. Prior, Letter to M. Boileau Despreaux. 27. Twenty-seven every gash was (Shakespeare, "Coriolanus," act ii, sc. 1). 28. Yet is not strength complete till twenty-eight (Aaron Hill, "The Distribution of Ages"). 29. Twenty-nine years (Shakespeare, "2 Henry IV," act ii, sc. 4). 30. Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive (Wordsworth, "The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale"). 31. For I am thirty-one (F. Haynes Bayly, "Why don't the Men Propose"). 32. She was approaching thirty-two (C. S. Calverley "Gemini and Virgo"). 33. The party might consist of thirty-three (Byron, "Don Juan," canto xiii, v. 83). 34. Stella this day is thirty-four (Swift, "Stella's Birthday, 1718-19"). 35. Between fourteen and five-and-thirty (Shakespeare, "Much Ado," act iii, sc. 3). 36. Latitude thirty-six (Keats, "Cap and Bells," v. 72). 37. I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health, begin (Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself"). 38. Of thirty-six and thirty-eight (Swift, "Stella's Birthday, 1720"). 39. In rev'rence of the sins of thirty-nine (Pope, "Epil. to Sat." ii, 5) 40. This preest the sum of fourty pound, anon (Chaucer, "Canterbury Tales," Chenones, Yemannes). 41. To six hundred and sixty from forty-one ("Political Ballads," ed. by W. W. Wilkens, vol. i, "Information," Longman & Co. 1860) 42. Remain full two-and-forty hours (Shakespeare, "Romeo and Juliet," act iv, sc. 1). 43. This curate then at forty-three (R. Lloyd, "Epistle to J. B. Esq."). 44. Dreams of a gown of forty-four (Swift, "Carenus and Vanessa"). 45. For, thanks to heaven, you're forty-five (Charles Smart, "The Pretty Chambermaid"). 46. Stout Paddy kept the crescent in eighteen forty-six (vide *Punch*, April 11, 1846, "The Fight of the Crescent." Parody). 47. Forty-seven years (W. S. Gilbert, "Pirates of Penzance," Chorus). 48. And a log of some forty-eight (G. Manville Fenn, "The Discovery of Tobacco," iv). 49. On to the nine-and-fortieth, toils increase (Aaron Hill, "The Distribution of Ages"). 50. A man of thine worth—fifty lives a year (James Grieme, "The Contrast") 51. I was now fifty-one (F. Haynes Bayly, "The Old Bachelor"). 52. Come March the twentieth, fifty-two (R. Lloyd, "The Spirit of Contradiction"). 53. As map informs of fifty-three" (Dryden, "Epistle to Sir Geo. Etheredge"). 54. Who were our friends in fifty-four? (Vide Benjamin D——, "His Little Dinner, 1870"). 55. First of November, fifty-five (O Wendell Holmes, "The Deacon's Masterpiece") 56 Full fledged and wigged at fifty-six (Moore, "Fudge Family in Paris," Letter 2. 57. Seventeen hundred and fifty-seven (Political Ballads (as before), vol. ii, "On the Secret Expedition of 1757"). 58. Broke for the Derby in fifty-eight (Anon, quoted in "Browning Reciter" (Hutchinson & Co.), page 208") 59. For he had fifty-nine years (Byron "Don Juan" canto vi, v. 8). 60. His age was over sixty years (Robert Buchanan, "St. Abe and his Seven Wives"). 61. Old Madge bewitched at sixty-one (M. Prior, "Alma," canto ii.). 62 And makes bald coots of sixty-two (Ashby Sterry, "Boudoir Ballads," p. 180). 63. Nigh

ten long years ago, in sixty-three (Austin Dobson, "Vignettes in Rhyme," p. 153). 64. Of sixty-four, parted in several bands (Phineas Fletcher, "Purple Island," canto iv, v. 10). 65. A widower, sixty-five and surley (W. W. Praed, "Arrivals at a Watering Place"). 66. Longing at sixty . . . six (Byron, "Don Juan," canto xiii, v. 102). 67. Will soon be down to sixty-seven (Moore, "Rhymes on the Road"). 68. They'd Steinberg Cabinet of sixty-eight, too [(vide *Punch*, March 5, 1887). 69. In February, eighteen sixty-nine (C. S Calverley, "The Cock and the Bull," fly leaves, 1878). 70. The man of seventy fights (Macaulay, "Battle of the Lake Regillus," viii.). 71. But what of seventy-one (Mortimer Collins, "Kant on the Month of February"). 72. It now is seventy-two (Robert Grant, in *Century Magazine*, August, 1882, "The Lambs"). 73. And as you say, he's seventy-three (Shirley Brooks, "The Baby in the House," 1860, parody on C. Patmore). 74. Here and there studded with a seventy-four (Byron, "Don Juan," canto v, v. 3). 75. Seventy-five drachmas (Shakespeare, "Julius Cæsar," act iii. s. 2). 76. Thirteen hundred and seventy-six (R. Browning, "Pied Piper of Hamelin"). 77. Stones seventy-seven stand in manner of a ring (Drayton, "Polyolbion," 30th Song). 78. Drink (not lavishly) of Miller's old dry wines at seventy-eight (C. S. Calverley, "Hic vir, hic est." Fly leaves, August, 1887). 79. We've bought one hundred "Louisville and Nashville" for your account at seventy-nine (R. Grant, in *Century Magazine*, August, 1882, "The Lambs"). 80. Whose eighty winters freeze with one (A. Tennyson, "Maud"). 81. (Without a blot) to eighty-one (Pope, "Mis. xii, 4), 82. 'Twas the spirit that quickened the year eighty-two (Francis Davis: Poems & Songs, Belfast, 1847, page 2). 83. The parson is prosy, the clerk eighty-three (Ashby Sterry, "Boudoir Ballads," page 89).—Real Jam.

*** "Caledonia" claims to have made an even longer list than "Real Jam," and carries his series of quotations from No. 1 up to 93 without a break. For the No. 42, however, he gives a quotation containing the word "forty-second," and for the Nos. 83 to 88 quotes lines from various volumes of *Punch*. I much regret that I have not space this week to print this interesting list.

*** I will next print the list of extracts sent by "Rubenal," who carries his series of numbers, it will be seen, from 1 to 63.

1. Far off the village clock struck one (Longfellow, Finale to "Tales of a Wayside Inn"). 2. The drowsy dungeon-clock had numbered two (Burns, "Brigs of Ayr," 3). 3. Each man wears three nations in his face (Dryden, Prologue to "Cæsar Borgia"). 4. Lolls at his ease behind four handsome bays (Cowper, "Retirement," 392). 5. Every five minutes, how the minutes go! (Cowper, "Conversation," 382). 6. Six fountains there that glitter as they play (Sir William Jones, "The Seven Fountains"). 7. Seven daughters had Lord Archibald (Wordsworth, "The Seven Sisters"). 8. Repine to part with a poor piece of eight (Massinger, "Duke of Milan," act iii. sc. 1). 9. The portals nine of hell arise (Gray, "Descent of Odin") 10. Famed ten miles round, and worthy all her fame (Crabbe, "The Parish Register"). 11. Slowly struck the clock eleven (Longfellow, "Belfry of Bruges"). 12. The ghost never walks till the clock strikes twelve (Southey, "The Spirit"). 13. For thirteen years what I have been, yeknow (Southey, "Chimalpoca"). 14. Full fourteen weeks before the course of time (Shakespeare, "King John," act i. sc. 1). 15. To scribble as you scribble at fifteen (Cowper, "Progress of Error," 318). 16. Sixteen short howls, not over loud (Coleridge, "Christabel"). 17. A lovely female face of seventeen (Byron, "Don Juan," ii. 216). 18. Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen (Pope, "Rape of the Lock," iv. 32). 19. He who offends at pert nineteen (Byron, "To the Earl of Clare"). 20. By twenty she had quite renounced the veil (Hood, "Bianca's Dream"). 21. The virtues of a saint at twenty-one (Pope, "Essay on Man," iv. 84). 22. To be brave, handsome, twenty-two (Thackeray, "Piscator and Piscatrix"). 23. I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine (Burns, "Extempore," April, 1782). 24. Each canto of the twelve or twenty-four (Byron, "Don Juan," ii. 216). 25. So bitter when I am but twenty-five (Tennyson, "Maud," i. 6, 34). 26. Ten years had elapsed, and I'd turned twenty-six (Barham, "Ingoldsby Legends: Legend of a Shirt"). 27. At number twenty-seven, it is said (Smith, "Rejected Addresses: The Theatre"). 28. February hath twenty-eight alone (Richard Grafton, "Chronicles of England"). 29. Nine-and-twenty knights of fame (Scott, "Lay of the Last Minstrel," canto i. v. 3). 30. Full thirty years she ruled with matchless skill (Crabbe, "The Parish Register"). 31. Days and nights has thirty-one (Shakespeare, "Macbeth," act iv. sc. 1). 32. His time of life was thirty-two (W. S. Gilbert, "Bob Polter"). 33. Nothing—except thirty-three (Byron, "On my Thirty-third Birthday"). 34. You must get fourteen more to make up thirty-four (Swift, Addendum to "Dr. Helsham's Answer"). 35. Life declines from thirty-five (Dr. Johnson, "To Mrs. Thrale on her Birthday"). 36. Our swain arrived at thirty-six (Goldsmith, "The Double Transformation"). 37. In the year thirty-seven, her age but nineteen (Davies, "The Royal Family"). 38. What I owed to thirty-eight (Hood, "The Vision"). 39. In rev'rence to the sins of thirty-nine (Pope, Epilogue to "Satires," ii. 5). 40. A fool at forty is a fool indeed (Young, "Night Thoughts," 282). 41. The style of forty-one our poets write (Dryden, "A Prologue"). 42. A man of nearly forty-two (W. S. Gilbert, "Pasha Bailey Ben"). 43. And Phyllis is some forty-three (Prior, "Phyllis's Age"). 44. He hies from hence at forty-four (Swift, "Dean Smedley"). 45. And spinsters, even of forty-five (Moore, "Country Dance and Quadrille"). 46. To this the good year forty-six (Sheehan, "The Irish Whisky Drinker: The Cold Water Cure"). 47. She was one of forty-seven (W. S. Gilbert, "Haunted"). 48. And you are grown to judge like forty-eight (Dryden, "A Prologue"). 49. Your Smith O'Brien is forty-nine (Thackeray, "Three Christmas Waits"). 50. At fifty, love for love is rare, 'tis true (Byron, "Don Juan," i. 108). 51. By bringing thither fifty-one (Dryden, "Epistle ix."). 52. The Turk that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath (Shakespeare, "Henry VI.," act iv. sc. 7). 53. And Mrs. Biddel sure is fifty-three (Swift, "Mary to Samuel Gulliver"). 54. The invitation comes from fifty-four (Joel Barlow, "The Invitation"). 55. And then came fifty and fifty-five (O. W. Holmes, "The Deacon's Masterpiece"). 56. At fifty-six, if this be true (Swift, "Stella's Birthday"). 57. And we came in the year fifty-seven (Thackeray, "Chronicle of the Drum," part i.). 58. Arouse the jealousy of fifty-eight (Joel Barlow, "The Invitation"). 59. In the year fifty-nine came the Britons (Thackeray, "Chronicle of the Drum," part i.). 60. I can remember sixty years ago (Southey, "The Old Mansion"). 61. Threescore years and one (Prior). [I have mislaid my note of Prior's poem in which the above occurs, but shall be able to give the reference if required]. 62. Shall we not meet our friends at sixty-two? (Joel Barlow, "The Invitation"). 63. That was in July sixty-three (Bret Harte, "John Burns, of Gettysburg).—Rubenal.

*** Fitz-Vulture, it will be seen, reaches a total of 61.

1. One more unfortunate (Hood, "The Bridge of Sighs"). 2. I saw two clouds at morning (J. G. C. Brainard, "I saw Two Clouds"). 3. Three merry boys are we (J. Fletcher, "Rollo, Duke of Normandy," act iii, sc. 2). 4. The four first acts already past (Bishop Berkeley, "On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America"). 5. There are five reasons why men drink (J. Sirmond, "Causæ Bibendi"). 6. I think there be six Richmonds in the field (Shakespeare, "King Richard III." act v, sc. 4). 7. Seven cities warred for Homer being dead (Heywood, "Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells"). 8. Hark!—as sure as fate the clock's striking eight? (Ingoldsby Legends, "Lay of St. Cuthbert"). 9. Till now some nine moons wasted (Shakespeare, "Othello," act i, s. 3). 10. I'd set my ten commandments in your face (Shakespeare, "King Henry VI. Part II." act i, sc. 3), 11. The watches and clocks all point to eleven (Ingoldsby Legends, "The Black Mousquetaire"). 12. For twelve honest men have decided the cause (Pulteney, "The Honest Jury"). 13. Ere they mastered Lara, thirteen of them did fall (Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, "The Seven Heads"). 14. These fourteen years (Wordsworth, "The Idiot Boy"). 15. Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen (Sheridan, "School for Scandal," act iii, sc. 3). 16. By the light of a "dip" of sixteen to the pound (Ingoldsby, "A Legend of Blois"). 17. Subtract seventeen, and the answer must be exactly and perfectly true (Lewis Carroll, "The Hunting of the Snark"). Not eighteen years have I seen out before my life is gone (Spanish Ballads, "The Death of Queen Blanche"). 19. To wed nineteen wives, all of whom he survived (W. E. Vandervell, "Blue Beard"). 20. Though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds (Dekker, "Old Fortunatus"). 21. When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one (Pope, Satires and Epistles, "Epistle I."). 22. I am barely twenty-two (W. S. Gilbert, "Princess Ida"). 23. On persons twenty-three He proved the marriage sanctity (Bret Harte, "A Moral Vindicator"). 24. And axes twenty-four (Macaulay, "Lays of Ancient Rome," "Battle of Lake Regillus"). 25. Twenty-five wanting to make up the number (Byron, "Marino Faliero," act ii. sc. 2). 26. I'd turned twenty-six ("Ingoldsby Legends," "Aunt Fanny"). 27. At number twenty-seven, it is said ("Rejected Addresses," "The Theatre"). 28. On the twenty-eighth September (Thackeray, "The White Squall"). 29. Nine-and-twenty knights of fame (Scott, "Lay of the Last Minstrel," canto i. st. 3). 30. At thirty man suspects himself a fool (Young, "Night Thoughts," Night I. line 417). 31. Five dressy girls, of thirty-one or more (Lewis Carroll, "A Game of Fives"). 32. He, two-and-thirty years or more (Wordsworth, "Peter Bell," part i., st. 4). 33. A leap, of thirty feet and three (Scott, "Lay of the Last Minstrel," canto ii. st. 31). 34. Thirty-four years of nearly ceaseless warfare (Byron, "The Two Foscari," act. ii. sc. 1). 35. Full five-and-thirty years he lived (Wordsworth, "Simon Lee"). 36. Some six-and-thirty stanzas back (Byron, "Beppo," st. 56). 37. She was seven-and-thirty feet in length (W. S. Gilbert, "Bab Ballads," "The Bumboat Woman's Story"). 38. Then, Chloe, still go on to prate Of thirty-six and thirty-eight (Swift, "On Stella's Birthday, 1720"). 39. But from number thirty-nine (Hood, "A Row at the Oxford Arms"). 40. A fool at forty is a fool indeed (Young, "Love of Fame," Satire I. line 282). 41. In the year sixteen hundred and forty-one (Bret Harte, "The Lost Galleon"). 42. He had forty-two boxes, all carefully packed (Lewis Carroll, "The Hunting of the Snark"). 43. Or at the age of forty-three (Swift, "On Stella's Birthday, 1724"). 44. Four-and-forty valiant men (Macaulay, "Lays of Ancient Rome," "The Prophecy of Capys"). 45. With grizzled beards at forty-five (Thackeray, "The End of the Play"). 46. From the box the imprudent maid Forty-six did pick ("Arundines Cami," "Coughing in a Shady Grove"). 47. She was one of forty-seven (W. S. Gilbert, "Bab Ballads"—"Haunted"). 48. Erneis, Radulphus—eight-and-forty manors" (Byron, "Don Juan," canto x., st. 36). 49. Nine-and-forty Danaides ("Humorous Poetry"—"Norfolk Punch: an Incantation"). 50. Here's to the widow of fifty (Sheridan, "School for Scandal," act iii. sc. 3). 51. In sixteen hundred and fifty-one (Bret Harte, "The Lost Galleon"). 52. Came March the twentieth, fifty-two (Robert Lloyd, "The Spirit of Contradiction"). 53. Went away but fifty-three ("The Battle of Chevy Chase"). 54. When centuries eleven, years fifty-four (Evans's Old Ballads, "Poetical Chronicle of England"). 55. First of November, fifty-five (O. W. Holmes, "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"—"The Deacon's Masterpiece"). 56. At fifty-six, if this be true, Am I a poet fit for you? (Swift, "On Stella's Birthday, 1724"). 57. And we came in the year fifty-seven (Thackeray, "The Chronicle of the Drum"). 58. Who comes in fifteen hundred fifty-eight? (Evans's Old Ballads, "Poetical Chronicle of England"). 59. In the year fifty-nine came the Britons (Thackeray, "The Chronicle of the Drum"). 60. Sixty sons of Mars (Thackeray, "The Yankee Volunteers"). 61. In fourteen hundred sixty-one (Evans's Old Ballads, "The Poetical Chronicle of England").—J. Fitz-Vulture.

*** I must congratulate "Ombra" on the exceptional diligence of his research. He has sent in all no less than 403 quotations. Of these, 37 contain the number one; 70, the number two; 34, number three; and so on. And now I can only add a list of the names of other competitors, adding after each name the highest number to which the quotations reach without a break:—Knight's Pawn, 60; Carew, 60; Cleombrotos, 57; E. G. Culverhouse, 56; Cam, 45; Redhair, 46; Quappelle, 45; Outsider, 45; Hammon Wearne, 45; Glendyne, 41; Annie Charlton, 40; Dora, 40; Tyro, 40; Dora II. (Bryanstone-square), 40; Tycho Brahe, 37; Protonema, 37; Kaywsy, 37; Rougemont, 36; Newnham, 36; St. Eloi, 36; Quatise, 36; Oakdoor, 36; A. D. R., 36; Colonel's Wife, 36; Nöel, 36; Moronet, 36; Peachy, 36; Comma, 36; Infelix, 35; C. M. P., 33; Tom Nissed, 33; Scutom, 33; Snooks, 33; Tabres, 33; Outis, 33; Difficilis, 33; Keraunos, 33; Coaly Tyne, 33; L. E. K., 33; Villanorth, 33; Fillingham, 33; Guelder Rose, 33; Fifteen Poplars, 33; Silly Sing Song, 33; Sterne, 33; Lil, 33; Tiger, 33; X. Y. Z., 33; Blanche, 33; Blackheathen, 33; Contentus, Aged 16, 33; Cæsar's Corner, 33; Nancy Dawson, 33; The Snark, 33 Gono, 33; E. M. B., 33; Scotus Viator, 33; Leaf Rule, 33; Elvira, 33; Niel Campbell, 33; E. N. S., 32; Hardwick, 31; W. Val Rumsey, 31; Bobus, 31; Eliart, 31; Sclanidge, 31; Lynwood, 31; Tiperic, 30; Constans (Sevenoaks), 30; Jack Sprat, 30; Dallington, 30; Laburnham, 30; Naive or Rawe, 30; St. Omer, 30; Farol, 30; Worcester, 30; Gadabout, 27; Rufus, 27; Darcy, 27; Laburnum (Addlestone), 27; Carillon, 27; Bus, 27; Yamstock 27; Crag, 27; Common, 26; Vandyck, 26; Altes Hous, 26; Luti, 26; Bingo, 26; Jim, 26; Stephanos, 26; Lady Anne, 25; Jummy, 25; Rimbo, 25; Sheila, 25; Arten, 25; S. B. Fraser, 25; Rev. Q. P. Q., 25; The Welsher, 25; Nodding Violet, 22; W. W. B., 21; Mater, 20; Grow Pride, 20; Sprats, 18; Nunc Dimittis, 18; Tulip, 18; J. McGrigor Allan, 18; Sissie, 18; Dryasdust, 15.

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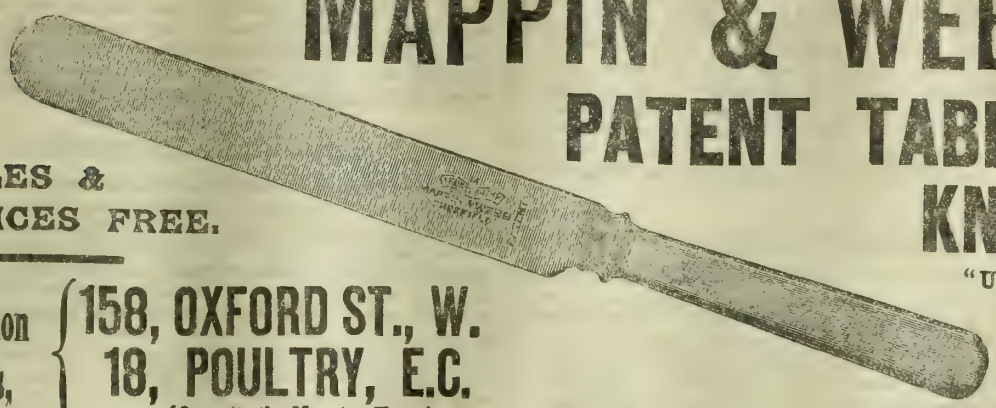

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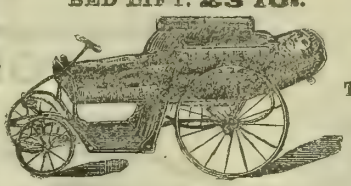

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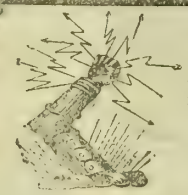

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No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen is to stay at Balmoral until the third week in November, when the Court will remove to Windsor Castle for a month, after which her Majesty goes to Osborne until the end of February.

It is probable that the Empress Frederick will come to England early in December on a visit to the Queen, with whom she will stay for about a month, and she will be the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham for a week.

The Prince is to be the guest of Sir Henry James at Shoreham Place, near Sevenoaks, for a day or two in the course of the shooting season. Sir Henry has about 3,000 acres of the best shooting in Kent, the property being heavily stocked with both partridges and pheasants. Shoreham Place is a very fine house, and it stands in a beautifully-wooded park, which is intersected by the Darenth.

Next week the Duke of Edinburgh is to return to Devonport from Coburg, where he is staying with the Duchess, who intends to remain in Germany until she goes to Russia at the end of next month. The Duke will proceed to St. Petersburg about October 25, to represent the Queen at the festivities in celebration of the silver wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Russia.

The Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess Vladimir Alexandrovitch of Russia, who are staying for a month at St. Sebastien, with their family, are to visit the Duchess of Edinburgh at Coburg when on their way back to Russia, and she will probably accompany them to St. Petersburg.

In recording the departure of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught from Paris, the *Figaro* announces that they are to pass the autumn at Abergeldie Castle "*près de Portsmouth!*"

The Hereditary Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Oldenburg are going to Scotland shortly on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Abergeldie Castle.

The Duke of Cambridge, who was last week the guest of Mr. H. F. Beaumont, M.P., at Whitley Beaumont, near Huddersfield, is now staying at Newburgh Park with Sir George Wombwell, whence he goes to Scotland. The Duke inspected the garrison at York on Saturday, and on Sunday he attended the afternoon service in the Minster, and dined at Fairfield with Mr. Vyner.

On Sunday week the Duke and Duchess of Teck, who are staying at Malvern, went with their daughter and their youngest son, to Worcester, in order that they might attend the evening service at the Cathedral and hear Canon Knox-Little preach. It became known that the party were in the city, and when they reached the station to return to Malvern the platform was crowded with persons whose loyalty was so exuberant that "the distinguished visitors" were so mobbed and hustled that they were in imminent danger of being thrown under the wheels of the train. It appears to be quite impossible for any member of the Royal Family to travel in England without being inconvenienced in this unseemly manner.

During the German Emperor's brief stay at Berlin he was photographed fifteen times in as many different costumes, and Angeli is coming from Vienna as soon as his Majesty settles down for the winter to paint a "bearded" portrait.

The Empress Frederick has presented the mess of the regiment of Prussian Hussars, of which she is honorary Colonel, with a silver centrepiece, which cost £400, as a memorial of her recent visit to the barracks at Posen.

Dublin Castle is deserted now except by the intelligent and interested tourists, who daily visit its precincts in increasing numbers each season. The Lord-Lieutenant is away on one of his long holidays from Ireland, and the Chief Secretary is not expected to visit the country until next month, when the pleasures of golf have been exhausted in his native land.

Notwithstanding the bad weather, the tourist season in Ireland has been exceptionally good. As the weather was bad all over the world, there was no special reason for grumbling on that account. Killarney is crowded at present. There is no more exquisite season there than early and late autumn, when the weather is fine. The varied tints of the woods and the colouring of the hills are far more beautiful then than in summer.

Thanks to the fine weather, the Eastbourne Lawn Tennis Tournament Week proved a great success. Devonshire Park was crowded, and everything went off with an undoubted zest. Barlow well deserved his victory over Ziffo for the Championship Cup, as he played consistently well right through the match; whereas his opponent seemed to have lost his form, and would have been beaten, I think, by several of the players on the ground. The win of the Baddeleys in the Doubles was a somewhat easy one, though their opponents, the amusing brothers Allen, played up most pluckily, and worked with unflagging vigour. But the most exciting match of all was the Mixed Doubles, in which Barlow and Miss Langrishe succeeded in beating Mr. and Mrs. Hillyard. This was a very popular victory, and must to a certain extent have compensated Miss Langrishe for her defeat by Mrs. Hillyard in the Ladies' Singles. There were, of course, some players who made themselves prominent by their eccentricities, including the lady who went through her setts in a tight-fitting white veil, and with a string of pearls round her neck.

And apropos to Eastbourne, I have received a complaint about the Sussex Club in the town which would seem to show that it is not in South Devon watering-places alone that club committees and members are inclined to inhospitably and vexatiously assert their powers. A correspondent assures me that at the club in question the rule is that no new Eastbourne resident, however high his connections or recommendations, can be elected unless he has known a member before coming to reside in Eastbourne. Now this, to say the least, implies a somewhat arrogant assumption on the part of the members of the Sussex Club, for it infers, in effect, that "not to know them, argues oneself unknown." Moreover, this rule, which am informed is duly enforced, is not to be found amongst those by which other provincial clubs are governed. It is, of course, just possible that without its protection the Sussex Club might now and then accidentally elect an undesirable member; but, on the other hand, looking at the matter quite as an outsider, I should think that its continued existence can in no way tend to the benefit of Eastbourne.

From the "society" point of view Doncaster was a failure this year. The absence of the usual large parties from Welbeck Abbey, Brocklesby, and Wentworth Woodhouse was severely felt, and Lord and Lady Wharncliffe had only a very few friends at Wortley Hall, while Nun Appleton and several other houses which have always sent big contingents were closed through family mourning. Lord and Lady St. Oswald had the only large and "smart" party of the week at Nostell Priory. Lord Scarbrough entertained at Sandbeck Park for the first time, but he had only a small party, principally consisting of relations. Sir Tatton and Lady Sykes took Danum House for the week, and had a party there, which included Lord and Lady Howe, the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, and Sir Charles Russell. At the Lodge were Lord and Lady Lonsdale.

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 594 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 595.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 596.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife will stay at Braemar until the end of next month, when they are going to Castle Rising House, their place in Norfolk, for a few weeks, and afterwards they will probably proceed to Italy, for three or four months.

Mr. Gladstone is going to Scotland at the end of this month, and he will be present at the celebration of the jubilee of Trinity College, Glenalmond, on October 1. During Mr. Gladstone's stay in the north he will be the guest of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman at Belmont Castle, Perthshire, and of his nephew, Sir John Gladstone, at Fasque House, Kincardineshire.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe have returned to Floors Castle, after a fortnight's stay at Byrecleuch, their shooting-lodge on the Lammermuir Hills in Berwickshire. They are to pay some visits in the Highlands before settling at Floors for the autumn, and during November they will entertain a succession of visitors at the Castle.

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam have arrived at Coollatin Park, County Wicklow, and they intend to reside there until November, when they will remove to Wentworth Woodhouse for the winter.

The Duchess of Buccleuch has been staying during the last five weeks at Langholm Lodge, Dumfriesshire, with a family party, and the Duke has arrived there from Homburg. The grouse-shooting at the Duke's Eskdale moors has been a failure this year. The Duke and Duchess go shortly to Drumlanrig Castle for a month before proceeding to Bowhill, their place in Selkirkshire, for the hunting season.

Mr. Charles Morley, the Liberal candidate for East Somerset, has taken Padworth, the late Mr. Darby-Griffiths's beautiful place near Newbury, for two years.

The Duke of Hamilton would be surprised to read in last week's *World* that he "is still yachting off the coast of Norway, and it is very uncertain whether he will be back in time to shoot in Arran." The Duke returned from Norway ten days ago, and he has been in Arran for the last week.

Last week a morning paper printed, with an elaborate parade of special information, some particulars of the will of the Duke of Cleveland, all of which, however, so far as they were accurate, appeared in Truth a fortnight ago.

The late Mr. Theed, who was an admirable sculptor, was to a considerable extent indebted to the discrimination of the Prince Consort for his professional success. He got his first start in 1845, when the Prince purchased two marble statues from him, which are still at Osborne, and he afterwards executed several important commissions for the Queen, including the bronze statue of the Prince Consort, which is in the grounds at Balmoral; the recumbent effigy of the Duchess of Kent, in the Frogmore mausoleum; and the statue of the Prince Consort, in the market place at Coburg, which was "inaugurated" by

her Majesty in August, 1865. One of Theed's most effective works is unknown to the public. This is the life-sized group of the Queen and the Prince Consort in Early English costumes, entitled "The Parting," which was executed for her Majesty in 1862, and which is kept in the private apartments of Windsor Castle, in the Octagon Room.

The death of Major Baillie Hamilton, of Langton, is greatly and universally regretted in Berwickshire. He had been in failing health for the last two years. He was the second son of the late Lord Haddington, and through his mother he was great-grandson of the celebrated Archbishop Markham, of York. He served in the Kaffir and Crimean Wars, and was afterwards on the Staff of Sir Hugh Rose in India, concluding his military career by taking part in the Chinese War of 1860. He married the eldest daughter of the late Sir John Pringle, of Stichell and New Hall, and through his wife he became the possessor of the large and beautiful estate of Langton, near Duns. He sat in the House of Commons as Tory member for Berwickshire in the Parliament of 1874, and earned much popularity among Scottish farmers by carrying through the House of Commons the Bill for the abolition of hypothec. Major Hamilton was greatly beloved and esteemed by all classes of his neighbours, and he was a most liberal and considerate landlord. For ten years he was joint Master of the Berwickshire Foxhounds in conjunction with his brother, Lord Haddington, and he took much interest in farming, having established a large and very choice herd of Bates' Shorthorns at Langton, and also a flock of Border Leicester sheep, which last is now one of the best in the country. He greatly improved the estate of Langton by extensive planting operations, and the demesne of Langton House was much beautified by his judicious improvements, many rare pines being introduced by him into the grounds.

The Dowager Lady Galway, who died on Thursday at her house in Rutland-gardens, was the sister of the late Lord Houghton, who figures so frequently in his correspondence. Her Ladyship met with an accident at Strasburg last winter, and had never been well since. In consequence of Lady Galway's alarming illness the party at Serlby for Doncaster races did not assemble. Her death will be sincerely deplored by a wide circle of friends, for she was a very charming and a very clever woman.

Colonel Coryton, who died last week at Pentillie Castle his place in Cornwall, on the banks of the Tamar, which is one of the most beautiful country seats in the West of England, was an excellent specimen of the "fine old English gentleman" of the Sir Roger de Coverley school. He owned a very large and a very valuable estate in Cornwall, he was the best of landlords, and a most generous contributor to all local and county charities, and to church restorations, while his private benefactions were most munificent. All Colonel Coryton's old servants and labourers were liberally provided for by him, and he had quite a legion of pensioners of this description. He had lived constantly at Pentillie for nearly fifty years, and he devoted himself to the care and improvement of his large property. He kept an extensive farm, and for several years he had 1,500 acres in hand. Colonel Coryton was a devoted Churchman, and in politics a Conservative of the old school, but he never took any part in public affairs, and positively refused to stand for East Cornwall when he was earnestly requested to do so. The Pentillie estates are not entailed, but it is understood that they have been bequeathed by Colonel Coryton to his nephew, Mr. William Coryton, the popular Master of the Dartmoor Hunt.

Lord Northesk, who is another victim of influenza, as his illness originated with a sharp attack of that malady, lived almost entirely in the country, and was a man of considerable antiquarian and scientific knowledge, and of much literary cultivation. He had resided for many years at Longwood, a pretty place near Winchester, and he was very popular in the neighbourhood. He owned a large estate in Forfarshire, and he was a liberal and considerate landlord. He had just completed the thorough restoration of Ethie Castle, his seat near Arbroath, which was once the residence of Cardinal Beaton, and which enjoys the distinction of being the oldest inhabited house in the county. Lord Northesk had been recently engaged in carrying out a scheme for supplying the village of Auchmithie (the "Musselcrag" of Scott's "Antiquary") with a new water supply. His early death is sincerely regretted both by his friends and by his tenants.

The report that the Duke of Northumberland is in a very precarious state of health is untrue, for he only suffers from occasional attacks of gout, and, considering that he is in his eighty-second year, he is now wonderfully well. The Duke has arrived at Alnwick Castle, and intends to reside there with a family party until early in the spring.

Lord Bateman has given up his home farm at Shobdon Court, Herefordshire, and his celebrated herd of Hereford cattle and his very choice flock of pedigree Shropshire sheep will be sold off next week. The Shobdon herd of Herefords is one of the oldest in the country, and represents the famous Oxhouse blood.

A large draft from Lord Polwarth's celebrated herd of Shorthorns at Mertoun, Berwickshire, is to be offered for sale next month. Lord Polwarth's cattle have been successful this year in the show-yards to an unprecedented extent.

The Scottish East Coast herring fishery has so far yielded 625,253 crans, as against 808,835 crans during the same period last year. The numbers of barrels cured and barrels branded have respectively fallen from 863,729 and 308,148 to 678,684 and 166,634. The total exports have been 380,619 barrels, as against 525,963 at the same date last year.

The Dee and coast salmon-fishings which belong to the city of Aberdeen have yielded £8,964 during the season which has just closed, being the largest amount ever drawn from them, and an increase of £1,668 over the return of last year.

The total number of fish taken from the Tweed, during the year which ended on June 30, weighed 31 tons, 3 cwt., 13 lb., as against 29 tons, 7 cwt., 9 lb., in the previous year. There were upwards of 23 tons, 12 cwt., of salmon, 2 tons, 1 cwt., of grilse, and 5 tons, 10 cwt. of sea trout. In the same period, 6,429 diseased fish were taken out of the river and buried, and 74,930 of such fish had been thus dealt with in the course of the previous ten years.

During the angling season on Loch Leven, which closed on Thursday night, 16,048 trout have been taken, the total weight being 12,833 lb. The catch last year amounted to 10,933 trout, of 9,201 lb.; and in 1889 15,485 were captured, the weight being 12,837 lb.

I publish the following letter, not only for its intrinsic interest, but for the special benefit of the gentleman who the other day characterised as "a most unfortunate statement" the remark of a previous correspondent that the leaders' reins in a four-in-hand are left unbuckled. As the gentleman, who is now in his turn corrected, assured me that coaching was his pet hobby, he may profitably study the remarks which follow; and who knows but what, under Providence, they may be the means of saving him from some serious calamity? Although my present correspondent prefers to place his remarks over a *nom de plume*, I may say, without any breach of confidence, that he is one of the first authorities in England on all matters pertaining to coaching:—

Dear Sir,—On page 468 of Truth, September 3, a correspondent criticises your statement about the reins of a four-in-hand, and says:—"Your leader's reins *never* are '*open*' by *any chance*, but are always buckled," &c.

What coachmanship! The reins of the leaders in a four-in-hand should *never* be buckled, and, in the old coaching days, it was looked upon not only as a dangerous thing to do, but also as the mark of a coachman ignorant of his business. The present generation has little idea of the stigma such an imputation carried, nor, indeed, have many of them much notion of the many little things, alas! in these days but too seldom seen, but for every one of which there was good reason, and which to the practised eye at once mark a thorough "coachman."

The reason for having the reins of the leaders unbuckled was that if any accident happened to the fastenings of the splinter-bars, and the leaders thereby became unmanageable, their reins could be at once let go, and while they galloped off, the coach could be brought to a standstill with the wheelers, and an accident averted.

In my young days many stories of such occurrences were rife, and whether an accident was averted or no, usually depended upon whether the leaders' reins were or were not unbuckled.

Kittiwake.

Since the above, the following further letter has reached me. The matter is not of much consequence in itself, but it furnishes an unusually good instance of the manner in which people will take on themselves to correct others who are infinitely better informed than themselves:—

On page 468 of Truth, September 3, a correspondent wrote to you contradicting what an "Australian Bushman" had said about the leader's reins being unbuckled in a team. The "Bushman" quite rightly, and very aptly, said that the leader's reins were unbuckled at the ends; and it seems incredible any one could write to correct such a statement, calling it "most unfortunate," and saying that the leader's reins "never are open by any chance." Allow me to say that they are always open in London and everywhere else, and your would-be corrector is more than "most unfortunate" in his statements.

If your correspondent had denied that coachwheels turn round, it would have been quite as reasonable as what he has said, and much less misleading, for every one could judge of that matter for himself, and no one, therefore, would be convinced by his saying that the wheels do not turn round.

I have been implored to ventilate a good many grievances less reasonable than that of the Ryde watermen. These worthy men complain—first, that they are now being crushed out of existence by a certain local club which has taken to letting out its boats to visitors; and, secondly, that in Ryde Regatta there are only two watermen's sailing prizes, and these so small that the winner of the first prize in the last regatta, after paying all his expenses, found himself with only 7s. 6d. to put in his pocket. The Regatta Committee should see to this, and it would be as well, I think, in a good many of the coast regattas if a little more encouragement were given to the *bonâ-fide* watermen, and a little less to the pot-hunting element.

A bitter complaint has reached me this week from an hotel, apparently *the* hotel, at the Bel Alp, Canton Valais. So strong is my correspondent's language that I cannot insert his letter as it stands, but the grievance is a very simple one. There is, it seems, a sort of clerical ring in possession of this hotel, to whose wishes, ideas, and convenience, all other guests have to subordinate themselves, one reverend gentleman even taking upon himself to arrange the table-d'hôte to his own satisfaction but very much to the dissatisfaction of those who did not look on him as either their spiritual pastor or their master. The Bel Alp is not the only spot on the Continent where something of the same kind may be seen, and Continental hotel proprietors would do well to understand that an English clergyman possesses the same rights as other Englishmen, and neither more nor less.

Among many communications that I have received during the last few weeks on the subject of medical attendance abroad the following story strikes me as unique:—Some five years back Mr. H. was taken ill with typhoid fever at Lugano. He was advised to send to Venice for Dr. X., and did so. Dr. X. came, and remained for seventeen days, the patient paying his hotel bill. Dr. X. had at this period recently removed from Cannes, where the season was just over, to Venice, where it was about to begin, and he informed his patient that there was no difficulty about his remaining at Lugano, as his wife would at once telegraph for him in the event of his being required at Venice. Mr. H. recovered. Dr. X. presented a bill for 600 guineas. Mr. H. protested. Dr. X. replied that he had consulted a brother physician, who had informed him that the proper charge should have been 1,200 guineas. Mr. H. proposed to refer the question to the heads of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, to which, after some demur, Dr. X. assented. The arbitrators decided that the legitimate charge was £300, and this sum Mr. H. promptly paid. From this narrative I deduce two inferences—(1) that it is better, before engaging an English doctor abroad, to have a definite understanding respecting his fees; (2) that the exalted opinion held by English medicos on the Continent of the value of their services is by no means endorsed by the heads of the profession in England.

Per contra: The same gentleman was attended at the same time by a German doctor at Lugano. The German doctor remained in attendance for six weeks, paying during a considerable portion of the time several visits—

sometimes five or six—per day. In sending in his bill, he gave his patient the choice of two scales. By the higher of these the total charge amounted to £40.

The following are the views of an "expert" on the recent "climbing-season" in Switzerland :—

Specially from the climber's point of view it has been the worst ever known, thanks to the unsettled weather, and several of the more difficult ascents have never been achieved. In the Zermatt district the Matterhorn has only been surmounted three times, and the Dent Blanche not at all. Quite a gloom has been cast over the Chamonix by the accident at Mont Blanc; while at Pontresina, though the hotels were crowded in August, first-rate expeditions have been few and far between. The best was made by two A.C.'s (Messrs. Broome and Holder), who took Piz Scerscen, Piz Bernina, and Piz Bianco in one day—a feat not before accomplished.

One of the morning papers has published a letter from Carlsbad, the writer of which refers to the well-known Russell memorial as having been built in memory of the late Lord Ampthill by his widow and sons. As a matter of fact, this memorial was built many years ago by Lord Ampthill himself, his brother, Lord Arthur Russell, the late Duke of Bedford, and their mother, Lady William Russell. They were all regular visitors at Carlsbad for many seasons in succession.

Mr. Murray, the well-known Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum, has written an illustrated "Handbook of Greek Archæology," in which he deals with sculptures, paintings, gems, vases, bronzes, and architecture. The handbook is founded on Mr. Murray's very able lectures on Greek archæology, which he delivered at Edinburgh last year, but they have been so much enlarged that they are practically quite a new work.

My Paris correspondent, in noticing the performance of "As You Like It" by the Daly Company, expressed curiosity to know whether Mr. Tyrone Power, who played Adam, is a son of the Irish comedian of the same name who was lost in the *President*. As others may have felt curious on the same point, it may interest them to know that I have it from Mr. Power himself that he is not a son but a grandson of the actor in question.

To Mr. Robert Buchanan.

The best of the critics, you shrilly complain,
In your latest new poem reviewing,
Your evident purpose, again and again,
Most completely have been misconstruing.
They have failed, so you say, of your poem's design
To get or a glimpse or a gleaning,
And earned, with good cause, your resentment condign
By utterly missing your meaning.

It is true from your language you seem to protest,
This is due to those critics' stupidity;
And not, as a more modest bard might suggest,
To your own utter lack of lucidity.
But the public—though this you will scarcely believe,
So great is your loud self-assertion—
Are shrewdly inclined to with favour receive
Not your, but the critical, version.

Yes, the public believe that so long as you fail
To make yourself clear to your reader,
It is useless for you at your critics to rail
With the arts of a glib special pleader;
And they think you should keep your muse better in hand
When next you her aid are demanding,
Since what "the best critics" cannot understand
Can't be worth, as a rule, understanding.

A visitor to the Hereford Musical Festival, who is evidently a lover of horses as well as of music, writes to me as follows. There must, it would seem, be something in the air of these Western cathedral towns conducive to cruelty to animals, for Gloucester and Worcester have already earned notoriety in this respect in the columns of Truth. I hope that the citizens of Hereford will take this hint, and not only keep an eye on their 'bus proprietors, but set about furnishing their town with a proper number of drinking troughs :—

At the recent Hereford Festival, I was quite distressed at the miserable condition of the cab and other horses in the town. They all looked half starved, and many were lame. I noticed one in particular which had something seriously wrong with its off hind fetlock. With so much extra work during Festival time, the horses have a hard time of it. I did not see a single drinking fountain, though the drivers were refreshing themselves considerably at public-houses.

The estimate for the restoration of Dunblane Cathedral, which is now rapidly proceeding, was £11,500, but by the time that the work is finished nearly £25,000 will have been expended.

The sermon at the consecration of the Bishops of Lichfield and Truro is to be preached by Prebendary Gibson, Principal of Wells Theological College.

A retreat for clergy is to be held at Helmsley, from October 12 to 15, which will be conducted by Canon Scott Holland.

The Rev. William Purton, Vicar of St. Clement's, Bournemouth, who died last week, was an excellent man, but his zeal considerably outran his discretion, and the bitter squabblings which arose in his parish when he insisted upon introducing a most elaborate ritual, in opposition to the wishes of the congregation, caused much ill-feeling for several years. A few months ago two of Mr. Purton's curates suddenly resigned in consequence of some dispute, which led to a renewal of the heart-burning. The living is in private patronage, and it may be hoped that the next vicar will be a man of moderate opinions.

It is probable that the Church of England would be a greater power in the land if more of her clergy were like the Rev. Henry V. Stuart, the new Vicar of St. James's, Wolverhampton. Two years ago, Mr. Stuart, who was working at the time in a manufacturing district of the Potteries, became convinced that "there must be a change in the manner of life of the clergy if they are ever to bring the religion of Christ home to the lives of the people." Mr. Stuart, therefore, went to live with a working man's family, sharing their food and their life, "and as much as possible entering into their thoughts." So satisfied is the rev. gentleman with the results of the experiment in the Potteries, that he is going to have a working man and his family to live with him at the Vicarage in Wolverhampton, and in an address to his new parishioners he expresses the hope that they will always

Dr. J. W. Keyworth (M.D. London), Southport, writes: "I have tried Pepsalia, and am so satisfied with its results that I am using it daily with suitable cases, and have every reason to endorse all that is claimed in regard to its usefulness." Pepsalia absolutely effects digestion, and restores dyspeptics to a condition of health and comfort. Bottles 1s. and 2s., from chemists, or G. & G. Stern, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

freely go to him whenever they require sympathy or assistance, and "that they will always *come by the front door*." Mr. Stuart has set a very good example—but I don't expect that there will be a great rush of clergy anxious to follow it.

With regard to the proposed buildings in Norwich Close, to which I referred last week, the Corporation have unanimously denounced the scheme, and when Dean Lefroy returns from Switzerland a deputation is to wait upon him to protest against it. Canon Heavisides, the senior residentiary, announces that the Dean and Chapter have a clear right to manage their property as they please, subject to the approval of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; and, with the insatiable cupidity for which the great majority of "the upper clergy" are notorious, they are resolved to build in order to increase the capitular revenues, which, in the opinion of most people, are already extravagantly large. I am disposed to think that the Dean and Chapter of Norwich have conceived a most erroneous impression of their powers and privileges. One would suppose that we had gone back to the reign of George IV. The innocent people who were inclined to regard Dean Lefroy as a sort of Bishop Fraser must be considerably astonished at his recent developments.

A great deal of indignation has been aroused, I learn, at Llandudno by the action of the Rector, the Rev. J. Morgan, in summarily expelling from the Sunday School two lady teachers who objected to instruct their classes from the "St. Paul's Series of Manuals of Christian Doctrine, according to the Church Catechism." The following is the particular "Christian doctrine" which one of the teachers in question refused to teach:—

> Question: Why is it necessary to believe in the One Holy Catholic Church? Answer: Because it is God's one appointed way of salvation.—Does it make any difference, then, what Church or sect we belong to if we are only aiming at the right place? Answer: Yes; it makes a great difference whether we obey Christ or disobey Him.

This sort of thing seems to be, in the opinion of the Rev. J. Morgan, the "backbone" of the Christian religion, for he stated that he could not permit the teaching of "jelly-fish religion, without backbone."

Since my last reference to the Chinese Missionary question, I have had an opportunity of looking through the article, "Defensio Populi ad Populos," which has attracted the attention of several of my contemporaries within the last week or two. It is a somewhat singular coincidence that this article—a sweeping condemnation of the Christian Missions by an educated Chinaman—should have been appearing at Shanghai almost simultaneously with a number of references to the same subject in Truth, themselves suggested by equally strong condemnation of the Missionaries communicated to me by English residents in China.

My own criticism of the Missions was founded solely upon the ground that the money spent upon them is ill-spent and misapplied. The author of the "Defensio Populi ad Populos," however, introduces a new element into the question. After arguing that the European Missions have done nothing for the moral elevation or the intellectual enlightenment of the Chinese, that their merely charitable work is costly and unproductive, and that the whole system is "but a huge scheme of charity for the benefit of unemployed professional persons from Europe and America,"—precisely the opinion which I expressed—he goes on to defend the hostility and hatred felt towards them, and to dwell upon the insult to the Chinese people which their present position in the country conveys. I am not going to reproduce the argument here. It may be sound, or it may be unsound. But I think that nobody should subscribe a farthing for the support of missionaries in China until he has not only read this expression of Chinese opinion, but satisfied himself that it is unfair and unfounded. Above all, I am convinced that the forcing of these missionaries down the throats of the Chinese by sheer brute force is an utterly unjustifiable act on the part of Great Britain, or any other Christian nation.

The Glamorganshire Ministers of the Calvinistic Methodist persuasion, at their monthly meeting in Cardiff last week, were deeply exercised over the question of Sunday labour in the harvest field. I gather from what passed, that the Welsh farmers have been doing what they could to retrieve the disasters of the present season by utilising one or two fine Sundays to save their crops—an act which, in my ignorance, I should have supposed to be equally in accordance with the teaching of common-sense and Christianity. One or two reverend gentlemen did, indeed, mildly contend that there was more occasion for protest against Sunday labour on railways and in ironworks, but in the end the whole assembly adopted a resolution expressing its "deep sorrow" at the impiety of the farmers. A Mr. John Lloyd, the most uncompromising of the party, reminded the assembly of "a case where, forty years ago, the Sunday in-gathered corn had been burnt up by lightning." I can tell Mr. John Lloyd that four hundred years ago even more surprising things happened than that, but, if he is wise, he will not use them as arguments for our guidance in an age of School Boards and Free Education.

With reference to a paragraph in last week's Truth respecting the vacant living of Pucklechurch, a resident at that place is anxious that I should inform my readers that Pucklechurch is in Gloucestershire, not Somersetshire. Having no desire to mislead the unwary on a matter of so much moment, I hasten to publish this information for the benefit of all whom it may concern.

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth. Also The Belle Vue and Pier Hotel, opposite the Pier, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach, General Manager, late of the Bath Hotel, Bournemouth.

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Quite So!

[Doctor Parker, of the City Temple, has announced it as his opinion that "a lot of pulpiteers ought to be silent for three years."—*Evening Paper.*]

Bravo! Doctor Parker, Bravo!
By all means your brethren restrain;
Let our chief pulpiteers
Hold their tongues for three years,
And we promise you *we* won't complain;
In fact, we with pleasure should hail
A scheme which religion would hallow
By causing the brains,
Which much preaching o'erstrains,
To lie, for a time at least, fallow.

But, surely, we scarcely need add,
That ere you check other men's speech,
You should first make it clear
That your words are sincere,
By practising that which you preach:
And so you, of course, will take steps,
Ere others you place on the shelf,
To be a bright sample,
And shining example,
By ceasing from preaching yourself!

I am pleased to see that one of the Bishop of Worcester's clergy has ventured to speak his mind. Canon Gregory Smith, who is, I understand, a scholarly and much-respected divine, and Vicar of Great Malvern, has addressed a letter to Dr. Perowne, in which he first urges that—

> The See of Birmingham should be for the city of Birmingham with its suburbs only.

Then he says:—

> Why, in founding a new See, must we be tied down to the stereotyped phrase, £3,000 or £3,500 for the income?

He gives the following reasons to the contrary, which, for candour and discretion, have seldom been equalled by the expressions of the clergy:—

> In the time which is approaching, large episcopal revenues will be a weakness and not a strength to the church, provoking cupidity, jealousy, suspicion, and even when administered most faithfully they are liable to misconstruction, giving a handle to unscrupulous detraction. . . . . Large episcopal revenues are a bequest from mediæval worldliness rather than from the simplicity of Apostolic Christianity.

What think our worthy Bishops of such words as these—not, be it remembered, from a "Mere Outsider," but from one of their own cloth? The possession of an enormous revenue by a Bishop, the confiscation of parochial revenues to help him to maintain his state, and the worldly pride which is shown in the pomp and circumstance of the episcopal position are, I venture to think, very far from "the simplicity of Apostolic Christianity."

I am asked to announce that a Bazaar will be held at Queen's Gate Hall early in December, under Royal and distinguished patronage, in aid of a charity for providing free breakfasts and dinners for the poor during the winter. Princess Christian has consented to open the Bazaar on December 2, at 3 p.m.; and the address of the honorary secretary is 12, Elm Park-gardens, S.W.

The following amounts towards Lady Jeune's Poor Children's Holiday Fund have come to hand:—

> Sympathy, £20; Florence, 5s. (also 5s. towards the Toy Fund); G. B. £1. 1s.; Wellwisher, £1. 15s.; J. H. Riches, £5; 10 per cent. of Earnings, £3; E. L. W., £1. 1s.; A. J. B., £1.

Lady Jeune also desires me to acknowledge C. G. Thomas, £5; Jet, £20; Lady Cotterell, £5.

I heard the other day of a sergeant of five years' standing, the senior sergeant of his regiment, and at present stationed at the regimental depot, who was, to the surprise of all who knew him, passed over for promotion to colour-sergeant in favour of a junior. Neither the Colonel nor the Adjutant of the regiment, both of whom have lately joined, had ever seen this sergeant. The officer commanding the regimental district, in submitting his name to the General officer commanding, pointed out that the sergeant possessed exceptional qualifications. The General, however, preferred to endorse the decision of a Colonel who had never seen the man. The case is obviously one of gross favouritism and jobbery, and I suspect that it is very far from being unique.

Here is a noteworthy story of justice in the Army. A Lance-Corporal in the 1st Gordon Highlanders, now at Colombo, returning to barracks at about 10.45 p.m. found his box lying in the barrack square, and the contents destroyed. The box had apparently been thrown from the verandah surrounding the room of which he was in charge. He reported the occurrence, and the next day the whole fifteen men then occupying the room in question were brought before the commanding officer. The latter, having asked if any of them knew the guilty party, and receiving no answer, punished the whole fifteen by ordering (1) that all those on garrison or battalion employ should return to regimental duty; (2) that none of the fifteen should be allowed passes or privileges for a year; (3) that they should all be placed on "daily pay" (five cents) for the same period. If all had been guilty, or accessories, this punishment would have been extravagantly severe. But it is extremely improbable that all were. Seven of the fifteen held good-conduct badges, and two of them two badges apiece. Moreover, a local correspondent who has gone exhaustively into the matter gives me what appears to be very clear evidence that the outrage might have been perpetrated by some one not in the room at all. While punishments of such severity are imposed in this off-hand and indiscriminate fashion, without the most perfunctory attempt to ascertain the truth, who can wonder that men leave the Army at the first opportunity, or that it becomes increasingly difficult to fill their places?

I have repeatedly alluded to the scandalous manner in which both Sir Michael Seymour and the Admiralty ignored the gallant behaviour of the officers and men of the Channel Squadron on the occasion of the *Utopia* disaster. I am, therefore, pleased to observe that Sir Lothian Nicholson, the Governor of Gibraltar, has very properly and very generously drawn attention to this matter. As an ex-Chairman of the Humane Society, Sir Lothian's opinions are of additional interest, and I trust that he will not—now that he has taken the matter in hand—allow it to be dropped until justice has been done.

Meanwhile, I am glad to find the Admiralty have taken my hint as to the disposal of the Naval Exhibition surplus, and that the money is to be utilised to establish a pension

Paris.—Hôtel Anglo-Français, 6, Rue Castiglioni, facing the Continental. First-class. Highly recommended for comfort, cuisine, moderate charges, and sanitary arrangements. Otis American lift.

fund for seamen's widows and orphans. The manner in which the hat has to be periodically sent round for the relief of deceased seamen's relations is not only a national disgrace, but is also very hard upon the officers and men of the Navy; so I hope that the present opportunity of establishing a much-needed permanent fund to deal with this question will be made the most of.

The Royal yacht *Osborne* arrived at Aberdeen on Friday afternoon from Copenhagen, having Prince George of Wales and the Duchess of Fife on board. The daily papers of Saturday announced that Prince George and the Duchess had proceeded to Braemar on Friday evening, but, as a matter of fact, they dined and slept on board the *Osborne*, and left for Ballater, on their way to New Mar Lodge, after breakfast on Saturday.

I cannot approve of the complacency of the Admiralty in granting permission to the German Naval Attaché and to a couple of French naval officers to visit Chatham Dockyard and make an inspection of all the vessels and workshops. It is the climax of folly and absurdity to waste large sums on experiments, and in purchasing new inventions, and then to allow foreign experts to visit the dockyards, and note down everything they see which is worth reporting. It would be a very long time before British experts were allowed to inspect French or German arsenals.

The directors of the Cunard Company have ordered a steamer of 12,000 tons to be built on the Clyde for the Liverpool and New York traffic. The vessel is to be capable of maintaining an ocean speed of from twenty-one to twenty-two knots. This steamer will be about three times the size of the *Scotia*, which, less than ten years ago, was the largest vessel of the Cunard line.

When the frauds perpetrated on the Revenue by "grogging" spirit casks were recently exposed in TRUTH, I was informed by one in authority in the Customs Service that the fault lay, not with the Inland Revenue authorities, but with Parliament, which had neglected to furnish the authorities with the powers necessary for stopping this fraud. The argument was obviously fallacious, since Parliament can only do in these matters what the Executive powers request it to do. But it now turns out that there was not the slightest ground for shifting the blame on to the Legislature. The Treasury have at last taken the matter in hand. After the end of this year casks emptied inside bonded warehouses for the purpose of blending will have to be re-filled before removal, or must be removed under bond, and will have to be rinsed, when either duty will be paid on the spirit contained in the rinsings, or the rinsings will be "destroyed." There is no reason why these regulations should not have been made years ago, and, I may add, no reason why they should be made now, except that the fraud has been exposed in these columns.

Varicocele and kindred ailments immediately relieved and speedily cured, without pain, drugs, surgical operations, or inconvenience, by the Scientific Application of Electricity, as practised in London for many years past with marvellous success at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, W.

An announcement, which has gone round the papers, that the Lord Advocate "declined to nominate himself to the office of Lord President of the Court of Session," is rubbish and nonsense, for the post in question is in the gift of the Prime Minister and the Secretary for Scotland, and the prevalent idea that the Lord Advocate has a prescriptive right to it is a ridiculous fiction. The Lord Advocate may claim the office of Lord Justice Clerk, but his promotion to the Lord Presidency of the Court of Session has very rarely occurred, and not once during the present century. It is understood that Lord Kingsburgh, the Lord Justice Clerk, did not desire promotion from his present office, and therefore the Lord Advocate has the refusal of the Lord Presidency, which, however, ought most certainly to have been offered to Lord Young, who, now that Lord President Inglis is gone, is far and away the most able Judge in Scotland, and he has been on the Bench for nearly eighteen years. Lord Young, however, is a Liberal. The Lord Advocate will no doubt make an excellent Judge, but it is monstrous to allow him to jump over the head of so distinguished a man as Lord Young, who was one of the most eminent advocates at the Scottish Bar when Mr. Robertson was a schoolboy. The idea that the Lord Advocate may prefer a political to a judicial career is absurd, for some time ago he was offered high office, but declined it because he was resolved not to abandon his profession.

The following is an interesting case, and one, I think, that undoubtedly points a moral. Captain Neil Menzies, of the Grenadier Guards, only son of Sir Robert Menzies, entered his regiment in 1874, when he was nineteen. His father then allowed him £300 a year, which was increased by degrees to £600 a year. Captain Menzies, however, was addicted to betting and gambling, and, in order to pay his debts, he had recourse to an astute Israelite—one Samuel Engel—who lent him £5,000 for six months, at the easy rate of 60 per cent., and he placed his debtor under an additional obligation by introducing him to his brother—Albert Engel, an attorney—to whom Captain Menzies forthwith confided the management of his affairs. Captain Menzies appears to have been constantly raising loans from money-lenders at outrageous interest, and when a bill became due, he borrowed from another Shylock to pay the amount. He was frequently assisted by his father, who treated him most generously, and finally he received £5,000 (of which sum he was then in urgent need) and an increased allowance, on condition of his signing a deed by which the Menzies family estates in Perthshire (which extend over 98,000 acres), were disentailed, and resettled in such a way that the heir could no longer raise money upon his interest in them.

Captain Menzies, however, was, in less than three years, again deep in debt, and in danger of bankruptcy; so he again resorted to his old game of raising money upon his interest in the estates of which his father is tenant for life. On discovering that he could not do so, Captain Menzies appeared to be infinitely astonished, and acting presumably under the influence of his Israelitish

MILLINERY.—All the latest Novelties in Smart Millinery at the 216, Regent-street Branch of the Maison Nouvelle (next to Liberty's East India House).

creditors, he brought an action in the Court of Session for the "reduction" (*i.e.*, cancelling) of the deed which he had signed, on the ground that his assent had been obtained by the misrepresentation and fraud of his father and the family lawyer, Mr. Jamieson, one of the most eminent "writers" in Scotland.

On Thursday last Lord Low issued his judgment, and he finds that the deed (which changed the right of Captain Menzies to the estates from a title in fee simple, on the death of his father, to a life-interest) should be "reduced," because of Mr. Jamieson's misrepresentations, "which, however, were neither made fraudulently nor with intent to deceive the pursuer." I will refrain from any comment upon this extraordinary case, for Lord Low's decision is certain to be appealed against. In the meantime, however, no one will be surprised to hear that great sympathy is felt in the North for Sir Robert Menzies.

The doubt that has sprung up in recent years respecting the public right-of-way through Glenmore, by the road from Grantown or Abernethy to Avremore, has, I understand, been definitely settled in favour of the public, the Scottish Rights of Way Society having successfully approached the Duke of Richmond on the subject. The result shows the value of prompt action in matters of this kind. In numerous instances lately persons travelling either way through Glenmore by this road have been turned back, and had the usurpation not been resisted the public rights would very soon have become obscure and doubtful. As it is, one of the finest drives in the country is placed beyond danger for another generation or two at least.

These right-of-way cases are multiplying in Scotland to an astonishing extent, though that may be—and I hope it is—as much due to increased vigilance in defending public rights as to increased unscrupulousness on the part of landlords in invading them. In one Edinburgh paper last week particulars of four such cases, filling half a column or so, were reported. It would have a good effect, I fancy, if the English and Scotch Rights of Way Associations were to unite in publishing a sort of gazette, or black-book, in which all these offences against the community were systematically gibbeted; for publicity is the best check upon the depredating landlord.

All previous records in the Bankruptcy Court appear to be eclipsed by a case which has just occurred in the Exeter County-court. The estate realised £730 odd, out of which £660, all but a sovereign, went in costs, the balance sufficing to pay the unsecured creditors 3½d. in the pound. The trustee, evidently feeling that some explanation is called for, informs the wretched creditors that the heavy law costs "were caused very largely by the debtor having absconded and taken some of his books with him." On the other hand, one of the creditors tells me that it is within his knowledge that the estate was realised in a few weeks at a trifling cost. However that may be, the system must, indeed, be rotten where the mere fact of the debtor having absconded and taken some of his books can entail, as in this case, law costs to the amount of £434. 18s. 2d.—exclusive of Board of Trade and Court fees.

Yet another rival to the immortal Dymoke has appeared in the person of a certain Mr. Henry Upton, who cumbers the Bench of the Petworth Police-court. This delightful representative of Justice had haled before him one day last week a wretched tramp, charged with the monstrous crime of damaging some cut clover by sleeping upon it. Although it was proved that the man was penniless and worn out with fatigue, the above-mentioned Solon of Petworth fined him 9s. 6d., with an alternative of eight days' imprisonment!!

At Missenden, last week, an agricultural labourer, a decent, hard-working man, was sentenced to pay a fine and costs amounting to 20s. (or one month's imprisonment) for being in possession of a dead pheasant. This is another example of the vicissitudes which make life such a boon to the English villager. I am told that if there had been any opportunity of getting at the truth, it could have been pretty satisfactorily established that the pheasant had been found by the defendant lying by a public footpath across a stubble-field. Perhaps further inquiry would also have elicited who shot the bird—a point worth clearing up.

There has been a good deal of discussion lately on the pay and prospects of the agricultural labourer. As a valuable contribution to the debate, I beg to call attention to the case of William Gould. William was prosecuted at Warminster for wrongfully quitting the service of Messrs. W. & J. Parry without notice. Although, when William was gone, W. & J. Parry considered themselves entitled to £3 damages for the loss of him, while he was in their employ they only valued his services at 1s. 3d. a day, and for that 1s. 3d. the man, according to his own statement, was repeatedly kept at work from 6 a.m. till 8 p.m., so that he was earning a trifle over a penny an hour. Gould swore that he had made no contract, as the complainants alleged, to stop with them till Michaelmas, and also that on July 30 he gave a fortnight's notice to leave unless his pay was raised. Three Warminster J.P.'s, however, not only took the oath of a bailiff in preference to Gould's statement, but awarded Messrs. W. & J. Parry £2 damages, to be paid at the rate of 10s. a month. If they had had their way they would probably have ordered Gould a dose of the knout, or a few weeks in irons, or some other punishment appropriate to runaway slaves. And yet, strange to say, the agricultural labourer is everywhere migrating into the towns, the villages are growing deserted, and the farmers are at their wits' end to obtain labour.

During an inquest at Birkenhead on Wednesday an attempt was made to prejudice the minds of the public

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against the work of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. A slaughterman employed at the lairages received a fatal kick from a bullock, and one of the witnesses asserted that the men were not allowed to protect themselves from such injuries, as if the officers of the R.S.P.C.A. saw them using a stick they were summoned and fined. The coroner and the jury seem to have accepted this as an accurate statement, and the former remarked that the deceased might have been alive now if he had been armed with a stick. Now I have read reports of several prosecutions for cruelty at the Birkenhead lairages, and what the slaughtermen were punished for was not the reasonable use of a stick for their own protection, but for unnecessarily and unmercifully beating and wounding the animals with weapons having iron prongs at the end. The society is merely doing its duty in trying to suppress this sort of cruelty, and it is a gross and malicious libel to suggest that it desires to shield animals at the expense of human beings. It is to be regretted that the coroner and jury should have endorsed without further inquiry unsupported allegations of such a nature. It is, of course, the coroner who is principally to blame.

Will it be believed? At Bromsgrove Petty Sessions the other day a woman was charged with stealing some apples, and it was actually declared in evidence that the stems of the fruit "fitted" the prosecutor's trees from which it was alleged that they were stolen. Could fatuousness go further? The woman was discharged because she had been in an asylum, and was "queer." But then, so was the evidence—very queer. As to the people who produced it — they ought, without doubt, to have been sent to the place where the poor woman had been.

Charles Edward Hayland, a Nottingham blacksmith, may think himself exceedingly fortunate in that the Great Northern Railway Company only summoned him to appear at Boston Petty Sessions for interfering with the comfort of passengers. This ruffian got into a carriage in which there were several passengers, and, while the train was going along at full speed, he opened the door, and attempted to put a rope round a woman's neck, saying that he would "give her the drop." She fainted, and remained unconscious until she was taken out of the train at Sleaford Station. This gross outrage would have been very properly punished with a sentence of imprisonment if Hayland had been summoned for assault, but, owing to the strange and highly censurable course adopted by the Company, he could only be fined. Such an offence should be severely punished in the interest of every one who travels by railway, and it behoves the Companies to take adequate steps against such miscreants in order that they may receive proper sentences.

My interest and influence have been solicited on behalf of a man named George Crocker, who was sentenced at the last Exeter Assizes to three months' hard labour for firing furze on Dartmoor. Mr. Justice Mathew is usually a level-headed Judge, but unless there were other facts in the case than have been brought to my knowledge, he came down on Mr. Crocker with a good deal more weight than the circumstances justified. The man was no doubt guilty, but the offence is a microscopic one. Anybody may burn furze on Dartmoor till March 15, and Crocker's fire was only lit some two or three weeks after that date. The furze is of no value to any human being; on the contrary, it grows over what would otherwise be grazing land of more or less value. The only purpose it serves is that of cover for ground game, and to that fact alone, I imagine, was Crocker indebted for the serious notice taken of his offence.

Efforts are now being made, I understand, to move the Home Secretary to reconsider the case of Mr. Masters, whose conviction before the Recorder of Manchester has already been noticed in Truth. I wish them every success, not only for the sake of Mr. Masters, but for the sake of the Recorder. It is time that the judicial ferocity of this gentleman received an official rebuke. I published last week a letter showing what sort of an impression Mr. West's conduct in this case created in the mind of at least one intelligent and trustworthy witness. Here is another in much the same strain:—

> There is not the slightest doubt that Mr. Masters is absolutely innocent, as indeed all the evidence showed. Everything in the earlier stages of the trial was right and proper. The prosecution was perfectly fair, and the defence clear and cogent until the Recorder, Mr. West (who had left the Court for a short time during counsel's speech for the defence), commenced to sum up. It was not a summing-up at all. It was the address of an advocate for the Crown to the jury, and unfair at that.

The finances of the city of Edinburgh appear to have drifted into a most unsatisfactory state. Last year the Council exceeded the estimates by £9,000, and this year it expects to spend £22,000 more than last year's estimates, but the business is muddled and scrambled through in such a slovenly and slapdash fashion that very likely the estimate of an excess of £22,000 will be exceeded by several thousands. The inordinate expenditure in connection with deputations to London and elsewhere has been exciting much unfavourable criticism lately at Edinburgh.

Wholesome cider is a far better drink for people than bad beer, and I therefore regret to read that, as one of the evil results of the system of "tied" public-houses, the sale of the first-named beverage is in some districts practically abolished. At the licensing sessions at Evesham last week, a Magistrate stated that some tourists who had walked twenty or thirty miles through a Worcestershire fruit-growing district were unable to obtain cider at any public-house on the road. The sale of cider, it was explained, is practically prohibited by the owners of "tied" houses, who insist that people shall drink their beer, bad as it may be, or else have nothing. The Legislature might well interfere in a matter of this sort, and protect the interests of the public. But a Tory Government, of course, only thinks of protecting the interests of the brewers.

I am in favour of local option. If the Temperance Party are of the same opinion they must be prepared for

cases in which the local vote will be adverse to their views, and must bow in such cases to the popular will. The Horsham Magistrates were asked last week to grant a full licence to a beer-house at a place called The Haven, Billingshurst. The house is three miles from the nearest fully-licensed house. The application was, therefore, not in itself unreasonable. But the remarkable feature in the case was that the application was supported by a memorial signed by all the people of importance in the neighbourhood, and every inhabitant of the hamlet, including the clergy and the doctors—the latter signing on the ground that difficulty had been experienced in the neighbourhood in obtaining spirits in cases of emergency. The Temperance Party, however, opposed the licence, and the Magistrates refused it. Setting aside the merits of the case, I would ask the Temperance Party what right they will have after this to complain when a bench insists on granting a licence in direct opposition to the wishes of the locality?

When squandering other people's money, Bumble displays all the fatuous imbecility that characterised a certain Benzon when squandering his own. The Dartford Bumbles, in the plenitude of their wisdom, are misogamists to a man. Not so, however, Mr. C. Wills, the late Workhouse-master, who, following the dictates of human nature, was foolish enough to take unto himself as wife the Matron. For his simple exercise of a universal privilege, the Gothamitic Guardians at once compelled him to resign, but by way of solatium, granted him a yearly pension of £100 out of the ratepayers' pockets. Now, in order to still further qualify themselves for a lengthened sojourn at Earlswood, they have subsequently appointed a married couple to the very identical offices.

Over-crowding, with its attendant evils, appears to prevail to a most disgraceful extent at Camborne. In a letter published by a Plymouth morning paper, it is asserted that in the parish of Camborne there are 102 cases with an average of six-and-a-half persons, and eighty-one cases with an average of four persons, of various ages and sexes, sleeping in one bedroom—usually very low and small. When he goes into details the writer, Dr. Thomas Hutchinson, makes some still more astounding revelations. In two cases no fewer than nine persons are sleeping in one small bedroom; there are eight persons in each of two other bedrooms; and a fifth is occupied by a family of seven. Here are the ages of the occupants—belonging to both sexes—of two of these rooms: 55, 40, 20, 19, 10, 8, and 7; 35, 28, 19, 16, 15, 14, 8, and 4 years. When attention was drawn to these facts at the meeting of the Camborne Local Board a few days ago, one of the members, Captain Charles Thomas, expressed the hope that that body "would feel above taking any notice of the letter;" and another member condemned the "taste" of Dr. Hutchinson in writing to a newspaper. Right-minded men, however, will feel that Dr. Hutchinson has performed a public service in exposing an outrageous state of affairs which the Local Board should never have allowed to exist. As there has been a communication from the Local Government Board on the subject, it is to be hoped they will now be forced to put an end to it.

Bournemouth.—Royal Bath Hotel. The only hotel on the East Cliff. Grounds of Five Acres. 1,000 feet sea-frontage. South aspect. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited.

The following reply was received the other day by a gentleman who answered an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* of a cottage to let. I have often wondered what there is to be gained by going to Court, but if there are many landlords who will grant a 25 per cent. abatement of rent to those who have been through this ordeal, I should be the first to seek the presence of the Sovereign. But what a tale it tells of the depression of the aristocracy, that those who have gained this high honour should subsequently be found hiding their light under a bushel in a six-roomed cottage at £34 a year:—

> The pretty cottage, detached, has six rooms—namely, light, airy kitchen, &c., in half-basement; on ground floor, good hall and one sitting room; on first floor, two rooms about 13 ft. by 11 ft., and one smaller (11 ft. by 7 ft. 6 in.); over these, small attic for one servant. The situation and surroundings singularly quiet and pleasant, and such as gentry only could appreciate.
>
> Faces south, on gravel, drainage and water perfect. Rent, rates, and taxes £34. Must be taken for five years. Very small, sunny, secluded garden, all in front. It has been occupied by persons of good family and position who go to Court, and to such only will it be let at the low rent asked. If let to people in a different social position, the inclusive rent will be £44. Close to station, shops, everything.

For the benefit of holiday readers English newspapers have this year been enlivened by two discussions, both possessing a certain spiritual interest, one upon Drink, and the other upon Theosophy. I have amused my leisure moments by dipping from time to time into both these literary streams. It may be an error of judgment; it may be due to a congenital moral obliquity; but as between the two evils, Theosophy and Drink, I am bound to say that I prefer Drink.

Mrs. Besant is terribly in earnest. Moreover, I have a high regard for her intelligence and her whole character. I feel, therefore, that this is a subject which demands to be dealt with seriously. To the best of a humble ability, I have endeavoured to deal with Mrs. Besant seriously. This means a good deal—the perusal of two very long and complicated speeches, and a goodish many stray letters within one short month. But, at the end of it all, I only find myself hopelessly at a loss to understand Mrs. Besant. She can, I find, tell me everything. She disposes of the problems which have bothered mankind from the beginning of time as expeditiously as a navvy disposes of a pot of beer. She knows how the universe began. She can tell you to a *t* the nature of man's relations to the universe around him. In a vague sort of way, she has let us know from whom she obtained this valuable information. But as to how it was obtained in the first instance, or what evidence there is to bear it out, she never deigns to give a hint.

Take any one of these doctrines—say, the Theosophic version of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. It may be a very comfortable doctrine. I don't mind believing that I have been incarnated before, or that I shall be incarnated again. I can understand that it is a belief which

may bear good sound moral fruit. But who discovered this truth, and how? Whoever did so must have succeeded, one would think, in tracing some individual through his successive incarnations. If that has been done once, it can be done again. Can anybody say, now, that what we call Mr. Toole is only John Knox in a new shape, that I was once the Man in the Iron Mask, or that Mrs. Besant is merely the Queen of Sheba up to date? Can the thing be verified in this or any other way? Mrs. Besant doesn't so much as give a hint that it can. So far as I can gather, the whole doctrine is pure dogma. Now, if I must swallow a dogma, I would rather take it on the authority of the Pope of Rome, of whose existence I can satisfy myself, than on that of a Mahatma in Thibet, for whose existence I have only the word, such as it is, of the late H. P. Blavatsky. I have a shrewd suspicion that Mrs. Besant will see the matter in this light sooner or later, and exchange the authority of the ethereal, intangible Mahatmas for that of the solid corporeal Pope. But in he meantime, her condition, as a woman of considerable intellectual force and logical ability, is a greater mystery to me than all the dogmas of Theosophy.

A lady writes to me as follows:—

> The amusing little poem, "A Fin de Siècle Possibility," that appeared in last week's Truth, recalls to mind George Eliot's famous description of "The Burning of Vanities," which took place in Florence in the fifteenth century, when, under the influence of Savonarola's teaching, the Florentine ladies made, in the Piazza della Signoria, a bonfire of their false hair, rouge-pots, perfumes, powder, and other unnecessary toilet accessories.
>
> I fear, however, that in London the times are scarcely ripe for such a holocaust.
>
> At the last meeting of the Rational Dress Society a lady got up and said that she would be only too glad to adopt the costumes advocated by the Society (the one in question was specially suitable for walking in muddy weather), but that she was not strong-minded enough to bear the ironical criticism to which the wearer would inevitably be subjected at the hands of the London street boy, unless such attire became general. The editor of a ladies' paper then suggested that one hundred ladies resident in London should agree to turn out dressed in the new style on a certain day, and he offered to receive the names of those who were willing to do so. Only twenty names, however, were sent in, so the proposal fell to the ground.

I was not at all surprised at reading this. Ladies will talk and organise, and agitate and combine, and write and lecture about Rational Dress—they will, in short, do anything but wear it. When, indeed, I peruse the report of this meeting in support of "Hygienic Costume," or of that in furtherance of the objects of "The Anti-Fashion League," I am invariably reminded of that well-known apologue of old Æsop's which tells how the eagerly-welcomed proposal of belling the cat ended in nothing but tall talk.

By the way, the strong-minded ladies have now a chance. New Zealand has passed a law qualifying women to sit in its Legislature. Any lady desirous to become a Member of Parliament, and believing that she can find favour with New Zealanders, has, therefore, only to ship herself off to the Antipodes in order to gratify her aspirations to become a man and yet to remain a woman.

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Sir Edward Hertslet, of the Foreign Office, has just issued another valuable addition to his long list of works on treaties with foreign Powers. It is entitled, "Treaties concluded between Great Britain and Persia and between Persia and other foreign Powers, wholly or partially in force on April 1, 1891." Sir Edward, in an introductory note, observes that as by a treaty signed in 1857 between Great Britain and Persia—and which is still in force—the contracting parties engage reciprocally to accord to each other's subjects and commerce the treatment of the most favoured nation, British subjects can readily see by a glance at the various engagements into which Persia has entered with other Powers, how much they are or are not entitled to claim at the hands of his Imperial Majesty the Shah.

An Australian paper states that 500 Chinamen obtain an excellent living in Sydney as professional gamblers, their gains being so considerable that they are enabled regularly to remit large sums to China.

The Boers have not created a very favourable impression upon Lord Randolph Churchill; but even more unfavourable is the impression produced by Lord Randolph Churchill upon the Boers. A Transvaal paper that has been sent to me contains a particularly large dose of matter calculated to hold his lordship up to "hatred, ridicule, and contempt." I cannot, at this distance, pronounce an opinion on the merits of this quarrel. Very possibly the Boer is not exactly marching in the van of civilisation—I am inclined to think that he is not; but he seems to have got a clear idea that civilisation does not consist solely of water-carts and high-class cookery, and to this extent he has, so far as I can see, the advantage of the inventor of Tory Democracy.

A gentleman, who ought to know the subject well, sends me a letter traversing several of the strongest allegations made against the Boer by the *Daily Graphic's* distinguished correspondent. Respecting the assertion that "throughout the Transvaal the native enjoys the valuable privilege of being able to purchase and consume in any quantity the most poisonous alcoholic compounds," my correspondent says:—

> This is an utterly unjustifiable mis-statement from one who affects to have a knowledge of "the nation as a whole." For many years the sale of liquor to natives in the Transvaal has been prohibited by law. They can only obtain it surreptitiously, and that not from the Boers, but from English retailers. On second conviction for this offence, a dealer is liable to a fine of £50, which, to my knowledge, has been imposed several times recently. As a matter of fact, the natives in the Transvaal are treated with as great consideration as in the adjacent British colonies. As to "slavery," there is more in the nature of that condition observable within two miles of the English Houses of Parliament than in all South Africa proper. His lordship's South African letters, however, have so bristled with inaccuracies and mis-statements, that a mere enumeration would make a good-sized catalogue.

I have learnt by experience that it is beyond human possibility to get at the truth on any question where the evidence comes from the other side of the globe. On this

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question, however, of native races and the liquor traffic every reader of Truth will doubtless remember the extract which I published a few weeks back from a Johannesburg paper, advocating the free dissemination of alcohol as the only means of checking the alarming multiplication of the black races in South Africa. Now that extract came, not from a Boer, but from an English paper, and a paper which I am told is under the direct influence of Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

One of Lord Salisbury's political friends sent him a newspaper containing Lord Randolph Churchill's predictions to a Cape reporter respecting political prospects in this country. The friend received back a slip of paper inscribed with the following extract from "Coningsby:" —"The political grapes were sour for Mr. Rigby; a prophet of evil, he preached only mortification and repentance and despair to his late colleagues."

The Tories at Devonport seem to have lost their heads as well as their tempers at the prospect of the sound drubbing which awaits them at the next Election. It would be difficult to account in any other way for the recent action of their solicitor, Mr. Rundle, who, having at the last moment served notices of objections to about four hundred new Liberal claimants, showed the frivolity, or, I think I ought to say, the vexatiousness, of his proceeding by the subsequent withdrawal of nearly the whole of the objections he had made. It must, of course, have been aggravating to some of the individual Liberals to be thus unnecessarily annoyed, but the Liberal party generally has no cause to resent Mr. Rundle's tactics. Victory must be assured to them when their opponents commence the engagement by fighting as wildly and as purposelessly as this.

Quaint, indeed, not to say wonderful, are the various conclusions arrived at in the Registration Courts. But perhaps one of the most mean and contemptible objections to voters has been raised, and unfortunately successfully raised, by the Tories (the Conservative working man's friends) at Bromley, Kent. Last winter, during the nine weeks' Arctic weather, the Guardians at Bromley very humanely and sensibly opened a wood-yard for the purpose of giving to starving workmen temporary relief. Upon these grounds the Tories have had all these men disfranchised, and the Revising Barrister, while admitting that "it was too bad," said that he had no option but to remove the names from the list of all who had received relief, no matter however temporary. I hope that working men throughout the country will "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" this action of their self-dubbed friends.

In discussing the reform of the jury-box a few months ago, I remarked that if the Democracy understood their own interests they would insist upon the right to serve on juries as a matter only second in importance to representation in Parliament. In this, I evidently gauged their sentiments correctly, for the Trades Union Congress has unanimously adopted a resolution in favour of the admission of working-men to the jury-box. Mr. Wilson, who proposed the resolution, characterised the present system as utterly rotten, and the same view has already been expressed in Truth. This is a question which may well occupy the attention of the next Liberal Lord Chancellor, who will find all the materials to work upon in the Bill which was all but passed through the House of Commons a few years ago.

The recent correspondence as to the causes of the persistent exodus from our villages to our towns has brought the following communication from our old friend "Josiah":—

Said Josiah to the Squire,
"Since I first was in your hire
It's nigh on five and fifty year, a tidy life-time, Squire;
And now you keep on saying that you cannot understand
Why my sons are discontented, and won't live upon the land.
It's shortsighted and ungrateful so you say, Squire, with a frown,
For my lads to leave the country and to go and live in town;
And as often as you meet me, why, you set to and inquire
What's the reason of their conduct?"
Said Josiah to the Squire.

Said Josiah to the Squire,
"You shall have what you desire,
I will tell you straight and truly what's the reason of it, Squire;
My lads have left the village 'cause they see, as clear as clear,
That a life o' honest labour only brings the workhouse near;
'Cause they see that by their working, in all kinds of wind and weather,
They would only just—God help 'em!—soul and body keep together;
'Cause they see that if they stay here they'll sink deeper in the mire;
That's why they've left the country,"
Said Josiah to the Squire.

Said Josiah to the Squire,
"Yes, my lads is looking higher,
They want a taste o' comfort and some independence, Squire;
They don't want no more slaving upon a starving wage,
With no chance to save a little for ill-health or for old age;
But they want their work's fair value, which their father's never known,
And, most of all, they're anxious to call their souls their own.
Which I'm bound to say their spirit I most certainly admire;
Aye, I wish that I could join 'em!"
Said Josiah to the Squire.

Several of the papers have called attention to the fact that the very desirable office of Keeper of the Regalia in the Tower has been held by three military officers in succession, and it is suggested that the successor of the late Captain Loftus should be a naval officer. This is reasonable enough, but also exceedingly ingenuous; for, like all

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places which are in the gift of the Queen, the post is certain to be filled up through private interest, and it is very likely that one of the Gentlemen Ushers will be appointed. Every Court or quasi-Court place which now becomes vacant is scrambled for by certain ladies of high station, who exercise considerable influence in such matters.

The Government of Tasmania, which is worth £5,000 a year, with a delightful residence, and by no means onerous duties, will be at Lord Knutsford's disposal early next year, when Sir Robert Hamilton's term expires.

It would appear that the egregious "Salisbury Van" has not enjoyed a prosperous progress through Wiltshire. Last Thursday, at a large village near Trowbridge, a meeting was held at which a specimen of that incomprehensible *lusus naturæ* the "Tory working man" made a speech, after which, instead of the expected vote of confidence in the Government, the audience would have passed an almost unanimous vote of confidence in Mr. Gladstone but for the dexterity of the local Tory agent, who acted as chairman, and promptly declared the meeting to be closed.

The *World* announced the other day that Mr. Mallock, the Tory member for Torquay, had been addressing meetings in that district, which have proved most helpful to the Unionist cause. This is mere fiction, for Mr. Mallock has not addressed any meetings, and political affairs are entirely in abeyance at present in the Torquay district. As a matter of fact, every one in South Devon knows very well that Sir Arthur Hayter is quite certain to win the Torquay seat for the Liberals at the General Election.

Mr. Gladstone's estimate of the probable result of the next General Election seems to have excited to frenzy all the Tory and Liberal-Unionist calculators, and they have rushed to the columns of the *Times* with proof positive that he must be wrong. Very possibly his estimate will not be exactly verified, for it is given to no man to predicate to a certainly the outcome of a battle fought out in every household in the United Kingdom. His aim was to show what the result would be assuming that the votes on each side given at the bye-elections are to be deemed an indication of the verdict at the General Election; and this, so far as I can perceive is the only guide that we have to what these votes will be. The Government calculators, I am glad, however, to see, do not contest that the voting will be with us. Their aim is limited to prove that the defeat of their party will not be so crushing as Mr. Gladstone anticipates. This must be poor comfort, but so far as it goes, it would be cruel to deprive them of it.

How fortunate it has been for the newspapers that Turkey has come to an arrangement during the dead season with Russia as to the passage of the Dardanelles by the vessels of the Russian volunteer fleet! They have made the most of it, one ass of an editor publishing what some other ass of an editor has said in respect to the matter. Our Tory press, of course, urges that England should have her eye on Russia, particularly now that she is backed up by France, and that we should inform the Triple Allies of the Tories, that if only they will protest, we will do the same. It cannot be too widely known on the Continent that the Tory rule will come to an end in a year, and that with it will cease all colleaguing with the Triple Allies, and the remotest probability of our entering into any united action with them against Russia and France. The Radicals care very little whether Russia scores a point in Turkey. They intend to interfere in no sort of way with the future of that country. So far as a pious opinion goes, they would be glad to see the Turkish Empire disappear, for it is one of the most accursedly vile Governments that ever existed.

The policy of Russia in regard to Turkey has always surprised me. I should have thought that it was a mistake to establish autonomous Governments between her possessions and Constantinople. Bulgaria now blocks the way to that capital. But why does she not meet this difficulty by an advance to the Mediterranean *viâ* Asia? Here she would encounter no resistance from the Triple Allies, whilst most unquestionably the atrocities that are committed under Turkish rule in Armenia, and the gross mismanagement of Asia Minor, would paralyze the efforts of any Minister of Foreign Affairs in England to drag us into a war to maintain the sway of the Turks in these countries. Were such an advance to take place, France would probably meet it by an occupation of the Lebanon. We could not even complain of this, for the reply of Russia and France would be that their occupation was a temporary one like ours of Egypt, and that, like us, they felt that they were bound to remain until the natives had learnt to govern themselves.

With regard to our occupation of Egypt, it must not be forgotten that when it was proposed, during the last session, that the army should be reduced by the number of men now there, every Liberal in the House of Commons, including those on the front Opposition bench, voted in favour of the motion. A Liberal Ministry, therefore, means our absolute withdrawal from Egypt—bag and baggage, general and drummer-boy. When this has been done we shall have ceased to disgrace ourselves by the violation of a pledge given to Europe, and we shall lose nothing by reverting to honest ways; for when the last Liberal Government was in office a consultative Military and Naval Committee came to the conclusion that Egypt would be of no use to us in case of a war with any strong Mediterranean Power; for we should have to send troops and goods to the East by way of the Cape, whilst we should practically close the canal to our adversary owing to our hold in the Red Sea. From first to last the occupation has been solely for the benefit of the Egyptian bondholders and other such bloodsuckers.

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SCRUTATOR.

A VISIT TO VIENNA.

"MIND you go," said some one to me in England, "to the Prague Exhibition." So I went. It is, like the Chinese Wall, worth visiting if you are close to it, but hardly worth a journey to Prague. It consists of a large number of fine buildings in a park, but as the Exhibition is limited to Bohemian industries, and as Bohemia shines in no industrial product with the exception of glass, there is very little in these fine buildings which is attractive. The hotels in Prague are poor, and, as is the case in most Austrian hotels, the attendance is detestable. A notice in my room ran, "for what you wants, wring the bell," but you might ring, or wring it, without any human being responding to the effort. I soon betook myself to Vienna. I had not been there since the town had been enlarged, and I had heard much of the shops. Here again I was disappointed. The shops remain what they were, small and miserable. In the new boulevards there are hardly any. These boulevards are far too wide. This dwarfs the houses on each side. Of late years, the object of every German town has been to pull down the old narrow streets and to build wide ones in their place. But a street may be too wide as well as too narrow, otherwise you might build a row of houses in Sussex and another in Yorkshire, and call it a street. I went to see the Parliament House, and, after inspecting it, I felt that I could with pleasure join a mob to disinter the remains of the eminent architect who built the Palace at Westminster and hang his bones on a gibbet. Mr. Ayrton, when the Post-office was rebuilt, invited the architects and men of taste to see it. "This," he said to them, "is post-office architecture." The Vienna architect has erected a building which is Parliament architecture. Everything is adapted to the wants and requirements of those who are to use it. The members of each of the two Chambers sit in a semi-circular room, and each member has an arm-chair and a desk before him. The general objection made to this plan of a deliberative room is that it obliges members to speak from a tribune. But at Vienna they speak from their places, and, owing to the excellent acoustic properties of the Chamber, they can be perfectly heard. I went over the place in company with a priest, who was visiting it at the same time. He perceived that I was an Englishman, and asked me how the place compared with the English Parliament House. "The members in England," I said, "sit in an oblong room, in which there are only places for half their number." "But what do the others do?" he asked. "They do not listen to the debates," I replied, "they seldom know what is under discussion: A bell rings, and they come in, and are told to vote as their Leader orders them." As a good Radical I felt it necessary to give a further explanation, so I continued. "The majority of the members are supporters of the Government, it is one of the worst Governments with which a country was ever cursed, it is called the 'stupid party,' and it is composed of Junkers and men who have made much money. They want the laws to be made for their benefit, and not for the benefit of the poor." "But why," he said, "do they have a majority, for I suppose that the poor have votes as well as the rich, and there must be more poor than rich in England?" "They gained their election by corruption and by falsehood," I answered. "Their wives and their daughters went about giving the electors feasts, and they went about saying everywhere that the Radicals wanted to destroy the Empire. In this way they bought some with gifts, and others they deceived with falsehoods. Soon the electors discovered how they had been fooled, and for five years they have wanted to take away the Government from the stupids, but by our laws a Parliament is elected for seven years, and the country is still obliged to submit to the disgrace of having such a Government for one more—and, perhaps, for two more years Then there will be another Election, and the stupids will be in a minority, and the Radicals, who represent the sense and intelligence of the country, will become the Government." "And the Radicals," he said, "will, I suppose, make a Chamber large enough to hold all the Members." "I am not quite sure of that," I answered. This seemed to surprise him, but he thanked me for having made clear to him the Party differences in England.

The Viennese are an easy-going, pleasure-loving people, rather out of the running in the present go-ahead age. As some one (I forget who it was) said of them, their aspirations are limited to a desire that a sufficient number of them should learn to play the fiddle, so that music may never fail them. In the daytime they never are in a hurry, and stroll about the streets. In the summer evenings they go to gardens, listen to music, and take light refreshments. One of these drinks I would recommend to English bars. It consists of a long glass filled half full with a light white wine and the other half with mineral water. This is sold, for a few pence, already mixed. Another drink is what they call a *mélange*. It is *café au lait*, and is served in a glass. Then they have boys walking about the gardens with loaves of bread and cheese. A person wishing to eat and drink at one of these establishments calls for a drink of some sort. This is brought by the waiter. Then he stops one of the boys, buys a roll of him, and from another boy he gets the exact amount of cheese that he requires. Personally I do not like alcoholic liquors, but I have always thought that the way to put an end to the vast amount of drunkenness amongst us would be to provide the people everywhere with a drink containing so small a quantity of alcohol that no amount of it would intoxicate; for it must be admitted that the non-intoxicating beverages are neither very exhilarating nor very pleasant to the taste. Sir Wilfrid Lawson meets the difficulty by putting so many lumps of sugar in his tumbler—but, were others to follow his example, they would destroy their digestion in a few months. In the wine-drinking districts of France there is no drunkenness, nor is there amongst the South Germans and Austrians, where the staple

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beverage is either the mildest of beers or the mildest of wines.

The new Opera House at Vienna is really a fine building. I went there to hear "Robert le Diable." During the recitative I ventured an observation in a low tone to the person next to me. A stern woman sitting before me turned round, glanced at me, and said "hush!" I hushed at once, and felt that I was indeed in a country three parts mad on music. But during an *entr'acte*, I again spoke whilst the band was tuning up, and again the stern woman said "hush!" and glared. When the opera was over, she spoke to her companion, and I then discovered that she was an American, possibly not very skilled in music, but determined to have her money's worth.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

It has been a week of disappointment all round, and the managers are entirely at fault. They will put it down to the sudden rush of hot weather, they will ascribe the failure to the burning September sunshine, but hot nights and sultry days have nothing to do with it. The reason of the week's depression has been an indifferent estimate of the capability of the British public for enjoying a good thing.

I don't believe there was ever a night in September so sultry that it would keep her admirers out of the house when Ada Rehan had some new character to show us. But, to tell the honest truth, Ada Rehan's admirers and Augustin Daly's many friends, and those who enthusiastically applaud all that is done by John Drew and James Lewis and Mr. Gilbert are heartily sick of the Dalyised German farces. This has nothing to do with Mr. Daly or his company or the farces. I don't believe any author can adapt the German plays so well, and I am convinced that no stock company can act them nearly so well. But we have had enough of them. It has been discovered that the company is worth better things than German farces, and we are all longing to see Ada Rehan as Lady Teazle, and once more as Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew." They are all far more than farce actors, and they are merely wasting their time at the new Lyceum, reconstructed and furnished up to date, and provided with the electric light and other comforts. Mr. Daly should have started with the American version of "The School for Scandal." He could always have fallen back on "A Night Off," which has nowadays a faded and old-fashioned air. Even the company have ceased to believe in it, and they act as if they were tired of each scene and sentence. Mr. Daly very justly prides himself on the loyalty of his company, but does he not test their loyalty at a very high strain? Miss Ada Rehan and her clever companions must know and feel that they are worth better work than the pantomime frenzy of these touch-and-go farces. Charles Wyndham has played Charles Surface, and David Garrick, and Rover. He can never get back with a good grace to "The Great Divorce Case" and "Pink Dominoes." He knows a trick worth two of that. Similarly, Miss Ada Rehan frets under the galling fetters of "A Night Off." All this is an implied compliment to our genial American guests. We like them so well that there is anxiety to see them at their best.

If the poet Wills had written a play as beautiful in literature and as false in history as "Charles I." it would have been thrown away at the Olympic Theatre. We want an Irving and an Ellen Terry for the Martyr King and the French Queen, but we want something better for Napoleon and Josephine than Mr. Murray Carson and Miss Grace Hawthorne. They do their best, but it is not up to much. The young actor is fresh from a reciting academy, and has promise. He knows how to speak and to make himself heard, but the lady is monotonously dull and consistently commonplace, even with the aid of the literature of Mr. W. G. Wills; and this is the kind of literature that the stage will welcome, not the schoolboy trash of the egotists who are so prone to teach their grandmothers how to suck eggs! Unfortunately "A Royal Divorce" proves to be but a distressing entertainment. Its first object apparently is to send an audience to sleep. But the sultry nights would do that without the new Napoleon and the newer Josephine. If people want to see Napoleon now that Mr. Harry Jackson is dead, a visit to Madame Tussaud's would be more exhilarating than a night in the New Olympic.

To judge by the cold-shouldering that "Yvette" received at the Avenue, I should say that the public is tired of plays without words. The second musical pantomime cannot be compared with the first. The "Prodigal Son" was a novelty, and a well-performed novelty. But its successor is ill-fashioned and second-hand. It is, however, a characteristic of the English manager to do a thing to death, and to substitute parrotting for mature judgment. If a farce succeeds, we must have farces everywhere. If a melodrama makes a hit, there is sure to be a rush on melodrama. The game of the theatrical manager is the old game of follow my leader.

The younger generation of players is looking up. From all accounts Mr. Beerbohm Tree appears to have made quite a respectable Hamlet, and Manchester is studiously polite and judiciously reticent; they all have their turns at Shakspeare sooner or later. Mr. Hare and Mr. Kendal were conveniently choked off with "As You Like It" years ago. They did not repeat the experiment. No one has yet seen John Hare either as Polonius or King Lear, and Mrs. Kendal has apparently no desire to undertake Queen Gertrude. She was not a good woman, and that was enough to prevent the enterprise. But Mr. Willard is to make an American excursion with Shakspearean literature, and will "try it on the dog" in America.

Meanwhile, we are to see the youngest of the young generation at "School," next Saturday at the Garrick. Young Irvings, young Hares, *cum multis aliis*, will make an experiment, and try to show if Robertson is or is not exhausted. It will be an interesting evening, particularly to all who remember the original cast. I wish, however, Mr. Hare could have been persuaded to give the young folks "a lead" by playing Beau Farintosh, instead of handing him over to Mr. Mackintosh.

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INDIAN OFFICIALS AND STEAMSHIP FARES.

My article of September 3 on the grievance of Indian officials in regard to the cost of their passages out and home has been favoured with what purports to be an answer in the columns of the *Homeward Mail*. I trust that I may be forgiven for entertaining some suspicion of the *bona fides* of my critic. His arguments have too much the air of a piece of special pleading on behalf of the P. and O. Company, and to those who can look behind the scenes, it is not difficult to understand how the brief on behalf of that particular interest has come into the hands of this particular advocate. I am not concerned, however, with the advocate, but with his arguments. And let me say at the outset, that it was utterly unnecessary, so far as I am concerned, for the *Homeward Mail* to raise a cry for "fairness towards the contracting Company," or against "forcing the P. and O. Company to run its steamers at a loss." My inclination is always to the side of the private trader as against the State, and in my article I expressly disclaimed any desire to force any unfair terms upon the P. and O. Company.

My contention was, and is, that the State, when paying some hundreds of thousands per annum for the conveyance of its mails to the East, might very reasonably stipulate, as one of the terms of this splendid bargain, that its own servants should be carried at special rates—not at rates involving the working of ships at a loss, but at rates representing some reductions of the profit made out of the ordinary travelling public. Alternatively, I suggested that "if necessary"—that is to say, if Companies could not be found to accept these terms, some addition should be made to the mail subsidy in order to obtain this advantage for Government servants. My critic in the *Homeward Mail* replies that, of these alternatives, "the second would be in every way fair, but the first will not bear inspection"—a curiously artless remark, by the way, from a gentleman who has the assurance to talk about my naïveté. Now, why will not the first of my alternatives "bear inspection"? Not because the party who cannot bear to inspect it is in any way interested in the sums paid by officials for their passages, but because "it must be presumed that the cost (of carrying the mails) is carefully adjusted to secure the State a fair performance at a minimum rate." In other words, we must presume that the profits on the mail subsidy are cut down so low that there is no margin out of which the Company can be reasonably asked to make further concessions. Why must we "presume" this? For myself, my answer is that I entirely decline to presume anything of the kind. The fact may be as here suggested. In making an alternative proposal I have practically admitted that it may be so, but I decline to presume it, until it is proved; and, what is more, I can assure the *Homeward Mail* gentleman that I have good reason to consider that the presumption is all the other way. I am not going at present into the question whether the present subsidy is or is not an excessive payment for the services rendered; but I may say, by way of rebutting the presumption which my critic attempts to set up—(1) that I have authentic information concerning at least one other tender which has been made below the amount of the present subsidy; (2) that I have before me a comparison of the subsidy of the Messageries Maritimes with that of the P. and O. Company, on the basis of the mileage run by each, and that the comparison works out by no means in favour of the British Company. Let us, then, have no presumptions in this important matter; but let the mail service be put up to free and open public tender, with the condition annexed that the contracting Company shall grant to Government servants a reduction of—say, 20 per cent. off the ordinary rates, and let us see whether or not the P. and O. Company will cheerfully take the contract at the present price on those terms. My impression is that they will. If they will not, and if no other line will fill the gap, then it will be time enough to resort to my second alternative, and add on "a few thousands a year more" to the present payment as a *quid pro quo*. The *Homeward Mail* gentleman is of opinion that this would "lead to an expenditure very far in excess of the few thousands of which the writer so airily speaks." But we will treat this, if you please, as merely a little flourish such as counsel make "on instructions," but without a particle of legitimate evidence to support it.

I referred in my previous article to the 30 per cent. reduction allowed by the Messageries Maritimes (on a much less liberal subsidy) to officers in the French Army, as a proof of what can be done in this way by a Government alive to its opportunities. The *Homeward Mail* replies that the French Government "no doubt" has to make the difference good, in one way or another, in its contract with the Messageries Maritimes. I am afraid that my journalistic friend on the other side does not know as much about the matter in hand as those who instruct him. Whatever the French Company makes out of the Government, it unquestionably makes, as I have already intimated, a good deal less than the English Mail Company. But that is not all. It will, I think, surprise the editor of the *Homeward Mail* to learn that the Messageries Maritimes actually granted not long since a reduction of 15 per cent. to English officers. So that if the French Government is "making the difference good" in one way or another, it has been apparently not only paying for a reduction in favour of its own officials, but of officers in foreign armies as well. This I certainly shall not believe until I see it proved up to the hilt. This concession to British officers by the Messageries Maritimes has, I understand, been recently withdrawn, but I am very credibly informed that this was only done in deference to strong representations by English Companies, who considered, very justly, that similar concessions would be expected of them.

This matter really lies in a nutshell. It is purely a question of what bargain the Government can or cannot make for itself and its servants in the ordinary course of business. I have not the slightest desire to injure the steamship Companies; all that I contend for is that the Government has not hitherto kept the interests of its servants, Civil and Military, as much in view as it ought to have done. My belief, based on the best possible evidence, is that everything that Indian officials can legitimately desire might be obtained for them without throwing any considerable new burden upon the State.

Let the Government do its duty, and we shall see how far that view is correct.

A WEST-COUNTRY FESTIVAL.

The Hereford Festival of last week may, for only the third time within more than a century and a half, possibly, show a balance-sheet in which the receipts exceed the expenses. If not, the Committee have only themselves to thank. They know perfectly well that under present conditions it is hardly possible that the West-Country Festival can pay its way. Even when Clara Novello and Sims Reeves, then in their prime, sang in 1852, the deficit exceeded £700. The first occasion in 144 years upon which there was a surplus (of £154) was in 1867, when in consideration that her husband's not easily to be forgotten oratorio "Ruth" was performed, Jenny Lind returned for once to the concert-room. In 1876 also there was a surplus, owing to the absence (from a cold) of Mr. Sims Reeves, whose fee thereby was economised. No other Festival within 168 years has been thus fortunate. The chief reason why the Hereford Festival always results in a loss, is the insensate idea of the authorities to give secular concerts in the tiny Shire Hall. Some years ago only four persons beyond the number of Stewards attended one of these concerts; but, even if the place was full, a loss is inevitable. So self-evident a fact is at last beginning to be recognised. In 1888 three Shire Hall performances were given, but this year one of the concerts was transferred to the Cathedral, and it attracted the largest audience (nearly one-fourth of the total attendance) of the week. The authorities know that the paying public prefer the Cathedral, and that the Shire Hall is inconvenient for choral concerts, yet they persist in giving them. On Tuesday last week, for example, Professor Stanford's "Battle of the Baltic" could not, owing to the inadequate accommodation, have been performed at all if three-fifths of the choristers had not been excluded, and if the crass absurdity had not been committed of outnumbering the choir by the orchestra. In regard to the Cathedral performances, the attendance, save on the days when "Elijah" (with Mr. Santley, for the first time for some years, in his old part of the Prophet) and "Messiah" (almost the whole work, instead of the emasculated version adopted by Mr. Barnby) were given, depended less upon the music than on exterior influences. "St. Paul," for example, was attended by the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and as no sign of royalty, even of the minor sort, had been seen at the Hereford Festival for one-and-twenty years, the inhabitants made the most of them. The veteran Lady Emily Foley's carriages were sent down to the railway station to meet them, and the Royal couple, immensely pleased, were escorted along the quaint old streets by a brass band, the tail of the procession being the queerest possible congregation of farmers' carts, private carriages, and the flys which are so great a convenience in probably the only "city" in the kingdom still too small to boast a public omnibus. At one time there was a proposal that the Royal cortège should be headed by the new fire-escape, which stands in "High Town," and of which the inhabitants are justly proud. But this sort of thing was deemed too frivolous for so solemn an occasion, and eventually it was decided that the Duke and Duchess should be escorted to the Cathedral by the town Volunteer band, and that afterwards the Royalties should indulge in the exhilarating joys of tea with the Bishop. The visit of the Teck party, however, served one useful purpose in running up the attendance to 1,571, a large number of the gentry of the neighbourhood doubtless believing that Mendelssohn's music was improved by the presence of Royalty. On the other hand, the "novelty day" attracted a beggarly array of 921 persons. Yet one of the new works, Dr. Hubert Parry's "De Profundis" for triple choir, is a masterpiece which will probably live when Three Choir Festivals themselves have been forgotten. The other novelties, to wit, a Mus.Doc. degree "exercise" (with its usual eight-part fugue) by Dr. Harford Lloyd, a trivial song by Dr. Mackenzie, and a pleasantly-written motet by Dr. H. J. Edwards are of less account. On Wednesday the "Parsifal" prelude was included in the programme, but although some of the London critics spent especial pains in recounting happy recollections of Festivals in days gone by, none of them recalled a precedent, and all declared "Parsifal" to be the first extract from an opera given in the Cathedral. The date, it is true, is rather remote, but a little search would have disclosed the fact that in 1777 an entire opera, entitled "Piramo e Tisbe," by Rauzzini, was performed there under the thin disguise of an oratorio. It would hardly be fair to close this notice without bearing testimony to the painstaking energy of the new conductor, Mr. G. R. Sinclair. This gentleman is still young, and doubtless needs experience; but he seems to be of the stuff of which successful musicians are made, and no doubt his influence in the future will be directed towards improving the performances, abolishing one more, at least, of the Shire Hall concerts, and restricting the chorus as far as possible to local sources. The total attendance was more than 1,400 above the average, while the donations to the charity were about stationary. The only morning upon which the contributions exceeded the average was on Wednesday, when Mr. Ernest Gye held one of the plates. It will thus be obvious that even a prima-donna's husband at Festival time can be put to useful and profitable employment.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE LATE M. GRÉVY.

IT was hard, really, however much one liked M. Grévy, to feel sorry at his death, he having long outlived himself, and for nearly four years before the end came having been shelved utterly, and deserted by the world. Is there anything more sad than for an eminent man to drop suddenly from a high post into solitude and oblivion? No doubt consolations, of which I shall hereafter speak, remained to him. M. Grévy was as careful to hide his real age as if he were a beauty *sur le retour*. He owned that he was not born in the unlucky year of 1813, and would not say, as some biographers set down, that it was in 1808. The real date was 1805, which left him eighty-six at the time of his death. I do not, therefore, write these

notes on paper deeply edged with black, but with just rim enough to show conventional mourning. It was impossible to know and not to like M. Grévy, unless one were a Gambetta, a Floquet, a Clémenceau, or some other party leader whom he had made up his mind to keep out of office, and so went on with exquisitely clever slyness, putting spokes in his wheel. There was kindness in M. Grévy, though it never came to much, because he was too indolent to take much initiative, and loved money too well to put his hand often in his pocket. Yet I have known him do very considerate acts of kindness. His temper was singularly even. When an evil could not be staved off, he bore it with serenity. It was a rule of his long life never to do anything in a fit of anger. There were the materials in M. Grévy for a French Washington, but he had not the luck to meet a Mrs. Washington, who, I am persuaded, furnished moral nerve to her husband. She was a staid, high-spirited little lady, and looked on the world from an elevated standpoint.

I forget who spoke of M. Grévy as a cross between Phocion and Franklin. He was that. But the Poor Richard side of his disposition stranded him. It is well for a struggling man to be the Poor Richard, but not for any one else. When ease is once secured, the character should be sloughed. I think I never knew a human being more through and through rationalist. He was a sweetly and serenely philosophical Epicurean, with a mental culture which truly might, if placed in contrast with Matthew Arnold's, have made the latter seem barbarous in grain. Grévy's conversation was lucid, easy, chaste in style, and agreeably touched with humour. His sayings *almost* glinted with wit. This "almost" I use to praise. One did not feel called upon to notice his points, and was not over-stimulated in the course of a long chat. Is there anything more wearisome than the over-stimulation of listening for some time to a "brilliant" talker? M. Grévy never spoke in his life on purpose *to shine;* he hated rhetoric and every sort of claptrap. It was a maxim of his that thought unadorned was adorned the most, and so he counted Voltaire as the highest master of French style. That great writer was too intent on the train of ideas that he wanted to express to trouble about ornament. He let them run in a channel of their own making. The beauty lay in their iridescence and quick and natural flow. Grévy hated imitation. "He who copies a master," I heard him say, "only picks up his defects; keeping company with great masters is another thing; one then unconsciously reflects them as water mirrors a blue sky. The perfection of art is to remain oneself." Grévy was extremely sensitive to beauty of every kind; he found exquisite enjoyment in reading classic authors, French and Latin, and in talking with persons as full of them as he himself was. He was an art connoisseur, and understood and felt every school. The original bent of his mind must have been mathematical, as shown by the constant entertainment he found in working out intricate problems of chess and billiards. Nobody had a deeper respect for law, but he did not always see the harm of doing wrong when it was not illegal. His perception of the social and other uses of the French *pointe d'honneur* was dull. Despising honorific distinctions which brought no material advantage or mental satisfaction, he did not, for instance, see the harm of paying for the building of his splendid villa near the Trocadéro with Crosses of the Legion of Honour. In the eight years during which he was at the Presidency, he must have put by a capital representing £50,000 a year. His fortune when he went there represented about £2,000 a year, all made in fees earned as a barrister.

Wilson was a singularly obliging person, and I rather liked him. It sometimes has occurred to me that his father-in-law, *dans l'intérêt de la famille*, gave him hints as to how he should turn opportunities to profit. Hence (if I am right) Grévy's determination, from which he never budged, to share the son-in-law's disgrace. I was greatly struck by the father-in-law, in justifying Wilson, emphasising the words that "not an iota of *illegality*" could be laid to his charge. He did not say "not an act of *indélicatesse*." You may be honest from a lawyer's standpoint and still be wholly wanting in delicate moral sense. The belief that if all of us had our deserts none should escape a whipping was firmly rooted in Grévy's mind, and was a source of much of his humane feeling. He recoiled from capital punishment, and crimes were not more frequent than before or after his eight years' reign. For the other sex he all his life showed an amiable weakness, and he was open to the charms of every style of beauty, but not enslaved by any, except in some few cases through force of habit. One of his *liaisons* at Tours was with an adventuress of a good deal of literary and artistic talent. She afterwards married a young Deputy, and Grévy helped to push the husband into some vastly high and lucrative positions. I never saw a man so horrified as when the conviction was brought home to him that the latter betrayed him in the Caffarel affair, to bring Jules Ferry into the Presidency of the Republic.

Through habit, M. Grévy got a terribly weighty millstone round his neck; then, not being able, without cruelty, to get rid of the dead weight, he made the best of it. He and Madame Grévy had two common interests in life—money and their daughter. But the passion for lucre was more lively in her than in him. She was, nevertheless, in some respects a good creature, and, if the wife of a provincial tradesman, would have won the esteem of all her thrifty neighbours. It was a pity that this good creature had not wings and a little sacred fire. M. Grévy revelled in Horace, Virgil's Georgics, and Lafontaine, but could never read an epic with pleasure, save "Don Quixote." His incapacity to relish what is epic in human nature was as a principle of dry rot in his old age — when, however, in the light of his wide experience he could understand the terrible symbolism of Dante. Indeed, it stirred him to the deepest depths of his moral being. In 1848, on being sent by the Provisional Government as a commissioner to the Jura, he declared in a circular to the Mayors that he looked upon politics as simply "business." Yet France had just turned out Louis Philippe, because his reign was drearily prosaic; narrow utilitarianism, which was always missing its marks, having prevailed in its whole course. Clémenceau once said to

House Drainage.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

Grévy: "During the hour in which you have done me the honour to converse with me, I realised with difficulty that I was with the President of the Republic, and not King Louis Philippe."

It was to the honour of the Grévy family never to have given themselves airs at the Elysée. This simplicity, however, being associated in the public mind with the idea of stinginess, did not add to their popularity. If they had been content merely to keep the fortune they had on entering that palace, and spent handsomely the Presidential salary, M. Grévy would, probably, have died there revered by a whole nation, and have left behind the fame of a Washington.

I never saw any one who filled a station of dizzy height with a more level head or a more charming graciousness of manner than the late ex-President. His deportment at great receptions was ideal. There were for each one whom he knew a genial and nicely-turned phrase or two and a friendly pressure of the hand. He avoided commonplace, and did not repeat himself. The broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honour athwart his waistcoat appeared to stimulate him. One could take small liberties with him. "M. le Président, I'm dying to have a good close view of Queen Isabella, who is now surrounded by the Diplomatic circle. How can I manage it?" said a lady journalist one evening to him. "I'll manage it," was the answer; "go into the greenhouse and wait there." M. Grévy a little later took her Majesty round the ground-floor rooms. She had on a lace dress, and he contrived that it should, through no apparent fault of his, get caught in a thorny plant. The lady-journalist was asked to disentangle the flimsy garment, and to pin up a rent. This done the much-obliged Queen, to whom M. Grévy presented her, returned thanks, and the whole thing passed off like a natural accident. M. Grévy's eye twinkled, and as good as said, "There now! Am I not a sly old fellow, and deserving of your best thanks?" Isabella was his client from 1869 to 1879. He had brought her husband to separate quietly from her, and rendered her any number of services as a counsellor and friend. She used to go and dine with Madame Grévy, and insisted on obtaining for him the Knighthood of the Order of the Golden Fleece.

The town being full of tourists, I shall continue my notes about how and where to dine, and what places not to go to. Avoid restaurants in the boulevards where you see marble tables, splendid mirrors, and an air of brilliant luxury. These places are really cafés, where you can get an aromatic cup of coffee at almost all hours but the fashionable time—between six and eleven—when you cast your eye about in vain for an unoccupied seat. Of course, if you ask for food, room will be made, and you will get it, but you will have to pay enormously, and not make a good meal. One is sometimes tempted to try those establishments whose trade cards are forced by touts into one's hand in the streets, and the promise held out of a complete dinner, with soup, fish, meat, vegetables, and dessert, for 13d., or 15d. Do not get caught by these cards. Better a slice of brawn at a charcutier's (Italian warehouse), with a pennyworth of fried potatoes, which are always to be had piping hot, crisp, and nice. A handcart is sure to be about, where you can buy a pear, a peach, a tomato, a bunch of grapes, plums, or fresh walnuts for dessert. In September fruit is cheapest. This is, I know, very undignified, and will not come into stiff English notions. But in making a tour one is in an enemy's country, and *à la guerre comme à la guerre!* I do not say that such a meal is absolute comfort, but it is far better than the one described on the tout's trade card, which is a fraud. The soup mentioned on that card—I speak from one solitary experience only—is an infusion of burnt sugar and toast and water, the fish—well, it's *fishy*—and floating in rank grease; the meat is tough and furnished possibly by the knacker, and the wine is a species of violet ink. Rather than dine at cheap restaurants, go in preference to a dear place, and, if you cannot afford a varied carte, limit yourself to one dish or two and cheese, which is cheap everywhere. About the Palais Royal, as you walk through the cloisters, there are advertisements of dinners for 2 fr. 50 c., but be sure the house you enter is the advertised one. You may otherwise drop unawares into Véfour's, and when you dine there you must discard the notion of cheapness. You sit down in the 2 fr. 50 c. dining place with a good many more at a table to which a waiter leads you. It is his business to see that persons at the same table all begin the first course simultaneously, and keep fairly together till the end. A new-comer is not admitted at the middle of the dinner. Should he enter and find no table being made up, he will have to wait until another batch of diners has joined him. He will have then fairly good soup, fish, meat, vegetables as an entrée, and dessert with cheese. The wine will be tolerable, but coffee is an extra. The waiter's tip is 1½d. This is not a dear meal—2s. 0½d. only. But there is something in the regular man-of-war system pursued in the arrangement of batches of guests which may take away the appetite, particularly if you have to wait long in a room the air of which reeks with the smell of food. But it is folly to travel if one is fastidious and not wealthy. The table napkins and cloths are nearly always clean in cheap French restaurants, and one does not find oneself with gross or uncouth people. Besides, when one roughs it on a tour, one returns home with intense delight. Nobody, I believe, has ever known what a thoroughly good time is who has not risen to this kind of independence.

The highly-genteel and not very rich tourist, who does not mind dinginess, and dreads everything smacking of Bohemia, cannot do better than dine at boarding-house tables d'hôte. The price is 3 f. 50 c., or 3 f. if one does not take wine. The butter is never good, but the soup, vegetables, and fowl are, and the fish is not too stale. There are any number of such places about the Rue and Faubourg St. Honoré, in the Rue de Richelieu, and the neighbouring streets. I have seen English Generals' wives, and Irish ladies who shine at the Castle, patronising these *tables d'hôte*. This will give you an idea of the excellence of the company, though the room in which it meets to lunch and dine is shabby and depressing.

Carpets—French Cleaning, Dyeing, &c.—For particulars apply to Manager, Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-street Belgravia, S.W.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DEAR LADY BETTY,—"Mr. Alpheus Chiffinge has returned to town from paying a series of visits in Scotland." I honestly admit that I have not the faintest conception as to who or what Mr. Chiffinge may be, but since I so frequently observe his most trivial achievements recorded in print, I feel it my duty to acquaint you at once with this, his latest change of domicile. Seriously, however, there is no more deplorable a feature of English society of to-day than this contemptible custom of self-advertisement. That the occasional movements of European sovereigns, metropolitan modistes, Princes of the blood, music-hall artistes, and other contemporary celebrities, should be of interest to their fellow-men is easily conceivable. But that the doings of such as Chiffinge and his tribe should be glorified in type—even though it be at their own expense—passes all reasonable comprehension.

Thus during the season months we frequently learn that "Mr. Chiffinge entertained at dinner last evening the Dowager Lady Fitznoodle, Lord Scattercash, Sir Christopher Papplewick," and a host of other equally obscure social etceteras. If Mr. Chiffinge really did entertain these semi-distinguished guests, it is charitably to be presumed he was prompted thereto by his innate instinct of hospitality. Otherwise, if the main motive was to enhance his social prestige by parading a list of titled nonentities who had condescended to dine at his expense, in common justice they should demand a fee for the commercial service which they then rendered him.

But why not develop the system to its legitimate lengths? Thus, since Chiffinge persists in importing into society the tricks of his previous trade, why should he not placard the West-end hoardings with such advertisements as "How do you do? Have you made Chiffinge's acquaintance?" "Try our Chiffinge; no entertainment complete without him." "CHIFFINGE, CHIFFINGE, CHIFFINGE. For bilious and nervous disorders, fulness, and swelling after meals; colds, chills, and flushing; blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, teething, loss of appetite, &c.: TRY CHIFFINGE." "Who's Chiffinge?—The Right Man." "Money lent privately. Persons wanting prompt financial assistance should invite Chiffinge to their houses."

Then, too, we might eventually have coloured cartoons of Chiffinge as a nude baby in a bath stretching over for a recalcitant Duchess, with the familiar motto inscribed beneath of "He won't be happy till he gets her."

Shades of the great Sarah Lady Jersey, Lady Londonderry, Lady Palmerston, and other reigning ladies of the past! Behold what your descendants have done to degrade what was once a cultivated, well-bred, and dignified assemblage! I do not happen to know what your particular price may have been, for no doubt you, too, were to be bought; we in our day are for sale to the first customer for a free luncheon or a free dinner, whilst self-respect is an obsolete quality, still, perhaps, occasionally alluded to, but never by any chance practised. *Vogue la galère!* let us live and make merry. "Chiffinge has returned to town from paying a series of visits in Scotland," and we now have once again a proximate prospect of feeding—and laughing—at his expense.

The short spell of brilliant weather with which we have been favoured during the past few days speedily drove those who had prematurely returned to London out of town again, and Maidenhead was the Mecca towards which most of them turned instinctively. The River-side Club and the new Riviera Hotel must have profited largely by the unexpected advent of the laggard summer, the former more especially so, for every room has been occupied ever since the commencement of the present month. The River-side Club distinctly supplies a want which till its inauguration remained unsatisfied, and with its extensive and picturesque lawn, its excellent cuisine, and general comfort, there can be little doubt of the ultimate success of the venture. Of the residents of Maidenhead and its neighbourhood, Mr. Grenfell is away on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, in Scotland, and, meanwhile, he has lent Taplow Court to Lord and Lady Dudley, for the earlier days of their honeymoon. Lord and Lady Cowley are at Woodside, where they have been giving a series of impromptu dinners; Sir Roger Palmer is absent, but Lady Palmer who has tarried at Glenisland, has had a succession of friends down from London to enliven her solitude. Lady Palmer's carriage met with a slight *contretemps* last week in crossing the bridge, but, fortunately, with no very serious consequences to its occupant. Lady Scott, with her two daughters, Lady Russell and Mrs. Russell, are at the Bungalow; whilst further Windsor-way, Lady Wilton dispenses hospitality at the Fisheries.

One of the chief attractions of Maidenhead is unquestionably Miss Ada Morris, whose punting has inspired the neighbourhood with an ardent desire to emulate her prowess. Miss Morris has many pupils in hand, and few sights are prettier than to watch her tall, lithe figure as she gracefully propels her punt without, apparently, the slightest effort or exertion. Miss Clayton East is one of her latest pupils. Mr. and Lady Cecilia Rose have deserted the Mill-house this season, having availed themselves of the newly opened Canadian-Pacific line to visit Japan, from which place they are shortly now expected home, having started on their return journey over a month ago.

Mrs. Anine Smith has been driven away by the enlarging of the Maidenhead railway-bridge, the noise of the necessary pile-driving having proved too much for her nerves. By the way, this lady last year contributed £50 towards the annual illumination, when the grateful townsmen, in an excess of gratitude, displayed in coloured lights the legend, "God Bless the Queen—and Mrs. Anine Smith."

By the way, when Brunell erected Maidenhead bridge its two arches were then the widest on record, and for several nights after its completion he and a friend watched wearily at a distance, fully expecting their collapse. Apparently the new arches now in process of construction will be of considerably less span, and it is fervently to be hoped that this picturesque and historic bridge will not be spoilt by modern enterprise.

Count C. von Leyden, formerly Councillor of the German Embassy in London, but who last year was transferred to Cairo, arrived in town on Sunday night *en route* for Scotland, where he is engaged to pay a series of country visits.

It seems not to be generally understood what is precisely the connection which exists between the Duchess of Bedford and the new Lady Dudley. Lady Somers, Mrs. Cameron—of photograph and Isle of Wight fame—and Mrs. Prinsep, were the daughters of the late Mr. James Pattle of the Bengal Civil Service. The Duchess of Bedford is a daughter of Lady Somers, whilst Miss Gurney—now Lady Dudley—is a grand-daughter of Mrs. Prinsep. Of course, the stories current respecting the supposed large dowry contributed to the bride by the Duke of Bedford are sheer inventions, the Duke having contented himself with giving what, under the circumstances, was a very handsome gift—a cheque for a thousand pounds, part of which sum Miss Gurney utilised in the purchase of a singularly fine bracelet.

Miss Gurney's eight bridesmaids were—Lady Edith Ward, Lady Juliette Lowther, Miss Muriel Erskine, Miss Mabel Forbes, Miss Pamela Wyndham, Miss Helena Fraser, Miss Maud Campbell, and her sister, Miss Laura Gurney; whilst Lord Royston, Lord Dudley's best friend, officiated in the capacity of best man. The Prince of Wales came to town in the morning from Sandringham for the ceremony, and amongst the prettiest women present were Lady Dudley, Lady Algernon Lennox, and Lady Forbes. The Duchess of Portland was not present, as reported, being unavoidably detained in Scotland. Terribly wet weather, unfortunately, prevailed throughout

MINTON'S (Limited).—MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

the day, going far to mar what would otherwise have been an exceptionally brilliant festivity. Rumour had it that one of the most prominent guests present would soon himself appear at the altar steps as principal in a similar ceremony.

It is with sincere regret I note the death of Mr. Frederick Bennet, younger son of Lord Tankerville, and brother to Lord Bennet. "Freddy" Bennet was one of the most genial, kindly, and popular men about town, and his death will be mourned by a very large circle of friends. An unfortunate accident, which occurred whilst out shooting, some few years back, deprived him of the sight of one eye, but his natural buoyancy of temperament enabled him to endure even this terrible calamity with comparative stoicism. He was a staunch and devoted friend, and the best of good fellows, and his loss, even in heartless London, will be felt deeply by many of his former companions.

The Bachelors and Naval and Military Clubs re-opened their doors on Monday after having been closed for the annual repairs for over a month.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

MORE than three months ago, directly after the Derby, I predicted that Common would win the Leger, and that Révérend would prove to be his most dangerous opponent, and from that opinion I never swerved. It is, however, to be regretted that M. E. Blanc did not announce long ago that Gouverneur was only being kept in the race in order that he might be in reserve if anything happened to Révérend. After Gouverneur had run so well at Sandown Park, and when he was being freely backed for the Leger, I warned my speculative readers to leave him alone, as it was probable that he would be reserved for his later engagements. Under the circumstances, M. E. Blanc would have done well to notify his intentions when the public manifested a disposition to support Gouverneur, especially as his money was already invested on Révérend. It was the more to be desired that the owner should take this course because Gouverneur was the especial fancy of the Newmarket touts, who wrote him up week after week, and it appeared to be certain that he went, at least, every bit as well as did Révérend in his gallops. Then it was sedulously put about that Jennings greatly fancied Gouverneur for the Leger, the result being that a very large amount of money must have been thrown away on the horse. A fortnight ago I derided the prevalent idea that the pair would run on their merits, but it is certain that Gouverneur's withdrawal at the last moment has excited much execrative cackling, and particularly at Newmarket, where the majority of speculators most heartily wish that the horse had never been foaled. Gouverneur being a very speedy horse, but deficient in stamina, it was certainly a most infantile proceeding to train him throughout the summer for the Leger, when it was all the time intended to run him for short-distance races, and it is exceedingly probable that his speed will be at least temporarily impaired. It was not in favour of Révérend that he had to make his own running, but the stronger the pace the better for Common, who is not only a genuine stayer but a very game horse also. He ran a grand race on Wednesday, and (putting aside the Eclipse Stakes crash) it was the first time that he had been fairly and thoroughly tackled. Half a mile from home Common looked like being well beaten, but he won his race like a great horse, having palpably worn down Révérend and St. Simon of the Rock, and the further they went the further he would have won. It was a splendid race, and there has not been so exciting a Leger for many years. Orvieto failed to stay the course, as I had all along anticipated would be the case, and so also did Mimi, who was backed for an enormous amount of money at the finish. Révérend made a very much better fight with Common than did Gouverneur at Epsom, and it may be remembered that last winter I expressed an opinion that M. E. Blanc had committed a serious blunder when he struck Révérend out of the Derby. St. Simon of the Rock, who had won a good trial with Nunthorpe, is a much improved horse, and he turned the tables upon Mimi, who defeated him so easily in the Newmarket Stakes. Bosphorus was unlucky in the race, and pulled up lame, having hit his leg.

La Flêche, who had no difficulty in winning the Champagne Stakes, and is evidently a fine stayer, has only to train on to win the One Thousand and Oaks, and perhaps the Derby and Leger also. The bookmakers, under the circumstances, were very liberal in asking for only 5 to 2 about her. She made a dreadful show of Gossoon, who, however, is a smart colt, and on Thursday he won the Rous Plate very cleverly, having much the worst of the weights. The only other two-year-old worth notice is Priestess, who beat a large field for the Bradgate Park Stakes, and won in a canter. She is quite at the top of the tree over an easy five furlongs.

The clever victory of Alloway in the Great Yorkshire Handicap increased the confidence of Orvieto's misguided friends; but the chances are that if the four-year-old had been ridden by a resolute jockey in the trial he would have won it. Marvel was a great favourite for the Portland Plate, and it was certainly most tragical that she should have been beaten by Tostig, who has so often been backed for very large sums, and who now won when there was very little money on him.

On Friday the results of the Cup and of the Doncaster Stakes were in accordance with my predictions. There was no affinity with reason in the belief, which some usually good judges entertained, that Gonsalvo could give Queen's Birthday 10 lb., and Major Joicey's horse simply walked in. It is a pity that the winner is not engaged in the Jockey Club Cup, in which race Morion and Gonsalvo may meet at even weights, and I shall expect the former to repeat his Ascot victory if he is then all right. Orvieto had nothing to beat in the Doncaster Stakes except Pannonia, who is very bad; this was another race in which the laying of odds was fully justifiable. There was a splendid finish for the Park Hill Stakes between Cereza, Haute Saône, and Mimi, and the last is plainly deficient in stamina. Cereza was, perhaps, rather lucky to beat Baron Rothschild's filly. She was well served by the slow pace during the first mile, and Watts brought her with a rush just at the finish. Haute Saône has not yet regained her form, and, in my opinion, the more judicious course would have been to keep Mimi in her stable after her severe exertions on Wednesday, from which she could not already have recovered. We shall see the second and third opposing each other a month hence in the Newmarket Oaks, run over the T.M.M. I shall expect Haute Saône to win easily, especially as she will have 9 lb. the best of the weights.

It was diverting to read on Thursday how Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone were to be commended as "fine sportsmen" for refusing to sell Common, with whom, it turned out, they had parted almost before the panegyrics on their fortitude in resisting offers had been printed. The fact that Common has no engagements may have influenced them, and £15,000 is a very nice sum of money to divide. It is satisfactory that the horse is not going abroad, and he has gone into good hands. I understand that Mr. Maple has wisely resolved not to run Common again this year, and next season he ought to win all the cups that he starts for. The idea, however, that Common will get back his price by winning rich stakes is chimerical, for all these races for the next two years are closed, and he has not been entered for any of them. No doubt Common will go to the stud in 1893, and then he ought to earn his price, with interest, in three years. £15,000 seems an enormous sum to give for a horse, but, in reality, Mr. Maple has made a cheap purchase, and one

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upon which he is to be congratulated. It is a fact worthy of note that both in the Derby and in the Leger the first two horses were grandsons of Sterling.

The practical lesson to be drawn from the Doncaster sales is that the breeding of thoroughbred stock is at present preposterously and ruinously overdone. It was at once melancholy and instructive to see more than half of the lots which were brought into the ring sent back unsold, and often without a single bid having been elicited. Moreover, a full half of the lots which did change hands were sold at miserable prices, which must have been very far indeed from representing their cost prices to their luckless breeders.

Mr. Hoole, of the Wisdom Stud, sent up seventeen yearlings, of which only seven were sold, and the average for them was 131 gs. Of the Yardley yearlings ten were sold at the rate of 81 gs. each, while the average for nine from the Heather stud was only 51 gs. The utter worthlessness of the elaborate puffs of the sporting papers was clearly demonstrated when lot after lot which had been extravagantly eulogised was either sent back or practically given away. Lord Scarbrough obtained what was, considering the breeding of the stock, a more than respectable average of 221 gs. for ten, the best price being 500 gs., which was paid by Bates for a filly by Prism out of Rosary. Mr. Watson did wonderfully well with the Waresley lot, selling six out of seven, which, including the lot which he disposed of at Newmarket in July, signified an average of 340 gs. for nine. The yearling sent back was a very handsome half-sister to Geheimniss by Hampton, which did not reach its reserve. The highest-priced lot was a very good-looking and racing-like colt by Galopin out of Lady Yardley, for which Captain Machell paid 3,000 gs. Mr. Maple gave 1,000 gs. for a filly by Saraband out of Assay, which was quite three times her intrinsic value. It is as well that jockeys should not be encouraged to speculate recklessly in blood stock, so few people regretted that G. Barrett again failed to sell the yearling filly by St. Simon out of Morning Glory, for which he was so crackbrained as to pay 1,800 gs. at Newmarket last October. Several weeks ago, when referring to the entries for the Classic Stakes of 1893, I predicted that the colt by St. Simon out of Plaisanterie and the sister to L'Abbesse de Jouarre, would be two of the "sensation-price" yearlings of the season, and so it turned out, for Mr. Maple gave 6,000 gs. for the one, and Lord Ellesmere paid 2,000 gs. for the other. The Sledmere colt did not throw the experts into paroxysms of praise, and, although a pretty, racing-like animal, he was considerably criticised, and some exceedingly competent experts maintained that it was his pedigree which sold him, and that if judged by his appearance only there would have been no eagerness to give a sixth of his price for him. Sir Tatton Sykes has recovered the price of Plaisanterie with good interest, and he must regret that he will have no yearling out of her to sell next season, as she missed to Isonomy last year, but she is now in foal to St. Simon. Sir Tatton had reserved his splendid filly by Isonomy out of Re-Echo at 2,000 gs., but as nobody would bid so much, he wisely accepted Captain Machell's offer of 1,500 gs. for her. The colt by Hampton out of Reprieve has been sold to Sir R. Jardine at 1,000 gs., and Sherwood (probably acting for Colonel North) gave 1,000 gs. for a very nice filly by Isonomy out of Blue Rock, dam of St. Simon of the Rock. Sir Tatton sold four out of six, and his average was 2,375 gs., as compared with 1,314 gs. last year. Of Mr. T. D. Harrison's lot of nine (average, 814 gs.) the highest priced was a colt by Bend Or out of Lady Chelmsford, for which Sir James Miller gave 1,750 gs., but by far the best in the team was the colt by Rosebery out of Mint Drop, which Porter secured for 1,300 gs., and probably he will turn out to be the most remunerative investment of all the high-priced lots of the week. The result of the sales has been that ten yearlings were sold for 1,000 gs. and upwards, the total being 17,800 gs. Last year, however, twenty-three realised 1,000 gs. and upwards, the total being upwards of 37,000 gs.

Chesterfield is favourite for the Cesarewitch, but he may not stand training, and he ought not to be backed until the day of the race, and, under any circumstances, I would prefer the chance of Old Boots, who was very unlucky in not winning the Manchester Cup. Judith has no chance on her public form, and I should be sorry to take 500 to 1 about Martenhurst, while Clamart is over-weighted, as it is by no means a case of he who runs may read with the performances of the French three-year-olds this season.

Memoir is to be specially prepared for the Cambridgeshire and Jockey Club Cup, and if she stands training she will be very near winning that handicap. She can stay well, and her July Cup victory showed that she has retained her fine speed. St. Simon of the Rock is to go for this handicap, and it is evident that he will be a great public fancy, as so many Leger thirds have been before him. I have no fancy whatever for Bumptious, who will not stay the course, and it is quite probable that Cuttlestone will turn out to be the best of the three-year-olds. Blue Green and Corstorphine need not be seriously thought of until it is clear that they can be got to the post. Belmont is supposed to be in reserve for this race; but he is no flyer, and it is quite likely that Harpstring will turn out to be the best candidate in the Bedford Cottage stable, and of Hayhoe's lot I would prefer Haute Saône, unless War Dance is, after all, able to win with 8 st. 7 lb. The Rejected is decidedly well in on his best form. Quartus is much fancied at Newmarket for this race, but it would indeed be surprising if, after all his vicissitudes, he were now to come out as winner of the Cambridgeshire.

LEICESTER AND MANCHESTER.

The Badminton Foal Plate of £850 at Leicester has fifty-nine two-year-olds left in, of which Bouthillier, Crime, Katherine II., Orphan Agnes filly, and Llanthony are the best known animals.

With regard to the Royal Handicap, it is impossible to attempt a definite prediction writing ten days before the race is run, but I do not fancy Amphion with such a weight, and I expect that Gouverneur will turn out to be the best of the top lot, and that Unicorn will fail to stay the course if he runs. My own idea is that Victoricus will win. He was a fairly smart horse last year, and I hear that he has improved vastly. Victoricus has been backed for a great deal of money by very shrewd people, and it is significant that he has also been freely supported for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. If Victoricus wins easily at Leicester the betting on both the Newmarket handicaps will be entirely revolutionised, and if he is a really good horse he might win them both.

At Manchester the Breeders' Foal Stakes of £1,400 has Palatine, Killossery, Galeopsis, Bouthillier, Scarborough, Rouge Dragon, Orme, Pilgrim's Progress, Desdemona, and Mortgage. In the certain absence of Orme, I shall predict the success of Mortgage.

The Lancashire Plate of £11,000 will probably bring out Gouverneur, Alicante, Peter Flower, Signorina, Surefoot, and Martagon among the older horses, while the two-year old lot may include Orme, Galeopsis, Killossery, Bonavista, one of Mr. Houldsworth's, and Lord Rosebery's dark filly by Bend Or out of Kermesse, who is said to be very smart. Surefoot has been stopped in his work, so he may not come to the post in the best possible condition. Peter Flower has been expressly reserved for this race, and so, I hear, has Signorina; but, although the mare has lately been looking and going well, yet nobody fit to be at large would trust her for any race whatever until she has been tried. Alicante will scarcely be fit so soon. The Duke of Westminster is understood to be inclined to reserve Orme for his Newmarket engagements, and there is certainly no encouragement to run a two-year-old in this race after the successive failures of Chitabob, Alicante, and Corstorphine. I have for some time past

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regarded the Lancashire Plate as a match between Surefoot and Gouverneur, and, inasmuch as Mr. Merry's uncertain beast appears to have gone wrong, I shall give a plumper for Gouverneur, and only hope that my opinion will prove to be as correct as it was last year, when I "went for" Amphion.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—Increased animation has shown itself during the past week in many departments of the Stock Exchange. The markets are visibly broadening and the volume of business is growing larger. It is like a stone gathering momentum when it once has been set rolling. The investor or speculator sees that his first purchase has proved profitable, the price has advanced materially, and thus he finds himself encouraged to further transactions. The old distrust and timidity have disappeared, and the public is on the look-out for bargains and for promising investments.

A Successful List.

Most of the stocks to which I drew your attention last week have moved upwards, especially Brighton "A" (with a rise of 5¼), Erie (rise 2¼), Erie Prefs. (rise 5), Erie Second Mortgage (rise 2), Atchison shares (rise ¾), ditto Income bonds (rise 1½), Texas "B" (rise ¼), Ohio and Mississippi (rise 1½), Baltimore and Ohio South-Western First Income bonds (rise 7½), Canadian Pacifics (rise 2), Grand Trunk Firsts (rise 1½), Entre Rios bonds (rise 5), Costa Rica Railway Second Debentures (rise 2), Sutherland Reefs (rise ⅜), Oceana (rise ¾), Nitrate Rails (rise 1), San Jorge Nitrate (rise ½), Araucos (rise ½—1½), French Elmore shares (rise ¼). This is a varied list, at the success of which I am much gratified, and so will be your friends, my dear Ben, who have taken my advice. Most of these stocks are bound for still higher prices, but I know that you read my letter carefully and intelligently, and that you act promptly when it seems advisable to take a good profit, which may be desirable to do now in one or two instances. But we are apparently only on the eve of a further general levelling upwards, and I look for a very marked improvement in many directions.

Stock Exchange Prospects.

The outlook on the Stock Exchange is at the moment most favourable. Fears of dearer money have for the present disappeared, rates of discount are drooping again, two months' bills being taken at 1½ per cent., and the needs of money for the provinces are apparently on a much smaller scale than this time last year. This probably indicates a lull in industrial activity and reduced requirements for moving the crops, and is not, therefore, an unmixed blessing. But it delays, for all that, the raising of the Bank-rate, and will stimulate Stock Exchange dealings. Rates will, of course, stiffen eventually, the more so as a considerable drain of gold is on the cards for the United States, but this will, no doubt, first be felt in France and Germany, and will give a further lift to prices of American Railroad stocks, in which the London Stock Exchange is now largely interested. Traffic returns of the leading Home Railways have this week shown an improvement, and a continuance of the brilliant weather would help to swell future traffics. For harvest operations this weather is also a very favourable factor. There remains, then, only the political outlook. In this, the big-gooseberry season, the Vienna and St. Petersburg correspondents of our dailies are turning on quite a large supply of ominous reports, which generally drop away again after a day or two. It seems pretty certain that Russia will not take any disquieting measures before it has secured a big loan from our enthusiastic French neighbours, so that there ought to be peaceful influences at work for a month or two at the least. As to the issue price of the loan, it would be courting failure, even in the present Russophile condition of the French mind, to bring it out at a higher price of issue than 82-83. Sentiment in business is generally misplaced, and the French like a good a return on their investments as well as any other investors. The Colony of New South Wales is again on the borrowing tack with a huge loan to pile on its present indebtedness of 23 millions sterling. One of these days there will be a severe reckoning over the excessive borrowing of our Australian Colonies, which might with advantage lay the troubles of the Argentine Republic, arising from the same source, to heart.

Brighton "A."

I told you last week that fine weather would send "Berthas" above 150, as it was not yet too late for the Brighton line to make up for past disappointments. They have since advanced from 147 to 152¼. Far be it from me to prophesy on such an uncertain quantity as the English weather, and it is therefore wise to speak hypothetically. But if the present brilliant weather should last for another week it is my opinion that Brighton "A" will jump above 155. The Brighton line shows an enormous recuperative power as soon as the sun favours it, and in a week or two the traffics will compare with very poor takes last year. The traffics during the last few months in 1890 also were very poor and should be improved upon this year. Then, again, the Brighton season will soon commence under very favourable auspices, and the new Gatwick Race Course near Three Bridges, on which racing will begin about October 7, will also bring grist to the mill. The Stock Exchange contingent, which patronises Brighton, is again increasing, and many are the members of the House who are spending some of their recent profits in London on the Sea. The volume of the "Bear" account is an unknown quantity, but it is, on the other hand, an established fact that New Court and a well-known millionaire hold a considerable portion of the two millions and a half of Brighton "A," while an active and "knowing" "Bull" clique has the stock in hand! With the aid of the weather-glass you can form your own conclusions concerning the fortunes of the Brighton Line and of Brighton "A."

Scotch and English Rails.

In point of interest, the Scotch stocks take precedence just now over the other Home Rails. The North British dividend was even more disappointing than I had led you to expect, being only at the rate of 1 per cent. on the Preferred stock. By the way, I cannot refrain from reminding you that I told you as long ago as March 5 that the relative value of the North British and Caledonian Deferred must approximate more closely, chiefly by a fall of the former; in fact, that Caledonian would in the near future stand at the same level as North British Deferred. Look at the following comparison:—

	Caledonian.		North British.	
	March 5.	Sept. 12.	March 5.	Sept. 12.
Preferred Ordinary	76	77½	72½	65
Deferred „	41	37⅜	48¼	37⅛

As a matter of fact, Caledonian Deferred having received a dividend at the rate of 1 per cent. for the last half year, should stand even higher than it does, as compared with North British Deferred. On the subject of Caledonian and North British, I find myself in full agreement with a well-known firm of stockbrokers hailing from North of the Tweed, from whose recent circular I extract the following:—

> The result (the North British dividend) announced caused some surprise, being only 1 per cent. on the Preferred Ordinary, with £5,000 forward, thereby falling below even the lowest estimate. At the corresponding period of last year not only was the Three per Cent Preferred paid in full, but the Deferred received 1¾, with a balance of £10,000 forward. The issue of the report (in about ten days hence) will now be awaited with more than usual interest in order to see what has become of all the money. If this poor dividend has been a surprise, the effect—or, rather, want of effect—on the market has been equally so. Prior to the announcement (which came at about a quarter to eleven—rather later than usual) the price had, in anticipation of a 1¼ per cent. dividend, fallen to 37⅛, while after the result was known the market actually improved, and

for the day, no change is to be recorded. A striking anomaly is now apparent between Caledonian and North British. Both Companies have declared a 1 per cent. dividend; but whereas the Caledonian pays 1 per cent. on its *Deferred* Ordinary stock, the North British pays 1 per cent. on its *Preferred* Ordinary only, the Deferred going dividend-less—and yet North British Deferred stands actually higher than Caledonian Deferred. To accentuate this anomaly, it may be pointed out that the traffic returns to date (five weeks) show a decrease of £17,486 on North British, as against only £3,865 decrease on Caledonian. This apparently eccentric movement is entirely due to the oversold "account" in North British, the "Bears" at once proceeding to close their commitments on the dividend announcement, without giving it time to tell. Had they simply looked on and allowed the "Bulls" to take the initiative, a very different effect on the market price of the stock would doubtless have been produced.

Dover "A" have advanced to 87, chiefly in sympathy with Brighton "A." Fine weather is, of course, also in favour of the South-Eastern line, but it responds much more slowly to the sun's rays. There is little to be said about the heavy lines. The traffics of the Midland, my favourite line, remain good, and the price is by no means too high. The North-Western and Great Western traffic has also picked up, but that of the North-Eastern remains, as I anticipated, discouraging, and I should advise selling out of this stock and investing in Midlands. The Chatham and Great Eastern Companies ought to benefit considerably from a spell of fine weather, which would, on the other hand, be against the underground lines.

YANKEE PROSPECTS.

The first period of the Yankee boom has seen its course, and has put prices from 5 to 15 points higher all round. It behoves us, therefore, to pass in review the conditions under which present operations in American Railroad stocks are being conducted. First and foremost the grain crops are almost secured from frost, and will be entirely so by the end of the week. "A warm wave" is again announced, and it may be taken for granted that all the stories of damage by frost were so many "Bear" tips on the part of Wall-street professionals, who wanted to bring about a reaction. The current issue of the *Statist* contains an extremely interesting article entitled "The Value of American Grain Crops." The upshot of the estimates therein given is the following comparison as to the aggregate value of the production of corn, oats, and wheat:—

	VALUE.		
	1891.	1890.	Increase.
Corn	£230,000,000	£150,000 000	£80,000,000
Oats	64,720,000	44,400,000	20,320,000
Wheat	106,865,000	67,700,000	39,165.000
Total	£401,585,000	£262,100,000	£139,485,000

In other words, where the farmer received £100 for his produce in respect of the crops of 1890, there is the outlook of his receiving £153 in respect of the crops of 1891. I need not point out to you what this means for Yankee Rails, as I have frequently ventilated this subject in my remarks. The next question is that of the American Money Market, and here again prospects are extremely favourable. Contrary to all the expectations of the "Bears," Saturday's New York Bank statement was most favourable, considering the heavy movement of cash to the West for moving the crops, there being a decrease in the surplus reserves of only 433,000 dols. for the week, while the Banks hold 8,700,000 dols. of surplus above legal requirements, against a deficiency of 3,300,000 dols. a year ago. The position is, therefore, stronger by 13 million dollars than last year. But this is not all. Sterling exchange is dropping, and close to gold point, and I have it on the highest authority that large gold shipments from the Continent, to the tune of 5 million dollars a week, will most probably follow the million or two which have just been shipped. To sum up, large traffics and abundant money are assured. Against these favourable features are to be set the troubles of the Union Pacific and of the Richmond Terminal, with both of which that abominable schemer Jay Gould is bound up. You may take it for granted that the "Little Wizard" does not wish to see the Union Pacific in a receiver's hands, and the floating debt affair seems to be in a fair way of settlement. But he has for once been behind the times, the boom having set in before he had got in as heavily as he wanted. The rumours current in New York, that the wily schemer is using Union Pacifics and Richmond Terminal to engineer a reaction are feasible. As regards the latter, the Richmond Terminal, Gould, who, with his son George, is now a director, is credited with the intention of wrecking it, so as to pick up some of the pieces for the benefit of his own lines. This may or may not be true. But there is little chance of his succeeding in his endeavour to engineer a reaction. The other stocks have begun to cast themselves loose from Union Pacifics. The Vanderbilt group has given strong support to its own stocks, and, most important feature of all, the public is coming in both in the States and on this side. The attempts at reactions have hitherto failed signally, and I advise you strongly not to let the reactionists frighten you out of your stocks. More money has been lost than gained during the last few weeks in selling stocks in anticipation of a reaction. The public is undoubtedly in the market, and when this is the case it is not in the power of any human being to say for twenty-four hours ahead what the course of speculation will be. Therefore sit tight on your stocks, and buy more! But buy with judgment. Do not buy a stock simply because it is cheap. If it has no intrinsic value or merit, it is dear at any price. I will endeavour, to the best of my ability, to give you some useful hints in this direction.

YANKEE RAILS TO SELECT.

In view of the importance of the grain movements, the eye naturally turns to the Grangers: Chicago and North-Western; Chicago and Milwaukee; Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy; Chicago and Rock Island; Illinois and Wabash. Several of these are not dealt in here, and for active dealing Milwaukees and Wabash alone are suitable. These should be bought. Milwaukees at 73½, with a traffic increase of 90.000 dols. for the first week of September, are very promising, and so are Wabash Preferred at 29¾ and the B Debentures at 49½. I also retain my favourable opinion of Eries, about which I gave you a special chapter last week, and consider them worth buying, even at the present price of 30! The Prefs. have advanced to 73, at which they remain a good purchase. Another promising stock is Atlantic Firsts (New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio First Mortgage bonds). They are cheap at 39½ in comparison with other stocks. The prosperity of the Erie line must, in proportion, benefit Atlantics, which, moreover, are getting a cash dividend. When Erie last touched 31, in 1888, Atlantics were quoted 44. Atchison Five per Cent Income bonds at 65½, with the certainty of a full dividend for the current year, are equally to be recommended. Next to these my favourites are Louisville and Norfolk Prefs. They may not obtain quite so much benefit from the grain movement, but they will be assisted by the general prosperity of the country, and they are—in contradistinction from many other favourite speculative stocks—dividend payers. The Louisville and Nashville shares pay 5 per cent., and yield at present price of 81½ over 6 per cent. Norfolk Prefs. pay 3 per cent. and yield at present price 5⅜ per cent., with the promise of an early improvement in the dividend. They are chiefly dealt in and held on this side, and therefore lack the support of the Wall-street market, but they deserve the attention of English investors all the more. Texas "B" have now reached ¾, and are bound for still higher prices. Finally, I give you a strong tip to buy Ohio and Mississippi, and Baltimore and Ohio South-Western.

OHIO AND BALTIMORE AND OHIO SOUTH-WESTERN.

I have refrained from any special reference to the negotiations which have been going on respecting a lease of the Ohio and Mississippi, as I did not wish to prejudice this important deal which is pending. Other writers have been less discreet. Nor is the matter at the time of

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writing by any means completed ; and 10,000 horses shall not draw the secret from me until it is ripe for publication. But I advise you, my dear Ben, not to lose any time in buying some Ohio and Mississippi Common stock, which has advanced to 24¼, but is still very cheap, as the completion of the deal would put them to 30. You should also buy Ohio and Mississippi Seven per Cent. Cumulative Prefs., now quoted 94, which are likely to take a big jump soon, but this is all I can tell you. It will, of course, be no news to you that the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Company is concerned in these negotiations, and you are also aware that you have operated, on my advice, in the stocks of this line with considerable success. The writer of the following communication starts, therefore, from a mistaken assumption. I have recommended Baltimore and Ohio South-Western First Income bonds ever since they stood at 60, and I again drew attention to them last week. This is what my correspondent, writing from Derry, says :—

> In your money article, I am surprised you have overlooked the bright prospects before the Baltimore and South-Western Railway. At last division of profits, 4 per cent. was paid on First Income bonds, leaving good surplus. Since then earnings have been so good that I am confident that the full 5 per cent. will be paid on the Second Incomes in the near future. If that should happen (which seems certain), the Second and Third Incomes should command double their present quotation, as compared with many other stocks in the American market. I have no doubt the merits of this line will be found out before long.

Since I recommended Baltimore and Ohio South-Western First Income bonds at 60, they have advanced to 77, and are, in view of the pending negotiations, still cheap. What my correspondent says about these bonds getting their full 5 per cent. dividend is quite correct, but even more promising are the Second Incomes, now quoted 32½. (Since writing, these have advanced to 34.) There is a big rise in store for these Second Preference Five per Cent. Income Mortgage bonds, which rank after the First, and I should advise you to buy at once.

South American Stocks to Buy.

It is all important that investors should turn their eyes to South and Central America, countries which have been subjected to severe depression, but which are evidently shaking themselves loose from these influences. The securities of these countries ought to be bought while they are cheap. By and bye they will take a jump, and the investors who lagged behind will come in 10 points higher. I again recommend the purchase of Chilian bonds of 1886, which have advanced 2 since last week, to 90. The country is already recuperating, the banks have been reopened, business has been resumed, and the thrifty and honest Chilians will soon put their finances in order again. I have it, moreover, on the highest authority, that no new loan will be wanted. Chilian bonds are good for a 5 point rise in the immediate future and will eventually go to "par" again. Indications are multiplying that the Argentine Republic has passed through its worst plight, and in leading circles a marked fall in the gold premium is looked for towards the end of the year, and perhaps sooner. It must not be forgotten that the rise of the gold premium has been caused by the very heavy remittances which the Argentine Government had to make to the Baring estate, and for all kinds of commitments in this country and in France and Germany. This year this is not the case, while splendid crops are reported in conjunction with reduced imports. The moment the gold premium gives way, prices will jump up. Already Cedulas are being bought on a large scale for a lock-up. and prices have advanced. The Argentine loan of 1886 has risen to 66, the Funding loan to 67. Entre Rios Provincial bonds, which I recommended last week at 36, have now advanced to 41. Cordoba Central Railway Five per Cent. Debenture stock (Central Northern Section) at 50 is another depreciated stock to which I drew attention last week, Taking the Funding bonds in which the interest is payable at 65, their present price, they yield 6½ per cent. Every rise in the Funding bonds will put up the price of these debentures, and increase the yield. Then there are Buenos Ayres and Rosario Extension Five per Cent. shares, 1894, now quoted at 8¾ cum. div. per £10 share. They were created in 1889, and rank *pari passu* with the Tucuman shares, 1892, directly after the Sunchales Preference shares, and before £1.255,000 of Ordinary stock. The half-yearly dividend of 2½ per cent. is declared, and will be paid at the end of this month. The Extension shares receive a fixed rate of interest (5 per cent.) up to December 31, 1894. when they become Ordinary stock. According to all present appearances, there will be a surplus of earnings for the Ordinary stock. But any improvement in Argentine, and especially a fall in the gold premium, will at once increase the earning power of the Rosario Company, and raise the Ordinary stock from its present level of about 90 per £100 stock. The Company paid 9 per cent. on the Ordinary stock for two years, 8 per cent. for 1889, 7 per cent. for 1890, and with a return to anything like such dividends, the Ordinary stock will improve materially. Two years ago it was quoted 180, and it is therefore quite on the cards that it will by Dec. 31, 1894, stand at —say, 150. On the present price, the 1894 Extension shares yield 5¾ per cent. per annum, and if at the end of 1894, the Ordinary stock should be worth 150, the profit would be 62½ per cent. on the transaction, being at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum for four years, in addition to the present yield of 5¾ per cent. per annum. These Extension shares, by the way, are preferable to the Tucuman shares, as the latter become Ordinary stock already at the end of 1892, by which time the Company will probably not yet have recuperated sufficiently. The Company, by the way, possesses a reserve fund of £245,000, and the new extensions are serving most fertile districts, capable of great development. Here, then, there is a chance for the steady investor. I still recommend you the Costa Rica Railway Second 6 per Cent. Debentures, to which I referred a week ago. They have now advanced two points to 82, at which they are still cheap, yielding, as they do, nearly 7½ per cent. on the investment. A batch of reports and balance-sheets of Uruguayan Railways just issued furnish some interesting particulars in view of the proposed arrangement respecting the Government guarantees. The reports stated that "the Boards of the guaranteed railways have, subject to the necessary ratification, agreed to reduce their guarantees from 7 per cent. per annum to 3½ per cent., with certain additions from their own net earnings. The security for the reduced guarantees will be greatly strengthened under the new scheme, and satisfactory arrangements will be made for payments to be made quarterly in London." The Central Uruguay Railway Company of Monte Video is not directly interested in this scheme beyond the guarantee of the Pando-Minera section of the North-Eastern line which is leased to it. The Central Uruguay has done very well under the difficult conditions prevailing in Uruguay. The Board propose to pay a dividend of 2½ per cent., making, with the interim dividend paid in April, 5 per cent. for the whole year. The Central Uruguay Northern Extension and the Eastern Extension Companies are, of course, hit harder by the scaling down and temporary non-payment of the guarantee, but, it may be hoped that, they will in time make themselves independent of the guarantee and become self-supporting.

Mexican Rails.

I confess to being unable to take, as yet, an encouraging view of the prospects of the Mexican Railway, and I cannot, therefore, endorse the views of a correspondent who writes to me from Cardiff as follows :—

> It is probable, I think, that "Mails" are on the fringe of a considerable rise, for the damage done to the Interoceanic Line exceeds expectations, and it is now thought that it may be closed to through traffic until about Christmas. A friend of mine - a Cardiff gentleman—has just returned from Mexico. He tells me that the country, like South Wales, is extremely rich in mineral wealth. Its vegetable wealth is also wonderful, as evidenced by the immense growth of the Mexican cigar trade. My friend further tells me that the population of Mexico exceeds seventeen millions. The "City of Mexico" has a population of over half a million, and the Port of "Vera Cruz" a population of close upon 30,000. Depend upon it, Mexican 2nd Pref. are always safe of their *full* div., and at present

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price are the most "taking investment" in the whole of the market. I have "held" them for years, and have received my div. of 6 per cent. regularly ever since. I advise your readers to buy Mexican Rails, especially 2nd Pref., and you will have every reason to be pleased with the result.

My correspondent's remarks would have greater force if the traffic returns of the Mexican Railway had not been so very poor of late, although the Interoceanic Railway has been closed for through traffic for some time. On the other hand, the Mexican Central is evidently cutting into the traffic of the Mexican Railway by pushing its business via Tampico. It is difficult to believe that this is being done at a profit; on the contrary, statements are being made that this traffic is carried at a loss, with a view to the line getting a full share in the pooling of the traffic between the Mexican, the Interoceanic, the National, and the Central Companies, which seems to be the only solution of the present difficult position. So far, there is, moreover, no rise in silver in sight, which might help the Mexican Railway. The not inconsiderable "Bear" account might, of course, be made a lever for a rise, but the "Bulls" seem rather timid, which is not surprising under the circumstances.

KAFFIR AND OTHER MINES.

The gold crushings at Witwatersrandt for August have reached 59,070 oz., being over 2,000 oz. larger than in any previous month, a result which fully confirms the remarks of a South African correspondent, well able to judge of the position, and who writes to me as follows:—

> Things on the Randt look gloomy enough, but the depression is more apparent than real. The stock market is dead, but genuine business is very much alive, excellent work is in progress, and I shall be greatly surprised if we do not see a revival in prices of the better-class mines before long. It must not be forgotten that there is always plenty of money in the place for really sound enterprises, and the rapidity with which deep-level properties of any promise are being snapped up shows that confidence is far from being destroyed. Another favourable feature is the fact that nearly every month sees a new gold-extracting process in operation, and although I am not prepared to say which is the best of them, or even to assert that any have as yet succeeded in solving the problem, I look upon it as certain that the right process will eventually be found, and then the output of the Randt mines will be increased by anything from 30 to 50 per cent. As regards individual mines, I am inclined to recommend New Primrose at 18s., and Nigels at 38s. 6d., and I recommend them not without knowledge.

I share my correspondent's view that a revival in the Kaffir Circus may be looked for soon—in fact, in a minor degree it may be said to have commenced, and several of the shares referred to last week have since advanced in price. I then mentioned to you a number of mining shares as suitable for a spec, and have little to add to my remarks. Sutherland Reefs have improved to $\frac{5}{8}$, Forbes Reefs to 4s. 6d., and both are worth looking after. Oceana shares have risen sharply to 6 upon advices by cable stating that Mr. Oliver Pegler, C.E., the Company's expert, who was recently sent out to the Transvaal, has discovered valuable and easily workable gold deposits on the farms Schelm and Tours, situate near the farm Burgersdorp of the Silati River Company. This fully bears out my anticipations. Amongst Indian Mines, Nundydroog and Ooregum have advanced $\frac{1}{16}$, and Mysore Nagar to 9s. 6d., at which they are not dear. Australian Broken Hill Consols are firmer, in anticipation of more favourable news from the mine. De Beers have fluctuated a good deal, and finally stand at 12. My South African correspondent, whose remarks on gold mines I have quoted, opines that people seem to have lost their heads over De Beers, for he cannot imagine any sane person parting with his shares at £11, unless forced to do so. He anticipates that the chairman's speech at the general meeting this month will astonish the "Bears."

MY LETTER-BOX.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

GOVERNMENT, &C., BONDS.

Liverpool.—Colonial bonds are not in favour, and the fact that a huge New South Wales loan is coming out does not improve matters. Although Queensland Inscribed Stock is safe enough, I should prefer some other investment, instead of buying more. *Medicus, Aix-les-Bains.*—Although you would have to make a loss, I should advise you to sell your Portuguese Threes (2); it is a dangerous stock. Italians (1) you should sell on an improvement. Hold the Argentine bonds (3), they are slowly recovering, also No. 4. Atchison Topeca Four per Cent. bonds (5), and the bonds No. 6 are good investments, as are New York Central shares (7), which are fast recovering. Hold also Direct United States Cable (8), which should benefit largely by the boom in American rails. *Myra.*—American Railroad securities can be registered through the English Association of American Bond and Shareholders, 5 and 6, Great Winchester-street, and I should strongly advise you to do so, also in the case of the stock named. You cannot do so in the case of Cedulas. I certainly should not deposit bonds with a bank which was not above all suspicion. *Investor, Manchester.*—Yes, as a "lock-up" investment, Entre Rios bonds, now 41, would suit you admirably, as likely to improve.

BANKS, TRUSTS, AND FINANCIAL.

Regular Subscriber, S. W.—Yes; this bank has good prospects. *A Reader, Bristol.*—I do not advise placing money on deposit with these descriptions of foreign banks. Far better would it be to invest the money, for which there are excellent opportunities, in view of the low level of prices. No. 1 is doing badly; the other banks are fair undertakings of the class, but there is always some risk. *A.*—I should strongly advise you to have nothing to do with this bank scheme. The antecedents of the promoter are extremely shady, and the scheme is as impracticable as it is dangerous. *T. W. R., Bridlington Quay.*—This is an advertising firm of outside brokers, with whom I should not advise you to have any dealings. You should employ a member of the House, and you are quite wrong in thinking that "inside people profess not to entertain speculative business." The Stock Exchange is the biggest gambling place in the world. *P. O.*—High rates of deposit are not compatible with safety. Leave them alone.

HOME RAILS.

X. Y. Z.—You will find my views of the relative value of North British and Caley Deferred fully stated under "Home Rails." The course of events bears out my anticipation. *Verax.*—If the present Indian summer lasts, Brighton "A" are likely to go much higher. *Jupiter.*—I do not care for Berwicks, as the local industries are so depressed, which has received a fresh illustration through the stoppage of one of the largest works. The stock to choose amongst the heavy rails is Midlands. *J. D. W.*—Thanks for the circular, which you will find referred to under "Home Rails."

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN RAILS.

J. Y., Derry.—You cannot have read my letter regularly. Baltimore and Ohio South-Western First Income bonds were an early tip of mine, and I referred to them again specially last week (page 534). See under "Ohio and Baltimore and Ohio South-Western." *One Interested in the Line.*—The new extensions of the Norfolk and Western are only now beginning to tell, and you will doubtless see an improvement in the traffics soon, especially from the Clinch Valley extension. *Puzzled.*—I will try to find room for your remarks next week. *Americanus.*—The most promising stocks to buy are those which will specially benefit by the grain movement. Eries, Milwaukees, Wabash Prefs., Atchison Income bonds, are particularly suitable, and likely to have a marked advance. *Vulcan.*—You should buy Buenos Ayres and Rosario Five per Cent. Extension shares 1894 at $8\frac{3}{4}$. They are most progressive, and, being convertible into ordinary shares, will leave a large profit by 1894 should Argentine affairs have improved by that time, which is most probable. See under "South American Stocks to Buy." *Lock-Up.*—You can work out yourself what Cordoba Central (Central Northern Section) Five per Cent. Debenture stock yield at present. Standing at 50, they receive Six per Cent. Funding bonds in lieu of cash interest. The latter stand at 66, so if you sell them you obtain a yield of $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. But with every advance of the Funding bonds your yield increases. *Boo G.*—The Costa Rica Railway is now in the hands of the Company and debenture interest was paid up to June 30 by the contractor. I am told that the Second Debenture interest is fully covered. These debentures are therefore very cheap. The shares are, of course, more speculative, but the Costa Rica Railway has excellent prospects in view of the solid position and the progress of the Republic. *F. S. B.*—Same reply as above. The Second Debentures are cheap as compared with the First. You will, of course, have to wait for a probable dividend on the shares until the end of the fiscal year, June 30, 1891, but debenture interest is payable half yearly.

MINING SHARES.

G. F., Yorkshire.—The price of East Broken Hill Consols is at present nominal, but it will recover again. *Cheap Spec.*—You will find several cheap mining shares mentioned in last week's issue under "Kaffir and other Mines." Mysore Nagar ought to suit you. *Anxious, Liverpool.*—Have nothing to do with the concern; it is being puffed in the preposterous sheet owned by a bucketshop-keeper for his own purposes. *Tesoro.*—Since these shares were first introduced to the market I have written against them. I see

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no reason to alter my opinion. *C. C., Stroud.*—I have not yet heard of the proposed additional issue of capital. I am sorry that you have been caught in the Durham Allen Gold Mine. You say that three-fourths of the capital has been spent with nothing to show for it, and that a call of 1s. per share has been made. It is unfortunately the case with so many mining shares. But the directors ought to forego their fees. *K. H. C.*—Nothing is known here of this concern. Apply to the secretary or employ a solicitor. *Marthem.*—You must have patience with mining speculations. Your purchase will prove cheap in the end. Hold! *R. A.*—New Emma Silver is a fair speculative venture for a small sum.

Industrial Companies.

Hibernian.—The improvement in Hammond's is due to encouraging advices from the Chairman, who has gone to New York. Hold, but do not average yet. *Breweries.*—Yes, this is the right time to average American Brewery stocks, especially Nos. 1 and 4. Instead of Nos. 2 and 3, buy some St. Louis Brewery ordinary and preferred. No. 5 is a fair investment, but leave Argentine Tramways (6) alone. Hold, but do not average these. *J. S.*—The present chairman of the Hammond Company is on a visit to the States. You had better await his reports. *Hong-Kong.*—1. A very speculative concern. 2. Nothing specially against the directors. *B. C., Bideford.*—A purchase of St. Louis Brewery shares would be preferable. *Fasnet.*—I cannot tell you anything about the San Francisco dividend, nor should you raise your expectations too high, as the Company can only very gradually recover its position. I should not advise you to have anything to do with the Founder shares in question. The Land Company in question is a fair speculative investment. *Wm. C.*—Provincial Trams are quite high enough under the circumstances. *Posidon.*—I am afraid that the prospects of the original shares in question must remain doubtful for years to come.

Mixed Investments.

Bruce, Rouen.—I think you will find that you have done well to clear out of the Portuguese stock in question. Buy Entre Rios Provincial Government bonds, now quoted 41 for the amount. With some patience you will see them advance to higher prices. Your remaining investments are promising, and there is a profit on nearly all of them; but do not forget that when you see a good profit in stocks like E, F, G, and H, it will be worth taking. *W. B. S.*—You should hold the stocks 1, 2, and 3, for a recovery. Why do you not average Cedulas (3), or buy some more Argentine Northern Central Railway bonds, or, better still, Cordoba Central Northern Section bonds at about 50? The Bank Shares (No. 4) are all right. Nos. 5 and 6 are fair speculative industrial investments. No. 7 is no catch. *Mortgage.*—I really cannot recommend any firm to you who would advance on house property. This is outside my province. You should apply to a respectable solicitor. A first mortgage for moderate amount should be negotiable at about your rates. *Veritas.*—1. I am glad you appreciate the new arrangement. Anglo "A" should be held, although I hardly think that your cost price will be reached very soon. 2 and 3. Hold Hammond's and Eastman's, but wait with averaging until the corner is turned. 4. Yes, the reconstruction looks promising. 5 An unfortunate concern, yet there is nothing for it but to hold. 6. You have got well into American Rails, and should hold for 3 dols. or 4 dols. profit. *Leemuck, Central India.*—1. You should hold your Cordoba and Rosario shares, they will recover with a general improvement in the Argentine Republic, which is probable. The Arauco Preferred shares have now recovered from 10 to 16, and, although a temporary reaction is possible, they will eventually go much higher, as the Company has a great future. *Foreigner, Lake of Geneva.*—Hold No. 1 for the present, also Eastman's Prefs. (2). Egyptian Unified have again risen, and I should sell out at 97, re-investing in a better yielding security. 4. A fair hotel investment. 5. These American Land Companies are too speculative for me to advise. 6. The Industrial and General Trust is one of the better class Trust Companies, and doing well. No view of 7. Mexican National First Mortgage bonds are a good investment; also Nos. 9, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 22. I do not care for the Land shares (No. 10), and am rather doubtful about No. 11. I should sell Ottoman Defence (12) and invest elsewhere, for fear of squalls. Nos. 20 and 21 are speculative, but promising. Hold the Mining shares 23-28 in the hope of a recovery in the Mining market, which appears to be on the tapis, and especially Nos. 29 and 30. Average the two latter.

Servian Bacon-Curing Company.

My comments upon the formation of this Company, and its subsequent history, in Truth of August 27, have brought me the following communication from Mr. Alfred MacClure:—

> May I ask you, as a matter of justice, to publish this reply to a letter from "Moses" in your issue of the 27th ult., on the subject of Mr. Marshall's pork-curing scheme in Servia? In the first place, I am not the Secretary of her Majesty's Legation at Belgrade, but the unpaid Consular Agent of the British Government. In this Consular capacity I conceive myself bound to answer inquiries from a distance as to prices of pork and maize, or any other article of commerce, in which British subjects are interested. This duty I fulfilled, after a conscientious investigation and not a little trouble, on the occasion in question, with, I think, tolerable correctness, but my estimates proved to be rather over, not under, the now prevailing prices. Messrs. Grant and Barron, who came out to Servia at the beginning of the month of July, apparently under instructions to discredit the enterprise, took the then price of maize, namely, 14 francs per 100 kilogrammes, instead of that at harvest time. It now stands at from 6 to 7 francs, and is procurable in any quantity. They further committed the grave error of describing, not the heavy Berkshire breed of pigs, of which splendid specimens are to be seen passing Belgrade in tens of thousands yearly, on their way to Steinbruck in Hungary, and costing on an average 60 centimes per kilogramme, but that long-legged, Oriental animal which is still to be met with in the recently-annexed Turkish province of Nisch – one of the localities visited by Messrs. Grant and Barron, and selected by the concessionaire, Mr. Marshall, in conjunction with the Servian Government, as the site of a bacon-curing factory, for the excellent reason that it is near a stream, and at the point of junction of three lines of railway – one running northwards to Belgrade and Buda-Pesth, another eastwards to Sophia and Constantinople, and a third southwards to the port of Salonica, which is regularly touched by Liverpool steamers.

I am, of course, glad to place on record that Mr. MacClure is not the Secretary of her Majesty's Legation at Belgrade, but the unpaid Consular Agent of the British Government, but this does not, unfortunately, modify the other facts stated by my correspondent. Mr. MacClure should, if possible, have contradicted the statement that he received a commission for placing shares of the Company in Servia. Whether Mr. MacClure is an unpaid Consular Agent or not, I consider, that, as an official appointed by the British Foreign Officie, he ought not to have acted as the agent of a Company promoter. It will require very different data than those just furnished by Mr. MacClure to contradict the statements of Mr. A. H. Sunner, the Company's manager in Servia, who tendered his resignation after having apparently convinced himself on the spot that the Company's business could not be carried on at a profit.

Various Investments.

There has been a good demand for French Elmore shares up to 3¼, at which they are cheap when compared with the English shares at 4¼. The latter are being bought by a number of Leeds capitalists, who have recently visited the works, and are well satisfied with the Company's position. As regards the French shares, it should not be forgotten that all the French buying has yet to come, and I am told that some French financiers journeyed over specially a few days age in order to try to get hold of a very large block of shares. This, however, they were not able to do, the shares being now very well held, and they will probably have to buy in the market, with what result it is not difficult to predict. Anglo A shares have not yet had the rise which seems so fully justified in view of the great activity of telegraphic intercourse between the States and Europe in connection with the corn crops and the share market. I see from the *New York Herald* cable that Commercial Cable shares have advanced 6 points during the last fortnight. Why should Anglo-American Telegraph stocks lag behind? Nitrate shares have not been quite so firm during the last day or two, in view of an incorrect report which had been put about that an additional export duty was to be imposed on nitrate of soda by the new Chilian Government. What has really happened is that a reduction in the duty which had been temporarily granted by the Congressionists during the Civil War in order to stimulate shipments has been cancelled. Nitrate rails rose to 18¼ at one time, and receded to 17¾ on the above-named false report. Rumour has it that a proposal is about to be discussed by the Chilian Government for the latter to acquire the nitrate railway—of course, at a price which would considerably benefit the holders. You ask me about Araucos. My dear Ben, my view remains very favourable, and, eventually, prices will go much higher, but you have a huge profit on your purchase, supposing you sell half your holding, which will enable you, as the saying is, "to carry the rest on velvet." I hear good accounts of the Mac Ivor White-Lead Company, about which I will tell you more next week. During the week St. Louis, San Francisco Brewery Ordinary and Prefs., and Emerald and Phœnix Prefs., have risen ¼, and Bartholomay (Rochester) Ordinary have gained as much

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as ¾. The prospects of the leading American Companies fully justify a further recovery.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

P.S.—Tuesday.—The absurd story about the occupation of a Turkish island by British troops, which gave the Stock Markets fits yesterday, has proved a hoax, and it is astonishing that it ever obtained credence. The Yankee market, which was temporarily unsettled by the rumour, seems ready for another jump, and from all I can gather Erie and Atlantic Firsts will lead the rise. The new account promises to prove a very animated one, and the improvement will probably extend to most of the other departments, especially to South American Stocks, and perhaps to Home Rails, if the clerk of the weather does not again interfere.

QUEER STORY.

A MODERN PYGMALION.

THIS is the tragedy of a hunchback—not a hunchback of amazing strength, like the foundling of "Notre Dame de Paris;" not a "poisonous hunchback'd toad," like Richard Duke of Gloucester; not a hunchback with long nose, goggle eyes, and protruding breast, like the genial gentleman who from Fleet-street pokes his weekly fun at the world. Our hunchback was very much other than these.

Pygmalion Smith (for I owe it to many now living to conceal the true names of the persons of my tragedy) was a hunchback of no ordinary type. True, his spine, like Pope's, was an animated note of interrogation. This he had in common with all his race. But his legs and arms were strong and supple beyond the average of other men, and his head, neck, and face were of the noblest type that Nature knows of. Added to this, the heart of a transcendent genius beat beneath his crumpled chest.

At the time of which I write, Pygmalion Smith had proved himself to be the foremost of living sculptors. Descended from an obscure peasant-farmer breed, at the age of thirty this man found himself sought out, courted, and flattered by the men and women of taste of our most exclusive aristocracy. Dukes deferred to him, Duchesses showed a desire to pet him; but Pygmalion would have none of that. He was conscious of his own superiority, and refused to be treated like a tame bear. He never one jot abated his independence, but, if people were content to worship him, well and good. He rather liked it. And this uncompromising self-reliance had made a thing possible, which certainly at the time had taken the world by surprise, but in which it had acquiesced when accomplished with a quite becoming resignation. This Pygmalion Smith, of obscure peasant birth and breeding, had wooed and won the most beautiful débutante of a season, the grand-daughter of an Earl, the rage of every inflammable butterfly of the ball-room.

Hermione Farrington, which name conceals the identity of the most beautiful and dainty of the débutantes of our century's eighth decade, was something more than a pink-and-white dressed-up doll. She was a genuine woman, high-spirited, and fired by the loftiest ideals. As a child she had hated dolls and fluffy lambs, that squeaked when hit about their middles, and to her the toad, which she visited daily, and kept in a hole in the garden, was worth a world of dolls, a flock of fluffy sillinesses. For long hours Hermione and that solemn toad would sit and gaze at one another, until a wonderful fairy story wove itself in her brain, in which she became the toad's bride. What story wove itself on the other hand in the old toad's brain as he sat and gazed in her beautiful face we have no means of knowing, and now Hermione was the bride of a hunchback, and she knew that her "Richard," however much Queen Margaret might call him "hunchback'd toad," wore "yet a precious jewel in his head."

She was immensely proud of her husband, and loved him only as a faithful, single-hearted woman can, and he, poor sensitive fellow that he was, loved her passionately, jealously, nay, almost despairingly, for how could so peerless a beauty, so unrivalled a woman, he asked himself, see more in him to love than in many another? How could it be other than a passing caprice which had led her to throw herself into his arms? Nature had designed her for marriage with an Antinous, and he was at best but a "pocket Hercules." Anyhow he could and would do *this* much for her. He would make such a transcending marble portraiture of her that so long as the Dying Gladiator had lasted, so long should her beauty last to gladden and delight the world.

Now, Pygmalion held, with some, that true art depends not upon choice of subject or choice of dress, but wholly upon the treatment which subject and dress meets with at the hands of the artist. He, therefore, determined that this portrait of Hermoine should be a piece of true modern realism. And, as he had been carried away by his first passion, when he saw her dressed in a white lace ball gown, with bare arms and neck, thrown back tired from the dance, half recumbent on a sofa, so he determined that her portrait should go down to posterity. The canons of classic art might be against him, but what cared Pygmalion? Transcendently beautiful was she in a modern corsage and coiffure, and if coming ages failed to see the beauty, so much the worse for them. Never had she seemed to him so desirable as when she reclined in sweet abandon on that modern sofa, and that modern sofa should be part and parcel of his realistic design. And so he threw himself heart and soul into the fulfilment of this design. Hour after hour and day after day his lovely wife would pose before his ravished eyes, and charm him with her wit, which was ever at its best in his dear presence. But delightful as was this monopolising of this fairest of all fair women to him, there was deep down in his heart the conviction that it was rather the gratification to her vanity than a cordiality born of love for him that made her so surpassingly kind and sympathetic.

The fact of the matter was that a defined jealousy had got place in his heart. Amongst others of Hermione's friends who had obtained the entrée to his studio since their marriage was a certain noble cousin of hers, Lord Harborough, an aristocrat, a born critic and dilettante, and, withal, a very true and noble gentleman. Hermione and he had been as brother and sister in their childhood, and had not dropped the outward symbols of such relationship now they were grown up. And Pygmalion, Leontes-like, magnified these innocent little familiarities into "a paddling of palms" and "a pinching of fingers," and was consumed with an unreasoning jealousy.

As bad fortune would have it, Hermione and her cousin had, in truth, a very important secret between them, and Pygmalion, with his suspicions all agog, was not slow to notice that there was an understanding between these two, and that unspoken communications constantly were passing between them, they evidently being under the impression that he saw nothing of their covert glances.

The fact was that Lord Harborough had conceived a tremendous admiration for the genius of his pretty cousin's husband, and being, a man of considerable influence, had determined to do what lay in his power to obtain for him the patronage of a very exalted personage, whose reputation as a dilettante was such that recognition by him would most probably presage the attainment of the very highest honours. This Royal connoisseur was in London for the season, and Lord Harborough felt that it was an opportunity not to be lost of advancing Pygmalion's interests.

The thing was to be kept a profound secret from Pygmalion, as they knew that he would hesitate to accept any favours or patronage if there was even a hint that they were not wholly spontaneous. He, they knew, had no idea of being beholden to any of his grand relations for advancement.

Now, one thing that Lord Harborough insisted upon, as necessary to the successful attainment of their object, was that Hermione should again show herself in society—a thing which she had rather avoided doing since her marriage, as her husband, she knew, would never be induced to accompany her. The realisation, Lord Harborough said, that Pygmalion Smith had a more than

Gout.—"Bishop's" Effervescent Citrate of Lithia is the best preventive of gout. All doctors prescribe it.—Of all Chemists, and of the Inventors, Alf. Bishop & Sons, 48, Spelman-street, London.

personable wife could not but prove favourable to their scheme.

As a consequence, Hermione was soon in a whirl of engagements, and Pygmalion found himself evening after evening deprived of that society which had become essential to his happiness. He had never sought the friendship of his fellows, and knew not the joys of club whist, nor appreciated the gossip of club smoking-rooms. The inspirer of his genius away, he grew day by day more despondent, more jealous, more miserable. When his wife sat to him in the mornings, he somewhat recovered his spirits. Indeed, at no time could he resist the fascination of her presence. But these glimpses of happiness in the daytime seemed to make the gloom of his evenings the more intolerable.

Poor Pygmalion was in a very bad way, and by degrees he came to contemplate the prospect of an evening spent alone with a horror only possible to one of so nervous and highly-strung a temperament. Once or twice, indeed, he had been startled at finding himself standing, chisel and mallet in hand, half determined in the wildness of his jealousy and the fury of his passionate disappointment, to disfigure and destroy the glorious portrait of his wife over which he had expended his best powers, his most subtle and delicate handicraft. Once, indeed, the sharp edge of the steel had, in fact, been held against the snowy marble bosom, and the mallet had been raised to drive it home, but it had come in upon his maddened heart that this was half way to murder, and the poor fellow had sunk upon his knees and found relief in abundant tears of passionate repentance.

But all this time Pygmalion was too proud even to hint to Hermione that anything was wrong with him. And she, in blissful ignorance, half-enjoying for their own sakes the renewal of old amusements, but chiefly valuing them for the advantages which she believed would, through them, accrue to her husband, gave herself up to an increasing round of gaiety.

And all this, of course, convinced Pygmalion more and more that his wife had tired of him, and was bent upon annulling, as far as was possible, the consequences of her marriage—the mere passing caprice, as he believed it to have been, of a high-spirited girl. He cursed the folly that had ever induced him to believe that he was a fit mate for this most glorious and most beautiful creature.

It was early in July, and there was to be a grand reception at the Hungarian Embassy, in Portland-place. An extremely select dinner-party was to precede it, and, by a most wonderful piece of manœuvring on the part of Lord Harborough, Mrs. Pygmalion Smith was to find herself on the right hand of the exalted personage.

Hermione, as may be imagined, was, at this piece of news, in a great flutter of excitement, and, as she sat to her husband that morning, had, wrapped about her, an unmistakable air of mystery. How she prayed that she might so bear herself in the evening as to make a favourable impression upon her husband's hoped-for patron!

Now, Pygmalion had made up his mind on this particular morning to make one final effort to regain that happiness and contentment which he had of late felt so certainly slipping away from him. He had determined to see whether or no his wife valued her newly-found almost daily emancipation above his devoted love and companionship. True, he had little hope that the fellowship of one poor hunchback could compete with the gay association of that brilliant society to which she by nature belonged, but he felt that the present state of things was unbearable, and he had better know the worst.

"Hermione, my darling!" he said, for he had never yet dropped one single outward sign of endearment, "I'm going to ask a little favour of you to-day."

"A little favour, Lion, you old stupid—what do you mean by talking of favours to me? How often must I tell you that there is no pleasure greater to me than doing what you wish? The only fault I have to find with you is that you will never tell me what you do want. When I ask you what you would like me to do, you always put me off with that stupid old saying of yours, 'Be happy and look happy, and you will make me happy!'"

Pygmalion laughed, for who could resist the fascination of being called an old stupid by such sweet lips as those?

"Well, Hermione, granted that all you say is right, I am really going to ask you to give up something for me to-day. I want you to stay at home and spend this evening with me."

"What, *this* evening! Oh! Lion, why didn't you ask me anything else? I—I promised Harborough faithfully that I would go to the Hungarian Embassy to-night; and, besides that, I'm invited to the dinner. It's quite impossible! Oh! please—please don't ask me to stay away from that. Really—really, Lion, there's anything I would do for you. You don't know what you are asking me to do. I gave my word that nothing should prevent my being there."

"Very well, Hermione, don't say a word more. I've asked a favour, and you have not seen your way to grant it." And Pygmalion turned away with a sigh, and worked on for an hour in silence.

Poor Hermione little realised the blow which she had dealt her husband. She felt that the passing cloud would be amply compensated for by the news which she had good hope she would be the bearer of that night. But to Pygmalion the incident was a total eclipse to the brightness of his life. Wearily the day passed with him. All work was distasteful. Least of all could he occupy himself with the marble portrait of his wife which was now approaching completion. In the afternoon he heard Lord Harborough arrive, but his pride kept him from his wife's drawing-room during her cousin's visit, whilst his jealousy held him on tenter-hooks during its length, which it must be admitted was great enough to arouse the suspicions of a less vigilant husband.

It had been a piping hot summer's day, and about eleven o'clock in the evening Pygmalion, stifled by the heat of the house, and made restless by the tumult of his passion, took his hat and started for a walk whither his feet chose to take him. He had strolled on desultorily for an hour or so, when he found himself on the pavement of Portland-place, and realised the close proximity of his wife. Across the path he saw the usual crowd of idlers watching the grandees in and out of their carriages, and curiosity and idleness led him to mingle a moment with them. A hideous old dowager, painted and bedizened as shamelessly as her less fortunate sisters of the pavement, was just being handed to her carriage, and, as her cavalier with a foreigner's politeness kissed her hand, a contemptuous laugh went the round of the spectators.

Pygmalion was about to turn away, when a youth volunteered the information—

"By jabers, here comes a stunner," and, looking through the open door, he saw his wife leaning on the arm of Lord Harborough.

"Mrs. Smith's carriage" was passed from mouth to mouth, as his own neat brougham drove up to the door, and out they came laughing and talking with the utmost good-humour.

"Oh, Harborough," he heard his wife say, "I can never be grateful enough to you."

"Well, Hermione," answered her cousin, "all I have to say is, mind you never let your husband know the part I have played in it."

"*He would never forgive me if he did*," said Hermione, as the door was banged and the carriage was driven rapidly away.

Lord Harborough turned back into the house, his heart aglow with the consciousness of the good office he had performed for the sculptor. The latter turned away down the street, half mad with hatred towards his generous-hearted friend.

Meanwhile, Hermione was pondering on her way home how best to apprise her husband of the news of the contemplated visit to his studio of the exalted *connoisseur*, on whom she had succeeded in making a most favourable impression. More than once Pygmalion had declared that he was the only other person living whose opinion of his work he would care to have, and now she was the means of bringing about the desired consummation.

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London, 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

She would make her old "Lion" guess first, and then she would tantalise him with all sorts of suggestions, and then she would put off telling him till to-morrow, and, finally, she would relent, and know the rapturous enjoyment of showing how, all the time he had been thinking she preferred the Hungarian reception to his company, she had been doing violence to her own inclinations, so as to further his interests. Her heart was all aglow with pleasurable excitement as she let herself into the dimly-lighted hall. Turning the gas out, she went up to her room, expecting to find Pygmalion fast asleep, but the bed was untouched. He must have stayed late in his studio. She would go and tell him her news there.

Downstairs she found all dark and deserted. Her husband had evidently gone out for one of his nocturnal tramps. However, here was the sofa on which she had posed for her portrait. She would lie down there, and naturally throwing herself down in the self-same attitude in which she was to be immortalised, Hermione blew out her candle and awaited her husband's return in the dim light of the warm summer night. She knew that he would come there before going up to bed, for his old slouch Bohemian hat, which he was only allowed to wear after dark, and which was relegated, on pain of total banishment, to this part of the house, was not on its accustomed peg. In a few minutes she was fast asleep, worn out by the fatigues and excitement of the day.

All this time Pygmalion was trudging homewards in anything but an angelic frame of mind. Indeed, by the time he reached the door of his house, he had a regular devil's tattoo beating in his brain. He felt desperate, reckless, disposed to tear something to pieces, to wreak vengeance upon something or somebody. His wife was false to him. The marble portrait which he was going to hand down to the ages was the presentiment of a deceitful, perjured woman. Was he, like Don Juan Rocca, in Calderon's play, going to have his name bandied about as another "Painter of his own Dishonour"? Thank Heaven, *that* at least he could put out of the power of posterity.

* * * * *

The house was still as death. In the dim light of the studio, the positions of the white marble and clay figures could barely be distinguished. Over where the *chef d'œuvre* lay heavy draperies cast a deeper shade. Pygmalion grouped his way in, his brain aflame with his jealous, unreasoning madness. His accustomed hands soon found chisel and heavy steel mallet, and in a moment he stood over the prostrate white figure, which his eyes could but dimly outline. For one instant he hesitated. Through his madness rose a momentary regret that so beautiful a thing should be destroyed. But the sense of his own dishonour rushed in upon him, and drove down the feeble regret. It nerved his arm, and gave him double strength. He raised his mallet and dealt the accursed thing a swinging blow. Great God, what was that that stayed his hand as he held it high for repetition? Surely the steel had not met with the resistance of marble which he knew so well! And, great heavens, what was that, that chilled his heart, that sent the blood whirling through his brain, and threw him, gnashing his teeth, foaming at the mouth, into the paroxysms of convulsions on the floor? It was a scream, a groan, a ghastly mortal yell, then a long-drawn sob right under his murderous hand. And then Pygmalion knew in one startled moment of lucid thought that in his madness he had blundered—that he had mistaken the reality for its counterfeit, and that *he had killed* his wife.

* * * * *

Sir Pygmalion and Lady Smith are now so well known in London—indeed in all European Society—that probably the only thing not generally understood about them is that their crest—a cat *couchant* with *rouge* wound in its back—takes its origin from the snow-white Persian tom which had made a couch of the cool bosom of Pygmalion's great work to its own destruction on that sultry summer night long years ago.

Kinahan's LL Whiskey. "The Cream of old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whiskey. Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's LL Whiskey. The Prize Medal, Dublin, 1865.

MUSIC.

"We have piped unto you and ye have not danced" might, after the experience of Saturday night, fittingly replace the line, "Music for the Million," printed on the show-boards and at the head of the programmes of the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden. The shilling promenade was well filled—as, indeed, it always is on Saturday nights. But the sixpenny gallery—reserved for "The Million," for whose behoof also the now hackneyed "British Army Quadrilles" were provided—presented a beggarly array of empty benches. The result was doubtless disappointing, after the energetic manager had gone to great expense in providing an entertainment which he supposed "The Million" would appreciate. Sir A. Harris of course does not pretend to have enjoyed any previous experience of promenade concerts, any more than of the oratorio performances which he tried in the self-same house in the spring. He might, however, have saved himself some trouble, and no little expense, if he had recollected that the very last thing in the world which the masses consider amusement, is to be perched aloft in the top gallery of Covent Garden, on the hottest Saturday night of the year, in order to listen to the blare of Jullien's quadrilles, or to the efforts of a couple of youthful Italian pianoforte prodigies. A goodly proportion of the working-class element do not care for music at all, except in the form of hymns or old songs which recall memories of days gone by. The rest are sharply divided into two classes, one preferring the miscellaneous entertainment of the "Select Harmonic Meeting" type, while the other is far more appreciative than the aristocracy of the severest forms of classical music. It is from the latter section that the audiences of the organ recitals and string quartet concerts at Bow, Bermondsey, Mile-end, and elsewhere are drawn. There is no compromise class among the "million," and certainly none who would hanker after so miscellaneous an entertainment as that given at the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday night. On the other hand, with the promenaders who crowded the floor of Covent Garden, the programme was distinctly popular. The taste may not be too exalted, but such as it is, it is right that it should be catered for. Sir A. Harris, moreover, has done his part well—so well, indeed, that after insisting upon a speech, the promenaders heartily cheered him, and sang in chorus "He's a jolly good fellow" before they would allow the concert to proceed.

Although nothing has yet been settled about an autumn opera season at Covent Garden, Sir A. Harris has decided to try a few Saturday matinées of "Carmen" at Drury-lane, supported by some of the artists whom he has engaged by the year. Supposing always that the casts are adequate, the scheme promises well. Furthermore, it is satisfactory to find that the Drury-lane manager does not share the nonsensical views of other entrepreneurs, that serious music is not wanted in London till the end of October, when thirty or forty concerts a week compete for the half-guineas of the public. Most middle-class music-lovers are now back in town from their holidays, and it is only a lack of enterprise which prevents concert-givers from taking some of their money. If one led the way, the rest of the sheep would very soon follow.

An item of news in one of the papers has been vastly improved upon by the London correspondents and others, until it has been made to appear that Sir Arthur Sullivan has suffered a relapse. The direct contrary is the case. Sir Arthur's general health has improved since he started on his German holiday, although it is feared he will not escape without another operation. In any event, there is no reason for alarm, but, on the other hand, the popular musician is not likely to undertake any serious musical composition for some little time to come. Perhaps, even, he may not commence his new work for the Savoy until

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after the production of the Gilbert and Cellier comic opera at the Lyric, which is not expected till the second week of November.

The last of the year's festivals will be that of Birmingham, the London rehearsals for which will begin under Dr. Richter's direction on Monday week. Three years ago I was called to order by the authorities for stating that (in contradistinction to Sir Arthur Sullivan's band at the Leeds Festival, which is English almost to an individual) Dr. Richter preferred to secure the services of a large proportion of Germans. This year, therefore, I will merely point out that among the typical British names in the orchestra lists are Hachenberger, Schiever, Friedel, Koopmann, Orellana, Sück, Windisch, Reynders, Stehling, Broedelet, Heiss, Silberberg, Gallrein, Van Leeuwen, Borsdorf, Müller, Schröder, and many others. Whether the committee or the conductor is responsible for this extraordinary galaxy of euphonious surnames I am unaware. But with the best will in the world to recognise the talent of our visitors, I venture to say that we have in England as good players as any of the Teutons to be found in the Birmingham list, and also that if a great musical festival were given in Vienna, the conductor would not be permitted to draw a large proportion of his band from Great Britain.

The Rev. F. K. Harford is now giving weekly recitals of his "soft music specially prepared for invalids," that on Monday of the present week taking place at the Westminster Palace Hotel. The matter should, however, be tested in another and more practical way. Music frequently acts somniferously in the case of concert-goers in excellent health. What we now want to see is its effect upon those in pain. A man with a toothache would be better than nothing.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We went up to town yesterday and found the dear place simply simmering under the glorious sunshine, and smelling most abominably of dust. We seemed to be inhaling dust rather than air. Dearly as we love London, we were enchanted to get back again to our ruralities, and spent the rest of the day in hammocks in the garden.

But what we went to town to see was sufficiently pretty to merit description. As you are aware, the electric light is making enormous strides in popular favour, and small wonder, for gas seems to become more odious and less illuminant with every year. Its soiling effect upon pictures, hangings, and wall-papers are well known; but what seems to be less thought of, is its evil influence upon the sight, owing to the unsteadiness of the light. The pater is beginning to feel this, now that he has had to start glasses, and he took us up yesterday to Berners-street in order to gain some idea of what the cost would be of having our house lighted with it. Messrs. Rashleigh, Phipps, & Dawson told us all about it, and showed us a large room filled with their different appliances for lighting. The difficulty that I experience is that of doing justice to the beauty of some of these in telling you of them. Your father might like to know that it is less expensive to have the electric light in the country than it is in town, and your gardener or coachman could do all the work connected with it in an hour a day. Your own fittings can be adapted to the new light, a thing that effects a great economy, and has been made a special study by the firm in Berners-street. Even your tall, standard lamps, your candelabra for the dinner-table, and your wall brackets can all be utilised for electricity.

The ingenuity displayed in the various devices makes one admire one's brother Man. An enormously beautiful effect is obtained from a huge rose with petals of common tin. A large cone is put through the centre, having previously had brightly-coloured silk wound round it. The one we saw had layers of scarlet and old gold put on in this way, and when the light was turned on, there was a glorious flower beaming upon us in softened tones of gold and crimson. A ceiling lighted in this way would be lovely. The firm are about to produce these roses in copper, which will be sightly in the daytime when not lighted up. The tin looks squalid, and is therefore only suited to the illumination of ball-rooms or other places not generally used in the daytime. A large electrolier is fitted with globes shaped like tulips, the metal forming the leaves. The globes can be shaded with pink, scarlet, yellow, or white, the natural colours of the flowers. Some of the shades, looking exactly like cut glass, are made of crystal beads strung on wire, in any tint. They are called "bead-ray diffusers." There is considerable demand for imitation candles through which the electric light passes, looking quite like the ordinary flame of a candle at the top. At a ball given during the season, there were 450 of these lights, and a London newspaper, in describing the festivity, said that the room was lighted by thousands of wax candles. The illusion, you see, must have been complete to have deceived the practised eye of the journalist.

The danger of fire is guarded against by an arrangement which acts automatically and cuts off the current. People who are always predicting terrible accidents from the use of the electric light may be unaware that it is really much safer than gas. There are few means of beautifying this latter, owing to the great heat it generates. Among the novel lights for the dinner-table that we saw in Berners-street were copies of lamps from the Vatican, in which the lovely curves fascinate the eye. A snake bracket was so managed that the light could be swung round to any position. It would be delicious to have one for reading or writing by. There were some beautiful Carton Pierre brackets, and a pair of fine bronzes also struck us as admirable. Another novelty was an adjustable shell, with the light hidden in the centre, as it were. This could be turned upon pictures or tapestries at any angle which might best show off their beauties. The mother-o'-pearl shells for ceilings were lovely. The firm has specimens of 485 different kinds of glass. We looked at some of them, and admired the beauty of the Bohemian and Venetian kinds. One, called Clutha, looks like a bit of a breaker solidified, but left transparent, being palest green streaked irregularly with a spectral white.

We rowed down the river one exquisite morning of last week, and found ourselves at Hampton. Charlie and the pater were tired and hot, so we adjourned to a picturesque hotel and lunched there in a delightful room that looked out upon the river. Maud and I, suddenly remembering that Mrs. French Sheldon, the African explorer, lives at Hampton, made some inquiries, and finding that her house was close at hand, we went and called upon her. You may remember my telling you that we made her acquaintance accidentally at Whiteley's one day, when we were looking at the palanquin that was to take her far into Africa. That was on a dreary, foggy, November morning, and I must frankly confess that I never expected the adventurous being to be seen in England again. But there she was, on her sunny lawn by the river, sitting in the shadow of the very tent under which she slept during her exploration, and with the very palanquin dressed up anew in citron silk hangings and cushions. She welcomed us in her impulsive fashion, and told us what a skeleton she was when first carried into her home. Her porters let her fall into a cataract across which they were conveying her in the palanquin, and she was carried thirty or forty feet down stream. As if this performance lacked finish, they let her fall again, on the rocks this time, when they had picked her up out of the stream. The consequence was a serious injury from which she is now, slowly but surely, recovering.

We asked her if she really did flog the natives, but her indignation would hardly allow her to reply. We gathered, however, quite distinctly that she had never

Dress and Habit Makers.—Messrs. John Redfern & Sons have now on view in their Show Rooms, Conduit-street and New Bond-street, a collection of original designs of outdoor Gowns, Coats, Wraps, and Hats, especially prepared for the "Autumn Season."

touched the natives, but had, on the contrary, made great friends with them. Mrs. Sheldon has brought home a marvellous number of photographs, some of which she showed us. They show the scenery, the trees, the villages, and the natives themselves, who had to be "took" surreptitiously, for they suspected magic in the cameras, and were afraid of them. In one of these groups there is the most glorious collection of grins I have ever beheld. The African countenance appears to lend itself to the production of broad grins in quite a remarkable manner.

Fashion rules the gentlemen and ladies of the land with quite as hard a hand as she lays upon us here. The warrior head-gear of the former is just as preposterous as the busbys of our own men. The uniform is not so tight, nor does it veil, to any great extent, the limbs and bodies of the wearers, but the long monkey-skins they occasionally don must be highly inconvenient in a hot climate. As to the ladies, fashion compels them to wear between forty and fifty pound weight (please note "weight," not "worth") of metal rings. Some of these climb up their legs in spirals, while others, in similar snake-like fashion, embrace their arms fore and aft. More rings encircle their necks, and some of them wear, suspended from their heads and hanging below their ears, round spirals of metal, which reminded Maud and me of macaroni.

With all this weight of ornament, Amy dear, their garb is of an inadequate description, according to our ideas, at least. Too *décolleté* for the ballroom of civilisation, the spirit of abbreviation rules the skirt as well, so that the whole attire may be described, in borrowed language, as beginning too late and ending too soon.

Mrs. Sheldon showed us a whole room full of curios brought from Africa, enough to fill an exhibition, and many of them remarkably interesting. Wooden bowls with pale blue beads or silver stars beaten into them; gourds engraved with primitive representations of that curious biped, man; beaded head-dresses and belts, and more things than I can enumerate. After spending something under an hour with Mrs. Sheldon, Maud and I both agreed that we felt just as though we had been half across Africa with her, instead of on her sunny lawn and pretty house at Hampton.

Clare sends me the following from Scheveningen:—

Dearest Madge,—There are many wonders about a seaside resort in Holland. The chief wonder is that there should be any such place at all. To the ordinary observer the Dutch people seem to have so much sea in general all over the country, that it is odd they should feel any special need for having it in particular, at any given place. Nevertheless, Scheveningen is a bathing-place such as any other country might have; and whilst Holland is waging perpetual war with the Sea King elsewhere throughout the length and breadth of the land, wresting each year fresh territories from his dominion, and planning new conquests, here, his rule is fully acknowledged and the usual homage paid. Always a favourite resort with the natives, the tide of fashions has set more strongly of late years towards Scheveningen, than which few seaside resorts are now more frequented. Truly, fashion is a wonderful and mysterious power. Never did I see a more unattractive looking place. Of course, there is the sea and the sky, in which the artistic eye and soul can seek refuge and consolation. The long, level stretches of sandy beach, without so much as a pebble to vary their monotony, the low sand-hills covered with yellowish scrubby grass, have an ugliness and dreariness extreme enough to be in their own way, sublime, were it not that the inevitable Kurhaus and the big hotels towering over the place destroy even this effect. I am entirely wanting in the modern æsthetic spirit, which is in sympathy with the sublimely ugly, flat, and uninteresting. Those who possess it might possibly feel rapturous in Scheveningen. As for us, we nobly endure it, going through one, four, or five days' experience here, as a necessary one to be woven into the web of life's experiences, which must not be solely worked in bright colours. There are great crowds here still, and bathing is in full swing. So are high prices, but that goes without saying in Holland, as in England, Scotland, and Ireland. We, who belong to the British Isles, have no right to throw stones from our own glass houses.

If you were never at Scheveningen my advice to you would be, never to change that condition. Bathers are much the same all over the world, their floppings and flounderings in the sea being equally ungraceful. Sea-bathing is a distinctly levelling process, and so very unbecoming that I can never understand either sex conforming to the "mixed" system. The best of us does look so little at her best, dripping and draggled, and with the peculiar blue and mottled complexion that sea-water induces. And one has nothing but the sea here. There are no pretty drives for afternoon distraction, nor toilets to make up for the want of them in the morning.

Scheveningen has one great charm however, it is only twenty minutes from the Hague, to which either an electric or steam tram will take you every ten minutes. The capital of Holland is very quiet and old-fashioned. An air of aristocracy and refinement pervades it. So different from big, noisy, busy Amsterdam. The latter has the "wealth and commerce" whilst the "old nobility" remain faithful to the former.

Before leaving Amsterdam for here, we made an excursion to the Zuyder Zee, and to the island of Marken. We may not have another chance of seeing that famous sea, for it leads a most threatened existence, and the years of the island of Marken are probably numbered. The Zuyder Zee is a perpetual occupation of Dutch Governments, as the Irish question is of English ones. Each new ministry comes in determined to tackle it, to conquer the turbulent waters and sweep them from the land. We, therefore, hastened to sail on the Zuyder Zee, before it is turned into wide-stretching meadows, and to visit sea-girt Marken, before the distinction of its isolation is abolished, and it ignominiously rejoins the mainland. The trip was most interesting, in a steam tram through Waterland and the "dead" town of Monikendam, and from thence in a sailing-boat to Marken. There was a craven spirit in the party—I name no names, however—who feared to trust the treacherous sea, and was content to view from a distance the low dark line set in the silver sea that means the island of Marken. What a place to live in! I quite appalled myself at the thought of life on that low-lying sand-hill, when the north wind is let loose and the waters are lashed into wild waves. And to think that there are hundreds of human beings who are born, live the whole term of their natural lives, and die on Marken. These fisherfolk are very unique and interesting, I believe—but I am not going to quote the guide-books to you, like a certain aristocratic author of the century. By the way, apropos of literary efforts in distinguished quarters, does it not strike you that letter-writers, like poets, are born, not made—not even by the high payment from daily journals? What a quantity of stupid writing we are bored with, because editors will believe in the charm of a name! It is a small consolation for wading through five or six dull pages to read a distinguished name at the end of them. How I have digressed and wandered from the shores of the Zuyder Zee! There was a change of ministry in Holland last month, and, on the new Prime Minister's programme, the conquest of the Zuyder Zee holds a leading part. I wish some British Prime Minister would abolish the Irish Channel. It is bad enough to have one ghastly channel between one's self and the rest of Europe, but to have two channels to cross is an aggravation of trying circumstances that brings a decided weight on the mind as the end of a continental tour draws near.—Yours ever,

Clare.

I do not know if you share my opinion of the tastelessness of fresh-water fish. They are very insipid in themselves, but there are means of imparting some degree of flavour to them. For instance, we find that Thames gudgeon are very good when grilled after the following fashion:—

Simply scale, clean, and wipe the gudgeon; do not wash them. Well butter a plate that will stand the fire, cover it with chopped parsley, half-a-dozen blanched mushrooms, two well-minced shalots, the picked leaves from two sprigs of thyme, the same of sweet basil, one bay-leaf, and dust over them a little pepper and salt. Lay the fish on this bed of seasoning, cover them with exactly the same ingredients, add 2 glasses of port wine; then set the plate on a gridiron over a good clear fire, but no flame. If the wine diminishes, add a little more. Have ready a hot dish on to which carefully remove the fish and seasoning without displacing it. Take away the bay-leaves, and garnish with bunches of hawthorn-berry.

You will find this an excellent way of preparing a ragout of woodcock:—

Disjoint a woodcock which has previously been cooked; take the trail and work it till quite fine with the back of a spoon; mix it with a tablespoonful of red wine, the same of water, and half a tablespoonful of canary wine. Cut a middle-sized onion into slices, so that it can easily be separated into rings, parboil it till tender. Roll a piece of butter in flour, put it with all the above mixture into a shallow stewpan; shake it well over the fire till it boils, then add the woodcock. When thoroughly heated lay it on a hot dish, with sippets of toast around. Strain the sauce over the bird, and tastefully arrange the onion rings on the woodcock. Garnish with slices of lemon between the sippets, with a tuft of parsley laid on each.

This makes a pretty dish as well as a palatable one:—

Squeeze the juice of a dozen oranges and two lemons into a basin with castor sugar to taste. Put one and a-half ounces of isinglass

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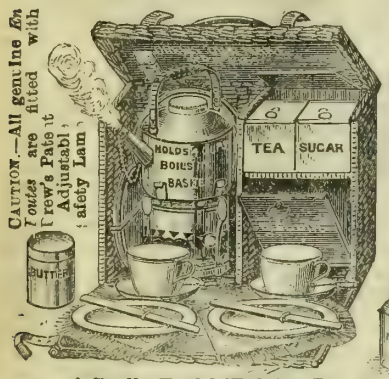
into half a pint of water; let it simmer gently with the yellow peel of an orange, drop into it the shell of a freshly-broken egg; carefully strain the syrup, pour the isinglass on the syrup through a hair sieve; stir well, when nearly cool pour a third into a mould that has previously been dipped in cold water. When nearly set, place three or four stoned mangoes in it, cover them with jelly; when this cools place a second layer of fruit, then pour on more jelly. Leave it standing on ice or in a cold place till firm. Reserve a little of the jelly, chop it small, and heap it round the mould. A little saffron dropped into the melted isinglass gives a very good colour.

Pine-apple slices or any fruit may be treated in the same manner.—Ever, dear, your loving cousin,

MADGE.

P.S.—I open this to tell you a little about the Earl of Dudley's marriage with Miss Rachel Gurney. It was an unfortunately wet day, and as, for some inscrutable reason, the church officials chose to keep the doors shut until the hour named for the ceremony, the wedding guests had to remain outside in cabs and carriages and on foot, exposed to the rain. Women fainted, girls screamed, and there was quite a scene outside, rather resembling a free fight. The church officials were much to blame.

The bride looked handsome in her Paris gown, and her bridesmaids were pretty girls. But the beauty of the occasion was chiefly represented by Lady Dudley, looking perfect in palest silver grey. Lady de Grey was also very handsome in a very becoming costume and a little bonnet trimmed with tea roses. Lady Claud Hamilton, Lady Randolph Churchill, and a lovely girl in white all added to the constellation. The young Earl seemed boyishly happy as he led his bride from church, and the Prince of Wales looked, if possible, jollier and more genial than ever as he passed through the crowd, some of whom cried "God bless the Prince of Wales." M.



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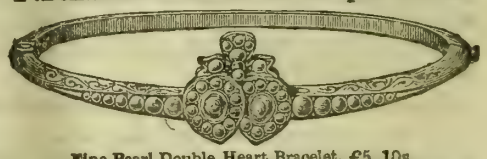
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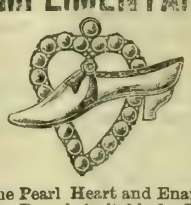
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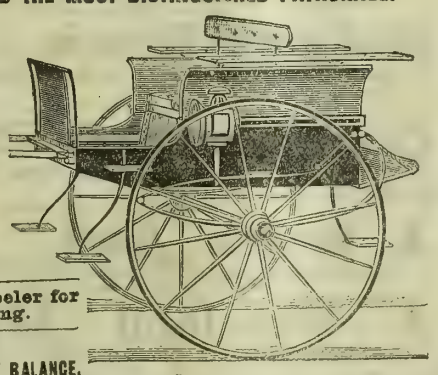

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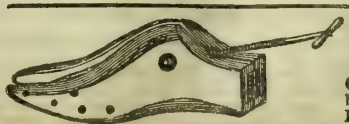

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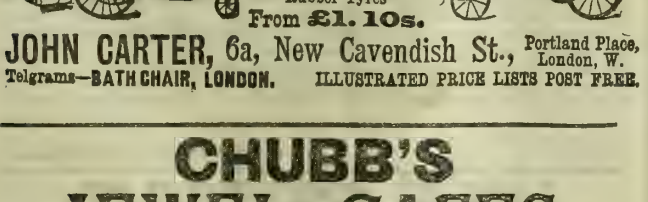

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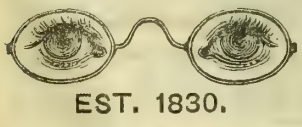

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DRAWING ROOM SALOON CARS, with Lavatory accommodation, are run by the 9.45 and 10.35 a.m. Express Trains from London (St. Pancras) to Glasgow and Edinburgh respectively, and by the trains leaving Glasgow at 10.0 a.m., and Edinburgh at 10.10 a.m. to St. Pancras.

SLEEPING SALOON CARS by Night Express Trains between London (St. Pancras) and Stranraer (for Belfast and North of Ireland), Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Perth.

NORTH OF IRELAND via STRANRAER—ACCELERATED SERVICE.—On and from September 1st the new arrangement for the conveyance of Mails between England and the North of Ireland, via Stranraer and Larne, will be in operation, and the Service between London (St. Pancras) and other parts of the Midland Railway System and Ireland by this route will be materially improved. The journey to Belfast will be shortened by nearly an hour, to Londonderry by three hours, and from Londonderry to England by over four hours. The passage between Larne and Stranraer occupies only two hours.

IMPROVED SUNDAY SERVICE—YORKSHIRE AND LONDON.—On Sundays an Express leaves Bradford at 4.25 p.m., Leeds, 4.55 p.m., and Sheffield at 5.52 p.m., for London, reaching St. Pancras at 9.45 p.m. And the 3.15 p.m. Express from St. Pancras on Sundays conveys Passengers for Yorkshire who arrive at Sheffield at 7.3 p.m., Leeds at 8.0, and Bradford at 8.30 p.m.

The Company's Time Tables and Bills may be obtained at any Midland Station or Enquiry Office.
Derby, 1891. JOHN NOBLE, General Manager.

ISLE OF MAN.
The most beautiful and economical Watering Place in the Kingdom.
Boating, Bathing, Deep Sea and River Fishing; delightful inland drives, interspersed with the most charming scenery, mountains, rivers, glens, and waterfalls; short sea voyages to adjacent places, and round the Island, in saloon steamers at nominal fares; frequent trains to all points of interest.
Hotel and Boarding-house accommodation equal to any in the British Isles, at half the usual tariff.
Services daily from Liverpool, Fleetwood, Barrow, and Belfast, and twice weekly from Glasgow and Dublin, by the fastest Royal Mail Steamers in the world.
List of Hotels, Furnished Houses, Boarding Houses, and Apartments, also a guide to the Island, sent free by post, on application to FRANK PORTER, Donegal House, Douglas.

NEW MAIL SERVICE with NORTH OF IRELAND, viâ Stranraer and Larne. Open sea passage, 80 minutes. Port to port, two hours. IMPORTANT ACCELERATION, commencing 1st September.—Particulars in Guides and Time-tables, or on application to EDWARD J. COTTON, General Manager, Northern Counties Railway, Belfast.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over

ONE HUNDRED YEARS,

and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

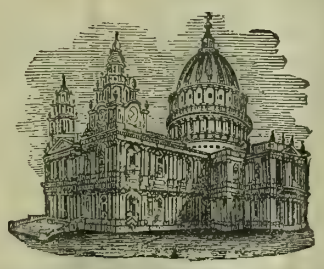
FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY!

DAKIN & COMPY.

CONTINUE TO SUPPLY THE

FINEST TEAS AND COFFEES

IMPORTED.



SPECIALITÉ TEAS, 1/6, 2/-, and 2/6.
SPECIALITÉ COFFEES, 1/4, 1/6, 1/8, 1/10.

PRICE LIST AND SAMPLES POST FREE.

No. ONE ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C.
& 30, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

THE HYGIENE OF LIFE.

STILL DRY MOSELLE WINES

SPECIALLY SELECTED AND IMPORTED
FOR THE CORPULENT, THE GOUTY, AND THE BILIOUS.

DROHNER.—A Good Light Wine with pleasant flavour... ... ... 24/-

KONIGSMOSEL.—A Superior Wine of Good Body and Bouquet 30/-

TRABENER.—A high-class Wine, from one of the choicest Moselle districts 36/-

SCHLOSS REINHAUSEN.—A very choice Wine 42/-

ELTVILLER SONNENBERG.—A full and very choice Wine of superfine character 48/-

AGRITIUS BERGER.—An excellent Wine, well matured, and highly recommended ... 54/-

ROTTLAND CABINET.—A perfect dry Moselle, the produce of one of the most famous vineyards in Germany. A connoisseur's Wine—of good body, grand flavour, & rich bouquet 66/-

ALL THESE WINES ARE GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SUGAR NOR TANNIN.

DR. YORKE-DAVIES (whose system of treating Obesity is now so well known), speaking of these Wines in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, says:—"They are specially suitable for Corpulent, Gouty, and Bilious people, in fact, such people should drink no other." *Imported only by*

ALFRED ALDOUS, 61, Hatton Garden, LONDON, E.C.

PUREST IN ENGLAND. SODA, SELTZER,

BOURNE TABLE WATERS

LITHIA, POTASH, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE, ETC.

Supplied in 6 Dozen Cases Carriage Paid, or from Chemists.

Analysis, &c., on Application.

R. M. MILLS & CO., BOURNE, LINCOLNSHIRE.
West End Agent—
D. WHEATLEY, *Wine Merchant*, 16a, North Audley-street, W.

City Agents: HARDY & Co., 23, Fenchurch-street.

LAIRITZ'S CELEBRATED PINE-WOOL PRODUCTIONS.

(Established 1853; Awarded 18 Medals and Diplomas.)
For the Relief and Cure of
RHEUMATISM, GOUT, AND THE PREVENTION OF CHILLS.
FLANNEL AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF UNDERCLOTHING
can be had by ordering from first-class Hosiers and Drapers.
Principal Retail Agents for Fabrics, E. Lodge & Co., 15, Strand, London, W.; H. Sampson, 33, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.
List of Country Agents sent on application to Welch, Margetson, & Co., 16, Cheapside, London (Wholesale Depôt for Fabrics).
LAIRITZ'S Pine-Wool Wadding, Oil, Extract for Bath, &c., of all the leading Chemists.
CAUTION:—Observe the Tree Trade Mark with Signature stamped on each piece.

CAUTION.

"The THREE CASTLES" TOBACCO.

In the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in an action of W. D. & H. O. Wills against Marcus Burstein and Eliza Burstein, of Aldershot, Surrey, Tobacconists, Mr. Justice North, on the 14th day of March, 1891, granted a perpetual injunction, restraining the defendants from offering for sale or selling tobacco not of the manufacture or merchandise of W. D. & H. O. Wills, as and for "The Three Castles" tobacco. The defendants were also ordered to pay the costs of the action.

In consequence of frequent imitations of Messrs. W. D. & H.O. Wills' "Three Castles" tobacco, that firm give this public notice, that any person selling tobacco under the title of "The Three Castles" except that manufactured by Messrs. W. D. & H. O. Wills, will be proceeded against.

McKENNA & CO.,
17 and 18, Basinghall-street, London, E.C.
Solicitors for Messrs. W. D. & H. O. Wills.

THE BEST WEARING FASHIONABLE BLACK SILK.

THOROUGHLY TRIED & RELIABLE.

FAILLE INVICTA

REGISTERED No. 93095.

AT ALL SILK HOUSES.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

M. & L. MAKOWER & Co., 40, Old Change, E.C.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

MONEY.—Householders or Lodgers desirous of obtaining immediate advances upon their Furniture or other Negotiable Security, are invited to call at the Offices of the Consolidated Company, 43, Great Tower-street, E.C., and arrange. Bills of sale and executions paid out. No fees, the full sum advanced without deduction. An old established and genuine firm.

THE "SPRAY" CHAMBER SET.

(In a Charming Tint of Peacock Blue on Ivory Ground only).

ARTISTIC FLUTED SHAPE
(5 Pieces), Full Size,
7/6 SET.
Continued accession of New Patterns varying from
10/6 to 5 gs.
(If for the Country, 9d. extra for package.)

DINNER, DESSERT, BREAKFAST, and TEA SERVICES.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF TABLE GLASS.

Hydraulic Lift to First and Second Floor Show-Rooms.

ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39, Ludgate Hill, LONDON. (Established 1760.)

WHEAT PHOSPHATES NOURISH BRAIN and FRAME.
WHEAT PHOSPHATES STRENGTHEN BONE & MUSCLE.
WHEAT PHOSPHATES ENRICH the BLOOD.

"FRAME FOOD" DIET

DELICIOUS, SUMMER & WINTER.

Is a Cooked WHEATEN Powder, STRENGTHENED with the "FRAME FOOD" EXTRACT of WHEAT PHOSPHATES, and therefore the most

NUTRITIOUS FOOD in the WORLD

For CHILDREN OF ALL AGES; Develops Bones, Muscles, Teeth, and Brain.

For INVALIDS; Can be taken and RETAINED when all other Food is REFUSED.

For ADULTS; A Delicious BREAKFAST and SUPPER DISH. Increases VIGOUR, Restores STRENGTH.

Sold by Chemists and Grocers at 7d. per ½ lb., 1s. per 1 lb., or 3s. 9d. per 4lb. Tins,
Or sent Carriage Paid, with full particulars, by
FRAME FOOD CO. LTD., LORRAINE ROAD, BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

PERMANENT PROTECTION from CHILL.

TRADE MARK.

JAEGER

PURE WOOLLEN CLOTHING

Is Chemically and Microscopically Tested for Purity in the Company's Laboratory, and is Guaranteed by this Trade Mark.
Other goods offered as "JAEGER" are spurious.

COMBINATION GARMENTS for LADIES and MEN, GIRLS and BOYS, specially convenient for Riding, &c.; SANITARY BOOTS and SHOES; CORSETS; "FEATHER-WEIGHT" HATS and CAPS; MEN'S OUTER CLOTHING, &c. &c.

Full particulars, and List of Depôts, in Jaeger Descriptive Catalogue, sent free.

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO., LTD.,

LONDON DÉPÔTS—3 & 4, Princes-st., Cavendish-sq., W., with Tailoring; 456, Strand (opposite Grand Hotel); 85 & 86, Cheapside; 158, Fenchurch-st.; 42 & 43, Fore-st. (close to Moorgate-st. Station) with Tailoring.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors.
70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

TOO FAT!!

DR. GORDON'S ELEGANT PILLS

Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to

DR. GORDON,
10, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

The Best Eau de Cologne is

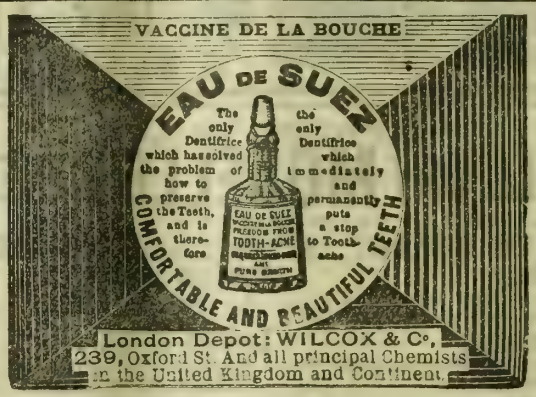
"Original No. 54"

& bears this Label

21 Highest Prize Medals etc.

Another DIPLOMA of HONOUR, GERMAN EXHIBITION 1891, for SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Obtainable Everywhere. General Agents for Great Britain:—
Messrs. VAN OPPEN & CO., Hackney, London, N.E.



London Depot: WILCOX & Co., 239, Oxford St. And all principal Chemists in the United Kingdom and Continent.

ANGEL WHITE TOILET POWDER AND CREAM

UNRIVALLED FOR THE SKIN.

Sole Manufacturer:—Geo. G. Blackwell, Liverpool. Price, 1s., of all Chemists Post Sample, 3d. London Agents—G. Vogt & Co., 19, Laurence Pountney Lane, E.C

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE

OR PREPARED WHITE FULLERS' EARTH.

Is the only reliable and thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. It is prepared by an experienced Chemist, and under its Latin name of "Terra Cimolia" is constantly prescribed by the most eminent living Dermatologists, and was especially recommended by the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., and the late Dr. Tilbury Fox. For general use it is simply invaluable. It is the best Dusting Powder for Infants. Formerly used in the Nurseries of Her Majesty the Queen, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Teck, &c., and now extensively employed in the Nurseries of her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia, our own Royal Princesses and Duchesses, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland, the Grand Duchess Paul of Russia, the Duchess of Sparta, and most of the Aristocracy Recommended by the faculty. The eminent physician, Dr. Routh, says: "I feel I cannot too highly recommend it." "I cannot afford to be without it."—Dr. Bainbridge. A Lady writes: "Here, in India, for 'Prickly Heat,' I found it worth a guinea a teaspoonful." Post-free. Send 14 or 36 penny stamps.

Ask for "Taylor's Cimolite." See that the Trade Mark, Name, and Address are on every parcel, and do not be persuaded to take imitations.

Introduced into medical practice and prepared by
JOHN TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.

THE FINEST TONIC

FER BRAVAIS most effective in restoring the vitality of the blood, and enabling the constitution to resist climatic influences.

FER BRAVAIS Invaluable in al cases of anæmia, influenza and general debility.

FER BRAVAIS Highly recommended for weak and debilitated children.

LANCET "*A beautiful and interesting preparation.*"

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"*It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth.*"

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS WITH DROP MEASURE.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE. Perfectly Harmless Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.

Botanic Medicine Co., 3, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.

NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT £3½ per Cent. INSCRIBED STOCK—1918.

Third Issue, £4,500,000, repayable at par, 1st September, 1918. First dividend, being six months' interest, payable 1st March, 1892. Minimum price of issue, £95 per cent.

Authorised by the Parliament of New South Wales under Act 54 Vic., No. 33, 1890, for the Construction of Railways and other Public Works; and for the repayment of the balance of outstanding 5 per Cent. Debentures maturing 1st January, 1892, not converted, amounting to £1,503,100, and secured upon the Consolidated Revenues of the Colony.

The Governor and Company of the Bank of England give notice that they are authorised to receive on Thursday, 17th September, 1891, Tenders for £4,500,000 New South Wales £3½ per cent. Inscribed Stock, repayable at par, 1st September, 1918.

This Stock will be in addition to, and will rank *pari passu* with, the New South Wales £3½ per cent. Stock, 1918, already existing, the Dividends on which are payable half-yearly on the 1st March and 1st September; the first dividend on the present issue, due 1st March, 1892, will be for six months' Interest from 1st September, 1891, on the nominal amount of Stock.

The Books of the Stock are kept at the Bank of England, where all assignments and transfers are made; and holders of the Stock are able, on payment of the usual fees, to take out Stock Certificates to Bearer, with coupons attached, which Certificates may be re-inscribed into Stock at the will of the holder.

All Transfers and Stock Certificates are free of Stamp Duty.

Dividend Warrants will be transmitted by post if desired.

By the Act 40 and 41 Vict. ch. 59, the Revenues of the colony of New South Wales alone will be liable in respect of this Stock and the Dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom and the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock or of the Dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto.

Tenders may be for the whole or any part of the Stock, and must state what amount of money will be given for every £100 of Stock. Tenders for other than even hundreds of Stock, or at a price including fractions of a shilling other than sixpence, will not be accepted. Tenders must be delivered at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, before two o'clock, on Thursday, 17th September, 1891. Tenders at different prices must be on separate forms. The amount of Stock applied for must be written on the outside of the tender.

The minimum price, below which no tender will be accepted, has been fixed at £95 for every £100 of Stock.

A deposit of £5 per cent. on the amount of Stock tendered for must be paid at the same Office at the time of the delivery of the tender, and the deposit must not be enclosed in the tender. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned, and in case of partial allotment the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the first instalment.

In the event of the receipt of tenders for a larger amount of Stock than that proposed to be issued, at or above the minimum price, the tenders at the lowest price accepted will be subject to a *pro ratâ* diminution.

The dates at which the further payments on account of the Loan will be required are as follows:—

On Friday, the 25th September, 1891, { so much as, when added to the deposit, will leave Seventy-five pounds (Sterling) to be paid for each hundred pounds of Stock.

On Thursday, the 22nd October, 1891, £25 per cent.;
On Friday, the 20th November, 1891, £25 per cent.;
On Monday, the 21st December, 1891, £25 per cent.

The instalments may be paid in full on or after the 25th September, 1891, under discount at the rate of £2½ per cent. per annum. In case of default in the payment of any instalment at its proper date, the deposit and instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

Scrip Certificates to Bearer will be issued in exchange for the provisional receipts.

The Stock will be inscribed in the Bank Books on or after the 21st December, 1891, but Scrip paid up in full may be forthwith inscribed.

No tender will be received unless upon the printed form, which can be obtained at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England; of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall, & Co., Stock Brokers, 4, Lombard-street, London, E.C.; and of the Agent-General for the Government of New South Wales, Westminster Chambers, Victoria-street, S.W.

Bank of England, London.
September 10th, 1891.

THE STOCK CONVERSION AND INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

This Company begs to direct the attention of investors to the Preferred and Deferred Stocks issued by it against London and North-Western and North-Eastern Ordinary Stocks, and which are quoted on the London and leading Provincial Stock Exchanges.

The Preferred Stocks possess security similar to that of Railway Preferential and Preferred Stocks, but yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more income, thus affording to holders of many of the former Stocks an opportunity of adding to their revenue without decreasing their security.

The Deferred Stocks, whilst returning an average income in excess of that yielded by the Railway Ordinary Stocks, against which they are issued, contrast most favourably with all other Deferred and low-priced Ordinary Railway Stocks, and afford the only opportunity to small investors of participating, by means of low-priced Stocks, in the future of these two leading railways of the country. Table showing present price and dividend, and the dividend on the average of a number of years obtainable on the Deferred Stocks, is subjoined.

Any further information with regard to these Stocks can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 12 and 13, Nicholas-lane, E.C.

DEFERRED CHARGE STOCKS.	Present Price.	Last Dividend paid.	Annual Average of Dividend on result of last 10 years.*	Returns on basis of last Dividend.	Returns on Average Dividend of 10 years
London and North-Western Ordinary Stock	27	£1 7 6	£1 7 0 %	£5 1 10	£5 0 0
North-Eastern— Ordinary Stock	40	£2 5 6†	£2 4 0 %	£5 13 9	£5 10 0

*No allowance is here made for bonuses on allotments of new Stock.

†Exclusive of bonus of 9s. 6d. per cent. from allotment of new Stock.

THE LATE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD,
SIR MORELL MACKENZIE,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
MISS EMILY FAITHFUL,
THE LATE GEN. W. T. SHERMAN,

and many other persons of distinction, have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established nearly a Quarter of a Century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an Inhalation and without any after bad effects. A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In tins, 4s. 3d. British Depôt—46, Holborn Viaduct, London; also of NEWBERY & SONS, BARCLAY & SONS, LYNCH & CO., J. SANGER & SONS, W. EDWARDS & SON, JOHN THOMPSON, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803). 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.
C. HARDING, Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £12,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

LONDON, EDINBURGH, and GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
LIFE—ACCIDENT.
CHIEF OFFICE:—Insurance-buildings, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.
PREMIUM INCOME.

		Increase in Four Years.
1882	£7,929	
1886	86,006	£78,077
1890	226,001	139,995

Claims Paid (exceed) £420,000.
WILFRED A. BOWSER, Manager.

SUN FIRE OFFICE,
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1890,
£361,500,000.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.
ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, JUN., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

Established 1868.
THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,
20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.
Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

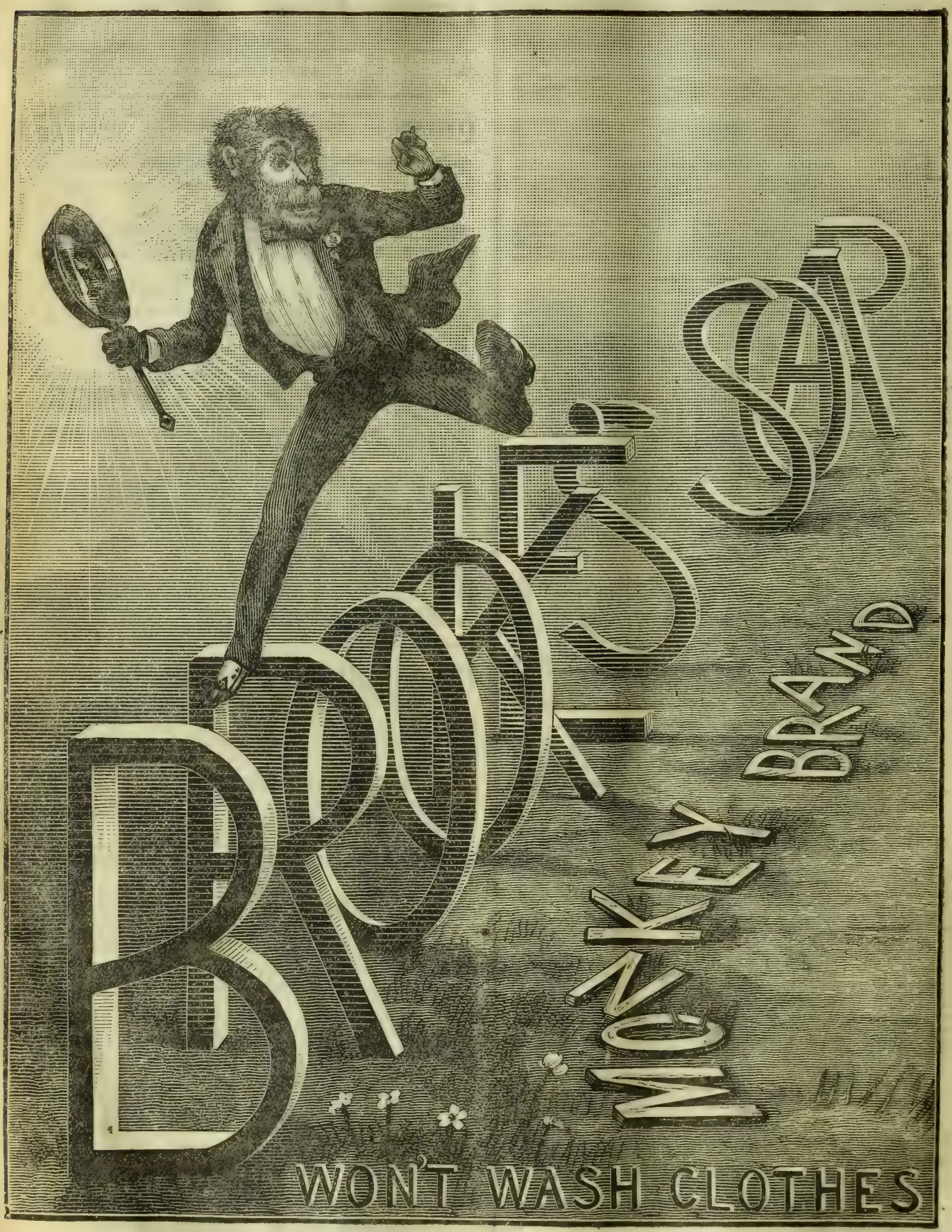
THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.
No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY,
58, Old Broad Street, London.
Capital, $3,000,000.
5 per cent. Deposits received for periods of not less than Six Months.
5 per cent. Debentures issued for a period of Five Years.
6 per cent. Freehold Mortgages. Principal and Interest guaranteed by the Company.
ATKINSON & CO., Managers for the United Kingdom.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.
UNION DEPOSIT BANK,
No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE.
Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From £30 to £5,000.
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
Interest allowed on deposits, 5, 6, and 7 per cent.
EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.



WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

Makes Copper like Gold. | Makes Tin like Silver. | Makes Windows like Crystal. | Makes Paint look New. | Makes Marble White. | Makes Brass like Mirrors.

FOR POTS AND PANS. **FOR KNIVES AND FORKS.** **FOR KITCHEN TABLES.** **FOR BATHS AND WINDOWS.**

FOR EVERYTHING. REMOVES RUST FROM STEEL AND IRON.

Sparkling Glassware. **Shining Pots and Pans.** **White Marble.** **Clean Hands.** **Polished Stair Rods.**
Paint like New. **Brassware like Mirrors.**

OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 655.—VERSE SUITABLE FOR A VISITORS' BOOK.

WINNIE PROUT (Real name and address will be given next week) £2 2 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE "TRUTH" CHRISTMAS DOLL SHOW.

Next week I hope to be able to furnish some figures showing to how large an extent the dolls have been applied for; and the exact number still in stock at this Office. Meanwhile, I make no apology for again reminding the readers of TRUTH and their friends that I shall be very glad to receive their applications for parcels of dolls as soon as possible.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 650.

As it really seems impracticable to devote any further space to the publication of the lists of suggested names received in connection with this competition, I think it will be better to bring to an end, without further delay, the suspense of those competitors interested in it. At all events, I will only wait one more week, and then, should the desiderated space be still not forthcoming, I will make the Prize award.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 656.

As regards this competition, I am glad to be able to print another selection from the specimens received, so many of which were crowded out last week. This being so, I will not at present state the name of the Prize Winner.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 660.

It is a curious fact that scarcely had the readers of TRUTH been called on to write an Epitaph on the apparently defunct summer than the weather changed, and what looked likely, for a time, to be a spell of warm weather set in. So warm is it indeed just now, that it would be cruel to call upon competitors to make any very prolonged or exhaustive effort this week. It is proposed, therefore, to give them a dainty and comparatively easy task by offering the usual weekly prize of Two Guineas for

THE BEST TRIOLET ON ANY SUBJECT.

To prevent mistake or misunderstanding, it is thought better to furnish a model showing exactly what a Triolet is; and competitors will be expected to compose their lines on a similar plan and in the same metre. Here, then, is a model Triolet which many will recognise as from the pen of Mr. Austin Dobson:—

A KISS.

Rose kissed me to-day,
Will she kiss me to-morrow?
Let it be as it may,
Rose kissed me to-day.
But the pleasure gives way
To a savour of sorrow—
Rose kissed me to-day—
Will she kiss me to-morrow?

All Triolets must reach me by the morning of Monday, September 28, at the latest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of RIMBO, winner of a half of Prize No. 652, are W. G. H. Rawlinson, Esq., 24, Princes-square, W.

*** The real name and the address of ROSE (R. M.) are Miss Rose Meller, Rothley, Macaulay-road, S W.

*** The real name and the address of JACK SPRAT, winner of Prize No. 654, are R. H. Kirby, Esq, Haverthwaite, Ulverston.

H. A. L. S.—Thanks for your suggestion. We have in past years had several Puzzles somewhat resembling the one you propose, and I certainly intend to again try a similar competition ere long.

COLONEL'S WIFE.—Your list of numerical quotations has safely reached me; also your summary of the numbers you have discovered.

NON-SEQUOR.—I have received your letter, and can only refer you in reply to Rule 10 of the regulations under which these Puzzle Competitions are conducted.

EBORACUM.—There is certainly something in the point you raise as to Competition No. 656, and I shall not fail to consider it in making the award. Many thanks for writing.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 657.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTIONS OF APPROPRIATE HOLIDAY RESORTS FOR EUROPEAN POTENTATES.

The Czar, to Settle for awhile; he's always a "Roamin'-off." The Kaiser, to Hawarden; where he will be emphatically William the "Second." The Emperor of Austria, to Franz Joseph Land, of course; there, having left Austria shaky, he will find Austria Sound.* The King of Spain, to Cambridge; the Mistress of Trinity could teach him how to rule the Dons. The Sultan, to the Mansion House; the sublime port there would remind him of home, and yet he would be out of Harem's way. The King of Italy, to Twickenham; no "Pope" there now; how awfully jolly! Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, to Rome; Leo and he should be sympathetic; each is Servus Servorum—a slave of the Sclaves!—Eboracum.

* Austria Sound is in Franz Joseph Land.

The Czar should pay a visit to Siberia; it would not be greatly lamented if he should *knout come* back. The German Kaiser might visit Alsace, and afterwards put in a few days at Paris, taking care to insure his life before starting. The Austrian Emperor would benefit by a stay at Salonica. The King of Spain should pay a visit to the City of London, and inspect the Stock Exchange. The Sultan of Turkey might take a trip up the Nile in a British gunboat. The King of Italy says, "I will go to Abyssinia and see Vat i can. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria might take a peep at Constantinople, while the Sultan is absent, or, better still, stay at home.—Don Quixote.

A joint visit to Waterloo plains to confer on battles over their camp fires. Each returns home in a peaceful frame of mind, and is greeted by his people with the motto, "Requiescat in pace."—Eclipse.

They had all better go to "Tonga" in the Friendly Isles, in the Pacific Ocean.—L. I. C.

The Czar of Russia, to Sophia; to learn to Tirnova a new leaf. The German Kaiser, to Central Asia; so as to be less at sea. The Austrian Emperor, to Mo(u)ntenegro; in order to reach Sal on a car (Salonica). The King of Spain, to Scotland; to study the history of the Moors. The Sultan of Turkey, to Cairo; to take care o' his interests. The King of Italy, to Twickenham; to study Pope. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, to Stamboul, and there to be constant in 'ope, he'll please.—Dry as Dust.

RUSSIA.
From Russia, since the harvest is not spry,
The Czar should make a rapid run to Rye.

GERMANY.
The Emperor of Germany, "ambitious and too bold,"
Should voyage to Anticyra," by Horace we are told.

N.B.—Verum ambitionis et audax naviget Anticyram.—Hor. Sat., B iii.

ITALY.
Italy's king, a bride to find his heir,
To Princess Royal Island may repair.

AUSTRIA.
In Hungary, the town of Guns may grant,
What Austria's pamphleteering subjects want.

N.B.—Pamplet recently published commenting on lack of strength of Austria's artillery, &c.

TURKEY.
If to see White the Sultan is not willing,
To the White Sea let him go Russophiling.

N B.—The Sultan has not received the English Ambassador, and has apologised in a servile manner to Russia *re* the Dardanelles.

SPAIN.
The King of Spain's an infant, and p'raps sweet on
All holiday; then let him go to Eton.

BULGARIA.
Ferdinand of Bulgaria should go
To Isle of Setebos and prosper O. Quatix.

The Czar, to the Dardanelles "Straits," mountains of Israel, or Novo Alexandrovsk. The German Kaiser, to Pillau (Pillow), being the part of Königsberg and Wilhem-"Shaven." The Austrian Emperor, to Concord. The King of Spain, to Isle of Man. The Sultan of Turkey, to Moscow (Mosque O) or Portland. The King of Italy, to Luck-now (I allude to the triple alliance). Prince F. of Bulgaria, to Port- (Porte) au-Prince. Incognita.

The Czar of Russia, to Jerusalem; to remind him of the duty of practising Christianity towards Jews. The German Kaiser, to Scarborough; see his speech to the German University students encouraging duels. The Austrian Emperor, to Cromer; to see the charming spot "created" by his wife. The King of Spain, to Paris; so that he may get sick of it whilst too young to appreciate its fascinations. The Sultan of Turkey, to Cairo; to learn from the Khedive a few wrinkles as to Government and finance. The King of Italy, to Massowah; to learn a little more about the Abyssinians, whom he wants to annex. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, to Belgrade; to impress the young King of Servia with his friendly feeling. Wandering Tyke.

The Czar should go to Copenhagen where the only blowing up he need fear will be from his mother-in-law for his own good. The Kaiser, to Shoe-lane; where he will have an English "Ally" at hand, and always "up to date." The Emperor of Austria, to Berlin; where he can have 'a good time," and be always on the Spree. The Sultan of Turkey, to the Great Loan Land. The King of Spain, to Hampstead Heath; where "The Spaniards" will make him feel quite at home, and accord him all the privileges of a *bonâ-fide* traveller. The King of Italy, to Saffron-hill; on a visit to the Italian colony of needy knife-grinders. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, to Mobile; stopping on his way back at the Crescent, overlooking the Regent's-park (of artillery).—Mavis.

The Czar of Russia, to Siberia, or Frejus (free Jews), or Philadelphia; to suggest that all the human family are brothers. The German Kaiser to Mobile, or to the shores of the Pacific. The Emperor of Austria, to Felixstowe. The Sultan of Turkey, to Ethiopia. The King of Spain, to Wantage, Nuremberg, or the Seychelles. The King of Italy, to B hemia; because if he resembles his father, he finds the restraints of a Court a little wearisome, or to San Salvador, as he will risk his life to save his people. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, to the Vaterland.—Esperanza.

The Czar, to Watchet; to keep an eye on the Nihilist movement. The German Emperor, to Hyères. The Emperor of Austria, to Trieste; as being triste The Sultan, to Lucca. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, to Monaco. The King of Spain, to La Bouleboule. The King of Italy, Marienbad; to arrange his son's marriage.—Qui Hy.

The Czar, to England; for a constitution. The Kaiser, to Russia; for humility. The Emperor of Austria, to Bulgaria; for independence. The King of Spain, to the London Hospital; for a nurse. The Sultan, should stay at home; for dissolution. The King of Italy, to Krupp; for big guns. The Prince of Bulgaria, to Ireland; for resolute government.—Jam.

The Czar, overwhelmed with addresses and invitations from provincial Maires and Communes in France, is obliged to decline them all. He will make a short *villegiatura* on the Bosphorus, with a view, if the climate suits, of establishing a permanent residence there. He has lately become a large promoter of the Society, founded by the late Mr. Laurence Oliphant, for restoring the Jews to Palestine, and will perhaps take advantage of his proximity to Asia to inspect, attended by Baron Bleichröder, that interesting colony, much visited by artists in search of the ideal in nasal organs. The Kaiser was going to Paris for the best medical advice; but he has had it so freely from the *Figaro* and other papers that it is unnecessary. He will visit Homburg-les-Bains, where a relative will teach him a new *kriegspiel* played with leather disks (representing the sinews of war) upon a table representing the plan of campaign where the most brilliant coups can be effected by promtness in ad-

vancing or retiring the forces over the frontier lines. These operations are denoted by technical terms, *pousette, tirette,* &c., in actual war. The Kaiser will call the attention of his relative, who is a distinguished soldier as well as Hon. Colonel of the 1st Uhlans, to certain military regulations that he may have them "present to his mind" in the next campaign, which is expected to begin next month in the North. The Austrian Emperor will spend his holidays in any part of Europe except the island of Corfu, to which wild horses will not drag him now that a certain villa is approaching completion. He will be accompanied by a suite composed of equal proportions of Germans, Magyars, Croats, and Czechs, with Count Taaffe, an Irishman, as minister in attendance, so that none of these interesting "home-rule" nations may be offended by the predominance of the others. The King of Aragon, Castile, and the Asturias, attended by his Cameriera Mayor, the Doña Yriarte y Bazan (*née* Gamp), will visit his cousin, Don Charles, at the Palazzo Loredan, on the Grand Canal, who no doubt will receive him as hospitably as our Don Richard once received his young kinsfolk at the Palazzo di Londra on the River Thames. The Sultan will visit his Asiatic provinces. The Czar and Ferdinand, after consultation by post-card with Hawarden, will see to the despatch of his "bag and baggage." On his arrival at Jerusalem the Commander of the Faithful will survey from the steps of the Temple the autumn manœuvres of the Church Militant, under the command of the Greek and Latin Patriarchs respectively, while the English Bishop at the head of his diocese of thirteen converted (and subsidised) Hebrews will do a smart trade with both armies. Don Umberto, in strict incognito as the Comte du Savoy, will stay at the Chalet Cecil as the guest of a certain minister, where certain engagements as to the protection of a certain coast by a certain fleet in certain eventualities can be discussed, and in certain other eventualities can be disavowed. Ferdinand has succeeded in staying nearly five years in Bulgaria, which is longer than any of his predecessors. He thinks he cannot do better than spend the holidays there, as he might never have the chance again. His mother, who is a strictly virtuous female of severe aspect, will stay with him, to protect him against the wiles of designing relatives in Germany and England.—Gerardinus.

The Czar of Russia might spend his holiday on the banks of the Warnow River (Prussia) (Russia seems always preparing for war). The German Kaiser, in Gascony or at Revel (Russia) ("tall talk" and feasting seem to be his métier). The Emperor of Austria, in Tripoli first, and then in Lyons (Tripoli-Lyons—Triple Alliance). The King of Spain, in Lapland or Papua (he is an infant). The Sultan of Turkey, in Anxious Bay (Australia) or Double Island (the position of the Porte is always a critical one, and its policy is more marked by double dealings than straightforwardness. The King of Italy, in Broken Bay (New South Wales), Ballymoney, or Strait Settlements (the financial difficulties of Italy are notorious). Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, in Dâvos (divorce) or Kilbride (for obvious reasons).—Gumph.

The Czar of Russia will visit the country where the mythical "Wandering Jew" was last heard of. The Emperor of Germany will come to London, where he can have the "Review of Reviews." The Emperor of Austria will visit the department of the Allier, the better to keep himself in mind of the Triple Alliance. The King of Spain will go to Ceylon to find Candy. The Sultan of Turkey will go to an English watering-place where the houses are built in crescents. The King of Italy will go to the Friendly Islands as a proof of his regard for Great Britain. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria will take a house in the neighbourhood of Bryant & May's, to be on the spot for a good match.—Wild Thyme.

Travelling by aërial boat, the Czar of Russia should go to Jupiter (Jew-beater); the German Kaiser should go to Mercury, because of his changeableness; the Austrian Emperor should go to the Moon (Diana, the huntress's, home); the King of Spain should go to the Milky Way, because he is a baby; the Sultan of Turkey to Venus—obviously; the King of Italy to Leo (not the XIII.); Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria to a falling star.—Far and Sure.

These royal personages should meet at Kilkenny, in Ireland. The world might be all the better off if they fought with one another, like the Kilkenny cats, till nothing was left but the tails.—Ipse Dixit.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 656.—QUOTATIONS FROM BRITISH AND AMERICAN POETS CONTAINING NUMBERS IN CONSECUTIVE ORDER.

*** I am glad to be able to publish a further selection of the Quotations received in this competition.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

*** Knight's Pawn and Carew both succeeded in running up from Nos. 1 to 60. I can only find space to print Carew's list.

1. One more unfortunate, weary of breath (Thomas Hood). 2. Two steadfast and intolerable eyes (James Thomson, "The City of Dreadful Night"). 3. Spite of this grisly three (Tennyson, "Harold). 4. Is't four o'clock? (Shakespeare, "King Henry V." act i, sc. 2). 5. Tis almost five o'clock, cousin ("Much Ado about Nothing," act iii, sc. 4). 6. Six braw gentlemen (Sir Walter Scott, "Proud Maisie"). 7. One in seven years only (T. Love Peacock, "Days of Old"). 8. To-morrow. Eight o'clock ("Merry Wives of Windsor," act iii, sc. 3). 9. They kissed nine times the carpet's velvet face (Keats, "The Cap and Bells"). 10. Though they be one to ten (Drayton, "Ballad of Agincourt"). 11. By eleven o'clock it will go (Shakespeare, "Troilus and Cressida," act iii, sc. 5). 12. Twelve little stars from the Milky Way (Arthur Locker, "Photography by Moonlight"). 13. From fourscore to thirteen ("Timon of Athens," act ii, sc. 2). 14. Full fourteen weeks before the course ("King John," act 1, sc. 1). 15. I was but fifteen years auld ("Ballad of Warristown"). 16. Sixteen years old when she died (Browning, "Evelyn Hope"). 17. From seventeen years till now ("As You Like It," act ii, sc. 3). 18. That is to say he was just eighteen (J. Godfrey Saxe, "Pyramus and Thisbe"). 19. He who offends at pert nineteen (Byron, "To the Earl of Clare"). 20. Had Willie had but twenty men (Kinmont Willie, "Song of the Scotch Marches"). 21. Your father's twenty-one ("Winter's Tale," act v, sc. 1). 22. Two and twenty hunt this weather ("Winter's Tale," act ii, sc. 3). 23. Twenty-three days they have been absent ("Winter's Tale," act ii, sc. 3). 24. Though only twenty-four hours old (Moore, "Fudge Family"). 25. Twenty-five wounds upon him ("Coriolanus," act ii, sc. 1). 26. Had corals and knives and twenty-six wives (F. C. Burnand, "True to Poll"). 27. Every gash was twenty-seven ("Coriolanus," act ii. sc. 1). 28. He wist it was the eight-and-twenty day (Chaucer, "Man of Law's Tale"). 29. And the bell tolls the knell of the day of twenty-nine (O. W. Holmes, "A Song of Twenty-nine"). 30. And leave poor Rip to sleep for thirty years (O. W. Holmes, "Rip Van Winkle," MS.). 31. Thirty-one sweltered venom ("Macbeth," act iv. sc. 1). 32. The marks thirty-and-two of blessed birth (Sir E. Arnold, "Light of Asia"). 33. The party might consist of thirty-three (Byron, "Don Juan"). 34. Four-and-thirty years lived Eber ("Rhymed Bible," Gen. ii. 16). 35. Thirty-five and mediæval ("Aurora Leigh"). 36. Six-and-thirty of his knights ("King Lear," act iii. sc 7). 37. The maiden fair was thirty-seven ("Old Maid's Chronicle"). 38. I am just thirty-eight, I am frank (*Family Friend*, "The Proposal"). 39. Whose articles are like the thirty-and-nine ("Don Juan"). 40. Of things that happened forty years agone (Holmes, "The Moral Bully"). 41. Rehoboam was forty-one ("Rhymed Bible"). 42. But I've forty-two left standing, all side by side (J. Russell Lowell, "A Fable for Critics"). 43. Last year I owned to forty-three (Gordon Campbell, "An Old Pocket-book"). 44. For this is the forty-fourth copy you've brought (J. R. Lowell, "A Fable for Critics"). 45. Forty-five fiddlers to play the fidele (Matthew Browne, "Lilliput Land"). 46. And six-and-forty Fridays ("The Ritualist's Progress") 47. At forty-seven I thought of heaven (A. S. Smith). 48. I have years on my back forty-eight ("King Lear," act i. sc. 4). 49 His earthly years were forty-and-nine (J. Russell Lowell). 50. Full fifty comely sheep I raised (Wordsworth, "Last of the Flock"). 51. Here's but one-and-fifty ("Troilus and Cressida," act i. sc. 2). 52. That two-and-fifty kingdoms hath (1 Henry VI. act 4, sc. 7). 53. Can we fight with fifty-three (Tennyson, "Revenge"). 54. Forty-four widows clad in weeds (Woods, "The Dream"). 55. Fifty-five year ago (2 Henry IV. act iii. sc. 2). 56 Full-fledged and wigged at fifty-six (Moore, "Fudge Farmily"). 57. By the fifty-seventh of Louis's laws (O. W. Holmes). 58. The fifty-eight of twenty-nine (O. W. Holmes). 59. Fifty-nine verses to write before night (Woods, "The Poor Schoolboy"). 60. I have sixty sails ("Antony and Cleopatra," act iii. sc. 7).—Carew.

*** A list containing Nos. 1-57 without a break was sent by Cleombrotos, who would have been able to carry on his list up to 100 had not quotations for containing the numbers 58, 71, 79, 94, and 97 been lacking. Mrs. E. G. Culverhouse, whose list is subjoined, reaches 56, it will be seen:—

1. One faithful heart shall praise thee (Moore, "The Minstrel Boy"). 2. Two palms and then two plaintains (Keats, "Lamia") 3. She that can sit three sermons in a day (Abraham Cowley, "An Holy Sister"). 4. But four young oysters followed him (Lewis Carroll, "The Walrus and Carpenter"). 5. Five of my jests then stolen (Ben Jonson, "On Playwrights"). 6. The locks of six princesses (Chas. Kingsley, "Earl Haldan's Daughter"). 7. Seven times the bells have tolled (Whittier, "The Curse of the Charter Breaker"). 8. The Eighth Commandment was not made for love (Southey, "Delia's Pocket-handkerchief"). 9. The tuneful nine, so sacred legends tell (Campbell, "Speech of Chorus"). 10. That ten day labourers could not end (Milton, "L'Allegro"). 11. That striketh ten or eleven (Hood, "Workhouse Clock"). 12. Twelve tedious and inglorious years (Churchill, "Gotham." line 285). 13. As sculpture fair a girl of thirteen (Richard Howitt, "Merry Hugh"). 14. You must get fourteen more (Swift, Dr. Heilsham's Answer"). 15. Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen (B. B. Sheridan, "Old Song"). 16. The blooming roses of sixteen (Peter Pindar, "The Romish Priest"). 17. A lovely female face of seventeen (Byron, "Don Juan," canto xii. v. 10). 18. On eighteen pence a week I've lived before (Burns, "Epistle to R. Graham"). 19. Nineteen the joyful issue (John Pomfret, "Priam's Lamentation"). 20. Who cannot live on twenty pounds a year (Herbert, "The Church Porch"). 21. And Phyllis is but twenty-one (Prior, "Phyllis Age"). 22. Twenty-two good ships in all (Rob. Browning, "Hervé Riel"). 23. The twenty-third of April boys (M'Cowden Clarke, Shakespeare's Birthday). 24. And made me pay for four-and-twenty acts (Sir David Lindsay, "A Carman's Account of a Law Suit"). 25. Then fyve-and-twentie arches came (Chatterton, "Bristowe Tragedy"). 26. At six-and-twenty ripe you shall meet (Ben Jonson, Epigram, "The New Cry"). 27. Twenty-seven pounds ten to get there (Barham, "Ingoldsby," "Auto da' Fé"). 28. And I am eight-and-twenty now (Praed, "School and Schoolfellows"). 29. Well, nine-and-twentie in a compagnie (Chaucer, "Inne of the Tabard"). 30. Tell out those thirty years of praise (Tupper, "Alfred"). 31. No time to lose, for I am thirty-one (Thos. H. Bayley, "Why don't the Men Propose"). 32. The two-and-thirty years are in a mist (Tennyson, "In the Valley of Canterety"). 33. A gentleman just thirty-three years old (Peter Pindar "Poetical Epistle to Boswell"). 34. Four years and thirty told this very week (Wordsworth, "Prelude"). 35. Till when your author's thirty-five (Allan Ramsay, "Imitation of Horace") 36. How angels look at thirty-six (Swift, "Stella's birthday"). 37. 'Tis now some thirty-seven years ago (Gilbert, "Bab Ballads," "Baby's Vengeance"). 38. What I owed to thirty-eight (Hood, "The Vision"). 39. Whose articles are like the thirty-nine (Byron, "Don Juan," canto 13, l. 3). 40. And passing rich on forty pounds a year (Oliver Goldsmith, "The Village Preacher"). 41. Ne'er think of restoring your old forty-one (Swift, "England's Restoration"). 42. At forty-two his eyes grave vision bear (Teggs, Epigrams, "Solon's Septennial Divisions of Time"). 43. Aunt Phyllis is some forty-three (Prior "Phyllis' Age"). 44. Dreams of a gown at forty-four (Swift, "Cadems and Vanessa"). 45. Five-and-forty beads must tell (Coleridge, "Christabel"). 46. In this good year forty-six ("The Bab Ballads," "An Irish Whiskey Drinker"). 47. A Charles in forty-seven (C. W. Bennet, "The Word"). 48. While, alas, I'm eight-and-forty (Rob Brough, "Neighbour Nelly"). 49. And now I'm nearly forty-nine (Gilbert, "Bab Ballads," "Haunted"). 50. Better fifty years of Europe (Tennyson, "Lockley Hall"). 51. I am now fifty-one, yet I still did adopt (Thos. Haynes Bayley, "The Old Bachelor"). 52. Fifty-two long weeks to fall (Hood, "The Vision"). 54. Its in latitude fifty-four" (Barham, "Ingoldsby Legends," "Old Woman in Grey"). 55. Why, really fifty-five is somewhat old (Parnell, "Early Eng.," "An Elegy to an Old Beauty"). 56. At fifty-six cool reason reigns" (Tegg's "Epigrams," "Solons Septennial Divisions of Time")—E. G. Culverhouse.

*** And now, to conclude with, I print the list sent by Cam:—

1. It was one by the village clock (Longfellow, "Paul Revere's Ride"). 2. With that I saw two swans of goodly hue (Spenser, "Poothalamion"). 3. Forth went the dauntless three (Macaulay, "Horatius"). 4. His children four, the seasons, flew (Campbell, "The Seasons"). 5. Alone, and warming his five wits (Tennyson, "The Owl"). 6. When six braw gentlemen kirkward shall carry ye (Scott, "Proud Maisie"). 7. There are seven pillars of Gothic mould (Byron, "Prisoner of Chillon"). 8. Eight times emerging from the flood (Gray, "Elegy on a Favourite Cat"). 9. Nine summers had she scarcely seen (Wordsworth, "Two April Mornings"). 10. That ten day-labourers could not end (Milton, "L'Allegro"). 11. Eleven, twelve, and one o'clock at last (Hood, "Cockle and Cackle"). 12. A tedious twelve hours' space (Lovelace, "Inconstancy"). 13. And gazed at the piper for thirteen weeks (Calverley, "A Ballad: Fly-leaves"). 14. Full fourteen marks by the year must thou pay (Barham, "Ingoldsby Penance"). 15. Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen (Sheridan, "School for Scandal"). 16. Sixteen short howls not over loud (Coleridge, "Christabel"). 17. Fair was she to behold that maiden of seventeen summers (Longfellow "Evangeline"). 18. Eighteen shillings, it's worth the price (Hood, "Tale of a Trumpet"). 19. And fail nineteen in twenty (Garrick, "Advice to Rockingham"). 20. We're twenty, we're twenty, who says we are more? (O. W. Holmes, "The Boys"). 21. The god of wit and beauty's queen, he twenty-one and she fifteen (Swift, "Stella's Birthday"). 22. Time, make me always twenty-two (Lang, "Ballade for a Baby"). 23. And from the day we breeched him till now he's twenty-three (Thackeray, "King of Brentford"). 24. Sir, my name's Eliza Davis, and I live at twenty-four (Thackeray, "Eliza Davis"). 25. Until I find my twenty-five (Praed, "Marriage Chimes"). 26. Ten years had elapsed and I'd turned twenty-six (Barham, "Aunt Fanny"). 27. Twenty-seven pounds ten to get there, and then (Barham, "Legend of Spain"). 28. A requiem for twenty-eight (Praed, 28 and 29). 29. We shall be in twenty-nine (Praed, 28 and 29). 30. There be thirty chosen prophets (Macaulay, "Horatius"). 31. Five dressy girls of thirty-one or more (Lewis Carroll, "Game of Fives"). 32. She was approaching thirty-two (Calverley, "Gemini and Virgo"). 33. I hae play'd since the year thirty-three (Lang, "Ballade of Golf"). 34. And now, yes now, I'm thirty-four (Locker, "Answer to letter enclosing hair"). 35. Full five-and-thirty years he lived (Wordsworth, "Simon Lee"). 36. How angels look at thirty-six (Swift, "Stella's Birthday"). 37. 'Tis now some thirty-seven years ago (Gilbert, "Baby's Vengeance"). 38. Of thirty-six and thirty-eight (Swift, "Stella's Birthday"). 39. Forty followed to thirty-nine (Dobson, "Ballad of Beau Brocade"). 40. This garden, by jakurs, is forty poor acres (Thackeray). 41. By dancing one-and-forty jigs (Jacobite ballad, "What's the matter wi' the Whigs"). 42. Thou shalt remain full two-and-forty hours (Shakespeare, "Romeo and Juliet," act iv. sc. 1. 42. Who died one night, says old Tom Wright, in sixteen-forty-two (Barham, "Nell Cook"). 42. 'Twas there I left my second leg and the forty-second foot (Hood, "A Waterloo Ballad"). 43. For still I want forty and three (Old Ballad, "Robin Hood," Evans. ii. 92). 43. She may very well pass for forty-three (Gilbert, "Trial by Jury"—Judge's song). 44. You might have seen his iron teeth, four-and-forty from side to side (Southey, "St. Antidius, the Pope, and the Devil"). 45. At forty-five played o'er again (Thackeray, "End of the Play").—Cam.

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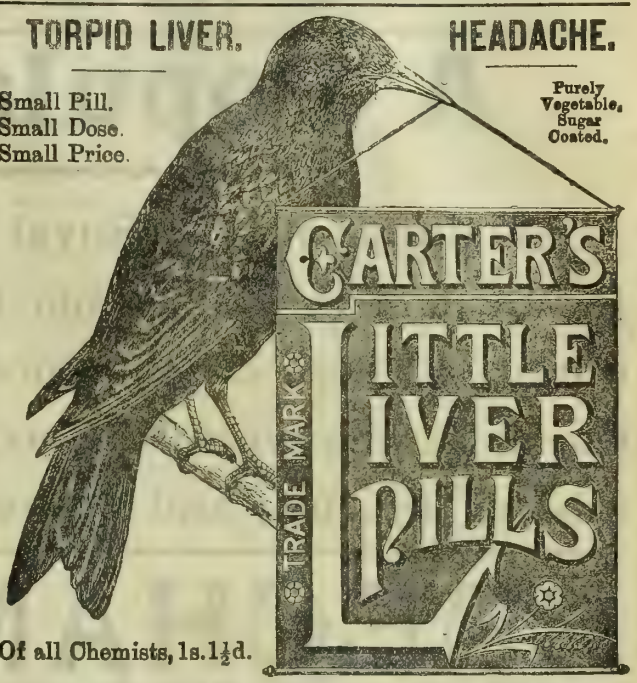

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

A BERLIN correspondent of one of the daily papers contradicted on Friday a report that the Queen "intends going to Schloss Stolzenfels, near Coblenz, next year, and to come from there to Berlin for a day or two as the guest of the Kaiser and Kaiserin." This report was contradicted in Truth a fortnight ago. The Queen has no intention of visiting Berlin, although the Emperor is very anxious that she should do so, and if her Majesty consents to become her grandson's guest next April, she will go only to the Rhine for that purpose.

The Prince of Wales, who is staying at Braemar with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, having proceeded there on the conclusion of his visit to the Queen at Balmoral, will probably start for Denmark at the end of this week, and it is expected that H.R.H. will go thence to Moravia, on a visit to Baron Hirsch, at his estate of St. Johann, where Louise Duchess of Manchester, Lord Charles Montague, and Lord Hartington have been staying; and Lord and Lady Dudley, and Lord and Lady Brooke are expected there about the middle of next month.

The Princess of Wales, and the Princesses Victoria and Maud will not return to England until towards the end of next month, if the Princess carries out her intention of paying a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at Gmunden; but the sudden departure of the King and Queen of the Hellenes from Fredensborg for Russia, in consequence of the serious illness of their eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Alexandra, may cause a change in the plans of the Royal party.

The Prince of Wales is to be the guest of Lord and Lady Dudley at Witley Court, Worcestershire, in December, for a few days.

The Queen of Denmark celebrated her seventy-fourth birthday a few days ago, and she received a large number of presents, including a tortoise-shell fan, studded with diamonds, from the Emperor of Russia; some superb black lace interwoven with diamonds, a bracelet, and a rug of cloth-of-gold, from the Empress; a large settee, ornamented very tastefully with embossed leather, from the Princess of Wales; an antique porcelain watch from the Prince; and two silver candlesticks from the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

One of the principal Australian newspapers contains the following account of the German Emperor's visit to the City:—

> This was the first visit of a German monarch to Great Britain since the Middle Ages, and the demonstrations that have marked the occasion have, in point of grandeur, been unequalled in the history of the world. The Emperor William, in expressing the gratification it gave him to receive the welcome, thanked the Lord Mayor on behalf of the Corporation. Sir Henry Aaron Isaacs, the Lord Mayor of London, presided with great skill, dignity, and tact.

The Duke of Cambridge was last week the guest of Sir George and Lady Julia Wombwell, at Newburgh Priory, Yorkshire, when the party included Maria, Lady Ailesbury, Lord and Lady Londonderry, and Lord Abergavenny. The Duke went to York on Tuesday, and was present at the enthronement of Archbishop Maclagan in the Minster; and on Wednesday H.R.H. attended the Easingwold Agricultural Show. The Duke left Newburgh on Saturday for Edinburgh, and to-day he is to arrive at Belfast from Glasgow, proceeding to-morrow to Baron's Court, Tyrone, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, until Saturday, when he is due at Dublin, and he returns to London next Thursday.

During his visit to Ireland, the Duke of Cambridge will be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, at Baron's Court, from the 24th to the 27th inst., when he will proceed to Dublin and stay with Lord Wolseley at the Royal Hospital, where the Irish Commander of the Forces has now, at length, taken up his residence. His Royal Highness will also visit the Curragh and inspect the troops in the camp and at Newbridge, including the 10th Hussars. A review will be held in the Phœnix Park on the last day of the month by the Duke and Lord Wolseley.

The Duke of Cambridge is to shoot early next month at Six Mile Bottom, Cambridgeshire, and he is to stay at Newmarket.

Neither Royalty nor Viceroyalty was present at the September Baldoyle race meeting, near Dublin. The Duke of Clarence, who was expected, did not appear, and the muster of the elect of society and of the sporting world was small. Lord Howth had a small party, for the occasion, at Howth Castle.

The Dowager-Duchess of Roxburghe goes to Balmoral on Tuesday, October 6, as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, and she will remain at Court for a fortnight, after which Lady Erroll goes until November 3, and then Lady Antrim, who will return to Windsor Castle with her Majesty.

Sir Henry Ponsonby left Balmoral last Thursday for his autumn holiday, which is to extend over five weeks. Major Bigge is officiating as Private Secretary to the Queen during Sir Henry's absence.

The late Duke of Cleveland's Insignia of the Garter is to be delivered up to the Queen directly after the Court returns to Windsor, by Lord Barnard.

There is a vacancy for a Military Knight of Windsor, in the place of Captain Menzies, who died last week at the age of ninety-one, and, although his active military career extended over half a century, yet he never saw any war service.

The papers have thought fit to describe Captain Arthur Loftus, who died the other day, as having been a Gentleman Usher to the Queen and Keeper of the Regalia at the Tower. This blunder has given infinite trouble to a great many worthy people, hundreds of wheels having been set in motion with a view to obtaining the Gentleman Ushership, which is a pleasant sinecure, with a salary of £250 a year, and certain allowances. The fact is, however, that Captain Loftus resigned his Gentleman Ushership when he was appointed Keeper of the Regalia about eight years ago, through the interest of his relative the late Lady Ely. The desirable post which his death has rendered vacant does not fall to any Minister, but is in the gift of the Queen herself.

It can only be from Brussels that Edmund has heard that, "there is every probability of Lord Vivian succeeding Sir Augustus Paget at Vienna." It would be difficult to imagine a more entirely improbable appointment, nor is the *World* any more correct when it states that Lord Vivian's name "has been for some time past on the 'promotion list' at the Foreign Office." As a matter of fact, there is every reason to believe that the next Ambassador at Vienna will be Sir Edmund Morier, who is now Minister at Athens.

Mr. Wynne, of Penarth, has been appointed to the Lord Lieutenancy of Merionethshire, as I several weeks ago predicted would be the case. Mr. Wynne is very popular in the county. His father was one of the most enthusiastic and learned bibliophiles of his day, and the library of Welsh books and manuscripts which he collected, and which is still at Penarth, is believed to be the finest in the world. The Penarth library was catalogued a few years ago by Professor Rhys, of Oxford.

Lord and Lady Dufferin, who left Clanboye, their place near Belfast, last Thursday for the season, have since been visiting Lord and Lady Stair at Castle Kennedy, Wigtownshire, and Sir Michael and Lady Octavia Shaw Stewart at Ardgowan House, Renfrewshire. They go to-morrow to Raith House, Fifeshire, to stay for about a week with Lord and Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson, after which Lord Dufferin is to pay a visit to the Queen at Balmoral before coming to London.

The marriage of Mr. Henry Lopes, only son of Sir Massey Lopes, and Lady Albertha Edgcumbe, second daughter of Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, is to take place at Maker Church, near Devonport, on Saturday, October 10, and the Duke of Edinburgh is to be present at the ceremony. Lord Mount-Edgcumbe will entertain a large house party at Mount-Edgcumbe, including the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and Lady Blandford and her daughters, who are to be bridesmaids. The Queen is going to send an Indian shawl and a piece of jewellery to the bride. It is understood that Sir Massey Lopes will be included in the next batch of Peers.

Georgiana, Lady Dudley, took her departure from Dudley House last Wednesday, when she proceeded with Lady Edith Ward to Scotland, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland, at Langwell, Caithness, and from there they go to Gordon Castle, Banffshire, to stay with the Duke of Richmond, and then to Braemar, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

Lord and Lady Zetland are expected shortly at Aske Hall, their place in Yorkshire, near Richmond, and they will stay there for about a month, and intend to entertain a shooting-party.

The Duke and Duchess of Rutland, who have been residing at Longshawe Lodge, their place in Derbyshire, during the last five weeks, will remove early next month to Belvoir Castle, where they intend to pass the winter.

Mrs. Magee, the widow of the late Archbishop of York, who has been visiting friends since she left Bishopthorpe, has taken a house at Highgate, where she intends to reside, and her daughter, Miss Harriet Magee, has been appointed one of the superintendents of the Children's Convalescent Home at Highgate.

Lord and Lady Waterford are going to Egypt at the end of next month, and they will proceed up the Nile as far as the Second Cataract, and intend to pass about four months on that river. It is possible that the Duke of Beaufort may accompany them to Cairo.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland are to return to Welbeck Abbey the week after next from Langwell House, Caithness, and they will entertain several small shooting-parties there during October and November. The Duke has just given £600 towards the endowment of Bolsover Church.

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 641 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 645.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 651.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol and Mrs. Ellicott have been staying at Heath's Court, Devonshire, on a visit to Lord and Lady Coleridge. Dr. Ellicott preached twice last week in the splendid church of Ottery St. Mary, which village, by the way, is the original of Clavering in "Pendennis."

The Bishop of Bath and Wells and Lady Arthur Hervey have returned to Wells after an absence of about two months, most of the time being spent at Buxton, where the Bishop, who suffers dreadfully from rheumatism, has been taking the waters. Last week the Bishop held a confirmation in Chard Church. He appeared to have become very infirm, and it was necessary for him to remain in his wheel-chair throughout the service. He is in his eighty-fourth year.

The Northern Meeting, which was held at Inverness last week, was a ghastly failure. The balls were by no means so well attended as usual, and the new regulations, about which there had been so much chatter, were universally abused. There was a marked absence of Highland grandees, but shoddy Yankees and the plutocracy of Liverpool, Manchester, Tyburnia, and South Kensington were much to the fore. There were, indeed, no really "smart" people to be seen.

Sir John Steell, who died at Edinburgh last week, at the age of eighty-seven, was certainly one of the most eminent and most successful sculptors of the present century He was the son of a wood-carver at Aberdeen, but was brought up at Edinburgh, and, on completing his education, he went to Rome, and resided there for several years, returning to Edinburgh in 1833, when his professional career commenced. His first work was a group of "Alexander taming Bucephalus," which was a great success, and it was warmly praised by Sir Francis Chantrey, who strongly urged Steell to remove to London. His statue of Sir Walter Scott is a very grand work; but his masterpiece is the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, in front of the Register House at Edinburgh; and, as Lord Cockburn observes, "there is not a better modern statue of the heroic order in Europe." His busts of Lord Cockburn and Dr. Chalmers have always been particularly admired. Of his other statues, that of the Prince Consort, which is in the centre of Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, is generally considered to be the most effective. Sir John is represented at Calcutta by statues of Lord Dalhousie and James Wilson, and at New York by those of Burns and Sir Walter Scott. Of his monumental works, one of the most commendable is the memorial to the 42nd Highlanders in Dunkeld Cathedral. Sir John practically ceased to work about ten years ago, but he preserved his faculties till the last day of his life. He was a most genial man, with all the fine manners of a Scottish gentleman of the old school. His conversational powers were of a high order, he was an excellent *raconteur*, and had a vast stock of really good stories about the host of celebrities of all sorts and conditions with whom he had been brought into contact. If he has left any reminiscences, they will be of great interest. Sir John Steell was heart and soul a Scotchman, and nothing would induce him to quit Edinburgh, although he was so frequently urged to do so, and, of course, London would have afforded him larger opportunities of winning fame and wealth.

Miss Percival, who died a few days ago, at the age of eighty-seven, had been on the pension list for seventy-nine years. She was a daughter of Spencer Percival, the Prime Minister, who was shot in the lobby of the House of Commons in May, 1812, by Bellingham, and for whose family an extravagantly generous provision was made forthwith by Parliament. Bellingham was undoubtedly a lunatic, but he was tried and executed with such despatch that his dead body was being dissected within four days of Mr. Percival's death. Miss Percival, who lived all her life at Ealing, was very popular there, and she was widely known for her benevolence to the poor and her liberal contributions to all local charities.

The statement, which has appeared in most of the papers, that Sir Samuel Wilson is the owner of Hughenden Manor, is incorrect. The estate was entailed by Lord Beaconsfield upon his nephew, Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, whose trustees let the manor to Sir Samuel Wilson in 1881, for a term of either fourteen or twenty-one years.

The two best stags which have been shot in Scotland this season were killed respectively in Lord Burton's forest of Glenquoich, Inverness-shire, by Sir Charles Hall; and in Glenartney Forest, Perthshire, by Lord Willoughby de Eresby. The former had a superb imperial head of fourteen tines, and the latter, which weighed 22 stone, also had a beautiful head.

There is to be no regular shooting in Windsor Great Park until November, and the best covers will not be touched before January, when the Prince of Wales is to shoot with Prince Christian, who has the nominal control of the sporting arrangements there. The Great Park is swarming with pheasants.

Last week Lord Polwarth's Border Leicester rams, from the Mertoun flock, were sold at Kelso, at an average of upwards £40 each, and seven of them made an average of over £100.

At the sale of Mr. Fowler's herd of shorthorns, at Exton, Rutlandshire, Eryholme Prince 35th, who won the first prize at the Royal Agricultural Show, was purchased for 100 gs., for the Prince of Wales's herd at Sandringham.

Mr. J. W. Christmas may be congratulated on the prices fetched by the horses of the "Magnet" Reigate Coach, at Aldridge's, last week. An average of £94. 13s. for the thirty-three lots which were brought to the

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hammer is a capital one to have realised. The top price in the sale was obtained for four "blue roans" which make up a grand match team, and which were sold for 540 guineas.

The demand for whalebone is so greatly in excess of the supply that the price for this article has risen to £2,360 per ton. The season has been the worst ever known, and so few whales were caught that it seems to be tolerably certain that these creatures are becoming exterminated.

Miss Ormerod's resignation of her post as consulting entomologist to the Royal Agricultural Society is very much to be regretted, for she has done invaluable work in connection with the attacks of injurious insects upon crops, flowers, and fruits, and she never received any emolument, excepting a small honorarium, which did not cover her expenses out of pocket. Miss Ormerod has good reason to complain of the unwarrantable pilferings of the Board of Agriculture, which has reproduced her reports as leaflets and dissertations upon injurious insects, which purport to be by the Department, and her whole work has been impudently taken without the slightest acknowledgment. Mr. Chaplin will have a bad time of it when Parliament meets, what with his recent jobbing appointments (to which I lately referred), Miss Ormerod's case, and the various blunderings and muddlings for which the Board of Agriculture has already obtained an unenviable notoriety.

Fruit culture has much increased in England during the last few years. In 1889 the extent of land under orchards increased by 719 acres, and during last year the increase was 2,048 acres. The increase of land under small fruit amounted to 5,209 acres in 1889, and last year to 4,301 acres.

There will be a very small yield of Devonshire cider this year, for the blizzard in March destroyed a great number of orchards, and the western counties will have to depend for their supply upon Herefordshire and Normandy.

During the last six months, the water supply of Florence has been purified, and the sanitary arrangements of the city have been put into proper order. These much-needed operations are the result of the typhoid scare which prevailed last spring, and which caused the Queen to abandon her intention of passing a month at the Villa Palmieri, after every arrangement had been made for her reception there.

A right-of-way dispute has arisen between Lord Churston and the inhabitants of Brixham, which has excited much ill-feeling, and which will lead to litigation unless the claims of the public are complied with. After a lengthened correspondence, Lord Churston has announced that he will allow those of the inhabitants of Brixham to pass over the northern hills whom he may think fit to supply with tickets. Why a public path should be closed, except to ticket-holders, and why the "privilege" of using it should be limited to inhabitants of Brixham, it is not easy to understand. The path has been long open to the public, and if Lord Churston attempts in future to obstruct passengers, there are plenty of people at Brixham who will formally assert their right to use it, in order that a summons for trespass may be issued. There is now a salutary jealousy all over the country on the subject of rights-of-way, and even the most leather-headed landowner must be singularly unobservant of the signs of the times if the present is regarded as a seasonable period for obstructing or closing public paths or roads.

It is hoped at Bath that Captain Forester, who has succeeded to the Duke of Cleveland's extensive and very valuable estate in that city, will prove to be a better landlord than his predecessor, who only visited Bath once during the twenty-seven years that he held the title. The second and third Dukes were constant visitors, and they kept up their old family house in Pulteney-street, which their brother proceeded to let directly it came into his possession. The late Duke had become very unpopular at Bath since he leased for building purposes the cricket-fields behind Pulteney-street, which was the finest open space in the city. Captain Forester has also inherited the Wrington estate, in Somersetshire, which extends to about 4,500 acres; and which, it is said, the late Duke never once visited.

A correspondent writing last week from Bournemouth says:—

I have often heard Bournemouth people contend that their town has quite as many advantages for a summer as for a winter resort. During the intense heat of last week I was able for the first time to test this theory. From Tuesday till Sunday we had a cloudless sky, and it was, beyond denial, hot. But I found that what the natives say is true—that the heat, owing to the extreme dryness of the soil and air, is far less oppressive than in many places which are much more favoured by summer holiday-makers. It has also the great advantage of being well wooded, and for hot weather nothing can be better than a pine wood, because the trees allow the free circulation of whatever air there is moving. For a cold and wet summer like the one now passing away, there are few places in England with more advantages. If this were better understood, the smarter sections of society would not confine its patronage of Bournemouth exclusively to the winter and spring. During last month, for instance, I should imagine that this was a very preferable spot to Cromer.

Miss Fortescue has been playing down here this week, and is staying at the Bath Hotel with her mother and sister. By the way, if the Bournemouth people are really anxious to increase the popularity of their town, they ought to lose no time in providing themselves with a theatre. The Town Hall is quite inadequate for this purpose, and I cannot remember a single pleasure resort of equal size in the whole kingdom so badly provided in this respect. I am told that this is due to the influence of the "goody-goody" element in the locality, but now that the town rejoices in a Mayor and Corporation the public interest ought to be stronger than that of any clique—religious or otherwise.

Mr. John Collier, Lord Monkswell's brother, is painting a full-length portrait of the Bishop of Worcester, which is to be hung in the hall of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Dr. Perowne is represented in his Episcopal robes.

A superb piece of arras, designed and executed by Messrs. Burne-Jones and Morris, which represents "The

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Pfungst Frères' Extra Quality Champagnes.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

Adoration of the Kings," has just been hung on the south wall of the chapel of Exeter College, Oxford. It is a very beautiful piece of work.

The ancient church of Shute, East Devon, which contains many splendid memorials to members of the Pole family, has just received a notable addition in the shape of a remarkably beautiful monument of white marble, which Sir William Pole has placed at the entrance of the Pole Chapel, to the memory of the late Lady Pole and her three daughters. The sculpture is mounted on coloured and highly-polished alabaster, exquisitely carved, and above are the Pole arms, impaled with those of the Talbots, to which family Lady Pole belonged.

Dr. Sadler, the well known Unitarian minister, who died the other day, was the editor of the Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson, a most interesting work, which was published about twenty years ago, and it was one of the most successful books in that department of literature which has ever appeared. Dr. Sadler proved himself to be a most judicious editor, and it was understood at the time that he had published only a small portion of Mr. Crabb Robinson's literary remains.

Mr. Thornycroft is now engaged upon a marble statue of the late Lord Granville, which is to be placed in the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament.

Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's statue of John Bright, which is to be erected in front of the Town Hall at Rochdale, will be unveiled on October 24. The bronze figure is 9 ft. 6 in. in height, and it will stand on a granite pedestal nearly 12 ft. high.

A stained-glass window is to be placed in Chester Cathedral in memory of the late Mr. Raikes, whose grandfather was for many years a prominent member of the Chapter.

A monument to the late Bishop Parry has just been placed in the nave of Canterbury Cathedral, and it is to be unveiled next month by the Primate.

Dean Goulburn has completed his life of Dean Burgon, and it will be published in a few weeks.

The enthronement of the Archbishop of York was a very imposing ceremonial, and was witnessed by an enormous congregation, which thronged every corner of York Minster. The music was exceedingly fine, and the whole service was admirably rendered. The Archbishop's address was most effective, and it has created an excellent impression in Yorkshire. Nothing could be more felicitous than his eloquent and touching references to Archbishop Magee, "whose brilliant genius but flashed across the northern sky, like some bright meteor, which appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away." There was also a much-appreciated allusion to "the masterly intellect" of Dr. Magee's "honoured predecessor."

Canon Browne is to be in residence at St. Paul's Cathedral during October, and he will preach on Sunday afternoons throughout the month. Archdeacon Sinclair will be the Canon in residence during November.

Dean Argles, who has already been a munificent subscriber to the restoration fund of Peterborough Cathedral, is going to present the new marble pavement, which will cost £2,400.

That clergymen were heavily fined on taking up their benefices I was well aware, but I have been much surprised to find during the past week that even the resignation of their livings is also made a pretext for sending them in a bill for episcopal fees and costs. There can be no doubt about it, unfortunately, for a victim of this outrageous system of exaction sends me a copy of the bill which he received from the Bishop's secretary within a few hours of his signing the legal document resigning his vicarage. The items of this extraordinary account are as follows :—

Preparing reisgnation	£1 1 0
Obtaining stamps, Bishop's acceptance, notice to patron, correspondence, postage, &c.	1 1 0
Paid stamps	0 11 0
Total	£2 13 0

I now begin to understand better why it is that our Bishops so effusively recommend—to others—the Christian virtue of "resignation." This particular case is all the harder, seeing that the clergyman thus mulcted had, during the years he had held the living which has been just resigned by him, completed and properly furnished a half-finished church, provided a vicarage house and a parochial room, and built schools, and yet for the privilege of handing over to another the parish he had so well organised, this hard-working Vicar has had to pay the sum of two pounds thirteen shillings. The late Lord Beaconsfield once described a Conservative Government as "an organised hypocrisy," and really it seems to me that that Conservative stronghold, the Church of England, is little better than an Established extortion!

Many old Indians will hear with much regret of the death of the Rev. David Williams, who for twenty-six years was one of the most popular of the Indian Army Chaplains, of whom he was the senior in Bengal when he returned to Europe about six years ago. Shortly after Mr. Williams came home he was presented by Trinity College, Oxford, to the small living of Hill-Farrance, Somersetshire, which he held until his death, and he will be greatly missed by his parishioners. Mr. Williams was a man of much literary cultivation, and an excellent scholar. He wrote a great deal while in India in news-

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papers and magazines, and, although decidedly High Church in his views, he always displayed a liberal and tolerant spirit. He was a very admirable flute-player, and at one time he enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best amateurs in England. Mr. Williams was a son of a very well-known Somersetshire clergyman, the Rev. David Williams, who held for many years the valuable livings of Bleadon and Kingston-Seamore, and whose eminence as a geologist earned for him the name of "the Buckland of the West."

There was a most extraordinary scene in Old Deer Church, Aberdeenshire, on Sunday week. The minister of the parish—Mr. Johnston—has been suspended from his duties by the Presbytery, who appointed a Mr. Thomson to officiate in his place. The friends of Mr. Johnston mustered in force at the service, and groaned and hissed at those members of the congregation who had given evidence against him, while "insulting language" and "unsavoury epithets" were freely used. Mr. Thomson was mimicked in his prayers, and his sermon was interrupted by persistent "booings," while the choir were literally howled down, Mr. Johnston's friends standing up in their pews and gesticulating like lunatics. At the close of the service a desperate battle took place, which ended in the respective leaders being pelted with turf and stones, and several persons were severely injured.

The Ely Diocesan Retreat, which has just been held at Jesus College, Cambridge, was attended by the Bishop and about sixty clergymen. The Retreat was conducted by Canon Newbolt, who delivered a series of addresses, which were in every respect most admirable. The Ely Retreat will be held next year at a later date, when all the clergy will have returned from their holidays.

The Bishop-designate of Truro does not, I am glad to see, fear an alliance between Church and Stage—at all events, in some forms. Under Dr. Gott's auspices, an entertainment was given in the ancient Vaulted Hall of the Deanery at Worcester last week, and for part of the performance a miniature stage, with the usual theatrical requisites, was fitted up. Here Dr. Gott's daughters, with other young ladies, took part in some interesting *tableaux vivants*, including scenes from "The Winter's Tale."

The efficacy of prayer will, I read, be put to a severe test to-day (Thursday), when the Manchester City Justices meet to decide for or against the confirmation of the drink licence recently granted by the Licensing Committee to the Palace of Varieties. Some of the opponents of the Palace, including a number of well-known clergymen and ministers, were, it appears, engaged in a public hall for many hours last Thursday in praying that the licence might be refused. If it is refused, no doubt they will at once claim that the Almighty is on their side. But in the not improbable event of the licence being confirmed, will they be equally prepared to accept the theory that the Almighty favours the sale of intoxicants at the Palace? One Manchester clergyman, I notice, has expressed the opinion that this "praying" experiment is "a risky and a dangerous one for the sake of prayer," and another has protested against it "as bordering on the profane, if not the blasphemous." So I venture to think.

Lord Egerton of Tatton has given (not for the first time) a phenomenal display of sectarian bigotry in connection with the proposed erection of some new schools at Heaton Chapel. Having been asked to sell a piece of land for a site, he agreed to do so, and offered at the same time a subscription of £400 to the building fund. When, however, the agreement came to be put into legal form, the Committee discovered that this generous enthusiast for the cause of popular education proposed that his contribution should take the form of a loan on mortgage, repayable in the event of (1) the appointment of a school board or other statutory authority to control the schools; (2) the disestablishment of the Church of England; (3) the using of the said schools "for the education of the children of persons not belonging to the Church of England." The Committee, I am happy to state, declined this impudent proposal on the ground that the suggested terms bound them to abide by events over which they had no control; but they would have done still better to have told the narrow-minded Peer point-blank that his proposal was an insult to those to whom it was made, being little better than an attempt to bribe them into reserving the schools in perpetuity for sectarian purposes.

The present Rector of Bray is evidently made of sterner stuff than the once-famous "Vicar" of that parish. Notwithstanding the recent controversy in the newspapers, his faith in church bells has not been the least shaken, and he is seemingly determined to maintain "until his dying day, Sir," the "Bell-ringers' Society" of his parish. At this very moment, in fact, he is making public his want of "one or two young men with leisure to give themselves up to the working-up of the zeal of those who have the physical strength . . . to make the bells what they ought to be—one of the fullest and most delightful parts of our constant *(sic)* parochial offering of praise to the glory of God's Holy Name." All I can say is that, under these circumstances, the parishioners of Bray have my sincerest sympathy and commiseration, for, whilst I doubt very much if the ringing of interminable "changes" and of "triple bob-majors" without end can in any way redound to the glory of the Almighty, I am quite certain that it cannot fail to prove an intolerable nuisance to those unfortunate individuals who live within earshot of the belfry.

I have received £20 towards this year's Toy Fund from J. C. J. D., and the following amounts towards Mrs. Jeune's Fund:—A. B. J., 5s.; H. Chance, 10s.; Thankful, £5; Shena Chisholm, 10s.

Choice Old Highland Whiskies. Age 7, 10, 15, and 25 years in wood. Price per doz., 48s., 60s., 72s., and 120s. An eminent medical authority, in recommending the moderate use of Whisky, states that on no account should Whisky be used unless it is well matured. Detailed list on application to Morel Bros., Cobbett, & Son, Limited, 210 & 211, Piccadilly; 18 & 19, Pall Mall; 143, Regent-street. Whisky Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

Our Army costs us per man about three times as much as either the French or the German Army, but we are asked to believe that the superior quality is worth the superior cost. Campaigns are, nowadays, won by the legs; indeed, this has been the case since the time of Cæsar. During the recent French and Austrian manœuvres there were, comparatively speaking, no stragglers, and nothing was heard of soldiers falling out of the ranks owing to fatigue. During our recent manœuvres, our soldiers straggled and fell out in large numbers. I want to know why this is so. Our manœuvres took place generally at early morning; the French and Austrian manœuvres took place in the hottest hours of the day. Neither in Austria nor in France is it hotter than in England, but the reverse. It comes, therefore, to this:—Austrian and French soldiers can make long marches, our soldiers cannot make even short marches. Is it because of the vast amount of alcohol that our soldiers imbibe? If not, what is the reason? But be the reason what it may, surely it would be well to include in our military training the ability to march a reasonable distance in a reasonable number of hours.

An Indian officer, whose anxiety that his name shall not be published I can most fully understand after reading his letter, writes to me with reference to a paragraph published in this paper of the 10th inst.:—

I wish all C.O.'s (says he) would follow the example of the officer commanding R.A. at Calcutta, (it should have been Colaba, Bombay.—ED.), and prohibit not only sergeants', but other messes, from taking in prints whose tendency is subversive to military discipline and misleading in information on military matters. I have read accounts in your paper of events supposed to have happened in India, which were so distorted that I was only able to recognise them from the names of the actors, dates, and localities mentioned. In one instance in particular (he goes on), that of an Adjutant of a native regiment striking a Sepoy and getting a bayonet stab in consequence. I was in the station, and one of the first to hear of the occurrence.

What my egregious correspondent apparently fails to see is that if he, being on the spot, heard of the occurrence, that is, at any rate, a good *primâ-facie* reason for believing that it occurred. But, in his fatuous folly, he seems to suppose that he has satisfactorily disposed of my circumstantial statements by his inconsequent raving. A perusal of his letter only tends to confirm my often expressed opinion as to the narrow-minded prejudices and blatant self-conceit of too many of our Army officers. Heaven help the men, say I, who are at the mercy of such a hectoring and illogical martinet as my correspondent; and meanwhile I shall continue to do what I can to assist them by giving as much publicity as possible to their numerous grievances and complaints.

The following letter possibly explains the difference of opinion between the colour-sergeant, who complained to one of my correspondents that he had to make good out of his own pocket the deficiency of the regimental allowance in India, and the officer over here who explained that the man had no business to be put out of pocket. My present correspondent thinks that he can guess the name of the officer who wrote on the question, but whether he is right on that point is more than I am at liberty to tell him:—

DEAR TRUTH,—I think a little incident that happened to me while serving as a colour-sergeant in India will explain the apparent contradiction (on the subject of allowances, &c.) between correspondents No. 1 and No. 2.

A fresh officer took over the company, and although I had always billed his predecessors in the manner explained by your officer correspondent, he refused to pay, saying that the allowance was ample.

Your correspondent, No. 1, has probably got hold of a similar character, and, if so, I can sympathise with him, for I never yet heard of a colour-sergeant making "a good thing" out of the allowance. MURREE.

I think it right to say that I have received from "A Contented Staff Corps Officer" two letters denying that there exists any discontent in the Indian Staff Corps, and purporting to answer in some respects the complaints to which expression has lately been given in TRUTH and elsewhere. While thanking this officer for his communication, I must decline to publish it, first, because I do not think it is a conclusive or exhaustive answer to what has been put forward on the other side; and, secondly, because its publication would at once give a handle to the authorities in answering the representations now being made; and as I have hitherto endorsed these representations, I cannot consistently do that. I understand that a memorial is being promoted by those officers who think they have grievances; and if there are others who think they have no grievances, and who resent any attempt to better their position, their best course is to prepare a counter memorial setting forth that view. A document of that character should be certain of attentive consideration at headquarters.

It is, I fear, almost inevitable that Guides, especially "authorised" ones, should be rapacious and ignorant, incompetent and rude. This has been my experience of them all the world over. I am, therefore, not surprised to hear that the official Guides employed at Edinburgh Castle are in the habit of presuming on the lucrative monopoly they possess to an extent which is fast becoming intolerable. These Guides are Army pensioners, and that old soldiers should be thus employed to show visitors round the Castle is right enough. What is not right is that the privilege a few selected men thus enjoy by favour of the Brigade Major should be protected with such unnecessarily harsh severity.

It would seem that the establishment of Castle Guides consists of six pensioners, who, I am assured, take from £3 to £4 a day during the height of the tourist season. Persistently, and not unnaturally anxious to guard and increase their profitable monopoly, these men pounce upon every party of visitors that passes the Castle gates, and in a tone always officious, and sometimes offensive and insolent, press their services. That the visitors, as is often the case, do not wish or require an official cicerone goes for nothing. "Willy-nilly," they must be "guided"; and there is even a story to the effect that an officer of the garrison who was showing some friends round the Castle was stopped by a Guide, who had failed to recognise him in his *mufti*, and impertinently informed that he must cease from his unauthorised conductorship, and

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surrender himself to official guidance. Doubtless, this particular man received due correction for his unlucky mistake, but the conduct of the Guides generally has not apparently been improved thereby; for their action has now become positively scandalous. To blame the men, however, would be unfair. It is the system which is in fault. Monopolists become of necessity impudent and rapacious; and if these particular ones do not take a salutary piece of advice and mend their ways, it will be high time, I think, to consider whether they should not be forthwith deprived of the monopoly they are so flagrantly abusing.

Rear-Admiral Chatfield, whose retirement was recently gazetted, had stood at the head of the Rear-Admirals' list for several years, and had been unemployed for fully ten years. The regulation that permits this state of things is an absurd one, as an officer is thus permitted to block the list who has not the remotest prospect of employment. It is equally absurd that every Post-Captain should be promoted on reaching the top of his list, as not one-fourth of these bogus Admirals are considered competent to command a fleet.

Rear-Admiral Erskine is to vacate his appointment as senior officer on the coast of Ireland at the end of the year, and the post, which is an absolute sinecure, and worth upwards of £2,000 a year, with a residence and perquisites, ought certainly to be abolished.

Some of the Tory papers have been announcing that Lord Charles Beresford will shortly return from the Mediterranean to stand for some constituency. Lord Charles cannot return to England until February, 1893, when the term of his command of the *Undaunted* will expire, and, in the very probable event of the General Election taking place before that date, his candidature will have to get on as best it can without his presence.

It may be hoped that this year the Channel Squadron will be kept in England at Christmas, in accordance with the very reasonable wishes of the officers and men, who do not care to pass "the festive season" at Lisbon, where they only waste money which could be so much better spent at home.

A vote of several thousands of pounds will be demanded next session on account of the Royal yacht *Osborne*, which is about to be docked at Portsmouth in order that she may be fitted with new boilers and undergo extensive and costly repairs. The boilers of the *Osborne* were known to be in a wretched state, and they practically collapsed during her recent passage from Copenhagen to Aberdeen. The *Osborne* is, indeed, an expensive vessel to the taxpayers.

The present system of Indian trooping is certainly cheap, considering that the average cost per head of conveying troops between Portsmouth and Bombay is only £8. 14s. 5d., including the outlay for coal, wages, &c., whereas when hired transports are employed the cost rises to from £13 to £16 per head.

The *Broad Arrow* professes to be vastly indignant at my recent comments in connection with the unnecessary post of Director of Dockyards, and, whilst maintaining that a Director is essential, naïvely admits that "it did not seem at any time that this post was one demanding the high scientific knowledge which all have admired in Mr. Elgar." Just so. And for this unnecessary science we have had to pay £1,500 per annum.

The Seamen's Hospital Society has long been doing such good work that I am glad to hear that from the first of next month a useful addition is to be made to its existing organisation. A new dispensary is to be opened in the East India Dock-road to meet the needs of the largely-increasing number of sailors congregating in that neighbourhood. This, of course, will involve considerable additional expenditure, and any contributions sent to the Secretary of the Society at the *Dreadnought* Seamen's Hospital, at Greenwich, will just now, therefore, be especially welcome.

The appointment of Lord Advocate Robertson to the Lord Presidency of the Court of Session meets with general approval in Scotland. He is a thoroughly sound and very able lawyer, as well as an exceedingly fine speaker, and he is most popular in the profession.

There is reason to believe that both the new Lord President and Lord Kingsburgh, the Lord Justice Clerk, will be raised to the Peerage within the next few months.

"Honour to whom honour is due." It was not Mr. Justice Mathew, I am told, but Mr. Justice Cave, who passed the sentence of three months' imprisonment on George Crocker for burning furze on Dartmoor,—a case I referred to last week,—and the correspondent who makes this correction is able to throw a fresh light on the astounding severity of the punishment inflicted, for he was in Court during the trial, and he states that, judging from the remarks made, the Judge's severity was evidently due to purely æsthetic considerations. George Crocker was, in fact, so cruelly overpunished, not so much for burning the furze as for spoiling the beauty of the landscape. But surely if such sentimental considerations as these are to affect the punishments of prisoners, the inequality of Judges' sentences will become more and more pronounced. It is not difficult, indeed, to imagine a murderer being recommended to mercy because he has slain his victim in what "Hedda Gabler" would call "a beautiful" manner, or a burglar getting an additional five years because the spoons stolen by him possessed interesting family associations.

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth. Also The Belle Vue and Pier Hotel, opposite the Pier, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach, General Manager, late of the Bath Hotel, Bournemouth.

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The Mayor of Cowbridge has qualified for a front place in that pillory of publicity in which it is my duty to place the more flagrant of our provincial Dogberrys from week to week. This "wise and upright judge" saw fit, the other day, to consent privately to the withdrawal of a summons issued against "a man for being drunk when in charge of a horse and trap," and, when asked by his colleague, the ex-Mayor, by what right he had done so, blandly replied that the man charged held a respectable position, and that it would have been a serious matter for him to have been brought to the court. But I really must quote verbatim a few sentences from the conversation which ensued, as it is reported in the *South Wales Echo* of the 16th inst. :—

The ex-Mayor: We have just fined one man here for being drunk. In this other case the prosecution has fallen through, owing to some influence which I do not know.

The Mayor: There was no influence whatever. I gave my consent to withdraw the summons.

The ex-Mayor: For what reason?

The Mayor: For this reason. Sergeant Smith called my attention to this case. I asked him if the man was abusive. "Certainly not," said the Sergeant. Well, I said, he is under very particular employers. You will oblige me by not pressing the summons. "Certainly," said Sergeant Smith.

Upon this the ex-Mayor, who I must congratulate on his sound common sense, retorted, "You have done the man the worst possible turn, Mr. Mayor;" and shortly after, according to the *South Wales Echo*, "the incident terminated." But I venture to say that unless the Lord Chancellor is even more remiss in his duty than I take him to be, "the incident" will have to be reopened, in order that the Mayor of Cowbridge may be taught that his temporary *ex-officio* position on the bench gives him no right to outrage the most elementary principle of justice, even with the assent of that excessively accommodating police officer, "Sergeant Smith."

Mr. Hannay, having publicly declared at the West London Police-court that, "during his thirty years' experience as a Magistrate, he had generally found that the people who were brought before him for living in insanitary dwellings were the healthiest persons in court," ought forthwith to supplement or withdraw this astounding statement. If he was merely moved to make the above remark by the "mocking spirit of paradox," he owes it to the community whose paid servant he is to say so without delay. If, on the other hand, he was speaking with due deliberation and a sense of his responsibility, it equally behoves him to amplify and explain his assertion. And this amplification and explanation, let me add, should be given, not from the magisterial bench, but from the witness-box. That is to say, next time an owner of insanitary dwellings is brought up at the West London Police-court, Mr. Hannay ought to show he has the courage of his convictions by leaving the judgment-seat and giving evidence, as an expert, on that owner's behalf.

A charge was heard last week at the Hampstead Police-court which clearly shows the absurdity of limiting the age to under thirteen years up to which magistrates have the power of inflicting corporal punishment in the case of juvenile offenders. A boy barely over thirteen was tried and convicted before the Bench of stealing fruit from the garden of Heath House, owned by Sir Algernon Borthwick. The Chairman, on sentencing the boy, regretted that he possessed no power to order him a sound birching, and that the only alternative left to him was to impose a fine of ten shillings, which, of course, the father would have to pay, adding that he trusted the father would not fail to give his son the corporal punishment he so richly deserved. The father, a poor man, was allowed a week in which to find the money; but it certainly does appear worse than absurd that such mawkish consideration should be extended to the children of the working class, when the punishment that the Bench had no authority to order is a recognised institution in all our leading public schools. This is truly an example of one law for the poor and another for the rich.

I am glad to see by the annual report of the Prison Commissioners, which was issued last week, that the prison Chaplains deprecate, as a rule, the far too common practice of sending children to prison. One of them writes:—"It is an ascertained fact that there is scarcely an habitual criminal in the country who has not been imprisoned as a child." It would be well if country magistrates and other muddy-minded administrators of the law would bear this fact in mind.

An Indian paper quotes the following conversation, which recently took place between Judge and jury, in a local court, as evidence that the mild Hindoo is not yet quite an ideal juryman. It no doubt proves that, but it might be possible to prove as much about English jurors if we had records of all the deliberations that go on in County and Assize-courts—to say nothing of the Royal Courts of Justice :—

"Gentlemen, are you ready to give your verdicts?"

"Yes."

"What are your verdicts?"

"Our answer is, sir, you can do as you like with the men that have confessed, but we acquit all the rest."

"But is it possible that you have weighed the evidence?"

"Evidence like this can always be fabricated."

"Do you find that as regards these prisoners it has been fabricated?"

"Evidence can be fabricated."

"So the evidence is untrustworthy?"

"Unless a man confesses, who can tell if he is guilty?"

About the time last week that the rank and wealth and fashion of London were gathering at Holy Trinity, Chelsea, for the wedding of the Earl of Dudley, the Coroner for the South-Eastern District of Middlesex was holding an inquest at Mile End Old Town on the body of James Holland, an infant, aged six weeks, whose death had been indubitably caused by starvation. It was indeed an exceptionally grim and horrible story that was told by the witnesses at the Coroner's Court. We hear of the dead child being discovered, "fearfully emaciated and very dirty," in a room in which neither bed nor bedclothes, chair, nor table, nor carpet was to be found. Details, too, of the part played by the Guardians of the parish in the matter were forthcoming, and were such as to prompt a juryman to remark that he had "never heard of anything so disgraceful." Unfortunately, I cannot say that, for I am hearing only too frequently of cases equally shameful and scandalous. But I emphatically echo the indignant cry of another juryman, that "it is a disgrace

that such cases can occur in London." It is indeed a most crying disgrace, and the pity of it is that Society seems inclined to callously accept it as an inevitable one.

In the course of a discussion on the local Police-court fees at the Walsall Town Council last week, it was stated that whereas the cost of a rate summons, including serving, in Birmingham was only one shilling, in Walsall it was eight or nine shillings. This certainly seems to show that the fees charged in Walsall are scandalously heavy, and the Council will be neglecting an obvious duty if it does not at once endeavour to get the scale reduced. The fact is that Police-court fees throughout the country sadly want revising, as they are a disgrace to the name of justice.

The signalman who was supposed to be responsible for the recent accident at Ballinluig, on the Highland Railway, was tried at Perth last week, and Sheriff Graham Murray sentenced him to only a month's imprisonment, because there was "a certain lot of blame" on others besides the prisoner. As a matter of fact, there would have been no accident if the vacuum brake had worked properly. It appeared, by the way, that the signalman had usually been on duty for fourteen hours every day.

At Bromley Petty Sessions last week a miscreant named George Coleman, a shepherd, living at Chelsfield, was convicted of inconceivably horrible cruelty to a dog, and the Magistrates, having warmly denounced his brutality, and the case having been described as "the worst that had ever come before the Court," let him off with a fine of 40s. and costs. Such lenity was under the circumstances quite scandalous, for Coleman ought to have been sent to prison for at least three months with hard labour.

I must congratulate the good citizens of Worcester on the vigilant way in which their indefatigable Chief Constable looks after their moral welfare. Not satisfied with shutting up the tobacconists' shops on a Sunday, this zealous officer is now doing his best to put a stop to the use of vulgar pleonasms in the streets on a week-day. But in his new crusade he has unfortunately allowed his zeal to outstep his discretion; and has thus met with a temporary rebuff. It was in this way. Having summoned a man for "that he did on September 11 profanely curse and swear," it turned out at the hearing of the case that the worst expression made use of by the prisoner was that sanguinary adjective which at Worcester, as elsewhere in these islands, adds so greatly to the redundancy of popular phraseology. And this the magistrates had to inform their Chief Constable, in dismissing the case, was not a profane word at all, but simply a somewhat emphatic, not to say unrefined, version of the word "awfully." On this the Chief Constable applied for a case, but, of course, the absurd request was not granted. It would have been much more to the purpose, I think, had he applied for a slang dictionary.

The case of Mr. Charles R. Smith, of Wealdstone, Harrow, is a peculiarly hard one. On the 3rd inst. a child of his died, and, there being no cemetery at Wealdstone, he made inquiries as to the cost of burial at Harrow. Finding that to him, as a non-parishioner, the rates charged would be so high as to be virtually prohibitive, he sought the help and counsel of the churchwardens of his parish, but with no practical result; and after a great deal of worry and annoyance he, being a poor man, was forced to avail himself of the services of the Relieving Officer, by whom the cost of the child's burial at Kensal Green was ultimately paid. And for this Mr. Smith anticipates he will, no doubt, have his vote struck off the register. All I can say is that if he be indeed disfranchised in this way it will be a most iniquitous thing, for he will be made to suffer, not for any fault of his own, but on account of the remissness of the local authorities, who fail to provide the inhabitants of Wealdstone with those facilities for burial they have a right to expect.

There has been, I fear, a change for the worse ever since the bad old times when Hood wrote:—

> Rattle his bones over the stones,
> It's only a pauper that nobody owns.

For now, to judge from what took place at the last meeting of the Falmouth Guardians, it is only by the most gingerly treatment of the "jerry" coffin *en route* that the corpses of our "paupers" are safely brought to the cemetery at all. At the meeting in question the Rev. A. A. Vawdrey told the Board of a coffin used for the burial of a pauper at St. Gluvias which, to quote his expressive words, had "a cracked lid, was almost in pieces, and leaking all over the place," whilst it was possible to put the hand through any portion of it." Under these circumstances it is scarcely surprising that "some of the men who acted as bearers were ill before reaching the cemetery." I can only regret that the undertaker who supplied the coffin was not himself compelled to carry it to the grave. It will, I am sure, shock my readers to hear that "after some discussion" the Falmouth Guardians resolved to again accept, under certain conditions, the tender of the same undertaker for the future supply of coffins. But, after all, this is only what might have been expected. Our Bumbles care so little about the pauper whilst he is living that they not unnaturally care even less about him when he is dead.

According to the *Western Daily Mercury*, "Mr. Thomas Stephens, butcher and game purveyor, of Union-street, Plymouth," ought to be a proud and happy man! And why? it may be asked. Why, because, answers my South Devon contemporary, he has been "the first in his line of business to adopt Heale's patent apparatus for blowing calves!" "There can be but one opinion," the *Western Daily Mercury* goes on, resolved to spare its readers none of the gruesome details, "that veal blown in this way with fresh, cool air is far more sweet and wholesome than that blown with heated and impure human breath." May I venture to add, however, that there can be another opinion—viz., that "sweet and wholesome" are not the adjectives that ought to be applied to meat that is blown at all. Thank God! I never touch veal myself, and I

fancy that after reading this paragraph many of my readers will be inclined to follow my example in this respect.

A gentleman who is in the habit of having Truth posted to him by a friend was last week called on to pay a sum of fourpence on the ground that the copy of this journal then sent to him contained a "prohibited enclosure." On examination it was found that surely enough a small handbill, some 8 in. by 4 in., and relating to a Flower Show at Brighton, had been inserted, evidently by the local newsagent of whom the paper had been bought. Now, it seems to me preposterous that, under these circumstances, a fine equivalent to eight times the ordinary postage of this journal should have been imposed. Newsagents, knowing the rule as to "Prohibited Enclosures," should, of course, be very careful and discriminating in "billing" the journals they sell, but, on the other hand, the Post Office certainly ought to apply its rules with more discretion and regard to common sense than have been displayed in this instance.

I had occasion a few weeks back to draw attention to certain aberrations on the part of the South Kensington examiners in Chemistry, who, after a syllabus of subjects had been issued for the guidance of students, proceeded to examine in subjects not in the syllabus. Possibly there is some connection between this incident and the fact that in the new Directory, the substances for quantitative analysis at the next examination have been increased from nine to thirty. Much disgust has naturally been created among a large section of students at this enormous increase in the amount of work before them. A considerable proportion of them, I understand, belong to the working classes, being engaged in dye-houses, print-works, or mills, and as they are restricted to the evening for study, the effect of the new regulations is practically to exclude them from the South Kensington examinations and certificates. This is an intolerable state of things, and if the Science and Art Department people cannot see it, some higher authority will have to open their eyes.

A member of the Sussex Club at Eastbourne writes to assure me that I conveyed a wrong impression last week when I referred to the unhospitable and vexatious way in which the rules of that club are carried out. By these rules he tells me:—

> Each candidate for election must be proposed by one annual member, and seconded by another, and the proposer must certify of his own personal knowledge, and in his own handwriting, that the candidate is a suitable applicant for membership.

So far then, so good. There is certainly nothing to complain of in this. But it does not meet what was the strong point in my last week's correspondent's charge, viz., that the personal knowledge of the candidate which his proposer is required to possess must have been gained *before the former came to Eastbourne*. It was against this regulation that my protest was specially made, and I still think that to insist upon such a rule promotes the growth of that cliquism which is the bane of too many of our provincial clubs.

Of course, "Colonel" Desmond—whose name, by the way, I fail to find in the Army List—has backed out of his promised meeting with Mr. Stuart Cumberland. Since accepting the challenge of the latter gentleman, the "Colonel" has, he states, received "a precipitated communication forbidding him to demonstrate." Precisely. I was quite prepared to hear this; for I have in my time had a good deal to do with the Desmonds and Irving Bishops of the period, and I have found, to my cost, that, whatever they may call themselves, esoteric Buddhists, theosophists, thought-readers, or what not, it is impossible to bring them up to the scratch. There is no challenge they will not manage to evade; no engagement they will not contrive to wriggle out of. You may as well try to peg down a blob of quicksilver as one of these century-end humbugs. Meanwhile I am curious to know what the ingenuous Mrs. Besant thinks of this military champion of the Mahatmas, and of the precipitate retreat which has not inappropriately followed the receipt of his "precipitated" communication from Thibet?

"Colonel" Desmond stated last week that he had received a precipitated communication forbidding him to demonstrate in public. I have much pleasure in presenting a free translation of the "precipitated communication" which he was favoured with:—

"Colonel, Sahib! Forbear, oh! forbear!
Withdraw from your rash undertaking;
You surely cannot be aware
What a fatal mistake you are making.
You can rave about nature's decrees,
You can write what you like to the papers,
You can boast just as much as you please
To tickle the groundlings and gapers;
But, by all we Mahatmas hold dear,
You must not in public appear.

"Theosophy's booming away,
As it ne'er boomed before in its history;
And the only safe game we can play
Is to steadily keep up the mystery.
So, *assert* you can miracles work,
But never attempt explanation,
And be careful the challenge to shirk,
If they ever suggest 'demonstration':
Yes, even though enemies jeer,
You must not in public appear.

"If they taunt you with breaking your word,
Or laugh at your pusillanimity,
You can urge in reply that you've heard
From a 'Master' in all his sublimity.
Don't quote what I say, but imply,
In language sufficiently thrilling,
That *you* would be ready to try,
But that your Mahatma's unwilling.
So, rely on my censure severe
If in public you dare to appear."

Rueben May, I see, is now running the Country Home trick, in addition to his other operations, at Great Arthur-street. As there seems to be a new generation growing up which knows not Reuben, as he ought to be known, it

Sea Air and the Skin.—For the next few weeks freely apply Sulpholine Lotion. While removing all spots, eruptions, and imperfections, Sulpholine protects the complexion from sun, wind, and sea, making the skin smooth, clear, and comfortable.

may be as well for me to mention once more, that the utterly untrustworthy character of this man from a financial point of view has been over and over again demonstrated, and that he long since admitted to a correspondent who challenged him on the subject that my observations upon him were well-founded. If, under these circumstances, the public persist in supporting the man, I can only say that those who are gulled deserve to be gulled.

Very much the same thing may be said in regard to Mr. Ernest Day, who it appears is still endeavouring to sell musty old Royal Commissions to ladies and gentlemen bearing the names of the officers to whom the commissions were originally granted. From the number of these circulars which find their way to this office, I think that Day must be pretty well aware by this time that although his circulars go all over the country, and out of the country, TRUTH invariably goes before them. The trick is, however, such a downright palpable fraud, that the immunity still enjoyed by Day is very disgraceful to the authorities at Scotland Yard.

It is but ungrateful work warning a gullible public against the transparent impositions of such clumsy individuals as E. Fredericks, of Stockport, and his tribe. Still I think the following experience of one of the innumerable victims of the former's counting competitions should be published. According to a letter in this month's *Practical Photographer*, this enterprising competitor actually had a photographic enlargement made of the engraving of the "jar of dots" which he had to count. "He then pricked the dots with pins, counted and recounted them again and again," and ultimately received word from Fredericks "that he had guessed two short." Of course he did; and it makes me despair of the average human intelligence to find that he ever expected to receive an intimation that he had guessed correctly. At the same time, I must repeat my assertion that it is unquestionably the duty of the authorities to prevent the casting of the nets in which Fredericks & Co. continue to enmesh such miraculous draughts of exceedingly flat fishes.

I recommend Mr. "Owen Meredith," of East Dulwich Grove, to temper his commercial enthusiasm with a little more discrimination. This enterprising tradesman is at present pestering people by sending them packets of Christmas cards, with an intimation that he will esteem it a favour if the recipient will kindly send fourteen stamps in payment. One of my correspondents mentions that he is about to return Owen's favour in an unstamped envelope. I would suggest that not to return them at all would be a still more effectual plan. No one has more admiration than I have for commercial enterprise, but when commercial enterprise becomes a public nuisance, it deserves to be punished accordingly.

The Glasgow *Mail* has given some extraordinary details of the extravagant expenditure of the Commissioners of Govan in opposing the Glasgow Boundaries Bill and the Clyde Navigation Bill. The accounts for the last session are not yet published, but during the session 1889-90 the opposition to those Bills cost the ratepayers of Govan no less than £6,657. Counsel and Parliamentary agents took £2,433, and payments to witnesses amounted to £1,608. In connection with the last-named item, it is explained that five working men, whom it was thought desirable to conciliate, were taken to London, and kept there for ten days, at a cost of £112. The allowances and expenses of the Commissioners themselves came to £505, three of these gentlemen drawing £267 between them. Most remarkable of all, however, is the bill of Mr. A. Macdonald, the Town Clerk of Govan, amounting to over £1,122. In addition to hotel and travelling expenses he charges £300 as "fees for extra services," and £215 as "fees for self in London"—the latter being five guineas a day for forty-one days. The "wages and outlays" of two clerks who went to London are put down at £153; but Mr. Macdonald also charges £130. 4s. as "fees" for these same clerks. Other items in the accounts include 18s. for rosettes and £11 for brass bands. After reading all this I feel supremely thankful I am not a Govan ratepayer.

I was, of course, acquainted with the fact that being a Roman Catholic disqualified a man from holding the posts of Lord-Lieutenant or Lord Chancellor of Ireland, but I was not aware that it also rendered a young woman ineligible for fulfilling the duties of a laundrymaid. This, however, it seems, is the case, for I am assured that during the past week a girl, possessed of the best possible testimonials as to personal character and competency, has been three times refused an engagement simply on account of her religion. I should have thought myself that the mistresses of Christian England would have considered the profession of a religious belief of any kind a point in a laundrymaid's favour. But this is evidently not so, at any rate in the north of England, where Maria—for that is the girl's name—finds her way to the wash-tub so effectually barred by her creed.

It is much to be regretted that the Indian Government should have been permitted to choose a child of five as the future Rajah of Manipur, for, inasmuch as this arrangement will cause the State to be practically governed by a British Resident, it appears to be scarcely distinguishable from annexation. We have quite enough already on our hands in India, without establishing any more tributary States, and the new arrangement certainly will not be popular.

It is all very well to talk about "the official glamour" which is thrown over the reports as to the distress in Madras; but I am bound to say that accounts received from non-official observers on the spot also concur in challenging Mr. Caine's alarmist statements. Thus, I have just had a long extract from the *Madras Mail* sent to me, in which it is asserted that, instead of the "people dying in hundreds" on account of "the terrible distress," the death-rate "has so far been normal, and almost exactly the same as last year." It is also stated that "the supply of food grain in the District is ample,"

whilst "prices are far below the scarcity rates laid down in the Famine Code." Now, these are categorical statements so diametrically opposed to those of which the ex-Member for Barrow has been the mouthpiece that I really think a determined effort should be made to find out on which side the exaggeration lies. Both sets of assertions cannot be correct; and what I want to know is, which we are to believe?

A large number of the employés of the Post Office have not unnaturally been very curious to know why Mr. Walter Henry Summers, after only eight years of service, should have been appointed Postmaster at Huntingdon, with a salary of £230. The official explanation has not yet been forthcoming, but, meanwhile, the *Peterborough and Huntingdonshire Standard* has publised a brief biography of this lucky young man in question, which certainly seems to throw a little light on a somewhat puzzling departmental problem.

Left early the orphan of a farm bailiff at Hornchurch (thus my contemporary) Mr. Summers entered the Postal Service at Ipswich as a telegraph messenger at 5s. per week. While telegraph clerk at Liverpool he became engaged to, and subsequently married, Miss Raikes, a distant relation of the Postmaster-General, who was employed in the same office. Not long afterwards Mr. Summers was appointed Postmaster at St. Neot's, and in considerably less than two years is appointed to Huntingdon. Mr. Summers is a comparatively young man.

The late Postmaster-General is, unfortunately, no longer with us, and thus cannot himself deny these extraordinary statements. But surely some of his friends or former official colleagues will hasten to correct what I sincerely hope will prove to be the unfounded assertions of the *Peterborough and Huntingdonshire Standard*.

In *re* the Mytilene Scare.

One would certainly think that our smart City men
At least had too much perspicacity,
To inanely rely
On the *canards* that fly
On the wings of most patent mendacity;
One would think them too sharp and acute,
And possess'd of too much sense of humour,
To be quaking with fear
The first instant they hear
A wholly incredible rumour.

But what is the fact? Why the wildest report,
Provided it come viâ cable,
The most palpable lies
That "the Bears" can devise,
Are too much for their balance unstable;
And the world the sad spectacle sees,
Of men who can scheme and can plan well,
By such panic possess'd
That their actions, at best,
Are suggestive of Earlswood or Hanwell.

Nothing can more clearly show the thorough distrust that is entertained by the Continent of Lord Salisbury than the fact that a telegram stating that some English war ships had landed troops and cannon on an island near Mytilene, with a view to an armed occupation, should have been believed in. The act would have been an impudent case of piracy, but of this it is thought Lord Salisbury is fully capable. It is remembered that we obtained a foothold in Egypt by pledging ourselves to re-establish order, and that we have for years declined to stand to our pledge. It is remembered, moreover, that Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, whilst pretending to a desire to maintain the independence of Turkey, suddenly sprung upon Europe a secret treaty which gave Cyprus to us. Nor is it forgotten that when this treaty was prematurely revealed, Lord Salisbury actually gave a solemn assurance in the House of Lords that it did not exist.

I confess that I did not believe in the story of the armed occupation of a portion of the Sultan's territory, not because I have any confidence in either Lord Salisbury's good faith or in his wisdom, for I consider him a sort of lunatic at large in regard to our foreign policy, actuated by so wild a hatred of France and of Russia, that he would be capable of any desperate act which might involve us in hostilities with either of these Powers; but because a General Election is near at hand, and he knows that any pranks of this description would extinguish the faint hope that he may have that the country will give him a majority. Coming elections cast their shadows before them.

There are a certain number of very superior persons who consider that the British Empire would fall to pieces were Russia to lay hold of Constantinople. But the destinies of the Empire are, fortunately, not in the hands of these superior persons, but in those of the electors, the vast majority of whom would most assuredly decline to expend British blood or British treasure in supporting the rule of the Sultan. Russia might, says the *Standard*, take Constantinople by a *coup de main*, but she would speedily be ejected. How, I should be glad to know, and by whom? Germany would not move a finger. Austria would probably look to compensation by annexing a Turkish province. France would look on, deeming that if we have seized on the Suez Canal, the principle of "divide and rule" would favour a counter annexation of the Dardanelles by Russia. The task would therefore be entrusted to the British Navy and to that of Italy. Assuming that Russia were in possession of the Dardanelles, it is very questionable whether the united navies could force the passage if defended by land batteries, by torpedoes, and by the Russian war ships, for the plain and simple reason that the passage is a long and narrow one, and could, in the estimate of experts, be rendered impassable. No doubt our sailors would fight bravely, but in an encounter such as this the result would depend rather on science than on bravery. The most courageous man in the world cannot knock down a wall by running his head against it. I am old enough to remember what occurred during the Crimean War. We determined to sweep past Cronstadt, and to anchor in face of St. Petersburg. Sir Charles Napier issued a proclamation calling on his sailors to sharpen their cutlasses. Having sharpened them, the fleet started. It sailed up to Cronstadt; then, finding that it was impossible to go further, it sailed back again. Now, I have seen the Neva at Cronstadt and the Dardanelles. To force a way past Cronstadt would be

Cadbury's Cocoa.—"A light, refreshing, and digestible beverage—absolutely pure Cocoa of the highest quality. The name Cadbury on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity."—*Medical Annual*

far more easy than to force a passage through the Dardanelles against a foe in possession, with all modern inventions to resist an attack.

Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury were not even adroit thieves in that matter of Cyprus. This island is absolutely useless to us. It is situated too far from the Dardanelles to form the basis of defensive operations in the event of the Dardanelles falling into the hands of Russia. It is without a harbour, and it would cost several millions to make one. It is pestiferous, and the barren honour of holding it under a sort of perpetual lease from the Turk costs us about £60,000 per annum. Their lordships, if they were resolved to steal an island, should have taken Mytilene, where the climate is good, where there is an excellent harbour, and which is so close to the exit from the Dardanelles that if we had a great fortified naval station there we should be masters of the situation. An intelligent robber is bad enough, but men who steal a Waterbury watch that is worth a few shillings, and costs a pound or two each year in mending, instead of laying their hands upon a chronometer that hangs in the shop window close to the Waterbury, are as silly as they are vicious. They commit not only a crime but a blunder.

It will be the privilege of the Liberal party, when the next General Election has given them a Parliamentary majority, to set a good many matters right. In none is there more room for improvement than in our foreign policy. We must withdraw from Egypt, after having, in concert with France, neutralised that country. I think that we might give up Cyprus to Greece, and, so far as we are concerned, we ought to give her our moral support in annexing all the islands in the Ægean Sea. As regards Turkey, beyond a benevolent aspiration that the Turks may be cast out of Europe, bag and baggage, we shall look on with folded hands at Russia and Austria scrambling for the European continental territories that are still cursed with Turkish "misrule." Whatever assurances Lord Salisbury may have given to the Triple Allies, we shall make it known to them that the British Empire is in no way bound by them, but that we shall preserve a free hand in regard to all contingencies, our object being not to interfere with matters that do not concern us, and never to go to war, unless some Power attacks us. Should a European war unfortunately break out, we shall, like the United States, preserve an absolute neutrality. In fact, in home as in foreign politics, we shall revert to the old watchwords of the Liberal party: "Peace, economy, and reform."

Correspondents are continually overwhelming me with specimens of "Primrose League" literature, and asking me to publicly denounce the errors which Primrose Dames by means of it so persistently disseminate. But really the pamphlets, and leaflets, and handbills of which specimens are sent to me are not worthy of notice. The misstatements they contain are too gross, the fallacies too pronounced, the subterfuges too patent, the falsehoods too palpable to deceive any one, unless it be possibly a Conservative working man. I am quite sure that Hodge is far too hard-headed to be gulled in so clumsy a way. I would, therefore, ask my correspondents not to send me any more of this "Primrose" trash, for they may be assured that, much as its circulation may amuse the Tories—and I am glad to think the amusement must be a costly one—it most assuredly cannot in any way hurt us.

The split in the Ashburton Division of Devonshire between the Tories and the Liberal-Unionists is bitter and hopeless, and it is improbable that any Government candidate will now come forward in opposition to Mr. Seale-Hayne, whose seat, however, is in any case perfectly safe. Mr. Dawson, the Unionist candidate, who is declared by his friends to have been "stabbed in the back" by some Primrose Leaguers, has positively refused to withdraw his resignation, in spite of abject entreaties that he would do so, and probably he is the more disposed to retire from his having discovered that he was fighting a hopeless battle.

SCRUTATOR.

GOING SOUTHWARDS.

MOST people get to Italy either by the Mont Cenis or by the St. Gothard. These are beaten paths. I advise them to try the Brenner route. The railway now open is one of the most beautiful in the world, running right through the heart of the Tyrol. Innsbruck itself is finely situated, and the excursions round it are numerous. There is one to the Achen See, which can be done by means of rail and steamer in a day, which is well worth making, for this mountain lake with the mountains interspersed by valleys around it gives a very fair notion of the Tyrol. Close by are the game preserves of the Duke of Coburg. There are three of these big preserves in the Tyrol, belonging respectively to this Duke, to one of the Austrian Archdukes, and to Prince Fürstenburg, and it is estimated that there are about 3,000 chamois in them, besides innumerable roe deer. The shooting within them is, of course, somewhat tame, as the game is driven. But most villages have their parochial preserves, over which each householder has a right to shoot or to give a permit to a friend. I have often wondered why the British sportsman does not come more frequently to the Tyrol. If he wants adventure he goes to India or to South Africa in search of big game; but, as a rule, he sticks to his native land, where he fancies that he is doing the manly thing by taking part in battues, which are to real sport what an expedition to Greenland in search of whales is to fishing for gudgeon in a punt at Maidenhead. Were he to go to the Tyrol in search of sport, he would be able to give proof of his powers of endurance, whilst the danger is a considerable deal greater than that incurred by slaying elephants or lions; for one false step when perched on some narrow ledge or projecting rock may precipitate him down a precipice

Headaches.—Bishop's Effervescent Citrate of Caffeine cures headaches arising from nervous debility, biliousness, &c.—Of all Chemists, and of the Inventors, 48, Spelman-st., London.

thousands of feet deep. The chamois is no contemptible game. It has muscles of iron, can scent the enemy from incredible distances, will jump twenty or thirty feet down a precipice and alight on a rock not larger than the palm of the hand, and as it affects the highest peaks, the hunter must be ready to undergo fatigue, cold, and many privations to get even the chance of killing it. In Switzerland, these animals are almost extinct. The Swiss innkeepers' tether one upon a mountain for tourists to look at, and there may be a herd of half-a-dozen in the neighbourhood. Almost all the surrounding mountains are, however, "sanctuary," on which chamois are not allowed to be shot; and the intelligent herd soon learn this; so, when they are hunted, they quietly betake themselves to a sanctuary and composedly grin at the hunter. In the Tyrol, on the other hand, there is none of this nonsense; there are, comparatively speaking, a good many chamois and a great many roe deer, and sport is bonâ fide.

Much discussion is going on in England just now as to the best means of inducing villagers to remain in their villages, and we are frequently told that small proprietors could not live on their holdings, or, even if they could, would prefer to get work in towns. All this is nonsense. The passion of territorial proprietorship is one of the strongest in the human breast, and I fail to see why in this matter Englishmen should be different from all other nations. They probably are not. Make the villagers their own masters; let them manage their own affairs instead of being the serfs of the farmer, and subjected at every turn to the meddling of the parson; and give them the facility to buy small holdings, or to rent them with fixity of tenure and at a fair price, and what the French call *le patriotisme du clocher* will soon be evolved. I do not suppose that the land in the Tyrol is better than that in England, yet in the Tyrol a man can manage to live comfortably and bring up his family on a holding of three or four acres. Why, then, should he not be able to do this in England? A Tyrol peasant—the son of a father with one of these small holdings, and several children—goes out into the world, works hard, and puts by half his wages. So soon as he has, by strict economy, accumulated a little fund, he comes back to his village, buys his plot, builds a house on it—a shed at first—and lives there, happy and contented, for the rest of his life. This brings him to about his fortieth year, when he marries, for no one thinks of marrying before he has something more tangible to support his family than the chance of keeping his health and earning weekly wages. In his village there is absolute equality. There is no lord paramount. Its affairs are administered by the villagers, and they frequently meet together to sing or to dance. Small holdings, equality, and village rule by villagers are, I am convinced, the panacea for the present condition of agriculture with us.

In Italy, small holdings and village rule keep the peasants to country life. They seldom eat meat, for they cannot afford to buy it, and they are very poor, but they are perfectly contented, and certainly lead more comfortable lives than the agricultural labourer with us. One of our delusions is that a man is half-starved, or that he is to be pitied, if he is not able to consume a vast amount of meat in the week. Look at the stalwart Scotsmen who live on milk and oatmeal. Look at the peasants here who live on Indian corn. Look at the Tyrolese, whose food is meal thrown into a great iron pot with a pat of butter and boiled up. It might just as reasonably be held that a man cannot thrive without eating truffles as that he cannot work without meat.

Of course, there is a pleasure in doing absolutely nothing. This pleasure I am indulging in at present. I wonder that our excursionists do not come down to Italy in greater numbers after their autumn visit to Germany. Cold weather is all very well in winter, but there is nothing more disagreeable than pottering about in hotels in autumn, when it is too hot for fires and too cold to sit out in the evenings. Now at Como, summer weather goes on until the first week or two in October, the nights are cool, and no one need be too hot unless he insists upon tramping about in the sun at mid-day. The place has the inestimable advantage of being without sights. I am one of those who agree with the traveller who, on being told that there was nothing to see in some town at which he had arrived said: "Then I remain here for a fortnight." On Como one little town is precisely like another; being, therefore, at one, there is no reason to go to another. I stick to Cadenabbia, because I think that the Hôtel Bellevue there is the most comfortable on the Lake (indeed, I do not know a more pleasant one anywhere). There are some books in the hotel—mostly novels. I take up Vol. 1 of one of the books, and if I cannot find Vol. 2, go on with Vol. 2 of some other novel equally exciting. From morn to night I do absolutely nothing. I sit under a tree with my book, and occasionally vary the scene by being rowed about on the Lake. I talk to any one who talks to me, and we both get through our conversation without saying anything. I have not heard one word of politics since I have been here; indeed, I should feel justified in pushing any one into the Lake who even remotely alluded to the Irish question, for there is a time and a season for everything. During the first few days that I was here, I came to the conclusion that politics, and newspapers, and any serious business in life are vanity and vexation, and that a wise man would do well to give up all these things, and to remain here for the rest of his life. But such is human nature, that I have not been long here before the *dolce far niente* palls a little. Finally, one takes the train, journeys back to England, and plunges into the Irish question, the eight hours' question, and generally into all sorts of valuable reforms, which probably would come about in due course of time if I remained for the rest of my life reading odd volumes of novels, talking about nothing to persons who talk about nothing, being rowed on the Lake, listening to itinerant musicians, and eating the deliciou little fish that come out of the Lake. This morning I go a batch of letters, many of them being requests to

Carpets—French Cleaning, Dyeing, &c.—For particulars apply to Manager, Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia, S.W.

address public meetings. I suppose that I shall have to do this in some cases, but I cannot help asking myself, what pleasure or profit can any one derive from going into a stuffy room and there listening to me—or, for the matter of that, to any one else? My hearers know about politics just as much as I know about them; many of them could probably expound their views better than I can; I have nothing new to say; it is always the old, old story. Where, then, as I have said, comes in either pleasure or profit? I am perpetually asking myself this question when I am speaking. At an election, when the place is in a state of political excitement, possibly speeches may gain a few votes, particularly in villages where the villagers are glad to find that there are persons who care neither for the parson nor the squire, for this encourages them to throw off their hereditary yoke; but in a big town where an election is not likely to take place for more than a year does any one suppose seriously that any speech will affect that election? And, if so, why sit in the stuffy room for an hour or two; why listen to the speech? I really believe that my countrymen have gone perfectly speech-mad.

THE BLACK-COATED WORKING-MAN.—I.

Some few weeks back I received the following very striking letter with reference to the sorrows and sufferings of clerks:—

Sir,—I observe that your hospitable columns are open for the ventilation of the grievances of all individuals and all classes. You give—to your undying credit—systematic attention to the wrongs of the lower ranks in the Army, the Navy, and other branches of the public service. You show up the oppression of the rural labourer by parsons and "Justices." You denounce the sweating of railway servants and other wage-earners. You have even a word to say in defence of our dumb animals. But there is one great class whose hard lot—one of the hardest of all—I never remember to have seen referred to in Truth, I mean the commercial clerk.

As I know him—and I think I know him well—the clerk is systematically overworked and underpaid. His wages often do not rise above those of the skilled artisan. His hours are ten, twenty, or five-and-twenty per cent. longer. On his beggarly pittance he is expected to maintain the appearance of a gentleman—expected not merely by the public opinion of his own class, which he might defy, if hard enough driven to it, but by the laws of the Medes and Persians in whose offices he is employed, and to whose establishments he must be a credit. His wife, too, brought up in strictest middle-class traditions, expects herself to dress like a "lady." They must have their own "villa"—God help them!—at £25 or £30 a year, or more. Though they pay the School Board rate, their children must not attend the Board School, but must be provided for at suburban "academies" for the sons and daughters of "gentlemen." In the summer, when the clerk gets his brief annual vacation, the wife and children look for a share in his outing, and the whole family has to be transported to Margate or Yarmouth, at a cost in money and self-denial which deprives the wretched father of all pleasure or profit from his holiday.

Calculate the possibility of achieving all this on an income of three or four pounds a week, or it may be less, and you will obtain some insight into the ceaseless struggle and the interminable anxiety which make up the lives of a large proportion of the black-coated working classes. Let it go ever so smoothly, such a life can have for its possessor little of brightness or pleasure, nothing of hope, nothing of the true joy of living. Let things go wrong, let the struggling breadwinner by any accident lose his berth, or break down in health under the severity of the pressure upon him, or let prolonged sickness overtake the wife or the children, and the life becomes one of blackest misery, destitute even of those alleviations which, under similar circumstances, the artisan or labouring poor derive from religious and charitable organisations, or from the spirit of mutual helpfulness which distinguishes their class.

The more you look into it, Sir, the more certainly will you perceive that, as a class, no men have more cause to complain of the hardness of their lots than commercial clerks. Let me entreat you, then, to use the great influence of Truth on behalf of these men. The Press has done great things of late in assisting other portions of the industrial army to better their position. Why should the men who have the strongest case be alone overlooked?

For weeks I have been pondering over this communication. Of the substantial accuracy of my correspondent's picture I entertain no doubt. True, there are clerks and clerks. As one star differeth from another in magnitude, so one clerk differeth from another in salary, in the quality and cut of his raiment, the size of his family, the prospects before him in life. There is an aristocracy in the clerical world, as in others. There are clerks in banks, in insurance offices, and other concerns where heavy responsibility is thrown on the staff, whose position is as good as that of the average Civil Servant, who have a fair prospect of rising to their six or seven hundred a year, and a certainty of a pension when they have served their time. There are clerks in solicitors' offices and in some commercial houses who are yet better off than this, whose incomes may run into four figures, and who have a chance before them of entering "the firm." But these are the exceptions, and few and rare at that. We are not now concerned with them, but with the general rule.

I cannot, perhaps, say as confidently as does the writer of the above letter that I know the clerk well—that is, looking at the class in the abstract. But I know well a few concrete specimens, and putting their cases together, there is a good deal to be learned from them. We will take first young Tomkins. Tomkins senior was something in the wholesale line, and his eldest son is following him in the same direction. My Tomkins is the second son, and he was taken from school at the age of sixteen, and put into a bill-broker's office at £40 a year. He is a fairly smart fellow, with a good head for figures. In the course of three years he rose to £50, £60, and £75. Then he saw a chance of "bettering himself" in another office. At one-and-twenty he was receiving £120 a year. He is now twenty-four, and is drawing £150. On that he exists very comfortably. He lives at home, rent and board free. He dresses magnificently; plays a good game, and a good many games, at billiards; spends Sunday up the river, with other Tomkinses, or their sisters; belongs to a cheap Conservative Club; and considers himself one of "the classes." For Tomkins at four-and-twenty a clerk's life seems fairly rosy. But where will Tomkins be at four-and-thirty? I have specially interviewed him on this point, and, for anything he knows to the contrary, I find that he will be where he is now. He may get another rise of £10, perhaps two. But he can scarcely hope for more, and as success has now made him self-satisfied and lazy, he may not get that. On the other hand, he may be much worse off. He may be in the position of Simkins, who is in the very same office. Simkins is thirty. His record is very similar to Tomkins's. Three years ago Simkins was precisely where Tomkins is now, including the Conservative Club. But at that point Simkins senior died, leaving a provision of £200 a year for his widow and four daughters. Instead of living free at home, Simkins was reduced to board and lodge himself, and to contribute a few pounds a year to his necessitous family—all out of £150 per annum. The Conservative Club is gone; so are the Sundays up the river; so is the young lady to whom, in the days when he wore patent leather boots and a flower in his button-hole, Simkins became engaged. And Simpkins himself is now morose and disappointed, shiny about the shoulders, ragged about

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the cuffs, and none too well fed. Tomkins, with whom he used to be rather thick, is ashamed to be seen with him in public, and doesn't mind letting him know it. Are things likely to improve with Simkins as he grows older? Not a bit; the prospect is all the other way.

These are two samples only, and from a limited area. To get a better idea of the bulk, let us take a different case. There is Brown, for instance, whose antecedents are a mystery, and who, after thirty-five years' service in the same firm, earns as much as £4. 10s. per week in a warehouse in Southwark. Brown works daily from 8 a.m. till 6 p.m., and during busy seasons till two or three hours later. He has nine children alive—six girls, the youngest six years old. His wife is a chronic invalid, and costs Brown £20 a year in doctor's bills. The eldest girl earns about enough, as a governess in a small school, to clothe herself and one of her sisters. The two next do the housework and look after the little ones. By the time he has paid the rent of his little house at Clapham, the rates and taxes, his wife's doctor's bill, and school bills for three children, Brown has about £130 a year left to feed eleven persons, to clothe them more or less in the latest fashions, to take them for a holiday in the summer, and to provide against the contingency of his own death or disablement. Even Brown, however, is better off than Robinson. This gentleman, being a clerk in a shipping office at £120 a year, married a damsel who possessed £70 a year in her own right. Within a few months of their marriage Robinson's employers failed, and Robinson was thrown out of work. Having remained in this condition until he was over head and ears in debt, and had given a bill of sale on his furniture, he was at last fain to accept the offer of a place at £60 a year. By assiduous industry he has now increased his salary to £70, and their united income of £140 a year has now to supply all the worldly wants of this couple, both of whom are fairly well educated and connected, together with those of the four unfortunate children whom they have brought into existence.

Will any one say that these are isolated cases, or that they are exaggerated? I should hope not. Why, as for the Tomkinses and Simkinses, they may be counted every day in the City of London by their thousands, save only that in every thousand there will be several hundreds who have not yet attained to anything like my friend Tomkins's £150 a year. In every office and warehouse in London, not to mention other cities, there are middle-aged clerks, owning families as large as my friend Brown's, working hours as long, or longer, but very few of them as well paid as he is. While, as for the Robinsons, north, south, east, and west there are hundreds of young fellows—aye, and old fellows, too—working their eight to ten hours a day (not to mention overtime) for their 30s. or 40s. a week, and condemned either to perpetual celibacy or to married lives which can be very little better than purgatory for either of the victims. Now, can this state of things be improved upon, and, if so,—how? That is the problem presented to me for solution, and which I propose to thresh out in one or two further articles upon future occasions.

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THE LITERARY ASSOCIATION TRICK.

A Word with the Honorary Council.

Since the appearance of my recent articles upon the performances of Messrs. Stedman & Morgan, Mr. Angus Maclean, and other parties in the same line of business, I have been literally inundated with the circulars sent out by these gentry and forwarded to Truth office by the fortunate recipients. Any one not behind the scenes might suppose that in view of my exposure of their game, these rascals were redoubling their efforts to entrap the unwary. Possibly there may be at the moment a little more activity than usual in the trade from this cause; but what I have already said shows that the normal rate of activity is formidable enough. From the latest prospectuses sent out by Morgan & Stedman, it appears that the "International Society of Literature, Science, and Art" occupies at present the energies of seven "assistant secretaries." An assistant secretary, as I have already shown, is under contract to turn out 300 touting letters per week, being stimulated thereto by the promise of a commission on all the subscriptions obtained by his exertions. Here we have enough to account for over 2,000 circulars a week from Morgan & Stedman's offices alone. It seems to be the practice of the "assistant secretaries" to get lists of old-established and well-known societies and go through the names seriatim. For instance, I mentioned a week or two ago that members of the Iron and Steel Institute were being pestered with invitations from Morgan's bogus "Council." A member of the Institute who has been twice applied to wrote to me last week as follows:—

> I enclose you two letters recently received from the "International Society." On receipt of the first I did not feel overwhelmed with the honour sought to be conferred upon me, for the trick was tolerably transparent. I made inquiries among friends whose names appeared at various points of the lists of membership of the Institute, and was soon able to form the conclusion that the whole of the members of the Iron and Steel Institute, from A to Z, were included in the "limited number" to whom, according to the terms of the circular, the Council of the International Society had resolved to offer the honour of a fellowship. I only hope that none of them have been gulled into parting with their guineas in response to this flattering invitation.

Here we have an excellent indication of the system on which Morgan & Stedman are working—by means of their "assistant secretaries," and apparently without any exertion on their own part. The game has now reached a point at which it becomes necessary to ask the official guardians of law and order how much longer it is to be carried on without interference. I have done all that mere public exposure can do to defeat the machinations of these gentry. I have plainly stigmatised the thing as a fraud, and I have shown why and in what way it is fraudulent. No answer worthy of the name has been attempted. The man Morgan, who is the promoter and mainspring of the whole concern, has written a letter couched in language obviously intended to preclude any chance of my publishing it, and declaring among other things that he did not consider any observations made upon himself in Truth as worthy of serious notice. The public will judge of the value of that. But what I would specially point out, is that if this concern is a bonâ-fide society, many others than Morgan have reason to complain of my observations upon it. If their pretensions are honest, Morgan and Stedman are

merely the agents of an organisation, the responsible parties in which are a long roll of "Councillors" and "Executive Councillors," every one of whom is personally concerned in repudiating the allegations which I make against this Association. The fact that not one of these parties opens his mouth in reply, and that no official answer has ever been put forward on behalf of the "Council" or the "Fellows," or anybody but the man Morgan and the man Stedman, is itself a sufficient proof that the Council is a bogus Council, the Society a bogus Society, and the pretended "resolutions" by which Morgan and Stedman seek to induce the public to part with guineas, a mere fraudulent device for putting money into Morgan's and Stedman's pockets. That such trickery should be openly practised day after day, and month after month, is a disgrace to our police administration. I know very well what the police answer will be—that the law will not reach frauds of this artful character—and I reply to that that it is no answer at all. In the first place, the mere fact of a police prosecution, even though it were only partially successful, would open the eyes of the public as nothing else will do to the true character of the concern, and would thus effectually prick the bubble. In the next place, if the law is not equal to the occasion, it is still the duty of the police, not only in this, but in all other cases of the same character, to let the public see the defects of the law, and thus provoke a demand for an amendment. When it has been officially demonstrated that frauds on the public are being perpetrated, and that the law is inadequate to bring the perpetrators to justice, the police can be credited with having, at any rate, done their duty; but not till then.

There are other parties concerned. One of my correspondents expresses himself very strongly respecting the ladies and gentlemen whose names appear on Morgan's prospectus as members of the "Honorary Council," "Fellows," or "Honorary Members." I have already and often expressed my own opinion on this subject, and I have mentioned several distinguished names which are presented to the public in this connection. It is a matter for some astonishment that none of these individuals have hitherto taken any steps to dissociate themselves from the proceedings of Morgan and Stedman. As, however, it is by no means impossible that many of them are unaware of the use which is being made of their names, I now publish the full list, as it appears in one of the latest circulars sent out from the office of "The International Society of Literature, Science, and Art":—

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In view of a previous remark upon this subject, I think it right to mention that "Sir G. Campbell, Bart.," who here figures in the august position of "Chairman" of the "Executive Council," is not, as I had supposed, Sir George Campbell, but a certain Sir Gilbert Campbell, of Carrick Buoy, co. Donegal, unknown to fame, so far as I am aware, except in this connection.

I may add that a correspondence has just been forwarded to me which makes it imperative that this worthy baronet, if he has any regard for his reputation, should explain to the world the nature of his connection with Morgan & Co. In July last, Mr. William Carruthers, F.R.S., received from Stedman the usual notification that he was invited by the "Council" to accept a Fellowship of the International Society. Mr. Carruthers, supposing Sir George Campbell, M.P., to be the person advertised as Chairman of the "Executive Committee," very properly wrote at once to Sir George for further information respecting the Society. On discovering his mistake, he wrote on July 10 to Stedman, asking for the full name of the "Chairman." The only answer he received was another invitation (dated July 11) in the same terms as before, to enrol himself as a fellow. Mr. Carruthers then addressed, by registered post, the following letter to Sir Gilbert Campbell:—

Linnean Society, July 25, 1891.

Sir Gilbert Edward Campbell, Bart., of Carrick Buoy, co. Donegal.

Sir,—Some two weeks ago I received a communication from Mr. W. N. Stedman conveying a resolution of the Council of the International Society of Literature, Science, and Art inviting me to fill up an application for my election into the Society.

With the view of obtaining some information about the Society, I addressed a letter to Sir G. Campbell, M.P., supposing he was the Chairman of the Council. He informs me that he knows nothing of the Society. Thereafter I wrote, on July 10, to Mr. Stedman asking for the full name and address of the Chairman that I might get further information. Though he continues to issue great numbers of Council resolutions—I have received a second communication in the same terms as the first—he has not found time to answer my inquiry.

I have reason to believe that you are the person named as

Chairman of Council, though your name is imperfectly given. I have tried to find out who the persons are who are associated with you. An examination of the Post-office Directory shows that the only William James Morgan there has a chandler's shop, that H. C. Stone is a shoemaker, that David Tolmie is a commercial tutor, and that Ernest Brown has a chandler's shop; further that W. Stedman is a cheesemonger, G. Hill is a provision merchant, W. Sargent is a fish curer, E. Girling is a lime-juice merchant, C. Clarke is a cheesemonger, and W. King has a chandler's shop. The other names given as officers or members of your Council I have been unable to discover in the Directory.

If these are the men with whom you are associated in an attempt to advance literature, science, and art, I venture to think it is a most self-denying undertaking on your part, but I doubt whether it can result in much advantage, and I certainly could not accept the invitation of your Council.

But if the members of your Council are other men, and are fitted to carry on the work of your prospectus, I shall be glad if you would give me some information about them.

An early answer will oblige,—Yours faithfully,

William Carruthers.

To this letter Sir Gilbert Campbell vouchsafed no reply whatever. Accordingly, on July 31, Mr. Carruthers wrote to Stedman intimating that unless he received within six days some reply to his last two letters, he should send the correspondence to the Press; and again Stedman made no reply, except to write, on August 15, to inform Mr. Carruthers that "the Council would greatly esteem the honour of adding your name to the Roll of the Society, in accordance with the special letter conveyed to you in my letter of the 4th ult." Here, then, we have it that when a member of a recognised learned Society, invited to become a Fellow, replies by impugning the bona fides of the Society, neither the Chairman nor the Secretary of this precious concern thinks the matter of sufficient importance to call for an answer. So much for Sir Gilbert Campbell.

For the rest, I leave it to the ladies and gentlemen, distinguished and otherwise, whose names appear in this list, to deal with the situation as they may think desirable. In view of the charges which I make against this so-called Society, I should imagine that, in justice to themselves, they will take notice of the matter in one way or another. Failing that, I do not see how, after they have learned the use that is being made of their names, they can be surprised at people regarding them as accessories in the perpetration of a gigantic swindle.

HARE'S ACADEMY.

Dr. John Hare, a very experienced and popular professor, has recently opened a "School" for dramatic aspirants, and a very admirable establishment of its kind it promises to be. Irreverently and, as some may think, somewhat vulgarly, it has already been called "an infants' school;" but though it cannot be accurately said that the "old man is beaten by the boy," still, the interesting experiment at the Garrick Theatre does not display much that is infantile in art, but, on the contrary, very much that is both sound and promising. In most schools it is the custom to train boys for the Universities and for future destiny. But at Dr. John Hare's "School" we find the old order changing and giving place to new. His best pupils have actually gone through a University training, and some of them have taken their degrees before they enrol themselves as Hare's pupils.

Thus we find high up in the comedy class H. B. Irving, son of Henry Irving, the tragedian, who is a graduate of New College, Oxford; and Gilbert Hare, son of John Hare, the comedian, an undergraduate of one of the most popular colleges in Cambridge. The whirligig of Time has strange revenges. Yesterday the actor was a rogue and vagabond. To-day he must take a University degree or justify himself by a scholastic career before he can be considered sufficiently educated for the modern stage.

The experiment of reviving Robertson's "School" for the sake of introducing a new generation of actors proved not only interesting but profitable. First of all it had to be decided whether Robertson the dramatist, so far as fame was concerned, is really dead. His old opponents, if I remember rightly, wanted to kill him before he was really born. But scorn did not slaughter him when the old actors of his day ridiculed the "bread-and-butter drama" and the "teacup-and-saucer school."

Robertson's plays have a special interest of their own. They are observant, witty, and eminently unconventional. In fact, it would not be extravagant to say that he was in reality the Ibsen of his time. Only he was a cleanly, kindly, and English Ibsen. He dissected the hearts and brains of men and women, not their baser bodies. He loved to contemplate the purer, not the nastier life. Who would not have preferred to create, even for the purposes of contemplation, a George d'Alroy than a Parson Rosmer, an Esther Eccles than a Hedda Gabler? What dramatic author, who honoured his calling, would not be prouder of erecting a "School" than a "Doll's House?" No: the old play comes out of the lavender cupboard a very little the worse for wear, perhaps a little faded here and there, a trifle torn, but the supposed age of pessimism received it as well as the acknowledged age of optimism. Robertson's contemporaries of twenty-two years ago would not have come out of the ordeal as well as Robertson did the other night at the modern Garrick. One thing was clearly proved, Robertson's success did not wholly depend on his interpretation. Since the lease on him by the Bancrofts expired, the dramatic property has fared very well in other hands, and it will fare even better under the directing care and energy of John Hare, one of the best, youngest, and most promising pupils of the elder Robertson, when the Dramatic Academy was in the Tottenham Court-road and not in Trafalgar-square.

Out of the new pupils, the undergraduate of Cambridge succeeded better than the graduate of Oxford. The real success of the evening was made by young Gilbert Hare—the son of an actor, the godson of an author. He played the usher Krux, a part that has never before been considered to have had much dramatic significance. It was originally taken by a minor member of the Bancroft company, F. Glover. In time to come Krux was acted by such capable comedians as Forbes Robertson and Brookfield. But young Hare has fairly distanced his predecessors. I have seldom seen a part that might be made stagey, extravagant, and melodramatic played with more tact or effect. Any one can give us a scowling Krux; only one of artistic temperament can create a man mean in nature, shifty, steeped in moral turpitude, contemptible, and loathsome from head to heel. The art of "make-up" as it is called can give us a Robertsonian Uriah Heep. But young Hare gave us what was far better a Robertsonian usher Krux. How far Robertson was indebted to

Roderick Benedex for his study of the usher it would be needless to inquire, for though "Aschenbrodel" is the basis of "School" it has been transformed by a master-hand. But Gilbert Hare's Krux is a performance to be seen; it is a remarkable study by so young an actor, and it foretells a very useful, artistic, and interesting career. Strong character is evidently the forte of the young comedian as it was that of his father before him. The same remarks would apply to the young Irving. Lord Beaufoy does not suit him in the least degree. He may understand the part, but he certainly does not appreciate it. His temperament, like that of his father before him, is not that of a light comedian. His father frequently failed in light comedy. He failed in "Ivy Hall," when he was first brought to London by the elder Harris. He failed as the lover in "Fanchette," when old Bateman first opened the Lyceum. It is no discredit to his son that he is ill at ease and out of gear as the semi-cynical, semi-sentimental lordling. Other actors have failed in the same character, notably Coghlan and Conway. It requires a peculiar temperament and a manner that is not self-conscious. Young Irving seems as if he had been bred up from childhood to recite. I can see him in imagination on the dining-room table and on the drawing-room sofa declaiming as a "phenomenal infant" to admiring friends. But the art and manner of the reciter are not wanted for Robertson's Lord Beaufoy. Nobody wants him to talk to them over the footlights. He has to address his companions, not the audience. He has to speak naturally, not to preach or declaim. The youth has great gifts in his favour, of that I am certain. But his style and method are ill-suited to Robertsonian comedy. He should be subjective, not objective. I doubt not that he would have played Krux or Jack Poyntz—the latter for choice—admirably enough. But not Lord Beaufoy. He is not a pretty, sentimental actor of the Harry Montague school. He wants space, and breadth, and air. Some day he will astonish us, as his father did before him. But it will not be as a light comedian, I am certain.

The rest did very fairly well indeed. Mr. Mackintosh tried to do too much with Beau Farintosh, to stretch the part beyond its limits. He was alternately extravagant and dull. But the audience did not resent the extravagance or complain of the dragging of the last act. Miss Kate Rorke made a charming Bella, but seemed to look at the part with supercilious disdain, and as one not quite worthy of a clever leading lady. But then she might have appeared to greater advantage had her lover been more sympathetic. No one had a more difficult task than Miss Annie Hughes, for who could follow Mrs. Bancroft as Naomi Tighe? Well, I don't suppose any one on the stage, except Annie Hughes or possibly Kate Phillips. The actress was naturally nervous. I expect she will be much better still when she lets herself go. Mr. Garthorne was the conventional "haw, haw" swell without very much individuality, and no doubt the pretty schoolgirls composed of Denes and Robertsons and Grattans contain many of the actresses of the future. Let us hope so, for they are all young and pretty.

China and Glass.—Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

"THE LAST WORD."

The immediate success of Augustin Daly's play, "The Last Word," proves, beyond all argument, that Ada Rehan is the attraction that London desires to see. It is all very well to shut our eyes to what is called the "star system;" but, for all that, there is a star of particular brilliancy in each theatrical firmament. Ada Rehan is popular, and deservedly popular, because Ada Rehans do not grown on every English hedgerow. We have plenty of capable and clever people, but uncommonly few Ada Rehans. Mr. Augustin Daly for once in his vast experience made a mistake. He thought the London public wanted the Daly combination and that alone. They didn't. They wanted Ada Rehan. No one disputes the excellence of the American stock company. No one doubts the cleverness of James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, John Drew, and the rest of them; but, after all, we cannot blind our eyes to the fact that we have our Criterion Theatre. We have our Charles Wyndham, we have our Giddens, we have our Garrick Theatre, our John Hare, and Charles Groves when we want good farces and farcical comedies. But in no Criterion, and in no Garrick, and in no theatre in London, farcical or serious, have we an Ada Rehan, or anything like an Ada Rehan.

Take play for play, I don't suppose that "The Last Word" is a much more interesting or intelligent work than "A Night Off," but whereas in "A Night Off' Ada Rehan does nothing, in "The Last Word" she does everything. She is the life and soul of the comedy. She is the peg on which the interest, such as it is, hangs. She is a Petruchio in petticoats, and instead of being tamed as a shrew, she, with her woman's wit, tames and captivates a bookworm and prig. You will say that Helen did this years ago to Modus, but Helen did not captivate the booby Modus in half so delightful a fashion as Ada Rehan, the Russian baroness, subjugates the priggish and misogynistic John Drew. This is a delightful scene, a scene of pure comedy, a scene in which this fine actress is seen at her best. She is a little hampered, perhaps, with her assumed foreign accent, but in an instant style tells, and Ada Rehan has incomparable style. Mark her transitions, her changes from grave to gay, from lively to severe. It is the very witchery of comedy, and would drag a far worse play to success. Nor in any modern play has John Drew played better. The gradual process of subjugation was irresistible—first indignant, then cynical, then sulky, then captivated. I don't want to see better acting of its kind than Ada Rehan and John Drew in their pure comedy scenes. The sentiment of the play is a little strained, and the serious scenes tax not the strength, but the intelligence of the actress. She does not try to make bricks without straw, but with very damp, mouldy, and rotten straw. The sentiment of the chief situation in the play is wholly false, and no acting in the world will make it true.

But, for all that, the play is a success, not because it is a particularly good play, but because some of the capabilities of the best artists in the Daly company are

exploited. If any one cares to see what Ada Rehan could do if she could ever get a comedy of modern life worthy of her, let them hurry to see her in "The Last Word." They will be delighted with John Drew, James Lewis, George Clarke, and an admirable old comedian, Mr. Wheatleigh. They will be enchanted with Ada Rehan.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THERE was a beautiful kiss-and-be-friends feeling shown all round at the obsequies of M. Grévy. The Church was not behind the politicians in showing herself good-natured. I cannot conceive M. Grévy making any other than a Voltairian end. But I know he often said that, when the unconsciousness which precedes death came upon him, the ladies of his family might so arrange as to be able, on the *lettre de faire part* of his death, to say that he set out for another world *munie des sacraments de l'Eglise*, or, to put it figuratively, with his passport all right. He died in the diocese of Saint Claude, about the serfs of which Voltaire made a literary din which all Europe heard. Being a man of peace, and having an agreeable way of dealing with those from whom he disagreed, M. Grévy was on the best terms with his Bishop and the minor clergy of the diocese. They did what they could to swell the pomp of his obsequies, Monseigneur attending to give the absolution. He had with him his two Vicars, the Archdeacon, twenty Canons, and any number of parish priests, he having sent round an intimation that all who could attend should do so.

Sir Charles Dilke has, to be well posted up in the military strength of France, with a view, no doubt, to the production of a future book, been a witness of the autumn manœuvres in Champagne. He must have had a warm as well as a stirring time. There is a good deal of exhilaration in a short spell of mimic war, in the course of which powder is burnt without stint. Champagne is the most shadeless, and in summer parched, of all the French provinces. For nearly a fortnight the weather was hot enough to have been exceptional in July. Sir Charles was received with great distinction and cordiality by General Saussier, who treated him as a representative Englishman, though he did not get up to represent any one or anything, and went simply to acquire a store of direct impressions about the French army.

The illustrated journals are full of the most sparkingly clever vignettes imaginable giving sights and scenes at the manœuvres. To judge from them one might fancy that the tutelary deities of cantonment and field were witty as the *dramatis personæ* of a play of Sheridan. There is a deal of life and sprightliness in mimic war in France. At the same time great agglomerations of men must be very unpleasant to themselves and every one else. I know a colonel's wife who says that she is so glad when her husband has to go on a sham campaign, because he is so delighted to be at home again. The plainest old lady appears to him quite angelic after a fortnight spent in autumn manœuvres, and he is even affectionate to his mother-in-law, whose disposition leads her often to find fault with him.

Shooting, Sporting, and Travelling Garments are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

The Archbishop of Paris has, in banishing Frémont to Poitiers, robbed me of one of my mental recreations. I cannot say that I sat under that ecclesiastic; but some years ago, attracted by the music with which St. Philippe du Noule resounded, at an evening service in the month of May, I turned in. The church was in the fresh beauty of white early summer flowers; young communicants, in their white frocks and veils, were in the front benches, and the general effect was of suave and penetrating beauty. After the hymns, to which youthful voices lent their clear, crystalline sounds, a preacher of a noble countenance (though he was a plain man), mounted to the pulpit. His sermon set one vibrating. It was all feeling backed by strong flashing thought. "Ça y est," I said to myself, and I listened and felt so sorry when the sermon was preached that there was no more of it. I from time to time went back to hear the Abbé. He took upon himself to preach that M. Carnot was a credit to France, that Christianity was rooted in Republicanism and Socialism, and that there was no earthly reason why the oldest Church in Christendom should not be on the best terms with a Republic proclaiming liberty and brotherhood. This doctrine did in a parish where there were many poor people. But it was not to the taste of the Orleanist aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Honoré and Champs Elysée, or of an Archbishop appointed by la Marechale MacMahon, the Duc de Broglie, and the Duc d'Aumale. The eloquent Abbé was sent on a retreat to Rome—a severe measure. When he came back he found he had been excluded from the clergy of Paris, and was under orders to go and reside at Poitiers, a city famous for bigots, mules, and the excellence of its tables d'hôtes. The mules are greatly to be admired, and are much sought for by the Madrelines, but from the others I am sure the poor Abbé prays often to be delivered.

While on the subject of mules, a friend who has come from Madrid tells me that the Poiton creature is vastly improved by being, when old enough to quit its dam, sent to be educated in Spain. The dry Spanish climate is favourable to symmetrical growth and elegance. It also appears that the great change from the moist and warm climate of the Charente to the high and parched table-lands of Central Spain is both a physical and mental stimulus, and that hence the preference given by the Master of the Horse at Madrid to French mules for the Royal equipages, and for the use of the young King and his sisters when they are in the country.

Prince Henri de Chartres a perdu une belle occasion de se taire. Since he crossed Asia with M. Bonvalot, who, I believe, had often in fording streams and climbing glaciers to carry him on his back, he deems himself an authority on Far Eastern questions. I cannot think what cause England or the English have given him personally for complaint. Lord Dufferin threw M. Bonvalot into prison on the belief that he was exploring the mountains of northern India to sow strife there between the natives and their British rulers. But Prince Henri and his cousin the Duc d'Orléans were hospitably received at Government

House at Calcutta, and Lord Dufferin stretched a lot of points to enable them to go on a shooting expedition to Nepaul. Yet the former wrote last week in the *Soleil* about the relations of the French Republic and China. He accused the Celestials of bamboozling and snubbing the French, and wanting such another lesson as they got when Cousin de Montauban and Elgin destroyed the Summer Palace. But the main grievance of Prince Henri was the perfidy of the English. They set on the Chinese, and, in a word, *ces gens la* (that crew) were the enemy. Prince Henri is twenty-five. In his attack on the Government of the French Republic for not going single-handed (and in the teeth of a pact with the other European Powers) to chastise the Celestials, he writes in the crude style of a schoolboy. Possibly he wants to try in coming out as a patriot, to steal a march on his Cousin d'Orléans, and become the popular Prince of the family.

The German Emperor ought really to mark, learn, and inwardly digest those proverbs that wordly-wise Solomon directed against talkers. His utterances about the First Napoleon at Erfurth are too ridiculous for sensible Frenchmen to notice, otherwise than with a faint shrug of the shoulders. The mischief with the Emperor is that he wants to be admired as a man and feared as a potentate. His prodigality of words is thought here rather an advantage for France. Men who mean to distinguish themselves by strong acts are generally silent, letting their deeds speak for themselves. In vapouring about humiliations inflicted by the Corsican upstart, William almost justifies Déroulede's gang when they talk of his grandfather desecrating the Palace of Versailles by proclaiming himself there German Emperor. French soil is just as sacred as German, and Alsace-Lorrainers have as good a right to "raise an avenging arm" as Germans had in 1813. There would never be an end to international quarrels if peoples and Governments acted on the spirit which burst out in the Erfurth speech. Napoleon beat William's great-grandfather at Jena, took Magdeburg, and out of pity for Queen Louise did not efface the Kingdom of Prussia from the map of Europe. But he was beaten in turn at Leipsic and Waterloo, and his nephew met with the same fate at Sedan. It is so unusual for potentates to publicly abuse other Sovereigns, even when they are upstarts, that what was said at Erfurth *étonne et détonne*. What I am afraid of is William making Bonaparte again popular. Boulanger owed his boom to Prince Bismarck's attacks on him.

"Lohengrin" was brought out by the present managers of the Opéra in order that they might make what money they can during the few months of their lease that remain to run. Gailhard being a friend and fellow-townsman of the Minister of the Interior, he was well supported against the Déroulédists Coquelin saw in this an argument for reviving "Thermidor" at the Français. When—and particularly after the Erfurth oration—"Lohengrin" was performed at the Opéra House, why should Sardou's drama of the Reign of Terror be forbidden at the Français? Why, indeed? I heard "Lohengrin" four years ago at the Eden Theatre, and liked it better there than at the Opéra House. Van Dyck, who also then personated the hero, was not tired to death after a Bayreuth season, and had a fresh voice. His face was, too, more interesting. High salaries enable singers to keep first-rate cooks, who prepare for them too tempting viands. The consequences are heavy cheeks and more embonpoint than befit a knight errant. The face being shaved, its roundness is well on view in the limelight, which streams on casque and silver armour. Madame Caron as Elsa was at her best towards the end, but everywhere smacked overmuch for the legend and German muse of Wagner of the Conservatoire of Paris. She is brainy and dramatic. Elsa is merely an emotional soul, all poetry and not at all clever. Hence her liability to stumble into unfortunate situations and to fall a victim to the fiendish. Ortrude wiles her. It seems ridiculous for any one to be able to beguile Madame Caron, who, under all circumstances, will be able to take her own part, and is not a lady to be influenced by dreams. Her vocalisation was more brilliant than feeling. Now Elsa should be all feeling. Having a tall and lithe figure, Madame Caron made up successfully, unless in the face, to resemble a mediæval saint and martyr clad in a white robe, and competed with the swan in gracefulness of motion.

The legend does not strike one as absurd until the swan turns into the rightful heir to the Duchy of Brabant Gottlieb. It is better to read about such a metamorphose than to see it. Lohengrin conveys a lesson which might be, now that the German Emperor has taken to disliking upstarts, a subject of profitable meditation to him. It is to take good where we find it, and not inquire too closely into its source. Why trouble about the manure which lies at the root of a fruit-tree? The suppression of the Ego in the Knights of the Holy Graal was also a rule which it would profit the Imperial and imperious William to observe. It is refreshing in this age of self-advertisement and big I's to see, though only on the stage, a hero who must do great deeds anonymously.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THERE has recently been opened dear Lady Betty, in Regent-street, what is probably the most instructive and interesting exhibition of the century. I allude to Jarleyford's "Gallery of British Snobs," which as an exhaustive collection of contemporary paltriness and vulgarity has never been surpassed if ever equalled. Here we have assembled in a compact order, and intelligently classified, every important specimen of the species, each, moreover, skilfully displaying *la physique de son emploi*, so as to render them easily recognisable even to the merest novice. Here is the incarnate snob, and the snob who has become so by the progressive process of evolution.

The genteel flunkey, the deferential bend of whose back reveals the obsequious courtier.

The common "society" snob, who disguises excessive imbecility with excessive reserve, and only appreciates his fellow-men in proportion to the company which they happen to keep.

The sordid snob, who worships wealth for wealth's own sake, and who limits his civilities exclusively to those in opulent circumstances.

The sensitive snob, who persistently imagines that his neighbours design to insult him.

The banker snob, who measures merit entirely by credit.

The millionaire snob, who proclaims that he commenced life as a pauper, and who having amassed wealth by sagacious rascality, conceives himself to be a better man now than he was at the start.

The Semitic snob, who appreciates his friends much as he does the various stocks and shares, and values them discreetly according to their latest fluctuations.

The *fau bon-homme*, who makes up in good manners for what he lacks in good nature.

The equality snob, who loudly asserts that he is as good as any other man, and ingeniously suggests that he is incomparably better.

The obsequious snob, who flatters you to your face and maligns you behind your back.

The harmless trouser snob, who implicitly believes that the tailor makes the man.

The gossip-monger, who hurries around circulating the last new lie, fervently hoping that his nefarious zeal may redound to his infinite credit.

The venomous snob, who bitterly resents the success of his neighbours, and secretly rejoices at their misfortunes.

The aspiring snob, whose absorbing passion is self-aggrandisement, and whose life is a laborious deceit from the very cradle to the grave.

The ambitious woman, who periodically improves her social sphere, deserting her old friends for her newer acquaintance.

The club snob, who attaches himself persistently to the most important personage in the room, and only affects the company of the most popular and prominent members.

The committee snob, who openly deplores his appointment whilst inwardly inflated at the compliment that has been paid him.

The snob *aux bonnes aventures*, who skilfully suggests the ruin of half his women friends.

The Yankee snob, who conceives that Providence originally created H.R.H., and then made man to know him, love him, and serve him, and to be happy with him for ever after at Marlborough House.

It is a veritable Dance of Snobs, all tripping it merrily along towards that cemetery of misguided ambitions—the grave.

Though fools may die, folly still lives for ever!

The grievances of foreign diplomatists in London are numerous, though they bear them with singular good-temper and resignation. In every other capital but ours the Corps Diplomatic is treated with the greatest civility, and all its members are on their arrival at once initiated into the best society at their particular post. Here, however, it is directly the reverse; and, indeed, even the Court and other officials, unless compelled to act otherwise, studiously ignore the accredited representatives of foreign nations. There may now and again occur some diplomatist less thick-skinned than his colleagues to whom such conduct appears disgraceful, but did he but understand the elements of English society this would soon cease to trouble him. With us society is strictly commercial. It is the national matrimonial market, and foreigners are, except in rare cases, ostracised as not eligible for English alliances.

The average diplomat seldom attains a higher position in London than that of tenth-rate society, for most get disheartened at the very outset both by the treatment they receive as by the apparent impossibility of determining which are the right people to become acquainted with. This being so, they good-naturedly content themselves in associating with any who may be decently polite to them. That the Queen is ignorant of the disgraceful neglect of officials is absolutely certain, and till direct communications are addressed to her with regard to the matter there is small probability of improvement. Considering that our own representatives universally meet with excessive kindness and courtesy at every Continental post without exception, such conduct on our part is not only ill-bred and churlish in the highest degree, but is, moreover, singularly ungrateful.

Now I should like to advise a newly-appointed diplomatist as to how to set about to achieve success in London. In the first place, he should treat all with calm disdain. Be civil to an Englishman, and he immediately conceives that you want something from him; treat him brutally, and he forthwith accepts you as a superior person. Then I should instruct my pupil to pretend to fall in love with one of the reigning married beauties of the day. I rather fancy, too, he should affect a taste for high play, and judiciously lose money in high quarters. With insolence, free-living, and well-directed extravagance, he should easily procure the freedom of London Society, and this once achieved, there is nothing so outrageous that would not be willingly forgiven him.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff has returned to London, and is now occupied in making the necessary arrangements connected with his forthcoming departure for Bucharest. He will probably leave towards the end of October. Mr. Arthur Vansittart, till recently Second Secretary at Lisbon, has been appointed to accompany Sir Henry in the same rank to Bucharest, where he will, however, be virtually first Secretary, since the latter post will not be filled up.

Diplomatic intelligence is, for all practical purposes, the only news available just now. Rumour has it that Mr. Edwin Egerton, C.B., First Secretary of Embassy in Paris, will shortly attain promotion, in which case it is in no way unlikely that Mr. Henry Austin Lee, Lord Lytton's unofficial understudy, will succeed him. As the pay is £1,000 a year, with £200 allowed for house-rent, and the position otherwise particularly desirable, Mr. Austin Lee could not reasonably be blamed did he cast an envious eye on the appointment.

Mr. Conway Seymour has retired from the Queen's Messenger Service, after a career of over thirty-two years, during twelve of which he has contrived to combine the duties of a Queen's Messenger with those of a Gentleman Usher to her Majesty. Mr. Conway Seymour, who is a well-known and popular man about town, may be congratulated upon escaping from the ship before it sinks, for the Messenger Service is irretrievably doomed. No new appointment will, I believe, be made to the vacancy caused by his retirement.

What does the *Observer* mean by alluding to M. de Falbe as the "Danish Minister at the Court of St. James's?" Considering that M. de Bille has occupied this post for over a year, and is both well known and most popular in London, such a fatuous blunder is utterly inexplicable—except in the *Observer*.

Many will learn with regret that Don Louis Pastor, who has been attached to the Spanish Embassy now for over a year, has just been transferred to the Foreign Office at Madrid. It is to be hoped he may soon return to us with all the added lustre consequent upon promotion.

A ridiculous report has been circulated during the past week, representing Lord Rosebery as contemplating an alliance shortly with a wealthy American. There is not the remotest foundation for this report. No doubt such a union would be highly popular—in America.

Nottingham bids fair, under the able tuition of Mr. G. Harry Wallis, to earn celebrity as an art centre. A remarkable collection consisting of over two hundred specimens of bookbinding, dating from the twelfth century, has just been opened at the Castle Museum in connection with the recent meeting of the Library Association at that town. Lord Middleton has lent several valuable examples, as have many other art patrons in the neighbourhood.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

Paris.—Hôtel Anglo-Français, 6, Rue Castiglioni, facing the Continental. First-class. Highly recommended for comfort, cuisine, moderate charges, and sanitary arrangements. Otis American lift.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE Stewards of the Jockey Club are much to blame for having crowded the Leicester and Manchester meetings into the same week. It was a repetition of the *bêtise* which huddled Leicester and Sandown Park up together in July, by which both meetings suffered. It is really nonsensical to have two such races as the Royal Handicap and the Lancashire Handicap run in the same week, and it may be hoped that this blunder will not be repeated.

There were fair fields for the principal races at Ayr, but the sport was of no general interest; and at Warwick and Lichfield the racing was beneath contempt.

On Saturday there was a good field at Kempton Park for the September Nursery, and St. Odille won cleverly for Lord Dudley. It will be remembered that after St. Odille was beaten at Stockton I predicted that she would win the first time that she was "slipped" over five furlongs, and so it has turned out, but she was very favourably handicapped.

The French racing of last week was important, inasmuch as it had a direct bearing upon the autumn handicaps. Clamart, who was much fancied for the Cesarewitch, and who had been backed for some money, pulled up so lame after running for the Prix Royal Oak that he has been scratched for all his engagements, and is to be relegated to the stud. As a matter of fact he had really no chance for the Cesarewitch, so it is as well for the gullish herd that he has disappeared from the scene. War Dance won a race on Friday over a mile and a half at Maison Lafitte. This horse was the favourite for the Cambridgeshire before the weights came out, and he has now been heavily backed for the Cesarewitch, in which he has to carry 8 st. 2 lb. He could only beat Puchero by a head on Friday at even weights, which does not say much for his Newmarket prospects.

Six very good-looking and most promising yearlings, which have been bred in France by Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, have arrived at Newmarket, where they will be trained by Hayhoe. There is a half-sister, by St. Gatien, to Bumptious; a half-sister, by Archiduc, to Haute Saône; an own brother to Le Nord; a colt by Robert the Devil or Florentine out of Skotyka, dam of Mardi Gras; and a filly by Stracchero out of Aïda.

The inane craze for untried sires is now running at flood tide. I observe in the *Calendar* that Morion and Amphion, both horses being still in training, are full for next season, the one at 100 gs. and the other at 150 gs., and only a few subscriptions to General Byrne's animal are left for 1893. Sheen, who went to the stud at the end of last year, had his list filled in a few days at 100 gs., and, not only is he full for next year at the same fee, but, amazing to relate, he is full for 1893 also, and at 150 gs. a mare! Gold, who was also full at 100 gs. directly he was advertised just a year ago, is full for next year at the same fee. The owners who are thus paying such enormous fees for untried horses might profitably remember that when Isonomy went to the stud just ten years ago his fee was 50 gs., and only 50 gs. was asked for St. Simon when he left the turf in 1885.

The entry for the Champion Plate of 1893 closed last week, and it is well worthy of careful study, so far as the older horses are concerned; for it may fairly be assumed that those which have been engaged will be worth making a note of, and very useful hints may be gathered from it. Among the now three-year-olds are Cuttlestone, Mimi, Breach, Bosphorus, Henry VIII., Grammont, Simonian, Old Boots, and St. Simon of the Rock. Among the now two-year-olds are Sir Hugo, Gossoon, Vampire, Mortgage, Limonite, Lady Caroline, St. Damien, Lorette, Carmilhan, Curio, Lory, Braggadocio, and Mascarille. It is to be observed that neither Orme nor La Flèche has been entered for this stake.

It is positively most wonderful that upwards of a hundred and twenty horses should have been left in for the Lancashire Plate, considering that there is a fee of £5 pay for every two-year-old which was not struck out on or before the first Tuesday in April last, and a similar payment for every three-year-old and upwards which remained in after the first Tuesday in April, 1890. The Duke of Beaufort has six entries, and so has the Duke of Portland, while Mr. H. Milner has eight, and neither is likely to be represented in the field. The entry certainly contains a most amazing collection of sheer rubbish of all ages. Surefoot has gone wrong, and so severely that it is stated that he is not likely to run again, and his disappearance deprives the race of much of its interest, for he is undoubtedly a real flyer over this distance, and his meeting with Gouverneur would have been most exciting. Peter Flower has been long in reserve for this race, but I doubt whether he can really stay seven furlongs. Signorina has been going very well indeed at Newmarket, but nothing tangible is known about her present form, and there is nothing in her stable that is good enough to try her with. Alicante will meet Gouverneur at 6 lb., and she has been doing well since she returned to Newmarket from Deauville, and is now all right again. This mare has plenty of speed, and she is a quick beginner. Martagon is to start, and it will be remembered that last year he finished second (such as it was) to Amphion. Orme is likely to start at very short odds if he runs, but, although he is a great favourite of mine, I do not expect that he will beat the best of the older horses over this distance, and, considering his high promise, and his numerous and rich engagements, it would be more judicious to withdraw him from the race, for, even if he ran to win, he would probably never recover from the effects of the struggle. The Duke of Westminster should remember that Lady Elizabeth never was worth sixpence after her slashing race with Julius. It never pays to run two-year-olds against older horses of high class. I have always regarded the Lancashire Plate as likely to end in a match between Surefoot and Gouverneur, and now that Mr. Merry's horse is no longer dangerous, I shall give a plumper for Gouverneur.

The Duke of Portland's yearlings, fifteen in number, all of which were bred by himself, are to leave Welbeck this week for Newmarket. Among them is an own brother to Ayrshire, and a brother to Semolina. It is odd that the Duke has gone on sending Mowerina to St. Simon instead of dispatching her to Galopin, the sire of Donovan. Semolina was a smart mare, but she did not last long, and her sister Koorali has never won a race. The Duke has a filly by Minting out of Dodona, a mare which represents Lord Falmouth's most successful strain, as she is by Springfield out of Wheel of Fortune. There is a filly by Hagioscope out of Dance Away, who has the Superba and Saraband blood in her veins. The dam of the filly by Hampton out of Rattlewings is own sister to Galliard, and she was bought as a yearling at Lord Falmouth's sale, but proved a failure on the turf. There is an own brother to Charm, but the team does not include any relative to Katherine II.

Among the yearlings bred by Lord Hastings at Melton Constable is a half-brother to Melton, by Beau Brummel. Violet Melrose has produced nothing that could win a race since Melton, who dates from 1882.

NEWMARKET PROSPECTS.

There will be some interesting sport at Newmarket next week, and during the meeting there is sure to be plenty of betting on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, both of which handicaps will be left alone by prudent people.

The four-year-old heat of the Triennial (D. I.) has fifty-three horses left in, of which, however, very few are now in training, and of these not one could stay this severe course in tolerable company, except Morion, who is not likely to run, but Lord Hartington may, perhaps, be nevertheless able to win with Curfew.

The Great Foal Stakes, which will be worth about £1,200, has forty-seven horses left in, of which Peter Flower (who cannot stay the A. F. course), Springtime, St. David, Simonian, Woolsthorpe, Blavatsky, Orion, Patrick Blue, and Grammont are the best. I shall predict the success of Lord Zetland's representative. The three-year-old heat of the Triennial on Wednesday (A. F.) may

fall to Ragimunde if he starts. The Grand Duke Michael Stakes on Thursday, which will be worth about £550, appears to lie between Springtime and Henry VIII. The Zetland Stakes may be left to Mimi. The Newmarket Leger on Friday (D.I.) has only eight horses left in, and Orvieto may find some difficulty in beating Kirkstall over this course, as Mr. Lowther's horse has a great advantage in the weights.

As to the two-year-old races, the rich Buckenham Stakes, which, if only two start, will be worth £900, may fall to Hyères, unless Arklow, the brother to Ormonde, is fairly smart, for I heard some time ago that Orville (by Ormonde out of Shotover) is not to be raced this year. The Hopeful Stakes has a very good entry, including Rueil (who is in France), Bellinzona, Lunelle (the Redcar failure), Gossoon, Glenayes, Hyères, and The Smew. Of these Gossoon is the best, but he will probably be beaten by Lord Rosebery's dark filly by Bend Or out of Kermesse, who has been well tried. Palatine may be able to win the Granby Plate. The Triennial, on Thursday, has twenty-five left in, and Desdemona (sister to St. Serf) ought to win, as she should be able to beat Carmilhan and Windgall. The Rutland Plate of £500 may be won by Mortgage, who will have 10 lb. the best of the weights with El Diablo. Watercress, a dark colt belonging to Baron Hirsch, who is engaged in this race, is smart, but he will probably be reserved for a later engagement. The Rous Memorial Stakes, on Friday, which is the most important two-year-old race of the week, has Le Chesnay, Rueil, Galeopsis, Watercress, Dunure, Mortgage, Pilgrim's Progress, Hyères, St. Damien, Orme, and St. Osythe. In the probable absence of Orme, I shall predict the success of Watercress or St. Osythe. Vampire may be able to win the First October Stakes.

The Cambridgeshire will be one of the heaviest betting races there has been for several years, and an immense stake could be won on it. I have no belief in the prospects of Bumptious (7 st. 7 lb.), who has been backed for a great deal of money, and if he is tried with Haute Saône (7 st. 10 lb.) over the A.F. she will beat him easily, if there is a good pace and she is all right. Whether the hollow defeat of Bumptious at Derby was all wrong, as is now vehemently asserted, does not so much matter, for, even if he had won then over the easy mile, his victory would not have proved that he is capable of staying the longer and far more severe and testing course at Newmarket. I have regarded Memoir as the pick of the top-weights and older horses, and Cuttlestone as being likely to turn out the best of the three-year-olds, ever since the weights appeared, but, of course, the prospects of the race will be revolutionised if Victoricus wins easily at Leicester, as, even with his penalty, he would only have to carry 8 st. 2 lb. Comedy has been well backed, and by people who do not throw their money away. A big bet has been taken about Mimi, but I do not see how, even on her best form, she is to beat Memoir at 7 lb. The Rejected is third favourite, although his name figures in the private sale list, as also, by the way, does that of Judith, the early favourite for the Cesarewitch, who is valued at only £1,200!

A person who is a most reliable authority about the French horses tells me that Ermak, who has been backed for both races, has no chance whatever for either.

With regard to the Cesarewitch, it is doubtful whether either Chesterfield or Shall we Remember will stand training, and only a mooncalf would think of throwing money away on Orvieto, while Father Confessor seems overweighted, and Harfleur will probably be outclassed. We have yet to learn that "Mr. Abington's" horse can stay the course. Morion is in the betting, but I hear that Lord Hartington (who is still abroad) will probably reserve him for the Rose Plate and the Jockey Club Cup. If M. Dawson wins the Cesarewitch, it will be with Mons Meg, but she has quite enough weight. Old Boots is one of the most improved horses in training at Newmarket, and it is tolerably certain that he will be Colonel North's candidature for the Cesarewitch. In the meantime the mysterious Victoricus has become favourite by sheer weight of money.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—The volume of business on the Stock Exchange has again increased during the past week, and a further advance has taken place in most departments. American Rails have taken another jump, and the excitement is boiling over into the Kaffir Circus, some of the industrial securities, such as electric light shares, joining in the fray, while, on the other hand, Home Rails and South American stocks are a little off colour. But I am glad to find that the investments which I recommended to you and your friends a week ago have again improved to a considerable extent, the advance in some instances having been most marked.

What Next?

The question now is, what next? May a further improvement reasonably be anticipated, and in what directions? The general position has by no means changed for the worse, although an efflux of gold on a larger scale, partly for the United States, and a general tightening of rates in the money market foreshadows an early advance in the bank rate. Nor is this hardening of rates at all surprising, for money is at present being put freely into stocks by the public, and the floating balances hitherto available to the banks are thereby being reduced. Yet another 1 per cent. put on the Bank rate will not appreciably affect Stock Exchange dealings, and the position of the Bank of England remains so far a strong one. It is somewhat surprising that gold to any large amount should already be going from London to the United States, as it had been anticipated that France and Germany, especially the former country, would bear the first brunt of the American demand. But these withdrawals will on the other hand strengthen the "Bull" movement in American Rails, which is most important in view of its invigorating influence upon our own markets generally. The profits now being made in the Yankee market will find their way into speculative movements in other banches of the Stock Exchange, while holders of American Rails at high prices are seeing their patience rewarded by an advance which must encourage them to go farther a-field in their operations. With the Russian loan concluded and about to be launched in Paris in a few weeks, the political situation is not such as to cause any immediate anxiety, and the minor incidents that have recently cropped up showing that the ill-feeling between France and Germany is ever simmering, will probably pass off again. One of these days trouble will brew in the Continental cauldron, but hardly before next spring. For Stock Exchange purposes six months are, of course, an eternity, but the prudent investor will all the same do well to prepare for such an eventuality by getting in good time out of such Foreign Government stocks as would be prominently affected by Continental war rumours or a re-opening of the Eastern question. Home Railway and industrial stocks, United States, South American, and Colonial securities offer so many promising opportunities for profitable investment, that there is no occasion for leaving money in top-heavy or rotten old-world securities, which would be immediately and powerfully affected by the breath of warlike rumours.

Home Rails.

Home Rails seem out of the running just now. The weather and the hardening money market are against them; the latter, however, would chiefly affect the stocks of the heavy lines, and of these, with the exception of my favourite Midlands, my opinion has been but indifferent for some time. The traffics of the Midland remain very satisfactory. Nor have, so far, the returns of the other lines, with the exception of the Berwick, borne out the discouraging anticipations caused by the Board of Trade returns for August. But as an investment, I should not care to select any but Midlands amongst the heavy brigade. Heavy purchases of Chatham stocks have

revived the rumours of a proposed working arrangement with the Midland, the buying being traced to parties closely connected with that Company. The movement was accompanied by rumours that the Midland Company would also make some financial arrangement in this connection, and Chatham First Prefs. rose to 108, the Second Prefs. to 56, Little Chathams touching 20¼ at one time, but receding to 19¼. There are undoubtedly great possibilities in a closer alliance between a line like the Midland and the Chatham. Through trains to Dover from the Midland stations would prove very attractive for those who intend visiting the Continent, and even if the present talk should not lead to any immediate result, we may expect to hear more of the matter. In fact I have reason for saying that the man who buys Chathams now will see a large profit before the end of the year. I am assured that the Parliamentary notices will, when published, be found to contain special reference to some working arrangement between the Midland and the Chatham Companies. At anything like 19 Little Chatham's are one of the most promising speculative "lock-ups," and there are those who predict a price of 25 before the present year has run its course. Great Eastern Ordinary are fairly maintained at about 89½. The weather has, of course, been against this line, as it has been against the Southern passenger lines, but traffics have kept up well. Reports are revived of an extension to connect Harwich by a direct route with the London and North-Western and Great Northern Railways. The new railway is to be called the North Herts, Essex, and East Coast Railway, and is to be under the wing of the Great Eastern. This would, of course, mean a direct route between the north-west of England and the Continent, viâ Harwich. These rumours are the straws showing which way the wind is blowing, and as, in the case of the Midland-Chatham project, a new source of traffic is to be tapped. Brighton "A" have received more ill-usage at the hands of the clerk of the weather, but the traffics were by no means unsatisfactory, comparing, as they did, with large takes last year, and the increase for the eleven weeks is now £7,063. Again I tell you that the immediate future of Brighton "A" depends upon the weather, and with moderate favours from the sun, the "Bulls" would mark up the price a few points very quickly. Dover "A" confine themselves to following the fluctuations of Brighton "A," but instead of the big "Bear" account which is open in Brightons, there are too many "Bulls" in Dover "A" to make the outlook comfortable for them. With every prospect of a 7 per cent. dividend to come off in less than four months, Brighton "A" at 149 are by no means dear. The perusal of the North British and Caledonian reports is by no means cheering, least of all that of the former. What there may be in the story of the alleged rapprochement between the two lines with a view to lessening the present excessive competition it is impossible to tell as yet. It must not, however, be forgotten that the comparison will soon be with bad traffics last year, as the strike of blast-furnacemen commenced on October 4, which was followed by the great railway strike. The North British has a good deal of leeway to make up before its stocks will be worth present prices, and if I wanted to buy Scotch stocks at all I should select Caledonian Deferred.

The Yankee Boom.

The second period of the Yankee boom has commenced auspiciously, a further marked advance having been established during the week. The most important improvements have again taken place in some of the stocks to which I directed your special attention. Thus Milwaukees have experienced a rise of 4 points, Wabash Preferred of 4½, ditto B Debentures of 3½; Eries advanced 2½, Atlantic Firsts 3½, Atchison Income bonds 4, Louisville 3, Norfolk Prefs. 1½, Ohio and Mississippi 3, ditto Preferred 6, Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Second Income bonds 3½. Nor is the rise nearly ended in most of these stocks, although I should advise the realising of some of the profits and shifting into other securities in some cases. To establish, however, in the first instance, the present position, we may take it for granted that the whole of the grain crops are now safe from frost—the corn crop in the States is never entirely out of danger till about September 10, and this year it is about ten days late, so that September 20 marks the period of complete safety. But that date is passed, and the Yankees are now sure of their fine crops. One cannot help recalling President Harrison's recent words: "Where there has been complaint, where there has been poverty, there must come this year plenty, for the gardens have loaded the table, the orchards cannot bear the burdens that hang upon their reddening limbs, and the granaries are not equal to the product of our fields. We ought this day to be a happy people." If ever a people were blessed in seed-time and harvest, it is the inhabitants of the United States of America. The great feeling of discontent which has existed, especially among the agricultural classes, was caused by short crops and pressing indebtedness. Their present magnificent crops of everything that grows must relieve the necessities of the American farmer and deliver him from that gloomy state of mind which has made him an advocate of free silver, sub-treasury loans and other delusions. The fruits of the earth should make our American cousins this year a happy people indeed. In view of the great deficiency in bread-stuffs in Europe, the Yankees ought to educate us in utilising Indian corn to a larger extent. Indeed, "corn pone" and cakes are favourite breads in America, and "hominy" almost a luxury. The success of corn as a food depends entirely upon the manner in which it is ground and in the cooking, more especially the latter. The man in the States who is not fond of corn bread and hominy is the exception, and very few homes are without this excellent food. America has probably raised this year 2,000,000,000 bushels of corn, and will have a large surplus, which ought to find a European market, provided proper steps are taken to show how good and pleasant a thing is the product of corn. But Europeans do not know properly how to mill corn and prepare its products for the table. The second important point is that connected with the money position. This is most promising. The New York Bank statement shows a decrease of only 317,000 dols. in actual cash, and of 966,000 dols. in the surplus reserve, while gold is pouring back to New York not only from the Continent, but also from London. The market is broadening, the American public is investing largely, and so is the English public. The reactionists are beginning to look very blue in the face, and those incautious individuals who have been taking money for large options without covering at least part, have reason for considerable alarm.

Yankees to Buy and to Leave Alone.

There has been so much talk about a reaction, and so little has come of it, that one is apt to think it may not come about at all. A good many dealers here, and some big operators in Wall-street, are still predicting a reaction. There are men whose past operations in the stock market entitle them, to a certain extent, to be called leaders. Yet they have been so "wise in their own conceit," and so certain that the market would have a serious decline, that they did not get aboard when the last advance came about. The consequence is that they have been predicting ever since that within the next forty-eight hours another slump in the market would occur. They further asserted that as soon as the "Bear" account was eliminated, or materially reduced, the market would be thrown upon its own resources, and, as the legitimate buying power was still limited, it would be bound to sag and go lower. These operators have, to use a slang expression, been "left," and, like all disappointed individuals, they can see nothing hopeful in the present situation—until they can get their lines of stocks. For all that I should not care to buy stocks indiscriminately now. There has been a strong tendency of late to take up

Arthur Forbes & Co., Australian Investment, Finance, and Mining Agency, 16, Cornhill, London, E.C., and at Brisbane, Queensland, have special business in some of the best Colonial Mining Stocks, including Brilliant, Victory, Victoria, Sunburst, Broken Hill, Raub, and other prosperous concerns. Constant information by cable. Telegraphic address, "Orpharion, London."

one or two stocks at a time, to put them up, and then to go into another. It is as well for the prudent operator to go with the market—without, however, going into really bad stocks. I think, for instance, that Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, and Ontarios are high enough. I should also advise you to clear your profits in Eries. They have had a sharp rise, and are getting a little out of fashion. But you should buy Milwaukees, which are being taken up by the "Bulls" on their really splendid traffics. Louisville are also my favourites, and you should buy Norfolk and Western Prefs. They have not been put up as much as the other stocks, and I hear that the dividend will be declared next Friday. The last weekly traffic, moreover, shows an increase of 36,000 dols. Atchison shares and Income bonds may still be bought for a good rise. The line is doing splendidly. Before all, Ohio and Mississippi Ordinary at 26¾ and Preferred at 101 will have a big rise in view of the completion of the deal with the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western, which I am able to announce to you. Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Second Incomes remain a good purchase at 36. Union Pacifics had better be left alone. Jay Gould seems to be opposed to the "Bull" movement, and it is difficult to say how he may not use his Union Pacifics to achieve his object. Denver Ordinary and Prefs. have been put up on the prospect of a working agreement with the Atchison, and their prospects are undoubtedly considerably improved. I hear that a very important advance in Denver Ordinary is on the cards. In view of the great activity in dealings between Europe and the United States, and a further rise in Commercial Cable stock, Anglo-American Telegraph stocks are ripe for a further advance, especially Anglo A, which are cheap at 14, Texas B, now ⅞, should also be bought for a material rise. There is a lot of money in this stock, but I suppose the "public" will only touch it when it stands at a considerably higher figure. I hope, Ben, you will be wiser.

A Cheap Bond.

According to advices from New York, the condition of the bond market has changed radically of late. Large amounts of bonds formerly offering have disappeared, and first-class bonds are difficult to get even at advanced prices. A very small part of the bond business appears in the transactions on the New York Stock Exchange, as brokers are going around the various offices offering to buy large ots at "Board prices," on condition that the dealings are not quoted on the list. A peculiarity about the bond market is that whereas usually the demand begins with the first-class issues and thence gradually goes downward, at present the demand is either for gilt-edged bonds or for the lowest-priced Income bonds and stocks which were unduly depressed in the past. Income bonds are, in fact, in the ascendant both in New York and here, for the very good reason, that crop prospects and general prosperity presage an improvement in their position, placing them nearer to dividend point, or into the actual receipt of their interest. In my search for cheap Income bonds, I have come across one which has been most unduly neglected, namely, the Five per Cent. Income bonds of £100 each of the Quebec Central Railway Company, now quoted about 31. This is a Canadian Railway, the line being 152 miles long. The Company was taken out of the hands of utterly incapable management by the present Board in 1887, and has ever since made satisfactory progress. It paid 1½ per cent. on the Income bonds for the year 1889, and 1¼ per cent. for 1890. The gross earnings from January 1 to August 21 last amounted to 174,862 dols., against 168,238 in 1890, an increase of 6,624 dols., while the net earnings as per monthly accounts for the six months to June 30 were 28,488 dols., against 24,154 dols. last year. An extension fifty-five miles long is, moreover, about to be constructed from the Tring Station on the Main line to a connection at Megantic with the Canadian Pacific, Montreal, and Halifax short line. This will be the nearest route for the Canadian Pacific from the maritime provinces to the city of Quebec, and, according to the chairman's speech at the June meeting, the management of the Canadian Pacific has promised to do all it can to interchange business with the Quebec Central at that point. The necessary funds have been provided, and subsidies voted by the Dominion and local Legislature. The chairman also stated at the same meeting that important arrangements had been made for through traffic to the United States firstly in connection with the Main Central, *viâ* Dudswell Junction, from Point Lewis, opposite Quebec, to Portland, and secondly, from Point Lewis to Boston, by way of Sherbrooke and Boston and Maine Railway, from which he expected the building up of a satisfactory through business. In view of already increasing traffics, therefore, a dividend of 1½ per cent. may confidently be looked for for the current year, and, with the extension referred to, considerable progress may be anticipated later on. Here, then, there is a bond standing at about 31, which, on the basis of a 1½ per cent. dividend, yields 5 per cent. on the investment, apart from the promising position created by the proposed extension, and the splendid crops in that part of the world, while many non-dividend-paying stocks stand far higher without a chance of a dividend for some years to come. You should pick up some of these bonds at once before they go ten points higher in the present scramble for American and Canadian Rails.

Cheap South American Investments.

There has been a pause in the upward movement in South American stocks, speculation being temporarily checked by the attention of operators being given to the Yankee and Kaffir departments. But investment purchases continue on a moderate scale. From Buenos Ayres cable dispatches are to hand, according to which the scheme for a new bank—the Bank of the Argentine Nation—will be rejected by the Deputies, and, as the project is bound up with a new issue of notes, it is as well that it should be so. There is also a report that a new monetary unit is to be created in order to reduce the amount of paper money by 40 per cent. This is a new experiment, which will probably also remain stillborn. I fancy the Argentines had much better leave finances alone until an improvement is brought about by natural developments. Fortunately, the present Congress will disperse at the end of this month, and new experiments will then be shelved. No marked improvement can occur until the elections in October, from the result of which it will be possible to gather who the next President will be. Until these elections are fairly over, political agitation will remain a disturbing factor. By the time November is reached, and the crop movement takes effect, a fall in the gold premium may be expected, and with it a general recovery in Argentine stocks. In anticipation of this change, Cedulas continue to be bought in large blocks for a "lock up," and Entre Rios Provincial bonds have advanced to 42. I again recommend investment in Cordoba Central Railway Five per Cent. Debenture Stock (Central Northern Section), now 51, yielding 6½ per cent. on the investment, with the prospect of a very much higher yield on any improvement in the Funding loan, the cash interest on which will be paid on October 1. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Tucuman Extension 1894 Five per Cent. shares, now quoted at 8½ x.d. for £10 shares, with their excellent chances from their conversion into Ordinary stock, as explained in last week's issue, also remain my favourites. Costa Rica Railway Second Six per Cent. Debentures at 82 are also a good purchase, yielding as they do nearly 7½ per cent. With reference to the Uruguay North-Eastern, the following communication from a correspondent, who signs himself "Puzzled," tells its own tale:—

Let me call your attention to an overlooked security, viz., the Ordinary £10 shares of the North-East Uruguay Railway, which is leased to the Central Uruguay of Monte Video Railway Company for 999 years, at a rental which is sufficient to pay 7 per cent. on

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, E.C.—165, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—8, Haymarket, S.W.—18, Westbourne-grove, W.—Nos. 19 and 20, Railway-approach, London-bridge, S.E.—Manchester address, Bridgewater-chambers, 6, Brown-street.—Brighton address, Central-chambers, The Quadrant. No commission on speculative accounts. He buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired. Telephone No. 1,578.

its £400,000 Preference Shares, and at present 5 per cent. on its £400,000 Ordinary Shares. The amount of rent rises in another year, so that the Ordinary will then get 6 per cent., and three years later it again rises sufficiently to give the Ordinary 7 per cent., and it remains at that until the end of the lease. The Preference Shares, which some time ago stood at 16, now stand at 12½ to 13½ in the London Share List, but I see the Ordinary Shares were done recently at prices varying from 10⅝ to 10¼. Up to the end of the four years, at which time the Ordinary Shares will be in receipt of 7 per cent., alike with the Preference, the actual difference in the dividend paid on each class is 12s., yet there is a difference of nearly £3 in the price, and the security is identical. Can you explain the anomaly?

My correspondent is quite correct in his remarks. The anomaly exists. The North-Eastern rent amounts to £48,000 per annum, or, say, 7 per cent. on the Preference and 5 per cent. on the Ordinary, from July 1, 1889, to June 30, 1892; £50,000 per annum, or, say, 7 per cent., on the Preference and 6 per cent. on the Ordinary, from July 1, 1892, to June 30, 1895; and £56,000 per annum, or, say, 7 per cent. on the Preference and 7 per cent. on the Ordinary, from July 1, 1895, and thereafter.

Chilian and Nitrate Stocks.

Affairs in Chili are settling down quite comfortably. The European Powers, one after the other, are recognising the new Government, and the United States have done so, and Ex-President Balmaceda's suicide has removed the last disturbing element. There is not the slightest fear of the interest on Chilian bonds being in jeopardy, for I am assured on the highest authority that this is quite safe, and that no new loan will be needed. Chilian bonds have advanced to 91—92, and are likely to improve gradually and surely. The market for Nitrate shares and Nitrate rails has eased off, partly in consequence of the report that an additional export duty might be put on nitrate of soda. There seems, however, no truth in this rumour. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the total exports during the present year will fall short by a million quintals of the maximum fixed under the combination for restricting the output, viz., 18 million quintals. As soon as the autumn demand for nitrate sets in, therefore, a marked improvement in the price may be anticipated. There is thus no reason for any depression in Nitrate shares, if there is, on the other hand, no reason for any material immediate advance along the whole line. Nitrate rails have reacted on realisations, and are now worth picking up again. The last traffic showed again a moderate decrease, but it could hardly be expected that the line could already benefit by the altered state of affairs in Chili. In due time I look for a considerable improvement, and as the Company has a large balance arising from last year's profits in hand, the shares are a good purchase. On the basis of a 20 per cent. dividend, as last paid, the shares yield nearly 12 per cent. on the investment. Araucos keep their price well, but I look for some pause in the upward movement until mail advices with full particulars come to hand from the property.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

South African Land and Mining shares have enjoyed a material recovery during the past week. A number of operators, who have made money in the Yankee boom, are turning their attention to them, and the hopes of the old habitués of the Kaffir Circus are rising high. It is no secret that powerful hands are engaged in lifting British Chartered of South Africa, Goldfields of South Africa, and Bechuanaland. For myself, I prefer the last-named shares, now quoted 1¾. I hear that a dividend will shortly be declared, and that a marked advance may be looked for. Witwatersrand Gold Mining shares appear to have fairly entered upon a boom. A syndicate, which is said to have planked down £30,000, has taken in hand Ferreira, which are up 1¾ for the week at 10; Simmer and Jack, which have advanced ½ to 4½; Crown Reefs, now 5; Langlaagte, now 3⅛; and City Suburban, now 4. Of these, I like the Simmer and Jack Mine by far the best. Its crushing operations are carried out on a large scale (tons crushed to the end of July, 48,475, yielding 21,904 oz. of gold). The shares stood at 11 in February, 1889, and it is paying regular dividends. Of cheap Mines, I recommend May's Consolidated, which have improved to 12; Sheba, at 24; Knights, at 9s. 6d.; but I am more especially in favour of three Mines of which I append full particulars in a separate paragraph, New Primrose, Nigel, and Glencairn. Oceana Transvaal shares are preparing for an important ascent. They touched 6¾ a day or two ago, and although now quoted 6 only, you may see them at 8 or 10 ere long. There is hardly any stock about, and a large "Bear" account is still open, while the news from the Company's various farms is most promising. By the way, Mr. Geo. Richards, the Managing Director of the Langlaagte Estate and Mining Company, writes to me from Langlaagte, asking me to correct my statement that Mr. Pedersen, the manager of the Silati mine, had been the manager of that mine. It appears that he was mine captain. The matter is of very little importance, and a mine captain often knows more than a manager. De Beers Diamond shares have taken a strong turn upwards. The demand for diamonds has greatly increased, and I am told on good authority that the Chairman, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, will be able to make favourable announcements at the general meeting to be held next Thursday in Kimberley. According to usually well-informed quarters, De Beers, now quoted 13¾, are likely to rise to at least 15, which will be bad news for the numerous "Bears." Otto's Kopje are up to 3s. 9d.–4s., and are likely to go higher. Indian Mines are also firmer, in sympathy with Kaffirs, and there is no doubt but that on any further development of the Kaffir boom, this new wave will sweep over all the sections of the Mining Market. Mysore Gold are quoted 5⅝, and Mysore Nagar have risen to 9s. 6d.-10s., with an upward tendency. With regard to Silver Mines, these are also having a shake up. From the Australian Broken Hill Consols mine a cablegram has come to hand, stating that "some ore of fair grade is always being raised, and that a small quantity of rich ore, yielding 11,000 oz. of silver to the ton, has quite recently been struck." The shares thereupon improved to 1 1/16. By the way, the shares of another new Broken Hill mine, the Silverton (Broken Hill) Mining Company, are appearing on the market. The mine is situate in the parish of Stephen, in the Broken Hill Mining District, the Broken Hill Proprietary and the British Broken Hill Mines being situated in the adjoining parish of Picton. It is reported that a considerable amount of ore has been raised from the present sinking, about 30 tons of which in its rough state has been sold and averaged 108 oz. of silver and 55 per cent. of lead to the ton, but various assays of other parcels of ore up to 466 oz. per ton are reported. These £1 shares appear to be promising at their price of 12s. 6d. At the adjourned meeting of the "Maid of Erin" Silver Mines, on Tuesday last week, a second interim dividend of 1s. per share was declared, carrying forward the whole of the profits of this month. With excellent returns, and dividends of 10 per cent. already declared, these shares are not dear at 1⅜.

Three Promising Gold Mines.

Having made special inquiries into the merits of some Witwatersrand Gold Mines, which are less known on this side than they ought to be, I have come to the conclusion that amongst the best purchases in the Kaffir Circus are New Primrose Gold, Nigels, and Glencairn. To begin with the New Primrose Gold Mining Company, this undertaking has a capital of £175,000, and its recent history indicates great progress. A net profit of £8,561 has been earned in the half-year ended June 30 after charging all expenditure on permanent works to working expenses, wiping out the balance of the old Permanent Works Account of £2,000, and writing off £1,701 for

George Gregory & Company, Stock and Share Dealers, 4, Tokenhouse-buildings, Lothbury, Bank of England, London, E.C. Telegrams "Grammarian, London"; Manager, Mr. A. Langridge. Also, London—West-End: 226, Piccadilly, W. (immediately opposite the London Pavilion). Telegrams, "Gregarious, London"; Manager, Mr. George Williams.—Brighton: Central-chambers, The Quadrant (facing Willings' Jubilee Clock Tower). Telegrams, "Gregorian, Brighton"; Manager, Mr. W. J. Nichols.—Hastings: Queen's-chambers (adjoining the Queen's Hotel). Telegrams, "Gregory, Hastings"; Manager, Mr. H. O. Scantlebury. Agencies at Leeds, Hull, and Folkestone.

depreciation of plant and machinery. According to the Manager's report, 75,900 tons of ore are fully developed, and a further 105,650 available, making up 181,550 tons above present working, which will now cost comparatively little to open up. This, by the way, has not been taken in the accounts as an asset. Fifty more stamps are being erected, and seventy to eighty stamps will be at work before the end of the year. But the crushings in the meantime have been good. The output has steadily increased month by month during the past half-year. The returns during the last three months are, in this respect, conclusive:—

	Yield.	From Tons of Ore.
June	2,241 oz.	4,110
July	2,363 „	4,677
August	2,475 „	4,560

According to the report, "the directors have carefully avoided forcing, and believe that not only will the output be maintained, but that it will continue to increase steadily with the development of the mine. A dividend of 5 per cent. was declared on June 30, and a further dividend is expected this year. Here, then, is a Kaffir share of £1 standing at 1½, which is already earning steady dividends, and with every prospect of improving returns and large dividends in the future. I now pass to the Nigel Gold Mining Company, the capital of which is £160,000. The balance of profit for the year 1890 of £10,339 (after writing off £8,989 for depreciation) would have been sufficient to pay a decent dividend to the shareholders, but in view of important additions to the machinery it was considered advisable not to do so. The old battery was in a dilapidated condition, and a new battery (25 heads Sandycroft) has been erected, which was to commence crushing on September 15. According to a report from the mine dated June 16th, it will now be possible "to obtain from an ore deposit of exceptional richness the maximum of gold at a minimum cost." The report also contains the statement that the mine continues to open up satisfactorily, and that by the time the mill starts the management will be in a position to keep it going, and to obtain regular and substantial outputs. According to the directors' report, at the No. 4 shaft, at deepest point, the reef had improved from 1 oz. to 4 oz., which had been undervalued, and at No. 6, at deepest point, where the reef was cut through, the reef had widened to 2 ft., and assayed 5 oz. 3 dwts. 6 grains. The report winds up as follows:—"Taking into consideration the improvements at our deepest points, the extent of our ground, fifty claims on line of reef, seven deep, and the immediate erection of the best-known appliances for catching gold in pyritic rock, the Nigel will compare most favourably with any mine on the Randt, and the result of the coming year's operations will be highly satisfactory to its shareholders." Here, then, is a mine of proved richness about to go ahead with a new battery which should at the present moment be in full swing. The £1 shares are to be had at 2¾, at which they are undoubtedly cheap. You will remember, my dear Ben, that a South-African correspondent, whose letter I published last week, recommended New Primrose and Nigels very particularly. I attach the greatest importance to his recommendation, as he is in a position to know, and in view of the very satisfactory information which I have obtained on the position of both mines I advise you to give the preference to these shares over the many higher priced ones which are not worth nearly so much. Finally I recommend as a low price Randt Mine, the £1 shares of the Glencairn Main Reef Gold Mining Company, now quoted 8s. Crushing was discontinued some time ago in this mine, as the ore at the first level did not pay, but the Company has now come upon paying ore on the second level, and crushing has recommenced on September 1, with 20 stamps of ore, averaging 8 dwts. Regular returns are, therefore, looked for, and the shares are, under the circumstances, very cheap.

An Obliging Foreign Banker.

A correspondent in Lima forwards copies of a circular to me, which he says are being sent to Peru, and on which he invites me to state my opinion in the interest of my readers abroad, of whom, he correctly says that, "I have many." The circular is drawn up in Spanish, and lithographed, and I herewith give a translation:—

[TRANSLATION.]

72, Leadenhall-street, London, E.C.,
January 31, 1891.

Gentlemen,—We take the liberty of addressing you, and to offer our services as bankers.

Should you wish to draw upon London for ordinary discount in order to pay your orders for merchandise, we are prepared to open you a credit for the sum of £5,000 (five thousand pounds sterling), for which you may draw upon us to any desired amount at sixty or ninety days sight, with the assurance of it being honoured; in exchange you must remit to us, in good time, bills of exchange on first-class houses in England, or bills of lading for produce saleable in these markets.

For the purpose of opening an account in your favour in our books it is necessary that you remit us the sum of £50 sterling, which sum covers our commission of ½ per cent. on above credit and other expenses.

In the hope of doing business to our mutual benefit, we remain, your obedient servants,

Q. B. S. M.
Lloyd Watson & Co.

The offer to strangers of an open credit for £5,000 must, at the outset, appear exceedingly liberal, although the demand for a remittance of £50 in advance somewhat detracts from its generous nature. I took the trouble to take a journey to 72, Leadenhall-street, and found that this great firm of bankers, offering £5,000 credits freely, occupy an office on the second floor, the ground-floor shop being occupied by a bootmaker, the first floor by a tailor. Unfortunately, the office of the banking firm of Lloyd, Watson, & Co. was closed, so that I could not enjoy an interview with any of the partners, or even the office boy. A notice was up, "Return at three o'clock," or an hour and a half after my call. Business seems, therefore, to be slack with Lloyd, Watson, & Co. I wonder how many foreign firms acted upon this polite invitation for a remittance of £50 "for the purpose of opening an account," and I wonder how many £100,000 the credits granted by the firm have reached?

MacIvor's Patents.

After having undergone a quiet course of development, MacIvor's Patents, Limited, a Company which was established about a year ago for working a new process for the manufacture of genuine white-lead, is now coming to the front, and there are active dealings in the shares at advancing prices. The Dutch or "stack" method of manufacturing white-lead undoubtedly stands in great need of improvement. The difficulty has been to devise a process that should be quicker in its action than the Dutch system (which entails a great lock-up of capital, as it requires from four to six months to carry it out), while at the same time producing an equally good material. MacIvor's process has achieved these conditions in a remarkable manner. This method—the acetate of ammonia process—converts the roughest litharge or oxide in a few hours into white-lead superior to that of the Dutch product, while the Dutch process requires the use of the very best sheet-lead, even a small grain of silver being highly injurious and destroying the colour of the white-lead. In the case of the MacIvor process, on the other hand, silver or other impurities are automatically recovered, the whole operation being performed in closed vessels. Colour is a vital point in the matter of white-lead, and it is claimed for the MacIvor process that it produces a material superior in colour and quality to any Dutch white-lead. The process, being a wet one, and yielding a product that does not require dry grinding, there is no danger to the health of operatives engaged in working it. Here, then, we have a process worked expeditiously and economically, producing a superior article at a cost which is stated to yield a manufacturing profit of not less than £5 per ton at current prices, while the Dutch process is known to be worked at a very small

H. Hanbury, Stock and Share Dealer, 15 to 18, Bishopsgate Without London. Every class of Stock Exchange business undertaken, whether for speculation or investment, and free of commission. Advice circulars, issued fortnightly, to be forwarded free on application. Mining and Shares largely dealt in. A list of sound investments paying from 4 to 8 per cent. is issued at the beginning of the month. Money advanced on approved Stocks and Shares. Telegraphic address, "Byldan, London." National Telephone, No. 2,097.

margin of profit. The earnings of the Company would proceed from two sources—first, from the granting of licences on royalties to the trade for the use of the process; and, secondly, from the earnings of the Company from its own factory. The latter has been in course of erection for some time at Northfleet, and will be completed in about a month's time, when plant for an out-turn of 100 to 200 tons a week to begin with will be ready, a small plant being now at work. The building accommodation and large plant, engines, boilers, &c., would, however, eventually be sufficient for an out-turn of 400 to 500 tons a week. This white lead industry is one of great importance in this country, large quantities being imported from Germany, in addition to the manufacture on a most extensive scale which is carried on here. The prospects of the Company appear, therefore, to be very satisfactory, and with practical results to be looked for in the immediate future, the £2 shares, now quoted 3⅛, seem to be a promising industrial investment.

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various investors:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Anxious.—Yes, the interest on Argentine Funding bonds will be duly paid in cash on October 1. *S. A.*—You should hold your Chilian bonds, they are likely to advance to par again. *M. P.*—The security of the Argentine loan of 1886 and of the Funding loan is the same, and the latter is much cheaper in proportion, but there is not so much of a market for it as for that of 1886. *Veritas.*—No, I do not recommend investment in either Portuguese or Spanish stocks, which you ought to know if you read my letter regularly. *Brazil.*—1. The documents respecting the Buenos Ayres Water and Drainage Contract are on their way to this country, and as soon as they arrive, probably in the course of October, the Preference dividend will be settled. 2. Principe do Grao Para Mortgage bonds are a fair investment; but Brazilian Railways are rather under a cloud just now.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Peter.—Have nothing to do with the people in question. It is an outside stockbroker's concern, and the system adopted is not likely to benefit the clients. *Cape.*—I am not in favour of either of the Trust Companies named, but in view of the rise which is now taking place in many of the securities held by them I should certainly hold for an improvement, which is probable. *B. W. L.*—Yes; the shares of the Trustees and Executors' Corporation are a good investment. *Jonathan.*—The market is at present against Founders' shares, but with the general recovery in securities U.S. Debenture Corporation Founders' shares will, no doubt, improve again. *Via.*—1. I know nothing of this Trust, can you furnish some further particulars, offices of the Company, &c. 2. Hold the Buenos Ayres bonds; they will recover in time.

Home Rails.

Ignoramus No. 1.—I am not in favour of North British Deferred; in fact, have been against them for a considerable time, as you must have seen if you have read my letter regularly. If you are prepared to wait a year until the Company might pull round, you might do so, but it is even then doubtful. Better sell and invest in a stock paying decent dividends, such for instance as Norfolk and Western Prefs. *Hugo.*—Yes, Little Chathams are a fair speculation. *P. O. N.*—I should certainly prefer Caledonian Deferred which are in the receipt of a small dividend to North British Deferred without the ghost of a chance of a dividend for some time to come. *Trustee.*—1. Trustees may not as a rule invest in ordinary railway stock, but should you have special power, I advise you to try £650 of Midland stock. 2. These stocks will probably improve with the Trust shares, but are not by any means so promising. *Edouard.*—You might find a market in Mersey railway shares in Liverpool. *H. M., Holyhead.*—Great Eastern Ordinary are a progressive stock, but the yield is so low at present price that it would be preferable to invest elsewhere. Do not put all your eggs into one basket, but distribute your investment say over Four per Cent. Mexican Central Gold bonds, Cordoba Central (Central Northern Section) Debentures, Costa Rica Railway Secured Debentures, and Buenos Ayres and Rosario Tucuman Extension shares, 1894.

American and Foreign Rails.

Ohio.—The interest on Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Second Income Mortgage bonds is payable August 1 and February 1, but I cannot tell you when the payments will commence. Yes, Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Third Income bonds at 10½—11 are cheap. See under "The Yankee Boom." *Medicus.*—The interest on the Inter-Oceanic Six per Cent. Debentures is quite safe, and you should hold. *H. Matlock.*—1. I meant Texas "B," but the same remark applies to Texas "A," which are also a good purchase. 2. Yes, Forbes Reefs are likely to improve with the Mining market generally, which is apparently on the eve of a big movement. 3. Yes, Otto Kopje are a good speculation. *W. B. S.*—You might invest in Midland Railway Ordinary, Canadian Pacifics, Norfolk and Western Preferred, or, if you wish for bonds in some of the gilt-edged American Railroad bonds mentioned in Truth of August 27. I do not know anything of the Canal stock (1), and the Hungarian Railway bonds (2) are probably a fair investment, but are not dealt in here. *J. M., Lyndale.*—You can safely hold the other half of your Canadian Pacifics for a still higher price. *Spectrum.*—Yes, the dividend on the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Sunchales shares is quite safe, and they should be held. Yes, they rank before the Tucuman. *A Subscriber.*—Hold the Brazilian stock and Barrow-in-Furness Ordinary; the latter is an improving line. *J. W. W.*—1. Yes; the Bank of British Columbia ought to benefit by the development and prosperity of the Dominion, and your reasoning is quite logical, if you care for bank shares as an investment. I recommend to your special attention Quebec Central Income bonds (see under "A Cheap Bond"). 2. No; I keep to my views. 3. I do not care for either. Sooner or later trouble will arise in the East, and both Turkish and Egyptian stocks will suffer. 5. Interoceanic Six per Cent. Debentures are a good investment, and will probably improve again when the whole line is re-opened for traffic. *P. M. R.*—Same reply as above (No. 5). *A. H. C.*—Five Per Cent. Nitrate Railway bonds will probably recover as Chilian affairs are settled. *Bell Rock.*—Texas "B" shares have now advanced to ¼, and should be held. Prospects for a deal are better than they ever were before, and the shares would, in that case, probably touch your price. "A" would be affected as well as "B."

Mining Shares.

W. H. S.—Yes; you should hold De Beers Diamond shares. According to latest advices, next Thursday's meeting at Kimberley will be of a favourable character, and the price will advance. *Mine.*—I see no reason to alter my opinion—hold. The statements of the paper in question are evidently biassed. *Kaffir No. 1.*—According to all appearances, we are on the eve of a great movement in South African Gold shares. You should buy New Primrose, Nigels, and Glencairns, about which you will find special information under "Three Promising Gold Mines." *D. H. D.*—1. I should keep all the mining shares, A-G, for the present, but watch the market fluctuations with a view to realising. 2. There is no likelihood of receiving anything from Great Krüger, Hill's Waterfall, &c. 3. Not immediately, but another reconstruction cannot be very far off, unless the returns improve. 4 (*a*). A fair lock up at about 3s. (*b.*) These Estates are quite a dead share. Do not buy.

Industrial Companies.

Colonel.—I consider that the speculative movements in Electric Light shares are premature, and should advise you to stand aside. *T. O.*—American Brewery shares are likely to improve in the course of the next few months. *Limerick.*—I really cannot see that you can complain of your investment in Denver United Brewery shares. Considering high price of material this Company has done well enough, paying 10 per cent. dividend, carrying £7,500 to reserve, and £300 forward. *Aberdeen.*—I cannot tell you anything about the American Elmore Patents. All I can say is that the English and French Elmore Companies are likely to do exceedingly well from *bonâ-fide* business. *B. W. L.*—Yes, these Brewery Prefs. (A) are a fair investment. No, I do not advise purchase of these Meat shares (B) yet. *Jones.*—No, do not average yet. I will take care to advise you. *J. E.*—1. Do not average yet, I will advise you. 2. The new Chairman of the Hammond Company, Mr. J. R. Ellerman, is on his way back from the States. Await his report. He writes hopefully.

Mixed Investments.

St. George.—1. Yes, hold the Brewery shares for a recovery. 2. Pennsylvania Railway shares will advance with other American shares, but it is a sluggish stock. *I. E.*—You have done quite right to sell out the Brazilian and Intercolonial, and have made an excellent investment of your £3,000 in the stocks advised by me, Costa Rica Second Debentures, City of Mexico bonds, Buenos Ayres and Rosario, Sunchales, and Extension shares, Cordoba Central Five per Cent. Debentures (Central Northern Section) Ohio and Missisippi Ordinary and Prefs. and Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Second Income bonds. These will grow into money, No. 7 has already risen 6 points, No. 8, 3 points. Hold 1—5 as steady investments, and sell 6—8 when you see a *big* profit. *Down.*—1. You cannot do better than join the reconstruction of the United States Rolling-Stock Company. It is being carried out by a very respectable committee. 2. I know nothing of this Company; it is a local Belfast concern. *Magnus.*—I should leave No. 1 and No. 2 alone. No. 3 is a fair speculative investment. No. 4 is a good investment. As regards No. 5, if you want to buy Transvaal shares you had far better buy those that can be readily bought and sold. 6. There will be an early call, after which these shares will recover. 7. They will recover again. 8. A good investment. 9. I should sell if I were a holder. 10. No, I should not buy them.

Various Investments.

The New South Wales loan has just about been taken up, and nothing more. There was no enthusiasm, and it is to be hoped that the Australian colonies will now stop their eternal borrowing for some time. They have certainly worn out their welcome on the London Market. Mail advices from Melbourne furnish particulars of the failures of the Bank of Van Dieman's Land and of the Imperial Banking Company, which are by no means pleasant reading. When the Chairman of the Bank of

Van Dieman's Land only two months before the collapse congratulated the shareholders, saying that, "relying on the active co-operation of each individual shareholder in the bank, there was no reason why the satisfactory progress that had been made during the past few years should not be continued," and more in the same strain, he must have known that he was most shamefully deceiving the public, and there is no doubt about the very risky business which was done by the bank. As regards the Imperial Banking Company, which owes, like the first-named concern, considerable sums to depositors, it is reported in some Australian papers that scarcely one-half of the uncalled capital will now be available to the liquidator. This is bad for the depositors, but the shareholders who can pay up are, of course, in the worst plight. The new speculative revival has brought in its turn a boomlet in electric light shares. Let me warn my readers that this movement is premature. There is no reason for a second electric light fever, and nothing could be more unfortunate than to rush blindly into such stocks. I should not advise purchases except for investment, and then only after careful selection and investigation. A fair amount of business is being done in American Brewery shares, especially Preferences, and quotations are hardening. In view of cheaper cost of material during the next year, prospects are favourable, and a further recovery in values may be expected at no distant date. Elmore Copper shares show great firmness, the English shares are quoted $4\frac{1}{8}$—$\frac{3}{8}$, the French $3\frac{1}{4}$—$\frac{1}{2}$, the latter being especially in request. You ask me about the other Elmore Copper shares, German, Austrian, Priority, &c. I cannot express any decided views on these, not having investigated the position, but I do know that the English shares are promising, and that the French are even more so, and are a good purchase at present price. Another attempt is being made by the "Bears" of Bell's Asbestos shares, whose number is legion, to put down the price in order to get in cheap. But in view of the general recovery in securities it is more than likely that a sudden spurt will spoil the game of the ursine party. The directors of the Company are certainly not doing their duty in keeping silence, when by speaking out about the prospects of the undertaking they could lift the price to a much higher level. Several correspondents have written to ask me if I consider it possible that the directors do not wish the price to advance before they have bought their former holdings back? Much as has been said about the management of Bell's Asbestos Company, I do not for a moment think the board capable of such unscrupulous conduct, but their continued silence is being interpreted in a manner very damaging to their good name.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

QUEER STORY.

A SHAMELESS JOB.

MR. JUSTICE MORTMAIN was what his friends called a very successful man, and what his enemies called a very lucky one. As a matter of fact, however fortunate or successful he appeared to be, there was no blinking the truth that, in his heart of hearts, he was a very disappointed man. Not that he had ever hoped to become a Lord Chancellor, Master of the Rolls, or even a Lord Justice. He was fully satisfied with the dignity he had attained to as a "puisne." But he was terribly disappointed in his family.

The Mortmains, although an old stock, had never until now risen above the rank of the "Lower Middles," and Mr. Justice Mortmain was passionately desirous of becoming the founder of an aristocratic branch of the family. Nature, however, aided and abetted by Lady Mortmain, had refused him a son and heir. Daughters two indeed they had, but Master Mortmain *non est inventus*.

This is a constant mistake that people are making. The only way to have a son and heir is to marry. Therefore, they say, let us marry and have a son and heir, forgetting that the son and heir is, as often as not, a *non sequitur*. As in Mr. Justice Mortmain's case, the conclusion does not always follow the premises. Therefore, marriage is illogical, *quod erat non demonstrandum*.

But this disappointment, great though it was, was not all that Sir Joseph Mortmain had to put up with. One of his daughters was blind, and the other as ugly as—well, what shall we say?—as ugly as Mr. Justice Mortmain himself, and, if you want to know how ugly that was, you need only go up to Temple Bar and peep into the courts, and pick out the handsomest of the old gentlemen who dole out justice or law, and you will find out.

Now this ugliness in the daughters savoured the more of bad luck, inasmuch as Lady Mortmain herself had been an exceedingly pretty girl, and Celia might just as well have inherited the beauty of the Burroughes (her ladyship was the daughter of English Burroughes, Esq., one of her Majesty's counsel learned in the law) as the plainness of the Mortmains. In that case the learned Judge would have made the assumption of the name of Mortmain by any prospective son-in-law a condition of giving substantial dower to his daughter; but, as things were at the time of which I write, he felt that to be out of the question, and would gladly have hailed the advent of any presentable and aristocratic Tom, Dick, or Harry who would unconditionally take her and fifteen thousand pounds to wife.

However, the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys were extremely "backward in coming forward," and there seemed every prospect of the Mortmain line (save the mark!) beginning and ending with Sir Joseph himself.

Now Lady Mortmain had a nephew, a certain Charles James Burroughes, who had inherited the Burroughes' beauty and wits, but was sadly wanting in the more solid virtues of study and application. In accordance with the traditions of the family, Charles James had eaten his dinners, scraped through the Bar examination, and been "called." On the strength of his name and relationships now and again unimportant briefs were entrusted to him; but, although he was of seven years' standing, there seemed little promise of his making a living by his profession.

Charles James was not a satisfactory character. He was what one might call one of the paulo-post-futures of the human verb. When the time came for making an effort, he would say, he would not be found wanting; but then the time never did come, and his prospects consequently were not brilliant. Indeed, at the time we write of, the look-out was embarrassing. The constable had been considerably outrun, and his expenditure appeared to him incapable of curtailment. Anyhow, whether retrenchment was feasible or not, a more satisfactory solution would undoubtedly be an augmentation of the wherewithal.

Such was the condition of affairs when, one day, he called on his aunt, Lady Mortmain, with whom he was a great favourite, and poured out certain troubles of his into her sympathetic ears. He represented himself as a young man who felt that the time had arrived when he ought to get married.

"But you know, aunt, I've not got enough to keep a wife upon. I wish to goodness Sir Joseph would use his influence to get me an appointment."

"But what are you in such a hurry for, Charlie? Are you in love with anybody?"

"No, aunt," he answered, straight out, "I don't care for any girl in particular; but," and he put a "meaning" into his voice, "I'm one of those fellows who ought to settle down, you know."

And then there came into Lady Mortmain's head a conversation that she had held with Sir Joseph but two days before on the subject of Celia's matrimonial prospects. How would it be if this young man, whose nuptial projects were so impersonal, could be induced to look upon his cousin (and her dower) with favour?

With this in her mind, she continued, "But why don't you look about for a nice girl with some money of her own, Charlie? There are plenty who would be glad of a good-looking young fellow like you."

"Yes, aunt, that's all very well," said Charlie, "but you see I'm not the sort of fellow who would like to be dependent upon his wife for support. It's all very well

to get a girl with money, but I must be making enough to keep going, apart from anything my wife may have." And Charles James put on a very noble expression of virtuous resolve, which impressed his aunt exceedingly.

"Well, Charlie," she said, "I honour you very much for your firmness on this point, and will take the earliest opportunity I can of sounding your uncle on the subject. This is Wednesday. Come in to lunch on Sunday, and I will report progress."

Charles James kissed his aunt, and went away virtuously rejoicing.

Now Celia Mortmain was, apart from her exceeding plainness, a very nice girl, indeed; capable, unselfish, but retiring to a fault. She thought her cousin Charlie the finest and cleverest young man in creation. Her blind sister, Julia, who had never seen her ugly face, pictured *her* as being as beautiful as an angel.

Sunday came in due course, and Charles James made his way to No. 40, Essex-square. His uncle received him with more than his usual cordiality, and Lady Montmain whispered that she must have a private talk with him before he went away.

That solid English midday Sunday dinner took a long time to get through, and afterwards most of the family made one pretext or another to get away alone for that inevitable Sunday afternoon nap. Within a quarter of an hour of dispersing, Lady Mortmain and Charles James were the only two of the party who were wide awake. They had retired to her ladyship's boudoir, and their conversation proved of an interesting nature.

"Well, Charlie," said Lady Mortmain, "I have spoken to your uncle, and I think you will be of my opinion that our conversation has proved eminently satisfactory."

"That's awfully good of you, Auntie, what did the Judge say?"

"Well, Charlie, the Judge said more than I expected he would. He said that if you proved really willing to work he would like to treat you as his son, for you know, dear, that he has always been much disappointed that he has never had one of his own," and the poor lady's voice trembled just a little as she said this.

"He has, however, never till now realised that you were prepared to put your shoulder to the wheel in earnest."

"I've never had the chance," said Charles James.

"No, dear, I know it's often very long before a young barrister gets his opportunity. And now, Charlie, I want to mention something that has long been on my mind. You have always been great friends with your cousin, Celia, and she has always shown a great fondness for you. Nothing, I am sure, would please the Judge more than for you two to make a match of it. He could then be induced, without doubt, to make every effort on your behalf. No, do not interrupt me. I know what you would say—that it would not have been honourable for you to engage her affections without having the wherewithal to keep her. This I allow, but I must tell you that I thought it advisable to hint to the Judge what might possibly be the state of your feelings, and I think your best plan would be, if I am correct in my surmise, to approach him on these two matters together."

Now, such is the extraordinary rapidity of thought that, during this not very long harangue of Lady Mortmain's, Charles James had twice made up his mind, and twice changed it again. He did not love his cousin Celia in the least, and, certainly, there could never be any possibility of his marrying her. At the first mention of her name he had, like an honest man, at once essayed to disabuse his aunt of the notion; but she had only noticed his interruption to deprecate it. This had given him a moment's pause. In that moment the whole current of his intentions was changed. Otherwise, this story had not been written.

He left his aunt that afternoon with the understanding that she should again speak to the Judge and arrange an interview between them.

Two days later uncle and nephew were closeted together.

"Well, Charles," said the Judge, "what is this I hear?"

"I suppose my aunt has told you, uncle, that I am very fond of Celia, but that I have never spoken to her and would not do so until I had asked your consent?"

"That is very honourable of you, Charles," said the Judge, looking hard at him.

"You see, uncle, I have simply nothing to keep her on; and I could never marry a girl and live upon her money."

"That does you great credit, Charles."

"And I thought, uncle, that perhaps you might see your way to getting me an appointment. You have very great influence."

"What sort of appointment do you mean?"

"Well, I saw only to-day that the Attorney-Generalship of the Capricorn Islands is vacant. That, I expect, is not so very much run after. Of course, I could hardly expect a home appointment."

"But why should you leave the country, Charles? Why not settle down in England with Celia, presuming, of course, that she is willing? You can still stick to the Bar. I could settle enough on her for you two to live upon until you get more work."

"No, uncle," said Charles, emphatically, "I absolutely refuse to be dependent upon my wife for my livelihood. I must be able to make a competency myself. I would rather give up Celia altogether than have to rely upon your bounty."

"Well, Charles," said the Judge, "I will see what I can do for you. I think it is very probable I could name the Attorney-General for the Capricorns."

"In the meantime, uncle, I shall not of course breathe a word to Celia of my aspirations. It will be time enough when I see my way to being able to support her."

"As you will, Charles," said the Judge.

Charles James thereupon expressed his gratitude to his uncle rather too effusively, and went away thanking his stars he was so well through with the interview.

A week later he received a letter from Lady Mortmain informing him that she understood from her husband that he had obtained for him the appointment of Attorney-General for the Capricorn Islands.

Charles James thereupon sat down and calmly penned the following letter to Sir Charles Mortmain:—

"My Dear Uncle,—*I fear the communication which I have to make in this letter will prove somewhat painful to you. I confess I cannot but feel some compunction for the deception which I have practised upon you. When I told you that I would not speak to Celia without any appointment you might obtain for me being first gazetted, which appointment turns out to be the very one referred to by me—viz., that of Attorney-General for the Capricorn Islands, I was deceiving you. No such engagement could possibly take place, as I was pledged to another. That other is, and was at the moment of our interview, my wife. The marriage is advertised in the "Times" to-day, although it took place some time ago.*

You will, I am sure, agree with me that the best thing to do under the circumstances will be to keep the matter of my aspirations to Celia's hand a profound secret as heretofore, otherwise so flagrant a job might cover you with obloquy.

You have, uncle, been outwitted in your designs, and must grin and bear it.

Hoping you will soon recover from your disappointment at not getting Celia off your hands. I am, my dear Uncle, your affectionate Nephew, C. J. Burroughes."

"I wonder how the old fellow will relish that," chuckled Charles James to himself, as he put the letter into the post.

The next morning he found on his breakfast-table an envelope addressed to him in his uncle's handwriting.

"By Jove," he said, as he tore it open, "I'm blowed if he's not returned me my own letter." And, sure enough, the envelope contained his own effusion of the day before, but with the following corrections in his uncle's handwriting.

"My Dear ~~Uncle~~ Nephew,—*I fear the communication which I have to make in this letter will prove somewhat painful to you. I confess I cannot* ~~*but*~~ *feel* ~~*some*~~ any *compunction for the deception which I have practised upon you. When* ~~*I*~~ you *told* ~~*you*~~ me *that* ~~*I*~~ I *would not speak to Celia without any appointment* ~~*you*~~ *might obtain for* ~~*me*~~ you *being first gazetted, which appointment turns out to be the very one referred to by* ~~*me*~~ you*—viz., that of Attorney-General for the Capricorn Islands, I was deceiving you. No such* ~~*engagement*~~ appointment *could possibly take place, as* ~~*I*~~ it *was pledged to another. That other is, and was* already *at the moment of our interview,* ~~*my wife.*~~ Attorney-General appointment *The* ~~*marriage*~~ *is advertised in the "Times" to-day, although it took place some time ago.*

You will, I am sure, agree with me that the best thing to do under the circumstances will be to keep the matter of ~~*my*~~ your *aspirations to Celia's hand a profound secret as heretofore, otherwise so flagrant a* ~~*job*~~ sell *might cover you with* ~~*obloquy.*~~ ridicule

You have, ~~*uncle,*~~ nephew*, been outwitted in your designs, and must grin and bear it*

Hoping you will soon recover from your disappointment at not getting ~~*Celia off your hands,*~~ the Attorney-Generalship of the Capricorns *I am, my dear* ~~*Uncle,*~~ Nephew *your affectionate* ~~*Nephew,*~~ Uncle

Charles Mortmain

~~C. J. Burroughes.~~"

To the letter was added the following P.S. in the Judge's hand-writing:—

"*It is, perhaps, not within your knowledge that the day before our interview, your wife had taken upon herself to make her existence known to me behind your back, and had begged me to do something for my very deserving nephew, who, she said, had only failed to distinguish himself up to the present because of the lack of opportunity.*"

MUSIC.

From time to time during the past nine months various reports have been current in regard to Signor Lago's supposed intentions to start an opera season, now at Her Majesty's, then at Mr. Carte's theatre at Cambridge-circus, afterwards at the New Olympic, and at various other places. I have more than once stated that no good object could be gained by repeating such rumours, nor by discussing Signor Lago's chances—at any rate, until he had secured a house. This, it seems, he has now done, the theatre chosen being the Shaftesbury. It is furthermore understood that he will open with Mascagni's much-advertised "Cavalleria Rusticana"—the nonsensical report that this famous work would be introduced to London as a light opera was always sufficiently grotesque—and that he will start his season on Monday, the 19th prox. Signor Lago has thus obtained a local habitation, but between that step and the closing of a successful season a great deal, of course, remains to be done. At Covent Garden, Signor Lago had a house well stocked with scenery, properties, and appointments for a repertory of upwards of fifty operas, at no greater expense than the men's time for removing the stuff from its dusty place of temporary safety. Moreover, at the Royal Italian Opera he could command the services of a staff thoroughly experienced in operatic business, and a theatre to which the opera-going public were naturally attracted. It says something for Signor Lago's spirit of enterprise that he is now going to a house which possesses none of these advantages. The Shaftesbury boasts only a comparatively few private boxes, so that he will have to educate the moneyed classes, who are the largest supporters of opera, to make shift in the stalls. On the other hand, the very fact that the theatre is a new one supplies some sort of safeguard against any attempt to foist the hackneyed repertory upon the public. Inasmuch as every dress and every stick of properties have to be imported into the house, it will cost as much to mount "La Sonnambula" or "Lucia" as a new opera. When a petted prima donna, backed up by one or two of the lady subscribers, begs for the performance of "Norma" or "Marta," which the manager knows will not draw £20 to the theatre, he is tempted to give way if the scenery and accessories are to be had for nothing. But when he reflects that to mount Donizetti, Flotow, or Bellini will cost him precisely the same sum as the setting on the stage of a new and attractive work, he will be justified in putting down his foot upon the operas of the past. It is, of course, absurd to suppose that the season will be run through with the "Cavalleria Rusticana," a one-act opera which, in itself, would not suffice to provide a whole evening's entertainment. But if Signor Lago is as wise as he has already shown himself to be, he will rely chiefly upon novelties, the scenery, dresses, and appointments for which can now be hired from Italy at very favourable rates.

Sir A. Harris proposes to start his own modest opera season on Saturday next at Drury Lane, with the English version of "Carmen," chiefly supported by certain artists whom he has engaged for a term or by the year. He has not yet made any arrangements for an autumn opera season at Covent Garden, and if the Promenade Concerts turn out well next month, I should not be surprised if the manager refrained from indulging in the costlier experiment. But he has, at any rate, this advantage, that autumn opera can be turned on at Covent Garden at practically a fortnight's notice.

Nothing seems to be on hand at Her Majesty's, although the perennial reports that Signor Lago hopes to secure it for a term of years are again current. Sir A. Harris also has—or had—a scheme for opening the theatre. The ground lessees, of course, know their own business best; but if only for the sake of art, many of us can hardly help regretting that they could not three or four years ago come to an arrangement with Messrs. Novello, Vert, and Austin when those gentlemen proposed to convert the place into the much-needed Oratorio Hall for central London. The necessity for such a hall will, however, soon pass away, for as those who next Monday attend the London rehearsal for the Birmingham Festival will be able to see for themselves, the workmen are now very busy upon the new concert-room which is being erected under the shadow of the "extinguisher" church in Langham-place.

Dr. Richter is back again in England on Birmingham Festival business. The silly reports that he will go to America next year have been withdrawn, and it is now said that his visit has been fixed for 1893. No decision of the sort has, however, been come to, nor is it likely to be. By absenting himself from Vienna Dr. Richter would forfeit a handsome pension, which, after his death, would descend to his widow and children, and to persuade so cautious a man to take so serious a step a very large guaranteed fee would be needed. Besides, the Americans never did take kindly to mere visiting conductors. If a chef d'orchestre wishes to succeed in the new world he must "come to stay." Mr. Nikisch, the late Mr. Carl Bergmann, Mr. Seider, Mr. Gericke, the late Dr. Damrosch, Mr. Theodore Thomas (all but the last German), and many others have proved the truth of this theory. Dr. von Bülow, on the other hand, despite his great ability

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as a conductor, gained far more fame in the United States as a pianist, chiefly because he was a bird of passage.

By the way, let me appease in advance the wrath of my American friends in regard to the birth and nationality of Mr. Theodore Thomas. That popular conductor, long a naturalised American citizen, was born in Hanover in October, 1835, about eighteen months before that province was separated from the British Crown, to the advantage of both. Although the Hanoverians, since they "annexed" England in 1714, never, I believe, considered themselves to be British subjects, yet in 1835 they would as indignantly have repelled any suspicion of being Germans.

In the race for the Festival novelties, the Albert Hall authorities have carried the day. The statement which has been made that the Crystal Palace had secured Dvorák's "Requiem," has proved erroneous, and, indeed, except as to a brief setting of Browning's "Women and Roses," an overture by Hans Sitt, of Prague, and another overture which Mr. Manns has brought from Scotland, the Crystal Palace programmes of the present year will contain no novelties whatever. At the Albert Hall, matters are to be more stirring. Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," the finale sung by the splendid choir directed by Mr. Barnby, will start the season; Prof. Stanford's oratorio, "Eden," will be produced at the second concert on November 18; Mozart's "Requiem," and "Jupiter" symphony for the centennial celebration of the composer's death, will be given on December 5, and Dvorák's "Requiem" on March 23, the other programmes being filled by such well-known works as "Elijah," "Messiah" (on April 15, two days after the hundredth anniversary of its first production in Dublin), "Redemption," "Golden Legend," and "St. Paul." At the final concert, on May 4, Mdme. Albani will make her first appearance after her return from the United States.

Dr. Hubert Parry's "De Profundis," perhaps the most remarkable of the Festival novelties, will be introduced to London by the Bach choir. Prof. Bridge's "Nineveh," a remanet from last year's Festivals, has never yet had a chance of a hearing in central London. It may, however, possibly, be given during the winter, either at Westminster Abbey or at Exeter Hall.

Professor Bridge was, I understand, offered a seat upon the board of directors of the Carl Rosa Company, but declined it. Herr Ganz has, however, I learn accepted the post. Hitherto, since the death of Carl Rosa and the retirement of Sir George Grove, the musical element on the board has been represented only by Mr. Freemantle, of Manchester; for although his colleagues (Mr. George Nicholson, Mr. H. A. Bruce, and the Earl of Radnor) may be excellent men of business, they do not, I think, claim to have taken any part in professional musical life. Herr Ganz will, therefore, be a distinct acquisition.

Mr. J. A. de Orellana writes objecting to the inclusion of himself in the remarkable catalogue of those which I last week (doubtless, satirically) described as the "typical British names" to be found in the orchestral lists of the Birmingham Festival. He rightly says that two or three generations may suffice to alter nationality, though patronymics always remain. I dare say there are one or two others in the catalogue who, despite their names, are English by birth, or have practically become so by long residence. I, however, of course, did not for a moment intend specifically to refer to individuals, but mainly to the system adopted since Dr. Richter became conductor at Birmingham, of largely manning the orchestra by foreigners. The only excuses possible are that the foreigners play better, or that no competent Englishmen are available; but either alternative, as we all know, is not feasible. A local champion of the Birmingham orchestra declares that there are not more than twenty foreigners in the band, but it would be interésting to enquire whether Dr. Richter has twenty, or any, Englishmen in the orchestra of the Vienna Opera House.

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—You may remember my remarking to you, some time ago, upon the way in which ladies who are members of the Girls' Friendly Society occasionally misuse their opportunities of being useful to the servants they visit. I told you about one member, who was a perfect mine of gossip, and who collected from the servants whom she was supposed to be instructing in their duties. It is regrettable that a society so excellent in theory and intention should be injured, as this one certainly is, by the indiscretion of some of those who belong to it. Lilla declared that the interference of these ladies was quite insufferable, so much so that she will now never take a servant who belongs to the society. They called at inconvenient hours, and one of them, unaware of what a Tartar Lilla can be when she chooses, actually remonstrated with her by letter upon having two dinner-parties in one week. It was so hard upon the servants, she said, making the work heavy and keeping them up late at night. Lilla replied at once, forbidding her to interfere with her household, and declaring that, if she did so again, she would at once dismiss both the maids. As the "visiting member" considered it her duty to advise Lilla, later on, to let out her young sewing-maid for an hour every morning, Lilla kept her word and cleared out the whole lot. The servants did not like it, for though Lilla is very quick-tempered, she is a very good-natured mistress.

Mrs. Fourstars reminded us of all these things the other morning when she called, for she told us about a young woman whom she had lately engaged as cook, who is a member of this society. On the Sunday morning after she came, her visiting lady sent a note about half-past eight o'clock, telling the girl she wanted to see her at once, and that she was to ask her mistress's permission to run across to her for five minutes. As this occurred just as she was preparing breakfast for the family, at the hour when most cooks are occupied in similar fashion, Mrs. Fourstars thought there was a decided want of tact. She let the girl go, however, thinking it must be a matter of importance.

In another instance we know of, the lady who visited a servant was told by her that she could not afford the subscription to the paper issued by the society, as she had to send all her wages to her father and mother. The lady replied by advising her not to give it up. "I will pay it for you at present," she said, "and you can repay me when you are able." Good-natured, no doubt, but just the thing to make a young girl conclude that, if going into debt was sanctioned about a periodical, it would equally be sanctioned about some other things, such as dress and jewellery.

I wish the visiting members of the G.F.S. would advise the servants not to have anything to do with the men who go round inducing them to buy watches, sewing-machines, jewellery, and books, by paying for them in instalments. Sarah is eloquent on this subject. "Drat them pesterin' 'awkers," she says, "bringin' round their rubbige to tempt them silly gals." One of our maids has bought a musical album, price 35s. There is a want of symmetry about this kind of thing. For instance, musical albums do not go comfortably with holes in one's stockings and boots down at heel. At least, so says Sarah, in graphic language of her own. We had to dismiss a housemaid at half-an-hour's notice about three months ago, and Sarah says that one of these hawkers comes dunning for the money this girl owes him for a sewing-machine. They let the servants have possession of the articles when they have paid a few instalments, perhaps one—I do not know. But the whole system is a wrong one, and I am sure that it must be a very expensive way of buying things.

One of our maids bought, of all things, a family Bible from one of these men. A young thing of about seventeen—what *could* she want with a very elaborate family

Minton's (Limited).—Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

Bible? The watches, Sarah says, are rubbishy things, and leave off attempting to keep time after three months or so. So, ladies of the G.F.S., here is something for you to do. Discourage the hawkers, and also set your faces against allowing the girls you visit to gossip about the families they are in.

So you want a new tea-gown? I would not have velvet if I were you. It marks so easily. The greatest comfort I ever had out of a tea-gown was from a fine brown cashmere one, lined and faced with pink, and with pink up the front. The sleeves were long and of the pagoda shape, lined with pink silk, and with pink cuffs coming down to the wrist under the wide sleeves. It was a delightful garment, being neither too warm nor too cool, and served conveniently for dining in at home. I saw one of the new tea-gowns, with open bodice and short sleeves, at Blackborne's, in South Audley-street, last week. It, too, was pink, the material being a kind of broché. Over the short sleeves fell long, square lace ones, through which pretty arms would look quite charming. The gown was open a little at the neck in front, and was partly filled in with lace, which also formed a not too high collar at the back. A poetic gown.

The new autumn materials are very tempting, Amy dear. The woollens are so soft and fine, and in such beautiful minglings of autumnal tones, that there is a serious difficulty involved in choosing among them. Maud has bought a perfectly sweet cheviot, in a pale tone of tan colour, just like yellow blotting-paper, and flecked with greyish white. It is to be made up with a band of golden brown Louis velveteen round the skirt, and with revers of the same up the front, opening upon a waistcoat of white cloth braided in brown. She has bought an angelic hat of brown felt, crinkled about the brim in the most knowing fashion. The crown is covered with ostrich feathers of the colour of the cheviot. With her brown feather boa, this looks uncommonly well.

Lilla has a Paris gown in which she looks splendid. It is black bengaline, made to fit on the hips without a single fold, just moulded upon her figure. The skirt is not too much gored. The bodice has a waistcoat of a lovely brocade, the ground, canary-colour, with little flowers strewn upon it, and fastened with beautiful buttons of old enamel, Lilla's own, that she got her maid to sew on instead of the ones that were on it. The basque of the bodice is only about two inches deep, and is bordered with a waterfall of finely-cut jet which hangs nearly to the knees, and makes Lilla look admirably slight. It is one of the most graceful gowns I have ever seen, and Lilla is perfectly delighted with it. The sleeves are mounted rather high, but not so extravagantly puffy as we have been in the habit of seeing them, and are finished at the wrists with enamelled buttons, being too tight to pass the hands through without a little opening. The black silk bodice, where it turns back from the waistcoat, has the revers lined with canary-coloured silk, and so folded back as to show this lining in a very effective way. The dress must have cost something huge, for Lilla says that when she heard the price she almost thought she would not have it. "But," said she, "I was standing in the centre of an enormous triplicate mirror that reflected me from head to foot, and when I saw how deliciously slight this fringe of jet made me look (five guineas a yard, my dear!) I determined on having it if it had been double the money."

We have been over to her bungalow on a two days' visit, and she gave us delicious things to eat; among them a glorious quail pâté, a new preparation of Ruffin's, which he sends out in tins instead of under a crust. These, as well as his excellent boned and truffled fowl or partridge, and pheasant with mushrooms, are wrapped round in muslin, and encased in jelly so that the food itself never touches the tin, a precaution that might with advantage be more generally adopted.

Dress and Habit Makers.—Messrs. John Redfern & Sons have now on view in their Show Rooms, Conduit-street and New Bond-street, a collection of original designs of outdoor Gowns, Coats, Wraps, and Hats, especially prepared for the "Autumn Season."

I have received the following letter from Clare:—

Dearest Madge.—"The crown of travel is the 'Heimkehr,'" says the German poet. It is evident that he did not live on an island. Otherwise he could not have been so dogmatic and confident. No doubt home-coming is delightful, and makes the heart rise in glad anticipation and rejoicing, but when the sea lies between one and home there certainly is a drop of poison in the cup of joy. The fondness with which the "heart untravelled turns to home" is strongly mixed with undeniable regrets for what the travelling body must go through before that home, which lies across the waters, is reached. Two channels to be crossed, at a time when the autumn winds are likely to be crossing them also, is a serious matter. We had, during our tour, put this thought aside with all our other cares; now that the end is coming, it has begun to assert itself in a way that fully makes up for previous forgetfulness. Some weeks ago, how indifferent we felt to the rough play of the wind over mountain and plain. Did it roar in the chimneys by night, or rattle the windows of our rooms, we hardly noticed—hardly knew. And now, the change! Not a rattle or stir to which we are not keenly alive. The softest zephyr cannot sigh without awaking our sensitiveness; no trembling of the boughs nor dance of the autumn leaves escapes our observation. We are all turned meteorologists, making earnest study of the morning and evening skies, watching the clouds drift, and eagerly looking for danger lights in the sunsets. Our plans change daily, according to our reading of the skies; we are now, as it were, standing shivering on the brink, only watching the favourable moment for plunging in. Of course, we have let many favourable moments pass. Meteorology is by no means an exact science in our hands. The most disappointing calms have followed the most threatening sunsets, and *vice versa*. The practical result of this double distrust in ourselves and the weather, will be an abandonment of the direct routes from here, either to Harwich, or by Flushing to Queenborough, and the adoption of the more circuitous way by the shorter sea between Calais and Dover. A craven confession to make, provocative of justifiable contempt. But this is an age of confessions, no matter what the feelings they may provoke. Let the inner man be ever so sorry a figure, fashion seems content with the exhibition.

We have by no means exhausted our interest in Holland, its quaintness rather grows than palls on one. Time did not permit us to cross the Zuyder Zee into Friesland, which we should have liked to do. It is all the better, however, to leave some places "undone" in a country, so that we may not be reduced to the melancholy position of Alexander, and sigh in vain for new regions to conquer. Rotterdam is a very busy place, like Amsterdam, but not so interesting, nor so picturesque. It gives one a commercial, money-making impression above any other, and is mainly the resort of those "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters." The guide-book sightseer has a holiday here, his labours beginning and ending with an uninteresting Groote Kerk, or cathedral, a drive or walk along the Boompjes, and the house wherein Erasmus was born. But the student of life has a good field for his observations of the various ways in which various peoples think life worth living. The *mise en scène* lends an interest to the actors they might not otherwise possess. The Dutch houses have more individuality than the Dutch people. The latter, so far merely as appearance goes, are rather English-looking. But, indeed, with the dying out of distinctive dresses, so much do clothes make the man, all European people at least look very like one another. I do not wonder that the Dutch women are giving up their national head-dress, the golden helmet or metal band worn close round the head. It is, however, still much worn, and over it a cap with frills, and crowning both a modern bonnet! Think of that combination. The old order not giving place to the new, but going with it. The effect is hardly one that inspires imitation. That it should find disfavour with the younger women is not surprising. Before coming here, we went to Delft. Very sleepy and old-fashioned it looks, with two picturesque old churches. The canals there are quite delicious, from an artistic point of view; from a sanitary one, I doubt if so much could be said for them. Such wonderful tones of colour in the stagnant waters, with the old houses hanging over them. What wonderful houses, too, mellow with age, and so crowded together. Quaint, charming town to linger in, to wonder over, to fill one's sketch-book with scraps and corners of—to do anything but live in! The glory of its world-renowned pottery is gone. The last thing in the world to be had in the town is delft. There is a manufactory of pottery of an inferior kind, but this can only be seen on one day of the week, which did not happen to be the one on which we were in Delft. We had, however, secured some pretty blue and white specimens in Amsterdam, where there is a beautiful shop, with which all who want artistic tiles—perfect pictures, in fact—should put themselves in communication. Possibly, they can be had in London—what is there one cannot buy in London?—but there is a specialty, a charm, about things bought on their own ground, to be compared only to the flavour of the fruit one gathers with one's own hand in the garden.

Did I tell you that we have the opportunity of breakfasting every morning on cheese, raw ham, and sausage? Does not cheese seem a dreadful idea at breakfast, and yet, as it is so closely allied to butter, I suppose it ought not to be unsuitable. None of us felt tempted in this case to do at Rome as the Romans do.

After all, I think the weather is really settling, and that we may go back by Ostend and Dover. The noise of the town has given us many false alarms of "the mighty wind" arising and "roaring

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seaward." Are we not craven? We who ought to be hardy islanders. Alas! which of us can claim to be what we ought to be?—Yours ever, CLARE.

You will find that the following recipe results in a preparation that is largely appreciated at breakfast, especially by men:—

Chop and pound in a mortar 10 oz. of lean veal, or pass it through a mincing machine; then chop up an equal portion of oysters, add a teacupful of fine bread-crumbs, 4 oz. of beef marrow (also chopped), a tablespoonful of finely-minced parsley, season with a dust of grated nutmeg, a pinch of powdered mace, pepper and salt to taste. Moisten the whole with the well-strained liquor of the oysters, and one tablespoonful of sauce; bind them with a well-beaten egg. Dust the hands with flour, and form the mixture into sausages; fry till of a light pale brown in some clarified lard or good dripping. Lay on one side of the pan half-a-dozen split soft roes of bloaters; when they are quite firm, and the sausages are done, lay them on some buttered toast, dust with coralline pepper, squeeze over them the juice of half a lemon, serve on an ornamental paper. Garnish with tufts of parsley.

This way of cooking pheasants is Italian. It is rather elaborate, but the result is so excellent that the trouble does not count:—

When the pheasant is high, pluck it, without tearing the skin, draw, and wipe the inside with a clean cloth. Carefully lard the breast in rows with fresh bacon. Take the breasts of two woodcock, mince them, and mix the meat with 2 oz. of beef marrow, a little grated bacon, the leaves from a sprig of lemon thyme, pepper and salt to taste. Stuff the pheasant with this mixture, filling up with small pieces of boiled truffles, place a little crust of bread at the end, so that the stuffing may not escape, then sew up securely. Cover the bird with a paste made of the livers of the woodcock, some truffles, grated bacon, a boned anchovy, and a lump of fresh butter. Set it before the fire to roast; baste with a little warm butter; when nearly cooked throw a tablespoonful of good Burgundy over it. Dish the pheasant on hot buttered toast. Garnish with thyme flowers and ears of wheat. Burgundy should be drunk with the bird.

Ever, dear, your loving cousin, MADGE.

P.S.—How *dreadful* the flowery summer bonnets look on dull days, now their season is over. There is a suggestion of faded finery about them that repels.—M.

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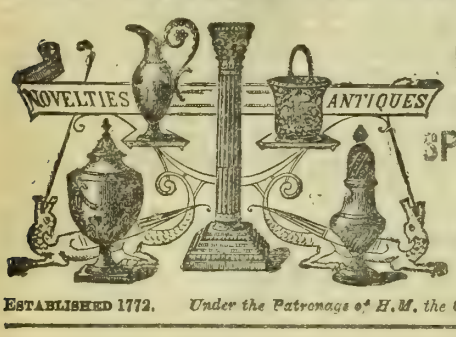

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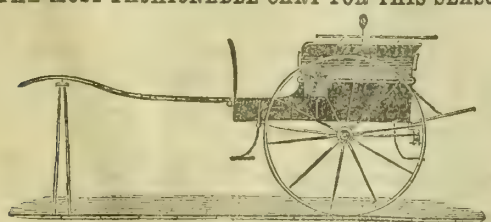

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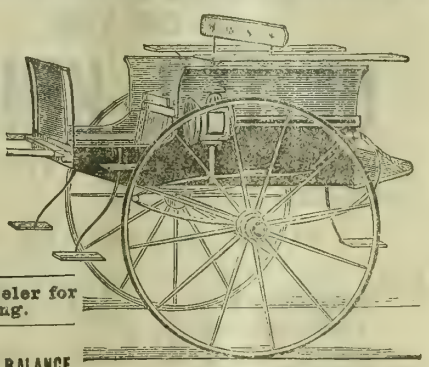

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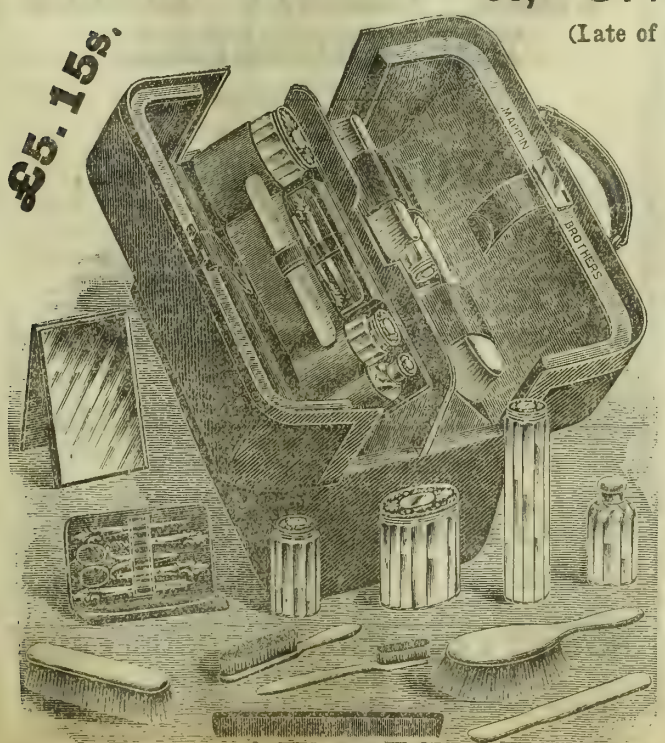

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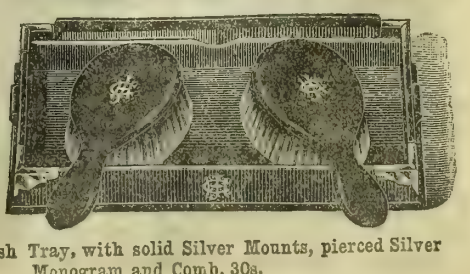

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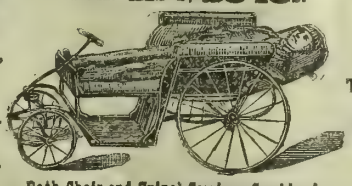

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GARRICK THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HARE.—Every Evening, at 8, SCHOOL, by T. W. Robertson.—Doors open 7.45. Box-office (Mr. E. Candler) open daily 10 to 5. Acting Manager, Mr. C. G. COMPTON.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDWARD COMPTON.—On Saturday next, September 26, at 8.20, will be produced a new play in 4 acts (founded on his novel of the same name) THE AMERICAN, by Henry James, preceeded at 7.45 by A DEAD LETTER.—Mr. Edward Compton, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), Miss Louise Moodie, Miss Elizabeth Robins, Misses Evelyn McNay and Adrienne Dairolles, Messrs. Clarence Blakiston, Young Stewart, Sydney Paxton, C. M. Hallard, Harrison Hunter, and Lewis Ball.—New Scenery by Joseph Harker. Doors open 7.15. No fees. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. SAVILE.

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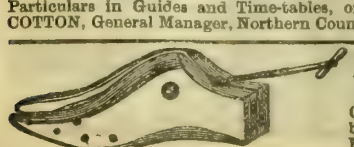

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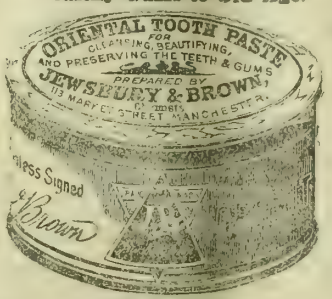

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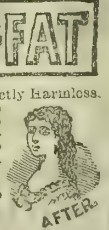

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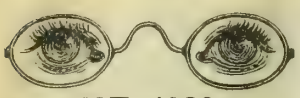

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"Oh, count up your mercies!" the old woman said,
Shaking hard at complainers her solemn gray head,
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Just think what adorn this existence of ours!"

Among the choice blessings that fall to our lot,
Though we dwell in a palace or dwell in a cot,
We should surely count SOZODONT, fragrant and sweet,
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OUR PUZZLES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE "TRUTH" CHRISTMAS DOLL SHOW.

According to promise, I will now state exactly how the Doll question stands. Of the very large dolls, then, not one remains on hand. Of the medium-sized dolls, there are fifty still available; whilst of the small dolls I have 304 left. This means that upwards of 3,000 dolls of various sizes have been already applied for—a result which is, I think, very satisfactory. And now, as I have no doubt that the comparatively small number of dolls still on my hands will soon be exhausted, I would advise any ladies who wish to take part in the Christmas Exhibition and Competition, and have not already made their application for dolls, to do so without delay, as it will probably be impossible for me to add to the number now available.

The time is coming for announcing the details of the Home-made Toy Competition and Exhibition, which forms so interesting and important a feature of the TRUTH Show at Christmas, and I hope to be able to make the necessary statement in a week or two. Meanwhile, I shall be glad to answer any question which may be addressed to me as to the Doll-dressing Competition.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 656.

Those who have carefully studied the lists of quotations printed in connection with this competition will understand that the task of selecting the prize-winner is exceptionally difficult. Very nice points arise in deciding whether certain quotations can be accepted as fairly complying with the conditions of the competition, and I must ask for further time for consideration before announcing the result of this very interesting contest.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 657.

In this competition it has been decided to award the prize to EBORACUM, for the following suggestions as to the most suitable holiday resorts for certain European potentates:—

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS OF HOLIDAY RESORTS.

The Czar, to Settle for awhile; he's always a "Roamin'-off." The Kaiser, to Hawarden; where he will be emphatically William the "Second." The Emperor of Austria, to Franz Joseph Land, of course; there, having left Austria shaky, he will find Austria Sound.* The King of Spain, to Cambridge; the Mistress of Trinity could teach him how to rule the Dons. The Sultan, to the Mansion House; the sublime port there would remind him of home, and yet he would be out of Harem's way. The King of Italy, to Twickenham; no "Pope" there now; how awfully jolly! Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, to Rome; Leo and he should be sympathetic; each is Servus Servorum—a slave of the Sclaves!—Eboracum.

* Austria Sound is in Franz Joseph Land.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 660.

Of the building of new theatres in London there seems to be literally no end. Several are now in course of erection, and there are rumours in the air of further similar building projects, and as the number of playhouses thus grows the difficulty of finding good and appropriate names for them also increases. There are several London theatres which are misnamed. Still there must be good available titles, and it is thought that the readers of TRUTH may be able to suggest some of these. The usual prize of two guineas is offered, therefore, for

THE BEST NAME FOR A NEW LONDON THEATRE, THE SAID NAME BEING SO SELECTED THAT THE HOUSE BEARING IT SHALL BE AVAILABLE FOR ANY RECOGNISED KIND OF THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE.

What is meant by this is that the suggested title must not be one which nominally limits the theatre bearing it to any particular sort of dramatic performance, such as the titles given to The Comedy and the *Opéra Comique* now do. All suggestions must reach me by the morning of Monday, October 5.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of KATHLEEN, winner of a half of Prize, No. 653, are Lady Lily Greene, The British Legation, Brussels.

BARITONE.—I have noted your correction.

POTATO.—Your answer to Puzzle, No. 657, arrived too late to be printed with the others.

M. B.—I have handed your note to the Editor.

ANNIE C.—It by no means follow that all the quotations which were printed will be accepted as satisfactorily complying with the conditions of the competition.

QUATIX.—Many thanks for your letter, the contents of which I shall find very useful.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 658.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

EPITAPHS ON THE SUMMER OF 1891 IN PROSE AND VERSE.

To the Everlasting Shade
of
Summer Eighteen Ninety-one;
also
In memory of
The little Sun
of the above.
A springtime hoar
Long time we bore;
La Grippe came in its train,
Then to appease
Such ills as these
Came summer's endless rain.
Godfather.

Infliction sore, long time we bore,
With its delusions vain:
When off it went, we were content,
Relieved of all its rain.
Wandering Tyke.

Though born in June,
It died so soon,
Its life we scarce remember;
So R.I.P.
But stay, may be
Resurget in September. Whig.

Wet, chill, and drear, I never reached perfection,
But yet expect a glorious resurrection;
For though I'm dead, my burial is misstated,
Since in September I arose cremated.
Heurteloup

Sweet Summer's gone—how short its stay!
It came and went like one brief day.
In Summer's praise have poets sung:
"'Tis good," they say. The good die young.
Skegger.

Wet when the morn was grey,
Wet when they'd cleared away
Lunch, and at close of day
Possibly wettest.
(Adapted from Calverley's "Ode to Tobacco.")
E. and B.

Sacred to the memory of Miss Short Summer, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Time, who died in June, 1891, aged fourteen days.—Tempus Fugit.

Here lies an unhappy nondescript, supposed to have been the Summer of 1891. Its very existence was known to few, as it passed its short and melancholy life under the shelter of an umbrella. R ain I n P ailfuls.—Long.

HERE LIES THE SUMMER OF 1891.
Cold, rain galore, short time it bore;
Umbrellas were in vain,
Then, sorely tried, the Summer died,
Of water on the brain. Long.

The Summer hath excelled in rain and gloom;
Swell not with tears the flood that hides her tomb.
Quatix.

Exsuperat tumidis moribunda hæc imbribus æstas,
Diluviem lacrimis amplificare noli. Quatix.

In Memory of
The Summer of 1891,
whose troubled career
was prematurely brought to a close by a
sudden convulsion of nature,
to the great grief of
her many devoted admirers.

Thus far this epitaph had been prepared, when it came to a summary end upon the discovery that the maiden had been in a trance, from which she awoke to life and beauty, radiant with smiles and sunshine.
Guelder Rose.

According to an ancient saw
"Truth stranger is than fiction,"
Yet surely this surpasses all,
Nor brooks a contradiction,
Can anything well stranger be
(We ask in all humility—
'Tis not to be resisted)
Than bid one write the epitaph
(Unless the thing be purely chaff)
Of what has ne'er existed!
The Babs.

Affliction sore, long time we bore,
And holidays were vain,
Until September Summer killed,
And then it ceased to rain.
Georges Lisle.

The Bard sang of Summer—famed for its roses.
Alas! Fin de Siècle, brings parodies and fun;
An additional verse describing red noses
Would be an apropos epithet on Summer 1891.
Pantiles.

No more for us a Summer sun will rise,
Summer lies dead, still o'er her weep the skies.
Danehill.

Sweet Summer's breath'd her last—all feeble, wan,
For years she lay a-dying,—now she's gone.
Danehill.

Could ever tears the lost to us restore,
These weeping skies had wept thee back before.
Danehill.

TO BE PLACED OVER A PIGEON-HOLE IN THE OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER

To the dear memory of England's natural ally and warmest friend, who was drowned, alas! in the very sight of mourning multitudes. Stranger! refuse not the congenial tribute of a tear to one whose name is "writ in water."—Monachus.

Epitaph to Summer! never!
Oh! dear sir, you are too clever.
An answer you yourself must give:
It could not die, it did not live.
Dolly Dumps

The ruler drops the rein! King Summer's dead!
And softly drops the rain upon his bier!
The longest rain on record his, 'tis said;
And may that record reign for many a year!
R. F.

"'Tis dead—unborn,"
A strange enigma this!
But we, forlorn,
Cannot the answer miss. Gumph.

Hic sitæ sunt reliquiæ tenues æstatis Anglicæ vitam opercsam vixēre, lacrimisque cœli sparsæ emortuæ sunt.—Five.

Here lie the cold remains
Of Summer Ninety-one,
Whose brightness was all moonshine,
With scarce a blink of sun.
Then, gentle stranger, pause,
And drop a tear or two
In memory of the myriad drops
She lavished upon you! I. B. B.

Scarcely she breath'd in this cold world,
Her banner was but just unfurled.
We weep, for what she might have been,
A lovely, smiling, rose-crown'd Queen!
Cæsar's Corner

Here lies the Summer of Ninety-one,
Its crimes were grave and serious;
It ruined every kind of fun
With storms most deleterious.
It tried the harvest to destroy
With gales, if you remember.
Hurrah! it can no more annoy,
Then welcome, bright September!
Nodding Violet.

Here lies
Beneath the Farmer's curse
The pseudo-Summer of Ninety-One,
Than Winter worse.
He threw cold water on all our trips,
Ruined our crops and wrecked our ships.
On St. Partridge's Eve
He died,
Sine prole, without any "Sun."
Who could grieve
Except frogs, and doctors, and ducks?
Snow on the hills when he passed away;
Sunshine next day;
Post tenebras
Lux. Eboracum.

Here lies,
After a protracted struggle for existence, ending in a few convulsive gasps,
The Summer of 1891.
That we may "never look upon its like again"
is the
Fervent Prayer
Of all ranks and conditions of men.
The exact period of its arrival and departure has never been fully ascertained—indeed the very fact of its having had a separate existence is,
In Truth, a Puzzle.
Its memory, however, will long be kept green, and it may be truly said of it that
"nothing in its life became it
like the 'leaving' of it." Bobus.

1. Lived and died like a butterfly, in an hour.
2. Vain task, this epitaph to write.
Alas! 'tis far beyond my might;
For how can I in verse recall
What never did exist at all?
Pug No. 2.

The seasons change in course of years,
And England's Summer (?) now is dead,
Dissolv'd in plenitude of tears,
And chilly autumn "reigns" instead.

The late moist Summer 's passed away,
By no fierce sunstroke slain;
But drown'd, as are the corn and hay,
By deluges of rain.

"Here lies" the Summer of '91,
Stern hater of all outdoor fun;
After a "reign" it couldn't stop,
Its life has ended drop by drop.
X. Y. Z.

1. No use attempting my pen to defile,
Describing a summer so utterly vile.
2. Thunderstorms—spoilt fun;
Boist'rous gales—no sun.
Cold as winter—bad crops;
Rain incessant—never stops.
Tip-Cat.

Here lies the British Summer of 1891.
Conceived in cold and bred in rain,
It lived two days, and those in pain.
Atom.

Rain, pain; wet, fret; fears, tears; sun none.—Immortal Will.

Here lies a Summer season
Who reigned (rained) without reason,
So died as it lived
Regretted by none
In eighteen hundred and ninety-one.
Virago.

In loving memory of our English Summer, who departed, after a flickering existence, aged two weeks. She was sickly from the first, but, as "hope reigns eternal in the human breast," it was hoped she would survive her periods of heat and cold, and live longer than her sisters, who in each preceding year left us after two months' suffering in this wicked world.—Jam.

At golf, this season,
What's the reason
From play I've been deterr'd?
We cannot forget
It has been so wet.
It would have been absurd.
Nonagenarian.

Here lies the Summer of ninety-one;
Dead ere his course had been begun.
A promise deceitful, a child stillborn.
His resurrection's a hope forlorn.
H. A. L. S.

We part with this Summer without any pain,
For it seems very clear that its loss is our gain.
Can we mourn for the absent with sorrow and care?
Can we mourn for the absent who never was there?
Come autumn, come winter, come snow and come frost,
You cannot be worse than the summer we've lost.
Nincompoop.

IPSE DIXIT.

To my own memory o'er this tomb
Shed no unheeding sneer;
My life, though our perpetual gloom,
Was made so by your jeer.
I tried to make your every day
Seem our perpetual night,
For you have loved, so I heard say,
The darkness more than light.
Azenor.

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

Hush, she is dead! let fall no word of blame,
But drop a tear for what she might have been;
She brought dishonour to a spotless name,
Yet Mother Earth will keep her memory green.
Hope rocked her cradle, when a wailing child,
Love and faith blessed her when she feebly smiled;
But dark days came—who was she—this unknown?
We know not what to carve upon this stone.
M. Buchanan.

In loving memory of Summer, Earth's dearly-loved child, who died in England in 18—. He took a chill while on a visit to his Mother Earth, and Heaven still weeps over Earth's sad loss.—Millbrook.

Here Summer doth lie still!
Lie *still*, I say; she lied in the beginning,
And now, alas! she lies, no longer sinning,
For autumn did her kill.
She made one last fond effort to retrieve her name,
But, no! as liar still, she's known to fame.
Eneksa.

Unhappy stranger from some sunny clime,
Fix up your "gamp," and pause one moment here,
For 'neath this stone, in all its youthful prime,
Lies Britain's fairest season of the year.
Judge not too harshly, nor yet drop a tear,
But homeward turn your steps without delay,
For though your grief, like ours, must be sincere,
Old Nature weeps enough for all to-day.
Strathblane.

Summer is dead, and the world bears her pall,
And dons her sable mantle for the maid
Whose end came so untimely. Cruel Sol—
Her lover—left her to decline and fade.
And now she lies forsaken, chill, and cold,
Earth's lovely roses withered in her hair—
No golden draperies her form enfold—
Her right hand empty, and her bosom bare.
She used to smile on us, and we felt glad,
And shower'd her gifts most lavishly around;
Her very voice was music. Now, how sad!
Bereft we feel, and weep beside the mound.
Effie.

Here Summer lies, like Niobe, all tears,
And ruin'd harvests of dear bread brought fears;
The period when we look'd for sunny glow,
Storm-stifled, struggling, beaten down, lay low.
As though the southern Winter, for a while,
Chang'd place and time, to deluge Britain's isle.
What blows to none some good, is an ill wind;
Swans, geese, ducks, frogs, great consolation find;
But human tourists, summer-sick, turn croakers,
And cry: "Preserve us from such future soakers!'
Like Undine's husband, sadly wept to death,*
The Summer brighten'd, ere its latest breath;
J. McGrigor Allan.

* "I have wept him to death." "Undine," Chapter 9.

Epitaphs have also been received from Anderida, Spup, Aliter, Kottabos, Bel Demonio, Qui Hy, Sportsman, Excelsior, and Foy.

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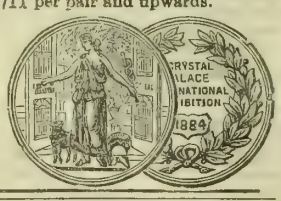

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DISPOSE OF THE DEAD AS NATURE DIRECTS.—"Let us take part in the fulfilment of this great law, and not by ignorance or prejudice try to retard it, for we cannot frustrate provisions which were established by the Creator to keep mankind in purity and sanity."—SIR LYON PLAYFAIR.

As Mr. HADEN says in his letters on "Earth to Earth" burial—"A body properly buried, that is to say, in such a way that the earth may have access to it, does not remain in the earth, but returns to the atmosphere. The body, in fact, literally as well as figuratively, ascends from the dead and fulfils the cycle of its pilgrimage by becoming again the source and genesis of life."

This natural system is also advocated by the Church of England Burial Reform Association, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury is and the late Archbishop of York was a president.

The PRINCE OF WALES, writing to the Secretary of the Association, says—"That he trusts the Burial Reform advocated by your Society may be speedily carried into effect, and in view of the rapidly increasing population of the Kingdom, the present system of burying the dead may be exchanged for one more in accordance with the requirements of the age and the sanitary interests of the community."

The DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, writing to the *Times*, says:—"The appalling overcrowding of the dead disclosed in the Parliamentary return recently issued, affords irresistible proof of the imperative need for fresh legislation. That in the various London cemeteries upwards of a million and a quarter have been buried in less than the last half century. That such modes of disposal of the dead is a violation of right feeling, natural laws, and Christian tradition: a ghastly dishonouring of the dead, and a flagrant imperilling of the public health."

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HOSPITALS AND APPEALS.

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The deficit on 31st December, 1890, was £7,550.

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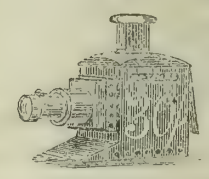

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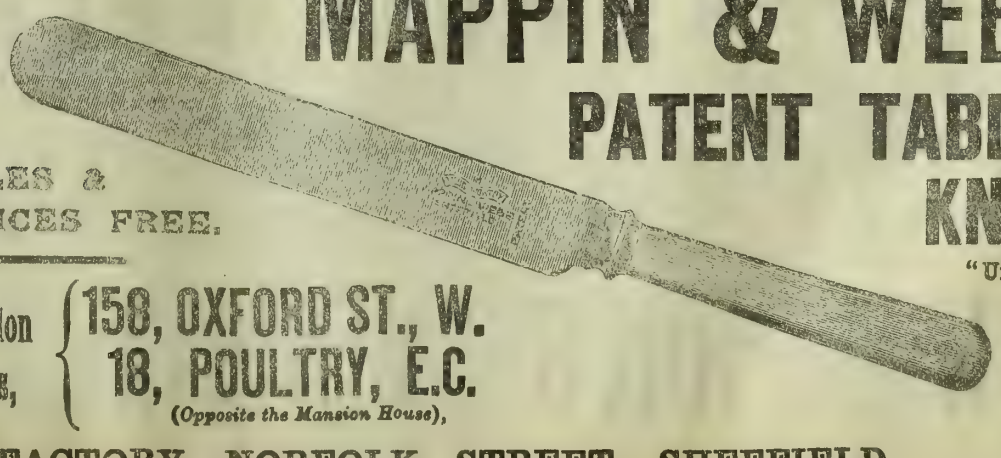

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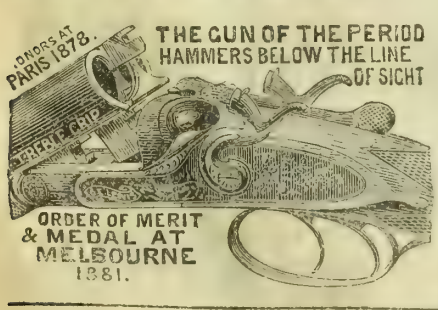

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

SEVERAL of the daily papers announced on Saturday that, "according to the latest arrangement," the Queen is to reside at Balmoral "till about the middle of November." The fact is that, as was stated in Truth a fortnight ago, the Queen is to stay at Balmoral until the third week of November, and Friday, the 20th, was the date which her Majesty fixed for coming south when she left Osborne.

Princess Christian, who hastened her return from Germany in compliance with a summons from the Queen, has gone to Balmoral, and she will stay there with her Majesty until Princess Beatrice is convalescent after her accouchement, which is daily expected to take place.

The King and Queen of Denmark will probably come to England towards the end of November for a stay of three weeks, during which period they will be the guests of the Queen at Windsor Castle, and of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House and at Sandringham.

The Prince of Wales is to be the guest of Lord Lonsdale at Lowther Castle, Westmoreland, in January for several days. It is probable that H.R.H. will arrive at Lowther Castle on Monday, the 11th, and that he will stay there until Saturday, the 16th. There is to be no shooting in the Lowther preserves, which are now the best in the North of England, until the Royal visit. The slaughter of pheasants will be on an unprecedented scale, for, in addition to the usual enormous stock, several thousands extra have been reared this season.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* was even more than usually inaccurate and absurd when he wrote on Friday that "the Prince of Wales is at the moment on terms of affectionate intercourse with the Czar." As a matter of fact, the Prince has not met his brother-in-law for several years; but M. Blowitz seems to suppose that H.R.H. has been staying at Fredensborg.

The Duke of Clarence is not known to fame as a mighty hunter, nevertheless his presence in Ireland is expected to give renewed impetus to hunting in the neighbourhood of Dublin. Many houses have been already taken in Kildare and Meath for the season. Amongst those to be let in the latter county is Lord Fingall's residence, Killeen Castle. Lord Fingall, who lately gave up the Mastership of the Meath Hounds to Mr. J. Watson, is touring in America with Mr. H. Plunkett. Last week the Duke of Clarence took part in the polo match between the 10th Hussars and the Carlow team.

The Duchess of Edinburgh and her daughters are staying at Friedrichshafen, on the Lake of Constance, with her aunt, the Queen of Würtemberg. They go to St. Petersburg about October 26, and the Duchess intends to stay in Russia until after Easter. Devonport is not likely to be again blessed with the presence of the Duchess of Edinburgh before next summer, and then only for a very few weeks.

On Thursday afternoon the Duke of Cambridge, having finished his official inspection of the barracks in Belfast left for Baronscourt, co. Tyrone, accompanied by Colonel FitzGeorge, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn. The house party assembled to meet him included the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Erne, Lord and Lady Dorchester, Mrs. Burrowes, Captain and Lady Beatrice Rawson, the Honourable Gerald Walsh, &c.

On Saturday the Duke arrived in Dublin to stay with Lord and Lady Wolseley, at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, which has been completely overhauled and redecorated since Lord Wolseley became Commander of the Forces in Ireland. The festivities in honour of his Royal Highness's visit included several dinner-parties and a dance at the Royal Hospital. Dublin is still a social desert, the shutters being up in all the leading streets and squares. Whatever the time of year, however, hospitality is never out of season. Dancing men are always available in Dublin, where the military element is in such force.

There has been a complete breach between the Czar and his "only friend," Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, and to this circumstance may be attributed the elaborate fuss which the Russian Court lately raised about the young King of Servia. Prince Nicholas has been a most sturdy beggar at St. Petersburg, and he has been constantly in receipt of large sums from the Czar. Last year Nicholas received £25,000 for the relief of his famine-stricken subjects, and, like Oliver Twist, he "asked for more," on the ground that the amount was inade-

quate, and that he had nearly beggared himself and his family in his efforts to relieve the distress, so further supplies were despatched to him.

The Czar, to his infinite disgust, has recently been informed that the astute Nicholas has not only invested large sums in French securities, but also that he has bought house property in Paris. This revelation was made, moreover, just as a beseeching appeal for further pecuniary aid had reached the Czar from Nicholas, who is alleged to have been betrayed by his son-in-law, Prince Peter Karageorgevitch, whose hostility arose from the fact that Nicholas had decisively refused to pay over his daughter's dowry to Peter, who accordingly proceeded to avenge his wrongs by making things unpleasant for his worthy father-in-law at St. Petersburg.

The illness and death of the Grand Duchess Paul of Russia (Princess Alexandra of Greece) broke up the Royal party at Fredensborg very suddenly. The Princess of Wales remains at the Schloss on a visit to the King and Queen of Denmark, and she will be joined there in a few days by the Prince, who has been staying at Balmoral and at New Mar Lodge during the last fortnight. The Prince of Wales will remain in Denmark for only a week, after which he is to proceed to Austria; and the Princess is going to Gmunden to visit the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

I announced three weeks ago that a reconciliation was about to take place between the Duke of Cumberland and his sister, Princess Frederica of Hanover, with whom he had held no intercourse for about twelve years, in consequence of his revolt at her marriage. They are now good friends again, and the Princess has been staying during the last fortnight at Gmunden with the Duke and Duchess, who have given several dinner-parties and other entertainments in her honour. When Princess Frederica arrived at Gmunden, with her sister, Princess Marie, from Saxony, where they had been on a visit, she was met at the station by the Duke and Duchess, with all their children and a large suite, and they did everything possible to show that she was a welcome guest. The Queen has been for several years most anxious to see amicable relations restored, and she is quite delighted that her wishes have now been gratified.

The *Court Circular* announced on Saturday that the Queen has made Lord Bridport a G.C.B. on his completing fifty years' service in her Majesty's household. As a matter of fact, Lord Bridport has belonged to the household for only forty-four years, his service dating from 1847, when he was first appointed Groom-in-Waiting. By a special arrangement Lord Bridport holds his place as Lord-in-Waiting for life, irrespective of Ministerial changes.

Extensive repairs are being carried out in the beautiful choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and while this work is in progress the services are being held in the nave. The Queen's closet, which is a sort of box high up in the left wall of the choir, overlooking the altar, is to be refurnished. Lord Normanby, who is to be the Canon-in-Residence at Windsor during October, will probably remain there through the winter.

Mr. Gladstone, who arrived at Fasque, Sir John Gladstone's place in Kincardineshire, on Friday morning, has enjoyed perfect rest and quiet during the last five days. He has spent his time walking about the beautiful grounds, taking drives to favourite spots in the neighbourhood, and visiting a few old friends. Mr. Gladstone goes this afternoon to Glenalmond, where he will be the guest of the Warden, the Rev. J. H. Skrine, at Trinity College, until to-morrow evening, when he proceeds to Newcastle; and on Saturday afternoon he will return to Hawarden. Mr. Gladstone is to deliver an address to-morrow at the celebration of the Jubilee of Trinity College, and Lord Lothian and the Bishop of St. Andrews (Dr. Charles Wordsworth) will be the other speakers.

The daily papers announced last Wednesday that Lord Salisbury is not to return to England until the end of October, an arrangement which was notified in TRUTH just three weeks ago. Lord and Lady Salisbury are going this week from Puys, near Dieppe, to their new villa on the Riviera, at Beaulieu, near Nice, where they intend to stay until October 30, when they will return to England, to pass the winter at Hatfield House. Lord Salisbury will probably return to Beaulieu in January, to stay for the last three weeks before the meeting of Parliament.

The Lord Chamberlain and Lady Lathom, who have been staying in Canada for several weeks, with the Governor-General and Lady Stanley, left New York last Wednesday for Liverpool, and they intend to reside during the next four months at Lathom House, their place in Lancashire. The Lord Chamberlain will have no official duties until the Investiture, which the Queen is to hold at Windsor Castle early in December.

Lady Dufferin does not at once return to Rome with Lord Dufferin, but remains in England for some weeks longer. Lady Dufferin is busily engaged in bringing out her book of her Canadian experiences, the illustrations in which will be from sketches by Lord Dufferin. In this age, beyond a doubt, the proper study of mankind is man. There is an ever-increasing demand, which a prodigal supply does not exhaust, for "personal memoirs," "recollections," "letters," and even "autobiographical confessions." If we have not the gift of seeing "ourselves as others see us," we are given many opportunities of seeing others as they see themselves.

Lord Pembroke, accompanied by Lady Pembroke, has been paying one of his rare visits to Ireland, where he has stayed in his yacht in Kingstown Harbour. Lord Pembroke is the possessor of a large and valuable pro-

For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 694 in the present issue.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 693.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see page 695.

party in Dublin, where he owns the principal part of Merrion-square, and the immediate neighbourhood. He has never lived at his residence, Mount Merrion, which is usually let the gardens being profitably turned into market gardens. Following the highest example in the kingdom, Lord Pembroke has been a conspicuous absentee from the country from which he draws large revenues.

The Duchess of Cleveland, who is residing at Battle Abbey, intends to pass the winter in Egypt, and she will proceed to that country early in November, and will probably be accompanied by Mr. and Lady Mary Hope, of Luffness.

The Bishop of Rochester returns to town this week from Scotland, and he will take up his residence at Kennington, and is to be enthroned in Rochester Cathedral on Thursday, the 22nd. I am glad to hear that Dr. Davidson is now quite restored to health.

Sir Archibald and Lady Campbell returned this week to Blythswood House, Renfrewshire, from Glenshee Lodge, Perthshire, where they have been staying for grouse-shooting, having rented the well-known moors of Glenshee, between Blairgowrie and Braemar, from Mr. Farquharson, of Invercauld. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will probably be guests at Blythswood for a couple of days when on their way South towards the end of October.

Dean Vaughan, who has [illegible] the sick-list for several weeks, is now quite well again, and he returned a fortnight ago to Llandaff from St. Lawrence-on-Sea. Dr. Vaughan comes to town on Saturday for the re-opening of the Temple Church next Sunday, when he will preach at the morning service.

Lord and Lady Spencer, who have a small party staying with them at North Creake, their place in Norfolk, where there is some of the best partridge-shooting in that county, will return next week to Althorp Hall Northamptonshire, for the hunting season.

Le Figaro thus announces the arival in Paris of Lord and Lady Dudley:—

Le comte de Dudley, qui vient d'épouser une des *professional beauties* de Londres, fille adoptive du duc et de la duchesse de Beresford, est arrivé hier soir à Paris, où il [illegible] avec sa femme, la seconde moitié de sa lune de miel.

The story in the *World* about Lord Dudley discovering recently a quantity of paste diamonds, which, on examination by a jeweller, turned out to be "real stones of the finest size and water," is a nonsensical fairy-tale. Considering that the late Lord Dudley was as clever an expert in jewellery as any professional dealer, there was an intrinsic preposterous absurdity in this silly little romance.

Dr. J. W. Keyworth (M.D. London), Southport, writes: "I have tried Persalia, and am so satisfied with its results that I am using it daily with suitable cases, and have every reason to endorse all that is claimed in regard to its usefulness." Persalia absolutely effects digestion, and restores dyspeptics to a condition of health and comfort. Bottles 1s. and 2s., from chemists, or G. & G. Stern, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

AN APPEAL [illegible] BLONDES.

Professor Mantegazza, of Bologna, [illegible] come to the conclusion that in the course of a few centuries blondes will have entirely disappeared. Their disappearance is at present most noticeable [illegible] great [illegible] is attributed by the Professor to an *excessive* [illegible] *diet.—Weekly Paper.*

O, maidens fair, with the golden hair,
And the eyes of cerulean blue,
By your peach-like blush beware! beware!
Of the course which you now pursue!
Pray, do to the sage Professor's tale,
Ere it's all too late, give hearing;
For your lovely type, in its beauty ripe,
Is steadily disappearing!

Oh, curb! oh, curb! your carnivorous taste,—
(Though it's almost past belief,
That a fay-like blonde with a waspish waist,
Should excessively eat of beef),—
And, crushing a fleshly appetite,
That better would suit barbarians,
Oh! hear this plea for posterity,
And become strict vegetarians!

Mr. Home-Drummond-Moray, who died last Thursday, was one of the largest landowners in Perthshire, and the head of a very ancient family. He was the second son of Mr. Home-Drummond, of Blair Drummond, for many years M.P. for Perthshire, and the author of the well-known Home-Drummond Public-house Act. He succeeded to the fine estate of Abercairney on the death of his mother, and a few years later the death of his elder brother placed him in possession of the properties of Blair Drummond and Ardoch. About nine years ago, he increased his territorial possessions by purchasing the neighbouring estate of Inchbrakie, which had for centuries belonged to the Grimes. Mr. Home-Drummond-Moray lived almost entirely on his estates, and devoted his whole time to their improvement, and to the care of his magnificent woods. He was one of the most popular landlords in Great Britain, and he made it his business personally to visit every tenant at least once a year, in order to acquaint himself with their circumstances and requirements. He was, in fact, generous and considerate to every one.

Mr. Home-Drummond-Moray was a Conservative of the old school, but delicate health prevented his taking any part in public affairs. It was understood that he once refused a peerage. The eldest son, Colonel Drummond-Moray, who was M.P. for Perthshire from 1878-80, succeeds to the Blair Drummond, and Ardoch estates, while Abercairney passes to the younger son, Captain Drummond Moray. Mr. Home-Drummond-Moray was the brother of the Dowager Duchess of A[illegible].

The Rev. Aubrey Townsend, Vicar [illegible] Puxton, Somersetshire, who died the other day, had [illegible] in the Diocese of Bath and Wells for [illegible] forty-eight years, and for thirty of them as a [illegible]. He was a most zealous parish clergyman [illegible] of great learning. Mr. Townshend ministe[illegible] for twelve years, and while there he formed [illegible] friendship with Archbishop Magee, which [illegible] broken until the great Prelate's death. M[illegible] collected [illegible] a very fine library [illegible] black-letter books. [illegible] most pleasant [illegible] society, for his table talk was excellent.

[illegible] Stannard, who was buried last Saturday at [illegible], associated with the development of railways almost from their infancy. His father was an intimate friend of George Stephenson, and assisted him in planning the line across Chat Moss. In this way Mr. Robert Stannard in his own boyhood came to know Stephenson, who gave him a level and theodolite used by himself, which Mr. Stannard has directed shall be offered to the South Kensington Museum, to be placed beside the famous "Rocket." The first important railway work with which Mr. Stannard was connected was the Paris and Rouen Railway, and for the last thirty years he has had the supervision of most of the important railway contracts undertaken by Messrs. Lucas & Aird. His daughter, Mrs. George Augustus Sala, has been recently engaged on a short memoir of him, which is likely to contain much interesting matter, particularly in regard to the Stephensons.

The Bishop of Truro has given up the idea of taking Gonvrea House, between Truro and Penryn, and he decided to purchase Trenython, near Par, but he was just too late, the place having been sold by Mrs. Peard for £12,000 to Mr. Francis Barratt, of St. Austell. The Bishop has, therefore, arranged to live for six months at the Escop, the Episcopal residence of the See, at Kenwyn, near Truro, although the house is too small to accommodate comfortably his family and establishment.

The fine house in Grafton-street which belonged to the late Mr. Cavendish Bentinck will shortly be sold at the Mart by Messrs. Lumley. The house is remarkable for its splendid decoration, which includes some admirable cinque-cento carving from Venice. It is held on one of the Corporation leases, which are renewable by the lessee every fourteen years, thus affording about the nearest approach to fixity of tenure that can be obtained in London short of a freehold.

The Morval estate, in Cornwall, near Looe, which has belonged to the Buller family for three hundred years, is to be sold next week. The extent is 1,200 acres, and there is capital shooting. Morval House is a comfortable and imposing structure, and it stands in extensive and beautifully wooded grounds, which contain a large lake. The Buller estate in South Devon, near Tavistock, is also in the market.

Mr. Frank Lockwood has built himself a beautiful house Clonghton, near Scarborough, and he rents an extensive range of grouse-moors in that neighbourhood.

[illegible] of the Calwich stud of shire horses attracted an [illegible] crowd, upwards of 4,000 persons sitting down to a [illegible] luncheon which Major Duncombe had provided. Lord Hothfield was in the chair. The report that Major Duncombe intends giving up breeding is incorrect. This was only a draft. Very high prices were obtained, the average for [illegible] seven head being £108. 9s. 10d. Mr. [illegible] Crisp gave 1,100 gs. for the well-known six-year-old sire Chancellor, and the Prince of Wales secured a magnificent horse for the Sandringham stud when his agent bought Calwich Topsman, the three-year-old brother to Chancellor, for 500 gs. Mr. Locke King gave 300 gs. for Calwich Fairy, a beautiful three-year-old mare, by Premier, and he purchased several more of the best lots. Among the other buyers were Lords Sandwich, Hothfield, and Egerton of Tatton, Mr. Munro, and Mr. Freeman-Mitford. Considering that there were no buyers for the foreign market, the sale was really a wonderful success.

Some very important cattle sales are to take place during the next ten days, notably Mr. Foljambe's celebrated herd of Shorthorns, at Osberton Hall, Notts; the Southwick herd of pedigreed Ayrshires, belonging to Mr. M. J. Stewart, M.P.; and the famous Minmore herd of Aberdeen Angus, which is to be entirely dispersed in consequence of Colonel Smith giving up breeding.

"Minced Koodoo" is, as far as I can make out from his letters, the only dish that Lord Randolph Churchill has found to his taste during his stay in South Africa. Having been stamped with the hall-mark of his approval, I suppose that koodoo in some shape or form will be the fashionable dish of the winter season. It may therefore be useful to hostesses if I explain that koodoo, which is an African deer, is, according to Jamrach, difficult to obtain at present, and is, of course, proportionately costly. Probably, however, when some of the new schemes for opening up Africa and lessening the difficulties of transit in that country come into play, African venison will become as common as Australian mutton. Meantime, in order to popularise koodoo, let us hope that some manufacturers of culinary essences will direct their attention to the production of extracts of koodoo. In this way its distinctive flavour could be imparted to ordinary meats, and then all fashionable dinner-givers will be able to include in their menu such luxuries as koodoo soup, salmis de koodoo, filet au Randolph, sauce koodoo, ragout à l'Africain, sauce Churchill, or some dish of the kind.

Lord Londonderry has purchased several Shorthorns out of the Duke of Northumberland's celebrated herd at Alnwick for his herd at Wynyard.

I have been asked, Edmund, to publish a rejoinder to a sneering allusion made in the *World* some weeks back to the coach which has been running this season between Homburg and Nauheim. As your remarks have probably been long since forgotten by those who saw them, I scarcely think that any good purpose is to be served by ventilating the matter at length. The coach in question was, however, from all I can hear, an admirably appointed English coach, driven by a gentleman equally well known in the coaching worlds of New York, London,

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and Paris. To describe it as "what is supposed to be an English coach run by an American," &c., was not only offensive but unjust, and the gentleman aggrieved has a right to be heard in reply, though as you refused to publish his letter you evidently don't think so.

Access to Oxwich Point, a place near Swansea much frequented by picnic parties, can only be gained, it seems, by way of a steep and rugged lane or by driving through the grounds of Penrige Castle. On those using the latter route Miss Talbot, the owner of the castle, levies a toll, to quote the circular which has been sent to me, "of 1s. for each one-horse vehicle, and 2s. for each two-horse vehicle," and this charge, according to a correspondent of mine, is locally complained of. But seeing that all the money thus received is handed over to Swansea Hospital, I really do not see that there is anything to object to in Miss Talbot's action. Nay, always provided that it is desirable in order to prevent the abuse of a conceded privilege, to make such a charge at all, I think that other territorial magnates would, in similar circumstances, do well to follow the example of the proprietress of Penrige Castle, and act, in effect, as collectors of subscriptions for the most deserving of the local charities.

I referred several weeks ago to the irritation which has been excited at Stratford-on-Avon, and other places in Warwickshire, through barriers having been placed across the River Avon at Charlecote Park, the historic seat of the Lucy family, ostensibly to prevent the deer from escaping, but in reality to obstruct the navigation. It is intended, unless the dispute can be amicably settled, to take legal proceedings in order that the rights of the public may be vindicated, and the Mayor of Stratford has discovered an Order in Council, dated 1636, by which the right of making the Avon navigable, from the Severn up to the vicinity of Coventry, was granted formally by Charles I. to one Mr. William Sandys.

"I was surprised to-day," writes a correspondent, "to find that I was obliged to pay a toll of twopence halfpenny for driving over the bridge connecting Windsor with Eton." I fully enter into my correspondent's feelings. It surprises me to have to pay toll anywhere at this period in the history of civilisation, but the toll on Windsor Bridge is a specially obnoxious one. To all intents and purposes, Eton and Windsor are one town, and a toll-bar between them is as objectionable as it would be across the High-street of any ordinary town.

A very handsome brass monument has just been placed above the Constable's pew in the historic Church of St. Peter ad Vincula, in the Tower of London, as a memorial of the late Lord Napier of Magdala.

Lord Rosebery's monograph on Mr. Pitt should be a work of the very highest interest, as he has been granted access to the large and very important collection of Pitt papers, which is preserved at Chevening, and of which the late Lord Stanhope made only a sparing use in his admirable biography of that statesman.

Dean Burgon's well-known "True Principles of the Textual Criticism of the New Testament," which was to have been his *magnum opus*, is to be edited and completed by the Rev. Edward Miller, who intends to resign the living of Bucknell, and settle in Oxford, in order that he may entirely devote himself to this work.

Amongst things not generally known, is, I take it, the fact that the after-dinner formula, "unaccustomed as I am to public speaking," &c., is of very ancient origin. It was introduced by Othman, third Caliph of Bagdad, in the year of our Lord 644. At least, so Sir William Muir informs us in his "History of the Rise and Fall of the Caliphate," which has just appeared.

An exceedingly beautiful monument has been erected over the grave of the late Lord Rosslyn, in the burial-ground of Rosslyn Chapel, Midlothian. The sculpture is very rich, and it harmonises entirely with the ancient chapel. The monument is surmounted by a cross, which is nineteen feet in height.

A good many people would like to know why the office of Vice-Chamberlain has not been filled up, considering that it has been vacant for nearly two months, as, being a House of Commons place, Lord Dartmouth ceased to hold it on succeeding to the peerage. Lord Burghley will probably be appointed, and it is expected that Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox will succeed him as Parliamentary Groom-in-Waiting, a place which is worth £334 a year, whereas the Vice-Chamberlain's salary is £924 a year.

There are at present four vacancies on the County-court Bench, and it is believed that two of the judges are likely to retire before the end of the year. The present Lord Chancellor's flood of patronage has been something truly portentous. Lord Halsbury in five years has appointed one Lord Justice, ten Judges, the President of the Probate and Divorce Division, one member of the Judicial Committee, two Masters in Lunacy (£2,000 a year each), two Official Referees (£1,500 a year each), fifty-nine County-court Judges, and a whole host of minor officials.

The run of Scottish legal patronage which the present Government has enjoyed has been so unprecedently heavy that all the leading Tories at the Bar have been provided with places, and so also have several Liberal-Unionists, so that some difficulty will be experienced in filling up any more vacancies which may occur, unless Liberals are to be appointed. No fewer than seven Judgeships of the Court of Session have been filled up since 1886, of which five have gone to Tories and two to Liberal-Unionists. Another Judge meditates an early retirement, and this will afford an opportunity of shelving Sir

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Charles Pearson, the Lord Advocate. A large number of Sheriffs and Sheriffs Substitutes have also been appointed, and there have been many vacancies in minor offices. The important Sheriffdom of Perthshire (which is worth £2,000 a year, and which is always a stepping-stone to the Bench) is certain to be filled by the transfer of some experienced Sheriff from a less important county, and then Mr. Wallace, the senior Advocate Depute, will obtain promotion.

The *World* is entirely mistaken in supposing that Scotch Judgeships are in the gift of the Lord Advocate, and it is flagrant nonsense to state that Mr. Robertson "appointed himself" to be Lord Justice General. The Scottish judicial offices are all in the gift of the Prime Minister, who, of course, is mainly influenced in his appointments by the advice of the Secretary for Scotland, who sends in his recommendation after consultation with the Lord Advocate. The Lord Justice Clerk could have become Lord President if he had wished to do so, but he would have gained only £200 a year, with a vast increase of work and responsibility; and, as a lawyer, he is decidedly very inferior to Mr. Robertson.

Several of the French papers announce that the successor of "Sir James Ferussong" at the Foreign Office is to be either "Lord Nathaniel Curzon" or "Sir Hanbury."

I was rather amused to see that whilst one of the Government papers announced the appointment of Mr. Jackson as Postmaster-General, several stated that the Duke of Portland had accepted the offer, and the *World* asserted that the appointment of Sir John Gorst was "a foregone conclusion." The name of Sir James Fergusson was never once mentioned in connection with the vacancy until his appointment was officially announced.

I have repeatedly commented of late upon the erratic system on which sub-postmasterships are filled up, and notably upon cases where these appointments have been made the subject of the most barefaced jobbery. The matter attracted special attention at the conference of Post-Office officials held the other day at Manchester, where a number of resolutions on the subject were adopted and forwarded to the new Postmaster-General. It was mentioned at this conference that in Manchester the sub-postmasters at present include bakers, barbers, booksellers, chemists, drapers, grocers, hatters, milliners, tobacconists, tramway clerks, and others, not one of whom prior to appointment had had any knowledge of post-office work, and all of whom were dependent on the services of one or more trained clerks. The same state of things of course prevails throughout the country. One instance was given in which a sub-postmastership in Wales, with £200 a year, had recently been bestowed upon a clerk in the Cunard Steamship Co. In another recent case, an appointment in the North of England, with £300 a year, was bestowed upon a cobbler, an illiterate man who could not spell many words of one syllable.

BOURNEMOUTH.—ROYAL BATH HOTEL. The only hotel on the East Cliff. Grounds of Five Acres. 1,000 feet sea-frontage. South aspect. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited.

This system is an extraordinary anomaly. Nothing like it prevails in any other branch of the public service. It is not generally adopted abroad. In the smallest provincial town in France, so far as my experience goes, you do not find the post-office located at the baker's or the tallow-chandler's, but in some sort of special bureau—humble possibly, not to say primitive, but still a bureau. Our system cannot be for the advantage of the public. A man cannot be at the same time a good tailor or a good hairdresser and a good postmaster. Besides, the arrangement is grossly unfair to the hard-working clerks of the Post Office, who are thus excluded from hundreds of the most comfortable appointments in the service. It is maintained, so far as I can learn, solely for the benefit of M.P.'s whose last remnant of public patronage survives in these appointments—to which fact the public is indebted for the postmaster from the Cunard office, the other from the cobbler's stall, and, doubtless, many other hundreds of equally disreputable little jobs. As new brooms sweep clean, here is an excellent opening for Sir James Fergusson.

Frequent complaints reach me as to the unconscionable time often taken by the postal officials in delivering telegrams, especially in the suburbs and country places. This week, for instance, a lady tells me of her own recent aggravating experiences of this delay, which culminated in a telegram from Worcester Park, Surrey, to Sloane-square, being nearly three hours *en route*. I would advise my correspondent accordingly at once place herself in communication with the Postmaster-General. And I would myself ask Sir James Fergusson, in view of the increasing carelessness which is manifesting itself in connection with telegrams, to give his department a word of general warning on the subject, as soon as he has disposed of the pressing political business which is just now, with good reason, engrossing his attention in North-East Manchester.

Several of the daily papers announced last week that at the consecration of the Bishops of Lichfield and Truro, and other prelates, in St. Paul's Cathedral, Dean Gregory "intends to have an exceptionally ornate service," so "there will be a procession, celebration of the Holy Communion, and an anthem." It is a pity that, even in the silly season, intelligent editors should print such nonsense. There never yet was a consecration anywhere without the celebration, procession, and anthem, which are so absurdly and ignorantly supposed to be novelties on such an occasion.

If the Rhyl Church Congress is not a success, it will not be for want of fussing and puffing. Superhuman efforts have been made to procure an unusually large attendance, and most of the territorial magnates of North Wales have been worried into promising that they will fill their houses for the week. The programme is most uninteresting, and it may really be worth while for the managers to consider whether it would not be very much

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better to establish a biennial Congress, instead of holding one every autumn, at which the same tiresome subjects are discussed year after year, and often by the same readers and speakers. The Church Congress sermons at Rhyl are to be preached next Tuesday by the Bishops of Ripon and Manchester.

It appears, from an official report which has just been issued, that ten of the Liverpool churches are practically supported by the Corporation of that city, which in nineteen years has expended £49,556 upon them, a fact which seems to me to be well worthy of the attention of the ratepayers.

At East Dereham last week, among other property put up for sale, were the advowsons of the Rectories of Beeston-next-Mileham and Mileham. The first was described as worth £550 a year in tithe, with house and over twenty-six acres of glebe, the present incumbent being fifty-three years of age. But notwithstanding the repeated reminders of the auctioneer that "this was not a sale of the next presentation, but of the perpetual advowson," the biddings could not be raised above £550. The second case was yet more remarkable. Here the tithe was worth £650 (less a diminishing payment of £44 to Queen Anne's Bounty), with a glebe of nineteen acres, of which seventeen were let for £20 a year. The lot, however, was knocked down for £450. It was stated that twenty-seven years ago £3,500 was paid for this advowson. A Radical parson, sending me these facts, speaks of Disestablishment as "the living-buyer's Bogie Man;" and when the advowson of a fat living will not fetch one year's purchase in the open market, it certainly looks as if there were a Bogie Man of some kind pretty close at hand.

Some further correspondence of an interesting nature has passed in the matter of Lord Egerton of Tatton's "gift" to the Heaton Chapel Schools, referred to in last week's TRUTH. His Lordship has written, somewhat tardily, a letter in which he explains that the conditions making the money repayable in the event of the disestablishment of the Church of England, or the admission of Nonconformists to this "public" school, were drawn by his solicitors on a misapprehension of his instructions, and without his knowledge; but he adds that he considers he had a right to limit his donation to a Church of England School, or to attach reasonable conditions to his gift.

The question is, What does he understand by a "reasonable" condition? In a reply to this letter, the Rector of the parish observes that he and the other managers of the schools will naturally be desirous of preserving them as Church of England schools as long as and so far as the law permits. No reasonable being will question that. What more can Lord Egerton "reasonably" want? It would be vastly interesting to know, and also —as the *Manchester Guardian* asks—whether the further conditions which he may consider "reasonable" have been imposed in the case of other "public" schools which his Lordship has assisted to endow. As the promised £400 still remains unpaid, and as the Rector has appealed to Lord Egerton to give it, perhaps the public may yet be enlightened on these points.

One of my Church of England readers asks whether I can justify my statement that this is not the first exhibition of sectarian bigotry on the part of this noble Lord. Here is the first instance on which I can lay my hand. About six years ago, Sir John Harwood, a well-known merchant and Alderman, but also a Methodist in religion and a Liberal in politics, made an offer for a vacant farm on Lord Egerton's estate. He was told by the agent that Lord Egerton's farms were only let to tenants who attended the Established Church. If it were worth the time and trouble, I do not doubt that I could find a dozen illustrations of equally flagrant abuse of the rights of property.

A discussion on the iniquity of dancing has been raging in an Aberdeen paper among the members of the Church. In the course of it one of the disputants, Alex. G. Burnett, has thought it necessary to make the following painful confession:—

> But I ask "J. W." if promiscuous dancing does not lead to breach of the Seventh Commandment. I never danced, and don't think I could dance without breaking that Commandment, but I maintain that, if that is true in the case of one, every one should refrain from dancing.

This unpleasant old gentleman had previously objected that "it is easy to make game of our remarks," and no longer Mr. Spurgeon's remarks concerning it." I can understand that it would be—very easy. But, Heaven help me, that I should attempt to extract fun out of such a subject! It is altogether too solemn and awful. If this had been done at a meeting of the Free Church, a married man would be sent to Coventry for the rest of his natural life. Let us hear what the Committee's report among the Mormon Elders.

The following narrative should be of practical use to TRUTH of tradesmen who may be invited to work for Church of England congregations. Mr. Kershaw Smith is a joiner at Mytholmroyd, near Halifax. Five years ago he took an order from somebody to re-seat the parish church at Cragg-Vale. His bill amounted to £325, and the work was done to the satisfaction of everybody concerned. After waiting some time for payment, Mr. Smith commenced legal proceedings, but against the wrong person, with the result that his action failed, and he incurred a further loss of £100 in costs. It appears that the Vicar of Cragg-Vale has made an effort to raise a subscription, and a dispute is going on between him and Mr. Smith in the local papers as to whether he (the vicar) announced a year ago that he had received £60, or only that he had been promised £60. One thing, however, is certain—that the unfortunate Smith has never to this day received a penny of his money. A pretty satire, truly, upon the religion of the Christian congregation who have been for five years saying their prayers in the pews which this confiding joiner was weak enough to put up for their accommodation!

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The announcement in a contemporary that "it is still an open question" whether the Duke of Connaught is to succeed Sir Frederick Roberts as Commander-in-Chief in India is simply rubbish and nonsense of the most ignorant kind. There has never been any idea of the Duke of Connaught going again to India, either as Commander-in-Chief or in any other capacity. The intention at Court is that the Duke of Connaught shall move to the Horse Guards when his term of command at Portsmouth expires. It may be, however, as the Liberals will then be in office, that the Government will have something to say before this pleasant family arrangement is carried out.

The orders just issued respecting the movements of troops during the Indian trooping season furnish some notable illustrations of what I said the other day about the perverse distribution of regiments under our pretended "territorial" system. The 1st Connaught Rangers go to bec Pembroke Dock, thus justifying the forecast given in would RUTH of their probable destination. The 1st Inniskilling of work rs, who have been at Portsmouth for three years decidedly ve ir last return from foreign service—notwithstand- the majority of the men hail from the North of Several of –are now to be moved to Shorncliffe. Simulof "Sir Jam ly, the 2nd West Kent go from Shorncliffe to either "Lor I imagine that the clerks at the War Office their leisure moments with some game, the object I was r ch is to arrange all the regiments of the British Government so that not one shall be found in the district to Jackson as I nominally belongs.

Duke of Portlan

asserted that the n this as in other matters, I find that there foregone conclus g to be said on the other side, and somebody was never once y it. A distinguished officer of an Irish regiuntil his appoi es to tell me that if the Irish soldier has his will never be quartered in Ireland. The advanI have re the English over an Irish garrison town appear system e (1) that the barrack accommodation is better; (2) an that the English towns offer more amusement and life; and (3) that in the Irish towns the female portion of the population is forbidden by the priests to consort with Tommy Atkins unless Tommy has a written permit to marry in his pocket. I fully appreciate the force of these disadvantages; but I don't quite see why they are an argument for keeping English soldiers in Ireland. On the same principle we might all be asked to go and live in Ireland, and allow the Irish to occupy this country. I am in favour of Ireland for the Irish.

The Government proposes to build very extensive barracks at Halifax, which, in case of war, would be occupied by troops on their way to India by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The site for these barracks has already been selected.

Choice Old Highland Whiskies. Age 7, 10, 15, and 25 years in wood. Price per doz., 48s., 60s., 72s., and 120s. An eminent medical authority, in recommending the moderate use of Whisky, states that on no account should Whisky be used unless it is well matured. Detailed list on application to Morel Bros., Cobbett, & Son, Limited, 210 & 211, Piccadilly; 18 & 19, Pall Mall; 143, Regent-street. Whisky Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

An officer gives me the following account of an incident which lately happened in his own battalion. If red-tape can go further than this, I shall be glad to know how and where:—

> Not long ago a private in a Line battalion stationed abroad was scratched while playing with his pet cat. In accordance with the regulations applicable to such cases, the officer commanding the battalion assembled a board to inquire into the circumstances attending the injury and its nature. In due course the proceedings of the board were forwarded to the proper authorities. They then came back with a request that it might be stated whether the soldier was on duty or otherwise when the injury was received, which information was duly supplied. The taxpayer is to be congratulated on the fact that the sad accident occurred during play-time, so that the wounded warrior cannot claim compensation.

As it is, however, I infer that the mishap has cost the country something substantial.

Not long since I drew attention to the grievance respecting the rate of promotion in the Medical Staff Corps. So far from any improvement having taken place, the grievance seems to have extended, for I understand that certain N.C.O.'s have recently been allowed to extend their service to twenty-six years. The immediate effect of this is, of course, to defer the promotion of the men who would otherwise have filled the places of those thus favoured, and possibly in some cases to deprive them permanently of their chance of obtaining an increase of pension. I appreciate as much as any one the desirability of retaining tried men in the Service as long as they are efficient, but wherever steps are taken for this purpose, others ought to be taken to prevent the juniors suffering in consequence.

An officer engaged in the Autumn Manœuvres recently told me that when his men returned after working twelve hours a day in the rain, for many days in succession, their uniforms were absolutely useless, so that they would at once have to provide themselves with new ones out of their pittance of 8½d. a day. This a most serious expense, and one which the men ought never to be called upon to bear. The present allowance of clothing is calculated on the basis of ordinary wear and tear in time of peace. I take it that in war time it is supplemented as a matter of course, and so it ought to be in the case of any other exceptional wear and tear which troops are compelled to undergo.

My remarks last week on the rapacity and rudeness of the "official" guides employed at Edinburgh Castle have induced a correspondent to send me his experiences of a visit to the historical fortress in question. As soon as he entered the gate, he tells me, he was pounced upon by a guide, who proceeded to show him round in the duly "authorised" manner. At a certain point they came upon a tourist who had apparently successfully run the blockade, and who was standing, Murray in hand, gazing up intently at a window. This being one of the officially-recognised "sights" of the Castle, the guide also halted with his victim in front of it, and began in the usual parrot-like way: "This winder that you see above is the hidentical one which ——." Suddenly, however, noticing

Paris.—Hôtel Anglo-Français, 6, Rue Castiglioni, facing th Continental. First-class. Highly recommended for comfort, cuisine, moderate charges, and sanitary arrangements. Otis American lift.

the guideless tourist apparently listening, he stopped abruptly in his description, and, turning sharply round to him, exclaimed, "Do you whant a guide, sorr?" "No—no thank you," was the reply of the startled sightseer. "Then f'what are you listenin' to me forr?" was the rude retort. Unfortunately the tourist was too taken aback to think of any one of the numerous denunciatory and objurgatory rejoinders which would have been applicable to the occasion, and all he did was to meekly beg the guide's pardon and move on. I have nothing to add to this interesting incident; but I commend it to the careful attention of the Brigade-Major at Edinburgh, in whose hands, I am told, the appointment of the Castle guides rests.

The Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* is not to be laid up at Portsmouth for the winter as usual, because she will be required early in December to convey the Empress Frederick and Princess Margaret of Prussia to England. They will probably cross from Flushing to Port Victoria.

It is a well-known fact that the Admiralty hardly ever enforces penalties against defaulting contractors. They manage matters very differently in France, for *Le Yacht* announces that the cruiser *Coetlogon*, which was to have realised a speed of 19·5 knots, only achieved 19·3, so the makers of the machinery are to pay the stipulated fine of 200,000 francs for each tenth of a knot less than the speed which they had guaranteed.

I should have thought that the Naval correspondent of the *Globe*, who is, I believe, an ex-Naval Engineer, would have had more sense than to split straws with me on the question of bogus Admirals. With respect to my recent comments on the retirement of Rear-Admiral Chatfield, I find that the officer was permitted to block the Rear-Admiral's list not for ten, but for exactly five and a half years. He was promoted in January, 1886, and was never employed as an Admiral. Whether he actually stood at the head of the Rear-Admiral's list or not has nothing to do with my argument, for the fact remains that for the whole of this period he prevented more capable officers on the Captain's list from being advanced. If the Admiralty do not consider that an Admiral has sufficient ability—or interest—to render his employment desirable, that Admiral ought, by all the regulations of common sense, to be retired forthwith. A more consistent plan, however, would be to maintain the selection principle in the highest grades of the Service, as well as in the lower grades.

This same critic sapiently asserts, I see, that the *Osborne's* boilers "must have been splendid indeed to stand so many years of the most trying possible work to which a steam vessel can be subjected—long spells of harbour and intermittent voyages at full speed." Just so! Very long spells in harbour and very intermittent voyages, but, I think, most engineers will agree with me that the boilers of a vessel which lies in harbour ten months out of twelve might reasonably be expected, with proper care, to last for very many years.

YACHTING, FISHING, &c.—MOBEL'S new list of YACHT STORES, SPECIALTIES and NOVELTIES in PRESERVED PROVISIONS, just published, on application to 186, Piccadilly, W.

A very grave scandal has come to light in connection with the Naval Cadets' training ship, *Britannia*, the full particulars of which I hope to be able to disclose next week. In the meantime I may state that one cadet has been expelled, and another publicly birched, in connection with the bullying, at which, by the way, the authorities have deliberately winked for the last twenty years. In 1877 the criticisms of the Press forced the Admiralty to hold an inquiry into the matter, but the result was far from being satisfactory. It is, indeed, high time that a Captain should be appointed to the *Britannia* who is capable of stamping out this semi-legalised fagging and systematic bullying.

It will be within the recollection of my readers that, from the very moment when I first turned the light upon the pestiferous state of this building, frantic efforts were made by tinkering here and there to set the place in order. Before the presentation of Dr. Thorne-Thorne's report hundreds of pounds must have been spent within the building; hundreds more were spent afterwards. The £3,142 now to be spent represents, I take it, merely the cost of improving the underground drainage in accordance with the recommendations of the City Medical Officer of Health. By the time the end is reached nearly a year will have been occupied, and thousands upon thousands of pounds spent in remedying the evils originally exposed in TRUTH. There is not, in the whole history of hospital administration a more disgraceful or a more instructive chapter, and I think that, now that there is no longer anything to conceal, Lord Sandown and his colleagues would do well to recall all the St. Bartholomew's witnesses who have been before the Lords Committee, and ascertain from them exactly what has been done at the hospital, in order to embody in the Committee's report a complete history of the scandal from beginning to end.

With reference to the story told in TRUTH of September 17 respecting "Dr. X." and his charge of 600 guineas for attending "Mr. A." for seventeen days at Lugano, I have received a lengthy communication from the doctor in question; but as it is marked "Confidential," I am uncertain what use he expects me to make of it. I presume, however, that "Dr. X." desires his version of the case to be made known. The first point which I find in his letter is that he saved "Mr. A.'s" life, which was to all appearance doomed on his arrival, by reversing the treatment of the German physician, whose charges were contrasted with his. What of that? The doctor is paid to save the life if he can, and the question whether he is to be paid 200 guineas or 600 guineas cannot be affected by the success of his treatment, unless "Dr. X." is prepared to accept payment by results in all cases, and to forego his fees when the patient dies. The next, and chief point, is that the doctor applied to a well-known Scotch physician before fixing his fee, and was told by the latter that he was entitled to charge $17 \times 24 \times 3$ (= 1,224) guineas, that is to say, three guineas per hour

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for every day that he was in attendance. To which I can only say that if all the doctors in Scotland endorsed that opinion, I should still regard such a charge as monstrously extortionate. And it seems to me that I am confirmed in my view by the fact that Sir William Jenner and his colleagues assessed the proper fee at £300. From a letter which "Dr. X." has sent me it appears that even after this sum had been awarded, he raised the question whether it was not to be paid in addition to the £200 which his patient had already paid him. I fail entirely, therefore, to see what he has to complain of in the story as I originally gave it.

Death in the Hat.

Vide British Medical Journal.

Already, thanks to this or that
Remorseless doctors' journal,
Countless new terrors have been raised
To haunt our life diurnal.
Already, leather boots we've heard
Convey diseases shocking;
Already, poison, we're assured,
Lurks in the coloured stocking.

Already, 'gainst infectious suits
We've had due admonition;
Already, collars, gloves, and ties
Have fallen 'neath suspicion;
Whilst now, our still left confidence
Completely undermining,
We're told that poisonous white lead
Pervades our tall hat's lining!

Thus, then, at last, from foot to head,
The doctors would impress us,
We're clothed with risks and dangers dire,
As with a shirt of Nessus;
Though one consoling thought occurs,
Assured past chance of error,
The death now lurking in our hats
Must be the "crowning" terror!

I see from the Cape papers that Mr. Edward Lippert is bringing an action against the South African Company on the strength of his alleged concession in Matabeland, and that he has obtained an interdict upon the property of Messrs. Rhodes and Rudd in the Transvaal. This action is likely to bring to the test some important questions regarding the pretensions of the various Matabeland concessionaires, and the result, whatever it is, cannot fail to be interesting.

At the Westhoughton Revision Court last week a man whose vote had been objected to was apparently rather indignant about it. The Barrister, Mr. Hargrave Hodgson, did not grasp the point of the objection at first, and put a number of questions to the man, who replied somewhat tartly. At length the Barrister made this rather remarkable statement: "You are very impudent, sir, and I shall strike your name out. I do not believe you." In other words, the man lost his vote because he lost his temper. I have heard of many strange ways of losing a vote, but it is entirely new to me that a man may be disfranchised unless he is perfectly polite and amiable towards the Revising Barrister. But the absurd anomalies with which our registration system is loaded were further illustrated in another way at the same Court. John Henry Percy, of Prestwich claimed to be on the owners' list and was objected to. It transpired that his claim was signed "Henry John," instead of "John Henry." No one pretended that the man who applied for the vote and the man for whom the claim was made were not identical; but simply because the person who drew up the declaration transposed the Christian names, the applicant, possessing a perfectly just title to a vote, was struck off the list. Could absurdity be more flagrant?

The Cambridge "Spinning-House" has not yet received the *coup de grace*. The negotiations that have been going on between the Town and the University reached a deadlock the other day with the passing by the Senate of a resolution "that the members of the University do not find themselves in a position to abandon any of their powers." The only possible answer is, that in that case they must be relieved of these powers by *force majeure*. The Town authorities have therefore done well to resolve, on their side, that they will confer with the Corporation of Oxford, "with a view to joint action in the next Session of Parliament;" and they may rely that, if such action is taken, the Spinning House will not find many defenders on the Radical side of the House. In the meantime, as I understand that the University authorities are contemplating the construction of a new court-house, with accommodation for the public and counsel, and as it is quite certain that this trumpery concession will not meet the legitimate requirements either of the town or of the public feeling outside, I advise those who are interested in the University funds to put a stop to this expenditure at once.

The case of Mr. John Renison, which was before the Glasgow Bankruptcy Court last week, is well adapted to point a moral. Mr. Renison joined the Stock Exchange last November, shortly after he had attained his majority, with a capital of £2,750, which was lent to him by his father, who, however, made further advances, which brought his capital up to £6,600. "John Renison & Co." was the style which he adopted, "Company" being added "to give the thing a good appearance." Mr. Renison was shortly afterwards joined by a brother two years his senior, "who introduced clients, and also did a little travelling for the firm," and his services were rewarded by payments which in nine months amounted to £664. The cashier drew a salary at the rate of £300 a year. Mr. Renison also engaged three clerks and a porter, which was a tolerably large staff for a broker of his age and standing. He had promised his father that he would not do business on his own account, but this pledge was quickly broken, the tragical result being that, after nine months' operations, he owes £17,320, and has only £1,307 to pay the debts with, and at the time of his stoppage the stocks open on his account amounted to upwards of £500,000.

Gout.—"Bishop's" Effervescent Citrate of Lithia is the best preventive of gout. All doctors prescribe it.—Of all Chemists, and of the Inventors, Alf. Bishop & Sons, 48, Spelman-street, London.

Since my reference last week to the case in which the Mayor of Cowbridge had privately used his influence to get a summons withdrawn, the matter has been further ventilated, with edifying results. The Superintendent concerned in the case before the borough court was interrogated by the ex-Mayor, Alderman James. Here is the most interesting part of the colloquy:—

Alderman James: Did not the Mayor ask you to get this summons withdrawn?
Sergeant Smith: Yes.
Alderman James: Did the Mayor offer you any money if this case was withdrawn?
Magistrates' Clerk: What a question!
Alderman James said he had a right to put it.
On the question being repeated, Sergeant Smith said that the Mayor told him that he was authorised to pay him half a sovereign if the case was withdrawn.
Alderman James then rose from his seat and left the Bench.
The Mayor said that Alderman James had endeavoured to throw dust in the eyes of the public in this matter, and the fact of his leaving the Bench was a proof that he could not support what he had endeavoured to prove. Sergeant Smith had told a wilful and deliberate lie in reference to this case, but his (the Mayor's) conduct was perfectly clear, and he had simply written to Sergeant Smith to say that the case would be withdrawn.

Nevertheless, this precious Magistrate, who in open court charges a police officer with wilful lying, writes a letter to the local paper immediately afterwards, in which he makes the following astounding admission:—

I never offered Sergeant Smith a single farthing as a bribe, having no personal interest in the case under notice, but *I did inform him that the party in question was so thankful at the intervention of Sergeant Smith in not reporting the case, that he would, when he met him, give him* 5*s. or* 10*s.*

In other words, this Chief Magistrate of a borough, responsible in a measure for the integrity and good behaviour of the police, and sworn himself to "truly and indifferently administer justice," makes himself the medium by which a money reward is promised to a policeman for letting off an offender, on the ground that this offender was a well-to-do person, who would be injured by being brought before the Magistrates. This is as grossly scandalous an episode as ever disgraced the administration of justice, and I wait to see what the Lord Chancellor will have to say to this Mayor, as well as to the clerk to the Bench, who seems to have thought that his duty in the matter was to prevent the truth getting out, and who positively asserted in the course of the proceedings that the incident was an every-day occurrence of no serious moment.

A contemporary announces that "it is proposed to spend £3,142 in improving the sanitation of St. Bartholomew's Hospital." I need not point out to the readers of Truth the significance of the announcement. But I should like to know what is thought of it by those who were engaged for week after week and month after month in combating my endeavours to enlighten the public as to the state of this hospital—by Sir Sydney Waterlow, who, in January last, replied to my first observations by assuring a representative of the London Press that the authorities, after taking every step to ascertain the truth, were satisfied that the sanitary condition was perfect; by the other officials of the hospital who went before the House of Lords Committee with the same tale; by the *Lancet* and other medical papers which, during all the months that I kept this disgraceful scandal before the public, never referred to it, except to give publicity to official lies and misrepresentations; by the medical staff of the hospital, who, at the eleventh hour, came to the rescue of the other officials with a formal declaration of their opinion that nothing had occurred which pointed to insanitary conditions.

I am always ready to give even Bumble his due, and I have, therefore, noted with much satisfaction the outspoken way in which the Reading Guardians at their last meeting criticised the action of the Wokingham County Bench in dealing with a charge brought against a surgeon named Barford for assaulting and beating Charles Higgs, an orphan boy of thirteen, in his employ. Mr. Barford, who is described in a Reading paper as "the well-known surgeon of Wokingham," and who must by this time, I should think, be rather too well known to be altogether agreeable to him, had taken Higgs into his service from the Wargrave District School, and on July 7 last thrashed him so severely with an ash stick for not brushing some clothes in the manner directed that the boy ran away. He had such a tale to tell of repeated assaults by his master that the Guardians, rightly considering themselves in *loco parentis* towards the orphan boy, caused Mr. Barford to be summoned, and the charge was duly heard at Wokingham on September 15.

As the surgeon virtually pleaded guilty, the whole of the facts did not come out, and thus testimony which could have been given as to repeated assaults—one of them it is alleged with a spur—was not adduced. Mr. Barford himself admitted, however, that he had occasionally beaten the boy, and volunteered the further statement that in his younger days he had held a Government appointment involving the charge of several hundred convicts; the implied inference obviously being that alike for convicted criminals and orphan workhouse boys of thirteen the disciplinary method should be identical. Anyhow, there was evidence — to quote the Chairman of the Reading Guardians—"that the boy had been most shamefully and fearfully treated whilst he was with Mr. Barford," and it is nothing short of scandalous that the Bench, whilst deciding to convict, should have imposed only a nominal fine of one shilling and costs! It is really no wonder that the indignation of the Guardians found vent at their next meeting in allegations of a packed and partial Bench, and of magistrates whipped up to protect, as far as possible, one of their own class. This demonstration of the Guardians against the Great Unpaid seems to me, in fact, a very encouraging feature in what is otherwise a most shameful case. When Bumble begins to denounce Dogberry it cannot but be for the ultimate good of the community.

I trust that the Home Secretary will make some little inquiry into the character of the "Catholic Industrial School," Mill Hill, before little Frances Sedrick is sent back to that institution. Frances, who is eleven years of

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London, 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

age, has twice run away from the Catholic Industrial School. On the first occasion she absconded because she did not like the place. When brought before the magistrates, however, she asserted that on her being brought back one of the "sisters" told her that if she misbehaved again her mouth would be strapped up, and showed her the lady who would perform that operation. She states also that the same "sister" took her into a room where there was a coffin, and threatened to lock her up in the company of that suggestive piece of furniture. Oddly enough, the school authorities did not denounce these statements as inventions of the child's wicked imagination. The manageress is reported to have said that no such punishment as strapping mouths up was practised — which was not alleged; while the "sister" referred to admitted that the child had seen a coffin through a glass door leading to the mortuary, but she seems to have suggested that this was an accident. It is certain that this child was so frightened that she scrambled out of window and ran away, and the Edgware Magistrates were so impressed by her entreaties not to be sent back, that they remanded her to the Workhouse for a week. That is what I consider a case for inquiry.

In alluding last week to the grandmotherly way in which the Chief Constable of Worcester is inclined to look after the morals of the people of that ancient city, I referred especially to the recent abortive efforts of that fussy official to put down the utterance of a certain well-known "sanguinary adjective" in the public streets. In his opinion, it will be remembered, the use of that vulgar pleonasm constituted profane swearing, whilst according to that of the magistrate it was nothing more than an emphatic and unrefined version of the word "awfully." Apropos to this magisterial *obiter dictum*, several correspondents have written to me to point out that the "sanguinary adjective" in question is in reality a corruption of the mediæval oath, "By our Lady!" Perhaps the Chief Constable of Worcester had this in his mind when he instituted the recent proceedings in the police-court.

It may be of interest to some of my agricultural readers to hear that at Leigh, in Lancashire, a farmer has just been heavily fined (in the person of his son) for using a gun to scare birds, without having a gun-licence. The farmer in question, Mr. Speakman, contended strenuously that the law did not require him to take out a licence, and when warned by the Inland Revenue authorities he had refused to obtain the licence on this ground. He appears to have relied on a paragraph in "Whitaker's Almanack," which states that a tenant farmer need not take out a licence for a gun merely used for scaring birds. "Whitaker's Almanac" is, I suppose, not recognised as a text-book in the law-courts; but it is, at any rate, a reference-book compiled with exemplary care, and the fact of such a statement appearing there is conclusive proof that, rightly or not, there is a widespread opinion to this effect. I believe that farmers throughout the country not only hold this opinion, but act upon it; and in this instance the Inland Revenue officers seem to have made a raid in the district for the express purpose of catching the farmers during the grain harvest. This proceeding is shabby enough, but it is eclipsed by the conduct of the Tory Bench at Leigh, who, notwithstanding his honest doubt about the law, fined Mr. Speakman £5 and costs. I recommend farmers to take further steps to ascertain whether this is good law, and, if it is, to get such "good law" altered for the better.

A bold stand was made for the rights of property by the Caerleon Magistrates last Thursday. Four boys, convicted of robbing an orchard of a shillingsworth of apples, were sentenced to a fine of 20s. each, or fourteen days' imprisonment. As might be expected, the parents refused to pay the money, and all four went to prison—to come out, in all probability, promising young criminals, who would as soon be inside a prison as out of it. On the same occasion, another boy (that is to say his father) was fined ten shillings for picking up two-penny-worth of pears under a tree in an orchard, although the prosecutor desired not to press the charge. In a third case of apple-stealing by a boy, the farmer did not appear, and sent word that he desired to withdraw the charge; but the Bench actually declined to assent to this, and adjourned the case for the attendance of the parties. The Justices present on this memorable occasion were Messrs. Nicholson, F. J. Mitchell, and Major Mansell, and it is no exaggeration to say that this one day's work alone conclusively brands them as utterly unfit for the position they hold.

In some of these cases the prosecutors are as much to blame as the Magistrates. A struggling farmer may, indeed, be forgiven for doing his best to protect himself against the regular depredations of juvenile orchard-robbers. It is not his fault that the Magistrate is a purblind idiot, who, instead of binding these young rascals over to behave themselves, and leaving their parents to thrash them, does incalculable mischief by treating them as criminals, and committing them to gaol. But no excuse whatever can be made for Major Carew, of Littleham, who last week haled a boy of eleven before the Exmouth Bench for stealing a pear from his garden, and two other children, a year or two younger, for "aiding and abetting him." To accentuate the trumperiness of this abominable prosecution, the precious pear does not appear to have been actually removed. The boy got on the wall *viâ* the back of one of his fellow prisoners, and plucked the treasured fruit, but at that crisis the Major's servant looked out of the window and said, "What are you doing?" on which the infant robber promptly dropped the "swag" into the garden, and ran for his life. He subsequently called to beg Major Carew's pardon, but the Major was not at home, and the law took its course. Even the

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Exmouth Magistrates, however, could not stand this, and they gave the prisoner the benefit of the First Offenders' Act. If anything could make Major Carew ashamed of himself, that ought to.

Let me sympathise with Mr. J. Russell Lee, J.P., of Springwood, New Ferry, in his character of a baffled public benefactor. There is, it seems, a piece of unenclosed land adjoining Mr. Lee's property near Birkenhead, the neglected and apparently ownerless condition of which has very deeply moved his philanthropic soul. It appeared insufferable to him that *some* one should not be "in a position to warn off trespassers who were a nuisance to the neighbourhood," and so, to quote his own words in a local paper, he

> Decided lately to put a fence of posts, with bars of iron running through them, along the front of the land (leaving a space of about 4 ft. as an entrance), and so to obtain possession until any one turned up who could show a better title to the land.

But, alas, "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." Where Mr. Lee meant pure philanthropy, certain invidious residents in the neighbourhood were suspicious enough to fancy they saw incipient land-grabbing, and the Local Board actually interfered to prevent the putting up of the proposed fence! Thus foiled in his beneficent plan, there was but one course open to Mr. Russell Lee—to wash his hands of the affair, and leave his ungrateful neighbours to make the best of the land without his posts and bars. Still this much-injured man could write without bitterness:—

> As I now find that my wish to benefit the district is so strongly objected to, I have not the smallest intention of forcing on the cottagers against their will, and at my expense, what I thought would be an advantage to them.

Comment upon a case which so clearly tells its own significant tale is, I take it, wholly unnecessary. At the same time I feel constrained to exclaim, "O! ingrate and misguided and short-sighted cottagers! O! well-meaning and considerate, but misunderstood, Mr. Russell Lee!"

A gentleman, who seems to be behind the scenes, has given me some information which goes a long way to explain the disorganisation of the Civic finances at Edinburgh. There are five great spending departments, each nominally managed by a Committee of the Town Council. Nearly every Councillor serves on three or four of these Committees, and, in addition, upon the Water Trust or Gas Commission, or both. Many of the Committees meet on the same day. An Edinburgh Town Councillor cannot be in two places at the same time, and the "attendance" of Committeemen consequently tends more and more to resolve itself into merely looking in and getting marked as "present." The clerk compiles at his leisure the minutes of the proceedings, and gets them signed by the "Convener" of the Committee, and they are then printed in the agenda of the next meeting of the Council. No reporters are present at the Committee meetings. The Council itself only sits for two hours once a fortnight.

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The evils of this system are obvious. The Committees exercise no practical control over their departments. The members never get any effectual mastery of the business. The Council is no better, for the Council is only the aggregation of the Committee-men. Its business comes to it cut and dried. Little intelligent discussion takes place, and the public knows little or nothing of what is going on, or the way money is spent. The grand result is that the whole administrative machinery falls into the hands of the officials. And here is an example of the way the machinery works under that intelligent guidance:—

> On Dec. 1, 1885, the Council resolved to "Remit to the Lord Provost Committee to consider and report as to the duties and emoluments of the officials of the Corporation, with a view to economy and efficiency." The matter was bandied backward and forward from one Committee to another for three years. It resulted in the issue of a document of forty-eight pages, containing reports from the officials as to their "duties and emoluments," but not any report or recommendation from the Lord Provost Committee. The only action since taken has been to raise the salaries all round.

I am quite prepared to hear that I have been grossly misled, and that this picture does not apply to Edinburgh at all. I really do not care. I know nothing myself about Edinburgh, but I know half-a-dozen other corporations in the United Kingdom, which, *mutatis mutandis*, the cap would fit admirably. It is the besetting sin of nearly all municipal corporations that Councillors do not make themselves masters of administrative details, and that the business consequently falls into the hands of salaried officials, who, like the rest of us, are primarily interested in Number One. But how can we wonder at this, when we see precisely the same evil in the relations of Parliament to the great departments of State?

From a discussion which took place at a meeting last week, I gather that a good deal of the Edinburgh ratepayers' money goes in cigars and alcoholic drinks for the Councillors; and a motion was brought forward by Mr. Chalmers to exclude these luxuries on the occasion of the Committee and Council meetings, and "when members of Council meet on Sundays to attend the City churches" (which, I suppose, they do with cigars in their mouths and glasses of toddy in their hands). The motion, however, was met by the previous question, which was carried by 19 to 7. In the course of the discussion the proposer of the motion was twitted with raising the question for "electioneering purposes." Why on earth he should not do so I fail to understand. Were I a ratepayer of Edinburgh, I know that I should give all my vote and interest to any Councillor who would endeavour to prevent his colleagues from clarifying their minds with whisky and cigars at my expense, during the time when they were supposed to be transacting my business.

There is much excitement in Nottingham, it seems, owing to the Town Council of that borough having decided to apply the Act of Parliament regulating Music and Dancing Licences to all places of worship within its jurisdiction where entertainments are held to which a charge is made for admission. This means that several chapels in Nottingham will have to take out a licence.

But why limit the obligation to a few chapels only? For my part, assuming that the issue of a licence ensures the provision of the necessary facilities for exit, &c., in case of fire or panic, I should like to see the law so altered as to make it obligatory for one to be taken out for every building in which the public is in the habit of gathering in large numbers—be it cathedral or theatre, circus or chapel, music-hall or church. To keep up a distinction between places where money is taken at the door before you go in and those where you are expected to put money in a plate or bag before you come out, is illogical and absurd; and the sooner it is swept away the better it will be for the community at large.

Mr. John Lloyd, of the London County Council, tells me that he is being mistaken for the Mr. John Lloyd of Glamorganshire, whose utterances against Sunday labour in the harvest-field were noticed in Truth a week or two ago. If people are such fools as to assume that there is only one Mr. John Lloyd in the United Kingdom—or even two only—I am afraid it is more than I can do to teach them discrimination. I think, however, that those who have done Mr. John Lloyd, L.C.C., this injustice should make amends by offering to guarantee some portion of the £500 which he requires—in case of failure only—towards the cost of promoting a Bill for vesting Lincoln's Inn Fields in the County Council. At any rate, the money should be forthcoming somehow. There cannot be two opinions as to the desirability of acquiring Lincoln's Inn Fields as a public open space, and it is an odd thing if London cannot raise £500 to cover the cost of a Bill for the purpose.

About a month ago, the Worcester Guardians decided that in future the Workhouse children should be sent to the elementary schools in the city, and I took the opportunity of complimenting the Board on this eminently sensible resolution. In this I was, perhaps, rather precipitate, for experience has taught me that, if Mr. Bumble happens in a lucid interval to come to a sensible resolution, he very soon changes his mind and lapses into his old imbecility. So it has been at Worcester, for on Thursday last the Guardians actually rescinded the resolution passed in August, and decided to spend a large amount of the ratepayers' money in building a school at the Workhouse. A Mr. J. V. Stallard who supported this retrograde step, made the extraordinary statement that the young paupers would be "demoralised" by mixing with the class of children attending the Board schools. The ratepayers whose children are not thought good enough company for the juvenile inmates of the workhouse, should have something to say to Mr. Stallard and other Guardians who made similar remarks. Indeed, the Worcester ratepayers will be lamentably complacent if they do not compel their wooden-headed representatives to rescind their latest idiotic resolution, and revert to the very sensible one agreed upon in August.

Kinahan's LL Whiskey. "The Cream of old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whiskey. Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's LL Whiskey. The Prize Medal, Dublin, 1865.

Some disclosures which were recently made in the columns of a Leeds newspaper have compelled the Keighley Guardians, apparently very much against their inclination, to seriously consider whether the treatment of vagrants in the Keighley Workhouse is quite as good as it should be. It seems that it is the practice to bathe two or three vagrants in the same water; that the shirts in which they have to sleep are "stoved", occasionally, *but never washed;* that the rugs with which they are covered are seldom if ever cleaned, and are stored in the bathroom; and that the vagrants' almost invariable diet for breakfast or supper is bread and water. But even now that the Guardians have been goaded into effecting an improvement, they are determined that it shall be as slight as possible, and, as the outcome of an inquiry by the workhouse committee on Wednesday, it was decided that the vagrants' nightshirts should be washed *once a fortnight*, and that the bed-rugs should be washed *quarterly* and stored in a different place, whilst better arrangements for bathing have still to be made. I shall be anxious to see whether these alterations "satisfy" the Local Government Board.

An inquest was held on Thursday at Birchanger, Essex, on the body of William Cook, a hawker, belonging to Braintree, and the jury found that "there was a great want of humanity in the treatment of the man" on the part of Joseph Freeman, the relieving officer, who, indeed, was deserving of a far more severe censure. The man was found by a police-constable at midnight, on the side of the road, muttering, "Pray, dear Lord, do take care of me." The relieving officer, on being brought to the spot, contented himself with removing the poor man from the main road, and he left him (at near two in the morning) by the side of the path, the result being that at seven he was found dead. Freeman paid no attention to the policeman's suggestion that Cook should be taken to the union, and he attempted to excuse himself by asserting that he had believed the man to be drunk. The medical officer said there were no signs that the man had been drinking, and he had died from heart disease. This is a very shocking example of Bumbledom barbarity, and I should think that the singularly obtuse Freeman had better be at once relieved of his functions in connection with the union.

It appears from the report of the directors of Convict Prisons that the five years which ended on December 31, 1889, showed an average of 945 persons sentenced each year to penal servitude, with a population of 28,252,000, whereas during the five years which ended with 1864, the yearly average was 2,800, and the population 20,370,000. During last year 729 prisoners were thus sentenced, the population being 29,407,649. Last July there were 5,334 convicts in custody, whereas in December, 1869, there were 11,660. There are still eighty-four convicts in Australia, a remnant of the old transporting days, but of these only thirteen are prisoners, and thirty-nine are paupers and invalids, twenty-six are lunatics, and six are out with ticket-of-leave.

Lunacy appears to have increased in Scotland to a startling extent. In 1858 there were 5,824 lunatics on the register of the Lunacy Commissioners, but now there are 12,595. The increase is most marked among the class known as pauper lunatics. The number of lunatics has indeed increased by 116 per cent., while the population has gained only 37 per cent.

There are probably few amongst my readers who do not suffer from the attentions of the pestilent outside broker or dealer, whose touting circulars are scattered broadcast over the country. But when these missives are actually sent to boys at school, it is time to sound a warning. A correspondent writes to me to complain tha Prescott, Lyle, & Co., stock and sharebrokers, of 7, Union-court, Old Broad-street, and 82, Bishopsgate-street Within, have sent their precious circular inviting speculation in stocks and shares to his son, a youth of seventeen, at Merchiston Castle School, Edinburgh. We certainly do not want our schoolboys to be entrapped into Stock Exchange speculation, so Prescott, Lyle, & Co. had better confine their polite attentions to adults, lest indignant fathers should rise in their anger against them.

I have too often had to refer to the doings of the money-lender who trades—if that be the word to apply to his questionable transactions—under the style of "J. Jackson & Co.," and dates from 23, Duke-street, St. James's. But this indefatigable Shylock is now "playing it so low down," to use an expressive Americanism, that I am induced to again honour him with my notice. I have, in fact, now before me one of his touting circulars, which was addressed to the eldest son of a Sussex landowner and J.P., and when I add that this "eldest son" happens to be only *nine and a half years old*, I think this fresh pillorying of "J. Jackson & Co." will be considered fully justified. It is indeed time to speak out strongly when these social bloodsuckers, not content with making our Universities and Public Schools their hunting-ground, positively invade our nurseries in search of their prey.

A remarkable revelation of the manner in which money-lenders get their legal work done was made at the Hyde County-court recently in an action brought by Mr. J. H. Brooke, solicitor, against Mr. Robert Youde. The latter combines the business of a bill-poster with that of a money-lender, and he induced Mr. Brooke to enter into an agreement to do his legal work for £50 a year, paid in monthly instalments. "So strong was the agreement against the plaintiff that he could actually have been compelled to devote *the whole of his time* to the service of the defendant for £50 a year." His Honour Judge Hughes, in giving judgment for the plaintiff for the balance of the unpaid instalments, characterised the agreement as "a most extraordinary one." Certainly, people who are not money-lenders cannot get the services of a solicitor on such cheap terms.

For a long time past readers of TRUTH have been sending me circulars received by them from "John Martyn," of 24, Dinmont-street, Hackney-road, who states that he is paralysed from the waist downwards, and urges people on this ground to pay him a shilling for two trumpery Christmas cards, which would be dear at four a penny. Now, I believe, as a matter of fact, that John Martyn is paralysed, but I would point out that those who respond to his appeal are encouraging mendicancy pure and simple. To all intents and purposes Martyn's appeal is a begging letter, the offer of a worthless Christmas card being a transparent subterfuge; and it is astonishing that people should part with shillings in response to an appeal of this kind who would not dream of giving the man a halfpenny if he asked for it in the street.

The Pastel Portrait Swindle, the proprietors of which have now adopted the name of "Austin & Eddy," and changed their address to Margate, are now trying their luck with English residents (and possibly others) on the Continent. I take this to mean that the fraud is about played out in this country, and that "Austin & Eddy" find it necessary to cast their net in new waters. I trust that my Continental readers are sufficiently forewarned against these "philanthropic photographers."

With the view of warning the public against the parties who run the Pastel Portrait trick, the editor of the *Practical Photographer* tells me that he has had cards prepared explaining the nature of the fraud, and designed for exhibition in photographers' windows. Photographic firms will do well to utilise these cards, as by so doing they will be protecting themselves and their trade, as well as the general public. In addition to Messrs. Austin & Eddy at Margate, I understand that this trick is still being carried on by the man at Folkestone against whom I warned my readers some time back. From the card above-mentioned, I learn that this fraud, like a good many others, is of American origin, but it appears that on the other side of the Atlantic "the Government has undertaken the work of stamping out these gangs of swindlers, the Public Prosecutor proceeding against the managers, and the Post Office Department refusing to cash their money-orders." If our police do not speedily bestir themselves in the same direction, England is likely to become the happy hunting-ground of all the swindlers in creation.

Every one has heard of the angry traveller who, in denouncing the state of the apartment in which he had vainly tried to sleep, declared that if the fleas which had so tormented him had only been unanimous they might have easily pulled him out of bed. A correspondent, who signs himself "A Dweller in Chambers," writes to tell me that the above anecdote was only too readily recalled to his mind when he read that the charwomen of London had resolved to combine and form a kind of trades union. "Heaven help us poor bachelors," he exclaims, in concluding his letter, "now that *our* fleas have made up their minds to become unanimous at last!"

To Overcome Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives New Life, Appetite, Health, Strength, Energy. Cures Neuralgia, Indigestion, Nerve Debility. Pepper's Tonic. Kept everywhere.

Mr. Caine was evidently misled by the native gentleman who gave him such sensational information respecting the famished condition of Madras. I have now received from an officer on the spot a categorical reply to Mr. Caine's letter, and I know my informant to be trustworthy. The truth is that prices are high, but that there is nothing deserving the name of famine either in regard to grain or water. The statement that "in Chingleput and North Arcot the people and cattle are dying in hundreds" must be a delirious figment of the native imagination. Among the cattle there has been some exceptional mortality; but among the "people" there has not been a single death from starvation recorded in Chingleput, where the death-rate is at the normal figure. In North Arcot there have been four deaths from starvation, but the victims were people who had refused food from the neighbouring relief-kitchen.

The statements made regarding the apathy of the Government, and the remorseless severity with which the revenue has been exacted, rest, apparently, on a similar basis. The Governor has twice visited the affected districts, and numerous other officers have been constantly on the spot. Relief works were started in Chingleput in January, and in North Arcot in February, and additional works have since been freely sanctioned. Numerous kitchens have also been opened. At the time when my information left Chingleput (September 1) 18,000 people were employed in relief works, and 5,000 were being fed in kitchens. Remissions of taxation to the amount of four lakhs out of a total of twenty-two have been allowed this year, and no attempt has been made to collect outstanding arrears to the amount of three lakhs. In Chingleput collections have been suspended in the case of all but ryots paying land-tax of fifty rupees and upwards. In regard to water, there are, in addition to the ordinary drinking wells, 18,000 irrigation wells (all available for drinking) in full working order in the district. Although the silly season is scarcely over, these facts will, I hope, do something to allay anxiety respecting the terrible state of things in Madras.

Unless Mr. W. H. C. Dunhill, of Newstead Hall, near Hemsworth, is much more careful, I am sure that he will find, like Mr. Russell Lee, his motives misunderstood. Thus, on the 21st inst., I gather from the *Yorkshire Post*, he invited the Barnsdale troop of the Yorkshire Dragoons to a Grand Military Tournament at his country seat, on the very same day, strange to say, on which it had been arranged that the members of the Purston and Featherstone Conservative Association should hold a picnic in his grounds. It is true that at the end of the Tournament Mr. Dunhill, in responding to a vote of thanks, said how pleased he was "to encourage sport of every character," but, unfortunately, by another curious coincidence, he happens to be the Unionist candidate for his division, as well as an enthusiastic sportsman, and he certainly has only himself to blame if his professed zeal for military athletics is generally regarded in this part of Yorkshire as a rather daring political move on his own behalf.

It is at all events a significant fact that the *Yorkshire Post* heads its account of Mr. W. H. C. Dunhill's "Grand Military Tournament," "Conservative Picnic at Newstead Hall," and, under all the circumstances, I think it only right to invite the serious attention of the Secretary of State for War to the details of the case, so that it may be authoritatively stated by him whether it is by his concurrence that a troop of Yeomanry is thus allowed to attend what, in spite of Mr. Dunhill's ingenious attempt at differentiation, seems to have been a pronounced and unmistakable political gathering.

SCRUTATOR.

SHOULD WOMEN SMOKE?

"CAN you recommend smoking for the hands and the complexion"? "Will it remove freckles"? or "blotches?" I find some such question as this in almost every one of the very large number of letters which I have received from ladies on this interesting topic. Well, I will be honest and confess frankly that, so far as I have been able to ascertain by a most exhaustive inquiry, there is in the present state of scientific knowledge no absolute proof that the practice of tobacco-smoking exercises a directly beneficial influence upon the complexion. Indirectly, of course, it is extremely beneficial, by creating a distaste for sweets, pastry, and other unwholesome and indigestible edibles with which ladies of leisure and refinement (mainly, I really believe, from want of something better to do) are so apt to stuff themselves.

Direct (and most valuable) evidence as to the influence of tobacco on blotches (and what is a freckle but a blotch) would, indeed, be procurable if some of the readers of my poor old friend the *Spectator* could induce the leopard in Regent's Park to smoke. But I doubt whether the most "animal-loving" man of them all would succeed in this enterprise. My experience is that the whole cat tribe ("genus dolosum et infidum") has an unconquerable dislike to tobacco. Our Darwinian ancestors, the apes, have often been taught to appreciate the weed. Some of the nobler animals—horses, for example, and dogs—have no marked objection to its odour; and in Ireland I have, in days gone by, not unfrequently seen a cow yielding her milk complacently to the hand of a smoking dairymaid. But with cats it is different. They cannot bear the slightest whiff of tobacco, and anxious as I always am, if possible, to explain a miracle by natural causes, I venture to think (with submission, of course, to clerical authority) that the safety and comfort of the Prophet Daniel in the lions' den may be accounted for in this way. Daniel was a sensible man—a very superior sort of prophet. We are told by Scripture that "an excellent spirit was in him." What more natural than that he should have provided himself (possibly with the connivance of Darius) with a packet of

China and Glass.—Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

Be careful what you eat. Do not be half-poisoned by using Baking Powder adulterated with alum. Insist on having Borwick's, which is pure and wholesome, and the best that money can buy.

cigarettes to while away the tedium of his all-night's sitting. Recently I read in the papers that the idea had occurred to a genius (I am not sure but that it is to be represented on the stage), of a lion in a den of Daniels. All I can say is, if those Daniels all smoke, I pity that unfortunate lion.

Admitting, however, that in the present state of our scientific information, tobacco cannot be positively recommended as an absolute and certain cure of pimples and other cutaneous eruptions, there are, nevertheless, many excellent reasons why ladies should smoke, and I propose to adduce some of them. And, first of all, there can be no question that women, when unrestrained by conventional ties and impediments, have a natural taste and inclination for tobacco. The number of ladies who travel by preference in a smoking-carriage, when there is lots of room for them in other parts of the train, would alone be strong evidence of this. Where, again, will you find an unmarried woman (marriage somehow, perhaps by impairing the health or the temper, appears often to effect a change), but where will you find an unmarried woman who does not think "the smell of a good cigar delightful," especially by moonlight? Then, again, history and experience are safe guides. In Ireland, until the other day, Ireland unsophisticated and natural, before fashion with its high-heeled boots and saucer-shaped hats descended upon the cabins of the peasantry, the universal rule was that, as a woman turned thirty, she took to the pipe. Who shall say but that to the pipe (in days past, I am afraid it is now fast giving way to the tea-pot) Ireland owes her high standard of domestic virtue, and the very remarkable prolificness of the race which is now filling every corner of the so-called (by a great misnomer) Anglo-Saxon world? Of this at least I am quite sure, that even the worst of husbands would find it hard to ill-treat or neglect a wife with whom he was daily in the habit of exchanging a "shaugh of the pipe."

I find on examining my correspondence that one very important, and, indeed, the only real objection, which is felt (and this only by ladies of Nonconformist families) to the use of tobacco, is that smoking is nowhere directly mentioned in the Bible. This is so, no doubt. But then neither are muffins nor crumpets, nor buttered toast (all matters sanctioned by modern Christian custom) expressly referred to. We must not be too carping or exigent in our treatment of Scripture, but rather use it with the open-minded freedom with which the *Chronicle* (in the month of September to be sure) handles Theosophy. There may be no direct Biblical sanction for tobacco. But at least there is no prohibition, and I think it will be obvious on reflection, that a few serious pipes would contribute materially to the patient and Christian endurance of the Sabbath in religious families.

One lady, whose name I really cannot decipher, but whose acquaintance I should very much like to make, and who must, I am sure, be the delight of her family circle, writes to inform me that, from what she has observed of the habits of sailors, she is strongly inclined to think that "the use of tobacco must be a cure, or at least a palliative, of sea-sickness," and, "if so," she ingenuously asks, "would it not be well that women, who suffer so much more than men from this *dreadful* affliction, should adopt the practice of smoking?" Certainly, my dear Madam, certainly; and now that you mention it, I really think that smoking must be good for sea-sickness, for I observe that the smokers on the Dover and Calais boats never seem to be in the slightest degree incommoded by the motion of the waves. Other strong arguments in favour of female tobacco smoking are that it is perfectly compatible with all kinds of needlework; that it infallibly tends to the restriction of the practice of immoderate tea-drinking, that it tends (always a good thing) to promote a closer union and companionship between the sexes, and thereby not only to make proposals of marriage more easy and more frequent, but also, when marriage has at last been achieved, to bind tighter and with more cordial bonds the union of hearts, and to prevent bickerings and tiffs, by which the peace of so many households, where the wife does not smoke and the husband does, is disturbed, and, alas, too frequently destroyed.

There is another argument which I was very nearly forgetting, but which I am sure will come home with irresistible force to the heart of every good woman. It is this,—all children like tobacco. I don't say that they may not occassionally take too much of it, as of other good things, and suffer in consequence; but that they have a real and genuine liking for it is beyond all question, as any father blessed with young children may discover for himself any day. If he leaves his half-finished pipe on the mantel-piece, and goes out of the room for a moment, he is quite sure on his return to find his little girl or boy smoking it.

These are all to my thinking very strong reasons why women should take to tobacco, and I cannot understand how it is that the strong-minded women who assert woman's equality with man should have so long neglected to make the cigar one of the planks of their platform But for other women who are not strong, I think the use of tobacco even more desirable, because it comforts and consoles the weak and cheers the afflicted. What prettier subject for an artist than a girl lighting her pipe at her lover's! The mother smoking as she rocks the cradle—what a picture of domestic love! The district visitor, or Lady Bountiful, hiding a sympathetic tear with a cigarette, as she pours balm and calves'-foot jelly upon the heart of an afflicted cottager, what more touching sight can be imagined!

But, after all, perhaps, in urging the obvious advantages of smoking, I may have been going the wrong way to get it adopted generally by ladies. Women, I find, very seldom do things from direct motives. They are, indeed, to the male understanding, very surprising in this way. Sometimes I almost fancy that they eat to assuage their thirst, and drink in the expectation that in some occult and devious way it will satisfy their hunger. Certainly they are very unaccountable, and the motive of every one of their actions is a curious riddle. They seldom laugh because they are merry, but usually because they have what is called a "musical laugh," and think it a pity to waste it. They dress, not as men wear coats, hats, &c., for warmth or protection, but merely to attract attention. Not one single garment which a woman puts

House Drainage.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

on, from her bonnet to her boots, is really, except in some very remote degree, designed or fitted for the purpose for which it is professedly worn. Who also shall fathom or explain, or in any way account for, the real reasons of a woman's likes or dislikes, her virtues, her sins, her crimes? These are matters altogether too deep for the philosopher's plummet, too tortuous and intricate for even the trained mind of the father confessor. As a general rule, a woman seems to me to act from some motive which you would expect to deter her. Probably, therefore, the many excellent reasons which I have urged to induce ladies to take to smoking, may have the effect of making them firmly resolve to abstain from the weed.

"THE AMERICAN."

As in the self-assertive opinion of the young gentlemen of the "cock-sure school" the poor, old British drama is supposed to be in a very bad way, it has been decided to call in medical advice. The first remedy prescribed is a dose of Dr. James's powder. Now, every one knows Henry James, the novelist. He is a man of letters, a writer of taste, a scholar, a student, and the possessor of a graceful but somewhat passionless style. But few who have constantly read and admired Henry James would find in his books much dramatic power; nor indeed would it have struck them at first sight that his method or his temperament was that of a dramatist. In the apparently never-ending discussion concerning the amount of literature that should be combined with dramatic composition, it is always tacitly but ignorantly assumed that the arts of the dramatist and of the novelist are precisely similar arts. They both have to write, only one has to cut his literature into chapters and the other into acts.

There never was a greater mistake in the world. The art of the dramatist is a distinctly different art from that of the novelist. The one is bound to contract, the other to expand. The one may wander, the other must leap. The one may cultivate description, the other is bound to curtail it. Take our great novelists, and then say where and when they have succeeded on the stage? It would be difficult to name two novelists with a style more dramatic than Dickens and Thackeray. Did they ever succeed as dramatists? Never. Did dramatists ever make their dramatic novels popular? Never! The method of the work of fiction is opposed to the method of the stage. Take Charles Reade, novelist and dramatist. Which will live—his novels or his plays? Unquestionably his novels. One would as soon have dreamed of dramatising Antony Trollope successfully as Henry James. Briefly this—until the novelist divests himself of the tricks of his trade, unlearns his own art, and studies the *technique* of the stage, he is all at sea in the theatre.

"The American" is one more proof of this well-known truth. Here is a novelist who, with so many novelists, scorns and would abolish for ever the convention of the stage as it is called, who would improve upon the ordinary and accepted principles of dramatic effect, who earnestly desires to give us literature, and not commonplace, and he gives us a play based upon the stalest of all stale melodramatic tricks. He starts on a new plan, he breaks down after his first act, and he takes refuge in the old theatrical dodges that every earnest and capable dramatist of to-day is trying to avoid.

The principle of the novel of Mr. Henry James, as of his drama also, is most admirable. He wants to draw a vivid and dramatic contrast between the new world and the old, between the old society and the new. He conceives a modern American, a man of money, energy, and determination, breaking down the aristocratic and proud conditions of the Parisian Faubourg St. Germain. Love is, of course, the only safe weapon with which to commence the attack. He shows us a millionaire American conquering the pride of one of the oldest and proudest families in France by means of honest love and solid dollars.

Eureka! cry the friends of Henry James. What a drama is here. How admirably dramatic is your scheme. The essence of drama is contrast, and here you have a drama made to your hand. But this is a cuckoo cry. A good play may often have been suggested by an idea, but it was never made by one. The novel called "The American" did not become a play from the mere fact that the modern American was contrasted with the old French noblesse. There was much more to be done. The art of the dramatist was wanted. Knowledge of the stage was imperatively desired. In his earnest desire to avoid convention the new dramatist has proved to be even more conventional than his brethren. Now, one of the first requisites of a dramatist is to explain carefully the effects on which he depends, to wrap up his goods in a very small parcel. The novelist ignores all this. He explains nothing. He accounts for nothing. He either presupposes that his audience knows all about his book, which they don't, or he counts unduly on their imagination. He takes it for granted that those who listen know everything that is in his mind, but behold they do nothing of the kind.

Now I will tell Mr. Henry James what the audience want to know in his new play, and what he has never vouchsafed to tell them—and they are vital and essential points. They want to know why the American falls in love with the French Countess? What is his reason? What his motive? We are left in the dark. Does he want us to believe that because an American gentlemen meets a young French Count in the Quartier Latin, and learns he has a widowed sister, that, therefore, and on that account, he makes up his mind to win and woo her without having seen her face, or estimated her character? Possibly Americans buy wives without seeing a sample, but, if so, they are very exceptional tradesmen. Men, as a rule, even millionaires, do not do such things. Secondly, the audience want to know how the Countess was won? This, again, is a most vital point in a play. This is the very backbone of dramatic composition. It does not do to send the American off at the end of an act declaring he will win and marry a woman he has never seen, and to find him in act 2 an accepted lover. All this would be carefully,

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analytically, and philosophically explained in the novel; explanation is utterly discarded in the play. Again, characters are introduced for no purpose, who drop carelessly out of the dramatic plan. The young English Lord is a character of vital importance. On him depends the whole action of the drama. He it is who is the counteracting force between the scheme of the American and its accomplishment. He it is who fights a duel and slays the brother of the Countess. He it is who is the lever on which the whole play works, and yet he is dropped like a hot potato before the play is half over; dropped for no reason; dropped when he would be most useful, and is seen no more.

But the most serious fault in the new, often clever, and always well-written play is the unfortunate mixture of bright incisive comedy and dull pedantic drama. They won't mix at all. "The American" should have been either a comedy pure or a drama pure. It could have been either. Mr. Henry James has tried both, and they won't draw in double harness. A sound drama may be intermingled with comedy, and often must be so treated; but a comedy that has broken down at the start cannot be dragged up the hill with the cart-horse of melodrama. There must be a smash, and a smash there was, though happily there was no material accident.

At the same time I am bound to confess that the crudity of the author's method would not have been so apparent had he received better artistic help. He wanted clever actors and actresses to cover up his retreat, as it were; but, unluckily, they made matters worse instead of better.

The representatives of artistic Bohemia were all very well, but the same cannot be said for the dwellers in the Faubourg St. Germain. Pretty, bright-eyed Adrienne Dairolles, as a mischievous, money-making minx, every one could understand. She was a type. She understood the character, for she is a Frenchwoman. The American himself was not so bad, played with excellent intention by Mr. Edward Compton. His light comedy was as good as that of Mr. W. H. Kendal—and that is no slight compliment—whose style was often suggested. His pathos was as strained, unnatural, unimpulsive as the pathos of Mr. Kendal, and we all know what that is. We had the humour of Mr. Kendal in "Impulse," and his dull labouring at sentiment in "The Ironmaster." Still, it was a very respectable and eminently inoffensive performance. It might have been very much worse. But poor Mr. Henry James, who is familiar with the best kind of French acting, must have shuddered when he saw the English view of the proud Marquise and her son! This is not at all what he wanted. He desired style here, but, alas, he did not get it. It is no use making a contrast when you get only half a contrast. It is of no avail to put bitter insulting words into the mouths of men and women supposed to be refined, unless the tone of refinement and breeding are suggested. In his novel, Mr. Henry James can put the Marquise and her son clearly before our eyes. We know them and can see them. On the stage, he, and all dramatists, are dependent on the brains and executive power of his artists. It is not what he means, but what they mean. The dramatist is at the complete mercy of his exponents. They may improve on him, but then they may utterly misrepresent him. In many cases Mr. James was grievously misrepresented, but he must expect that, if he writes plays, and cannot choose his own people—a thing that no dramatist can do under present conditions.

One part, however, was played as well, I think, as it could be played. The author of "The American" owes much to Miss Louisa Moodie, who, if she had it not in her power to make the play, certainly had it in her hands to mar it absolutely. Only those who have studied plays and audiences know what risks the author ran. He literally played with fire. If the old woman burdened with the family secret had not been an actress of consummate experience, if she had not handled the character with extreme delicacy and tact, there would have been an explosion. But Miss Moodie saved the author from disappointment and the play from collapse. She could have played either the Marquise as the housekeeper with distinction. In either character she would have succeeded. On the whole, it is better for the play that she was selected for the housekeeper. How it is that an actress so skilful and persuasive as this is ever out of London is to me, and always has been, a mystery. She has the very style and finesse the absence of which we are always lamenting. But why should Miss Elizabeth Robins be so sad because Mr. Henry James is not of the new school? "The American" is not a pessimist play, but there is no reason to weep about it—at least on the stage. I cannot for the life of me see why the Countess Claire should be so dreadfully unhappy because she has to be taken to the arms of the American. She did it herself. We are not told why she yielded or how she yielded, but she certainly did yield. She is supposed to be in love with the millionaire, her rescuer, her preserver; but if her wedding-gift is to be the gift of tears, then I pity the poor American. If the clever and accomplished actress will only brighten up the ball-room scene and help the poor American a little, all may be well. But it is of no use to cry any more about Ibsen. He is dead, and has been decently buried. No tears or lamentations will arouse him from his artistic grave. Not Philistinic criticism, but the public voice has laid the poor old gentleman low. Cheer up, Miss Robins, take heart. Even for your dear and departed friend there may be a better and brighter world. Scatter flowers on the grassy turf, but dry your eyes!

THE DEFECTS OF ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

The Rev. Wickham Tozer's letter, in the *East Anglian Daily Times*, on the "Defects of Elementary Education," is painful reading for the ratepayer. Mr. Tozer, as head of the Ipswich Labour Bureau, has exceptional opportunities of testing the value of the education given by the elementary schools. The conclusion he comes to is that the "Board School system . . . . is not doing what it is supposed to be doing, what we have a right to expect it to do, and that we are not receiving adequate returns for the vast sums we are spending upon it." Something like a thousand persons apply to him for work every year, and 25 per cent. of them, "men in every other way qualified

to be carters, warehousemen, porters, &c., are unable to perform the duties of such callings for the want of the simplest elements of education." This phenomenal ignorance (in these days of so-called enlightenment) is not only observable in men old enough to have forgotten what they learned at school, but in lads fresh from school, who cannot possibly ever have been taught anything properly. They couldn't write decently, or spell with even moderate correctness, or do the simplest sum in arithmetic. They were, practically speaking, just as ignorant as if the schoolmaster had not been abroad, and uncommonly well paid for being abroad, all these years.

To what is this fearful and dearly-bought ignorance owing? Mr. Tozer gives two very good and all-sufficient reasons, and several, as I think, very bad ones.

Mr. Tozer's good reasons—first, that we try to teach too much; and second, that we teach by means of necessarily bad (*i.e.*, pupil) teachers. "In addition to the three R's, we profess and attempt to teach history, geography, grammar, drawing, and music; and in the higher standards Euclid, algebra, and mechanics; and the girls we aim to teach laundry, cooking, sewing, drawing, and domestic economy"; in fact, every fad of every faddist, and the natural consequence is that, except to a brilliant fraction of the scholars, the three R's are not really taught at all, or any of these fine things either. They could not be taught in the time even if the teachers were good, and they could not be taught in any amount of time by the wretched half-educated, over-worked, and worried to death "pupil teachers," to whom the business is so largely entrusted. So far, I am entirely with Mr. Tozer. He has proved his case beyond all possibility of cavil. It is a case quite unanswerable.

But when he goes on to condemn the half-time system, and to urge upon the School Boards the expediency of more frequent prosecutions, then I differ from him altogether. What is the use of forcing children into school when, under the present system, you confessedly cannot teach them when you get them there? All the children in England might be half-timers (and a very good thing both for them and their parents if they were) if the School Boards would only stick to the three R's, and teach them rationally by means of real, and not pupil, teachers. If the School Boards would only save the money which they now waste in useless, worrying, and often very cruel prosecutions, and spend it on efficient teaching, they might have something to show for it.

The principle of compulsion is doubtless good. But it is a principle necessarily incapable of universal application. Most of the money spent by the Board in law proceedings is wasted, and cruelly wasted. To compel universal and regular attendance is a hopeless dream. No one who really knows the conditions of life among the poor of the country can doubt it for a moment. But if the School Board would only stick to the three R's, and teach them properly, and if the half-time system were made universal, then, practically speaking (for we cannot have absolutely universal education), all the children in the country would learn the three R's, which is all we can expect, and all that they really want.

But while I myself, as a practical man, would be content with this relative degree of perfection, I will admit freely, if the admission will give any faddist any pleasure, that it would be a very great and noble achievement if all children—all absolutely—could be taught all (absolutely all) knowledge, human and divine. I think also that all children should have three good meals a day, good clothes to wear, good houses to live in, ponies (or at least donkeys) to ride, a month every year at the seaside, and an occasional visit to the Continent. This is, in truth, my idea of perfection. But, as a ratepayer, I will be content with the three R's, and no deaths from actual starvation, for, convinced as I undoubtedly am, that Mr. Wickham Tozer and I could have made the world better if we had got the contract, the fact remains that we did not—it is, consequently, a very queer world; but we must make the best of it.

SUNDAY MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE.

It was not to be expected that music would escape the silly season, and the art has indeed this year been made the subject of a good deal of loose and utterly irresponsible correspondence in the public newspapers. The discussion as to open-air music for the masses came to a premature end, when it was found that the London County Council had already taken steps to provide such amusements in the shape of wind-band concerts in the various parks, excellent as to performance, although the programmes might very easily be improved. The holiday suggestion by Sir George Grove—backed up by certain gentlemen who deem it their duty occasionally to air their names in print—that Beethoven's autograph scores should be photo-lithographed in order that Royal College students might perceive for themselves the number of mistakes the master made in every single page, and might determine whether Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel had read his corrections aright came to nothing, because most people were satisfied with the famous Leipsic edition as it stands, while to others the matter was not of interest. But a discussion as to Sunday music for the people is one in which everybody deems himself competent to take part. Most of the correspondents to and from Peterborough Court, have lashed themselves into a perfect state of fury in their denunciation of "Dominical Dulness," Sectarianism, Puritanism, Sabbatarianism, and various other "isms" which come so pat to those who are only permitted to see themselves in print when politicians are in vacation. Nobody, of course, will suppose that I am willing to write a single word against the fullest and freest enjoyment of the Christian Sabbath. Every man should be allowed to spend his holiday in any innocent diversion he pleased. Some would doubtless like to listen all Sunday to music, while others would prefer skittles, and I, personally, do not see any particular harm in either. But the present controversy is little better than a sham. Instead of foaming at the mouth at a wrong which has no existence, the good people who hanker after concerts on Sunday—though they never by any chance can be induced to attend them on a week day—have only to go to the County Council, who have the power to license such

Shooting, Sporting, and Travelling Garments are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

entertainments, whether of an occasional or a permanent character. Pretty much the same question arose in Liverpool last year, when I devoted some space to the subject, and this year the Sunday Society of that city have made the necessary application, and have at once been accorded permission to give what concerts they please. The truth, however, as to London seems to be that, except in districts which are already supplied with Sunday music, there is no demand for such performances at all. Sabbath concerts were tried only two or three years since at Prince's Hall, and proved a complete fiasco. Nor have the Sunday performances from time to time attempted at the Albert Hall attracted any but a sprinkling of an audience. Concerts such as the majority of irresponsible correspondents demand are supported almost exclusively by the wealthy, who have other pursuits on Sunday evenings (even if their wants were not supplied almost gratuitously at the various musical clubs), or by the middle classes, who live in the suburbs, and who would deem a man crazy who asked them to come to town on Sunday evening to attend a performance of sacred music. Saturday, the best night of the week for the theatres, is, like Sunday, boycotted by musical entrepreneurs, who know perfectly well that the great suburban element, without whose support concerts are a failure, cannot be attracted to high-class concerts on that evening. No one is better aware of this fact than Mr. Ambrose Austin, almost the only practical impresario who has entered into the discussion. An oratorio performance at St. James's Hall, even if given with the "maimed rites" observed at the Good Friday concerts, when the orchestration of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" is annually executed on a piano and harmonium, could not be attempted at a much smaller expense than £100; and I gravely doubt whether Mr. Austin himself would be willing to risk £100 a week in so Quixotic an enterprise. The poorer classes are already well catered for. At South-place, Poplar, Bermondsey, Kennington, Westminster Town Hall, Mile End, and elsewhere in the artizan districts, oratorios, miscellaneous concerts, and and even chamber-music performances, on the pattern of the Monday "Pops," attract large gatherings of working men on Sunday evenings; and, although mainly supported by the contributions of the audience, most of these entertainments pay their way. It has, indeed, been found that the performances are invariably self-supporting when they are exempt from the suffocating patronage of well-meaning members of the aristocracy, and when managed by musicians in whom the artisan class have confidence. For the rest, a great deal more could be done for music on Sunday evenings, if the clergy were willing to act in a liberal spirit. The people who are left in central London to enjoy music on the Sabbath, cannot afford the half-guineas and half-crowns charged for the eight or nine hundred concerts given every year on week-days in the metropolis. But they crowd the churches where good music is to be heard, and there is no reason why the movement should not spread. Even when a choir is not available, organ recitals, which have proved very popular in various parts of the town, could be given after evening service, and would attract large numbers to whom shillings and sixpences are an object. Every church has its organ, and most churches possess organists competent and willing enough to give recitals, if the clergy who hold the keys of the organ-loft would grant the necessary permission. Nor need the line be drawn at so-called "sacred" music, even if any rational definition of that much-abused term could be agreed upon. Handel used the same melodies indiscriminately for opera and oratorio. We have all of us heard extracts from "Lohengrin" and "The Magic Flute" in church, and "Drink to me only with thine eyes" has been borrowed from the profane, and, played slowly, has made a capital hymn. The organ sonatas of Mendelssohn and Handel, the fugues of Bach (when the organist can play them), and organ arrangements of the symphonies are as sacred as anything to be found in the Church Service. The insistence upon the strict division between sacred and secular music is, indeed, not always observed in the very strongholds of Sabbatarianism. Even from far-away Aberdeen, in the midst of a district which certainly cannot be accused of Sabbath desecration, I have before me a programme, given a week or two ago in St. Nicholas' Church, and including the overture to Weber's opera "Oberon," the slow movement from one of Mozart's string quartets, Mendelssohn's F minor sonata No. 1, works by Bach, Morandi, and Batiste, and Liszt's transcription of the "Rakoczy" march. A programme of this sort, if given in London, would fill the church, and would render unnecessary much foolish talk about "The weekly night of rest," from which the Puritans would, apparently, blacken out, if they could, "the silver moon and the shining stars." In short, the London Sunday evening might, at little or no expense, be made less dull and a good deal happier if, instead of howling after costly concerts which no entrepreneur in his senses would venture to give without a substantial subsidy or guarantee, the best and the fullest use were made of such excellent materials as lie ready at our hands.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE LATE GRAND DUCHESS.

THE life of the Grand Duchess Alexandra Georgievna was too happy not to be soon blighted. She was the flower of the Royal flock at Athens. Imagine the Princess of Wales vigorously healthy, with the soft, easy manner that being born and reared in a southern climate gives, and a pretty archness, partly due to Nature's grace and partly to unconscious imitation of the clever Greeks amongst whom she was brought up. She probably looked more healthy than she really was. At any rate, she had a fine, well-grown figure, which, if her neck had not been entirely taken from the Danish Royal Family, would have been faultless. But it looked like those restored necks of antique statues in the Louvre, which neither harmonise with the heads above nor with the chests beneath, and tell a tale of physical weediness, which is always true, though the rest of the anatomy try to contradict it. I only saw her in plain girlish dresses at Paris theatres with her brothers and sisters, but should imagine her looking to great advantage in the splendid toilettes which were sent to her from Paris after she married the Grand

Duke Paul. A Greek tells me that he never witnessed a more touching leave-taking than hers was on the day she left Athens as a bride. The people there looked upon her as one of their own children, and there was much weeping and invoking of blessings on her head. The population was so stirred that in looking back to its demonstrations of sorrow at losing her my informant wonders whether a presentiment of woe did not trouble every heart. The Grand Duchess Alexandra had just entered her twenty-second year, and was two years married. Her husband is the most delicate in health of the Czar's brothers, and is the youngest member of his family, and ten years his wife's senior. They lived near Moscow, where she played at gardening, dairy-farming, and other rusticities, but found, it would appear, time hanging heavy on her hands. It is very hard to live happily so far north, when one has been brought up in the dry, bright climate of Greece.

I expect that her death will oblige the Grand Ducal Vladimir family to come away from Biarritz, where one might fancy they had gone on a match-making mission. The Princess of Asturias is twelve years old, which means that she has £120,000 out of the savings of the income attached to her principality, and has a share of the very large fortune arising out of the insurances on her father's life. Of course, it is impossible for her to be physically healthy, seeing what blood came to her, both from the Bourbons and the Hapsburgs. But that does not much matter, she not being obliged to bear the stress and storm of life which the impecunious have had to face. She and her sister are charming-mannered children, they being graceful, gracious, and of quick sympathies. The Grand Duchess Vladimir shares the Queen's cabin at the Royal Pavilion when she bathes, and the Grand Duke and his sons make use of the one which, when the King is a little older, is to be appropriated to him. All speak German together. By the way, Christina is not so deep a believer as she used to be in the virtues of the German race, and has learned to like the Spaniards, who have been generously chivalrous in their behaviour to her and her children, and given her the fullest credit for the qualities her difficult circumstances have brought out in her. They would like her to have warmer manners, smaller feet, a better complexion, and in a less degree that now royal passion for saving money. Castelar, who is now in Paris, admits himself a Christinos, though not at all a Royalist. He can never forget the sympathy Christina expressed for and to him when he lost his beloved sister Concha.

The Archduke Louis Victor, youngest brother of the Emperor of Austria, was at Biarritz before and since the Grand Ducal visitors to San Sebastian arrived there. He kept rather out of their way, but often went to see Queen Christina. His incognito title was Count Chissmann, under which he now stays at the grand hotel here. I have spoken of Castelar's visit to Paris. He is rather tired of politics and politicians, and is going back to his first love—history of religions and their founders. His present idea is to go round the cathedral cities of Europe, studying in their stones the prevailing sentiment of the time in which they were built. Castelar is a great artist and all feeling. I think he is right to wash his hands for the present of Spanish politics. His house at Madrid is the most delightful one imaginable. I was once at a déjeûner there, which, in addition to being a feast of reason and a flow of soul, was of exquisite luxury. Do not from this fancy Castelar devoted to the pleasures of the table. There was nothing placed before him and his guests which was not a present from some opulent admirer. The pheasant came from the preserves of I forget what Duchess near Aranjuez. Red mullets *en papilottes* were fished by the Duke, her husband, off the coast of Malaga, and by what miracle I know not did not get spoiled in the transport. There were very choice fruits, also friendship offerings, flowers, ditto, ditto, and such vintages as I never tasted since the late Marquis de Pomerer went to another planet. Porcelain services, damascened dessert-knives, rock crystal salt-cellars, were also the gifts of admiring sympathisers. Castelar gave the history of each dish and object. The curious thing was that most of the orator's votaries were aristocrats whose names one associated with the fearful old Court of Spain in the time of the Kings of the Austrian line.

The Grand Duke Alexis having been here last week, the Duke and Duchess de Leuchtenberg naturally turned up. They are a happy trio, doing in Paris as Boulevard Parisians do, and the happiest of the three is Leuchtenberg, he having inherited the pliant, easy temper of the Beauharnais family, and feeling more at home in France than anywhere else. The Duchess had the misfortune to fall ill a few days ago, which prevented Alexis going to join the Vladimirs at Biarritz. I suppose he and they must now hasten back to Russia for their sister-in-law's funeral. The illustrious trio must have been fearfully bored by the agents of the syndicate which is to take up the Russian loan having hired a mob to follow them about, and cry "Vive la Russie!" There were no means of escaping the vociferous gang. Alexis lunches and dines so well and heartily at Boulevard cafés that he must soon again need go to Vichy.

One feels like saying "Ugh! the nasty-minded things," as one reads the *Gil Blas* and *L'Echo de Paris* on the Queen of Roumania. I dare say it's her fault, in a degree, as well as her misfortune, to be thus spoken of. She is a kind person, but the greatest bore alive to her French publisher and his *agent de publicité*, who were worried to death owing to her craving for such fame as newspaper puffs can give. It is rather droll that she should be placed under the charge of the Countess von Bülow, who was once a deaconess and a Court lady at Berlin, and is now a professional novelist. The Countess is to be the head nurse, and, being literary, will, it is hoped, lead Carmen Sylva to forget Helen Vacaresco.

A new form of gambling sprang up last summer at Ostend, and is now practised at some of the fashion-

Carpets—French Cleaning, Dyeing, &c.—For particulars apply to Manager, Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia, S.W.

able clubs here. Teaching the virtue of patience is better than baccarat, and not more unintellectual. Any number of gamblers can play it. The game is this:—A basket of the freshest possible oysters is brought in, and an oyster is carefully laid on the cup side before each player, who must not touch it, but sits at some distance in front of the bivalve, with the stakes at the other side of the plate. The oyster that first yawns sweeps the stakes. If oysters are in good case, the players, perhaps, may yawn before them. A game played at Ostend by a dozen gamblers lasted three hours. The excitement of the lookers-on was intense. They gathered behind the players, and fixed their eyes on the bivalves. Betting grew fast and furious, though there was really no cause why money should be staked on one oyster more than another. At last a poor thirsty creature opened wide its shells. The money on the table when it did so came to £7,000.

Never too late to mend! Mademoiselle Léonide Leblanc is going to take the veil—not of the nun, but of the bride. The recent sale of her jewels and other valuables proceeded from a delicate attention to her fiancé, who might not like her to be surrounded with souvenirs reminding him of her numerous past conquests. He is 26. One should never look at a lady as one ought at the teeth of a horse offered for sale, trying to guess from her appearance what time of life she has reached. I am for believing that Léonide Leblanc went on the stage as a mere baby early in the 'fifties. She is wonderfully well preserved, though the nose is strongly aquiline. I should fancy that her wealth must be great. The brilliants which she wore as the Duchesse de Guise and Madame du Barré on the stage of the Odéon are still in her jewel-caskets. Her future husband is the only son of a great Bordeaux wine merchant. Léonide's friends think she does a stupid thing in becoming a bourgeoise, and the family with which she is about to become connected are in a state of consternation.

Marais, who died last week of paralysis of the brain, was an effective actor, though vulgar. He was self-assertive and a little bumptious. Before he went on the stage, without passing through the Conservatoire, he was a bagman. His specialty was to get dressmakers to buy machine-made laces which he was employed to sell. I heard that he was a highly successful business man; but being intensely vain, and born with the dramatic instinct, he cut the lace manufacturer and went on the stage. He made his début in the little theatre for beginners in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, and then was given a strong part in "Les Danicheffs," at the Odéon. He had wonderful luck in falling in with authors who wrote parts for him that suited him exactly. The Hetman, Nana Sahib, Michel Strogoff, the soldier Leclerc in "Thermidor," occur to me as my pen runs on. He was the lover of Sarah Bernhardt in "Théodora," and was brought into "Cléopatre." His personation at the Châtelet of Michel Strogoff was the beginning of the Franco-Russian *entente*. Whenever Marais was given, in a new play, a character which he could animate without much trouble, it was sure of a long run. His success in getting into the Français was his ruin. The actors there did not like his style or ways, and froze and teased him. When "Thermidor" was forbidden he had nothing to do but draw his salary. This made him restless and wretched, and hastened the course of the brain disease. A mania took hold on him. It was (not being able to strut upon the stage of the Français) to go to his dressing-room there, put on a costume and act before the pier-glass. He was not an intellectual man, and would not have been a success, say, in a drama of Victor Hugo, which required critical reading, but he had imagination and afflatus. He was best when trying to prevent one or the other, or both, carrying him too far. The energetic volition which he had to put in action to bridle them let out a magnetism that set the spectators thrilling. I was very fond of seeing him in a sensational drama. He was, poor fellow, furiously jealous of the Coquelins, and I am not sure that *they* were pleased at Sardou wishing him to take what is really the most telling part in "Thermidor."

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DEAR LADY BETTY,—Your surprise at the indiscriminate hospitality extended by Highland hostesses to their London acquaintance is not altogether unnatural. That this hospitality, however, is frequently anything but spontaneous, or even voluntary, will be evident to you from the following correspondence:—

(1) "Dear Lady Lillishall,—I leave for the North on Monday, and shall be for a few days in your neighbourhood, having promised to make a short stay with General and Mrs. Portly, at Dinwoodie. Might I avail myself of this opportunity to visit Fort Eviott, the beauty of which I have so often heard spoken of? I purpose leaving Dinwoodie on Friday, the 9th, and should be much obliged if you would permit me to tide over the Sunday with you and Sir Thomas. We have not, I believe, met since you both did me the pleasure of dining at the Clarence Club at the close of last season . . . . . Poor Martindale's death is, I hear, attributed to suicide. He was an intimate friend of mine, and his loss is a grievous blow to me. . . . —Yours truly, Benedict Bounderby."

Lady L. "How very annoying! That insufferable creature, Bounderby, offers himself here for next week. Just read his letter, and tell me what excuse to make."

Sir Thomas. "Poor devil, why not let him come? We must work off that deadly dinner somehow, and this is surely as good a way as another."

(2) "Fort Eviott, Saturday 10th.

"Dear Lady Wallsend,—I reached here yesterday to fulfil a long-standing engagement, being unwilling to disappoint the Lillishalls again, as I have so frequently done before. . . . . Are you still at Beaufront Paddocks? If so, will you forgive me proposing myself for a night or two, for Beaufront is associated with many reminiscences of my dear father, who always spoke of it with enthusiasm. . . . . Fort Eviott is a pretty place, but Lady Lillishall lacks that *entrain* requisite to make a country-house party quite successful, and rather irritates one by her persistent attentions. . . . . The Muscadine marriage is, I hear, abandoned, the bride-elect having discovered the existence of a clandestine *ménage*. It is a pity she should sacrifice such a splendid position to so unimportant a detail.—Believe me, yours truly,

"Benedict Bounderby."

Lady W. "What gross impertinence! Why, we scarcely know the man! Does he take the house for an hotel? Reminiscences of his dear father, indeed; he

never *had* a father—at least, he certainly never had one to speak about."

Lord W.: "It is entirely your own fault, and I warned you beforehand. If you accept such people's civilities, you must expect them to utilise you somehow or other later. Let him come this time, and drop him gradually next season."

(3) "Beaufront Paddocks, Friday, 16th.

[Blue and gold lettering and an oppressive gold coronet.]

"Dear Duchess of Killybeggs,—My hostess, Lady Wallsend, informs me that the Duke is a severe sufferer from sciatica, and I venture to forward you the address of a physician who completely cured me of this complaint some two years ago. . . . Ever since my return from the Continent I have been paying a series of visits in Scotland, to my mind quite the most exquisite scenery in the world. I reached this on Monday, and found a large party assembled, composed chiefly, as usual, of minor royalties, masculine, feminine, and neuter—especially the latter. Little Princess Olga Pimlicoff is here, and, I fancy, like most Russians, has a mission to upset the Tory administration. Poor Lady Wallsend is never quite herself except when surrounded with what the papers call "Personages," though I should, perhaps, not say this, as she is a sort of connection of my own. I shall probably be next week in the neighbourhood of Eaglestrom Castle, in which case, with your permission, I will take the liberty of calling to inquire after the Duke's health. The "Society" (!) journals have infamously ascribed Lord Martindale's death to suicide. He was the oldest and dearest friend I had, and I was with him to the very last, having hurried back immediately upon hearing of his illness. These disreputable prints should be suppressed by law, for nothing short of this will ever stop the now habitual dissemination of false and malignant personalities.—Pray believe me, dear Duchess of Killybeggs, yours sincerely,

BENEDICT BOUNDERBY."

The Duchess: "Who can this Mr. Roundaley or Roundary possibly be? Do you happen to remember him at all?"

The Duke: "I rather fancy he is the man who introduced himself to me at the club. A very wealthy person indeed, I believe, and he spoke of contributing largely towards the funds for the General Election. You might invite him to spend a night here on his way south."

(4.) "Eaglestrom Castle, Monday, 26th.

[A species of round-robin addressed to all his acquaintance, and more especially to those who most studiously ignore him.]

Extract . . . . "You will be surprised at my deserting my beloved London, but my old friends, the Killybeggs, insisted I was ill, and that nothing but the bracing air of Eaglestrom could possibly pull me together again. So here I am. They have kindly allowed me to make this a species of *pied-à-terre* from which to pay a number of duty visits which year after year I have neglected to perform. Amongst others, I have worked off the Lillishalls, Portlys, Wallsends, and a host of other tiresome obligations. . . . . Scotch people have one desperate failing—their inveterate hospitality—and I suppose I shall be expected to give a series of Scotch banquets in London to repay all the attentions that have been forced upon me here this autumn. . . . . As for Royalty, it has dogged my footsteps throughout, and from mere habit I find myself addressing even the railway porters as "Sir," and feel surprised at not having a strip of scarlet carpet unrolled to cross over the platform to the carriage. And, by the way, what is the etiquette about Royal invitations? Are they tantamount to "commands"? If you do not happen to know yourself, kindly inquire, and let me have an early reply, as I particularly wish, if possible, to avoid some of these formal gatherings. . . . .

Yours very sincerely, BENEDICT BOUNDERBY."

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The vacant post of Political Secretary at the Foreign Office has not as yet been filled up, but there seems little or no doubt now that the appointment rests between Mr. James Lowther, M.P. for Penrith, and Mr. Charles Stuart-Wortley, who represents the Hallam Division of Sheffield. Mr. Lowther is the eldest son of Mr. William Lowther, of Lowther Lodge, and married in 1886 Miss Mary Beresford-Hope, a niece of Lord Salisbury's, whilst Mr. Stuart-Wortley's wife was a daughter of Sir John Everett Millais. Baron Henry de Worms, who is persistently mentioned for every fresh vacancy, from an Archbishopric downwards, would, it is understood, not readily refuse the offer should it be made to him, but, unfortunately for the Baron, this essential condition seems unlikely to be realised. By the way, there is no probability whatever of Baron de Worms being appointed to succeed Captain Shaw as Chief Officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.

The Duke and Duchess of Leinster are at Constantinople on a visit to the Duchess's sister, Lady Helen Vincent. At first they were the guests of their brother-in-law, Sir Edgar Vincent, on board his yacht the *Gulnare*, but the Duchess, being attacked with fever, was transferred to the British Embassy, where she is now recovering under the care of Sir William and Lady White.

The now annual pilgrimage to Baron Hirsch's residence in Hungary has already commenced, Lord and Lady Dudley having started some days since *en route* to San Johann. Even in these days prophets are still occasionally neglected in their own countries, and, with the exception of Count Kinski, few of the Baron's fellow-countrymen have as yet, I believe, partaken of his sumptuous hospitality.

Sir Francis Clare Ford, who for the past two months has been in England on leave of absence, starts to-day—Wednesday—for Madrid, to resume his diplomatic duties at that post. The Madrilanese idolise Sir Clare, and their affection is handsomely repaid, for our genial Ambassador insists that there is no pleasanter post than Madrid, and that there are no pleasanter people than the Madrilanese.

In the matter of diplomatic intelligence, two new appointments have been decided upon during the past week. Mr. Thomas Clarke-Thornhill, second Secretary at Tokio, succeeds Mr. Arthur Vansittart at Lisbon, and Mr. Henry Bax-Ironside, second Secretary at Vienna, has been transferred to Cairo. Mr. Bax-Ironside cannot yet have become acclimatised to his last post, for he only secured that appointment a very few months back.

Some time ago I hinted at an impending engagement between Lord Alington and Miss Evelyn Blundell Leigh, a niece of Madame de Falbe's. The marriage, it is said, was definitely decided upon six weeks since at Ugbrooke Park, Lord Clifford's place in Devonshire.

It is with regret I hear that Mr. Arthur Walter has been severely unwell, though I am enabled to add with pleasure that he is now making rapid progress towards recovery. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Walter leave England this week to spend the winter months in the Canary Islands.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

I SHOULD think that the most sanguine expectations of the Stewards of the Jockey Club must have been exceeded when they found that 288 entries for the first of their £10,000 stakes, and 292 for the second, had been obtained, the stipulated number having been 250. The Princess of Wales Stakes is to be run for at the First July Meeting in 1894, by three- and four-year-olds, over the B.M. The Jockey Club Stakes is to be run over the A.F. course at the First October Meeting in 1894, and by horses of the same ages. The Duke of Portland, who is one of the largest subscribers, has engaged several foals, including sisters to Charm and Katherine II. respectively, and a colt by Ayrshire out of Wheel of Fortune. There do not appear to be any relatives to either Ayrshire or Donovan at Welbeck this year. The Duke of Westminster's foals are a colt by Melton out of Shotover (dam of Orion), and

a colt by Ayrshire out of Farewell; and among the yearlings which he has entered is a half-sister to Blue-green and Orme, by Macheath. "Mr. Abington's" lot includes yearlings by Merry Hampton out of Spinaway, by Galopin out of Superba, and by St. Gatien out of Busybody; and foals by Fullerton out of Enchantress, and by Merry Hampton out of Caroline (dam of Fullerton). Mr. H. Bass has six entries in each race, and M. E. Blanc has seven in the one and six in the other. M. Blanc has engaged foals which are respectively half-brothers to Gouverneur (by The Bard) and to Révérend, by Retreat. Among his yearlings is an own sister to Gouverneur. Among Mr. D. Cooper's is his filly foal by Archiduc out of Hauteur, dam of Haute Saône. Lord Hartington has entered a half-brother, by Sir Kenneth, to Morion, which is now a foal; and among Mr. Houldsworth's foals is a half-brother to Orvieto, by Springfield; and one of M. Ephrussi's is a half-sister to Alicante, by Tristan, which assuredly ought to race, if there is anything in running blood. One of Prince Soltykoff's yearlings is brother to Gold. Baron de Rothschild has entered seven yearlings, but no foals. Mr. Merry has engaged a yearling and a foal, the former being half-sister to Surefoot, by Bendigo, and the other being own sister to that horse. The "public" breeders have not generally patronised these stakes, although their cupidity was expected to be stimulated by the bait of £400 for the nominator of the second and £200 for the nominator of the third. Mr. Waring has entered fifteen foals in each race, and Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Brodrick Cloete have also patronised them, and five foals have been engaged in each race by the Hampton Court stud, an establishment which had never before meddled with such a speculation. It is in the highest degree unlikely that the Jockey Club will have to give a sou towards either of these stakes, for the entrances alone have already contributed £5,800 towards the required £20,000, which is surely a very fair beginning.

It is to be hoped, however, that the stewards will not content themselves with establishing a few great prizes of this kind, for what is required at Newmarket is a general and systematic strengthening of the programmes. Why are not handicaps and nurseries on the Derby and Manchester principle started? They are most popular with owners, so they would cost the fund very little.

The Newmarket Stakes for 1893 has done remarkably well, all things considered, having obtained 121 entries against 111 for next year, and 115 for this year. Mr. L. de Rothschild is the largest subscriber with six yearlings, and after him comes Lord Hartington and the Duke of Portland with five each, and then "Mr. Abington," Mr. H. Bass, Prince Soltykoff, and the Duke of Westminster with four each.

Mr. Maple's 6,000 gs. yearling by St. Simon out of Plaisanterie has been named Childwick, and he has been engaged in all these stakes.

I rather expected that Victoricus would have won the Royal Handicap at Leicester, and directly the weights appeared I recommended him as being about the pick of the lot. The early backers of the animal had rare hedging, inasmuch as 7 to 4 was being taken about him when the flag fell. I may congratulate myself upon having throughout denounced the pretensions of Amphion and Unicorn. Of course the success of General Byrne's horse would have been by far the most satisfactory and popular issue of the race, but he was preposterously overweighted, for there is really no conclusive reason whatever for believing that Amphion is about a stone superior in class to any other horse now in training. The general craze for Unicorn was inexplicable. There was no affinity with reason in the theory that, because he won the Stewards' Cup easily, he would also win at Leicester, inasmuch as it is known that he was tried to be a non-stayer in the spring, and the gulf between Dives and Lazarus was not more impassable than is the chasm which separates the winning-post of a mile race from a beast which cannot get more than six furlongs in tolerable company. Unicorn ran a very bad horse, and he was really never in the race. He is probably out of all form, and the best plan would be to throw him up for this season. I dare say we shall see him winning the Wokingham at Ascot or the Stewards' Cup next year, for he is undoubtedly very smart over his own course. Le Nord ran a perfect wretch, and his grievous exhibition was the more exasperating to his friends because in his recent home gallops he had seemed to be able to lose Alicante and Bumptious if he were asked to do so. Révérend was never seen in front, and I should think that this horse ought now to be granted the rest which he has so well earned. He has been egregiously mismanaged throughout the season, and so also has Gouverneur.

When writing last week about the Lancashire Plate, I mentioned that Signorina "has been going very well indeed at Newmarket, but nothing tangible is known about her present form, and there is nothing in her stable that is good enough to try her with." Animals which often go beautifully in their gallops, collapse utterly when it comes to racing, so that nobody would have been justified in recommending Signorina for the Lancashire Plate, but if she could have been tried with some smart animal, it is now clear that she would have done so well that she would have started favourite on Saturday. Of course, Signorina needed to be only in her two-year-old form to win; and, judging from her performance on Saturday, it is probable that she is now as smart as she ever was. The victory of a really good mare like Signorina was eminently satisfactory, and the Chevalier Ginistrelli deserved his success, for he has managed the mare with consummate judgment, and with a patience that is too rare among owners. The Duke of Westminster will now feel considerably disgusted that he did not adhere to his original intention of scratching Orme for this race, as the colt will certainly not be any the better for his severe exertions on Saturday. Orme was an almost universal tip, and so great was the run on him that he started a warm favourite, although there was certainly no encouragement to back a two-year-old. He is evidently a good stayer, like his stable companion, La Flêche. Alicante had not been doing well during the last week, the weak hock which prevented her from running at Deauville having again become troublesome. Martagon ran very well, and if Signorina had been out of the way it is quite probable that he might just have won. This is not the first time that he has shown to advantage over the Manchester course. It is difficult to reconcile the running of Victoricus on Wednesday, and that of Martagon on Saturday with the wondrous tales about the vast superiority of the Leicester failure. I fear that Gouverneur is something of a rogue, and it may be that his speed has been impaired by the fatuous policy which was adopted in training him for the Leger. I hear that he had been galloped at Newmarket on Wednesday over the Limekilns, and his performance did not please the spectators, but on Thursday he went as well as possible, and seemed to be quite another horse. Peter Flower's bad running did not surprise anyone, as he had been well beaten in his trial.

The two-year-old race at Leicester was won by the Duchess of Montrose with Adoration, who is own sister to Thebais, St. Marguerite, and Clairvaux, but the breed has fearfully degenerated of late years. Adoration had 12 lb. the best of the weights with Katharine II. and Bouthillier, and she won easily, but she will never be within measurable distance of first-class form. At Manchester, the best two-year-olds were Scarborough and Galeopsis, and as the former won cleverly with 3 lb. the best of the weights, he must have quite regained his spring form. Desdemona, the sister to St. Serf, ran very badly, and the others in the field were a moderate lot. Palisandre, who has shown more than respectable form, won the Lancaster Nursery from a field of fifteen, with 8 st. 6 lb., the field including Clarence, Knockaby, and other winners, which was a most creditable performance.

Corstorphine ran for the September Handicap, but never showed in the race. Lord Rosebery's mare appears to be quite out of form, and I do not fancy that under any circumstances she could now stay a mile. Lord Rosebery's two-year-old filly Disorder, by Bend Or out of Kermesse,

of whom a very high opinion was entertained, did badly in a trial last week, which was the reason that she did not start for the Lincolnshire Plate.

Victoricus is now favourite for the Cesarewitch, in spite of his Leicester defeat. I shall be vastly surprised if he wins, and he can only have a chance on the theory that he is a much better horse over a distance than over a mile. He did not appear to me particularly game at Leicester, and I should fancy that he has a decided objection to a ding-dong finish. Last week I warned my speculative readers against backing Chesterfield or Shall we Remember, because it appeared doubtful whether either of them could stand training. This note of caution has been already justified in the case of the mare, who pulled up lame after her gallop last Wednesday, and I hear that Chesterfield appears very groggy on his forelegs. Ermak has been backed for a great deal of money, most of which has come from France, but, even on his best form, and supposing that Révérend's running in the Prix du Jockey Club was all right (a most extravagant idea), it seems to me that the horse has a great deal too much weight, and really good judges of French racing protest that he has no chance. If Colonel North is to win, it will be with Old Boots, who has been very quiet lately, and he is undoubtedly a greatly improved horse. Haute Saône looks so well and goes so well that she is now very much fancied at Newmarket. War Dance, after being well backed for the Cesarewitch by addleheads, is now in brisk demand for the Cambridgeshire, which race he would have won last year if Alicante had carried off the Cesarewitch. War Dance's recent victories in France have not been brilliant performances, and he certainly seems to have quite enough weight. Spell may very likely come with a rush in the betting, for both handicaps. Father Confessor appears likely to represent "Mr. Abington," judging from the way in which he has been backed; but we have yet to learn that he can stay this course, and, indeed, the same doubt applies to Baron Rothschild's mare, and to several other candidates which are more or less fancied. Morion had much better be left alone until it becomes certain that he will start for the Cesarewitch. It was Lord Hartington's original intention to reserve this horse for his weight-for-age engagements, and, if he is well advised, he will not depart from it.

The Belgian four-year old Moineau has been quietly backed to win a very large stake for the Cambridgeshire, and last week he ran at Maisons Laffitte for the Handicap de la Tamese, and was only beaten a neck by Zibeline with the worst of the weights. If Moineau had won he would have incurred a penalty at Newmarket, and it remains to be seen whether his owner thinks he has plenty of weight in hand, or whether he has decided not to send the horse to England. Moineau is thrown in, but there is certainly nothing very attractive about his public form. In the meantime, Memoir is going on as well as possible at Newmarket, and whatever beats her will win.

Rueil, the brother to Révérend, may prove a dangerous candidate for the Middle Park Plate, as he won the Grand Criterium at Longchamps last week very cleverly from Fra Angelico, who had shown excellent form.

Mimi will probably be started for the Champion Plate on the first day of the Second October Meeting, in which she will have only FitzSimon, Orvieto or Springtime, Le Nord, and Orion to beat. I do not suppose that Colonel North will care to start St. Simon of the Rock, considering this horse's handicap engagements. If Mimi does run for the Champion Plate, the Newmarket Oaks will be left at the mercy of Haute Saône, for whom in any case that race appears to be a good thing, for Mr. Fenwick's mare will have to give her 9 lb. Mimi is also in the Lowther Stakes on that day, but she certainly will not start for that race, in which she has very much the worst of the weights.

FUTURE EVENTS.

There will be racing next week at Gatwick, Thirsk, and Kempton Park, and only at the last of these meetings is the sport likely to be of any general interest.

The Kempton Park Breeders' Produce Stakes, which will be run on Friday, is one of the most valuable two-year-old races of the season, being worth £4,350 to the owner of the winner, if he is also the nominator, as will probably be the case. One hundred and sixteen two-year-olds have been left in, and among them is Goldfinch (10 lb. extra), who has, I believe, been expressly reserved for this race. The other best-known animals are Lady Hermit (10 lb. extra), Petrovna (7 lb. extra), Killossery (10 lb. allowed), Adoration (5 lb. extra), Hyères, Lady Caroline, Juvenal (3 lb. allowed), Gossoon (10 lb. extra), Rouge Dragon, and Llanthony. I am disposed to regard this race as a match between Goldfinch and Lady Caroline, and expect that the filly will win, and thereby make amends to her owners for the exasperating defeat of Riviera two years ago.

I mentioned last week that the dark Watercress, by Springfield out of Wharfdale, which belongs to Baron Hirsch, has been well tried at Kingsclere. I understand that he is to start at Newmarket on Friday for the Rous Memorial Stakes, and he ought to find no difficulty in wining that race. Watercress was bred by the late Lord Falmouth at Mereworth.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—This has been a week of sensational developments in the Yankee market, and the rapid changes which took place in that department had a tendency to unsettle the other markets. But the spasms have passed away, leaving the Yankee boom in full progress, and whether Jay Gould tries his hand at another manipulation or not, it has been fully demonstrated that circumstances are too strong for him. We may, therefore, look for a continuation of the upward movement in American Railroad stocks, checked though it will probably be by occasional reactions.

The Outlook on the Stock Exchange.

The very fact that the further development of the boom in American Rails seems assured, gives promise of an improvement in other branches of the Stock Exchange. We have seen in the past week how the sudden interruption of the advance in Yankees on "Deacon" White's failure at once affected other stocks adversely, and caused a reaction in the Kaffir Circus, which had shown strong signs of revival. Apprehensions of a material rise in the value of money also caused a nervous feeling, which was, however, dissipated when the advance in the Bank rate proved to be only ½ per cent., and the position of the Bank of England was shown not to justify an upward movement of 1 per cent. The primary cause of the change was, of course, the withdrawal of considerable sums in gold for the United States, coupled with a demand for Germany, which latter, however, is slackening off. More gold will, no doubt, go to New York, but the brunt of the demand will probably be borne by the Bank of France in the near future. Two millions sterling have left Europe for the States during the last fortnight, and shipments at the rate of at least a million sterling a week may henceforth be anticipated. The London Money Market will, however, hardly be affected to any serious extent for the present, and the resources of the Bank seem ample for all requirements. Politics have assumed a more pleasant appearance. The abolition of the passport regulations in Alsace and Lorraine by the German Government has had a soothing effect upon the French mind, and the participation of German bankers in the issue of the Russian loan is another peaceful sign. Thus the outlook on the whole is favourable. Notwithstanding a set back in Argentine Government stocks, a general improvement in Argentine finance may be anticipated at no distant period, and prospects in other South and Central American Republics generally are favourable, with the exception, perhaps, of Uruguay. I look for a general hardening of

quotations all round, and for a smart rise in American Rails, and South African Mining and Land shares.

Home Rails.

Looking at the traffics of the Railway Companies of the United Kingdom (fifty-two Companies) for the first twelve weeks of the current half-year, the increase of £154,350 over the corresponding period of the previous half-year, and on the top of large increases over the same period in 1889, cannot but be considered satisfactory in view of the fact that a distinct set back is anticipated in the improvement of trade. How far this result will be neutralised by a higher rate of expenditure of course remains to be seen; but as prices of the heavy stocks have already given way to some extent, there is probably little fall left in the general range of prices for the present. Great Western at 159, Brums at 171, Berwicks at 155, are hardly at too high a level, even taking into account the depression in the district of the North-Eastern. Midlands, with their increase of £42,000 in the traffic returns for the twelve weeks, maintain themselves at about 159, and fully deserve the favour which is extended to them. Investors are apparently content to hold all these stocks, and the selling, which has depressed prices of late, was chiefly for account of operators for a fall, who will hardly take much by their sales, unless money should tighten unexpectedly or receipts fall off materially. Nor should it be forgotten that the exceptional prosperity which has fallen to the lot of the United States will in due time favourably react upon our own industries by increased orders for manufactures, while the effect of the McKinley tariff will have a tendency to wear off. The Brighton traffics have been somewhat disappointing during the week in consequence of another spell of unsettled weather; but the "Bear" account is large, and the line has still a prospect of pulling up arrears now that the Brighton season is at hand. Present prices of Brighton "A" are, in fact, more than justified by the position. Doras "A" have followed the vagaries of Berthas. The reports respecting the Midland-Chatham negotiations vary from day to day, but the consensus of opinion is that there is "something in it," and that an important announcement will some fine day burst upon the market, notwithstanding present denials by the Chatham officials. The greater firmness of the Scotch stocks, especially of North British, is due to the considerable "Bear" account, and to peaceful assurances on the part of the Caledonian chairman. It remains to be seen what views the North British Board, as the more cantankerous of the two, will express on this point at the meeting of shareholders.

Jay Gould's Arsenal of Devilry.

The American market had to withstand two severe shocks during the week—the failure of S. V. White & Co (the firm of "Deacon" White, of Wall-street fame) and a determined attack by that disreputable trickster and incorrigible wrecker, Jay Gould. The first was the milder of the shocks, and although it was taken advantage of to the utmost by the "Bears," it soon transpired that the "Deacon's" troubles arose chiefly from the "Bulling" of grain, his interest in railroad stocks being comparatively small, and on the "Bear" side. Stocks thereupon rebounded again, and had in many cases reached their highest level on Thursday afternoon, when the news was flashed across from New York that Jay Gould was attempting with his whole arsenal of devilry, of lying devices, and dishonest practices, to break the markets. The hero of a thousand barefaced robberies and of innumerable attempts upon the pockets of the public, the treacherous friend, the wrecker of railroads, was on the warpath, his chief weapon being his favourite trick of manipulating one of his own railroad properties in order to depress the whole market. His motive was, according to some, disappointment at having been "left" in the advance of stocks; according to others, the fact that his son George had operated for the fall and had got caught. There seems to be truth in both these suggestions, and there is no doubt that Jay, whether to help George or himself, wanted some cheap stock. So he used his own Company, the Missouri Pacific, for this selfish purpose, and although this concern has been doing well of late, and has excellent prospects from the abundant grain harvest, the fiat went forth that the dividend would be passed. Heavy sales, ostensibly for the Gould interest, accompanied the reports, and Missouris dropped in the one day from 75 to 65. The Union Pacific difficulties, too, were aggravated by this unscrupulous manipulator, and a state of panic created which affected all other stocks. For a few hours Gould's rascality achieved its purpose, but the market subsequently turned a complete summersault and, under powerful support, stocks recovered to almost their previous level. Whether the trickster Gould has achieved his purpose in part or not, or whether Missouri Pacifics will get their dividend after all, it is impossible to say, but it is certain that he has been baffled in his intention to break the market altogether. The public is in the market, and the whole position in the United States is too strong even for a man of Gould's resources to stop the boom. He may continue to keep Missouri Pacifics down, but the rest of the stocks have shaken themselves free from the Gould panic, and are soaring upwards again, even Union Pacifics showing a marked recovery. The floating debt is practically arranged, but it is certainly not owing to Gould that this road has been kept out of a receiver's hands. Sooner or later all the properties which are tainted with the Gould brush seem to be bound to come to grief, and common prudence suggests to the investor to leave them alone, and to let the unmitigated wrecker Gould stew in his own fat. Fortunately, Missouri Pacifics were refused a quotation on the London Stock Exchange, when Gould, with the support of firms prominently connected with New York attempted to get them listed. At that time the price of the stock was 109 in New York, and the English investor has been spared heavy losses by this refusal. Daniel Drew used to say that Gould's "touch was death," and he had reason for saying so, for it was a sorry day for Drew when Jay Gould took his place in the control of the Erie, and it was equally disastrous to the Erie property. Gould's numerous deals in railroads, in buying bad roads, consolidating them, and then working the stock off under a new name upon an unsuspecting public, are matters of history. His creations usually ended in the receiver's hands, and were generally picked up again by the astute one's agents at a "knock-out" price. Gould's connection with the Wabash and the Union Pacific are matters of history. It may be taken for granted that any Road which he gets into his unholy grasp will sooner or later be wrecked. He builds up, only to destroy, but before he destroys, he takes care to shift the burden upon other shoulders. It is curious that, astute and far seeing as Jay Gould undoubtedly is, he should so have mistaken the present position in the States as not to take a hand in the boom at an early period, or that he should have allowed his son George to "go short" of the market. In the present case circumstances are too strong for him, and not even Gould, with all his millions, and with all his artful dodges and unscrupulous scheming, can stem the current of this powerful movement, that has been set going by the splendid crops and the unexampled prosperity which is in store for the country.

Promising Yankee Rails.

I adhere more strongly than ever to the view that American Railroad stocks will see a further important advance, and the rebound will be all the more marked, as the recent raids have shaken out a number of weak holders. These members of the ragged division, when overloaded, are a great drawback to a market. They buy when things are booming, and the first material reaction is to them the signal to clear out, generally at the bottom. That is the way how *not* to do it. I have seen some of these operators selling last Friday afternoon at about the

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lowest prices, as if they could not throw their stocks fast enough, and bemoaning their rashness an hour or two afterwards, when stocks had rebounded some three points in many cases. There was never any fear of the market going to pieces for more than a day at the most, and the only way is to sit tight on your stocks when such a spasm occurs. For all that, the principle should always be kept in mind to buy when the market is flat and to sell when it is booming. There generally is an opportunity to get in again, and at the present level profits of 4 or 5 points should be taken when offering, with a view to buying again on a temporary reaction. The general position as regards the splendid grain crops, the money market in New York, which is amply supplied (the last Associated Bank statement being more favourable than had been anticipated), and the continual gold shipments from Europe is as good as ever. I need not go over the ground again after all I have told you about these favourable conditions. The following extract from the private letter of a far-seeing Wall-street man states the prospects very clearly:—

> There is the greatest confidence throughout the community that we are on the top of an upward wave which will be very large and strong in its movement—of course interrupted by periods of rest and small recession. The halt in the market for the past ten days has been welcomed by everybody, and has been brought about really by the "Bulls," who want a new level established. The Union Pacific matter, I am told on first-rate authority, may be regarded as settled beyond doubt, though the details will occupy attention for some time yet, and rumours will hinge upon them. Richmond Terminal rumours of disaster are rife, but in this matter again, I am told, there is no possibility of a receiver, but the management, tired of renewing notes at bank every day or two, propose to deal conclusively with the whole amount of its indebtedness. The process of negotiation doubtless will suggest in that matter unfavourable rumours, but the ultimate effect must be very beneficial, not only to all the Terminal properties, but to the general market as well You will see by the crop calculation in the *Tribune* that about 875,000,000 bushels of wheat, corn, and oats are in excess of last year. This would mean not less than 350,000,000 dols. increased return to the farmers. You readily appreciate the full significance of this fact, and it is such conviction in the breast of every one in the country that gives such assurance of steady prosperity. The speculative booms have been killed beyond resurrection in many quarters, notably in town lots and "boom" neighbourhoods, but solid values are well maintained and promise better.

The predictions of the writer of this letter have so far come true to the letter. The Union Pacific trouble is now definitely settled, and the Richmond Terminal difficulty is going the same way. I told you last week to leave Union Pacifics alone, as Jay Gould would probably use them for his own objects, and so it has happened, and in the fluctuations between 40 and 46 few operators on this side have made any money. All the same, Unions are likely to have an important advance, but those who take a hand in them must have strong nerves, for dealing in them is like supping with the D—l beg pardon—Jay Gould. I have seen private cables from well-informed quarters in New York recommending specially the purchase of Milwaukees and Atchison. Both lines will, of course, benefit greatly by the grain crops, and their traffics are showing exceptional expansion, weekly increases of 100,000 dols. being now shown in both cases. Although I told you last week to clear your profits in Erie, I am now disposed to again advise repurchases of this stock. I was afraid that there might be a hitch as to the Preference dividend, but I now learn that its declaration is pretty well assured. That announcement is expected early in November, and large options fall due at the end of October account, which are as yet covered only to a very small extent. I stand by my favourites, Louisville and Norfolk Prefs. The dividend on the latter has been declared at the old rate of 3 per cent. per annum, payable October 7, as I said it would. I also anticipate a marked advance in Denver Ordinary and Preferred. A capable successor to Mr. Moffat, the ex-President, who resigned a month ago, has been fixed upon, and better management may be anticipated, while a traffic arrangement with the Atchison will, I hear, come off. You may safely buy the Ordinary and Preferred. Last, but not least, Ohio and Mississippi Ordinary and Preferred and Baltimore and Ohio South Western Income Bonds should be bought for an important rise. The London Committee of Ohio shareholders has ratified the scheme under which the Ohio and Mississippi is leased ostensibly to the Baltimore and South Western in order to get over certain legal difficulties. In reality the Ohio and Mississippi and the Baltimore and Ohio South Western will be consolidated with Baltimore and Ohio itself, and the latter important Company will give its guarantee under the arrangements now completed. The publication of full particulars will bring about an important advance in all these stocks, and I should not be surprised to see Ohio Ordinary five points and ditto Preferred ten points up, the latter receiving great advantages in consideration of the large amount of interest accrued. If you can buy Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Second Income bonds at anything like 34—as they have reacted somewhat—you should buy them, for they are pretty sure of their 5 per cent. dividend, which makes them very cheap. After the Ohio and Mississippi will follow the Alabama, New Orleans, and Texas deal, and you will then see Texas B run up sharply. Finally, I advise the purchase of Quebec Central Five per Cent. Income bonds, to which I drew your attention last week. They have improved to 32-33, but are a good purchase at that for a rise to 40. With Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Seconds, they are the cheapest Income bonds out. A correspondent draws my attention to the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Third Incomes, stating that these have not yet risen in proportion. This is correct, for they stand only at 11, but I prefer the more substantial stock. Canadian Pacifics have fluctuated with Yankees, and will probably go higher; but they have had an important advance. This also applies to Grand Trunks, and before the latter Company shows considerable traffic increases I do not consider a further rise justified.

Mexico and Mexican Rails.

My correspondent "J. R.," who recently expressed very favourable views on Mexican Rails (Vera Cruz line), returns to the charge. After a prediction of the dividend which, on account of the imminence of its declaration, I need not reproduce, he continues as follows:—

> The Directors have in hand a reserve fund of over £200,000, enough to pay a dividend of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary stock. The advantages resulting from the construction of the Pachuca branch, which was built without adding a penny to capital account, will now very soon influence the "takings," which are ample, in the face of all competition, to pay a dividend to the Ordinary stockholders. Lately the development of Mexico has been rapid, and her prosperity of late years has been immense. In the "City of Mexico" and "Vera Cruz," only recently, property has been known to increase four or five times in value. Increase in the value of property signalises the general prosperity of the country, without which the increase in the value of properties could not take place. This development and prosperity are largely to be attributed to the construction of railways, and Mexico has not gone too far in this direction, as some of the South American Republics have done. The influence of railroad construction has been very noticeable in trade statistics. Thus exports of Mexican produce in 1880-1 were to the value of 10,500,000 dollars, and latest returns give the year's exports at nearly 24,000,000 dollars. Shipments of precious metals in the same time have been raised by nearly 40 per cent. Funds to cover the coupons of the Exterior Debt, which become due on October 1, have been remitted to London by the National Bank of Mexico some time ago. In other words, Mexico is ready to pay six weeks before her time. In these circumstances I advise your readers *now* to turn their backs on American "brown papers" and "betterments," and buy the stocks of the Mexican Railway, which is managed and directed by Englishmen of the highest honour and integrity.

I fully agree with my correspondent as to the progress which is being made by the Republic of Mexico, but I cannot endorse his views of Mexican Rails. In my opinion a great deal more money will be made during the next few months in American than in Mexican Rails. The returns are not satisfactory considering that the through traffic of the Interoceanic line is still interrupted, and not until the traffics improve materially, or silver takes a jump, shall I advise the purchase of Mexican Rails, although "Bear" scares are on the cards.

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, E.C.—165, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—8, Haymarket, S.W.—18, Westbourne-grove, W.—Nos. 19 and 20, Railway-approach, London-bridge, S.E.—Manchester address, Bridgewater-chambers, 6, Brown-street.—Brighton address, Central-chambers, The Quadrant. No commission on speculative accounts. He buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired. Telephone No. 1,578.

Nitrate Rails.

I have received the following communication from a correspondent who has been studying the position of Nitrate Railway stocks:—

I have obtained from the Company's office their last report, &c., and being much struck by the prospects of the Nitrate Railway's Preferred Converted Ordinary £10 shares, now quoted at £8, I venture to draw your attention to them, believing them to be worthy of recommendation to your readers for the reasons I give. The Preferred shares of the Company are entitled to a 7 per cent. dividend, but they are only Preference shares till the end of 1893, when they merge into Ordinary stock. These £10 shares are quoted at £12, or £2 premium, and are thought to be going higher. They have only two and a-half years' Preference over the Converted Preferred, which stand at £8. I submit that this difference is altogether too great, and that if the Preferred shares are worth £12, the Converted Preferred are quite worth par or £10. The Nitrate Railway's Ordinary shares are quoted at nearly £18, and it is considered probable that at least 20 per cent. dividend will be maintained. If that is the case, the Converted Preferred's dividend of 7 per cent. must be very safe. The Mexican Railway Company's Eight per Cent. Preference stock stands at £112, or at a fair premium; the Nitrate Railway's Converted Preferred shares are, in my opinion, a better security. It takes about £280,000 to pay the Nitrate Railway's usual dividend, but less than £100,000 is needed to pay the 7 per cent. dividend on the Converted Preferred, so that there is a large sum behind them, and it should be borne in mind that £157,000 was brought forward into the present year.

My correspondent's remarks will commend themselves to investors. I am enabled to confirm his supposition that the Ordinary dividend will be maintained. In fact, I have it on good authority that an interim dividend of £1 per share, or 10 per cent., will be paid shortly, which makes the Nitrate Railway Ordinary shares, at their present price of 16¾, a very cheap purchase.

Argentines and Other South Americans.

The advance in the gold premium in Buenos Ayres to 310 fully confirms my previous remarks on the position in the Argentine Republic. I look for a marked fall in the gold premium after the October elections, and with the movement of the crops towards the end of the year, but not before. For all that, I consider the present an excellent time for picking up cheap stocks. As such I again mention to you Cordoba Central (Central Northern Section) Five per Cent. Debentures at about 50. The Funding bonds have apparently fallen on sales by holders of stocks included in the Funding scheme in anticipation of the payment of the coupons by these bonds. When these sales come to an end the Funding loan will probably recover. The Buenos Ayres and Rosario Company has not distributed any interim dividend, but carried £12,000 forward. Under these circumstances, my argument that the Extension shares 1894, which have a Preference dividend of 5 per cent., are the best purchase gathers special force. The maintenance of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern dividend at 8 per cent. for the year, with £23,000 carried forward, is a splendid result in view of the exceptional depression in Argentine, and testifies to the foresight of the management and to the excellence of the property. I still recommend Costa Rica Railway Second Six per Cent. Debentures at about 82 as yielding over 7¼ per cent. Chilian bonds ought to be bought at 91-92, they are certain to go to par again. Advices have, in fact, just come to hand according to which remittances to pay the January coupons have already been despatched by the new Chilian Government. After that, Chilian credit promises to stand higher than ever before.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

The boomlet in South African Gold Mining and Land shares seems to have suffered from the interruption of the advance in Yankee Rails and from fears of dearer money. Now that both these points are disposed of, the movement will, doubtless, be resumed when once the settlement has been got out of the way, especially if the September crushings of the Witwatersrand Mines prove favourable. I repeat my advice to buy amongst South African Mines, by preference Simmer and Jack, and especially New Primrose and Nigels, on which I gave you a special chapter last week. A second dividend of 5 per cent. is about to be paid on New Primrose, which are cheap at 1½. Nigels at 2¾ are also a good purchase. My remarks on the latter mine have brought me the following communication from a correspondent in Glasgow who signs himself "Jacobs":—

Perhaps an explanation of the reference made in your notes on the Nigel Mine to the "immediate erection of the best known appliances for catching gold in pyritic rock," and the power now "of obtaining from the ore deposit of extreme richness the maximum of gold at a minimum of cost," would interest your readers. The method of extraction referred to here is the Macarthur-Forest process, which is being worked by the African Gold Recovery Company, Limited. The Nigel tailings are being treated by this Company at present, and over an ounce of gold to the ton extracted. Up till now the Robinson Company have been extracting monthly from 2,500 tons of tailings 1·600 oz. of gold at a profit of about £5,000. They are now putting themselves into a position to deal with double this quantity. Since starting six months ago the Recovery Company have succeeded in getting their process adopted by ten of the best mining Companies in the Transvaal.

I am glad to hear such good accounts of the results of treating the tailings—this is all pure profit, and the Nigel Company will now benefit materially from this source and from the working of the new battery. I hear also excellent accounts of the Sheba Mine, and am told that these shares, now quoted 24s., are bound for a much higher price. Of lower-priced Mines, I still recommend May's Consolidated at 11s., Knight's at 9s., and Glencairn. Any favourable results of the September crushings of the Glencairn would put up the price materially. The meeting held at Johannesburg on August 18 of the May's Consolidated was favourable. The Chairman stated that they were drawing nearer to dividends. The Company have, moreover, 50-60,000 tons of accumulated tailings, which, if properly treated, as indicated in the above communication, should prove most valuable. Land and Exploration shares are also likely to improve, especially Bechuanaland, which are quoted 1$\frac{9}{16}$. Great Gold Zone have advanced to 9s. Oceana shares have reacted to 5¾, but very favourable news is expected shortly, which will put them again higher. De Beers, after touching 14, have reacted to 13¾, but the result of the meeting held at Kimberley was fully as favourable as I had foreshadowed. A special movement has taken place in North-East Bultfonstein, which have advanced to 2⅛. The report of the Johannesburg Waterworks Estate and Exploration Company, which was to be presented at the meeting at Johannesberg on September 10 shows that this concern has pulled round again. A net profit of £17,459 has been earned for the year ended June 30 last. The freehold has been purchased and cash has been paid for it, although it was bought on two years' credit. A dividend of 5 per cent. was declared on July 3; and, according to the report, "the directors have every reason to believe that, with the Company's greatly improved position and prospects, shareholders may look forward with confidence to regular dividends in the future." It is a far cry to thirty-five years hence, but at the end of that time the Company will have one of the finest estates, as its reversionary right is said to be worth a quarter of a million. I am told that there are now over 2,000 English shareholders. Indian Gold Mines show steadiness, Mysore Gold at 5⅝, Mysore Nagar at 10s. 6d. Advices are, I understand, expected early in October of the first alluvial returns of the latter mine, and, what is more, they are expected to be favourable. From the East Broken Hill Consols Mine cable news has been received to the effect that, at the "Main engine shaft, Block 98, galena is showing at a depth of 120 ft." From the Australian Broken Hill Consols further advices are expected. There has been a good deal of business in Silverton (Broken Hill) Mining shares at about 12s. 6d. to 13s. The favourable views which I have expressed of this Company are confirmed by the following telegram received by the

George Gregory & Company, Stock and Share Dealers, 4, Tokenhouse-buildings, Lothbury, Bank of England, London, E.C. Telegrams "Grammarian, London"; Manager, Mr. A. Langridge. Also, London—West-End: 226, Piccadilly, W. (immediately opposite the London Pavilion). Telegrams, "Gregarious, London"; Manager, Mr. George Williams.—Brighton: Central-chambers, The Quadrant (facing Willings' Jubilee Clock Tower). Telegrams, "Gregorian, Brighton"; Manager, Mr. W. J. Nichols.—Hastings: Queen's-chambers (adjoining the Queen's Hotel), Telegrams, "Gregory, Hastings"; Manager, Mr. H. O. Scantlebury. Agencies at Leeds, Hull, and Folkestone. "Hints to Speculators" (250 pages), gratis and post free.

Company:—"Chloride and horn silver lode, giving splendid shows, has just been discovered immediately north of our mine; lode can be traced into our mine. Am setting them on to test it." These shares should be picked up. The Maid of Erin Silver Mines is doing extremely well, and the shares have advanced to 1⅝, with a strong tendency. The last report from the mine is extremely favourable, the manager stating that, "during all the years he has managed this property, at no time has it looked more promising than at present."

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various investors:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Brazil.—If, as the Secretary of the Buenos Ayres Water and Drainage Company has informed you, the necessary documents are not yet on their way from Buenos Ayres, matters are proceeding much more slowly than had been promised by Dr. Plaza. But there is nothing for it but patience. It is a case of the Spanish *mañana*. *Recoup.*—1 and 2. Entre Rios Provincial bonds, 1886, will receive 6 per cent. interest in New Entre Rios Funding bonds, the latter carrying 6 per cash cent. interest, as soon as the necessary documents have arrived here, in about a month. They are a cheap stock, to be picked up and held for an improvement. 3. No. 4. Impossible to tell. It is, of course, a speculative investment. *Tyro.*—Yes; you had better sell your Italian Rente, and re-invest in the stocks recommended in my letter. The Ohio-Mississippi arrangement will benefit these stocks immediately.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

C. M. B.—The bank in question transacts its business chiefly in South Africa. There is always the risk of the uncalled capital with such bank investments. *Fusilier.*—You are quite mistaken. I hear that this Company is doing well. Hold and pick up some more, if you can do so cheaply. *Betanaphthol.*—1. Yes, you should average at the present price. The last report was very encouraging. 2. In the present position of affairs in China I should not advise investment in these bank shares. As regards this bank and bank No. 5, you should always consider the heavy uncalled liability. 3. I do not care for this Trust Company. 4. I see no reason to purchase Cumberland Lands. *Parchment.*—You had better hold the Debentures No. 1, 2, 6, and 7 for the present. You have no choice but to hold No. 3, pending an improvement in Argentina. I do not care much for the Trust shares No. 4 and 5, but should not advise sale at present depreciated price. Await a recovery, then sell. If you wish to invest in American Breweries, you might do so in Bartholomay and St. Louis Preference shares. *Killie.*—1. It is not the office which I should select. 2. Outside stockbrokers, with whom it would be best to have nothing to do. *Cyril.*—It is more prudent to leave banks which have made heavy losses, alone, even if the shares are cheap. *A Speculative Subscriber.*—A. This is not one of the Trust Companies which I fancy. B. You had better leave Mashonaland syndicates alone. *F. W.*—I certainly should not advise you to leave the £10,000 which has been left to you all in bank shares. There seems no risk as regards the London Joint Stock Bank and the Union Bank of London, but in the case of the two Colonial banks named, although they are quite sound, the uncalled liability is serious. You should spread your investment over half-a-dozen good stocks. Neither lady nor gentleman ought to invest their all in bank shares.

Home Rails.

Macgregor.—I think that with a little patience you will get a better price for Caledonian Deferred. Hold. Midland Ordinary would be suitable for the investment you want. *C. E. W.*—North British are being kept up by the "Bear" account. On their real merits they are too high. Sell half and re-invest in some stock yielding a good return—say Midland Ordinary. Buenos Ayres and Rosario shares should be held, also Eastman's Meat shares.

American and Foreign Rails.

Naval.—I am glad you have done well with Norfolk Prefs., Ohio and Missouri, Kansas, and Texas. The floating debt of the Union Pacific is in a fair way of arrangement, and when Jay Gould has finished his market manipulation, they will doubtless recover. I do not recommend the selection of this stock now for operations, but I should advise you to hold. I think you had better hold the Brazilian Railway stock for the present, also Bell's Asbestos. I can hardly recommend a departure from the terms of a trust. *P. N.*—The Second Income Bonds of the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western, which you received in exchange of Cincinnati Income Bonds, are likely to improve materially. Hold. The Ordinary shares are, of course, of little value, but may be worth something in time. No reason why you should sell out of Mexican National A and B Bonds or Mexican Central Incomes at present. You might sell half your Canadian Pacifics at the handsome profit you have and hold the rest for higher prices. No, I do not share the view about the relative value of the two breweries named. *L. E.*—Under present circumstances it would be advisable to hold Midland Uruguay Debentures for an improvement, then sell. *G. S.*—You are quite right. On present merits Central Pacifics are cheap as compared with other stocks which pay no dividends. But there is no present chance of any increase on the 2 per cent. dividend while the others have "expectations." *W. W.*—Yes, Wabash Preferred are promising, although they have been somewhat neglected of late for other stocks. You should adopt the advice given in my letter. When you see a good profit on Grand Trunks, take it. I do not advise purchases of Tram shares in view of the labour question and the necessity of arranging with the County Council. *Rusticus Expectans.*—1. I am glad to hear that you did so well in Atchison, &c. 2. You are quite mistaken in thinking that the interest is partly in default on the debentures mentioned. 3. I do not care for these New Zealand Harbour bonds. *F. G.*—Yes, you should hold Interoceanic Prefs.; they will improve when the through traffic recommences. *Gresham.*—Yes, Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Second Income bonds are a promising stock. You must have some patience. Hold. *Anonymous Postcard, Altringham.*—I cannot take any notice of anonymous communications. Write, enclosing your card or name and address. *Foresight.*—You are wrong. Your broker was quite right. You ought to have instructed him to buy 10,000 dols. nominal. He took your order to mean one—£1,000, the equivalent of 5,000 dols. Why did you not give full instructions, as you evidently are not quite *au fait* as to Stock Exchange terms? *Capucine.*—1. Mexican Central Trust Income Bonds are a good purchase, and you have done quite right to invest in them. 2. The Company by which these bonds are guaranteed is not first-rate, but I hardly anticipate any danger. 3. I do not care much for this concern, but suppose that the excellent harvest will benefit it. *Kaffa.*—1. You have got in cheap for Union Pacifics, and can well afford to await higher prices. Nos. 2 and 3 are gilt-edged American Railroad Bonds, Nos. 4 and 5 fair second-class bonds, and all are good investments. Pennsylvania Railroad shares are not to be compared with them. "Grangers" are the chief grain-carrying roads repeatedly mentioned by me. *H. R. M.*—There is no liability on Texas "B." The Company is no longer in liquidation, but has been taken out of the receiver's hands and reconstructed. *J. T. R.*—You may safely hold Missouri, Kansas, and Texas for a further rise. I cannot tell you when the new bonds will get their first dividend, but they should also be held. *B. A. R.*—I must refer you to the report which has just been issued by the Company. With an improvement in Argentine affairs towards the end of the year, this stock will also recover. Until then you must have patience. You must be aware that the Baring catastrophe made all the difference. *Dresden.*—There is nothing whatever in the point raised by you against the Erie Company. *E. L. H.*—American Railroad bonds are only just commencing to move up. New York Central 5 per cent. bonds are gilt-edged and likely to improve. *Ajax.*—1. Consult my articles regularly. 2. No reason to sell Eries or Atlantic Firsts now. 3. Norfolk and Western Prefs. have improved. 4. No. 5. Yes, if you are wary. *Shastan.*—1. It seems advisable to join the reconstruction. 2. It is by no means customary, and your broker ought to send you the cheque. 3. Hold the three stocks for a further advance. *Hopeful.*—Yes; Atlantic Firsts are likely to go better. *Phidias.*—1. All Spanish investments have suffered. 2. Manitoba and N.-W.R. Six per Cent. Bonds have fallen with American Railroad Bonds generally, but they now stand at 108–109, not at 104 as you state. 3. Hold the other Canadian Railroad Bonds mentioned. *M.*—No reason to sell the Railroad Bonds, Nos. 1 and 2. No. 3 are inferior in security, the Richmond Terminal being in a somewhat difficult position.

Mining Shares.

Batiana.—While I do not advise you to buy more, I anticipate an improvement, and on seeing a profit you should sell. I do not know when the report will be published. *Jacob.*—Thanks. I refer to the matter under "Kaffir and other Mines." *S. A. Bull.*—I think you are mistaken. I have made it my business to make special inquiries. *St. Andrews.*—Hold Moss Rose for the present. Watch the market, and sell on a further advance. *W. A., Worksop.*—I do not care for the mining shares in question. *J. A., Birmingham.*—I do not recommend the mining shares you mention. Why do you not buy those recommended by me? *R. O. S.*—Have nothing to do with Macate. *Harvey.*—These shares are valueless. *J. W.*—Yes; have nothing to do with Amador Gold shares. They are being puffed by interested parties. *S. E.*—I think you might sell Indian Consolidated at about 3s. 6d.—4s., as another call may be made ere long.

Industrial Companies.

Constant Reader, Glasgow.—Yes, American Breweries have good prospects. Of the Companies mentioned I should prefer Bartholomay and St. Louis. *G. H. M.*—It is impossible to express a decided view about a speculative concern like Myers' Patent Box and Barrel Machinery Company. I do not think much of its prospects. *J. B. P.*—I should not advise you to have anything to do with the Stores in question. They are doing badly. *Newsagent.*—1. I do not consider the paragraph binding. 2. Try to sell through a respectable broker, but I do not think there is much of a premium to be got. *W. T. C.*—You should hold Eastmans,

Minton's (Limited).—Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

Arthur Forbes & Co., Australian Investment, Finance, and Mining Agency, 16, Cornhill, London, E.C., and at Brisbane, Queensland, have special business in some of the best Colonial Mining Stocks, including Brilliant, Victory, Victoria, Sunburst, Broken Hill, Raub, and other prosperous concerns. Constant information by cable. Telegraphic address, "Orpharion, London."

and eventually average, but not yet. *O. H.*—The capital of the San Jorge Nitrate Company is £375,000. 2. Probably 10 per cent. 3. About May next year, unless an interim dividend be declared at the end of the year. *Neptune.*—The paper in question is of no importance, and serves certain special interests. All the same, I do not care for H. Spicer & Co. Prefs. *Scarborough.*—These shares are not quoted, and seem to be all but worthless at present. Let your stockbroker try what he can get for them. *Godiva.*—There is very little market for the Nottingham Brewery Preferences, but you should hold them. Prospects are stated to be good. *J. R., Cardiff.*—Eastman's Meat shares will be a good purchase one of these days, but not yet.

Mixed Investments.

Diomede.—1. I cannot advise you with respect to any particular stockbrokers. 2 *a*. A fair Brazilian Railway investment, but no catch. *b*. I should not advise it. *c*. A colonial bank of fair standing. Of course, you must not forget the liability of £5 per share. 3. I do not think that any such movement is to be feared. A sound bank. *Stockton.*—I am afraid that the Agricultural Hall and the Eastern and Midland Railway debentures are both equally unpromising, and you have no choice but to wait for what may turn up. *Elgin.*—1. Hold for a recovery. 2. Argentine bonds may be expected to improve towards the end of the year. Hold. 3. As Electric Light shares are improving, your holding should also improve. 4. Hold these South African Land shares for a recovery. *C. G., Brighton.*—1. Yes, you should hold these. The splendid crops must affect the Company favourably. 2. No. 3. Yes, they are improving. 4. Yes. 5. Of the Mining shares named, a, b, c, and f are a good speculative purchase for a small sum of money, but I should leave d and e alone. *Mars.*—Hold Johannesburg Water (1), and see remarks under "Kaffir and other Mines." Hopcraft Furnace shares (2) are worthless. Hold Burmah Rubies (3) on the chance of a recovery. No. 4 is a fair undertaking of its kind. Hold the debentures Nos. 5, 6, and 7. *Magnus.*—I have no favourable opinion of Nos. 1 and 2. Nos. 3, 4, and 5 are fair investments; 6 is more promising now. Peruvian Corporation stocks (7) are likely to improve. Burnley Brewery Prefs. (8) are a good investment. No reason to sell No. 9. I do not care for New Zealand Midland Railway debentures, notwithstanding the low price. *Clive.*—Hold City of Mexico bonds (1) and Anglo "A" (2). You might hold No. 3 for a possible improvement, but Ophir Concessions (4) are no good. *W. Y.*—Hold Tarapacà Waterworks (1); they are likely to recover further. Sell National Telephone (2) in view of probable competition, also 3. Argentine Great Western debentures (4) and Argentine Internal Gold Loan should be held for a recovery. Sell No. 7 at the next opportunity. Hold the mining shares Nos. 8 and 9 for an improvement. No. 10 is very doubtful. Central Argentine (11) had better be held. Yes, the Brewery Prefs. are all right. *Yum-Yum.*—1. I know nothing of this type-writer. Leave it alone. 2. No, to both questions. *Stocks, Liverpool.*—Hold Nos. 1 and 2. Manchester Brewery Debentures are a good investment, but quite high enough. Hold Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 8. No. 7 is also likely to come round. *Lieut.-Colonel.*—Hold Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18, 19. The South American stocks and the Home rails will recover. Sell Egyptian Unified (3) and half your Canada Pacifics (12) so as to clear your handsome profit, and buy more of 15 to average; they are cheap, and on the eve of a rise. *Bruce, Rouen.*—1. Anglo A are likely to improve. What can an obscure correspondent's view matter? 2. No, why do you not invest in the stocks recommended by me? 3. You have done well. Always take profits when you can. 4. Ditto. 5. Yes. 6. No. 7. Yes, sell. Texas A and B are the Preferential Deferred shares of the Alabama, New Orleans, and Texas Railway Company.

Various Investments.

It is curious that Anglo-American Telegraph stocks should not improve. The usual quarterly dividends have been declared on the Ordinary and Preferred, and there can be no doubt about the enormous business which the Company is doing through the boom in American Rails and the splendid grain harvest in the States. Commercial Cable capital stock is still advancing: why not Anglo-American stocks, and especially Anglo "A?" The Electric Lighting boom has given out somewhat, but Electric Construction Corporation shares have advanced to 6, and are likely to further improve. Why, by the way, is this stock classed under Commercial and Industrial, and not under Gas and Electric Lighting stocks? It is as much the latter as Anglo-American Brush. Elmore shares are easier at 4; French Elmore, however, keep steady at $3\frac{1}{8}$-$\frac{1}{4}$. As I understand that a considerable amount of stock was to be lifted this settlement, an improvement is probable. MacIvor's Patent shares, to which I referred last week, rose at one time to $3\frac{3}{8}$, but have reacted on sales by operators for a fall, who will probably have to pay through the nose for their boldness.—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

Major Howe & Co.'s fashionable Boots & Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-street, City; 13, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London.

QUEER STORY.

MR. THRIFTSPENDER'S SECRET.

MR. ROBERT THRIFTSPENDER sat one morning luxuriously toasting his slippered feet before his dressing-room fire. The *Times*, nicely aired, had just been placed at his elbow, and a brandy-and-soda fizzed temptingly beside it. Mr. Thriftspender lay back, with his fingers interlaced over that part of him where his digestion ought to have been, and twiddled his thumbs with as contented an air as was compatible with a slight chronic dyspepsia. He was indulging in a little retrospect. How fortunately everything had turned out for him. Indeed, barring his dyspepsia, Providence could hardly have dealt more kindly with him in his middle-age had his youth been the correctest instead of somewhat wild and reckless. He had sown the wind, and was reaping a zephyr. Not that the Mr. Thriftspender, whom Mr. Thriftspender knew, was the Mr. Thriftspender that was known to the world about him. Far from it. There were two Mr. Thriftspenders, so to speak—a Mr. Jekyll Thriftspender and a Dr. Hyde Thriftspender—two personages as distinct as the two Corsican brothers, but represented by one actor, who played the double part. The Mr. Thriftspender known to the world was an independent Member of Parliament; the devoted husband of a plain wife, whom he had married without prospects; a man whom Providence had chastened with a dyspepsia rather for the faults of his forbears than his own. The Mr. Thriftspender known to himself, and to one other, was a politician who had never joined a party, because he never knew his own mind; the husband of a wife, whom the strong-willed Lady Thriftspender had forced him to marry, controlling, as she did, the entire fortune amassed by the late Sir Threadneedle Thriftspender; a man who had only himself to thank for the measure of ill-health which the world put down to heredity.

The girl he had married was the Lady Mary Fortune, who had been entrusted to the care of Lady Thriftspender, while the Marquis of Brixton, her father, was completing the term of his Governorship of Bomcutta. For the space of a year, Mr. and Lady Mary Thriftspender, whose marriage was far from being acceptable to her parents, had lived on the old lady's bounty.

It is proverbially an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the gale which blew the good ship *Dresdonian*, with the Marquis and Marchioness of Brixton and their only son, the infant Lord Stockwell, to the bottom of the sea, and incidentally cast a matter of two hundred thousand pounds in the Three per Cents. into the lap of Lady Mary Thriftspender, could hardly prove anything but agreeable to that lady's amiable husband. He began to think that really he must have been so 'cute as to hoodwink Providence; but, whatever was the cause of his good fortune, he was, at all events, inclined this morning, on which we are introduced to him, to be thoroughly content with the course which his affairs had taken.

True, the heyday of youth and an unimpaired digestion were passed, but he found a dignified and luxurious ease by no means a bad exchange for them, and it was wonderful how many of his waking hours could be enjoyed in the contemplation of the wickednesses of his early manhood, the recollection of his *Sturm und Drang*. Imagination enabled him to take delight in the past without running any of the risks by which they had been accompanied. Never again would he hazard reputation or liberty in the pursuit of unrespectable enjoyments.

At this moment his reverie was interrupted by the entrance of his valet.

Now, Mr. Silby was an absolutely perfect servant. He looked upon his employment as an art. It was not enough for him that every gentleman required certain things done for him, and there a servant's duty ended. He recognised that every gentleman had his idiosyncrasies, his weaknesses, his pet vices, and that, to become indispensable, these peculiarities must be studied in all their bearings. His late master, the Marquis of Brixton, had declared that his greatest grief in leaving England had been the

necessity of parting with Silby. Indeed, had it not been for the Marchioness, it is more than doubtful whether, on learning that Silby absolutely refused to leave his native land, his lordship would not have thrown up his appointment on the eve of his departure. The man had subsequently become butler to Lady Thriftspender and body-servant to her son.

"Tell her ladyship, Silby, that I shall not be dining at home this evening."

"Yes, sir; if you please, sir, the same man has called as called yesterday when you were out. He says will you please to see him, as he has something very important to communicate?"

"What did you say his name was?"

"Thomas Bowling, sir."

"What sort of looking person is he?"

"He's respectably dressed, sir, but seems to me rather foreign in his manner."

"Well, if he looks clean, you can show him up here, only you had better stay within call."

In a few minutes a heavy footstep was heard on the stair, and Mr. Bowling stood within the sacred precincts of Mr. Thriftspender's luxurious dressing-room.

"Well, Mr. Bowling, what is this matter of the last importance that you have to communicate?"

"Mr. Thriftspender, it's a long story I've got to tell you; and, if it's agreeable to you, I'll take the liberty of taking a chair."

The moment the man began to speak it was very evident that he was Colonial, and the ease of his manner in the presence of unaccustomed luxury and daintiness made it even more apparent that he was not a member of the English poorer classes. He wheeled an easy-chair boldly up from the corner of the room, and, placing it close to the fireplace, without "By your leave" or "With your leave," stretched out his legs and placed his feet upon the fender, as much as to say, "So far as this conversation is concerned, we must stand or sit upon an equality."

Mr. Thriftspender was so taken aback by the man's splendid audacity, that he was unable to make any remonstrance at his presumption, and even found himself in a cowardly sort of way smiling an acquiescence.

He began to feel that this was a man who was likely to dominate him, and he regretted now, when it was too late, that he had not insisted upon knowing what was his business before having him admitted.

"Now, Mr. Thriftspender, sir," the stranger began, "I've got a strange, strange story to tell you, and one which, if I am not greatly mistaken, will prove a vast deal more strange than pleasant to you and your wife. I've come to this country on purpose to tell it to somebody, and from all that I can gather you are the person most interested, and, therefore, entitled to hear it first. You, too, will be able to advise me" (this he said with deeper suggestiveness in his tone) "whether it is a story worth repeating to others or no."

Mr. Thriftspender moved uneasily in his chair. Could it be that at last one of his wild oats was about to bring forth fruit? Could it really be that, although

"The mills of God grind slowly,"

they are certain in the end to get hold of and grind all with exactness? However, at any rate, he must present a bold front, albeit he was pretty certain in his heart that this brutal visitor of his had discerned at first glance that he had but a cowardly fellow to deal with.

"Well, Mr. Bowling, proceed with your story. At present I am at a loss to understand how anything with any mystery in it can be any concern of mine. Let me remind you, too, before it is too late, that any communication you may think fit to make to me is not of my seeking, and I refuse to bind myself in any way not to divulge any facts that you may reveal to me if I hereafter think fit to do so."

Mr. Thriftspender looked at his visitor as much as to add "You see you've got a devil of a fellow to deal with," but was disappointed to notice that Mr. Bowling did not seem to be particularly impressed.

On the contrary he merely cleared his throat, spat into the fire, and proceeded with his story as if there had been no interruption.

"Four years ago I was a third-class passenger on board the steamship *Dresdonian* bound for the Port of London. I need not tell you, sir, the story of that ship's loss. You, I'll be bound, know all the details as well as any one alive, that is to say, bar a very interesting little bit of news which is only known to myself. The newspapers had it that every soul aboard that vessel was lost, but I'm able to tell you in my own person that these newspapers made a mistake. I, sir, Thomas Bowling, was saved by what some would call luck, but what I call Providence, so as the right people should come rightly by their own. I, Mr. Thriftspender, had, by the sweat of my brow, made a considerable fortune in the far East, and was on my way back to my native land to enjoy the fruits of a hard life; but that competency, sir, went down in the good ship *Dresdonian*. What, then, I ask you, did Providence out of that great ship's crew save my miserable life for? I'll tell you—although I never guessed why it was until three months ago. Although I've a rough outside, Mr. Thriftspender, I've a soft heart, and it was because my heart was soft that I was saved from that wreck. Yes, sir, on that last terrible night, when, with her engines disabled and her sails in ribbons, the *Dresdonian* lay as helpless as a log in that tremendous sea, a man was the equal of a gentleman, a woman the equal of a lady, and third-class passengers stood side by side and wept and trembled with the first-classers from the saloon. Every lurch the ship gave was expected to be our last, and we were all huddled close to one another as if determined to go into eternity, not alone but in couples. By my side a fine lady clasped her little boy to her bosom. She seemed to have forgotten all terror for herself in the soothing of him. I said a hearty word or two to her, poor thing, which made her turn and look at me. I had got hold of a large cork belt, which I had slipped on, as well as a small life-buoy, which I thought I might as well have as any one else.

"'Are you a good swimmer?' she said, the moment she looked at me.

"'Yes,' I said, 'but good swimming won't do much in a sea like this."

"'Will you do what you can to save this child? A mother's blessing will be your reward. My husband is in his cabin unable to move. I must go to him. Possibly I shall never see my child again. Take him, and may heaven preserve you and him!'

"In a moment I had taken the child in my arms, and the poor mother had vanished down the companion-ladder.

"To make a long story short, Mr. Thriftspender, I and this little boy were picked up by a passing Portuguese vessel bound for Sydney, and in due time were landed there. We were the only two saved from the wreck of the *Dresdonian*."

Mr. Bowling here paused in his narrative, and looked at his companion, as though expecting some remark from him, but all that he vouchsafed him was, "Well, I'm waiting to see what on earth your story has to do with me."

"What? Then you've not made a guess?"

"No," lied the other, "not a ghost of a guess."

"Well, then, perhaps these trinkets which were found tied round the child's neck will quicken your wits a bit," and Mr. Bowling took from his pocket a small leather case and handed it to his companion.

Mr. Thriftspender took the case, and, with fingers whose trembling he was unable to control, brought to light a gold and coral baby's rattle, a signet ring, and a small gold-mounted miniature on ivory. On the rattle the initials "G. T. F." were engraved, the ring bore the Brixton coat-of-arms, cut on a bloodstone, and the miniature was a portrait of Lady Mary's mother.

"Still, I fail to see what these have to do with me," at length he said, for it was more natural to him to lie than tospeak the truth.

"Then, Mr. Thriftspender, sir, I've made a mistake," said Bowling, rising from his seat, "and I ask your pardon for troubling you with them. I've a letter also which purports to be in the handwriting of the little boy's mother, signed 'Mary Brixton,' and authenticating the child. This, with these trinkets, I shall place to-morrow morning in the hands of Messrs. Ludwig & Ludwig, who,

I understand, are the family lawyers. In case you may wish to communicate with me, sir, that address," handing him a piece of paper, "will find me," and pocketing the trinkets Mr. Bowling withdrew.

Left alone, Mr. Thriftspender lay back in his chair unnerved, trembling in every limb, face to face with the most terrible of all bogies to a man with the nervous dyspepsia—a pressing alternative.

On the one hand, poverty, with its attendant train of discomforts and unbearable anxieties and cheese-parings; on the other, riches, retained by fraud, and subject constantly to the illimitable drain of a possibly insatiable black-mailer, with the disquietude of a constant dread of being found out. In either case his dyspepsia was bound to be aggravated. Poverty would entail a third-rate cook, whilst the retention of his first-rate *chef* would entail an ever-present grinding anxiety which draws the blood away from the stomach where it is most needed. What was to be done? Clearly the man must not be allowed to go to Messrs. Ludwig & Ludwig with his diabolical proofs of the existence of a young Marquis of Brixton before he had had sufficient time to think over the matter. Why, Bowling might even now be changing his mind and going to see the lawyers this very day. The mere thought of this possibility threw the poor dyspeptic into a profuse perspiration, and he tugged at his bell with his mind only half made up as to what should be done.

When the faithful Silby appeared, he found his poor master in a very miserable plight indeed. His forehead was bedewed with perspiration, whilst hands and feet were as cold as ice, and his breath came sharp and fast. Mr. Thriftspender felt that he was on the verge of having a fit. But it was only fancy, and in a few minutes Silby had got him into some nicely-aired clothes, and he lay back comparatively calm, though somewhat exhausted, in his easy-chair.

"That man has upset me a good deal, Silby," at length he panted. "I must really stick to my rule—never to see anybody before I am dressed. It's too much for me. I'm not strong enough to bear any excitement before one o'clock."

"No, sir. I began to feel anxious when I heard the man talking so loud, lest you should have one of your attacks, sir; and the doctor said you must be careful, sir, and not overdo yourself."

"You are right, Silby; I don't know what I should do without you. By-the-bye, I want a note taken at once to that man. It must be delivered without fail into his own hands as soon as possible."

"Yes, sir; and I think, sir, you should take some of your drops, sir."

The late afternoon again saw Mr. Thomas Bowling and Mr. Robert Thriftspender closeted together, and this interview had a very practical outcome.

It is unnecessary to follow the course of the negotiations; it is sufficient to say that, for the sum of five hundred pounds per annum, Mr. Bowling undertook to keep his secret, and to bring up the young Marquis of Brixton as his own son.

"It is, of course, no hardship to the boy, who has never known better things, Mr. Bowling; and, indeed, wealth and position are far from being as enviable as they look. I am far——"

"You will, of course, like to see the young Marq—I beg your pardon, my boy George—now and again, Mr. Thriftspender?" said Bowling, interrupting.

"I think not, Mr. Bowling," replied the dyspeptic, with unusual decision in his tone; "I think not. The fact is, my health is not at all good, and, indeed, I feel that I could hardly bear the sad memories which the sight of the poor child would conjure up."

"Just as you wish, sir, of course. Only you understand that it would be more satisfactory to me that you should see for yourself that the lad is being well looked after."

"Let me assure you, once for all, Mr. Bowling, that I am perfectly content to leave that to you."

* * * * *

Mr. Thriftspender still lives, if the successive periods of nervous depression and active apprehension which go to make up his existence, can be properly termed life.

His faithful Silby watches over him with a devotion and assiduousness which nothing can surpass. He is a tender-hearted fellow, a man, indeed, who would not hesitate to risk his own life to prolong that of his master.

"Just to think," as he often says, with tears in his eyes, to his brother, Mr. Thomas Silby, alias Bowling, "just to think that so long as Mr. Robert Thriftspender lives those little trinkets that I kep' back from poor, dead-and-gone little Lord Stockwell, when he started with his Ma and Pa for Bomcutta, should be worth a matter of £500 a year to you and me, and all without so much as keeping a young Marquis out of his own."

MUSIC.

THE London orchestral rehearsals, at St. James's Hall, for the Birmingham Festival were, as usual, attended by a large number of professional musicians, particularly when the novelties were being tried. The time was, of course, more or less wasted, because to listen to the instrumental and solo portions only of an abstruse work, the choir parts of which are omitted, must, even with the advantage of having the vocal score, necessarily afford a mistaken idea of the effect of the music as a whole. Composers nowadays rightly aim at some degree of proportion, and do not intend that their orchestration should be heard at one time and their choruses at another. I therefore shall not, of course, attempt to give any expression of opinion in regard to the novelties of the present Festival, further than to say that the most important new works are Professor Stanford's oratorio, "Eden," and Dr. Dvorák's "Requiem," and that Dr. Mackenzie has likewise put forward a setting of Dryden's paraphrase of the Psalm "Creator Spirit by whose aid," which contains a masterly fugue.

As I anticipated, Signor Lago will make the "Cavalleria Rusticana," which he will produce at the Shaftesbury on the 19th, a half-programme work, and will preface it by one of Gluck's half-forgotten operas—probably the "Iphigenia in Aulis," or "Armida," both of which have within the past few years been heard here in concert form, and have recently been revived upon the Continental stage. The production of any of Gluck's operas is always of interest, but whether Signor Lago will be able to repeat the success of "Orfeo," which was due almost exclusively to Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli, depends a great deal upon the point whether another Giulia Ravogli can be secured. Signor Lago has issued a circular saying that for Mascagni's opera he has engaged Mdlle. Musiani, who has an Italian reputation, but is unknown here, and Signor Vignias, who, if I mistake not, has already appeared in London. A good deal more than this, of course, is required for an opera season, and Signor Lago has, it seems, so far recognised the fact that he is endeavouring to secure other and more eminent artists.

I am not aware who has been spreading about the report that Mr. Scovel, from the Lyric, had been engaged by Signor Lago for the "Cavalleria Rusticana," but, at any rate, apart from the imagination of the paragraphists, it never had the smallest foundation. The cast has, in accordance with the terms of the contract, been settled by Sonzogno, the Milanese publisher, and owner of the copyright. That gentleman in the summer desired that the part of the hero who meets with so tragical a death should be created by M. Jean de Reszke, and when this was found to be impracticable the opera was withdrawn from the Covent Garden repertory. For the performance at the Shaftesbury the artists were nominated by Signor Sonzogno himself, so that they ought to be able to do the opera full justice.

The afternoon performance of "Carmen" at Drury Lane on Saturday was said to be an experiment, upon which the manager did not challenge or desire the judg-

The Greatest of all Pianofortes, the Steinway, New York and London. Steinway & Sons, by Special Appointment, Manufacturers to H.M. the Queen and T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour-street, W.

ment of the critics, who, moreover, were not invited to the representation.

Now that Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Carte are understood to be upon visiting terms, it was rather unkind for the Savoy manager to produce in "Captain Billy" a new *lever de rideau*, which might, without much stretch of language, be described as a capital burlesque of the Gilbertian style. The little piece, which defies, and indeed does not require, analysis, is, however, distinctly amusing and vastly superior to the average operetta which serves the purpose of entertaining pit and gallery while stall-holders are finishing their dinners. The music is of little importance, but the hit of the evening was made in a quartet, in the course of which Miss Brandram, in the character of an elderly pew-opener, enjoys herself in a moment of leisure by dancing a hornpipe.

Brahms is admittedly the greatest of living German composers, and although he habitually refuses (even when he vouchsafes a reply at all to such applications) "commissions" to write new works for musical festivals and other celebrations, yet during the summer he invariably turns out one or more new works that set the world a talking. This year he has preferred chamber to orchestral or choral compositions, and apart from an album of lieder, he has written a clarionet trio, and a fresh series of "Gipsy Songs" for a quartet of vocalists with pianoforte accompaniment. Both works will be heard at the Popular Concerts this season, though in all probability neither will be ready before Christmas.

During his recent visit to Craig-y-Nos, Sir A. Harris, I learn, made Madame Patti an offer of £300 per night for a certain number of representations at the Royal Italian Opera next season. The suggestion seems to have given la diva some amusement. The Covent Garden manager, who has to keep up a large and expensive company, however, clearly could not offer more, while inasmuch as Madame Patti is under engagement to Messrs. Harrison for upwards of double that amount per night, she equally could not accept less than her Birmingham entrepreneurs had to pay her.

Although, by the way, Madame Patti was obliged to disappoint Mr. Marcus Mayer this year, it is not, I believe, at all improbable that, by way of compensation, she will undertake, under his management, an American tour during the Chicago Exhibition year of 1893. In any case, Madame Patti's coming visit to the United States will not be her farewell of that country.

The tragical death of Frau Wilt—or, as she was known here, Madame Vilda—will recall her two visits to the Royal Italian Opera, respectively about twenty-five and seventeen years ago. On the first occasion the elder Gye hoped she would take Grisi's place; and on the second she was brought out in opposition to Titiens, who had recently returned to the rival house. On neither occasion, however, did Frau Wilt make her mark. She had a fine voice, but began singing without sufficient preparation, and too late in life. Indeed, it is understood it was not until she was in her thirtieth year that she made her début at Gratz. In Leipsic and Vienna, however, she was very popular, and before her retirement she amassed a large fortune.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—I'm rejoiced to hear of your intention to visit Ireland before she shivers, stripped of her green and gold robe, under a weeping sky. You English, who—

> With unslackening stride
> Traverse in troops, with care-filled breast,
> The soft Mediterranean side,
> The Nile, the East,
>
> And see all sights, from pole to pole,
> And glance, and nod, and bustle by;
> And never once possess your soul
> Before you die,

never possess either your own country or Ireland in the only true sense of possession—which is the traveller's sense—where the beauty you drink in becomes part of your mind. You will find the book you ask me about—Madame de Bovet's "Three Months' Tour in Ireland" (1), which Mrs. Arthur Walter has translated and condensed—smart, amusing, and incredibly inaccurate. In the first score of pages there are a dozen mistakes from mere, sheer, and scandalous carelessness. You are told, for instance, that Alexandra College is a Catholic institution; that Stephen's Green was thrown open to the public before the Union by Lord Ardilaun; and that Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish were murdered by the Invincibles at ten o'clock in the morning; and that "two cyclists, who had passed them on the road, walking, some minutes after, on their return to the town, perceived their two dead bodies lying on the side-walk." Perhaps my resentment at Madame Bovet's scornful and unfair criticism of everything Irish has made me lay undue stress on the really numberless inaccuracies of her book; but it has not blinded me to its lightness, brightness, and picturesqueness. If you would understand, what you will have frequent occasion during your visit to Ireland to notice — the devotion of its people to their religion and its professors, I would have you by all means read that exquisite prose idyll, Miss Katharine Tynan's "A Nun, Her Friends, and Her Order" (2). Passing from an ordinary secular biography into this delicately and sympathetically written life of a modern saint is like passing out of the garish gaslight of a noisy city street into the dim religious light and the soft strains of a Cathedral at Vespers, when—

> The holy time is quiet as a Nun
> Breathless with adoration.

Occasionally, I admit your heretic soul will be pained by the manufacture of unnecessary and artificial sufferings and sins. Surely we are sufficiently munificently provided with both already without, for instance, denying those dying in anguish the relief of a moan? "Once she asked if it were wrong to moan at night. Her thoughts were running on the profound silence which after 9 p.m. is the rule in a convent." Having laid down "A Nun's Life," in order to read a letter, I took it (as I thought) up again, to find myself, so to say, at the antipodes; for the volume I took up was "An American Girl in London" (3). A brighter book of its kind has not appeared for years, and I hope I'm not too late in recommending it strongly to you. Surely, though, the delightful Miss Peter Corke of its pages might have informed the author of her superabundance of eighteenth century literary knowledge, that Dr. Johnson did not write "The Tattler"? An even better travelling companion than "An American Girl in London" is a collection of stories also from America, "Short Sixes" (4), which, with "Q's" really brilliant "Noughts and Crosses" (5), should be put up in your portmanteau for a rainy hour. Only those who have tried it can realise the dramatic power needed to write such a story, of a dozen pages, as "Q's" "Psyche," for instance, or Mr. Bunner's "A Sisterly Scheme"—each as brilliant a specimen of its kind as you would wish to find. To get at once into swing, and to keep the pace up to the close—which the successful short-story writer must do, and which is done to perfection by both "Q" and the editor of *Puck*—is a rarer, if not a higher, art than that which goes to the writing of a three-volume novel. Mr. Davis, the author of "Gallegher" and other Stories, (6), though not so consummate a master of it as "Q," is certainly no 'prentice or clumsy hand. If he takes longer to get up your interest, he interests you nearly as deeply

(1) "Three Months' Tour in Ireland." By Madame de Bovet. Translated and condensed by Mrs. Arthur Walter. With Illustrations. (London: Chapman & Hall.)
(2) "A Nun, Her Friends, and Her Order." Being a Sketch of the Life of Mother Mary Xaveria Fallon. By Katharine Tynan. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.)
(3) "An American Girl in London. By Sara Jeannette Duncan. (London: Chatto & Windus.)
(4) "Short Sixes." Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. By H. C. Bunner, Editor of *Puck*. (London: Brentano's, 430, West Strand.)
(5) "Noughts and Crosses." Stories, Studies, and Sketches. By Q. (London: Cassell & Co.)
(6) "Gallegher," and Other Stories. By Richard Harding Davis. (London: J. R. Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.)
(7) "A Flying Trip Round the World." By Elizabeth Bisland. (London: J. R. Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.)
(8) "The Question of Copyright." (Questions of the Day.) Compiled by Geo. Haven Putnam. (London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

and once you find yourself fairly in swing, you are carried along breathlessly enough to the *dénouement*. I defy you, for instance, to get well into "Gallegher"—the story of a detective newsboy—without being compelled to finish it at a sitting. "Gallegher," also, is American; and, indeed, it is high time for English authors to agitate for protection, or fair trade, or for the system (under whatever euphemism) by which the public may be compelled to consume dear and poor home products to the exclusion of foreign importations, however cheap and excellent. Here, for example, is another American book, this time of travel, which carries you lightly along at the pace by which its enterprising author, Miss Elizabeth Bisland, did the world in seventy-six days. If I had, as I was sorely tempted, laid down "A Flying Trip Round the World" (7), upon drawing breath after its opening sentence, I should have made a bad mistake. You will admit, however, that this style of thing is not an encouraging proem:—

If, on November 13, 1889, some amateur prophet had foretold that I should spend Christmas-day of that year on the Indian Ocean, I hope I should not by any open and insulting incredulity have added new burdens to the trials of a hardworking soothsayer—I hope I should, with the gentleness due to a severe case of aberrated predictiveness, have merely called his attention to that passage in the Koran in which it is written, "The Lord loveth a cheerful liar"—and bid him go in peace.

A critic who gets farther than that execrable sentence has all the courage of Christian when he plunged at the first step of his pilgrimage into the Slough of Despond. While on the subject of American books, and also of literary "Protection," I must call your attention, in closing, to Mr. George Haven Putnam's admirable summary of the Copyright Laws at present in force in the chief countries of the world, "The Question of Copyright" (8).—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Don't you love this season of the year? I think it combines the pleasures of all the other seasons. There are the glorious golden mornings, and the happy feeling that the day is before you. Then comes the noontide with sunshine hot as August, but with a touch of coolness in the air that leaves one's energies unimpaired; so different to the languors of the hot weather. The evenings, on the other hand, with small, bright fire, and curtains drawn, have all the charm of winter without its dull, grey afternoons. We rejoice in it all, and are now planning a round of the theatres, and have arranged with some friends a small series of "Homburg dinners." You know what they are? No? Well, dear, a party of six, eight, or ten, go together to a restaurant and dine together before the play, each selecting what dishes are best suited to individual choice, and each paying his or her own score. It is a capital plan, which enables us to enjoy a little society without the formality of a dinner-party. After dinner we go to a theatre, or look in at a concert, and some of us—but don't mention it—visit a music-hall.

But perhaps you are shocked at the very idea of a "Homburg dinner?" You must not forget however, that your Madge and her Maud are no longer young girls. If I knew how to write down a deep and hearty sigh, I would put one in here. But there is a cheerful side to everything, and one of the advantages of increasing years and decreasing youth lies in the fact that women who are no longer—in their teens, shall we say?—may with perfect social propriety have lots of fun they could not otherwise be permitted.

I have just had made a perfectly delicious theatre gown, adapted to these pleasant little, roving dinner-parties, as well as to the stall of a playhouse. It is cloth, quite an evening material now, as you are aware. The colour is difficult to describe, being grey with a tint of pink in it when in a strong artificial light. The skirt is quite plain, but the front buttons back in a moment and reveals a petticoat of broché, the ground pink with dreamy grey leaves forming the design. The parts of the front that fold back are lined with blush-pink surah. The bodice is a dream! There is a yoke of the pink and grey broché, and into this the cloth is pleated very finely and with not too much fulness. All the folds are hidden away at the waist under a deep, pointed belt of grey passementerie, lined with pink, and cut so as to give full effect to the length. The sleeves are made of similar passementerie, lined with pink. The yoke is covered with passementerie at the back, rising into a rather high collar. In front, it leaves the neck visible for a few inches, the folds being gathered back at the sides, under the beginning of the collar, and there held with clasps of Indian filigree that Uncle Tom gave me ages ago. In that gown I begin to be reconciled to myself again, after a slight estrangement between my real self and its reflection in a mirror. After all, we forgive ourselves much that would be unpardonable in another.

Lilla, in black velvet, with any amount of jet in straight lines from the shoulders, looks quite slim, and is an ornamental addition to our party on these occasions. She is very severe on the misguided people who wear full dress at the play in this mid-season. What a strict sense of propriety the people can indulge in who are imbued with a sense of their own impeccability on every point! Lilla, well dressed, is very hard on those who fail in this particular.

Laurel is with us, and is one of the circumstances that make life so bright just now. She sees the ludicrous side of things at first sight, and her remarks are sometimes intensely amusing. She wears lovely gowns, Amy. It must be splendid to have heaps of money, as she has. One of her tea-gowns is yellow silk covered with real Valenciennes, and the softness of it is ineffable. She admires it, and herself in it, in the most naïve manner. Slowly turning round before a cheval glass in her room, she remarked: "I look my best in this gown. The first time I wore it I had a proposal. Good beginning for a gown. Makes you feel sort of successful. I always feel affectionate to the gowns I have had on when men propose to me." Laurel is quite awake to the possibility that her large fortune may attract suitors. "I must take my chance," she says. "If I am married for my money, it can't turn out worse than the love matches I have seen, and as for my pile, I am able to take care of it, and take my own part as well." She declares she was afraid to marry an Englishman before the great Jackson case came off; but she is easy in her mind now.

So *another* curate has proposed to you. How many is that? Or perhaps you do not keep count. What is that curious quality in curates that makes them eager to rush upon matrimony, regardless of the occasionally awful consequences—large families and small incomes. Is it the slippers he is given so constantly that incline his thoughts to domestic bliss? And, oh how different is his ideal of a home from the too frequent reality! Poor fellow! He dreams of a pretty parsonage, and a gentle, graceful wife, with perhaps one youngster, or at the most two. When time brings him fulfilment of his dreams, he throws him down "a gauntlet with a gift in it." There are a dozen children, half-fed, half-educated, half-clad, while the bright young wife has become the weary, over-worked, immensely worried house-mother, with only just sufficient energy in her to drag her through her heavy daily drudgery. I feel sure you will never marry a curate, so it is unnecessary to tender you wise counsel on the subject. A very nice vicar, with a fat living and private means, would suit you excellently well. He could comfortably develop into a dean. I like deans. But you must not permit him to become a bishop. Bishopesses are rarely successes.

In church, this morning, I could not help noticing how dreadful the summer bonnets looked, with the tawdriness that is always suggested by light and airy fabrics when unsuitably worn. The eye turned with pleasure from a wild and wobbly arrangement of faded orchids to a neat thing in brown velvet and gold lace, with a bit of turquoise velvet somewhere.

DRESS AND HABIT MAKERS.—Messrs. JOHN REDFERN & SONS have now on view in their Show Rooms, Conduit-street and New Bond-street, a collection of original designs of outdoor Gowns, Coats, Wraps, and Hats, especially prepared for the "AUTUMN SEASON."

An individual in front of us had a brown cloth dress with a red cloth collar. There were, presumably, trimmings of the red cloth in front, but, as we enjoyed a back view only, the isolated piece of red cloth looked exactly like a bit of red flannel pinned about the neck for sore throat purposes. So be warned, if you meditate any similar arrangement, and have your collar made more collaresque.

At the Ladies' Night at the Grosvenor Club on Thursday evening (the day you will be reading this), we expect to enjoy our first social assembly since we got back. A promising débutante, Miss Annie Macbride, is to sing. As Mr. Lloyd and Miss Lucille Hill are among the vocalists, we are sure of an artistic as well as a social pleasure.

If you will try this way of dressing lobster, I feel sure you will thank me for telling you of it:—

Carefully cut a freshly-boiled lobster into halves with a sharp knife, remove the meat, rub the coral and the soft green meat together, put these latter into a saucepan with a lump of butter, well rolled in cornflour, a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce, season with a dash of cayenne pepper and salt to taste, then let it warm slowly. When smoking hot, stir in a cupful of cream and heat quickly, but do not let it boil, lest the cream should curdle; put in the picked lobster meat, stir well, add 2 eggs beaten to a froth, and immediately remove the saucepan from the fire. Butter both halves of the lobster shells, and scatter a cupful of fine breadcrumbs in the bottom of each; pour in the lobster dressing while still hot, and screen the whole with fine breadcrumbs and small pieces of butter. Set the shells on a hot stove while you salamander the top. Garnish with leaves and blossoms of the nasturtium.

Tomatoes are so delicious just now that I give you a recipe for stuffing them:—

Scoop out the centres from six tomatoes, set them aside. Chop or mince some beef, mutton, or other underdone meat; mix with it plenty of pepper, salt, made mustard, and a few leaves of lemon thyme, form it into a good consistency with a little scraped bacon. Stuff the tomatoes with this mixture, set them in a tin, with a little butter; place them in a slow oven, bake till nearly done, then finish cooking them quickly; salamander the tops if they are not quite brown, and dish them. Have ready a gill of good thick gravy boiling, add to it the scoopings from the tomatoes, pass it through a sieve over the tomatoes, lay a sprig of parsley on each, and a wreath of the same round the dish.

Ever, dear, your loving cousin, MADGE.

P.S.—I shall have much to tell you about the new fashions next week.—M.

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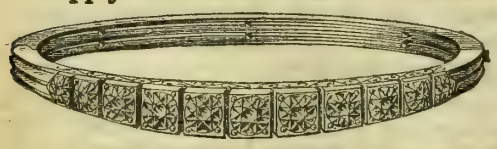
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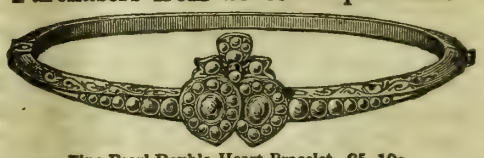
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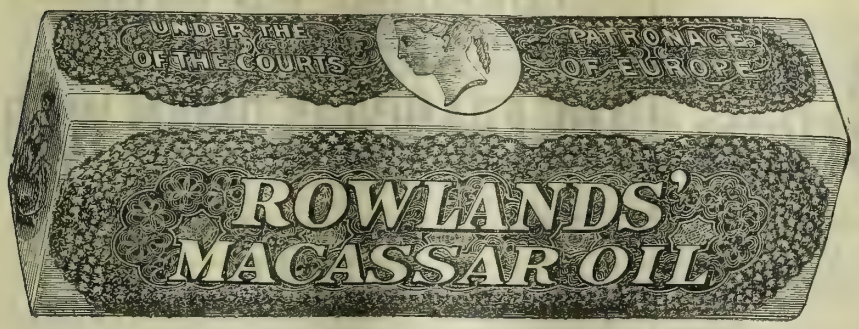

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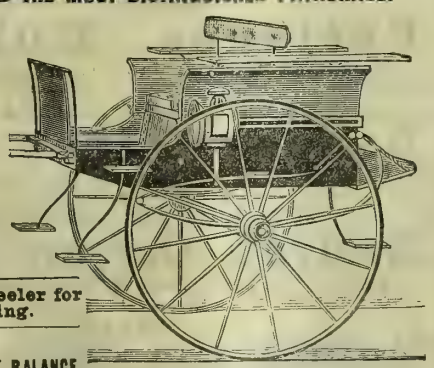

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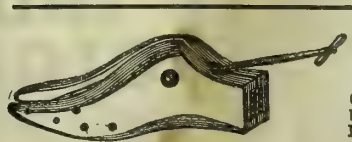

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BLACK CASHMERE, 1/11½, 2/9, 3/6.
SPUN SILK. 2/6, 3/9, 4/6, 6/6.
COMBINATIONS IN NATURAL WOOL, 5/6, 5/11, 8/6, 11/-, 11/6.
BODICES, 2/9½, 3/4, 4/3.
Hosiery and Underclothing of every description.
Lists free. Parcels over 10/- carriage paid.
THE HOSIERY MANUFACTORY,
WEST LISS, HANTS.

LAIRITZ'S CELEBRATED PINE-WOOL PRODUCTIONS.

(Established 1853; Awarded 18 Medals and Diplomas.)
For the Relief and Cure of
RHEUMATISM, GOUT, AND THE PREVENTION OF CHILLS.
FLANNEL AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF UNDERCLOTHING
can be had by ordering from first-class Hosiers and Drapers. Principal Retail Agents for Fabrics, E. Lodge & Co., 15, Strand, London, W.; H. Sampson, 33, Queen Victoria-street, E.C. List of Country Agents sent on application to Welch, Margetson, & Co., 16, Cheapside, London (Wholesale Depôt for Fabrics).
LAIRITZ'S Pine-Wool Wadding, Oil, Extract for Bath, &c., of all the leading Chemists.
CAUTION:—Observe the Tree Trade Mark with Signature stamped on each piece.

SAVE 30 PER CENT.

By ordering your
SHIRTS Direct from **IRELAND**
The Home of Linen Manufacture.
Taaffe & Coldwell's
Celebrated "PERFECTA"
SHIRTS, 6 for 33/-
Delivered FREE to any Address in the Kingdom.
Foreign Postage Extra.
A SAMPLE SHIRT Sent Post-Free for **5/6**
equal to those usually sold at 7/6. Send size of Collar and Chest Measure. Perfect in fit and appearance. Made of the most durable Longcloth and **Pure Irish Linen**, in all sizes, or to special measure or pattern. Evening Dress Shirts, extra wide fronts, 6/6. Four-fold Irish Linen Collars, extra quality, 3/9 per ½-doz. Post-free. **OLD SHIRTS RE-FITTED** with New Linen Fronts, Cuffs, and Neckbands, 2/3 and 2/9. Post-free.
TAAFFE & COLDWELL. Shirt Tailors, 81. Grafton Street, DUBLIN.

THE HYGIENE OF LIFE.
STILL DRY MOSELLE WINES
SPECIALLY SELECTED AND IMPORTED
FOR THE CORPULENT, THE GOUTY, AND THE BILIOUS.

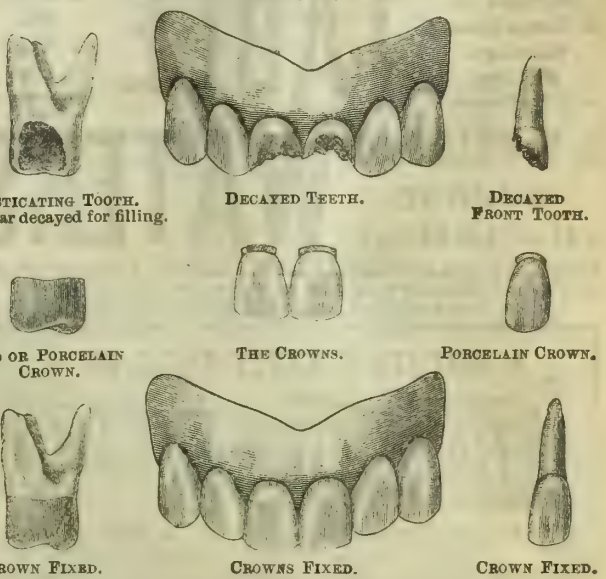
DROHNER.—A Good Light Wine with pleasant flavour... ... ... 24/-
KONIGSMOSEL.—A Superior Wine of Good Body and Bouquet 30/-
TRABENER.—A high-class Wine, from one of the choicest Moselle districts 36/-
SCHLOSS REINHAUSEN.—A very choice Wine... ... ... 42/-
ELTVILLER SONNENBERG.—A full and very choice Wine of superfine character 48/-
AGRITIUS BERGER.—An excellent Wine, well matured, and highly recommended ... 54/-
ROTTLAND CABINET.—A perfect dry Moselle, the produce of one of the most famous vineyards in Germany. A connoisseur's Wine—of good body, grand flavour, & rich bouquet 66/-

ALL THESE WINES ARE GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SUGAR NOR TANNIN.

DR. YORKE-DAVIES (whose system of treating Obesity is now so well known), speaking of these Wines in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, says:—"They are specially suitable for Corpulent, Gouty, and Bilious people, in fact, such people should drink no other." *Imported only by*
ALFRED ALDOUS, 61, Hatton Garden, LONDON, E.C.

UNSURPASSED FOR OVER 50 YEARS.
RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR.
LONDON & PARIS. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE
American Tooth Crown Co.
(REGISTERED),
THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN DENTISTS,
24, OLD BOND STREET, W.
(Corner of Burlington-gardens).



The above diagrams give an idea of the special system of Crown Work as carried out by the gentlemen in attendance, who practise every branch of High-class Dentistry, and are specialists in Teeth without Plates, Crown and Bridge Work, Gold Filling, &c., by which decayed teeth are permanently saved and made useful. Extractions unnecessary and everything performed painlessly. Fullest information and consultation without fee. Pamphlet on application to the Secretary.

24, OLD BOND STREET, W.
(Corner of Burlington-gardens.)

LADIES, WRITE AT ONCE TO
HENRY PEASE & Co.'s Succrs.
THE MILLS.
DARLINGTON,
FOR PATTERNS OF THEIR NEW
AUTUMN AND WINTER
DRESS FABRICS
SENT POST FREE ON APPROVAL TO ANY ADDRESS.
Any Length Cut at Mill Prices.
All the Latest and most Fashionable Designs, and entirely New Weavings of their **World-renowned Cross-Warp Serges, Gold Medal Merinos and Cashmeres, and Rough and Ready Tweeds.** New Shades for the season in charming variety.
Any article not approved exchanged within Seven Days. All goods are warranted to be Equal to Sample. Carriage Paid on all Orders to any Railway Station in Great Britain, and to Dublin, Belfast, Limerick, Cork, and Waterford.
London Sale Room: 244, REGENT STREET (over Jeffs & Harris, the Furriers,)
Where a full range of Patterns, as well as goods in the piece, and finished Costumes, may be seen. Experienced Assistants are in attendance to take measurements and instructions for Dressmaking, and prompt execution of all orders is guaranteed.

CHUBB'S JEWEL SAFES.
These are kept lined inside with velvet, and enclosed in ornamental Cabinets.
LOCKS, LATCHES, & BOXES
FOR ALL PURPOSES.
Illustrated Price Lists post free.
128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.;
and 68, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PALL MALL, S.W.

ALL FAT PEOPLE
can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking **TRILENE TABLETS** (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to **IMPROVE** both **HEALTH** and **FIGURE** without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to **THE TRILENE CO.**, Sole Proprietors.
70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

PUREST IN ENGLAND. SODA, SELTZER,
BOURNE LITHIA, POTASH,
LEMONADE,
GINGER ALE, ETC.

Supplied in 6 Dozen Cases Carriage Paid by

TABLE

Analysis, &c., on Application.

R. M. MILLS & CO., WATERS
BOURNE,
LINCOLNSHIRE.

West-End Agent, D. WHEATLEY, 16A, North Audley-street, W.
City Agents, HARDY & Co., 23, Fenchurch-street, E.C.;
And of all CHEMISTS, WINE MERCHANTS, &c.

A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE OF
"FRAME FOOD" DIET

The following letter has been received by the Frame Food Co., Ld.:—

"21, Lacey Terrace, Gravesend, June 8th, 1891.

"Mrs. Horsfall begs to express her gratitude for the WONDERFUL EFFECT 'FRAME FOOD' DIET has had on her little boy, aged 7½ months. Since taking the FOOD he has literally had NO AILMENT, and has increased

MARVELLOUSLY in STRENGTH and VIGOUR.

For his age he is truly a wonderful advertisement of the FOOD, being able to stand by the side of a chair without other support, and since using 'FRAME FOOD' DIET he has lost entirely the white face of his very early infancy, and gained a ROSY, HEALTHY colour. Mrs. Horsfall has recommended the DIET to many people, and everywhere it is considered MARVELLOUS. During the late epidemic of INFLUENZA it has been used by a doctor here with great success, when no other FOOD could be retained."

Sold by Chemists and Grocers at 1s per 1-lb., 7d. per ½-lb., and 3s. 9d. per 4-lb. Tins.

Sample 1-lb. Tin sent Carriage Free, with full particulars, for 1s. (mention this paper).

FRAME FOOD CO., Ltd., Lombard-road, Battersea, London, S.W.

Blue & gold printed label. 4711 Extract of Double Strength.
EAU DE COLOGNE
Preferred by everyone
Always highest awards. To be had of all Chemists and Stores.
Ferd. Mülhens, 4711 Cologne.
Agents: Krohn Bros & Co. Billiter Bldgs. London, E.C.

ANGEL WHITE TOILET POWDER AND CREAM
UNRIVALLED FOR THE SKIN.
Sole Manufacturer:—Geo. G. Blackwell, Liverpool. Price, 1s., of all Chemists
Post Sample, 3d. London Agents—G. Vogt & Co., 19, Laurence Pountney Lane, E.C.

SIX GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Non-Mercurial.
THE BEST and SAFEST article for CLEANING SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATE. Sold in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c. everywhere

THE LATE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD,
SIR MORELL MACKENZIE,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
MISS EMILY FAITHFUL,
THE LATE GEN W. T. SHERMAN,
and many other persons of distinction, have testified to the remarkable efficacy of
HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA
Established nearly a Quarter of a Century.
Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an Inhalation and without any after bad effects. A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In tins, 4s. 3d. British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London; also of NEWBERY & SONS, BARCLAY & SONS, LYNCH & CO., J. SANGER & SONS, W. EDWARDS & SON, JOHN THOMPSON, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

The Best Eau de Cologne is
"Original No. 54"
& bears this Label
Original-Haus Anno 1736. Johann Maria Farina Alter Markt No. 54.
21 Highest Prize Medals etc.
Another DIPLOMA of HONOUR, GERMAN EXHIBITION 1891, for SUPERIOR QUALITY.
Obtainable Everywhere. General Agents for Great Britain:—
Messrs. VAN OPPEN & CO., Hackney, London, N.E.

VACCINE DE LA BOUCHE
EAU DE SUEZ
The only Dentifrice which has solved the problem of how to preserve the Teeth, and is therefore
the only Dentifrice which immediately and permanently puts a stop to Tooth-ache
TOOTH-ACHE
COMFORTABLE AND BEAUTIFUL TEETH
London Depot: WILCOX & Co., 239, Oxford St. And all principal Chemists throughout the United Kingdom and Continent

THE FINEST TONIC
FER BRAVAIS most effective in restoring the vitality of the blood, and enabling the constitution to resist climatic influences.
FER BRAVAIS Invaluable in al cases of anæmia, influenza and general debility.
FER BRAVAIS Highly recommended for weak and debilitated children.
LANCET "*A beautiful and interesting preparation.*"
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"*It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth.*"
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS WITH DROP MEASURE.

Allen & Hanburys' Castor Oil
Tasteless. Pure. Active.
It is taken both by children and adults without the slightest difficulty, whilst its aperient effects are unquestionable. It possesses all the advantages claimed
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/, 1/9 & 3/. or it."—*Lancet.*

CARLSBAD
Natural Mineral Waters and Salts
Are used in the treatment of all cases in which the cure is recommended, viz., in Chronic Gastric Catarrh, Hyperæmia of the Liver, Gall Stones, Chronic Constipation, Diabetes, Renal Calculi, Gout, and diseases of the Spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.
SOLE IMPORTERS—
INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

COCKLE'S
ANTIBILIOUS
PILLS.
COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.
COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR BILE.
COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.
KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over
ONE HUNDRED YEARS,
and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from Sanger & Sons, 489, Oxford-street, London.

The LIST OPENS THIS DAY (TUESDAY), September 29, and WILL CLOSE on FRIDAY, October 2, for TOWN, and SATURDAY, October 3, for the COUNTRY.

"Things are going very well in Mashonaland; gold even richer than we ever hoped for in our wildest dreams."

The following is an extract from an article on the Development of British South Africa in the *Times* of September 21, 1891:—

"At Hartley Hill, named after the hunter-explorer who first discovered gold in Mashonaland, and considered the central point of the auriferous region, so encouraging have the results been that a block of ten claims was sold the other day for £6,000 cash and a larger amount in shares. The cost of carriage is a matter of the greatest importance in estimating the prospects of an undeveloped country, and the Administrator, Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, states that carriage from Cape Town to Hartley Hill is only £11 per ton, whereas from the mines in the Transvaal to the Coast it is as high as £30.'

THE PIONEERS OF MASHONALAND SYNDICATE, Limited.

(Registered under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.)

CAPITAL £50,000, in 48,000 Ordinary and 2,000 Founders' Shares of £1 each.

The whole of the Ordinary Shares of the Syndicate and 1,000 of the Founders' Shares are now offered to the public.

The remaining Founders' Shares are reserved for future issue at such premium as the Directors may determine, but they will in the first instance be offered to the Ordinary Shareholders.

The Ordinary Shares are offered at par, and the Founders' Shares at £5 each, and are payable as follows:—As to Ordinary Shares, 5s. on application; 5s. on allotment; and the balance of 10s. one month after allotment. As to Founders' Shares, £1 on application; £2 on allotment; and the balance of £2 one month after allotment.

The net profits of the Syndicate, at the end of each year, are to be applied as follows:—Firstly, to the payment of a dividend, making, with any interim dividend paid during such year, a total dividend of 15 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares. Secondly, one-half of the remaining profits will be set aside for the payment of a further dividend on the Ordinary Shares, and the other half to the payment of a dividend on the Founders' Shares.

DIRECTORS.

Major-General Sir John W. Campbell, Bart., C.B., 19, Porchester-gardens, W.
Ernest Long, Esq., Fitzjohn's-avenue, Hampstead (formerly of the British Chartered Company of South Africa in Mashonaland).
Harvey Brownrigg Jay, Esq., The Cedars, Bagshot, Surrey (an original pioneer of the British Chartered Company of South Africa).
H. R. Willats, Esq., 66, Holborn-viaduct, E.C.

MANAGING DIRECTOR IN MASHONALAND.—Commander Charles Vernon Anson, R.N., United Service Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

AGENT IN MASHONALAND.—Thomas Colquhoun, Esq., Resident in Mashonaland.

BANKERS.—Messrs. Brown, Janson & Co., 32, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Munk & Adie, 27, Clement's-lane, E.C.

AUDITOR.—H. Newson-Smith, Esq., F.C.A., 37, Walbrook, E.C.

CONSULTING ENGINEER TO THE SYNDICATE.—F. H. Cheesewright, Esq., M.Inst.C.E., M.S.E., &c.

SECRETARY AND TEMPORARY OFFICES.—Mr. H. C. C. Mansfield, 27, Clement's-lane, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This syndicate will work under the rules and conditions laid down by the British Chartered Company of South Africa; and propose to send out Exploration Expeditions to purchase proved claims and lands for settlements.

This Syndicate will become entitled, under certain conditions, to one alluvial claim and ten reef claims (in blocks of ten) from the British South Africa Company for every man so sent out. The alluvial claims are 150 ft. square, and the reef claims are 150 ft. in extent in the direction of the reef, and 400 ft. broad. The claim-holder may follow the reef in all its dips, spurs, angles, and variations.

These claims so acquired will be worked by this Syndicate, sold to subcompanies, or otherwise disposed of, and, having regard to the success which has attended enterprises of a similar character, it is only fair to expect that large profits should be derived by this Syndicate.

Lord Salisbury has obtained an undertaking from the Portuguese Government to build a railway from a port on the East Coast to the boundary of Mashonaland, as mentioned in the Articles of Convention, signed June 11, 1891.

Application Forms are enclosed, which applicants must forward to the Syndicate's Bankers, with cheques crossed "Brown, Janson & Co."

N.B.—Applications for Shares may be made by letter, accompanied by a deposit of 5s. per Share applied for, and full Prospectuses, with newspaper reports, will be forwarded on application.

THE STOCK CONVERSION AND INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

This Company begs to direct the attention of investors to the Preferred and Deferred Stocks issued by it against London and North-Western and North-Eastern Ordinary Stocks, and which are quoted on the London and leading Provincial Stock Exchanges.

The Preferred Stocks possess security similar to that of Railway Preferential and Preferred Stocks, but yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more income, thus affording to holders of many of the former Stocks an opportunity of adding to their revenue without decreasing their security.

The Deferred Stocks, whilst returning an average income in excess of that yielded by the Railway Ordinary Stocks, against which they are issued, contrast most favourably with all other Deferred and low-priced Ordinary Railway Stocks, and afford the only opportunity to small investors of participating, by means of low-priced Stocks, in the future of these two leading railways of the country. Table showing present price and dividend, and the dividend on the average of a number of years obtainable on the Deferred Stocks, is subjoined.

Any further information with regard to these Stocks can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 12 and 13, Nicholas-lane, E.C.

DEFERRED CHARGE STOCKS.	Present Price.	Last Dividend paid.	Annual Average of Dividend on result of last 10 years.*	Returns on basis of last Dividend.	Returns on Average Dividend of 10 years
London and North-Western Ordinary Stock	27	£1 7 6	£1 7 0 %	£5 1 10	£5 0 0
North-Eastern—Ordinary Stock	40	£2 5 6†	£2 4 0 %	£5 13 9	£5 10 0

*No allowance is here made for bonuses on allotments of new Stock.

†Exclusive of bonus of 9s. 6d. per cent. from allotment of new Stock.

MONEY.—Householders or Lodgers desirous of obtaining immediate advances upon their Furniture or other Negotiable Security, are invited to call at the Offices of the Consolidated Company, 43, Great Tower-street, E.C., and arrange. Bills of sale and executions paid out. No fees, the full sum advanced without deduction. An old established and genuine firm.

MESSRS. H. HALFORD & CO., Stock and Share Brokers 2, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. Daily CLOSING Price List and marked report on application. Speculative accounts opened on terms to be ascertained. Special business in "Options" at CLOSE MARKET PRICES. No "DISTANCES."

CORNFORTH & REACHER,
Stock and Share Brokers,
4, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Monthly Investment List with Notes on Railways, Foreign Stocks, Industrial and Miscellaneous Shares and Mines—*Free on Application.*
References in every large town in England.
BANKERS—City Bank, Threadneedle-street, E.C.
Stock delivered to any London Bankers in exchange for cash.
Special attention to Investment Business.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—
CORNFORTH, LONDON.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803) 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.
C. HARDING, Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

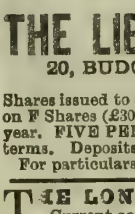
Invested Funds, £12,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

LONDON, EDINBURGH, and GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
LIFE—ACCIDENT.
CHIEF OFFICE:—Insurance-buildings, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.
PREMIUM INCOME.

		Increase in Four Years.
1882	£7,929	
1886	86,006	£78,077
1890	236,001	139,995

Claims Paid (exceed) £420,000.
WILFRED A. BOWSER, Manager.



SUN FIRE OFFICE,

FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1890,
£361,500,000.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.

LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNK (TRUCK, JUN., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

Established 1868.

THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,

20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.

Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.

Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.
No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY,

58, Old Broad Street, London.
Capital, $3,000,000.
5 per cent. Deposits received for periods of not less than Six Months.
6 per cent. Debentures issued for a period of Five Years.
6 per cent. Freehold Mortgages. Principal and Interest guaranteed by the Company.
ATKINSON & CO. Managers for the United Kingdom

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.

UNION DEPOSIT BANK,

No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE.
Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From £30 to £5,000.
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.

ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.

NO SURETIES REQUIRED.

Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
Interest allowed on deposits, 5, 6, and 7 per cent.
EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

Player's Navy Cut

Original

Sold only in 1-*ounce Packets, and* 2, 4, 8-*ounce, and* 1-*lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine Smoking condition.*

Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and Take no other.

SMOKERS ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST IMITATIONS.

The GENUINE bears the Trade Mark, "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE," on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES, In Packets Containing 12.

OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 657.—PRIZE SUGGESTIONS OF HOLIDAY RESORTS FOR MONARCHS.

EBORACUM (Real name and address will be published next week) £2 2 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE "TRUTH" CHRISTMAS DOLL SHOW.

I announced last week the small number of Dolls remaining on hand. During the past few days this number has been considerably reduced, and it is now impossible to promise that all further applications for parcels of Dolls can be granted in full. Should the demand exceed the supply, it will, of course, be only fair to deal with the applications in the order of their arrival.

Next week I hope to be able to make the usual announcement as to the HOME-MADE TOYS which it is intended to ask the readers of TRUTH to again send in for TRUTH TOY AND DOLL SHOW.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 650.

It has been very difficult to select the Prize Winner in this competition, for it has been necessary to find a list in which all the suggested names are good. After very careful examination it has been decided to give the Prize to "PUPPY," not because each of his names is the best that has been suggested, but because, looking at his ten names as a whole, they are thought to be on an average better than any other ten sent in.

Before giving the names suggested by "PUPPY," I will reprint those of the Sires and Dams of the Colts and Fillies which had to be named :—

	SIRE.	DAM.
1. Bay Filly	Macheath	Queen of Sheba
2. Brown Colt	Lowland Chief	Maid Marian
3. Bay Colt	Paradox	Stella
4. Chestnut Filly	Timothy	Chelsea China
5. Black Colt	Pell-Mell	Plaything
6. Chestnut Filly	Hermit	Villafranca
7. Chestnut Colt	Peter	Alarum
8. Bay Filly	Plebeian	Quartz
9. Chestnut Colt	Hagioscope	Hazel-bush
10. Brown Filly	Ben Battle	Vesper

And these are the names which "PUPPY" sent in :—

1. Heather Belle 2. Freebooter. 3. Dean Swift. 4. Cup of Tea
5. Noah's Ark 6. Saint Frances 7. Trump-call 8. Small Beer
9. Aaron's Rod. 10. Sortie.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 658.

The Prize in this Competition has been awarded to GODFATHER for the following

EPITAPH ON THE SUMMER OF 1891 :—

To the Everlasting Shade
of
SUMMER EIGHTEEN NINETY-ONE.
Also
In memory
of
THE LITTLE "SUN"
of the above.
A springtime hoar
Long time we bore;
La Grippe came in its train,
Then to appease
Such ills as these
Came Summer's endless rain.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 662.

The usual prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE BEST DEFINITION, IN AS BRIEF AND EPIGRAMMATIC A FORM AS POSSIBLE, OF THEOSOPHY.

Those who have competed in competitions similar to the above will know the sort of definitions that should be supplied; whilst, for the information of those now first taking part in a contest of this description, I may add that it is not so much the literal or dictionary meaning of Theosophy which is required, as a definition which shall embody more or less completely one of the existing views on this current craze. Upon all competitors I would impress the desirability of making their definitions brief. Answers must reach me by the morning of Monday, October 12, at the latest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** By a slip of the pen last week the new puzzle was headed No. 660; it should have been No. 661.

*** The address of Miss WINNIE PROUT, winner of Prize, No. 655, is 18, Royal-avenue, Chelsea, S.W.

CAREW.—You will see in due time, I think, that I have not omitted to give full consideration to the points you urge in your letter. The publication of a puzzle answer by no means implies that it is approved in all its details.

RUBENAL.—Many thanks for your letter.

KNIGHT'S PAWN.—I have duly noted the contents of your letter, and am much obliged to you for writing.

H. W. (Leatherhead).—Thanks. You are quite right as to many of the points you raise.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 659.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTED CAST FOR "ROMEO AND JULIET."

Romeo, Henry Irving; Paris, George Alexander; Montague, John Hare; Capulet, Hermann Vezin; Mercutio, Charles Wyndham; Benvolio, William Terriss; Tybalt, J. Forbes Robertson; Friar Laurence, H. Beerbohm Tree; Friar John, E. S. Willard; Balthasar, George Giddens; Samson, W. E. Garden; Gregory, Charles Collette; Peter, Weedon Grossmith; The Apothecary, Cyril Maude; Lady Montague, Mrs. Bernard Beere; Lady Capulet, Mrs Kendal; Juliet's Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; and Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Criterion.

Romeo, Forbes Robertson; Paris, Alexander; Montague, Hermann Vezin; Capulet, J. Fernandez; Mercutio, Terriss; Benvolio, Fred Terry; Tybalt, Wilson Barrett; Friar Laurence, Irving; Friar John, Willard; Balthasar, Bellew; Samson, Tom Thorne; Gregory, Arthur Cecil; Peter, Hare; Apothecary, Beerbohm Tree; Lady Montague, Miss Rose Leclercq; Lady Capulet, Mrs. Kendal; Nurse, Mrs. John Good; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Vanderdecken.

Romeo, W. Terriss; Paris, Lewis Waller; Montague, Herbert Basing; Capulet, Fulljames; Mercutio, Geo. Alexander; Benvolio, H. Waring; Tybalt, C. Coglain; Friar Laurence, T. Thorne; Friar John, Somerset; Balthasar, Gordon Craig; Samson, Reeves Smith; Gregory, W. H. Vernon; Peter, A. Wood; Apothecary, F. Terry; Lady Montague, Lady Monckton; Lady Capulet, Miss Leclercq; Nurse, Mrs. Tree; Juliet, Miss Fortescue.—Tommy Atkins.

Romeo, G. Alexander; Paris, W. Terriss; Montague, W. Farren, sen.; Capulet, Bancroft; Mercutio, C. Wyndham; Benvolio, F. Terry; Tybalt, Forbes Robertson; Friar Laurence, Beerbohm Tree; Friar John, Mackintosh; Balthasar, Fermandez; Samson, Arthur Cecil; Gregory, C. Collette; Peter, George Grossmith; Apothecary, Henry Irving; Lady Montague, Miss Rose Leclercq; Lady Capulet, Mrs. Kendal; Juliet's Nurse, Miss Le Thière; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Chameau.

Romeo, H. B. Tree; Paris, G. Alexander; Montague, Howe; Capulet, W. Farren; Mercutio, W. Terriss; Benvolio, Gordon Craig; Tybalt, Hy. Irving; Friar Laurence, J. Hare; Friar John, Fernandez; Samson, Wilson Barrett; Balthasar, Edward Terry; Gregory, Lionel Brough; Peter, J. T. Toole; Apothecary, Mackintosh; Lady Montague, Ellen Terry; Lady Capulet, Mrs. Kendal; Nurse, Mrs Stirling; Juliet, Rose Norreys.—Maurice.

Romeo, Kyrle Bellew; Paris, H. B. Conway; Montague, Nutcomb Gould; Capulet, Arthur Stirling; Mercutio, W. Terriss; Benvolio, Lionel Rignold; Tybalt, Lewis Waller; [illegible]

Fernandez; Friar John, George Ward; Samson, Ben Webster; Balthasar, Frank Gilmore; Gregory, Macklin; Peter, Kemble; Apothecary, Hudson; Lady Montague, Miss Rose Leclercq; Lady Capulet, Miss Alma Murray; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Juliet, Miss May Fortescue.—Gauffer.

Romeo, G. Alexander; Paris, Forbes Robertson; Montague, Beerbohm Tree; Capulet, Wm. Farren, sen.; Mercutio, Ch. Wyndham; Benvolio, Willard; Tybalt, Terriss; Friar Laurence, Fernandez; Friar John, Hare; Balthasar, Mackintosh; Samson, Ch. Sugden; Gregory, Ch. Collette; Peter, Geo. Grossmith; Apothecary, Henry Irving; Lady Montague, Miss Rose Leclercq; Lady Capulet, Mrs. Kendal; Juliet's nurse, Miss Le Thière; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Aristo.

Romeo, Leonard Boyne; Paris, Frank Gilmore; Montague, W. Calvert; Capulet, G. Ward; Mercutio, A. Bouchier; Benvolio, L. Waller; Tybalt, S. Brough; Friar Laurence, K. Cooper; Friar John, T. R. Benson; Balthasar, Vanderfeldt; Samson, Kemble; Gregory, A. Wood; Peter, G. Trent; Apothecary, G. Craig; Lady Montague, Miss D. Dene; Lady Capulet, Lady Monckton; Nurse, Miss K. Hodson; Juliet, Miss Fortescue.—Lizzie.

Romeo, W. S. Penley; Paris, Arthur Williams; Montague, Weedon Grossmith; Capulet, Herbert Campbell; Mercutio, J. L. Shine; Benvolio, Fred. Leslie; Tybalt, Lal Brough; Friar Laurence, J. L. Toole; Friar John, E. Terry; Balthasar, Geo. Grossmith; Samson, H. Monkhouse; Gregory, E. W. Garden; Peter, Nellie Farren; The Apothecary, Willie Warde; Lady Montague, Alma Stanley; Lady Capulet, Miss M. A. Victor; Juliet's Nurse, Arthur Roberts; Juliet, Harry Nicholls.—Billie.

Romeo, W. Terriss; Paris. C. Wyndham; Montague, Forbes Robertson; Capulet, C. Warner; Mercutio, G. Alexander; Benvolio, B. Tree; Tybalt, W. H. Denny; Friar Laurence, Fernandez; Friar John, W. Farren; Balthasar, G. Barrett; Samson, A. Groves; Gregory, Somerset; Peter, R. Gould; The Apothecary, H. Irving; Lady Montague, E. Terry; Lady Capulet, R. Terry; Juliet's Nurse, Mrs. Pauncefort; Juliet, Julia Neilson.—Jam.

Romeo, William Terriss; Paris, Forbes Robertson; Montague, Alfred Bishop; Capulet, Haviland; Mercutio, James Fernandez; Benvolio, Fred. Terry; Tybalt, Fuller Mellish; Friar Laurence, Arthur Stirling; Friar John, H. Howe; Balthasar, Charles Sugden; [illegible], Edward Righton; Gregory, Tyars; [illegible]le; The Apothecary, Mackintosh; [illegible]ss Le Thière; Lady Capulet, [illegible] Juliet's Nurse, Miss Marriott; [illegible]rry.—En Vedette.

Romeo, H. B. Conway; Paris, Otho Stuart; Montague, W. Farren; Capulet, Fernandez; Mercutio, Kyrle Bellew; Benvolio, William Terriss; Tybalt, Henry Neville; Friar Laurence, Willard; Friar John, S. W. Somerset; Balthasar, Fuller Mellish; Samson, Walter Everard; Gregory, Charles Fulton; Peter, J. G. Taylor; Apothecary, Mackintosh; Lady Montague, Mrs. Charles Calvert; Lady Capulet, Miss Marriott; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Juliet, Miss Fortescue.—MacCoppers.

Romeo, George Alexander; Paris, Gordon Craig; Montague, Macklin; Capulet, Howe; Mercutio, Terriss; Benvolio, Dacre; Tybalt, L. Boyne; Friar Laurence, Fernandez; Friar John, Wenman; Balthasar, Tyars; Samson, Neville; Gregory, Warner; Peter, Cecil; The Apothecary, Beerbohm Tree; Lady Montague, Miss Pauncefort; Lady Capulet, Miss Rose Leclercq; Juliet's Nurse, Mrs. John Wood; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Cambus Kenneth.

Romeo, W. Terriss; Paris, Frank Rodney; Montague, De Cordova; Capulet, Hermann Vezin; Mercutio, Forbes Robertson; Benvolio, Clarence Blackiston; Tybalt, Charles Glenny; Friar Laurence, Ben Greet; Friar John, Arthur Stirling; Balthasar, Fred. Terry; Samson, Frank Gillmore; Gregory, Sidney Paxton; Peter, H. Kemble; The Apothecary, George Warde; Lady Montague, Miss Ellen Terry; Lady Capulet, Miss O'Reilly; Juliet's Nurse, Mrs. Charles Calvert; Juliet, Miss Jessie Millward.—David Garrick.

Romeo, Kyrle Bellew; Paris, William Terriss; Montague, Hermann Vezin; Capulet, James Fernandez; Mercutio, Wilson Barrett; Benvolio, Fred. Terry; Tybalt, Charles Warner; Friar Laurence, Henry Irving; Friar John, E S. Willard; Balthasar, Sidney Brough; Samson, Arthur Cecil; Gregory, Tom Thorne; Peter, Lionel Brough; Apothecary, Beerbohm Tree; Lady Montague, Amy Roselle; Lady Capulet, Mrs. Kendal; Nurse, Mrs. John Wood; Juliet, Ellen Terry.—Ida.

Romeo, Wilson Barrett; Paris, George Alexander; Montague, Mackintosh; Capulet, T. Wenman; Mercutio, T. Thorne; Benvolio, Macklin; Tybalt, Charles Warner; Friar Laurence, Hermann Vezin; Friar John, Beerbohm Tree; Balthasar, J. L. Toole; Samson, Willard; Gregory, George Barrett; Peter, David James; Apothecary, Henry Irving; Lady Montague, Mrs. Kendal; Lady Capulet, Miss Carlotta Addison; Nurse, Miss Rose Leclercq; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—East Anglia.

Romeo, Conway; Paris, Kyrle Bellew; Montague, Farren, sen.; Capulet, Brookfield; Mercutio, Alexander; Benvolio, Terriss; Tybalt, Lewis Waller; Friar Laurence, Beerbohm Tree; Friar John, G. Ward; Balthasar, Frank Gilmore; Sam-

son, Haverland; Gregory, Macklin; Peter, Kemble; Apothecary, Norman Forbes; Lady Montague, Miss Rose Leclercq; Lady Capulet, Miss G. Ward; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Juliet, Miss Fortescue.—Elvaston.

Romeo, Henry Irving; Paris, Otho Stuart; Montague, Os. Searle; Capulet, P. R. Benson; Mercutio, G. W. Rouse; Benvolio, F. Terry; Tybalt, J. B. Conway; Friar Laurence, S. Phillips; Friar John, H. Ross; Balthasar, R. E. Peachey; Samson, G. R. Weir; Gregory, J. J. Gallier; Peter, H. Athol Ford; The Apothecary, Philip Gordon; Lady Montague, Mrs. Benson; Lady Capulet, Miss Marianne Conway; Juliet's Nurse, Miss Maud Stewart; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Calypso.

Romeo, Henry Irving; Paris, Geo. Alexander; Montague, Wenman; Capulet, Hermann Vezin; Mercutio, Chas. Wyndham; Benvolio, Forbes Robertson; Tybalt, Wm. Terriss; Friar Laurence, Beerbohm Tree; Friar John, E. Willard; Balthasar, Tyars; Samson, C. Collette; Gregory, Mackintosh; Peter, Geo. Giddens; The Apothecary, Cyril Maude; Lady Montague, Mrs. Bernard Beere; Lady Capulet, Mrs. Billington; Juliet's Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—O. K.

Romeo, Henry Irving; Paris, Wilson Barrett; Montague, Beerbohm Tree; Capulet, Kendal; Mercutio, William Terriss; Benvolio, Fernandez; Tybalt, Lionel Reynold; Friar Laurence, Macklin; Friar John, Wenman; Balthasar, Julian Cross; Samson, Leonard Boyne; Gregory, Herbert Standing; Peter, John Hare; Apothecary, G. Alexander; Lady Montague, Miss Eastlake; Lady Capulet, Mrs. Kendal; Juliet's Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Quinto.

Romeo, Fred. Terry; Paris, Beerbohm Tree; Montague, Fernandez; Capulet, Wilson Barrett; Mercutio, Benson; Benvolio, Wyndham; Tybalt, Henry Irving; Friar Laurence, Willard; Friar John, Osmond Searle; Balthasar, Alexander; Samson, Coghlan; Gregory, Forbes Robertson; Peter, Edward Terry; the Apothecary, W. S. Penley; Lady Montague, Miss Mary Moore; Lady Capulet, Miss Eastlake; Juliet's Nurse, Miss Ellen Terry; Juliet, Miss Julia Neilson.—Erjor.

Romeo, E. H. Vanderfelt; Paris, Norman Forbes; Montague, Wenman; Capulet, Arthur Stirling; Mercutio, Terriss; Benvolio, Haviland; Tybalt, Charles Glenney; Friar Laurence, Howe; Friar John, Stanislaus Calhaem; Balthasar, Archer; Samson, Harbury; Gregory, Andrews; Peter, S. Johnson; Apothecary, Mackintosh; Lady Montagu, Miss Pauncefort; Lady Capulet, Miss Leclercq; Nurse, Miss Kate Hodson; Juliet, Miss Fortescue.—Bill of the Play.

Romeo, Terriss; Paris, Forbes Robertson; Montague, Howe; Capulet, Wenman; Mercutio, H. Standing; Benvolio, Norman Forbes; Tybalt, Vanderfelt; Friar Laurence, Fernandez; Friar John, Tyars; Gregory, D. James; Samson, G. Barrett; Peter, H. Nicholls; Apothecary, Mackintosh; Balthasar, Haviland; Lady Montague, Miss Pauncefort; Lady Capulet, Miss K. Bateman; Nurse, Mrs. Billington; Juliet, Miss Fortescue.—Midget.

Romeo, Henry Irving; Paris, George Alexander; Montague, John Hare; Capulet, Hermann Vezin; Mercutio, Charles Wyndham; Benvolio, Forbes Robertson; Tybalt, Wm. Terriss; Friar Laurence, H. Beerbohm Tree; Friar John, Willard; Balthasar, Macklin; Samson, Charles Collette; Gregory, E. W. Garden; Peter, Weedon Grosmith; The Apothecary, Cyril Maude; Lady Montague, Mrs. John Billington; Lady Capulet, Mrs. Kendal; Juliet's Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Cayenne.

Romeo, Forbes Robertson; Paris, F. R. Benson; Capulet, H. Fernandez; Montague, Arthur Stirling; Mercutio, William Terriss; Benvolio, H. B. Conway; Tybalt, Leonard Boyne; Friar Laurence, Hermann Vezin; Friar John, George Ward; Balthasar, Frank Gilmore; Peter, Edward Righton; Apothecary, Beerbohm Tree; Gregory, Osmond Searle; Samson, Edmund Searle; Lady Capulet, Miss Genevieve Ward; Lady Montague, Miss Rose Leclercq; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Juliet, Miss Fortescue.—Hugh Bedwell.

Romeo, Forbes Robertson; Paris, Kyrle Bellew; Montague, Arthur Stirling; Capulet, Fernandez; Mercutio, William Terriss; Benvolio, George Alexander; Tybalt, Fred Terry; Friar Laurence, Hermann Vezin; Friar John, W. H. Vernon; Balthasar, Lewis Waller; Samson, Charles Warner; Gregory, Jack Barnes; Peter, Kemble; Apothecary, Beerbohm Tree; Lady Montague, Miss Amy Roselle; Lady Capulet, Miss Genevieve Ward; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Juliet, Miss Fortescue.—Ferrers

Romeo, George Alexander; Paris, Gordon Craig; Montague, Macklin; Capulet, Howe; Mercutio, Terriss; Benvolio, Dacre; Tybalt, L. Boyne; Friar Laurence, Fernandez; Friar John, Wenman; Balthasar, Tyars; Samson, Neville; Gregory, Warner; Peter, Cecil; The Apothecary, Edward Terry; Lady Montague, Miss Pauncefort; Lady Capulet, Miss Rose Leclercq; Juliet's Nurse, Mrs. John Wood; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Sabretache.

Romeo, George Alexander; Paris, Gordon Craig; Montague, Macklin; Capulet, Howe; Mercutio, W. Terriss; Benvolio, Haviland; Tybalt, L. Boyne; Friar Laurence, Fernandez; Friar John, Wenman; Balthasar, Tyars; Samson, Neville; Gregory, Warner; Peter, Cecil; The Apothecary, Edward Terry; Lady Montague, Miss Pauncefort; Lady Capulet, Miss Rose Leclercq; Juliet's Nurse, Miss Carlotta Leclercq; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Elaine.

Romeo, J. Forbes Robertson; Paris, W. Terriss; Montague, H. Beerbohm Tree; Capulet, J. Fernandez; Mercutio, Charles Wyndham; Benvolio, G. Alexander; Tybalt, E. S. Willard; Friar Laurence, Wilson Barrett; Friar John, H. Howe; Balthasar, Fred. Terry; Sampson, Thos. Thorne; Gregory, David James; Peter, John Hare; Apothecary, Henry Irving; Lady Montague, Mrs. Kendal; Lady Capulet, Lady Monckton; Nurse, Miss Carlotta Leclercq; Juliet, Miss Kate Rorke; Escalus (omitted), Hermann Vezin.—Leaf Rule.

Romeo, W. Terriss; Paris, F. R. Benson; Montague, W. Mackintosh; Capulet, H. Howe; Mercutio, Henry Irving; Benvolio, Chas. Warner; Tybalt, Henry Neville; Friar Laurence, Arthur Stirling; Friar John, Wenman; Balthasar, H. Kemble; Samson, C. Brookfield; Gregory, David James; Peter, W. S. Penley; Apothecary, W. Lestocq; Lady Montague, Miss Louise Moodie; Lady Capulet, Mrs. Pauncefort; Juliet's Nurse, Miss Emily Thorne; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Bolus Junior.

Romeo, J. Forbes Robertson; Paris, Kyrle Bellew; Montague, Somerset; Capulet, Howe; Mercutio, Macklin; Benvolio, Arncliffe; Tybalt, Fuller Mellish; Friar Laurence, Warde; Friar John, Beaumont; Balthasar, Bassett Roe; Samson, Hilton; Gregory, Johnson; Peter, Arthur Wood; Apothecary, Robert Courtnidge; Lady Montague, Mrs. Bandman Palmer; Lady Capulet, Mrs. Macklin; Juliet's Nurse, Mrs. Arthur Stirling; Juliet, Miss Fortescue.—Tilbury.

Romeo, H. Irving; Paris, Webster; Montague, Alexander; Capulet, Outram; Mercutio, W. R. Staveley; Benvolio, Harwood; Tybalt, Haviland; Friar Laurence, J. Frankau; Friar John, C. Allan; Balthasar, Wenham; Samson, Fenton; Gregory, Lacy; Peter, Raynor; Apothecary, Roe; Lady Montague, Miss Coleridge; Lady Capulet, Miss Carlotta Leclercq; Juliet's Nurse, Miss E. Orford; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Neewod.

Romeo, Terriss; Paris, H. B. Conway; Montague, Beaumont; Capulet, Hermann Vezin; Mercutio, Leonard Boyne; Benvolio, N. Harwood; Tybalt, Charles Warner; Friar Laurence, Fernandez; Friar John, Beveridge; Samson, Garden; Gregory, Charles Groves; Balthasar, Gordon Craig; Peter, Paulton; Apothecary, Norman Forbes; Lady Montague, Miss Carlotta Leclercq; Lady Capulet, Miss Mariott; Nurse, Mrs. John Wood; Juliet, Miss Fortescue.—Andra.

Romeo, Henry Irving; Paris, George Alexander; Montague, Charles Wyndham; Capulet, Kendal; Mercutio, W. Terriss; Benvolio, Henry Arncliffe; Tybalt, Charles Glenny; Friar Laurence, John Hare; Friar John, E. S. Willard; Balthasar, R. de Fonblanque; Samson, Frederick Lovell; Gregory, Henry Sainsbury; Peter, Edward Terry; the Apothecary, W. R. Staveley; Lady Montague, Mrs. Langtry; Lady Capulet, Mrs. Kendal; Juliet's Nurse, Mrs. John Billington; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Little Sewer.

Romeo, Kyrle Bellew; Paris, G. Alexander; Montague, Kemble; Capulet, Willard; Mercutio, Wilson Barrett; Benvolio, Fred Terry; Tybalt, W. Terriss; Friar Laurence, H. Irving; Friar John, J. Fernandez; Balthasar, Ben Webster; Samson, T. Thorne; Gregory, Arthur Cecil; Peter, Hare; Apothecary, Beerbohm Tree; Lady Montague, Miss Rose Leclercq; Lady Capulet, Mrs. Kendal; Nurse, Mrs. John Wood; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Llewellyn.

Romeo, Kyrle Bellew; Paris, Alexander Montague, Hermann Vezin; Capulet, Kemble; Mercutio, Wilson Barrett; Benvolio, Fred. Terry; Tybalt, W. Terriss; Friar Laurence, J. Fernandez; Friar John, Beerbohm Tree; Balthasar, Sidney Brough; Samson, T. Thorne; Gregory, Arthur Cecil; Peter, Hare; Apothecary, Irving; Lady Montague, Miss Rose Leclercq; Lady Capulet, Mrs. Kendal; Nurse, Mrs. John Wood; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Moush.

Romeo, William Terriss; Paris, Gordon Craig; Montague, F. H. Macklin; Capulet, Wilson Barrett; Mercutio, Fred Terry; Benvolio, Sidney Brough; Tybalt, C. Glenny; Friar Laurence, L. Brough; Friar John, G. Barrett; Balthasar, Conway; Samson, Frank Wyatt; Gregory, L. Rignold; Peter, E. Righton; The Apothecary, C. Warner; Lady Montague, Lady Monckton; Lady Capulet, Miss M. Terry; Juliet's Nurse, Miss le Thière; Juliet Miss Ellen Terry.—Violet.

Romeo, Forbes Robertson; Paris, K. Bellew; Montague, Kemble; Capulet, Willard; Mercutio, W. Terriss; Benvolio, Fred Terry; Tybalt, Wilson Barrett; Friar Laurence, Fernandez; Friar John, Beerbohm Tree; Balthasar, Ben Webster; Samson, David James; Gregory, T. Thorne; Peter, Lionel Brough; Apothecary, H. Irving; Lady Montague, Mrs. Kendal; Lady Capulet, Miss Rose Leclercq; Nurse, Mrs. John Wood; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Vandadalzen.

Romeo, W. Terriss; Paris, G. Alexander; Montague, J. Fernandez; Capulet, H. Vezin; Mercutio, Kyrle Bellew; Benvolio, Fred Terry; Tybalt, Wilson Barrett; Friar Laurence, Henry Irving; Friar John, Willard; Balthasar, Sidney Brough; Samson, Tom Thorne; Gregory, David James; Peter, Lionel Brough; Apothecary, Beerbohm Tree; Lady Montague, Mrs. Kendal; Lady Capulet, Miss Amy Roselle; Nurse, Mrs. John Wood; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Inez.

Romeo, Kyrle Bellew; Paris, Alexander; Montague, Hermann Vezin; Capulet, J. Fernandez; Mercutio, Terriss; Benvolio, Fred Terry; Tybalt, Wilson Barrett; Friar Laurence, Henry Irving; Friar John, Willard; Balthasar, Sidney Brough; Samson, David James; Gregory, Tom Thorne; Peter, Hare; Apothecary, Beerbohm Tree; Lady Montague, Miss Rose Leclercq; Lady Capulet, Miss Amy Roselle; Nurse, Mrs. John Wood; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry. Daisy (R. M.)

Romeo, Forbes Robertson; Paris, Alexander; Montague, Hermann Vezin; Capulet, Macklin; Mercutio, Terriss; Benvolio, Kyrle Bellew; Tybalt, Wilson Barrett; Friar Laurence, Beerbohm Tree; Friar John, James Fernandez; Balthasar, Sidney Brough; Samson, Thomas Thorne; Gregory, David James; Peter, Hare; Apothecary Irving; Lady Montague, Miss Rose Leclercq; Lady Capulet, Mrs. Kendal; Nurse, Mrs. John Wood; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Malicorne.

Romeo, Forbes Robertson; Paris, Kyrle Bellew; Montague, James Fernandez; Capulet, Hermann Vezin; Mercutio, Charles Glenney; Benvolio, Alexander; Tybalt, W. Terriss; Friar Laurence, Willard; Friar John, Macklin; Balthasar, Sidney Brough; Samson, Hare; Gregory, Edward Terry; Peter, W. Penley; Apothecary, H. Irving; Lady Montague, Rose Leclercq; Lady Capulet, Genevieve Ward; Nurse, Mrs. John Wood; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry.—Mahatma.

Romeo, F. Terry; Paris, W. Terriss; Capulet, A. M. Denison; Montague, H. Vezin; Mercutio, W. H. Kendal; Benvolio, G. Alexander; Tybalt, Forbes-Bobertson; Friar Laurence, E. S. Willard; Friar John, H. Fernandez; Balthasar, E. Compton; Peter, J. E. Dodson; Apothecary, H. Bm. Tree; Gregory, John Hare; Samson, J. L. Toole; Lady Capulet, Miss Amy Roselle; Lady Montague, Miss Rose Leclercq; Nurse, Lady Monckton.—H. B. W.

Romeo, Terriss; Lord Montague, Tree; Lord Capulet, Irving; The Prince, Brookfield; Mercutio, Wyndham; Benvolio, Standing; Tybalt, Warner; Paris, Alexander; Balthasar, Terry; Adam, Thorne; Peter, Giddens; Sampson, Jamea; Gregory, Penley; Apothecary, Hare; Lady Montague, Mrs. K. Rorke; Lady Capulet Mrs. Beere; Juliet, Miss E. Terry; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Friar John.—Difficilis.

Answers have also been received from Influenza, Lunatic, Melpomene, Real Jam, Bernie, Jupiter Pluvius, Ruby, Nodroh, Tantie, Richmond, Flowers, Critic, H. A. L. S., W. Bickerton, L. Morgan, A Scotch Lassie, X. Y. Z.

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AN OFFER OF PEARLS.

If a man stood in the market-place,
And offered pearls for sale
At rates the poorest could afford,
You'd purchase, without fail.

Thus, SOZODONT, cheap, wholesome, pure,
Stands in the market-place,
And offers pearls of fairest sheen,
To all the human race.

Pearls, free from specks of foul decay,
Sound, strong, and healthful too;
Good teeth bring health,—then buy and prove
This pretty fable true.

GEMMED WITH PEARLS.

A mouth gemmed with pearls flashes radiance every time it opens. The contrast between the ruby of lovely lips and the pearly teeth they enclose has winged the fancy of many a poet. SOZODONT, fair ones, is the thing that most contributes to adorn the feminine mouth. It is pure, it is aromatic, it retains the natural color of teeth incrusted with yellow tartar. No gritty or other objectionable ingredient contaminates it, its odor is balmy, and its purifying operation thorough.

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BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

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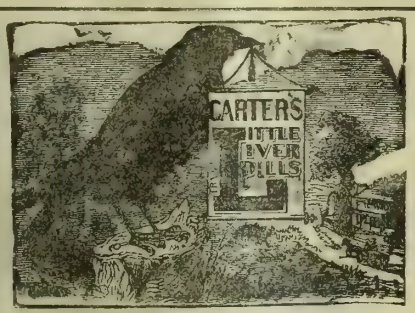

TORPID LIVER

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. TRADE MARK.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1½d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.

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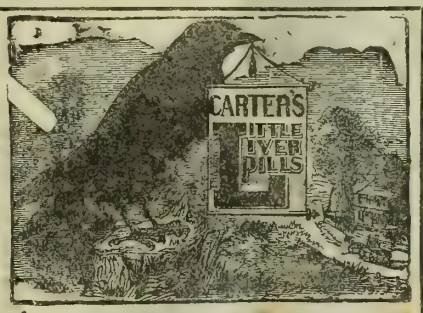

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MAPLE & CO. have always an immense assortment of comfortable Easy Chairs on show, ready for immediate delivery. Customers, when in Tottenham Court-road, can pass from the show-rooms to the factory, and see the various processes of upholstering.

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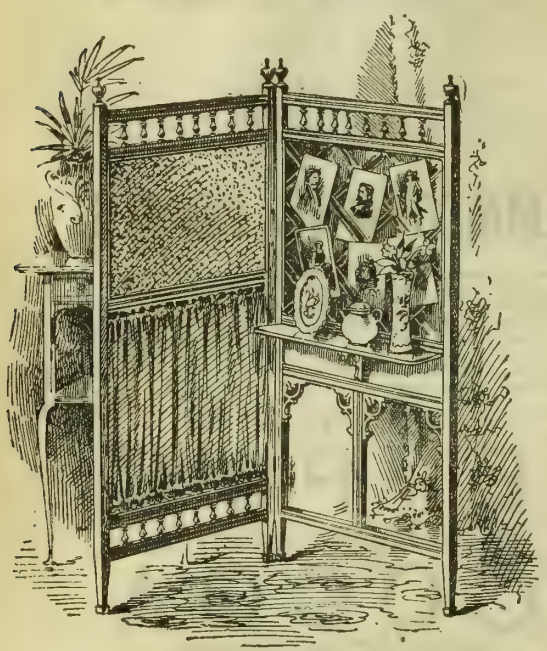

Two-fold Screen with muffled glass and art silk panel, panel for photos, and adjustable shelf—extreme height, 3ft. 9in.

In gilt bronze frame	£2. 2s.
In white or cream enamel	£2. 10s.

AN ARTISTIC SCREEN *is Always an Acceptable Present.*

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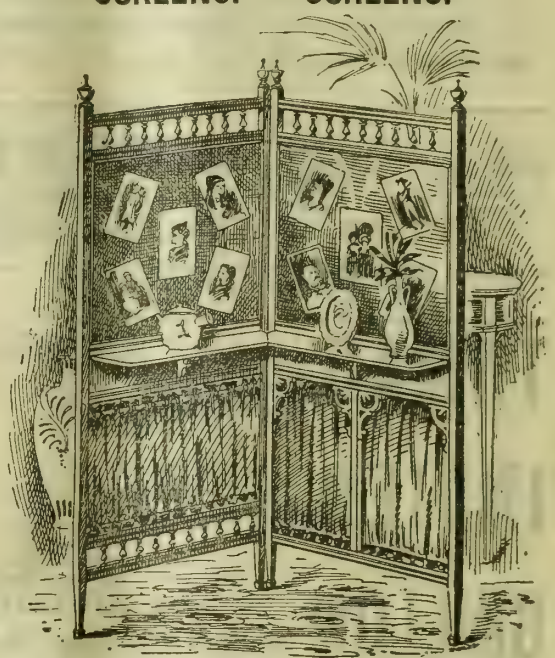

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In gilt bronze	£3. 7s. 6d
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THE VERSAILLES CHAIR.

Is very comfortable, and much appreciated by those who like a support for the back and arms. It is upholstered in best hair, and covered with handsome Cretonne, £5. 18s. 6d.

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A delightfully comfortable roomy chair, very soft and restful, covered with handsome Tapestry, trimmed with deep fringe, and upholstered in best hair, £6 6s. If in Cretonne without fringe, £5 10s.

This Chair can also be supplied in Silk and trimmed with fringe, as shown, or in Morocco for Club use.

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FURNITURE. — HUNDREDS of THOUSANDS of POUNDS' WORTH of Manufactured Goods ready for immediate delivery. All goods marked in plain figures for net cash—a system established 50 years.

MAPLE & CO. INVITE VISITORS as well as MERCHANTS to INSPECT the largest FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT in the World. Hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of Furniture, Bedsteads, Carpets, Curtains, Cutlery, China, &c., all ready for immediate shipment. Having large space, all goods are packed on the premises by experienced packers; very essential when goods are for exportation, to ensure safe delivery. The reputation of half a century.

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MAPLE & CO. invite an inspection of their magnificent collection of ORNAMENTAL and USEFUL ARTICLES, suitable for Birthday, Wedding, and Complimentary Presents, including Clocks, Bronzes, Armour Trophies, Porcelain, Pictures, Etchings, Engravings, Photogravures, Statuary, &c., which will be found to be the best and most complete in London.

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NOVELTIES in Fancy DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE, for Presentation, such as Brackets, Occasional Tables, Gossip Chairs, Card Tables, Easels, Pedestals, Cabinets, Screens, Writing Tables, &c., at most moderate prices. Special Catalogue free by post.

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

I HAVE a most satisfactory announcement to make about the dolls. Out of considerably more than 3,000 which were accumulated at this office some three months ago, all have now been sent out but 140; and for these I shall doubtless receive applications during the coming week. So far, then, so good. But there is another point on which I cannot report so favourably. Up till to-day only £42. 10s. has been received towards the purchase of the 21,434 new toys which it will be necessary to buy in order to carry out Truth's usual Christmas Distribution at the Children's Hospitals and Workhouse Schools of London. Seeing, therefore, that we have reached October, I think it well to remind my readers that the Truth Toy Fund is now open.

The Home-made Toy and Doll Show will be held as usual about the middle of December. Unfortunately the Grosvenor Gallery is no longer available for the Exhibition, as the spacious rooms which have been gratuitously placed at my disposal for two successive Shows are now included in the Grosvenor Club premises. But I may say that many generous offers of other Exhibition Rooms have been already made me, and I am now busily engaged in making a selection. What that selection is I will announce in due course. Meanwhile let me refer those of my readers who are interested in the Toy Show to page 753 of this issue, where a detailed announcement on the subject will be found.

I have received the following amounts towards the Toy Fund: — Thomas B. Potter, £5. 5s.; Florence and Maud, 5s.; Joseph Sebag Montefiore, £5; May Streatfield, 10s.; M., 5s.

Her Majesty is to be invited to visit Jarrow-on-Tyne next May, on the occasion of the launching of the first of the new war vessels which the Palmer Company are building for the Government. It is proposed that the Queen should go to Jarrow when on her way to Balmoral.

The announcement, which has been telegraphed from Rome, that the Queen will pay another visit to Florence next year, has no present foundation in fact, being purely speculative. The statement that the Villa Palmieri is being "renovated" for her Majesty is quite untrue, nor is it correct that the Duke and Duchess of Fife are expected at Florence.

The Queen is about to present Lord Bridport with a portrait of herself, which will be hung at Cricket St. Thomas, his place in Somersetshire. By the way, I find that I was mistaken last week in regard to the time that Lord Bridport has served in the Queen's Household. His lordship's appointment as Groom-in-Waiting was gazetted on September 21, 1841.

General Sir Michael Biddulph, Groom-in-Waiting, has been appointed by the Queen Keeper of the Regalia.

The plans of the Prince and Princess of Wales were unsettled by the melancholy death of the Grand Duchess Paul, and they have now been entirely changed. The Prince stays at New Mar Lodge until next Saturday, when he comes to town, and next week he will be at Newmarket. The Princess and her younger daughters, having hastened their return from Denmark, are to arrive in town from Copenhagen on Friday, and on Monday they will proceed to New Mar Lodge, and will stay there with the Duke and Duchess of Fife until about the 26th, when they come back to town for a few days before going to Sandringham for the winter.

H.R.H. had some excellent sport last week in Mar Forest, when there were deer-drives in the Glen Quoich and Glen Derry divisions. The party at New Mar Lodge included Prince George, Prince Christian, Sir Henry James, Sir Charles Hall, the Marquis and Marquise d'Hautpool, and Lord Houghton.

The Emperor of Russia was evidently resolved that there should be no mistake in Germany as to his resolution to travel quite privately during his journey from Copenhagen to Moscow. He stopped at Berlin for an hour and a quarter at the Stettin Station, and was received there by Prince Frederick Leopold, the Duchess of Connaught's brother, who had arrayed himself in a Russian uniform, and wore the ribbon and star of the Order of St. Andrew. The Emperor, however, alighted dressed in a shooting suit of dark grey, with a black tie and a black felt hat.

Empress Frederick and Princess Margaret of Prussia are to leave Homburg next week, after a residence of about five months, for Lucerne, whence they will proceed to Italy until the second week in December, when they are expected to come to England on a visit to the Queen.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck, who left Malvern last Tuesday after a month's stay, have since been the guests of Lady Emily Foley at Stoke Edith Park, Herefordshire, and they are now on a visit to Lord and Lady Bradford at Wenham Park, Shropshire, and will conclude their "progress" by staying for a week at Easton Lodge, Essex, with Lord and Lady Brooke, where they are to arrive on Saturday.

When they leave Braemar, towards the end of this month, the Duke and Duchess of Fife will go to Duff House, Banffshire, and they intend to stay there for about a fortnight before coming south. The Queen is to pay them a flying visit at Duff House, just arriving in time for luncheon, and leaving after a drive through the demesne.

The Duke of Cambridge is expected at Newmarket next week, and H.R.H. will stay at the Jockey Club. The Duke is going to have some partridge-shooting at Six Mile Bottom, between Newmarket and Cambridge, and later he will be the guest of the Duke of Grafton at Euston, near Thetford.

There was quite a military display on the occasion of the Duke of Cambridge's departure from Ireland at the end of his official visit. Military bands and guards of honour filled the railway stations at Dublin and Kingstown. The Duke dined with the Under-Secretary, Sir J. West Ridgeway, and a large party, including Lord Wolseley, at St. George's Yacht Club at Kingstown, previous to embarking on the mail steamer for Holyhead. A large crowd witnessed his departure.

The Duke of Clarence will accompany the 10th Hussars in their move this month into the new Marlborough barracks, in the suburbs of Dublin. During his stay in Ireland his Royal Highness is an honorary member of the Kildare-street Club, Dublin, which was constantly frequented by the Duke of Connaught during his military career in Ireland.

During the visit of the Duke of Cambridge, Lord and Lady Wolseley gave a series of entertainments in his honour at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham. The Duke of Clarence was also a guest at the Royal Hospital. Amongst those assembled to meet Royalty were Lord and Lady Downe, Lord and Lady Rosse, Ladies Fingall, Ashbourne, and Carew, Lord Winchester, General Keith Fraser, Sir Thomas Baker, &c. The dance following the dinner-party on Tuesday evening was a great success. Dancing took place in the dining-room, the limited number of the guests preventing any crowding. The large hall made an effective and spacious supper-room, set out with small tables. Dancing, in which the Duke of Clarence joined with great vigour, was kept up to a late hour. The "pas de quatre," a fashionable novelty, together with the Scotch reel and kitchen lancers, gave pleasant opportunity to the more youthful and energetic amongst the dancers. White was much worn by the young matrons and maidens, the dressing of the men, almost all military, supplying the brighter colours. The more staid reception,—also after a dinner-party,—on Wednesday evening was very crowded, the guests filling the large hall. The dark oak walls, panelled, and ornamented with old armour, made a picturesque background, throwing out in high relief the feminine toilets, and the red, or blue, and gold of military dress. Lady Wolseley made a charming hostess. Under her auspices, it is expected that the Royal Hospital will resume its old place as a social centre.

Last week the officers of the Royal Marine Artillery gave a most brilliant and enjoyable ball at Eastney Barracks, which was attended by about four hundred guests. Dancing took place in the dining-hall, which was beautifully decorated. There was a capital supper in the billiard-room, and the display of regimental plate was much admired.

The Caledonian Hunt Ball took place last Tuesday night in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, and was very well attended, considering that it unluckily clashed with the Stirlingshire County Ball—a most stupid arrangement, which injured both functions.

A Terpsichorean Problem.

[A number of contradictory reasons why the modern young man does not dance have appeared in a contemporary.]

Why 'tis young men no longer dance?
The ladies are inquiring.
Is it from want of complaisance,
Or are they too retiring?
Or can it be they are afraid
To mingle in the "mazy"?
Or do they ball-room floors evade
Because they are too lazy?
Is their disinclination bred
Of coyness? or of weakness?
Of strong misogynistic dread?
Or enervating sleekness?
Well, as a fact, if we to-day
May hazard a suggestion,
We can, we think, without delay
Decide this doubtful question.
One simple reason we'll advance
To check a growing fable—
Young men at present do not dance
Because they are not able.

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 746 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 747.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 745.

Dr. J. W. Keyworth (M.D. London), Southport, writes: "I have tried Pepsalia, and am so satisfied with its results that I am using it daily with suitable cases, and have every reason to endorse all that is claimed in regard to its usefulness." Pepsalia absolutely effects digestion, and restores dyspeptics to a condition of health and comfort. Bottles 1s. and 2s., from chemists, or C. & G. Stern, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

Lord Bute has placed Cardiff Castle at the Queen's disposal, if her Majesty will consent to visit Cardiff next year to open the new waterworks.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who returned last week to Eaton Hall, Cheshire, from Reay Forest, Sutherlandshire, will probably go to Newmarket next Tuesday for a few days. They intend to pass the winter at Eaton.

Lord Hartington, who has been staying with Baron Hirsch in Moravia, will entertain a small party at Newmarket next week at his house in High-street.

Sir Andrew Clark, who has been spending his annual holiday at Offchurch Bury, the Dowager Lady Aylesford's place in Warwickshire, delivered a remarkable speech last week at Leamington to the students of the Oxford University Extension Association. He told them that the knowledge usually imparted by the average teacher is only calculated "to make people smart, sharp, shallow, vulgar, conceited, overbearing, and dissatisfied." Sir Andrew Clark finds that these unsatisfactory results are most glaringly visible among the females of the lower middle class, and he particularly denounces the "lady clerks" of the Post Office, whom he has found "despoiled of the natural grace, gentleness, and courtesy of their sex, and transformed into smart, loud, rude, and vulgar creatures."

The death of Lord Methuen is universally and sincerely lamented in Wiltshire. He was a most liberal and considerate landlord, and was exceedingly popular among all classes, for he was remarkably bluff and genial in his manner, very charitable, and most exemplary in all the relations of life. Lord Methuen was a staunch Liberal, and he had been a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, under Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell, and three times under Mr. Gladstone. He was a *persona gratissima* at Court, having obtained the confidence and regard of Prince Albert to an exceptional degree. Lord Methuen had been slowly dying from an incurable cancer for nearly a year past, and directly the Queen heard that there was no hope of his recovery she sent him a kind letter of sympathy.

Lord Methuen was the eldest son of the well-known Paul Methuen, who sat in Parliament for Wiltshire for many years, and who was long one of the most influential county members on the Whig side. Paul Methuen was made a Peer on the occasion of the Queen's Coronation. He had been beaten for North Wilts, in 1837, by Sir Francis Burdett, and his electioneering expenditure created embarrassments which it was the primary object of his excellent son to get rid of, and he succeeded in doing so by years of economy and good management. Corsham Court, the family place between Chippenham and Bath, contains a very fine collection of pictures, and stands in extensive and beautifully-wooded grounds.

Major Fail, who died suddenly last Thursday, at Osier Wells, near Jedburgh, was a well-known and most popular country gentleman. He was the last representative of several ancient Border families, notably, the Ainslies of Dolphiston, the Torkups, and the Fails of Langlee. Major Fail was the grandson of the well-known Sheriff Shortreed, the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, whose name frequently figures in Lockhart's delightful biography, and his uncle was Mr. Thomas Shortreed, who was another habitué of Abbotsford, and he rendered valuable assistance to Sir Walter in procuring materials for his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Major Fail was an enthusiastic Volunteer and a keen curler. He was very popular in his neighbourhood, and will be much missed by the poor of Jedburgh, to whom he was most kind and charitable.

Mr. James McKie, of Kilmarnock, who had obtained world-wide fame as a Burns collector and publisher, died last week. Mr. McKie published a fac-simile of the first edition (1788) of the Burns poems in 1866. He issued twelve hundred copies, the whole of which were sold in a few weeks, half of the edition being purchased in a lot for America. In 1869 Mr. McKie published an edition of the complete poems, and he subsequently brought out the well-known Kilmarnock edition, with notes by the late Mr. W. S. Douglas, which has been very largely sold. Mr. McKie's rare and splendid collection of the various editions of Burns's works, numbering seven hundred volumes, was purchased about eight years ago for the Kilmarnock Burns Museum. It was mainly through Mr. McKie's persistent efforts that the monument to Burns at Kilmarnock was erected.

Mr. Home-Drummond-Moray was buried last Wednesday, in the beautiful private ground in the demesne of Abercairney. There was a vast attendance of Perthshire notables at the funeral, and the tenantry on the family estates turned out in great numbers. The coffin was wrapped in plaids of Murray and Drummond tartan, and the long procession from the house to the grave was headed by the family piper and five of the Athole pipers, who played "Lochaber No More" and "The Land o' the Leal."

Mrs. Thring, who died a few days ago, in her 102nd year, at Hornblotton Rectory, Somersetshire, the residence of her son, the Rev. Godfrey Thring, was followed two days afterwards by her eldest son, Mr. Thring, of Alford, who passed away in his seventy-fifth year. Mrs. Thring was the sister of the famous Dr. Jenkyns, Master of Balliol and Dean of Wells, and of Dr. Jenkyns, Fellow of Oriel, who lived to be the last of the "golden canons" of Durham Cathedral. Her second son is Lord Thring, and the third was Edward Thring, the celebrated head-master

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of Uppingham. Mrs. Thring, who was a woman of many accomplishments and rare abilities, passed nearly the whole of her life at her husband's place in Somersetshire, where she was greatly beloved by her neighbours of all classes. Until within the last few years her conversational powers were very remarkable, but of late her memory had failed. She died peacefully of old age. The mother and son were buried in the same grave in the churchyard at Alford, last Thursday, the service being conducted by their old friend Bishop Hobhouse.

A contemporary, in a dissertation upon the position of Lord Esmé Gordon, whose affairs have recently engaged the attention of the Court of Bankruptcy, expresses sympathy for him because, although he is the heir to the Marquisate of Huntly, he will not inherit his elder brother's estates, "which extend over 25,000 acres, and bring in £20,000 a year." The whole of the Huntly estates have been sold, Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, M.P., Mr. Charles Wilson, M.P., and Mr. J. M. Keiller having purchased the principal properties, and Lord Huntly is not now the owner of a single acre. Aboyne Castle, which was formerly the family place, is rented by Lady Huntly from her father, Sir William Cunliffe Brooks.

The Monaltrie or Ballater right-of-way case has come to an end, the claims of the public having been acknowledged by the Deeside Railway Company and the proprietor of Invercauld, and the path is now again open. It is much to be wished that the Braemar dispute about the Lion's Face path could be settled in a similar manner.

Last week the papers announced that a number of the red-deer in Windsor Great Park have been captured and conveyed to Swinley paddocks, where they will be kept in confinement until the hunting season begins. Is it not about time that this barbarous sport of chasing tame deer should be abolished. It is difficult to understand how any rational beings can find pleasure in subjecting a timid and half-domesticated animal to such tortures. Moreover, the country in which the Royal pack hunts has become entirely unsuitable for sport of any kind whatever, and the farmers are expressing their objections to the depredations of the followers of the hounds with increasing frequency and distinctness. Public opinion has long since condemned this form of amusement, so it is the more preposterous that several thousands a year of the public money should regularly be squandered in order to maintain the Royal Buckhounds.

A ghastly scene took place last week in connection with some races and sports held at Llandudno. A mare, engaged in a steeplechase, broke one of her legs above the fetlock, and, on the advice of Mr. Booth, a veterinary surgeon, it was thought desirable to kill her. No other means of doing this seems to have presented itself than to stab her in the neck, which was done by the aforesaid Mr. Booth in a corner of the field, with the result that the poor beast remained bleeding and plunging and struggling for three-quarters of an hour, by which time, apparently, she had bled to death. It seems extraordinary that the owner could not have waited a few minutes until a gun, or some other means of despatching the animal promptly, could be obtained, and equally extraordinary that, after the attempt to cut her throat, no method of putting an end to her sufferings could have been suggested.

A letter from Bournemouth which appeared in a recent issue of Truth contained a remark upon the want of a theatre or other similar place of entertainment in that town. A well-known resident in the place now sends me the following suggestion for supplying this want:—

> We should indeed be grateful if you would stir up our Corporation to supply this want. Bournemouth ought undoubtedly to have the same accommodation for visitors as one finds at Scarborough, Harrogate, Buxton, and other health resorts, namely, theatre, concert hall, kursaal, &c. My own idea on the subject is that the lower part of the pleasure-grounds between the Pier and the "Square" should be utilised for this purpose. This is the one and only site for the Municipal building required. The ground should be levelled up for the purpose, and the building placed in the centre. The weather down here for the last week has been simply superb, with brilliant sunshine daily, but still deliciously cool and bracing.

The above seems to me an excellent suggestion, and I commend it to the notice of a brand-new Corporation, anxious to distinguish itself by works of practical utility for the town. Bournemouth has every natural advantage that a town can have, but I confess it has struck me as being dull—extremely dull. In a wintering place this is a specially serious defect. Attractions are needed for long dull evenings, and for those days when it is too windy to walk by the sea, or too wet to walk among the pine-woods. Were I autocrat of Bournemouth, I should erect in the space indicated by my correspondent—but, I think, facing the sea rather than the town—a Continental Casino on a magnificent scale. It should contain excellent club rooms available to every subscriber, a spacious winter-garden for concerts, covered tennis and racquet courts, a theatre, and a ball-room. The adjoining gardens should be laid out for open-air entertainments, in the style of Devonshire-park at Eastbourne. Such a building ought hardly to lay a serious charge upon the rates. Properly managed, it should pay its way, while it would add immeasurably to the attractiveness of the town.

The following entertaining letter from Mussoorie will, doubtless, be of interest to many of my readers:—

> Dear Truth,—I am anxious to bring this charming hill station to the notice of your readers. Tastes differ as to the preference for the different hill sanatoriums: they are each distinguished for something special. Mussoorie may rank next to Simla, though Naini Tal boasts of a Lieutenant-Governor and a lake, the only station which has the latter. No distinguished official is a resident here, on which account a more free-and-easy style is affected by visitors: indeed, it has been satirically remarked that the men especially leave their manners behind when they favour Mussoorie with their presence. Simla is nothing if not official: not to be a member of either of the "services" means ostracism. There is a very distinct line of demarcation between the upper ten and grades below, no shading off as in this station, where many on the fringe of society are allowed this happy distinction without being snubbed or ignored. Our "first-class classicals" (to quote a Baboo's definition of superiority) and the "this kind, that kind" (also his choice description of the inferior classes) are not so widely apart. The club dances are certainly a test; they are

Electric Light without Glare.—The new Patent Bead Ray Diffuser, the only possible means of preventing glare without decreasing the light, will fit on any existing electric lamp. Sample forwarded, carriage paid, 7s. 6d.—Rashleigh Phipps & Dawson, 53, Berners-street, W. Ivory Switches a specialty.

the exclusive entertainments. To be on their list gives a stamp and status that are the envy of aspirants, who sigh in vain for such an elevated sphere. That some do rush in and tread who are not to the manner born, or *raised*, is a truth of the saying that "kissing goes by favour;" but it is a precarious and fearful privilege, which may at any time be withdrawn when the patron is absent, or the patronage grows cold.

Mussoorie is having a very dull season. The absence of men who, when on leave, are the promoters of gaiety and spenders of money, makes everything flat. Mussoorie has fallen off since those palmy "seasons" when men with "means" and "intentions" used to come in shoals and make glad the hearts and hopes of the young person and her chaperon. Since the cheap passages to Europe, most men prefer spending their leave out of India, so all hill stations suffer from their absence. Engagements are few, weddings far between. Time was when chaplains boasted of paying house-rents out of the marriage-fees, now they (the fees) would hardly meet the taxes! This season Mussoorie has been visited by two missions. The first conducted by a dissenting Boanerges, Dr. Penticost, an American, was warmly welcomed by the dissenters, of whom there are a great number; the second, to the Church, was under the auspices of Father Benson. The first missionary's services were very largely attended, and much enthusiasm and fervour were shown by the crowds who were drawn to him. Father Benson, orthodox, learned, and ascetic, was not so successful as to numbers, but the calm eloquence of his preaching, and the sense of being appealed to by a rare spiritual nature, was as enthusiastically (though not so noisily) appreciated by—I scarcely dare express it—more educated minds and soberer judgments.

The rink, only initiated last year, is a great attraction, though not the craze it was last season, when, being a novelty to most, it raised an excitement and rivalry that in the annals of Mussoorie beat all record. During the rains, when all outdoor amusements and exercise are denied us, the rink is a boon and attraction for idlers, and a rendezvous for "bow-wows" and their affinities. Legitimate flirtation—by which I mean courtship in its first stages—is also practised there, and in the "madding crowd," secluded in an imaginary "Kala jugher," bows are exchanged, first love (?) offered and given, which may or may not result in a season engagement only. These season engagements are not unusual in Mussoorie, and are abruptly broken off when leave expires by the inconstant sex (the male), on the plea of orders from home authorities "not to marry." One delinquent had the audacity to substitute for "home orders" "orders from the Horse Guards," which had a fine sound, and afforded a consolation to the maid forlorn by its aristocratic peremptoriness.

The Crofton dramatic company are starring here. With the assistance of a few gifted amateurs we have had very good performances. We are particularly proud of "our own Indian Toole," who would be a "bright particular star" even among the lights of the Simla A. D. C., that very inspired exclusive clique of satellites. The "Doorgo Poojih" holidays will soon close, and then Mussoorie will probably have an influx of visitors, chiefly from Calcutta, the only opportunity these pale phantoms have for inhaling the mountain ozone; then, the crowd and rush over, Mussoorie will be left to her winter solitude and to looking forward to the season 1892.—Yours, MOTI.

If Mr. Cecil Rhodes thinks it expedient to keep a journalistic representative in London, he will do well to impress on his employé that discretion is quite as useful a quality as zeal. Somebody has forwarded to me an extract from a London paper, run, apparently, in the Rhodes interest, which purports to answer a letter from Delagoa Bay, which I published a few weeks back, and which impugned the bona fides of the "Envoys" of King Gungunhana, lately exhibited in London. As I pointed out at the time, if there was no truth in the statements of my correspondent they could be easily disposed of by any one of the parties whose names were mentioned. Mr. Rhodes's bellicose henchman, however, thinks it inexpedient to wait for that eventuality, and proceeds to denounce me as an "Iconoclast," from whose "profane touch" "nothing is sacred," as though to print an aspersion upon the swarthy deputies of African Royalty were to lay hands upon the Ark. When I published the letter in question, I knew, as I said, nothing personally about the facts; but if the only answer forthcoming is an anonymous article in a London paper, accusing me of being an Iconoclast, I shall assume that my Delagoa Bay correspondent was right.

HEADACHES.—BISHOP'S Effervescent Citrate of Caffeine cures headaches arising from nervous debility, biliousness, &c.—Of all Chemists, and of the Inventors, 48, Spelman-st., London.

I see it stated that Baron Alphonse Rothschild has purchased from Prince Borghese Raphael's portrait of Cæsar Borgia. This can hardly be correct. By Italian law, no pictures of the old masters can be exported from Italy, and Prince Borghese recently got into trouble for having sent a few of his inferior pictures out of the country, and had to get them back. Prince Borghese ruined himself by a building speculation. He built a vast number of houses in Rome, hardly any one of which is tenanted. The value of his gallery of pictures, if he were allowed to sell them out of Italy, would be enormous; but in Italy the Government is the only purchaser of works of art, and would, consequently, be able to obtain them should it wish to do so, at its own price. During the next Session of the Italian Parliament it is contemplated by his friends to bring in a law authorising him to export his pictures. It is, however, doubtful whether it will pass. Nor do I think that it should; for the general law was intended to hinder what this particular law would authorise. Rome has of late years fallen off as a place of resort, and if her pictures and works of art were dispersed, she would lose still more. In the Borghese Gallery there are a number of pictures of very secondary value, and these might be permitted to be sold out of Italy, but it would be a fatal mistake for the Italian Government to allow the half-dozen or so world-renowned pictures now in it to leave the country.

That unmitigated ruffian, John Sullivan, who has been disgracing the American stage by pretending to act, has now arrived in Australia, where his exhibition does not seem to have created enthusiasm. This is to the credit of the Australians. A Melbourne paper thus describes his advent:—

As the *Manipura* got alongside her berth at Woolloomooloo, somebody in the crowd yelled, "Show us John Sullivan. Bring him to the front." Then the moonlight shone on a mass of butcher's meat leaning over the rail, and in a voice of bovine sweetness, the distinguished visitor hailed the shores with, "Hollo, you bloomin' swine." This was the first experience we got of the great artist who followed the divine Sarah at Her Majesty's Theatre.

And thus his first appearance at the theatre is described:—

The audience was composed of the outpourings of Apollo Hall and other bruisers' resorts. Owing to an indisposition, Sullivan the Slogger did not put in an appearance until the third act, consequently the public displayed considerable impatience at the tissue of trivialities and tautological trash with which the piece is interlarded. Slogger Sullivan is a flabby person with a convex stomach. His acting, though intended to be pathetic, partook of the bathetic, and the audience roared with laughter at his sentiment. This irreverence aroused the wrath of the Slogger, who crossed to the prompt corner of the stage, and said:—"Some of yer will get a tail put on yer. Ain't you got no respect for the awjence?" This brilliant flight of oratory was vociferously applauded by the bruisers, and the angered giant struck an attitude. The verdict of the public on the performance was anything but favourable.

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition at Kendal, which was opened by Princess Louise, was closed last week after having been open for a month, and it has been a financial success, having been visited by more than 30,000 persons who paid for admission.

I see it is announced that Mr. Andrew Lang has undertaken to "edit" a new illustrated edition of the Waverley novels in forty-eight volumes. Considering the rigorous revision to which all Sir Walter Scott's novels were subjected by their author when he was

preparing the Abbotsford edition, which he described as his *opus magnum*, it does not appear to me that there is the slightest necessity for any further "editing," and Scott's delightful notes certainly could not be improved upon, either by Mr. Lang or anybody else.

I find that I fell into a very common error a week or two ago in attributing to Tom Hood the often-quoted—

> Rattle his bones over the stones,
> He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

These lines were, in fact, written by Tom Noel, and are to be found in "The Pauper's Funeral," a poem commencing—

> Oh, where are the mourners?
> Alas! there are none.

It is, as a correspondent suggests, another instance of the strange irony of fate that the one scrap of Noel's verse which is remembered, should only be remembered to be persistently attributed to some one else; and I hope that the publication of this *amende* will, in future, lead to the right Tom getting his due.

It will, doubtless, interest many of my readers to hear that the Windsor Tapestry Works have been re-opened by Messrs. Ellman & Haines, who were connected with the old works for many years, and who have now determined to revive them as their own private enterprise.

An attempt will shortly be made to remove the coal from under Newstead Abbey without injuring the buildings. The pictures and china and other objects of art are to be removed while the work is in progress, and the Abbey will be supported outside in every part by substantial props. It is hoped that the Abbey will quietly settle down when the coal is excavated, but if it were left, there is considered to be a great danger of the buildings sliding.

It is proposed to place a stained-glass window in the beautiful little church of Holne, near Ashburton, as a memorial of Charles Kingsley, who was born in that parish, when his father, Canon Kingsley, was a temporary occupant of the Vicarage.

A memorial to Louisa, Lady Waterford, is to be placed in the parish church of Ford, Northumberland. The Queen intends to contribute, as she had a very great regard for Lady Waterford, and twice requested her to accept the office of Lady of the Bedchamber. Among the subscribers are Mr. Gladstone, the Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Caroline Courtenay.

Two volumes of Archbishop Magee's sermons will shortly be published, and also a volume of his speeches and letters. The Archbishop's clever son, Mr. Magee, of the Inner Temple, is the editor, and it may be hoped that he will later on see his way to writing a biography of his father.

The Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, which has been closed for two months, is to be re-opened next Sunday, when Canon Duckworth will preach. On Sunday week the pulpit is to be occupied by Prebendary Wace, preacher at Lincoln's Inn; and on the 25th by the Rev. F. M. Stopford. The chapel is now open to the public at all the services (10, noon, and 5.30), except during the session of Parliament, when tickets are still required for the noon service.

Dr. Forrest was installed yesterday as Dean of Worcester, so there are now two vacancies in the Queen's Household for Honorary Chaplains. The first vacancy was caused several months ago by the promotion of the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon (Head-master of Harrow) to be a Chaplain-in-Ordinary in the place of Archdeacon Blunt, who ceased to hold that appointment on being made Bishop of Hull.

The first vacancy among the Chaplains-in-Ordinary will be filled by the Rev. J. F. Mitchell, Rector of Wolferton, Norfolk, and Honorary Chaplain to the Prince of Wales and the second by Archdeacon Sinclair.

The appointment of Dean Pigou to the Deanery of Bristol will meet with universal approval. He is an active, earnest man, an eloquent and impressive preacher, and an excellent organiser and administrator. His Church views are very much those of Dean Vaughan, whom he succeeded at Doncaster; and, in fact, he is just the type of man that is wanted at Bristol, where he will, no doubt, do a great deal of valuable work, and lift up his cathedral to the level of Lincoln and others. Lord Salisbury really pays a high compliment to Dr. Pigou in offering him Bristol, for he exchanges a very easy place for a most laborious one, and the increase of stipend from £1,000 to £1,300 disappears when one remembers the many additional expenses at Bristol, and the fact that there is no residence, so that the new Dean will have to hire a house for himself.

Bishop Legge will go into residence at Lichfield on the 22nd, and he is to be enthroned on the afternoon of the 24th, and at the morning service on the 25th he will preach his first sermon in the Cathedral.

The second name which the Bishop of Rochester submitted to the Queen for the Suffragan Bishopric of Southwark was that of the Rev. H. Bartram, Vicar of Ramsgate. The Bishop of Worcester's second nomination for the Suffragan Bishopric of Canterbury was Archdeacon Bree.

Bishop Davidson is showing an excellent and very much-needed example to his right reverend brethren in arranging to pay the stipend of the Bishop of Southwark out of his own pocket. This is a very different course from that adopted by the Bishop of London, who jobbed his two Suffragans into two rich City livings, and therefore got rid of the trouble of his diocesan work without at the same time losing a farthing of his exorbitant stipend of £10,200 a year.

In the See of Ripon, again, the Bishop of Richmond, who is the working prelate of the diocese, was presented

by Bishop Boyd Carpenter to the exceedingly fat rectory of Stanhope, and a similarly pleasant and profitable arrangement exists in the dioceses of Canterbury, York, Durham, Lichfield, Peterborough, and Manchester.

The statement which has appeared in several journals, that the Bishops of Truro and Lichfield will be the first Anglican Prelates who have done homage to the Queen in Scotland, is incorrect. Six years ago Bishop Wordsworth did homage at Balmoral for the See of Salisbury.

Chancellor Christie has offered to expend £500 in erecting a pulpit in the nave of Manchester Cathedral, as a memorial of his twenty years' tenure of the office to which he was appointed by Bishop Fraser.

The Lincoln Diocesan Retreat, which was conducted in Lincoln Minster by the Rev. Charles Gore, lasted three days, and it was attended by upwards of two hundred and fifty clergymen, for whom meals were provided in the County Assembly Rooms. Bishop King was present at all the services.

It is singular to see, when a Church of England minister does happen to be a Radical, what a dead set is made at him by the classes who are in other cases the Church's stoutest champions. Canon Wood, Vicar of Newent, who is a bit of a democrat in his principles and practice, has just had experience of this. A curate of his, who had gone utterly to the dogs, and had among other things misappropriated money belonging to the Young Men's Institute, died recently under very distressing circumstances, and his death seems to have been made the occasion for some exuberant demonstrations of sympathy, at the expense of the Young Men's Institute, and of Canon Wood, who is the President of the Institute. Canon Wood wrote a mild letter to the press with the view of showing that the Institute ought not to suffer, because the curate had died, and thereupon one Octavius T. Price, a lawyer and a prominent local Tory, addressed to the same paper a violent and most insulting attack on the vicar, charging him among other things with having stimulated the Institute to persecute the curate, and insinuating that the vicar's treatment had caused the young man's death. Every word of this libel the valiant Price withdrew and apologised for a day or two later, on the vicar writing to him that unless this was done he should have to take legal proceedings. Let us hope that this ignominious collapse will teach the "gentry" of this district that any stick is not good enough to beat a Radical vicar with.

A Lincolnshire vicar has discovered by accident a will of 1837, making certain charitable bequests for the benefit of the parish, and vesting the fund in him. He finds at the same time that the proceeds have been from time immemorial vested in a churchwarden, who refuses to account to him or hand the money over. Finally, this worthy vicar comes to me for advice. If he is disposed for summary procedure, I should recommend him to place himself in the hands of a solicitor and try the effect of a little writ upon the churchwarden. Otherwise, he had better invoke the Charity Commissioners, who have (which I do not think he understands) no duty in matters of this kind until somebody sets them in motion. But, at the present stage, this matter is not quite in my line, and I only refer to it here as showing in what a deplorable muddle local charities of this kind may become involved, even in the course of half a century.

The Charity Commissioners will, I trust, do their best to give effect to the recommendations of the County Council in regard to St. Paul's School. The most serious part of the scandal at West Kensington had relation to the violation of the orders of the Charity Commissioners themselves, and the least that the Commissioners can do is to insist on the observance of their own decrees. But now that public attention has been called to the matter, more than this will be required, particularly the reduction of the Mercers' Company's influence, and the termination of the Bursar's connection with preparatory schools outside the gates of St. Paul's.

Since my last reference to this subject, I have had the advantage of inspecting (by deputy) Mr. Bewsher's school at Mr. Bewsher's request. From all I can learn it appears to be an excellent school. Were it, however, the most perfect educational establishment ever devised, the objections to its being run by an official of St. Paul's would be in no degree abated. I am told that it is of great advantage to St. Paul's School and St. Paul's boys that the pupils should be previously trained in an establishment in touch with St. Paul's ideas. This I can understand; but the only legitimate way to attain this end is for a preparatory school to be started on the same foundation. My own opinion, however, remains unchanged, that the proper position for schools like St. Paul's in our present educational system is that of public secondary schools; and I would reduce the standard of admission—not only to scholarships, but to the whole school—until Mr. Bewsher's place could be taken by the Board School teacher.

On more than one occasion I have commended to the charitably disposed among my readers the claims of the Invalid Children's Aid Association (18, Buckingham-street, Strand), the object of which is to befriend and assist, in any practical way that may seem desirable, crippled or invalid children whose cases do not come within the scope of the hospitals and medical charities, or who cannot pay the fees of convalescent homes. The usefulness of this society has been abundantly proved, and I understand from the honorary secretary that the work could be greatly extended if more money were forthcoming. I venture, therefore, to again call the attention of my readers to this excellent opening for charity.

Lady Jeune desires me to acknowledge £1 from Boy, and I have received 5s. from Maud and Florence.

Pfungst Freres' Extra Quality Champagnes.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

An Indian officer has written to set me right on the Black Mountain question. He informs me, first, that there were not three brigades in the field last October (which I did not say); secondly, that Baio was not the "objective" of the second expedition, but was brought into prominence by a muster of tribes on the spot, which is utterly irrelevant to my remarks; and thirdly, that there was some serious fighting, which only makes the case worse than I represented it. But this officer's account of the policy actuating these expeditions—which was the only point I am concerned with—is of so much interest that I give it verbatim :—

> Detachments from three regiments (this is the October expedition) marched half-way up the spur of the hill and never left British territory. The party bivouacked for some hours during the night. Government orders were to retire if opposed. This we did. I was there myself. The Treaty made with the Black Mountaineers in 1888 stipulated that troops should move unmolested along the crest of the Black Mountain. *It was in order to test this clause of the treaty that the force moved up the Black Mountain.* It was not considered advisable at that time of year to push on and punish the tribesmen for the outrage. An expedition was, therefore, organised in the early part of this year, &c., &c.

Note, please, the italicised passage. As the fruit of a former expedition, apparently, the Indian military authorities have obtained permission to trail their coat on the top of the Black Mountain. In the exercise of this right the coat is trailed. The natives, appreciating fully the humour of the situation, promptly jump on the tail of the garment. Then follows the punitive expedition, and, in due course, the distribution of rewards and honours. If this makes the thing any better than I represented it, I offer my apologies to all the Anglo-Indian heroes concerned.

Apropos to my Paris correspondent's account of the betting at Ostend on the question which oyster out of a basketful would first "yawn," a story is told me of a novel form of gambling practised some years ago at Calcutta. A party of officers would seat themselves round a table. Each placed a rupee in front of him, and the owner of the rupee on which the first fly settled swept the stakes. As by all accounts flies are by no means scarce in Calcutta, this game would afford somewhat brisker sport than the oyster-gamble. When I read of an incident like this, I cease to wonder that Black Mountain expeditions and other trumpery wars have to be organised in order to keep our Indian Army employed.

I was last week specially requested to publish the following announcement :—

> The officers of a certain Royal Regiment are looking forward with intense pleasure to December ——.

I wrote to my correspondent—who occupies a very exalted position at the Horse Guards—and asked him for some further particulars. He replied that the date given is the day on which the colonel of the regiment in question retires. In reply, I suggested that this fact is really not of sufficient public importance to justify me in publishing the paragraph. To this he answers that the announcement will be read with the greatest interest not only in the regiment in question, but throughout the Army. I hope that he is right. Anyhow, there is the paragraph.

My readers will hardly have forgotten Major-General Tongue, commanding the troops in the Barbados, who lately endeavoured to travel as a dead head on the local tramway without conforming to the Company's regulations, and, when sued for the sum of twopence, raised the technical defence that he did not reside at the Government House, where he had been sued. That was pretty strong. The Barbados papers, however, are now telling another story about Major-General Tongue which is a degree stronger. It is alleged that he gave to a lady of his family, for her use, a railway pass issued by the Company to his aide-de-camp; and further, that when the Company objected, he defended the proceeding on the ground that the lady discharged some of the social duties of an A.D.C. A correspondent of my own in the island adds that the pass in question was not even issued to General Tongue's A.D.C., but to an officer who had previously served in that capacity to General Pearson. Major-General Tongue is, or was lately, acting as Governor *pro tem.* of the island. I think that when such statements as the above are made about an officer in this position, they ought to be contradicted. If they are not contradicted, I think—well, what everybody else will think.

The following is given me as a truthful record of certain recent transactions in the Royal Artillery:—Major X, with a family connection in the regiment, having been promoted from Captain after a long spell of home service, was "specially selected" for the command of a field battery at home. Shortly afterwards he exchanged this for a field battery in India. He is understood to have received a large sum—many hundred pounds—as the price of the exchange. Within a few months, it is announced that he is to return to take command of a field depot—a command usually reserved for those who have had long service abroad. I was under the impression that such a disgraceful combination of jobbery and corrupt traffic in appointments had long since become impossible. I shall be glad to hear that it has. But if no contradiction is forthcoming, this is a case that Mr. Stanhope ought to hear more of.

I fear that in my last remarks upon the question of passages to India I must have said something which hurt the feelings of the Editor of the *Homeward Mail*, for in a further reply he calls me a "sophistical critic," scoffs at my "confused reply," and "ingenious twistings," and recommends me to "stick to the point," but unfortunately refrains himself from noticing the substance of my remarks. For instance :—

> If the bland and simple-minded writer in Truth requires the aid of an illustration to clear his mind, let him walk into Covent Garden market and buy a pineapple at three guineas, and then try to persuade Martin or Solomon to let him have a bushel of plums at cost price in consideration of the other purchase.

So far from clearing my mind, this "illustration" only

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth. Also The Belle Vue and Pier Hotel, opposite the Pier, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach General Manager, late of the Bath Hotel, Bournemouth.

Millinery.—All the latest Novelties in Smart Millinery at the 216, Regent-street Branch of the Maison Nouvelle (next to Liberty's East India House).

demonstrates the confusion besetting the mind of my contemporary. The Government does not walk into the market to buy pineapples at a fixed price, but it asks for tenders for the supply of the article, and, according to my contention, it does not accept the lowest tender. I did not propose that after buying a pineapple the Government should ask for plums at cost price as a favour; but that before buying anything at all, it should bargain for both plums and pineapples, putting at the same time a limit on the price to be charged for plums. I supported this suggestion by pointing to the fact that a neighbouring Government, by adopting these very simple tactics, is now obtaining pineapples as good as ours at a lower price, and getting plums at the same time, at, or below, cost price. Until my contemporary can manage to grasp and answer that very simple argument, I should recommend him to hold his peace; for at present his utterances strongly convey the impression that his object is to run with the officers and civil servants and hunt with the P. and O. Company.

The Whitehead torpedo works at Fiume are to be closed directly the new establishment near Portland has been opened. Labour is very cheap at Fiume, but this advantage is more than counterbalanced by the outrageously heavy duties which are levied upon all imported machinery and material. The new works at Portland will commence operations about July next.

A good many hints have reached this country at one time and another that life on board H.M.S. *Tyne* is not as comfortable as might be desired. The most forcible hint in that direction that I have hitherto come across is the statement, which I had recently from a naval man, that at almost every port this ship has visited the ship's company have been kept at work from 6 a.m. till 9 p.m., and that before she last left Sheerness the men were at work till 10.30 p.m., the ship sailing next day for Portsmouth at 4 a.m. There cannot be any legitimate excuse for working the men in this way. It must be due either to bungling mismanagement, or pure love of making things unpleasant.

When the *Tyne* last reached Halifax *en route* from Bermuda, she had on board a staff-commander, who served as navigating officer in the ship for a year and a half, but had been relieved at Bermuda by an officer from another ship, in order that he might take four months' leave. This officer, having given up his cabin to his successor, was compelled to share a cabin with a military officer taking an indulgence passage—a pronounced slight, considering his rank and previous service in the ship, and the fact that he was still officially engaged in settling up his accounts with his successor. These are the ways in which a commander gets beloved by all who serve under him.

On her last voyage to Bermuda, I understand that the *Tyne* actually took out a doctor who had been appointed to the *Ready*, a ship recently paid-off for good at that station, and then in process of conversion into a coal-hulk. I have not heard what the doctor is doing, but presumably he is having a good time on board the coal-hulk on full-pay. Unless the idea was to keep him out of mischief, I certainly think that the Admiralty have beaten all previous records in this instance. The best performance in the same line previously was the appointment of an engineer to a ship containing no vestige of machinery; but that is ancient history.

Here is a curious example of red tape. I am solemnly assured that the Admiralty have directed commanding-officers to still further check the expenditure of fresh water by accounting for every pint of this precious fluid used by the crew, and also by the chief engineer for boilers and steamboats. To add to the absurdity of this vexatious order, a strict account is also to be kept of the amount of water drawn by steamboats from the huge reservoirs in the dockyards.

A singularly foolish comment appears in the *Army and Navy Gazette* upon a reference in last week's TRUTH to the naval correspondent of the *Globe*. In answering a criticism of the last-mentioned writer, I said that I should have thought that as he was, I believed, an ex-Naval Engineer, he would have had more sense than to split straws with me on the matter in question. The remark is, on the face of it, complimentary to ex-Naval Engineers, but the writer in the *Army and Navy Gazette*, with almost inconceivable muddle-headedness, discovers that "I am seeking to imply that the corrections are, therefore, robbed of their value." And then he goes on to read a long lecture in this strain on what he calls—Heaven knows why—"the ethics of journalism":—

> Why a Naval Engineer should not be as good a writer upon naval matters as any other man—why, indeed, his technical knowledge and experience should not better fit him for the work than many another man—the gentleman who does the naval notes for TRUTH does not explain.

Considering that the remarks in TRUTH were themselves written by a naval officer, and that they practically said that a naval officer ought to understand naval affairs, it certainly did not occur to me to offer the explanation here asked for. I hope if I say that I am amazed to see such an exhibition of stupidity in a sixpenny paper, I shall not have some one else complaining that I am thereby reflecting on the intelligence of sixpenny papers.

I have lately heard a good deal from military officers in defence of court-martial justice. Their views are not borne out, however, by a report which I have received of the trial of two gunners in an R.A. battery at Portland, for insubordination. In the first case, four witnesses were called for the prosecution, and gave their version of the case. The prisoner, who was assisted by a solicitor, stated, in answer to the President, that he proposed to call seven witnesses. The President thereupon told the prisoner's solicitor that he might as well call all Weymouth, and that two witnesses would be ample. The solicitor replied

SEA AIR AND THE SKIN.—For the next few weeks freely apply SULPHOLINE LOTION. While removing all spots, eruptions, and imperfections, Sulpholine protects the complexion from sun, wind, and sea, making the skin smooth, clear, and comfortable.

that it was desired to prove that the N.C.O.'s who made the complaint, and alleged that they had been assaulted, were drunk. The President angrily retorted that whether they were drunk or not had nothing to do with the case, and told the prisoner that if he called all the witnesses named it would be the worse for him. When the first witness appeared and gave his evidence, the President proceeded to remind him that he would be liable for perjury. In the second case, when the prisoner, by the advice of his solicitor, stated that he desired to call four more witnesses to prove that the corporal charging him was drunk, the President replied that he was not going to stay there all night, and that the prisoner should not make a fool of the Court. I understand that representations with regard to the conduct of this court-martial have been addressed to the War Office, and it is to be hoped that they will not be without effect.

It stands to reason that much injustice is done in courts-martial by denying solicitors a right of audience. Their position at present necessitates their first telling the prisoner the question he is to ask. If the prisoner is deaf or stupid, the question may have to be shouted at him two or three times. It has then to be repeated to the witness and taken down by one of the officers of the court, who also probably requires it to be repeated to him. To say nothing of the intolerable waste of time by this process, the question often reaches the witness in the wrong form after all, and, what is of more consequence, the witness has invariably a minute or two for reflection before answering each question. Every advocate knows that an effective cross-examination under such conditions is an impossibility. Either solicitors should be allowed a full right of audience, or courts-martial should be held at stated times in a few stated places, where it would be worth the while of barristers to attend, so that the services of counsel could be obtained, as in the ordinary criminal courts, without incurring the expense of bringing them down from London for each petty case.

The rolls for the winter sittings of the Court of Session show that there are 249 pending cases, as compared with 299 at this time last year, 516 in 1889, and 360 in 1888. The Inner House cleared off considerable arrears of business during the last sittings.

I know nothing beyond what I have read in the newspapers about the death of Miss Manton, or Miller, of the Gaiety Theatre. But it seems to me that unless Coroners' inquests are to be deemed private inquiries, some change in the procedure of Coroners' courts is needed. In the case of the late Duke of Bedford, the name was suppressed in the official notice of the inquiry, with the result that, even after the facts had become public it was denied in the newspapers that the Duke had taken his own life. In the case of the Gaiety chorus girl, it appears from a letter written by the Coroner to the *Times* that the ordinary procedure was followed, and that reporters were actually present. At the same time, it is certain that no report appeared in the newspapers, and that the Coroner himself, on subsequent application, refused to allow the depositions to be seen by representatives of the Press. The non-publication of the reports is not difficult to explain. I have heard before of such things being done. But why the Coroner, seeing what agency had been at work, should have given his assistance to the hushing-up process, is to my mind inexplicable—a Coroner being presumably superior to those influences which may be brought to bear on reporters.

In the case of the Duke of Bedford the Coroner professed to have acted as he did out of regard for the feelings of the relatives of the deceased. It cannot, I imagine, have been out of regard for the relatives of Miss Manton that the inquiry into her death was hushed up. To whom, then, was this excess of consideration shown? That question is bound to be asked, but, what is of still more importance, it is also bound to be answered; and as long as the answer given is nothing better than a guess, it will in all probability be wrong, but will to a certainty reflect upon some more or less exalted individual. In point of fact, the guesses and rumours and insinuations set afloat by the attempt to hush up the Manton inquest have pointed at the very highest rank of society. For this reason alone, if for no other, the process of "hushing up" ugly scandals, when once they have become public property by coming under the notice of the law courts, is as objectionable as it is futile.

I have received from the Mayor of Cowbridge a full defence of his conduct in the extraordinary case referred to in the last two numbers of Truth. It is impossible for me to publish the letter as it is sent to me, as the Mayor would himself understand if his experience on the Bench had given him a little more knowledge of the law of libel. I do not doubt the Mayor's word, but I cannot publish his remarks unless he will indemnify me against all those who may feel injured by them. This much, however, I am bound to say, the Mayor candidly admits that he may have been guilty of an "indiscretion" in exerting himself to get this summons withdrawn, but he contends that if he has erred it was only on the side of mercy and kindness, and from the account of the facts which he gives, I am disposed to think that he is right in this. He says:—

> The alleged drunkenness took place on August 29. On August 31 the Sergeant of Police informed me that he had no intention of summoning the man, as he had used no abusive language, but was very civil and quiet, and was driving home with a neighbour's farm servant. There I thought the matter ended; but to my surprise, on September 11, a summons was taken out. Let me here inform you that I know very little of this man; but seeing that no injustice would be done to any one, and that it would be a great kindness to the man himself, I did what has been complained of. You cannot call it more than a very little indiscretion. Had the outcry against me been raised with the intention of vindicating justice I would make no complaint, but knowing that all this has been done to ——

There, with the Mayor's permission, we will stop, for the reasons which I have already given.

Inns of Court Hotel, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.
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Inns of Court Hotel, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

It would afford me considerable pleasure to hand over to the Leominster Justices a few of the letters I have received with reference to their monstrous leniency towards Henry Froggatt and his son, who were charged last week with torturing a dog. I take it that many of my readers will have seen this case, which was reported in nearly all the London papers. Froggatt suspected a collie belonging to a relative of worrying his sheep. Having obtained possession of the dog, he and his son forced down its throat a quantity of mustard and water, by way of an emetic, and tied the dog up, causing it such pain that its cries were heard a quarter of a mile off, and such injuries that it had to be killed. This diabolical cruelty was perpetrated with the view of ascertaining the dog's guilt, but, to crown the offence, it had the effect of demonstrating the poor brute's innocence. Nevertheless, Froggatt and his son were let off with a fine of a shilling apiece. It is said that the practice adopted by these worthies is quite common in the neighbourhood. I am not surprised to hear it. On the contrary, I should imagine that as long as justice is administered with such fatuous ineptitude as in this instance, all forms of wrong-doing will flourish in the neighbourhood of Leominster.

My attention has been called to a case of cruelty to children at Northwich last week, in which the defendants were a father and mother, and in which a fine of £5 was imposed upon the father. I have only before me an imperfect report of the evidence adduced; but I have from another source some very striking evidence regarding the character of this man (John Folkes), the domestic troubles that he has had, and the deplorable condition to which the home has been reduced by the conduct of the wife. Wherever children are neglected to the point of cruelty, the presumption seems to me to be that the mother is the party primarily responsible. In this case it appears that, after the mother had been removed to the workhouse—which was done on the husband's application — a complete change took place in the home. I cannot help thinking that if the Northwich Bench had gone a little further into this case, and had heard, among other things, the evidence of the employer in whose service Folkes had been for the last twelve years, their view of the man's guilt would have been different. Perhaps it may not be too late for them to reconsider their decision.

Probably some of my readers saw an amazing story from Wiltshire, which appeared in some of the London papers last week. A farmer named Brown was charged at Marlborough with assaulting a boy named Payne, who had come into his service from the Workhouse. I quote the reporter's account of the incident:—

> In consequence of certain rumours which it was alleged Payne had set about the parish, Mr. Brown, who was accompanied by the Vicar, gave the boy the option of being thrashed, of being publicly pumped on through the village street, or of being "sent to the treadmill for a month." The lad chose the thrashing. He was accordingly taken into a cart-house, and having divested himself of his trousers, was held across the shafts of a waggon by the defendant Andrews, whilst Mr. Brown thrashed him with a hunting crop. He sustained nine severe weals, several of which bled, and in consequence of the injuries he was unable to go to work for five days.

Note the picturesque touch, "who was accompanied by the vicar." It would be interesting to know how far this reverend gentleman, who thus gave his sanction to the pleasantry of compelling the boy to choose between a thrashing, a month on the treadmill, or "being publicly pumped on through the street," concerned himself in the subsequent fate of the lad. The main point for attention, however, is the conduct of the Justices, who, although no defence was offered except that the boy was a consenting party, let off Mr. Brown with a fine of 21s., including costs. This case was reported in at least three of the London papers, and it strikes me as astonishing that not one of them considered it worth a word of comment. The London press would be serving both its own interest and that of the public if it devoted a little more attention to the doings of our latter-day Shallows.

Most Magistrates, like the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe," regard the law as having "no kind of fault or flaw." The Mayor of Bolton, Mr. Fielding, is an exception to the rule, and I am delighted to see that he has just made a strong protest against "the grievous moral wrong and serious injury" which are wrought by the system of sending defendants to prison in default of payment of fines for minor offences. During the present year about 300 persons have had to go to prison in Bolton in default of paying fines and costs, in many cases on the most trumpery charges. It is monstrous that such defendants should, through sheer poverty, be treated as criminals. Mr. Fielding suggested that they should be imprisoned in the same way as debtors are for "contempt" of county-court judgments. It seems to me, however, that the proper remedy is for Magistrates to inflict smaller fines, more in proportion to the nature of the "offence," and to remit the heavy costs which are the real root of the mischief.

The maintenance of a Court of Quarter Sessions may, as some people fondly believe, add to the dignity and importance of a small borough, but it is often a somewhat expensive luxury. This last-named consideration has, at all events, impressed the mind of at least one member of the Much Wenlock Town Council, and at the meeting last week he pointed out that during the year covered by the last borough accounts, the ratepayers had had to pay the Recorder a salary of £42, the crier of the court £5. 5s., the clerk of the peace £46. 6s. 4d., and other items making a total of £101. 10s. 8d. as the cost of the Quarter Sessions. In addition, about forty jurors were summoned at each of the four sessions; and all this money was spent and all this trouble caused for the trial of one prisoner!

With reference to the sentence on the man Crocker for firing furze on Dartmoor, a resident in that part of the world writes:—

> As a landowner in the parish where Crocker resides—when not in prison—I should like to make a few remarks on the subject. The furze burnt was on private property, and not on the Forest of

YACHTING, FISHING, &c.—MOREL'S new list of YACHT STORES, SPECIALTIES and NOVELTIES in PRESERVED PROVISIONS, just published, on application to 186, Piccadilly, W.

Dartmoor. Fires are continually taking place on private property, and on this property and another many acres of young plantations have been burnt by the fires creeping into them. It is time an example was made.

I have lived here now some twenty-five years, and this is the first time I ever heard that any one has a right to set fire to the moors during the year.

In a matter of this kind, I can only speak "from instructions." Another resident on the spot, who also speaks with authority, tells me that the right of firing the furze in order to keep open the pasture for ponies, &c., not only exists, but is regularly practised. If my present correspondent is mistaken on this point, he may be on others. But I am entirely with him as to the desirability of punishing the destruction of timber plantations by every means available.

In answer to "Aliquis," who writes to me from Liverpool, I beg to point out that, though it may "not be difficult to obtain the needful information," the information in question is not accessible to the public, and I do not happen to know anybody who is in a position to supply it. If "Aliquis" will give me an opportunity of communicating with him, of course in confidence, or with any one from whom the information can be obtained, I shall be happy to consider the matter. Otherwise, I am powerless.

The latest practitioner in the "Free Portrait" line of business appears to be Mr. G. Caldwell, of "the Rembrandt Art Studo," 95 and 97, Carrington-street, Nottingham. G. Caldwell, however, frankly adds to his offer of "an exquisite life-size portrait free of charge," the stipulation that the customer "shall have it framed HERE." It may be possible, as there seem to be no limits to the gullibility of mankind, that people are induced to order "free portraits" of G. Caldwell on these terms. If they are, I really do not feel any sympathy for them.

A well-known writer and journalist gives me the following account of an extraordinary proceeding on the part of the Marylebone Vestry. The matter deserves the attention of all London householders. It seems to me incredible that the law can give to any public body the right to expose respectable citizens to annoyance of this kind, with the possibility of serious damage to character and credit as well. But if such be the case, there can be no two opinions as to the necessity for an immediate amendment of the law. I hope, therefore, that "the famous London solicitor" will fight this matter out to the bitter end:—

The tax collector is never a very welcome visitor to any household, but in the matter of tax-collecting, for "sharp practice" commend me to the system employed in the Parish of St. Marylebone. Listen to this tale of woe, and take heed from it. A lady of the highest respectability and social influence, living in an artistic quarter of the Regent's Park, being anxious to winter abroad, was advised to sell a portion of her furniture "on the premises." The sale was duly advertised in the public papers by the lady's solicitor, and the owner of the house went to stay in the country with some friends, leaving her home in the charge of a confidential servant. Judge of her surprise to receive a wire to say that the parish authorities had put a "man in possession," with power of distraint, for unpaid parish taxes. It was palpably untrue. All taxes had been paid. No notice of future taxes had been given. It was now September 15, and no taxes could by any possibility be due until the end of the quarter. The harassed lady wired back the state of the case. The man in possession was obdurate. He had his orders. No notice, according to him, was necessary, and taxes could be claimed by the parish of Marylebone, in advance or not, if householders dared to advertise a sale! The parochial presumption was that the lady was a cheat, and intended to shirk her obligations. The situation was an extremely delicate one. The lady was hundreds of miles from London and unable to transmit money by telegram to pay the intruder out. The alternative was that the defenceless servant would have to pass the night alone in the house with the man in possession. By the merest accident in the world the maid-servant had saved some little money and was able, with the assistance of a neighbour, to pay the tax under protest—a tax not even due until a fortnight after it was claimed in this high-handed and offensive manner. The lady immediately returned to town and could obtain no redress whatever for the grievous insult put upon her by an act of obvious illegality. Bumble and his companion laughed at her. Their contention was that a sale of furniture on the premises argued dishonesty, and the parish of Marylebone was bound to protect its interests. Unfortunately in this instance the parish of Marylebone has woke up the wrong customer, for the lady in question happens to be the daughter of one of the most famous of London solicitors, noted for his determination and fighting power, and he intends in the interests of householders in the parish of Marylebone to get it decided by law if parochial authorities can demand rates before they are due, and insult respectable householders on an airy suspicion of fraudulent practice. If damages are awarded by a jury, I should say that the parish rates would be considerably increased by the perpetration of a foolish blunder, or by the enforcing of a high-handed system, absolutely indefensible.

Some time ago the Upton-on-Severn Board of Guardians instructed their clerk to administer on their behalf the estate of a woman who had been in receipt of out-door relief, and who, on her death, was found to have left in her room a sum of about £35. Last week the clerk presented to the Board a little bill for legal charges in the matter. It amounted to £34, leaving a balance of only 18s. to the credit of the Union! One of the guardians expressed the opinion that the bill was excessive, at which the clerk protested, saying that he was legally entitled to charge for every item in the bill, but he magnanimously offered to forgo £4. 2s. of his costs, so that the Guardians might receive £5. There is clearly room for some radical alterations in the process of winding-up small estates in cases of this kind.

The *Spectator* of last week has an article which points out to young ladies anxious to marry that men prefer as wives plain and clever girls to pretty simpletons, because beauty is evanescent; culture teaches girls how to count, with the result that they are not extravagant, and that the educated girl is more affectionate than the uneducated. The moral of this is, Be clever and be well educated, for then you will get a husband, whether you are pretty or the reverse. I greatly question this view of matrimony. As a rule, I should say that clever men do not want their wives to be particularly clever. As Talleyrand said, when some one expressed his surprise at his marrying his wife, "C'est si doux d'aimer une bête après avoir aimé Madame de Staël."

As for education increasing affection, or cleverness hindering extravagance, experience is rather the other way. If I were a girl on the look out for a husband, I should play the game by adroitly flattering my contemplated victim; listening with rapt attention when he spoke, and, generally, seeking to create the impression on him that I thought him, in wisdom and in charm, not inferior to the angels. At the same time I should endeavour indirectly to bring home to him the fact that in me he would find a person with a heavenly temper, brimming over with domestic affection. I should take care to be becomingly dressed, but my "get-up" would look as if it cost nothing. I should eschew slang and manly

games, and I should be severely proper in my general behaviour. In my movements I should cultivate grace, and with this object I should secretly take lessons in dancing from Miss Letty Lind. My likes and my dislikes would be those of my victim.

In the present day a man rarely deliberately contemplates marriage. He likes toying with the hook, but he does not intend to swallow it. The fly has, therefore, to be very adroitly thrown to catch him. The mistake girls make is not to distinguish between flirting and fishing. One hears a good deal about the vanity of women. Men are just as vain, and it is by keeping this fact well in mind that a girl gets a husband. It might be desirable that things should be as the *Spectator* asserts them to be. But they are not. I take the world as it is, and I would back the girl who follows my advice in the matrimonial stakes against the girl who acts on the recommendations of the *Spectator*.

A meeting, curiously described as being "on Mr. Spurgeon's behalf," was held the other day at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and Mr. Charles Cornell, after observing that "God moves in a mysterious way," and congratulating the congregation upon the success of their prayers for their pastor, delivered himself thus:—

> The chairman impressed upon the meeting the advisability of mingling with their prayers for the pastor, special petitions that the Lord would send a sufficient stretch of fine weather, which would enable Mr. Spurgeon to gain such physical strength as would justify his physicians in permitting him to start for a genial clime.

I rejoice heartily that Mr. Spurgeon is getting better, and I should be the last to attempt to deprive his congregation of the satisfactory reflection that the result has been brought about by the energy of their supplications. If they are well advised, however, they will be content with addressing their petitions to the Almighty, without indicating the precise means by which the desired end is to be arrived at. It is, doubtless, true that "God moves in a mysterious way," but the mystery would be deepened to a dangerous extent, if the whole course of nature were to be altered in order that a distinguished Baptist minister might be able to go out of doors comfortably.

Some few weeks back I set that large number of my readers who are fond of mathematical puzzles the following problem:—

> A certain gentleman desired a vacant appointment in a provincial town. He had two competitors. On canvassing the electors, who were thirty-five in number, he found that one of his rivals had thirteen supporters and the other twelve, while he himself could only muster ten. He discovered, however, that the method of voting would be this:—A first ballot would be taken at which each of the electors would have two votes. The candidate last on the list would then be eliminated, and a second ballot take place between the remaining two, in which each elector would have one vote. Accordingly, the hero of this story called together his supporters, and instructed them how they might return him, although he was the weakest candidate. They followed his instructions and he was returned. How was it done?

As no one favoured me with an answer I concluded that the problem did not attract any interest. But I have since had several inquiries from different parts of the country, indicating that numerous persons are anxiously awaiting the answer. I therefore give it.

The matter is very simple. Let A be the candidate, with 13 supporters; B the one with 12; and C the one with 10. B's supporters are afraid to vote for A, knowing that he is their only dangerous opponent. C's supporters have, therefore, no difficulty in bargaining with them for a certain number of their second votes in return for a certain number of C's. If the C party can in this way obtain four of the B party's votes, they can, by refraining from giving any second votes to A, ensure A's rejection. The numbers in the first poll (even supposing that A's supporters do not vote for B and C) would on that supposition be—

B	16
C	14
A	13

If the C party can manage to obtain six votes from B party in the same way, they could afford to conciliate A's party by giving two second votes to him, making the numbers:—

B	18
C	16
A	15

On the second round all that is necessary to secure C's return is that of A's thirteen supporters eight (that is to say, a majority plus one) shall vote for C, and five for B. Even supposing that in the first instance B could have counted on a majority of A's supporters (seven to six), C's party have detached two of these by their votes at the first poll. This gives them the requisite majority, and they carry their man at the second poll by eighteen to seventeen.

I hope the Theosophist community will kindly understand that I have not the slightest intention of allowing the correspondence, now happily closed in the *Daily Chronicle*, to be resuscitated in the columns of TRUTH. I mention this to explain the non-appearance in print of several dozens of letters—mostly of inordinate length—with which I have been favoured by the votaries of Mesdames Blavatsky and Besant. I hope that this will not give offence. It is not that I love the Theosophists less, but that I love my other readers more. At the same time, I wish it to be understood that if a Mahatma will write to me—of course, in the orthodox way—I will guarantee his communication the fullest publicity.

In dismissing this subject, however, there is one thing that I should like to say. I asked some two or three weeks back this very simple question: Is there any other evidence for the truth of the Theosophic theory of the nature of Man and the Universe than the statements of sundry mysterious personages in Thibet, of whose very existence the world has no other proof than the word of the late H. P. Blavatsky? Although my observations have brought in some hundreds of folios of manuscript, no Theosophist has attempted to answer my query, with one exception. This one exceptional gentleman tells me (as far as I can understand him) that Theosophy must be true because it is "in accordance with justice." What

COACHING IN CLIFTON.—Mr. G. E. CRAWFORD, B.A. (of Paris and Cambridge), and Mr. C. H. ROOK, B.A. (Leipsic and Oxford), COACH for most EXAMS. Latest success, Sandh. (Inf.) 3rd.—Apply at WYKEHAM HOUSE for Record of two years' work.

does this mean? That things must be as Madame Blavatsky said they are because a certain number of soft-hearted (or soft-headed) people think it quite right and proper that things should be so. By the same rule I will undertake to show that the sun must move round the earth, and that in certain cases two and two will undoubtedly make five.

I see, by the way, that the Marquis of Queensberry has anticipated my difficulty. He wants evidence—not of Mahatma miracles, but in support of the Blavatsky-Besant theory of creation. His lordship, like Nicodemus, went to Mrs. Besant by night, after a lecture at St. James's Hall. So far from jumping at the chance of showing an agnostic the error of his ways, Mrs. Besant seems to have been very short with the searcher after truth. When the Marquis pressed his difficulties, "she showed no anxiety to continue the conversation." The spirit of scepticism is, I take it, as fatal to the acquisition of occult philosophy as it is to the working of occult powers. For this reason, I am not surprised to hear from one correspondent (who solemnly assures me that he knows what he is talking about) that I understand nothing of Theosophy. After reading several volumes of Blavatsky and all the speeches of Besant, I have come to the conclusion that I never shall.

The readers of the *Times* were treated to an exceptionally strong dose of Blowitz one day last week. In one sentence they were informed that if there could be an election of a new President of the French Republic at the present moment, and the Czar of Russia could stand, he would be sure of a majority of votes. A little further on they were invited to consider the humiliation of the Rothschilds at seeing "that a loan, which they intended to take at 86 or so, is now given away at 78 or 80." There has been nonsense enough talked in France of late over the Franco-Russian understanding, but, after all, no one can hold a candle in this line to Blowitz.

"Le Brav' Général."

Poseur till the very latest,
Humbug to the end,
Who can praise his sullied record,
Who his acts defend?
Still, his death condones in measure
His black traitorous past:
His own hand has one great service
Rendered France at last!

There is a good deal of exaggeration on both sides in the letters that are appearing in the *Times* on the liquor question. The normally healthy man is probably as well physically whether he abstains entirely from alcoholic beverages, or whether he uses them in moderation. The man whose vitality is below par, is probably the better from a moderate use. But alcohol, to be harmless, or in any instance to be beneficial, must be taken greatly diluted, unless it be used for a positive medicine. In this country, our alcoholic liquors are not sufficiently diluted. In gin-palaces, and in the domestic "brandy-and-soda," the spirits consumed in each potation is in excess. The results are, either that the consumer gets drunk, or he acquires a craving for spirits until he is not "comfortable" unless there be a perpetual action of alcohol on the coats of his stomach, which eventually alters adversely their condition.

I am a local optionist, because I consider that the liquor question is a local one, and consequently ought to be regulated by the majority in the locality. Personally, I have no prejudice in favour of alcohol, for I dislike the taste. But I should meet the prevalence of the habit of consuming excessive amounts of alcohol which prevails amongst us by "dilution." I would allow beverages containing so little alcohol that no amount taken of them could produce intoxication to be sold everywhere, on payment (if this be deemed advisable for fiscal purposes) of a tax by the vendor, and I would secure the genuineness of coffee by so amending the law that adulteration would be prohibited. I never yet saw a man drunk in a German or in an Italian village. Why? Not because Germans do not drink beer, and Italians do not drink wine; but because the alcohol in the beer and the wine is so diluted that it cannot produce intoxication. Even in German and Italian towns there are very few cases of intoxication, because, although strong spirits are drunk by some, the tendency of the majority is to prefer the diluted beverages.

German beer is made with an excess of hops. This gives it the bitter taste that is so much appreciated. It is pleasant to the taste, and it has an exhilarating effect. But I defy any one to get drunk on it, or even to approach to the verge of drunkenness, for the simple reason that the most extensive stomach cannot be distended beyond a certain point, and owing to the dilution, the utmost distension does not introduce into the system sufficient alcohol to produce drunkenness or any other ill effect. When local option becomes law, there ought to be two kinds of licences—one for the sale of alcoholic beverages producing intoxication; the other for the sale of those which cannot produce drunkenness. The locality should be allowed, if it pleases, to permit both, or to forbid the former and allow the latter; and if it adopts this second course, the sale ought to be allowed everywhere, for one great cause of abusive drinking with us is that in most of our liquor-shops only alcoholic liquor is sold.

I know and esteem Mr. Edward Dicey, although I cannot say that I think much of his political outpourings. But I cannot understand why Sir William Harcourt should be deemed guilty of criminal ignorance, because he confounded this gentleman with his brother, Professor Dicey. Possibly that is because I was almost more ignorant in this matter than Sir William. I had a vague notion that there was a Professor named Dicey, though who he was, or what he professed, I know no more than about the man in the moon. But it would seem from a letter in the *Times* of Saturday, that Sir William Harcourt was not only guilty of criminal

Be careful what you eat. Do not be half-poisoned by using Baking Powder adulterated with alum. Insist on having Borwick's, which is pure and wholesome, and the best that money can buy.

ignorance in not distinguishing between the political lucubrations of the two brothers, but that he has earned "the contempt and disgust" of all his old university companions, for speaking of "a man of the name of Dicey." Why? Is a Professor not a man, or is the name of this particular Professor not Dicey?

This singular touchiness is akin to that which is related of a "man of the name of Boswell." Sir John Hawkins had mentioned him in his Life of Dr. Johnson as Mr. James Boswell, of Auchinleck, on which "the man" called on Sir John, and complained of the manner in which he was enrolled amongst Johnson's friends. He found it difficult to define his grievance, and repeated again and again, "Mr. James Boswell—surely—surely, Mr. James Boswell." On which Sir John said, "I know, Mr. Boswell, what you mean; you would have me say that Johnson undertook the Scotch tour with The Boswell." Unfortunately, however, Sir William Harcourt could not make this emendation, for where there are two brothers, both distinguished in literature, and both afflicted with the same political heresies, it would be invidious to call one "The Dicey," as this might be deemed a reflection on the other.

The agent to Mr. Arthur Arnold made an application the other day to the Rector of Melbury Abbas for the use of the parish school-room for a Liberal meeting. This was the answer received on the back of a postcard:—

Melbury Rectory, October 1, 1891.

Dear Sir,—We are all *Conservatives here to a man*, and I have no authority to let the school-room for *Liberal* meetings.—Yours truly, Henry Carver.

The first statement can hardly be true, but if it were, it furnishes no reason why a Liberal candidate should not have the use of the school-room—rather the contrary, I should have thought. But the incident shows once more the necessity of placing village school-rooms under the control of those who will not only have authority to let them for any bonâ-fide public purpose, but who will be amenable to correction if they attempt to abuse their authority for partisan or sectarian ends.

Another Dorsetshire parson—the Vicar of Iwerne Minster—recently refused, I understand, to conduct a service in the parish church on the occasion of a number of local branches of Oddfellows holding a "Hospital Sunday" celebration. The Oddfellows did not suffer much by this proceeding, for the local Baptist Minister stepped into the gap, and conducted a service in Lord Wolverton's Park, which had been lent for the occasion. I trust that the Oddfellows drew the proper lesson from this instructive episode.

Sir Robert Gordon, of Letterfourie, has made himself very obnoxious to the fishermen of Buckpool by announcing that boats must not in future be drawn up for the winter months on the beach of the harbour at that port. The fishermen, who are reasonably indignant at this preposterous prohibition, appealed to Mr. Maltman Barry, the Tory candidate for Banffshire, for his opinion whether Sir Robert Gordon is acting within his legal rights, and that gentleman has replied in a long and very elaborate dissertation, which has been received with general derision and contempt. Mr. Maltman Barry's "inquiries and investigation" have led him to conclude that neither Sir Robert Gordon nor any other person has any right to prevent the fishermen from drawing up their boats on the beach of Buckpool Harbour, and he is fortified in this opinion by "the very highest authority," so he "deliberately advises" the applicants to ignore the prohibition. If Mr. Maltman Barry had there stopped, all would have been well, but he must needs go on to warn the fishermen that "they must not draw their boats above the present high-water mark." This unlucky addition has decisively settled Mr. Maltman Barry's very small chance of winning the seat for Banffshire, as it is manifestly based upon the most intense ignorance, for, as a Liberal journal observes, "who but a London Cockney would imagine that the fishermen would want to leave their boats lying all the winter on the beach below high-water mark"! Of course, the first spring-tide would carry all the boats away, or knock them to pieces against the beach.

A disgracefully fraudulent attempt to manufacture Tory votes was exposed in the Registration Court for North Dorset at Sherborne. Claims to be registered were made on behalf of the sons of certain farmers on the estate of Mr. J. K. D. Wingfield Digby—who is, I believe, the accepted Conservative candidate for the division. The ground of the claims was that the sons were joint occupiers with their fathers. When the first claim was reached, it was objected to on behalf of the Liberals, but a receipt for rent was produced, signed by the estate agent, and made out in favour of "—— and Son," and this the Revising Barrister held to be conclusive. On a similar receipt being produced, however, in the next case, the Liberal agent detected a variation in the ink in which the words "and Son" were written. The estate agent was then called, and admitted that he had added these words only a month ago, the receipts having been returned to him for the purpose. Upon this the claim was disallowed, which can only mean that in the opinion of the Revising Barrister the claimant was not a joint occupier; which, again, can only mean that the receipts were manufactured for the purpose of constructing a fraudulent claim.

The most extraordinary feature, however, in this case was that on application being made, after this exposure, to reopen the first case, previously disposed of, the Revising Barrister declined to allow that to be done, insisting that he had given his decision and could not recall it. Unless I misunderstand the report of the proceedings, the admission of the estate agent applied equally to both cases. If so, the first "son" has been registered as a voter on a claim proved in Court to be purely fictitious. That the Court should be unable to recall its decision under such circumstances, is such a

China and Glass.—Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

monstrous proposition that I decline to believe it until it is endorsed by higher authority. The attitude and decisions of this Barrister (Mr. Hugh Neville) have, however, I understand, caused great and general dissatisfaction to the Liberals in all his Courts, and I trust that no opportunity will be lost of appealing against his rulings.

In a Revision Court, held at Berkeley, the Hon. E. O. Gifford, a nephew of Lord Fitzhardinge, claimed to be put on the list as a lodger occupying a room on the first-floor of Berkeley Castle, at the rent of 6s. a week. I wonder whether furnished apartments really are to be had at Berkeley Castle, and whether Lord Fitzhardinge really does insist on his nephew paying for his bedroom in the family mansion; or whether the whole arrangement is nothing but a "colourable" transaction for the purpose of manufacturing a faggot-vote?

The paragraph published by me last week on the shortcomings of the Telegraph Department of the General Post Office has caused me to be inundated with correspondence on the subject. Many of my correspondents suggest that the lady whose telegram took only three hours to go from Worcester Park, Surrey, to Sloane-street should consider herself very fortunate. In fact, one gentleman writes to tell me of a telegram despatched from Regent-street at 1 p.m. which was not delivered in Tower-street, Waterloo-road, until after 9 p.m., so that it was actually more than eight hours on the road. This, let me hope, is what the sportsmen call a best—or, rather, in this case one ought surely to say a worst—on record! And yet, beyond the usual official circular, which we all know too well, saying that his complaint would receive attention, the gentleman who sent it has heard nothing since from the G.P.O., though the department has now had about a fortnight for inquiry.

Now, I am quite aware that the new Postmaster-General is a very much occupied man. But I none the less feel constrained to again ask him to give this matter of delay in the delivery of telegrams his immediate and serious attention. When it takes over eight hours to send a telegram from Regent-street to the Waterloo-road it is obviously high time that something was done, and I hope Sir James will justify Lord Salisbury's appointment by showing that he is determined to do it.

Since writing the above paragraph I have received a letter which seems to throw some light on the ever-increasing prevalence of complaints as to the delay in the delivery of telegrams, for my correspondent has managed to obtain the following important admission from the Post Office—viz., that the counter clerk at a post office has a discretionary power to retain telegrams until he has what he considers a sufficient supply for the messenger to take out for delivery. From his prolonged correspondence with the postal authorities my informant also deduces the facts that all complaints are *ab initio* treated as frivolous by the authorities, and that the denial of an official (who is naturally trying to shield himself from blame) is accepted as conclusive against any charge, however strongly supported by collateral evidence. To have obtained even this amount of not very reassuring information is something, and I must congratulate "Kensingtoniensis" that his correspondence with St. Martins-le-Grand, commenced last June, and abandoned by him in despair in September, has not been like that of too many other postal victims, wholly purposeless and abortive.

A correspondent writes as follows:—

On the day that the appointment of Mr. J. W. Lowther as the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was announced, I chanced to visit a music hall and heard a song which, with a little alteration, seemed to suit the situation so exactly that I have ventured to send you a new version of it. Of course, Mr. J. W. Lowther himself is supposed to be the singer:—

"Minding it for Uncle."

My uncle's given me a post;
Though every one declares
That I can little know at most
About F.O. affairs.
But that is what you might expect,
As I can quickly show;
The post I hold is in effect
Not mine at all—oh, no!—

Chorus.

I'm minding it for Uncle,
Minding it for Uncle
It's only tit for tat, you see,
I'm minding it for Uncle.
Minding it for Uncle,
Who has so kindly "minded" me!

Of course, he'll let me draw the pay,
But he the chance will seize
To always tell me what to say,
In answer to M.P.'s.
For me to in my office shine
Would do no sort of good,
For, though it's nominally mine,
It's quite well understood—

Chorus.

That I'm minding it for Uncle,
Minding it for Uncle,
It's only *quid pro quo*, you see,
I'm minding it for Uncle,
Minding it for Uncle,
Who has so kindly "minded" me!

Mr. James Lowther is a fair speaker, and in answering questions concerning the Charity Commission acquitted himself well. This Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs is the blue ribbon of these posts, and I make no doubt that the appointment has filled the hearts of the other Under Secretaries, and of the minor Treasury fry, with hatred, envy, and all uncharitableness. They should, however, remember that, with Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, the spokesman for the Foreign Office in the House of Commons is necessarily a nonentity. If a question be asked, he has to read the

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reply of his noble friend, as Sir John Gorst would put it; if supplementary questions are put, he has to avoid giving any intelligible reply; and if he be called upon to make a speech on foreign affairs, he must abound in phrases which mean nothing and which are intended to mean nothing. In all this Sir James Fergusson was a past-master. I have myself asked him frequently for information. I never got any. Sir James would deal out flowing but vague generalities by the yard. If Mr. James Lowther wishes to gain the approval of his uncle, I would advise him to study the replies and speeches of his predecessor, and to model his style upon them.

I read Mr. Gladstone's speech at Newcastle, and I thought it a very clear exposition of the aims and aspirations of the Liberal party. But, then, I read my *Times*, and I discovered that I was all wrong, for "Mr. Gladstone," observes that authority in its comments on the speech, "has fallen frequently far below the great reputation he once made for himself, and even below the ordinary standard of British Prime Ministers." But he has never abdicated so completely the functions of a great political leader, or sunk so absolutely to the position of mouthpiece to the political machine." This means that leader and followers are in unison—a fact which, if party is to be anything beyond an attempt on the part of superior persons to trick their followers into supporting them by false pretences, is a most desirable consummation. The criticism of the *Times*, in truth, accentuates the distinction between Tories and Liberals. The creed of the Tory is that the people are so ignorant that they ought to select some individual to rule over them, and blindly to obey his behests; the creed of the Liberal Party is, that the people are themselves to rule, and that, with this object in view, their leader must be a man who thinks alike with them on public matters. Lord Salisbury is the outcome of the Tory creed; Mr. Gladstone is the outcome of the Liberal creed, and the real issue at the next General Election will be which creed is to prevail.

According to the *Times*, Mr. Gladstone's chief crime at Newcastle was that he "flung responsibility to the winds by expressing a wish that Lord Salisbury should evacuate Egypt." We went there for a temporary object, and we pledged our honour that our occupation should be temporary. Our occupation has cost us vast sums of money. It has been a cause of embarrassment to us in our relations with foreign Powers. By converting it into a permanent occupation, we are false to our plighted word. In case of war with any great maritime Power, it is admitted that we could not use the Canal for either military or for commercial purposes. The only persons who have gained by our occupation have been usurers and loanmongers, and they are the only people likely to gain by its prolongation. I rejoice, therefore, at Mr. Gladstone's words, for they show that when he replaces Lord Salisbury, he will act upon them. Prepare, therefore, O *Times*, your moans, your curses, and your diatribes! Have your letters ready written, all you, who periodically prove, to your own satisfaction, that to give up Egypt is equivalent to giving up the Isle of Wight. Lay in a stock of tears, O Jingoes! Wail and gnash your teeth, all you who thought that your fingers were to remain for ever in the Egyptian flesh-pots!

There is great discontent in Italy owing to the "re-assessments." A commune or a town is assessed for a certain amount by the central authority, and Imperial and local taxes are collected together. The Government has raised the assessments of the towns and communes, and they have raised those of the taxpayers within their respective confines. Thus each person finds his house or his income estimated at far more than it really is worth. Taxation, in fact, in Italy has reached its extreme limit, and it is crippling business. I do not think that it is an exaggeration to say that, in one way or another, every man has to pay the State one-third of his income. And yet there is not the slightest probability of this enormous burthen, coupled with a few cheese-paring economies that have been inaugurated by the present Ministry, making both ends meet. This is the price that Italy is paying for the honour of belonging to the Triple Alliance. As one of the allies, she has to maintain an army of 260,000 men, whereas an army of one-third of that number would be amply sufficient for her resources. The end of all this is clear—it spells bankruptcy. Between Argentine and Italian Government securities there will soon be very little to choose, unless Italy consents to cut her coat according to her cloth. There is a floating debt of about £40,000,000, most of this sum being due to railroad and other Companies for works partly executed, but which are now at a standstill. I understand that overtures have been made by German financiers to issue a new loan for this amount—at a price.

SCRUTATOR.

THE *BRITANNIA* SCANDAL.

THE statements which have appeared in the press during the last week are far from doing justice to the state of things which has just been brought to light on board the training-ship *Britannia*. This will be seen from the following facts, which, in accordance with the intimation conveyed in last week's TRUTH, I am now enabled to give from an independent source. But it must be understood at the outset that only a very superficial and perfunctory investigation has as yet taken place, dealing solely with specific complaints made against cadets now in the ship. Black, therefore, though the facts at present ascertained undoubtedly are, it is by no means improbable that further inquiry will disclose yet darker abominations.

The cadets returned to the *Britannia* after their holidays on September 5, there being sixty-one new boys. Within a fortnight a senior cadet—I shall refrain for the present from mentioning any names, in order to avoid all risk of

Cooks are often called upon to provide sweet dishes of custards and blanc-manges at short notice. As a useful guide to the ready preparation of many choice dishes and delicious custards without eggs at half the cost and half the trouble, our readers should write to Alfred Bird & Sons, Birmingham, for a free copy of their little book entitled "Pastry and Sweets." There is nothing to pay; a post-card will bring it by return free.

doing injustice to the boys implicated—was caught in the act of bullying a new boy. He was surrounded by certain of his contemporaries, and it appeared on investigation that the gang were formally meting out punishment to an offender who had been summoned before them to answer for disobedience to some of their orders. In due course the ringleader of this amiable band received a caning, and his colleagues minor punishments. The incident, however, appears to have emboldened other new boys to complain to their parents. By this means the attention of the authorities was called to the existence of the abominable system which is euphemistically called "fagging for money," but which is, in plain English, robbery with violence—the "fagging" consisting of nothing more or less than compelling the junior boys to stand and deliver all their available cash to their seniors. With the information furnished him by parents, Captain Digby was enabled to prove this offence against three senior cadets. I understand that one of these cases only has been reported to the Admiralty, but why this distinction should be made between the offenders I am at a loss to understand.

The next step, therefore, rests with the Admiralty, and I apprehend that there will be no difference of opinion as to what that step ought to be. It is a moral certainty that the three cases of blackmailing now brought to light in no way represent the whole scope of the evil. The first necessity of the situation is a genuine and exhaustive investigation into the whole system of bullying and fagging on board the *Britannia*. The evil, as the authorities know, or ought to know, has been steadily growing for years. Robbing the junior boys of their money is not even a recent development. It is a tradition of the place, and perhaps not the most objectionable incident in the system of cruelty and tyranny which has made this ship a perfect hell for generation after generation of junior cadets. In support of these assertions I ask attention to the following statement of a naval officer, well known to me, who has himself been through the mill:—

The *Britannia* was removed from Portsmouth to Dartmouth in 1869, and, from what I have heard, the "fagging" system must at that time have been more or less established; but I know from personal experience that it was in full swing early in the seventies. In 1875 the younger lads were frequently robbed of their pocket-money, sometimes openly, sometimes by means of bogus raffles got up by the senior cadets. Two youths were publicly birched for this offence in 1876. In the following year the public—though abortive—inquiry in the Lloyd case partially opened the eyes of the country to the bad moral tone prevailing in the ship. Inquiries that I have made show that the same state of things has existed without a check down to the present time.

The so-called "fagging" differs widely from what is understood by that term at the public schools. For the most part it is mere brutal tyranny, rendered all the worse by the fact that the boys are so much of an age, for the new-comer is "fagged" by the fourth-term cadet right up to his third term. I will give a few examples of the commoner forms of bullying. Every cadet carries a bunch of keys, and a favourite form of torture is to squeeze the fingers of the younger boy between two large keys. The reader may easily satisfy himself that the slightest pressure thus applied produces intense pain. Another "punishment" is that of beating the hands with a bunch of keys attached to a lanyard. This is less common, but even more painful. A few years ago—I believe it is so still—the seniors were accustomed to carry what was called a "togey," a knotted rope, short enough to be carried in the pocket, but used upon luckless juniors at every opportunity. Again, the youngsters are frequently sent to rob orchards, and, when discovered, they, of course, take the punishment upon themselves, not daring to admit that they have been "fagged" to this particular task. I could quote a dozen instances of similar petty oppression. This does not, as a rule, take place on board the ship, where the youngsters are, comparatively speaking, at ease, being separated from their seniors as far as possible. But the cadets are landed *en masse* for several hours daily, during which time the authorities cease to exercise any check over bullying, and then it is that all forms of "fagging" are practised without interference.

Publicly and officially, the authorities may profess ignorance of this state of things; privately, they cannot and do not. Over and over again isolated cases have come to light which afforded unmistakable evidence of what was going on. In such cases punishment has followed; but there the matter has dropped. The fault is that no practical effort has ever been made to dig up the evil by the roots.

That is the effort which must be made now, and which I think the public will insist upon seeing made. In order that it may be made with some prospect of success, it is desirable to bear in mind what happened in 1877, on the occasion of the abortive inquiry referred to by my correspondent. In that year a cadet named Lloyd was dismissed from the ship for failing to pass his examinations. He complained to his father that study had been rendered impossible to him by the brutal treatment he received from the senior cadets. The Admiralty refused the father's request that his son might be allowed another chance. Mr. Lloyd then got the case taken up in Parliament, and the Admiralty were compelled to institute an inquiry, which was presided over by Admiral Sir George Willes. No attempt was made, however, to guard against intimidation, or to induce the juniors to speak the truth, and the latter, standing far more in awe of their oppressors than of the authorities above, denied that any serious bullying had prevailed. Everybody with any personal experience of cadets' life on the *Britainna* knew this inquiry to be a farce, but the result of it was that Mr. Lloyd's statements were officially declared to be unfounded, and the management of the ship was whitewashed. It is necessary to guard against any such miscarriage in the present case; and as one practical step towards that end, I would suggest that the inquiry should not be confined to the present state of the ship, but that the testimony should be obtained of as many officers as possible who have passed through the ship within recent years.

We are spending annually an enormous sum upon the *Britannia*. To put the matter on the lowest ground, it is a fraud upon the taxpayer that in such an institution scandals and abuses should flourish unchecked which would be accounted disgraceful in a third-rate private school. But the gravamen of the present indictment lies in this: These training-ships are the nurseries in which are to be reared the men who will hereafter command our ships and our sailors in peace and war. What type of naval hero can we expect to develop from the blackmailing young thieves and bullies of the *Britannia?* Are they likely to be brave and self-respecting gentlemen, loyal to their country, and considerate to those under their authority? Or will they rather turn out self-seeking cads and quarter-deck tyrants—the curse of their subordinates and of the service? Let the reader bear in mind certain incidents in recent naval history—the *Egeria* mutiny, for instance—to which prominence has been given in Truth. There he will see, I think, why the state of things now existing on the *Britannia* calls for prompt and vigorous remedies.

The Second Article on the "Black-coated Working Man is unavoidably postponed in consequence of pressure upon space.

GOSPEL AND GUNBOATS.

The newspapers continue to print more or less circumstantial statements as to negotiations among the European Powers for protecting their subjects in China. That foreigners residing in China for the transaction of the ordinary business of life should receive every protection that their respective Governments can give them, is perfectly right and proper. There appears, however, to be substantial evidence, as already noticed in TRUTH, that the recent outbreak in China has been directed primarily against the missionaries, if it has not been immediately provoked by them; and, before anything like force is used, or threatened, for the defence of this class of British subjects, we ought to consider very carefully the footing upon which they stand in China. In the case of any heathen people, the evangelist who goes among them for the purpose of inducing them to forsake their false gods, stands obviously upon a different footing from a mere merchant or traveller. In the first place, he goes with the knowledge that he will offend deeply-rooted prejudices, and that the hostility which he will thus excite is extremely likely to involve him in personal danger. In the second, the gospel which he preaches is, before all things, the Gospel of Peace, and to preach it with a threat of armed force in the background involves an inconsistency which must be fatal to the honest conversion of even the thickest-headed among the children of darkness.

This reasoning applies to the missionary everywhere. But in the case of the China missions there are special considerations. I have already referred to the remarkable article of an educated Chinese gentleman upon this subject, recently published in the *North China Herald*, under the title, "*Defensio Populi ad Populos*;" but, in view of the importance which the question threatens to assume, I think it worth while to make a few quotations from it at length. The writer—who has been, I understand, educated in this country, and has graduated at one of the Scotch Universities—deals with three justifications for the presence of Christian missionaries in China: (1) that they conduce to the moral elevation of the people; or (2) their intellectual enlightenment; and (3) the works of charity on which the missionaries are engaged. On the first head he says:—

> I appeal to every foreigner who is at all acquainted with the minds of the best and most educated Chinese to say whether such can be converted, whether the very foundation of their national faith and culture can bear such a superstructure as the forms of Christianity which the missionaries bring into China. Is it not, I say, on the contrary, an open secret that it is only the worst, the weak, the ignorant, the needy, and the vicious among the Chinese who have been, or could be, what the missionaries call converted? If any one should think that this is too strong a statement, I challenge him to show me that the missionary converts are, as a class, not to say morally higher, but even as educated and as good and useful citizens as those of the Chinese who have not been converted? . . . . I appeal, therefore, to every foreigner in China who has any opportunity of judging, . . . whether the carrying out of this part of the programme, namely to make the Chinese by evangelising morally better and nobler, has not turned out to be a miserable failure.

It so happens that this appeal has been unconsciously answered to a most surprising degree in these columns. I have lately given publicity to large numbers of letters—and within the last month I have received many more—showing that among the European residents in China the average mission convert is regarded with every bit as much contempt and suspicion as he is by those of his own countrymen who adhere to their old gods. With regard to the intellectual enlightenment that the missionary is capable of affording, the writer continues:—

> No doubt the Protestant missionary has lately taken a great deal to what he calls science and scientific teaching. He can, no doubt, tell his native pupils that the Mandarins are foolish to make a fuss about the eclipse of the moon, but will he not, in the very next hour, have to tell the same pupils that the sun and moon *did* stand still at the bidding of the Hebrew General, Joshua, and that the book in which this true fact is recorded is a holy book, written at the dictation of the All-wise Author of the universe? Now, I appeal to every one who has the cause of intellectual enlightenment at heart to say whether anything can be more anti-scientific than this—to call it by no harsher name—intellectual jugglery. . . . . Is it not against this same intellectual jugglery that all the great emancipators of the human spirit in Europe have fought and are fighting to this very day? . . . .
>
> So far, then, is it from being true that the missionary enterprise in China is an intellectual movement, any one who will take the trouble to look into that mass of impenetrable darkness that goes under the name of missionary publications in China, can easily convince himself that it is this mass of darkness that really makes the educated Chinese intellectually despise the foreigner, and when the educated Chinese sees this mass of darkness is being thrust upon the people with all the arrogant and aggressive pretentiousness of the missionaries on the one hand, and by the threat of gun-boats on the part of the Foreign Governments on the other hand, it makes him hate the foreigners with a hatred which only those can feel who see that all which they hold as the highest and most sacred as belonging to them as a race and nation, their light, their culture, and their literary refinement, are in danger of being irreparably destroyed and defaced. This, let me say here, is the root of the hatred of foreigners among the educated Chinese.

It is the gist of the grievance against the Chinese Government that it will not keep "the mob" in order. But the foregoing extract indicates that bitterness against the missionaries is not confined to the mob, but may be strongest in the most cultured and influential ranks of Chinese society. With regard to the claims of the missions as being centres of purely charitable work, it so happens that among the more recent letters with which I have been favoured on this subject, is one enclosing an expression by a Chinese gentleman of his appreciation of and gratitude for the admirable works done at the two Hospitals in connection with the Wesleyan Mission at Hankow. I have no doubt that in this direction Christianity shows to better advantage in China than in any other. But even here the work is open to very just criticism, as will be seen from the following further extract from the same article:—

> If the Christian missions in China are to be but a mere scheme of charity, let it be proved that, as a charity, it is worth its cost. No doubt the Protestant hospital and Catholic orphanage are the means of doing good to a number of individual Chinese. But can it be shown that even this amount of good is an adequate compensation for the outlay in money alone, apart from other considerations, which the people, through their Government, have had to pay for the special protection and indemnification of the missionaries in China? Let me ask, again, whether the work actually done is worth the enormous sums of money which the missionaries are so loud in proclaiming that they, forsooth, are spending every year for the benefit of Chinese? Let it be shown, I say, how much of the millions which the people in Europe and America subscribe for the support of the missions, goes actually to the alleviating of Chinese suffering, and how much of it goes to the maintenance of the missionaries and their wives, to the building of their fine houses and sanitoriums, to the cost of postage and paper for their voluminous letter-writing, and to the holding of their conferences and other fads. Considered, therefore, as a mere scheme of charity, I ask, is it not an open secret known to every disinterested foreigner in China that the whole missionary enterprise in China is but a huge scheme of charity for the benefit of unemployed professional persons from Europe and America?

There is a vast deal more in the article, but I can only make room for one more extract. It contains what, when we come to the question of forcing the Chinese Govern-

MINTON'S (Limited).—MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

ment to admit and protect missionaries, is perhaps the weightiest reflection of all :—

> I will now prove that the present support of the missionary enterprise in China by the foreign Governments is both an insult to the Chinese nation and an injury to their interests. I say it is an insult to the nation because, when the high Chinese officials, who now employ a large staff of technical and educated foreigners in their service, see that even these men do not believe in what the missionaries say, what must they think to see the foreign Governments still back up these missionaries as religious teachers sent to raise the morality of the people? I say, further, it is an insult, because while the Consuls are seen ordering up gunboats for the support of the mission cause, the coolies in their consulates know that the missionaries, as a body, are not looked up to by the better class of foreigners as their moral teachers.

I do not see how anybody professing and calling himself a Liberal can refuse his sympathy to the Chinese Government and people under such circumstances.

Among other recent communications on the missionary question, I have received from an English lady of high position in the Colonies—who, however, does not permit me to use her name—some extremely practical observations, founded on what she has seen of the distinctions between mission work in different countries. She divides missions into three classes, in each of which the value of the desired "conversion" varies, as does also the difficulty of the work, and the character of the missionary desired. This is the classification :—

> I. Missions to savages, who need civilisation almost as much as Christianity. Here, earnest and practical, but not necessarily highly-educated, men are required as missionaries.
>
> II. Missions in countries like India, where the upper classes are civilised and often highly educated, and possess at the same time ancient religions, originally, perhaps, pure in morals and philosophy, but often corrupted by age, and, among the masses of the people, debased into mere superstition. Here, highly-educated men and acute logicians are above all things necessary.
>
> III. Missions in Eastern Europe, Asia Minor, and adjacent countries, where the populations are either Mohammedan or members of ancient Christian Churches; here the men who can effect any practical good have yet to be discovered.

The Chinese may perhaps be classed in the second of these categories, or perhaps in the third—which I take to include the Mohammedans, the Jews, the Buddhists, and any other people who can honestly feel that they stand on as high a moral level as the Christians who come to preach to them. The Chinese are proud of their traditions, of their learning, and of their ancient civilisation. They see a number of missionaries—generally speaking, of inferior endowments, and of intelligence about on a par with some curate in an English parish—treating them with contumely and contempt, and endeavouring to convert them to a new faith. They find these men regard their calling as a profession, living in fine houses faring sumptuously, and making things comfortable for their families. Their feeling towards them is probably what ours would be if some disciples of Confucius were to be sent over to convert us, and were well lodged in England, with comfortable salaries. Whether China will ever be converted to Christianity I do not know; but if ever it is done, it will be by men and measures very different from these. I remain of the opinion which I have already expressed—that the only plan likely to succeed is that of the Salvation Army, and, I may add, that of the first Christian Evangelists. The missionaries should be given nothing but the barest means of subsistence. They should take no money in their purse, and certainly nothing in the nature of "scrip." They should leave their wives and their families at home, and they should give up their homes and their fleshpots. Their calling should be one of sacrifice, and not be regarded by them as a business. Above all things, they should avoid all arrogance, and should not, if they are persecuted, whimper for gunboats and troops to defend them, but rather accept persecution and ill-treatment without either repining or retaliating. I can conceive nothing more opposed to the spirit of Christianity, and nothing more discreditable to a strong nation dealing with a weak one, than that armed force should be used to compel the admission of these evangelists to a country which objects to their presence, or to avenge any ill-treatment which may result from their admission on such terms. Lovely, indeed, to the eyes of the Chinese must be the messengers who preach them the Gospel of Peace, when their very presence in the country is a standing memorial that China cannot hold her own against the fleets and armies of Christian Powers—when every Chinaman knows that the least outbreak of mob violence against these sacred intruders will be the signal for a humiliating demonstration of superior force, for the forced levying of indemnities on innocent parties, possibly even for bombardment and bloodshed and all the horrors of war. If only for the sake of Christianity, it is time that we realised what Christianity on these conditions looks like from the Chinese point of view.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

"Hark! hark! the dogs do bark! the players are coming to town!" Mostly in silken gowns, of course, for the days of "rags and tags" are long since departed. True it is that Mr. Irving and Mr. Hare remain away in the country this glorious "fall," as fine an October as America ever saw, but, then, in their absence they are fairly represented at the Garrick by the young folks at "School;" at the Lyceum by Mr. Augustin Daly and the incomparable Ada Rehan. And now both George Alexander and Beerbohm Tree have arrived home again with old plays and new friends, though notwithstanding the encouragement given to a well-balanced and carefully-selected company, it seems impossible for any manager, however liberal, to keep his little family together for long. For instance, take the case of the St. James's Theatre and "The Idler," recently revived. Is it possible to imagine a theatre better suited to the style and manner and peculiar talent of Miss Maude Millett than Mr. George Alexander's theatre in King-street? If we are to have modern plays, and faithful examples of modern girls, with all their wilfulness, and charm, and idiosyncrasy, how can we have them at their best without a temperament like that of Maude Millett? No one can have seen this charming actress in Mr. Carton's "Sunshine and Shadow," or in Haddon Chambers' "Idler," without being convinced that with Maude Millett we had exactly the right girl in the right place. But what follows? To be one brick in a carefully-constructed edifice does not suit the modern successful actress who is the lioness of the photographer's shop. She wants to be the whole arch, keystone and all. So Maude Millett goes starring on her own account, never believing for an instant that a clever girl may be invaluable in the rank-and-file, but comparatively valueless as a star. It is no idle compliment to say that Miss

Maude Millett is missed in 'The Idler." She is missed, for the character fitted her like a glove. It suited her as well, as it suits her successor ill. Miss Millett is as incapable of attacking serious drama, bold, defiant, showy work, as Miss Lily Hanbury is unable to force her imposing style into the narrow limits of an *ingénue*. It is the play that suffers. Again, there is no actress of to-day who could play Mrs. Cross as well—or nearly so well—as Lady Monckton. She is charming. The mother of a handsome boy in the play, she has still the vivacity of a woman of the world, the coquettish grace of the intellectual married woman, the infinite tenderness of the mother. Having seen the play as originally acted and now, it would not be too much to say that, to the manager and to the play as conceived by the author, such artistes as Maude Millett and Lady Monckton are relatively as necessary as is Miss Marion Terry. And yet Lady Monckton, so necessary in King-street, not only for this play, but for plays to come, becomes restless, and waltzes off to do better still—no doubt she will—in the new play by Henry Arthur Jones now rehearsing at the Avenue. This is a free country, and actresses, like other people, can do as they like; but still it is rather "hard lines" for the manager who wants to put the best eleven into the field. A well-selected company is not unlike a side at cricket. The match is not won alone by the presence of a W. G. Grace or an A. G. Steel, or a Macgregor. You must play one man for his batting, another for his bowling, a third for his wicket-keeping, a fourth for his fielding. It is the combination that succeeds more than the individual. The loss of Mr. Mason, the American, in "The Idler" could not be helped. He had to go home, and America has sent in his place a very fair representative in Mr. Wilton Lackage, who, without quite the style of his predecessor, is still a very able substitute.

Meanwhile, Mr. George Alexander, who has improved more as an actor in style and thoughtfulness than any one of his standing on the stage; Miss Marion Terry, surely the best of the emotional and purely womanly actresses of the day; and Mr. Herbert Waring, an actor who invariably uses his brains, which are invariably better than beauty in man or woman, are loyal to the play that they have made famous. The pity of it is that there should be so many deserters from the standard. The roving and restless system cuts two ways. It may or may not benefit the artist financially, and there are reasonable doubts on that score; it certainly prevents a manager from sustaining a high, all-round standard. In the old days the success of the classic comedian at the Haymarket under Buckstone and the success of the Robertson plays under the Bancrofts was not made by chopping and changing, but by actors and actresses working together and sticking to their posts.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his clever company, after a very successful tour in the country, have returned safe, sound, well, happy, and some of them married and settled, to the Haymarket. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry have followed the example of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and have entered into the holy bonds of matrimony whilst on tour. In fact, history repeats itself, for the Kendals did exactly the same thing while touring years ago with the Buckstone Haymarket Company. They slipped off to church, and came back to perform Orlando and Rosalind at Manchester. The Terrys came by train to London, had an interview with a Registrar for marriages, and went back to resume their official duties as Drusilla Ives and John Christison. This doubtless interesting fact to the many admirers of Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson, will add to the interest of the revival of "The Dancing Girl." Mr. Tree as the Duke of Guisebury is still incomparable—the very man for the part. Art has also able—very able—representatives in Mr. Fernandez, Miss Rose Leclercq, and Mr. Fred Kerr, and her innumerable admirers will be delighted to know that Miss Rose Norreys has returned to the Haymarket to give once more her pretty and pathetic personation of the little lame girl. But Mr. Beerbohm Tree has whetted the critical appetite with promises of "Hamlet." We are always ready for a new "Hamlet," a character ever old and ever new, the character that every actor of conspicuous intelligence must play sooner or later. There are playgoers still living who have seen Charles Kemble, Charles Young, William Charles Macready, Samuel Phelps, G. V. Brooks, Charles Dillon, Barry Sullivan, Charles Fechter, Henry Irving, and Wilson Barrett. But they will one and all be just as anxious to see the Hamlet of Beerbohm Tree. No Hamlet is ever the best. The ideal is never reached. For my own part, one of the best Hamlets I ever saw was a young printer's apprentice at a "get-up" arranged by his companions in a room in the neighbourhood of Fetter-lane. I have forgotten the youth's name, but I remember the circumstance perfectly. But it was many a year ago.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

BOULANGER'S SORCERESS.

THE first time I heard of the ill-starred General Boulanger was at Bordeaux in 1871. A balloon-post from Paris had brought there the news of a meeting of the Mayors of Paris and of the Colonels of poor Trochu's army at the Ministry of Public Instruction, under the presidency of Jules Simon. Tirard, so often since a Cabinet Minister, and Clémenceau, who has never had that honour, though one of the most brilliant Frenchmen of our time, were among the Mayors. They and the Colonels were convened to give their opinion on a mad notion, aired in the clubs and papers, of a *sortie en masse*, in which garrison, National Guard, and women and children were to join. If the women and children were slaughtered the idea was that the Prussians would be eternally execrated. The Government attended this meeting—held, I often suspect, to frighten the Parisians into quiet surrender. The Mayors were first asked to opine, and they referred the matter in hand to the Colonels, who were to say what they thought, beginning with the youngest and ending with the oldest. The first to speak was thirty-three years old, and still, though he had been in the Buzenval sortie, suffering from a shoulder-blade wound received in

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London, 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

the Ducrot sortie to Champigny. His name was Boulanger. It may seem now incredible that he should have spoken like a man of sense, and that at a time when madness was an epidemic. The question put was: "Seeing there is only food enough to last to the end of January, do you think it advisable for the whole population and military forces to make a torrential sortie?" He answered that it would be a flock of sheep and lambs rushing on a greater one of wolves. Personally, he thought every officer or soldier, taken singly, was ready to face death. But, taken as a whole, the army was dejected, tired, and in a state that might in a sortie lead to collective panic. Small and harassing sorties at an early period would have been good. But the time had passed for making them. Further action was useless.

When the report was brought to Bordeaux, stress was laid by those who wanted Gambetta to give in, on the opinion of this young Colonel who was in the habit of covering himself with glory. I recollect the then Dictator going about to inquire who Boulanger was, and I myself inquired for him, and learned that he was brave to a foolhardy degree, and had been wounded in Algeria, the Crimea, Italy, and Cochin China.

Gambetta, when he became the omnipotent statesman at the Palais Bourbon, remembered the young Colonel, and patronised him. He selected him to represent France at the Yorktown Centenary, and to go to Canada to revive the old ties of sympathy with France. Boulanger, he said, was a man to please women, and, being showy and young (for a General), to figure well at banquets. The mission was accomplished with *brio*. Tenor singers who were then starring it in the United States were jealous of the brilliant French General, whose head got turned in America, and never recovered its balance. A craving for excitement took hold of him and disabled him for the irksome round of military life in a provincial garrison town. English naval officers who want promotion must hang their hammocks at the Admiralty. French military officers had eleven years ago small chance of being promoted unless they had their *entrées* to the Palais Bourbon. Boulanger knew this and courted Gambetta. He was sent to Tunis to command the French troops there, and with secret instructions to stand no nonsense from the Italians, but make them feel that France was going to keep the country. A brawl in the theatre gave him an opportunity to do this. It was caused by Italian actresses kissing on the stage and holding to their hearts bouquets thrown them by their own compatriots, but kicking scornfully aside those flung by French officers. Boulanger issued a proclamation in which he told his officers that, if threatened by *bravi*, they were not to keep their swords in their scabbards until knives were drawn. This threw a flood of oil on fire. King Humbert flared up. The Italian Minister at Paris asked for an explanation. Boulanger was recalled, but allowed to command for eighteen months, by special wire from Paris, the forces at Tunis. He then led an idle life at the Louvre, frequenting the drawing-rooms of a literary, a theatrical, and an operatic demi-mondaine, where political men were apt to gather, and made Russian acquaintances. He had known Skobeleff, and possibly may have wished to imitate him. At any rate, Skobeleff had no difficulty in persuading him that Moltke's plan would be worth little if serious strain were put on the German army. This was the genesis of the *revanche* crusade. I hardly blame Boulanger for going to the drawing-rooms of shady ladies, who were all powerful before Carnot went as President to the Élysée. All had to court them who wished for official loaves and fishes. It was a bad state of things, but happily is now almost ancient history. He fell in again with Clémenceau at a banquet of the old boys of the Nantes Lyceum, where they were both educated, and, Gambetta being dead, was attentive to him. Political friends were, indeed, made in all directions. This led to his being able to beat General Campenon in a race for the portfolio of War Minister.

At that juncture Boulanger was a good man to place over the War Ministry. Methods there were slow and backward. No new invention had a chance of being adopted unless it brought a fortune to the Wilsonites. Smokeless powder and the Lebel rifle had been rejected. Boulanger took up them and melinite. His innovations were quickly carried through. He may have been bribed, but I fancy he was not—or, at any rate, not heavily. There were irregularities in the accounts of his department, but the War Office was used to such things. General de Cissey and Madame de Kaulla had but a few years previously been War Minister and Ministress. Boulanger, irrespective of his interests, liked to oblige, although fond of most things money buys. It was his way to chirrup and dance in the sunshine, taking small thought for winter. For a vain-glorious man he was curiously insensible to being laughed at. His thickness of skin enabled him to go forward on the black horse, or otherwise. A pure-blooded Frenchman would be petrified by finding himself a source of mirth to others.

Boulanger came from Tunis not long before Ferry was thrust from office because he was a protégé of Bismarck. France was then sick of Bismarck's overbearing insolence and the humdrum and money-saving family at the Élysée. A need was felt for cakes and ale, for spectacular stir, and a flying flag. An idol was also wanted, Thiers, Gambetta, Louis Blanc, and Victor Hugo being dead and buried. Poor Boulanger impressed Parisians on his black horse as a St. George coming to slay the dragon Prussia. He satisfied for a while the craving for a hero. At any rate, he was showy, was thought plucky, and he had the crowning merit to be denounced by Bismarck as a danger to the German Empire. If only for spite, he would have been taken up as an idol by the French nation. His misfortune was not to understand that, to a great degree, he was a stick wherewith to beat a dog, or, indeed, several dogs. Radicals, Orleanists, Bonapartists used him successively in this wise. But he might have stood against envy and not been disgraced by his friendship with Count Dillon, if he had not plunged into the amusements of *la vie Parisienne*, and let a woman bewitch him when he was at a time of life at which bewitchment spells unutterable woe.

Cadbury's Cocoa.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health*.

The sorceress was Madame de Bonnemain, a convent-bred lady, old enough to have seen the Empress Eugénie in all her glory and to have envied her. She had fortune, was attractive, had a pair of eloquent eyes that looked love, seemed unhappy but not soured, was full of freaks and fancies, and all nerves and feeling. Dark forebodings tormented her. A devourer of Octave Feuillet's novels, she modelled herself on their heroines. It was her misfortune, and to a degree her fault, to be separated from M. de Bonnemain, who never was at the trouble to understand her. Her liaison with General Boulanger had its root in her ambition and romantic imagination, and ended in an all-absorbing passion, which made her dead to the world and indifferent to her own honour and his. She was seized with a freak to know him one winter at Nice, whither she had gone to find relief from phthisis, which was stealing on her. In a letter to a relative who was a great friend of his, she wrote: "I am dying to meet him. Do have him to dinner, and ask me also." Both were invited. Madame de Bonnemain hastened to Paris to order a toilette of one of the great couturières. It threw into relief her morbid beauty, making her look a *femme fatale* and fated. She was so struck with the character it gave her that she went, before going to the dinner, to be photographed in the new dress. A week or so later she sent the General a photo, now lying in his coffin, with "Je t'adore, Marguerite," written below. The declaration was not allowed to pass unheeded. The lady being in society, their relations were for some time wrapped up in mystery. But they were known to the Government, which was also aware of the exacting and imperative disposition of the lady. She was always doubting the devotion of her slave. He was bound to be at her beck and call, and yet not to compromise her. Given all this, and his rash character, he was certain to get into a scrape if sent to command a division at Clermont-Ferrand, and ordered not to absent himself without leave from his post. Madame Boulanger, a woman of a sad temper, prosaic, commonplace, and with a bad liver, went to join him. Up to that point they had jogged on fairly well together, and though not a loving husband, the General was amiable and polite in his conduct towards her. This excited the jealousy of the innamorata. She summoned Boulanger to Paris, and to Royat, and he went disguised with blue spectacles and slouched hat, limping when he walked. He could not, on being charged with absenting himself without leave to conspire, say:—"No; Madame de Bonnemain summoned me, and I had to obey."

The more harshly he was treated by his successor at the War Office the more enthusiastic the duchesses and other grand ladies became about him. This was torture to Madame de Bonnemain. Her nerves were on the rack. She had a presentiment that her hero was to die a violent death, and there was a chance, if he stood his trial, of his being shot for going disguised to Switzerland to ask Plon Plon to contribute 1,000,000 francs to a conspiracy fund. A coward he was not. But, if courageous under the excitement of battle, he had not the cool resolution that might support a man standing before a packed tribunal or in the face of an execution party. Yet he would, I dare say, have sustained creditably both ordeals, if Madame de Bonnemain had allowed him to go before the High Court. She declared that she could not outlive his arrest, and was already nearly dead from apprehension. So he fled with her, to the delight of the Government, which did not want, if it could be helped, to shoot him. He was often coming back, but she stood in his way. In exile the unhappy woman went through purgatory and became another person. She felt remorse for making him break with wife and friends. The world deserting him, she, however, clung closer to him, and, throwing away all social considerations, was openly *son amie*. There is an infant, of which a lady friend declared herself the mother, and was given quite a fortune for the service. The child thus has a legal status. When dying, Madame de Bonnemain exacted a promise of the General to join her in another world. The disease from which he was suffering must have soon killed him. At his age, it would have been more dignified to let it take its course than to hasten the end with a pistol ball. A white-bearded grandfather is not a meet victim for the God of Love. The whole drift of the universe is against the indulgence of passion by the elderly.

Boulanger had no principles to speak of, was wanting in moral sense, and was the intimate friend of Count Dillon. Still he had virtues. He was humane, and *bon garçon*. I never saw a more amiable man in his family relations. No praise can be too great for his life-long conduct towards his mother, who was a beauty, and has still, though in her dotage, sweet manners. The General's wife was not a nice daughter-in-law. Madame de Bonnemain was, and kept her in the house with her, doing all she could to make her happy. It is better to be a saint than a sinner. But sometimes sinners are more angel-like than saints.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

SOCIAL sincerity, dear Lady Betty, is a somewhat uncertain commodity. The human mind possesses the singular faculty of conceiving, without intentional deceit, a dual combination of ideas, one reserved for home consumption, the other destined for distribution abroad. Mrs. Chenevix reads in the *Morning Post* that—

"A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between Lord Poppletown, eldest son of the Earl of Cockayne, and Emily Gladys, younger daughter of General and the Hon. Ellerton Domville." Her first impulse naturally is to exclaim: "What! Bob Poppletown going to marry that detestable Domville girl? Well, I *do* wonder what he can have found to admire in her? She is as ugly as sin and as poor as a church mouse." This does not, however, deter her from writing:—

"My dearest Emily,—I have this instant read in the *Post* the announcement of your engagement to Lord Poppletown, and I cannot rest till I have written to congratulate you upon your fortunate choice. Indeed, my only difficulty is to decide which of you is the more to be envied, for you both seem to have been providentially predestined for each other. They would have us believe that marriages are now made in London, but your en-

Carpets—French Cleaning, Dyeing, &c.—For particulars apply to Manager, Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia, S.W.

gagement amply proves that they are still, as formerly, designed in heaven. I do not know anything that has given me such genuine pleasure for a long time past. With renewed best wishes for your mutual happiness, believe me, your most affectionate friend,

"Lucy Chenevix."

This is not humbug; it is habit.

Again, that designing harridan, Lady Hawkesland, who for years past has studiously ignored young Darley, reads in some "society" paper the following paragraph:—

"Through the death of his great uncle, the late Josiah Cobbles, the millionaire Alderman, Mr. Charles Limpett Darley inherits a handsome fortune, estimated at over £15,000 a year. Mr. Darley, it is understood, will now relinquish his arduous and not too lucrative appointment at Somerset House, in favour of the pleasures and luxuries of fashionable life. On his mother's side Mr. Limpett Darley is related to the Devonshire Limpetts, one of the oldest and most illustrious families in the south of England."

"Bless me!" gasps the adipose lady. "How very singular! *Of course*, I well remember his grandmother. A most charming and *distinguée* old woman. It would be a grievous pity were he to fall into bad hands. I will write at once, and ask him to come and see us." She does—as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Darley,—In consequence of Lord Hawkesland's delicate health we have been but little in town of late years, and have therefore had but rare opportunities of meeting our London friends. We have just returned to Grafton-street, and intend, if possible, spending the present winter at home. I fear it is rash to expect a *répandu* young man like yourself to accept an invitation at so short a notice, but should you happen to be disengaged for Monday night next, we shall be very pleased if you will dine with us here at a quarter to eight. No party, only a few old friends,—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

Maria Hawkesland."

Does Darley see through it? Not he. Nothing blinds men so effectually as skilful flattery. Clever people constantly err in conceiving others to be as clever as themselves, imagining that these read their thoughts as they themselves read the thoughts of their neighbours.

Sir Anthony Culpepper, worthy man, typified the triumph of hope over experience by marrying *en secondes noces* late in life a young and frivolous bride. The cynical world asserted that the only privilege Sir Anthony secured by this union was that of settling his wife's accounts. Lady Culpepper certainly was at no great pains to conceal her antipathy for her elderly husband. An injudicious indulgence in lobster mayonnaise, combined with an aggravated attack of gout, caused Sir Anthony one fine day to spread his spiritual wings and hasten to join the angelic choir. With youth, beauty, wealth, and ambition his widow becomes a potential quantity, and so, after a respectful interval, Lady Brislington dispatches the following epistle:—

"My darling Fanny,—I scarcely dare intrude upon you in your overwhelming sorrow, but having myself suffered so cruelly by the loss of one I loved, I cannot resist offering my truest sympathy in the affliction that has befallen you. We, your old friends, who have witnessed your ceaseless devotion, amounting almost to idolatry, for your dear husband, are fully able to appreciate the blow which Fate has just dealt you. Ah! my dear, we can only love genuinely but once, and the love of a youthful woman for a man of the late Sir Anthony's sterling character and exceptional experience is the purest and brightest sentiment which the human heart is capable of. Please let me know without hesitation if I can be of the slightest possible use to you, for I need not say what a happiness and privilege I should esteem it to be of any assistance under the affliction which has cast so profound a shadow over your young life. You will, however, find your truest consolation in religion.—Your loving and sympathising friend,

"Louise Brislington."

Religion, by the way, is a commodity which we liberally recommend to our friends, but seldom have recourse to in our own misfortunes. We recommend them to the charity of Providence to avoid their appealing inconveniently to our own.

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So far as regards London, and that from a purely social point of view, the serio-comic suicide of General Boulanger has created but a very modified sensation. Some few professional lion-hunters attempted to "boom" him here during his visit in the summer of 1889, trusting, no doubt, to profit later by their hospitality should he ever attain power in Paris. Boulanger was probably the very smallest great man that has yet figured in modern history. His celebrated charger "Tunis" was not as successful a "property" in Rotten-row as it had previously proved to be in the Bois de Boulogne; and, indeed, the general impression at the time was that it must formerly have done mournful service with a hearse. Madame de Bonnemain's constant attendance, moreover, was a decided impediment to the "brav' Général's" chances of success in London society.

The intelligence of Lord Cheylesmore's death at Warsaw reached the West-end clubs on Friday afternoon, and was received with widespread and sincere regret. Whilst at Homburg a few weeks ago it was noticed that Lord Cheylesmore was evidently in very precarious health, and his expressed intention of visiting Russia, in the companyof his old friend and companion, General Du Plat, excited at the time considerable surprise. There can be little doubt that the fatiguing journey and the inclement climate together combined in hastening his end. This time last year, it will be remembered, Lord Cheylesmore and General Du Plat visited Constantinople together. The late Lord Cheylesmore was singularly genial, kindly, and hospitable, and his death will be mourned by many with genuine sympathy. There is no likelihood whatever, I should imagine, of his fine collection of paintings being dispersed; for his eldest son and successor is himself a well-known connoisseur and patron of art. The collection is singularly rich in works by Landseer, and two of the finest pictures in it, which were bought at sensational prices, the "Monarch of the Glen" and the "Godiva," were both secured under the hammer at Messrs. Christie & Manson's.

At the time when the Queen succeeded there were but two other living heirs to the British Throne, the present Duke of Cambridge and the late King of Hanover. By the birth of the latest Royal grandchild on Saturday last, the number of her Majesty's accumulated children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren has reached the round total of seventy.

The Duchesse de Montpensier arrives in London to-day (Tuesday) from Paris, *en route* for Stowe, on a visit to the Comte and Comtesse de Paris.

Sir Frank Lascelles leaves England on Saturday, the 17th, *en route* for Teheran, to assume his new duties, in succession to Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. Mr. Henry Cadogan, who has been transferred from Copenhagen to Teheran, started from London last week, and is to rejoin his new chief at Constantinople.

The marriage of Mr. George Barclay, third Secretary of Legation at Washington, to Miss Chapman, will take place in that city on the 25th inst. Miss Chapman, who is an American, is said to be equally beautiful and wealthy.

I hear with pleasure that instead of leaving England for his health, Mr. Arthur Walker's approaching visit to the Canaries is prompted by no more melancholy a purpose than a desire to spend a well-earned holiday in a beautiful and salubrious region.

Lady Winchilsea and her family leave Pitlochrie on the 15th of this month for the Riviera, where they purpose spending the present winter. And, by the way, the Dowager Lady Winchilsea, who is an amateur artist of exceptional talent, has just completed a full-length

Shooting, Sporting, and Travelling Garments are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

portrait of her son, Lord Winchilsea, which is a quite masterly likeness, and far preferable to the portrait by Carter, recently exhibited at the Summer Exhibition at Burlington House.

The quite unexpected death of Lord Portsmouth, which occurred on Sunday, brings the total of Earls, or, rather, Parliamentary Earls, who have died during the present year to eighteen, a number far in excess of any yet recorded in modern times.

The late hospitality afforded by the Naval and Military Club has been somewhat abused, a visitor from an older institution having so far forgotten himself as to strike one of the waiters. The conduct of the offending member was at once reported to the Committee of his own club, and last week it was decided no longer to retain his name on the books of this latter establishment.

The New Maison Dorée Club bids fair now to open its doors in a very short time; and, from latest accounts, I hear that a peculiarly suitable house, having the additional advantage of possessing a large garden, has been secured. The club will be in connection with the celebrated Maison Dorée in Paris, which has maintained its high reputation for over fifty years, equally for the excellence of its cuisine as for possessing the very best of cellars. Another inducement held out to subscribers is that the prices are to be moderate—a circumstance of the very highest moment in these particularly unpropitious days. Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

SOME of the sporting papers have been full of imbecility and nonsense of the most hidebound kind since the race for the Lancashire Plate. It is rather startling to read that Signorina "can hardly lose the Cambridgeshire if she starts," and that the Derby is "only a question of health for Orme." Such crack-brained balderdash is only calculated to mislead ingenuous backers. Signorina has been rushed to the position of first favourite, but it might be as well if her impetuous supporters had bethought themselves of the fact that, inasmuch as this mare has always been suspected of lacking stamina, it is scarcely prudent to back her heavily for a race which is run over a most testing nine furlongs merely on the strength of her having won over seven furlongs, and there really was no "form" about the Manchester field. Alicante might just as well have been in her stable, and Gouverneur's ignominious collapse reminded one of his exhibition in the Two Thousand. Mr. Corlett reports in the *Sporting Times* that Jennings, the trainer of Gouverneur, states that "he found out before he sent the horse to Manchester that training him for the St. Leger had impaired his speed." This is precisely what I predicted would happen, and if M. E. Blanc had taken the advice which was given to him in TRUTH he would be a considerably richer man at this hour. Gouverneur at the present time can neither stay nor go fast, and it may be hoped that next year he will be kept to his own course. Hugger-mugger has been the type of M. E. Blanc's economics this year, for never have horses been so fantastically and so persistently messed about as have been his three-year-olds. Signorina in reality beat nothing at Manchester but Orme and Martagon; and, if the distance had been another furlong, Mr. Baird's horse would have won, for the mare was palpably stopping at every stride. The backers of Signorina for the Cambridgeshire must consider that Martagon would be a good thing at something over 8 st., for this is practically what it comes to. He was given 8 st. 5 lb., but did not accept. I do not suppose that any one fit to be at large would back Martagon against Memoir at about 7 lb. over either this or any other course. I certainly can have no prejudice against Orme, for his high promise was first made known in TRUTH last year, and I plumped for him for the races which he won at Goodwood, but did not believe in his chance at Manchester. There is nothing like Derby form in just beating Martagon by a head at 25 lb., and especially considering that the head would have been the other way in another three strides. People who indulge in these insane jargonings about the Derby being "only a question of health" for Orme, have assuredly forgotten that La Flêche, who is the best two-year-old in the Kingsclere stable, with both speed and stamina, and every bit as promising as Orme, is also engaged in that race.

When writing last week about the £5,000 two-year-old stake at Kempton Park next Friday, I overlooked the fact that a forfeit was declared in March last, and among the animals withdrawn were Killossery, Petrovna, and Lady Caroline. Sixty-seven are still left in, and if Goldfinch is in his summer form he will win, in spite of his 10 lb. penalty, but unless he is at his best he will be beaten by Mr. Fenwick's candidate, which will be either Gossoon, to whom Goldfinch has to give 5 lb., or Gantlet, who will be receiving 13 lb., including the sex allowance.

There was some very interesting racing at Newmarket last week, and several exceedingly fine finishes. Lord Zetland won the Great Foal Stakes, as I had predicted would be the case; but the race was no good thing for Patrick Blue, on whom there was some desperate plunging, as, after a terrific finish from the Ab. M. winning-post, he only won by a short head from his stable companions Grammont and Orion, who ran a dead heat for second place. This was far and away the best form which the Duke of Westminster's horse has shown this year, it being, indeed, the only time that he has run a really good race. It is clear that an egregious blunder was made in the spring when Orion was supposed, through some skimble-skamble "line," to be nearly as smart as Common. There was another grand race on Wednesday for the three-year-old heat of the Triennial, Ragimunde, who was favourite, running a dead heat with Sheldrake, whom he subsequently defeated very cleverly. I gave a plumper for the Duke of Beaufort's horse for this race a fortnight ago, but cannot fancy his chance for the Cesarewitch. There was some stout fielding against Mimi for the Zetland Stakes, as it was known that she had done very little work since Doncaster; but she looked remarkably well, and she walked away from Benvenuto. Orvieto was running very much out of his course in the Newmarket Derby, and he only beat the moderate Kirkstall, to whom he was giving 15 lb., by a head, and he was lucky to win.

There was a slashing finish for the rich Buckenham Stakes, which the Duchess of Montrose won with Adoration, and in this race the Duke of Westminster's Orville, by Ormonde out of Shotover, made his début. Orville is a great backward baby of a horse, and it was a grave error to have raced him in his present condition. It was his owner's intention in the summer to reserve Orville for next season, and it is a pity that he departed from it. The waiting policy answered admirably with Common, and Orville is an animal of something the same stamp, and will be prodigiously benefited by time; but I have no expectation that he will ever be in the very first class. Orville, however, ran like a good horse in the Buckenham, and when the pinch came he struggled with really wonderful gameness, considering his condition.

The Duchess of Montrose won both the Hopeful Stakes and the Triennial—the former with St. Angelo (by Clairvaux or Galopin, out of Agneta), who easily upset a great "pot" in Gossoon; and the latter with Broad Corrie, who cleverly defeated Carmilhan, a colt of Lord Zetland's that has been a good deal talked about at various times. St. Angelo was highly tried before Manchester, and his running there must have been all wrong; but in the Hopeful, Gossoon was "chopped" at the start, and never appeared to be fairly in the race. The best performance of the week was the victory of El Diablo in the Rutland Plate, for it was a most creditable achievement to give 5 lb. to Mortgage over the Criterion course. Watercress was a prodigious "pot" for the Rous Memorial, but it is in-

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credible that any one can have backed him after seeing him, for he was no more fit for racing than was Orville, and how he can have won a trial in his present condition it is impossible to conjecture. He is a great, slashing colt, and if he is now thrown up he may develop into a really good three-year-old. Watercress has no engagement next season until the Grand Prix, which is the race for which he will be specially prepared. Baron Hirsch is so very anxious to win this stake that it is odd that he did not give orders for all his yearlings to be entered for it, as his prospects of success would, indeed, have been excellent if La Flêche had been engaged in it.

The field for the Triennial included Salamander, a colt by St. Gatien, which was valued last year by his breeder, M. Dawson, at 2,000 gs., and Miss Simon, a filly by St. Simon out of Josyan, for which Colonel North paid 3,200 gs., fifteen months ago; and he will be lucky indeed if ever she wins a tithe of her price.

Iddesleigh would, probably, have won the Great Eastern Handicap with a clear course, and the disqualification of Lady Primrose in favour of John Morgan did not meet with general approval. Melody was unlucky in being beaten by Dearest in the October Handicap, and many people (including her jockey) thought she had won.

NEWMARKET PROSPECTS.

There is a splendid programme for next week, and many of the best horses now in training will be seen out. The ground is everywhere in capital order, so that training operations are facilitated, and owners are not afraid to run their animals.

The Clearwell Stakes on Tuesday, which will be worth nearly £900, has Rueil, Lunette, Gantlet, Gossoon, Queen of the Riding, Mortgage, Scarborough, Adoration, and The Smew as the best of the public lot. In the absence of Rueil, either Scarborough or Mr. Fenwick's candidate ought to win. The Severals Plate of £400 has Bellenzona, Fetteresso, St. Odille, Lunelle, Glenayes, Suspender, and Springaway, and of these I have most fancy for Lunelle. On Wednesday, Adoration and Katherine II. will run for the Bretby Stakes, and the betting between them will probably be very close and very heavy. I shall predict the success of the Duke of Portland's filly. On Thursday the Prendergast Stakes lies between Galeopsis and Priestess, and I fancy that the colt will win.

The Middle-Park Plate on Wednesday, which will be worth £3,360 if twelve start, does not cost the Jockey Club a farthing, for, whereas the added money is £500, the entrances amount to £560. The field may include Rueil, Sir Hugo, Gantlet or Gossoon, Bushey Park or Dunure, Priestess, St. Angelo, El Diablo, St. Damien or Bonavista, and Disorder, as well as the Kingsclere representative, and this stable has Goldfinch, La Flêche, Orme, and Orville to choose from. Sir R. Jardine's 2,500 gs. colt, Rentpayer, is said to have improved very much during the last few weeks, and I suppose he will run, as he has no other engagement this year. There has been no talk of any dark flyers. M. Ephrussi has a filly named Malaga, which is half sister, by The Bard, to Alicante, and Mr. L. de Rothschild's Braggadocio is own brother to Bumptious, and he ought to be promising, considering the engagements which have recently been made for him. I shall plump for La Flêche, anticipating that she will represent Kingsclere, and I fancy that she is the best two-year-old in England.

On Tuesday the Champion Plate of £1,000 (A.F.) may bring out Ragimunde, Melody, Peter Flower, Mimi, Orvieto, Signorina, Enniskillen, St. Simon of the Rock or Sheldrake, Henry VIII., Le Nord, Orion, and FitzSimon. This will be an excellent opportunity for testing Signorina's stamina, in which I have no belief, and I expect that Mimi will beat her and win if she is all right. The Lowther Stakes of £1,000 has Gouverneur, Révérend, Cuttlestone, Cereza, Martenhurst, Mimi, Morion, Orvieto, Nunthorpe, Henry VIII., Le Nord, Haute Saône, Bumptious, Blue Green, Orion, and FitzSimon as the most likely starters. Morion will win if he starts. The Royal Stakes, an event which ought long ago to have disappeared from the programme, will end in a walk-over. The Newmarket Oaks has Blavatsky, Belvidera II., Mimi, Lady Primrose, Charm, and Haute Saône, and Baron Rothschild's mare appears sure to win. On Wednesday the Select Stakes (R.M.) would be a race of great interest if Morion and Amphion were both to start, but Lord Hartington's horse is not likely to be seen at the post. Amphion will have only Mons Meg or Melody, Rousseau, and Le Nord to beat, unless Mr. L. de Rothschild starts Bumptious, and it would be an excellent opportunity of testing his stamina. In any case Amphion will win. On Friday the Newmarket Derby may be left to Old Boots, who will be able to beat Orvieto over two miles, and there is nothing else likely to trouble him. The Great Challenge Stakes is another good thing for Amphion, there being only Friar Lubin, Le Nord, Cleator, Melody, and Orme to beat. The Rose Plate has an excellent entry, but it cannot be dealt with at present.

I shall not attempt to predict the winner of the Cesarewitch, as it would be absurd to do so, writing ten days before the race is run, with a very unsettled market and with some important trials pending. Victoricus has been backed for an enormous amount of money, and by people who do not throw their money away, but on his public form he has quite enough weight. Rathbeal, who came with a rush in the betting at Newmarket, is not likely to stay the course. Morion looked beautiful last week and will run well, and he is just the stamp of horse to show to advantage under a heavy weight. Mons Meg is considerably fancied by some good judges at Newmarket, and so is Haute Saône, but this is another candidate of doubtful stamina. I do not fancy Chesterfield, whose style of galloping has not been admired of late. Plato is thrown in, but he seems decidedly deficient in class for such a race as this, and Miss Dollar is more likely to win the November Handicap at Manchester. Old Boots is a prodigiously improved horse, and if Colonel North wins it will be with this animal, for St. Simon of the Rock is dreadfully groggy, but we have yet to learn that Old Boots can stay the course. Backers ought to leave the race alone until the day of running.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—The events of the past week have again demonstrated how dependent the markets in general still are upon the Yankee department for any animation which may fall to their lot. The Yankee boom started the recovery in other stocks, and any pause or setback in the movement is at once reflected all over the "House." There were, however, other influences at work which caused the spasm of depression from which we are at present recovering.

Stock Exchange Prospects.

The last settlement disclosed, as was natural enough, a very big "Bull" account in American Rails, and borrowing for the Stock Exchange was, therefore, on a much larger scale. Added to this was the fact that the crowd of new jobbers who had invaded the Yankee market, much to the disgust of the habitués, received the cold shoulder from the usual lenders of money in that department, and had to pay through the nose for the accommodation in other quarters. One cannot help sympathising with the old dealers in Yankees, who had been waiting for over a twelvemonth for the active business which has now set in, only to find that they had to share it with the new-comers. At any rate, money was bid up by the occurrence, and the requirements of the end of the quarter, together with the paying off of the Southern Mahratta debentures and shipments of gold to Egypt and the States, did the rest. It will depend upon the scale of further gold withdrawals, chiefly for the United States, whether a further upward movement in the Bank rate will have to be had recourse to at once; but, to

judge from the *empressement* which the Bank of England has shown to reduce the price of eagles, thus facilitating gold shipments to New York, it does not look as if a 4 per cent. rate were in sight, for this week, as some of the prophets will have it. Disquieting advices from Buenos Ayres concerning dangerous new financial measures under discussion by the Argentine Congress, affected South American stocks adversely, and Home Rails at one time were exceedingly weak on the raising of the dear money spectre. Matters have improved during the last day or two. An important recovery has made itself felt in the American Market, which had evidently been manipulated on the other side in order to cover Jay Gould's "Bear" commitments and to shake some of the weak elements out, and prospects appear to be once again promising, the more so as the French groups which have undertaken the issue of the new Russian loan, now fixed for the 14th inst., will, no doubt, take care to make things pleasant in the Foreign Market for the present. "Bull" points are, therefore, in the ascendant again, and, barring accidents, I look for an improvement all round, which will probably extend to the Kaffir circus, the more so as September crushings are favourable.

Yankees Again Booming.

Jay Gould has had fainting fits, and the Yankee market is again booming. Whether there is any connection between the two occurrences it is difficult to say. It is certain, however, that the astute Gould has been ignominiously beaten in his attempt to break the market. On this side, moreover, the position is a good deal sounder, as a number of the worst sort of kerbstone dealers, ever a source of weakness of a market, have been shaken out during the latest spasm. I am glad to hear that you acted upon the advice I gave you last week to sit tight on your stocks when a spasm occurs and to buy when the market is flat. The result is that you now benefit from the renewed "Bull" movement by profits on your latest purchases in addition to the gains on your old holding. The position in the States is as promising as it ever was. The splendid grain crops are secured, traffics of the railroads are expanding in all directions, and gold is returning from Europe, this week's New York bank statement showing the effect of the latter to the extent of six million dollars, while the shipments of currency to the interior did not quite reach four millions. More gold has been shipped last week from London, and it is evident that the Bank of France will shortly have to part with a good many millions for the same destination. Thus the money outlook is more promising in the States than it is in Europe. My views of Louisville and Norfolk Prefs. as good dividend-paying investments remain favourable. A further advance is no doubt in store for them, and it would not be surprising to see Norfolk Prefs. touch 60 before the dividend of 1½ is taken off. Erie shares also are a good purchase, and the September statement may be expected to show a large net increase. But above all other stocks, I recommend Atchison shares and Income bonds, Denver Common and Prefs., Ohio and Mississippi, and Baltimore and Ohio South-Western stocks for the reasons set forth in the following remarks. Texas "B" stocks should be bought while they can be had at the present quotation of ¾ per £10 share. On this subject a correspondent writes as follows:—

> With reference to your recommendation of the purchase of the "A" and "B" shares of the Alabama, Texas, and New Orleans Railway, apart from any chance of an absorption of this system by some more powerful road, they are surely a good speculative investment on their merits. Perhaps you are not aware that not only is the full interest on the "A" debentures being earned and paid, but they have actually earned enough surplus to pay 2½ per cent. on the second, or "B," debentures, which will probably be paid at the end of the year. The "C" debentures only represent a small amount, after which the "A" shares rank for dividend with accumulations before the "B's" get anything, but probably some arrangement would be made about the arrears.

I quite agree with my correspondent's views, and there is no reason why the "A" shares should not also have a considerable rise, but for the purpose of a "cheap spec." Texas "B" are not to be beaten. You ask me about Ontario and Western, and the feasibility of the Road entering the Vanderbilt system. The rumours to this effect are altogether baseless. It is true about a year ago the subject was discussed in Vanderbilt circles, but since then, owing to the opposition shown to the scheme in certain quarters, the subject has not been broached. For all that, Ontarios have their own merits, and deserve to sell higher, so that they do not require puffing on the faith of lying rumours. Readings deserve attention, and I have reason for stating that a further advance is on the cards. But on this head also I give you some special remarks.

Atchison and Denver.

It may surprise many people to know that there are some very prominent operators in Wall-street who believe that Atchisons will pay a dividend before Milwaukees do. They are backing their opinions by buying Atchison stock. Some of the Milwaukee directors and officers have recently unbosomed themselves to the effect that the Company should first strengthen its position, further expenditure for betterments being hinted at. Be that as it may, of the two I prefer Atchison shares at 46, and Atchison Incomes at 67 to Milwaukees at 77½. The August gross increase works out into a very respectable net increase, and from the gross increases for the first quarter (396,423 dols. in July, 354,301 dols. in August, and 369,624 dols. for the first three weeks of September), the *Boston News Bureau* concludes that the Atchison Company will start its second and last quarter of the year on October 1 with a large surplus earned over the full 5 per cent. income interest pertaining to the first quarter. There is, in fact, no longer any doubt that the splendid grain crops will help the Atchison to pay not only its full Income bond interest for the year, but also a dividend on the Common stock. But this is not all. There is further no doubt that the close traffic agreement with the Denver and Rio Grande line which has been concluded by the Atchison will benefit the latter as it will the Denver. The Missouri Pacific appears to have paid rival attentions to the Denver, but the Atchison prevailed, and the appointment of Mr. Edward Jeffrey as President of the latter seems to be in the Atchison interest. Far better, indeed, is it for the Denver to be allied with a progressive system like the Atchison, than with a line tarred with the Gould brush, and at present the reverse of progressive. The Denver report for the year ended June 30, 1891, by the way, contains some favourable points. After the large expenditure for improvements, amounting to over 21,000,000 dols. since the reorganisation in July, 1886, the road and equipment are reported in such a condition, physically, that no extraordinary outlay in connection therewith is anticipated for the current year. With economical working, the alliance with the great Atchison system, and a capable manager in Mr. Jeffrey, whose record as general manager of the Illinois Central is excellent, Denver Prefs. ought to receive their dividend again for the current year, and both Denver Prefs. and Common are likely to advance.

Readings.

It is doubtful if any pool in American Rails so large and important as that organised by the Reading people for self protection against the action of the trustees ever held together so long as that organisation did. The purpose for which the pool was formed has now been accomplished, and it is the impression that the parties who went into it have really profited by their action to a much greater extent than would appear from the quotation for the stock, although when the pool was organised the stock was selling much higher than at present. Be that as it may, more active and larger dealings in Reading shares may henceforth be looked for, now that the 225,000 shares of the pool are no longer locked up. There is no reason, then, why we may not look forward to days in which Reading will figure for 50,000 or 100,000 shares, in the daily record of the New York Stock Exchange

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transactions, as it has often done before. Reading took the lead of the whole list at one time, about five years ago, with total transactions of 313,000 shares in one day. The next election of the Reading Company is the last which will be controlled by the voting trust, and after that the directors of the concern will be obliged to act in sympathy with the wishes of the actual owners of the stock. There is no doubt that the position of the Company has improved. As a Wall-street contemporary points out, the Reading property under the Gowen management and under President McLeod is quite a different Company. Formerly the road was hampered by a policy in which attempts to raise money were not at all affected by the necessity of keeping up the plant and increasing its facilities. Other Companies opened new mines, built new collieries, and introduced new machinery, until the Reading, with more territory undeveloped than any other two Companies, which was, moreover, acquired at high prices, and upon which it was paying heavy interest, was actually driven to the wall, and could not maintain its position in the field. Its percentage of the total output grew smaller and smaller, until, instead of putting out 30 per cent. of the total production, as it should have done, it dropped to less than 25. Now, with increased facilities, with thousands of additional cars and hundreds of new engines, better outlets at tide-water, and better work at the mines, it is in a position to demand its old percentage, and, what is more, to enforce that demand. It will not be forcibly resisted, and the other Companies will, in all probability, agree to let the Company have what is due to it. The Reading can make money fast when its full capacity is tested, and it can work cheaper now than ever before. Reading shares at 21 are a good purchase, and the Reading Incomes ought to participate in any real "Bull" market for bonds, the First Incomes being now quoted 71, the Seconds at 51, Thirds at 38.

The Ohio and Mississippi Deal.

At last the weary waiting for the publication of the details of the Ohio and Mississippi deal is coming to an end, as the meeting of certificate holders will be held in the middle of next week, when the secrets can be kept no longer. My lips are sealed as yet, but the circulars will be sent out this week, and I repeat my previous statement that the Baltimore and Ohio Company is really the contracting party, although for technical reasons the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western has to be put forward. The deal will, in the first instance, benefit the Ohio and Mississippi stockholders. The Preference shareholders will receive what may be considered a very handsome settlement of the accumulated arrears of dividend, such as to make the Preference shares, now quoted 100, worth at least 10 points more. The Ordinary shares will, on the other hand, and in view of the present progress and the benefits to accrue from the lease, be placed in sight of a dividend, and should, therefore, be worth a good deal more than 26½-27. Finally, the Baltimore and Ohio and South-Western First and Second Income Mortgage Bonds, now quoted 75 and 34 respectively, will be benefited by the terms of the arrangement to an extent justifying a considerable advance. This is all I can tell you to-day. I know you will know how to act.

Quebec Central Income Bonds.

Very encouraging advices are coming to hand from Canada with respect to the Quebec Central Railway, which confirm the favourable views which I have expressed of the future of the Company. This is what the *Quebec Chronicle* of September 18 has to say on the subject:—

> Under the able management of Mr. Frank Grundy, this important railway has of late been making considerable progress in its volume of business, whilst improvement in the road bed and rolling-stock is evident on all sides. Signs of activity are visible in all branches all along the line. Several new stations are going up, the settlement of Angus is daily increasing in population. Mr. Angus is erecting a new paper mill; he has already a pulp mill in full swing with a thriving business in the village. The Thetford and Black Lake mines are doing an immense trade in asbestos; the population of both places constantly increasing; the whole of this vast asbestos export is, of course, carried by the Quebec Central. Extensive lumber operations are observed in the vicinity of a number of stations, all tending to the success of the railway. The portion of the road from Beauce Junction to Point Levis is equal to the best in America, and a gradual improvement is observed on all sides throughout its entire length. Mr. Grundy is to be congratulated on a state of things vastly different from that in which he found the Quebec Central on his arrival in this Province, and it is an easy prediction to make that in a couple of years the Quebec Central Railway will be second to none in its business and importance, taking into consideration its extent.

Under these circumstances, it is probable that the dividend of the Quebec Central Five per Cent. Income bonds will attain a higher figure than 1½ per cent. Standing as they do at about 32-33 these bonds are extremely cheap, no other dividend-paying bonds being obtainable at anything like the price.

Home Rails.

Little has to be said to-day about Home Railway stocks. They have fluctuated with the Money Market and with the weather, but traffics, at all events, of the Midland and North-Western, have proved favourable. I still hold to my favourable view of Midlands as the most progressive amongst the heavy brigade. Great Eastern seem to have for the present entered a state of suspended animation. The Midland-Chatham reports have of late been heard of less, and Little Chathams have reacted; but the view that they will again gather strength very suddenly is still held in influential circles. The Brighton line has enjoyed some good traffic returns, the more favourable weather finding at once expression in increases, and if it lasts a little longer the "Bears" will take alarm and endeavour to cover their commitments, in which case an important advance is probable. The Scotch stocks have been more active. The remnant of the old "Bull" clique in North British Deferred has made an attempt to lift prices, with the result of causing covering by operators for a fall. Caledonian Deferred and Caleys have also benefited by the improvement. I hope, however, that the reports of the peaceful intentions of the "Two Macs" will be borne out by events. The position of both Companies is bad enough in all conscience to make them bury the hatchet.

South American Investments.

Another severe spasm has occurred in Argentine Government stocks on reports of various more or less mischievous financial Bills which have been under discussion by the Argentine Congress. The Bill authorising the establishment of a new bank of the Argentine Nation by an issue of 45 million dollars of new paper notes, *alias* "shinplasters," has actually been passed by the Deputies, and the gold premium has advanced to 330. For all that, it will be wise for holders of Argentine stocks to view the situation calmly. A spasm was to be expected before the present Congress goes home. The members will sit a few days longer, and then their power for mischief will be gone, and when the new Congress meets next year a third will be newly-elected members. When authentic information as to the probable action of the Government comes to hand, the position will probably look less grave. In the meantime the Funding bonds, at the decline, are cheap, and should be picked up on a further reaction; also the other Argentine Railway stocks to which I have directed attention. Cedulas have apparently been bought in influential circles, but this appears to me premature. Chilian bonds are firm at 91½, and likely to have a material advance. The fate of the Uruguay arrangement still hangs in the balance. Mexican Government stocks are steady. Mexican Rails, on the other hand, are weak, and, as the Interoceanic of Mexico has been re-opened for through traffic, I am afraid that the traffic returns of the older line must suffer materially.

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A Nitrate Railway Forecast.

A shareholder in the Nitrate Railway Company signing himself "Swansea," in endorsing the favourable view of this Company which I have recently expressed, sends me an estimate of the probable result of the working for the year 1891, which I reproduce herewith:—

1891.—By balance from 1890		£157,295
Dec. 31.—By traffic per 1890 per statement	£986,474	
Less decrease 1891, estimated at	200,000	
		786,474
		943,769
To disbursements, 1891:—		
Working expenses—say 50 per cent. on £786,474 (or 9 per cent. in excess of 1890)	£393,237	
Interest on mortgage bonds	131,135	
Income-tax (see last account)	8,000	
Stamp Duty (see last account)	1,200	
Interest, discounts, and commissions ...	5,000	
Do. on £276,000 (new 7 per cent. prefs.)	19,320	
		557,892
Balance available Dec., 1891		385,677
Less dividend, July 15, 1891, on 138,000 shares		138,000
		247,677
Balance to 1892 account		40,677
Available as dividend, Dec. 31, 1890, at 30s. per share on 138,000 shares (ordinary)		£207,000

My correspondent has allowed for a large traffic decrease, which may or may not prove sufficient. He has also added 9 per cent. to the working expenses compared with 1890, and has ignored the interest which has been earned by placing the £157,000 on deposit. There are, of course, certain unknown quantities to deal with in such a forecast. As the traffics are picking up, my correspondent's estimate is, perhaps, reasonable, but there may be wanted renewals of permanent way and rolling-stock upon which he has not reckoned. He estimates the dividend for the year at £2. 10s. per share, or 25 per cent., but he states at the same time his belief that there will be at the end of the year sufficient in hand to pay £3 per share in all, should the directors so decide. It will also be seen that my correspondent puts down the interim dividend of £1 per share as payable July 15, 1891. That dividend has yet to be declared, and will, I hear, shortly be announced. Under all the circumstances a dividend of £2 per share, or 20 per cent., may be reckoned upon as certain, and a distribution of £2. 10s., or 25 per cent., is possible. It would be over-sanguine to look for more. But either of these distributions justifies a much higher quotation than the present one of 16½. For, on the basis of a 20 per cent. dividend, the £10 shares yield over 12 per cent.; and on a basis of 25 per cent., over 15 per cent. on the investment.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

So far, the crushings announced from the Witwatersrand Mines have been satisfactory, and if the Yankee boom holds up, increased activity is probable in the Kaffir Circus in which several of the big operators are ready to go on the war-path, Hatton Garden and its connections having for some time been engaged in picking up cheap shares. The crushings of the Simmer and Jack Mine for September (7,395 tons, yielding 3,373 oz. of gold), have been very satisfactory, being slightly more favourable than the August crushings, and these shares will, no doubt, be amongst the first to improve. The crushings for September of the Glencairn Main Reef Company yielded 609 oz. from 1,501 tons, which is a very good beginning, and these low-priced shares, now quoted 8, ought to take a start soon. The profit of the New Primrose Gold Mining Company for August is stated at £4,320, which is satisfactory. But even more favourable is the September crushing of 2,505 oz. from 4,504 tons, the best which this mine has had as yet. These shares at 1½, with a 5 per cent. dividend to come off, are cheap. The May's Consolidated has again a good crushing of 2,400 oz. from 6,100 tons to show for September, and the August report from the mine foreshadows very favourable developments. The Sheba September crushing gives a yield of 3,400 oz. from 2,860 tons, and the statement accompaning the report that the ore in No. 15 winze is improving is full of promise. There is very satisfactory news to hand from the Great Gold Zone property, which will, apparently, fully bear out my anticipations. My readers are aware that the second exploring expedition has been on the property some time, as has been the engineer of the proposed sub-Company. Lieutenant-Colonel Buxton, one of the directors, has also just arrived out, and reports several important discoveries of gold-bearing ground. Mr. Jones, the engineer of the Syndicate for purchasing a portion of the property for the formation of a subsidiary Company, has located a reef 4 feet in width, of large extent, giving gold assaying from 2 oz. to 3 oz. to the ton. A further report is expected shortly. These shares, now quoted 9s. to 10s., are likely to reach a much higher price. By the next mail advices are expected from the Silati River properties, which will probably have an important bearing upon the price of Oceana shares, now quoted 5⅝. De Beers have fluctuated within narrow limits, and the tone is on the whole very steady. Indian Gold Mines are fairly steady, the strongest of the list being Mysore Nagar at about 10s., favourable advices having come to hand foreshadowing early results of the alluvial working. Cable advices reporting a further output from the Australian Broken Hill Consols Mine are expected daily. Silverton (Broken Hill) shares have advanced to ⅝—¾. Advices from this property continue very favourable, and cable news reporting a test of the newly-discovered chloride and horn silver lode may be shortly expected. The Maid of Erin Silver Mines are doing remarkably well, and the shares are being largely dealt in at 1⅝, with another dividend to come off.

The MacIvor Whitelead Works.

Having taken a journey to Northfleet to inspect the new works of the MacIvor's Patents, Limited, I am able to give you a report from my own observation. I am fully confirmed by my visit in the favourable view which I have previously expressed, and if the large plant for the manufacture of whitelead, which is now being completed in the most substantial manner, works as successfully as the small experimental plant, which is in operation at the works, a great success is undoubtedly in store for the Company. To state the process briefly, litharge, or oxide of lead, after being digested, is treated with acetate of ammonia, and directly transformed into a white magma, when carbonic acid gas is transmitted through it, thus producing white lead. The carbonic acid gas will be extracted by the Company from the chalk which is obtained from the immense neighbouring chalk pits at a nominal price. For this purpose a large kiln has been erected. A 300 horse-power steam-engine with a fly-wheel weighing 19½ tons has been erected, and in a capacious shed a substantial and compact plant for the carrying out the MacIvor process of manufacture of white lead has been put up, containing, amongst others, twelve large digestors and six carbonators, with a capacity of 10 tons of white lead. Reckoning that the process on this large scale will occupy about four hours, and working day and night with intervals for cleaning up, &c., the output will be at the rate of 200 tons per week. The whole of the plant will probably be completed in about six weeks, when continuous work will commence. The product is very pure and white, and distinctly superior in colour to that obtained by the Dutch process. The short duration of the process as compared with that of the latter, is, of course, undoubted, and as a profit of £5 per ton is confidently looked for, its general adoption by white lead manufacturers is more than probable, the more so as the hygienic merit of the new process is unquestionable, the process being carried out in closed vessels and not requiring crushing. No more cases of white-lead poisoning would be heard of amongst the workpeople en-

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gaged in the manufacture were this process generally employed. I was forcibly reminded of the importance of this point when reading the report of an inquest which was held last Friday on James Manion, who had died in the service of the Chester Lead Works. The post-mortem examination disclosed a discoloration in the intestines as from a deposit of lead. A comrade deposed that he himself was suffering from the effects of the lead, and several men had been compelled by the same cause to desist from their work. In the witness's expressive language, they had been "leaded."

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various investors:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

B. C.—No reason to sell Brazilian bonds (1) or Canadian Pacific First Mortgage bonds (2). Hold also Nos. 3, 5, and 6. It might be as well to sell No. 4, as they stand at a high price, and reinvest in a better yielding stock. No. 7 should be sold on the next improvement, the Company is getting too much competition. No reason to sell No. 8 at present. *Zürich.*—I am afraid hints on my part will not do quite so much for Cedulas as you seem to think. Your suggestion that all Cedulas, with which mortgages are paid off, should be burnt, is quite right, but who will enforce it? There are now, however, Committees of Cedula holders in London, Antwerp, and Buenos Ayres who are doing their utmost to safeguard the interests of the holders. *A Lover of Goschens.*—Goschens fluctuate as well as other stocks, and care must be taken to invest in them when they are cheap. *Rose Norton.*—The present financial régime in Greece is not so good as that under Tricoupis, but there seems to be no fear of serious trouble. *L. S.*—Portuguese Threes are improving at present. You should sell on any further recovery. It is a pity you did not sell before, when I strongly recommended the sale.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

M. A.—I should not average these Land shares, but await an improvement, then sell. *Penny.*—Have nothing to do with No. 1. As to No. 2 it is a third-rate Bank, but fairly safe. I should, however, prefer the Post Office Savings Bank. *Parry.*—I do not like the Bank No. 1 at all. It has made heavy losses, and I should sell. 2. You would do much better to invest in some good railway stock. 3. A first-rate Bank, and no fear of a call. 4. The name of the chairman does not count for so much as the policy pursued by the management. *Assurances.*—No, I cannot tell you anything about the shares; they have no official quotation, and I should not advise you to invest in them. *Ringsvold.*—There is every prospect of these Trust shares going better. Hold. *Charles S., Liverpool.*—Although some of the lottery bonds puffed by this Paris firm have a certain value, the system adopted by them is bad. If you want to buy such securities, do so through respectable bankers only, not through a touting firm. *Via.*—This seems to be a local concern about which nothing is known here, and I am afraid I cannot assist you, the circular giving very scanty information. Can you obtain the original prospectus? *Samuel, Liverpool.*—I never advise people with small means to speculate—least of all on the cover system. You must excuse my inability to answer your twelve questions under the circumstances. In any case I should not have anything to do with the firms in question, but employ a respectable member of the Stock Exchange.

Home Rails.

T. R.—I maintain my favourable view of Midland Ordinary. They are likely to do better than "Brums" in time. *Investor, Birmingham.*—I do not advise North British Deferred as an investment. If you wish to buy a Scotch stock, you might buy Caledonian Deferred. *R. A.*—Yes; Vestas are cheap, but they are out of favour.

American and Foreign Rails.

J. F. F.—The American Railroad bonds Nos. 1-5, 7-9 are good investments, and there is no reason to change them. Mexican National Prior Lien bonds (6) are also a desirable investment. Hold No 10 for an advance, then sell. If you wish to invest in South American Railway stocks you might select Buenos Ayres and Rosario Extension, 1894, shares at about 8, Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary, Costa Rica Railway Second Debentures, Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds. *Doubtful.*—You have got in rather high into Yankees, but the market is going the right way, and you should hold for an advance of three to four points. *J. E. W.*—I will investigate the merits of your list of stocks, and then publish it with my remarks. *Moses, Harrogate.*—It is a good investment, and as the Company is doing well there is no reason to sell. *Myra.*—No, there is no way of registering the other shares you hold. The Company is only intended for American Railroad shares. *Enquirer.*—No; I do not consider Grand Trunk Ordinary worth buying at present prices. I should rather buy American Rails. Nor am I in favour of Salt Union, notwithstanding the decline. *M. M. Hill.*—The Brazilian Railway stock in question is a very fair investment. You can hold Illinois Central and Denver Preferred for a further rise. For the investment you propose, Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds and Costa Rica Railway Second Debentures together would about give the average you require. *Stoke.*—The common stock is valueless at present, and you will have to keep the shares. Some day, perhaps, they may be worth something. *D. T. E.*—I fully agree with you as to the merits of Texas B and A shares. *Red Lion.*—Yes; you will do well to average No. 1 (Cordoba Central, Central Northern Section), and to exchange No. 2 for Funding bonds. 3 had better be held, and the time will soon come when you should average your Cedulas B. 4. Norfolk and Western Five per Cent. Gold bonds are a good investment. *El Toro.*—1. The particulars of the Ohio and Mississippi scheme will be known in the course of the week. 2. I am not particularly struck with the prospects of this stock. 3. One never knows what may happen in these Republics, but, on the face of it, Nicaragua bonds are cheap. *M. A. C.*—*a.* You can safely hold Milwaukees for a further rise. *b.* Wabash debentures should also be held. You will do well to have nothing to do with the bank in question. *Cerberus.*—1. No dividend has yet been paid, but the debentures are quite safe. 2. Suitable American Railroad bonds are Baltimore and Ohio, South-Western First Mortgage Four and a Half per Cent. bonds, and Louisville and Nashville Four per Cent. Gold bonds. 3. It all depends upon the future of the iron trade. 4. There is no objection to the debentures named by you.

Mining Shares.

Bray.—A speculative investment, which may or may not turn out right. *Scotus.*—You might hold for a possible improvement, as the market looks like waking up, and you might then get a better bid. *Mine.*—I think there is nothing in the point you raise; the shares, I understand, were held for a third party. *Exul.*—The advices from the second expedition to the Great Gold Zone property are very favourable. Valuable gold reefs have been discovered, and the engineer of the proposed sub-company is locating his claims. In a few weeks more news will come to hand. *Stump.*—1. Hold, and average at anything like the price you name. 2. Hold Great Gold Zone. See above reply to "Exul." 3. Hold these shares also. There are advices every fortnight from the Mine. *North-East.*—1. I do not care for Wentworth Gold shares. 2. Yes, Sutherland Reefs are worth buying. *J. Y., Londonderry.*—If you will speculate in low-priced mining shares, you must take the consequences. I recommended No. 1 as a gamble only, and No. 2 are likely to go much better. *C. C. G.*—I know nothing of the concern you inquire about. *Constant Reader.*—No. 5 has excellent prospects. No. 1, 2, and 4 are fair ventures at present figures. Sell 3, 6, 7, 8, 9 on any fair advance. *Frances.*—Matters do not appear to be making satisfactory progress, and it may be best to sell. I am sure you can find in my letter what you want.

Industrial Companies.

Lex.—The comments of the newspaper in question on French Elmore shares are as interested as they are absurd. You should not pay any attention to such trash. The letter is evidently manufactured for the purpose. *J. P.*—Hold Anglo "A," they will recover. I cannot recommend you any better stocks yielding 10 per cent. than good American Brewery stocks and Nitrate Rails. *Boaz.*—Yes; you should hold these shares; they will improve with American Brewery stocks generally. *Xenia.*—1. Prospects seem to be fair, but there is no regular market for the shares, and I do not know if an official quotation can be obtained. 2. Do not average yet, but hold; I will advise when it is time to do so in both Companies. *Delta.*—You should hold Araucos now, although you could have made a good profit if you had sold sooner. Advices from the property should be awaited. Nothing is changed in the prospects of the Company. 3. Probably next month, if not sooner. *J. E.*—Salt Union Debentures should be safe enough, but I do not care much for the investment. *Washington Brewery Co.*—You will, no doubt, see the report in the *Financial News* or other financial papers. *T. L. C.*—Your broker was wrong to advise you not to buy Electric Construction Corporation shares when I recommended them lately (Truth, July 30, 1891). They then stood at 3¼, but they are still worth buying to average, as you will see under "Various Investments." *Derry.*—Hold; the talk about a further impending fall is all nonsense. *Most Anxious.*—You can hardly expect to make a big profit so quickly. You got in rather high. Hold. *German Investor.*—You are right, but if you are a shareholder you will probably not grumble at receiving the dividend.

Mixed Investments.

E. J. B., Brighton.—Please to number your investments. It is not convenient to give the remarks with the names of the Companies in full. *Infaustus.*—1. You should hold the Mining shares. Sooner or later good news will be received from the mine, when the shares will take a jump. Average when the shares look as if they had touched bottom, which will probably be soon. 2. Sell out when an opportunity offers. This concern is doing badly, and I have always advised against it. *Bruce, Rouen.*—1. I should prefer *c, e, f, g.* You will do well to buy now, as a recovery is not unlikely. 2. Sell these Mining shares out as soon as you see a small profit. They are doubtful. 3. Do not buy more at present. Await developments and advices from the pro-

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perty. 4. Texas B are £10 shares which are quoted ⅛—¼ (12s. 6d. to 15s. per share). *Queenie.*—The Income bonds do not receive interest for the whole year until about March next. The First Incomes received 4 per cent. last March, and will no doubt receive 5 per cent. for the current year. What the Second Incomes will receive remains to be seen, but the Company is doing better, and there is, besides, the Ohio and Mississippi deal, which will impart a greater value to these bonds. 2. Hold decidedly, although you have got in rather high. *X. Y. Z.*—If the £100 represents your savings, I should not advise you to speculate with them. *H.*—I think the safest plan for you will be to hold your Cable shares, but not to buy any more. *A., Iffley, Oxford.*—You cannot get this in England. You might invest in Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds, Rio Tinto Five per Cent. First Mortgage bonds, Baltimore and Ohio, South-Western Four and a Half per Cent. First Mortgage bonds, Louisville and Nashville Four per Cent. Gold bonds, Denver and Rio Grande Consol Four per Cent. Mortgage bonds. *A. E. S.*—1. Norfolk and Western Prefs., Louisville and Nashville shares, Lake Shores, and well-selected American Brewery stocks. 2. No; keep the Consols. 3. Yes. *R. S. V. P.*—Midlands, Mexican Central Four per Cent, Gold bonds, Pennsylvania Equipment Trust Four per Cent. bonds.

A Deal in American Rails.

A correspondent hailing from north of the Tweed has forwarded me the particulars of a transaction, which he has had with a firm of outside stock and share dealers, Stanley Chester & Co., of 115, London-wall (near Bank of England, as the printed circulars of the firm have it). "Fortune awaits the prudent speculator" is Stanley Chester & Co.'s motto, but fortune did not fall to the lot of my correspondent, whose £10 disappeared in the firm's "T American Railway Combination," opened August 28, 1891, and closed very promptly on September 1. From the printed "accountant's certificate," forwarded by Stanley Chester & Co., the total amount subscribed of £300 was swallowed up in dealings in Louisville, Atchison, Union Pacifics, Ohio, Erie, and Norfolk and Western. It was a "cover" transaction, and the 1 per cent. cover ran off, as might have been expected. But the accountant's certificate, when compared with the tape prices on August 31 (when the stocks are stated to have been bought) and September 2 (when they were sold), shows some curious discrepancies. Thus, Louisville are charged at 80¾, but the prices ranged from 79⅛ to 80½; Atchison was bought at 42½, a price which they never touched on August 31, having opened at 41¾ and closed at 41½. Unions were bought at 46, while the highest point touched was 45½. There are other discrepancies in the account, but the above specimens will suffice to show that any one who enters Stanley Chester & Co.'s combinations does so with the odds very much against him. I wonder, by the way, who Mr. A. J. P. Woodmason, public accountant, is, who certifies to having carefully examined the account, also all documents, *contracts*, books, &c.? In view of the inaccuracies in the the account alone, Stanley Chester & Co. ought to be called upon to refund the amount subscribed for this precious combination. But there is a more important point. The accountant's certificate and the receipt, sent to my correspondent, state that the "combination" opened August 28. On that day all the various stocks stood 2 to 3 points, Union Pacifics 5 points lower than charged by Stanley Chester & Company on August 31. Why, in all conscience, did not this enterprising firm buy for their clients on August 28? The whole transaction has a most suspicious look, and ought to be inquired into in a Court of Law. But how can any sane person speculate on the cover system with such people?

Various Investments.

Some interesting developments are on the tapis with respect to the French Elmore Company. The Société des Métaux, which, as you are aware, came to grief over the copper gamble, is about to be reconstructed with a capital of 50 million francs, under very powerful auspices, the Crédit Industriel being at the head of the syndicate. I hear that the founders of the new Société des Métaux are anxious to combine the French Elmore Company with the new undertaking, as likely to prove a very important accession of strength. An amalgamation is, for obvious reasons, out of the question, but it would perhaps be possible for the new Société to buy the present shareholders out by a special arrangement. Although most of those interested in the French Elmore Company have conceived very favourable anticipations of its future, an arrangement giving them, say, £5 cash per share, now quoted about 3¼, would probably find general acceptance, if recommended by the Board. You will remember my remarks on the Electric Construction Corporation (Truth, July 30, 1891,), when I recommended you a purchase of the shares, then quoted 3½. They have now advanced to 6⅝, but are still worth buying, as likely to go much higher. If, as is likely, we are going to have a little electric light boom, the undertakings from which the Companies which light the various districts have to buy their material will undoubtedly benefit in the first instance. This applies to the Brush and Swan Companies, and especially to the Electric Construction Corporation. For while the Brush Company paid only a dividend of 3 per cent. on its Ordinary shares, which stand at a considerable premium, the Electric Construction Corporation paid 6 per cent. for the year ended September 30, 1890, while it has, I understand, earned large profits for the present year just closed. Yet these shares, which carry a dividend of at least 6 per cent. with them, payable in about a month's time, stand at a considerable discount. In addition to its electric light work, the Company has concluded important and remunerative contracts for electric traction, and may be considered one of the most progressive of the Companies engaged in electrical work. Bell's Asbestos shares seems to be again turning towards a recovery. There is still a considerable "Bear" account in these shares, which must be covered sooner or later. Anglo-American Telegraph shares have reacted and recovered, and are likely to follow the course of Yankee rails. Investors in American Brewery shares will be interested in the excellent returns for September of some of the leading Companies, the St. Louis showing an increase in the barrelage of 11,294, City of Chicago Brewing and Malting Company 8,045, Bartholomay (Rochester) 6,021. You ask me about the European Sims-Edison Electrical Torpedo Company, the prospectus of which is published. My dear Ben, £201,000 is a big capital for a Torpedo Company, and the future of the concern is entirely dependent upon the adoption of the invention by the British and other European Governments. I think the more prudent plan for you to follow is to keep your money in your pocket, and let others make the experiment.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

QUEER STORY.

NELLIE FARNHAM'S JEALOUSY.

A YEAR and-a-half ago Jack Particle was a bachelor, and an impecunious one into the bargain. He was an exceedingly good-looking fellow, a favourite in the smoking-room of his club, but perhaps a greater favourite in the drawing-rooms and boudoirs of his lady friends.

He was extremely affectionate—a little too much so, in fact, for his reputation not to have suffered. Indeed, in such high favour was he held by certain lovely and brilliant women, that it was not wonderful that he had acquired a reputation for gallantry. A reputation, it may at once be stated, totally undeserved.

A brilliant star with a golden tail, at the time of which we write, had risen upon his horizon in the shape of an Australian heiress, with a face and form unrivalled by any of her English cousins. Every impecunious lordling was, of course, at once at Nellie Farnham's feet, but she bore in mind the many warnings against being married for her money that she had received, and treated them one and all with the contempt they deserved.

One man, however, she met occasionally, who was different from all the rest, and who, she soon discovered, had an irresistible fascination for her. She had heard of the all-conquering Jack Particle before she saw him, and was amazed to find the wicked-eyed, evilly-handsome Don

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

Juan of her imagination in reality a manly, pure-faced, true-eyed lad of five and twenty. Jack himself fell head over ears in love with her, and in due course found himself the affianced lover of the richest and most beautiful girl in London.

But Nellie, although, like Anthony Trollope's heroine, she was so delicious that she was like "water when one is athirst, like plovers' eggs in March, like cigars when one is out in the autumn," had one failing which was destined to bring much misery alike to herself and others. She was intensely suspicious. Whether it was that some of the real old-crusted convict blood in her veins had not altogether lost the taint of chronic apprehension which had been strongly developed in her transported grandfather, or that the stories she had heard of Jack, before making his acquaintance, were too circumstantial not to crop up again in her mind, after the first excitement of her engagement, I cannot tell. Suffice it to say that they were not three weeks betrothed ere Jack began to be conscious of a growing change in her. In place of her tenderness and trustfulness he noticed an evident disinclination to return his affection, and a disposition to cross-examine him as to his doings and engagements, which was irksome and annoying. She even went so far one day as to drop hints that she supposed he was no better than other young men, and believed he had lots of friends of whom he never spoke to her.

Like a good many other girls, Nellie did not believe half she said, and did not suppose that her lover took all she said seriously. But poor Jack, who loved her most devotedly and tenderly, was at his wits' end what to do. He felt he could not marry a girl who did not trust him. When he set himself to assure her that she was mistaken in his character, she met him tritely with "*qui s'excuse s'accuse.*" And when he forebore, she said she knew he was hiding his real self from her. In fact, in place of the sweetest and dearest of girls which he had at first believed her to be, he found himself engaged to one whose perverseness and untractableness were not at all to his taste.

Now Jack had a cousin, a certain Clare Foresight, whose seasonable advice had more than once saved him from the consequences of boyish escapades, and to her he turned in this fresh trouble.

"Now what on earth am I to do, Clare?" he had said, after telling her the exact state of the case. "I can't marry the girl if she has no confidence in me, and I'm not at all certain that, if things go on much longer like this, she won't herself break off the engagement."

"Well, but you know, Jackie, you must put up with something if you go in for marrying money."

"Now, Clare, for goodness' sake don't go on that tack. I swear to you I would have married that girl if she had not been worth one brass farthing, if she would only have loved me. You don't know, Clare, what it is to thirst for some one's love, and to see that person going further and further away from you."

"Well, Jackie," she said, "if that's really so I will do what I can to help you—only you must promise me to do exactly what I tell you. I have an idea in my mind. You can come and see me to-morrow morning, and I will tell you what part you have to play. In the meantime rouse Miss Farnham's suspicions as to your wildness in any way you like. It will make my scheme work all the more certainly. And you may trust me that within a week's time she will be as caressing, and tender, and trusting as you can possibly wish."

After a little hesitation, Jack Particle gave the requisite assurances that he surrendered himself wholly into her hands. Whether he would have done so had he known the strength of Clare Foresight's loyalty to her sex is neither here nor there; it is sufficient to say that he trusted her quite implicitly.

The following day Clare found out from him that he was to dine alone with Nellie and her aunt (they lived together in Wilton-crescent) on the following Friday, and instructed him that the next morning he would receive a letter through the post purporting to be a reply to an advertisement in the *Standard*. This he was at once to bring to her. On his venturing to ask why she could not write the letter, if one were necessary to the scheme, there and then, and give it him instead of posting it, she had answered him with another question.

"Don't you know, you silly boy, that a woman always looks at the post-mark before she opens a letter?"

The next morning, in due course, on his breakfast-table he found a letter bearing the St. John's Wood post-mark. It ran as follows:—

Dear Mr. Particle,—I saw your advertisement in the *Standard*. Meet me on Friday evening, at the Duke of York's Column, at nine o'clock. I shall hold a white handkerchief in my hand, so that there can be no mistake.—Yours, Fanny F.

This mystified Jack more than ever, and he went round to see Clare, feeling very much like a conspirator told off to fire a gunpowder train, but ignorant of the whereabouts of the magazine.

"Now," said Clare, on seeing the letter, "you have got to take care that this falls, envelope and all, into the hands of Miss Farnham. She is certain to pry into it when she sees that it is addressed to you in a female's hand."

"Oh, I say, Clare, this is going a little too far," protested Jack; "I wouldn't let Nellie see such a letter for the world. Besides which, she is the soul of honour, and wouldn't dream of opening a letter of mine."

"Oh, wouldn't she?" retorted Clare; "you try her, that's all, and, if she doesn't, then there's no harm done. But if she does, I promise you, she'll be kinder to you than she has ever been before; that is to say, if you faithfully carry out my instructions."

"Very well," said Jack, lugubriously; "anyhow, things can't be much beastlier than they are. Tell me what I've got to do."

And Clare forthwith unfolded her plans to him.

They were as follows:—Clare was to personate the mysterious Fanny F. at the Duke of York's column, where, she said, Nellie, if she read the letter, was sure to put in an appearance. Clare would manage to get into conversation with her, tell her that she was expecting a Mr. Particle, who was a total stranger to her, and that he was to return her a purse, which he had advertised in the *Standard* as found by him, and that she should then pretend to guess that Nellie had come there out of jealousy, and should suggest that she should pull her veil down and test his character for herself, holding, of course, the white handkerchief in her hand.

Jack objected that things would very likely turn out altogether differently from what she supposed, but gave in again when Clare said sharply, "You've asked my advice, and may take it or leave it."

The result was that, on Thursday evening, he went round to Wilton-crescent to see Nellie, and on leaving said,—

"Oh, by-the-bye, I've at last got a letter of congratulation from old Lady Goulth. You can read it and destroy it. I don't want it back." And he handed her, as though unconscious of a mistake, the incriminating missive.

No sooner had he left the house than the possible consequences of his act burst upon him. Supposing she should read the letter and supposing, instead of following him the next night after dinner to the Duke of York's column, as Clare said she was sure she would, she were to write to him forthwith and refuse ever to see him again. Suppose, indeed, that any part of Clare's plan should fail.

Sick at heart, he cursed himself for his folly in trusting such momentous issues to a frivolous female cousin. However, there was no help for it now. He must spend a miserable interval of suspense until dinner-time to-morrow evening, unless, indeed, he should have received his congé ere that time arrived. Nellie, however, made no sign, and it was with a beating heart that he put in an appearance the next day at Wilton-crescent.

The dinner was not a success. Nellie was cold and distant. Jack was nervous, and out of conceit with himself; and Mrs. Arnott, the aunt, was evidently troubled at the change which had come over the lately-devoted lovers.

Jack had no need to put on a preoccupied air, as he had been instructed by Clare to do. If his life had depended on it, he could not have been otherwise than moody and silent, seeing that the girl he loved sat

opposite with a hard look on her face, born, as he knew, of well-grounded distrust of him.

Dinner over, he made some feeble excuse as to having to get away early, and went off to keep his appointment at the Duke of York's column in anything but an enviable frame of mind, for he realised now, when it was too late, that, even if the plan were otherwise successful, but it leaked out in any way that the whole thing was a hoax, Nellie's pride would probably rise up in arms, and his dismissal be the result.

He waited outside Nellie's house, as Clare had ordered him to do, before starting for the rendezvous, and saw her issue forth alone and charter a hansom, and then gave her ten minutes' law before following her example. Thus far, at any rate, Clare's judgment proved correct. But he felt the worst was to come.

Ten minutes later a hansom dashed smartly up, and stopped at the Colin Campbell Monument, arrested by a protruded walking-stick.

Jack jumped out, and, directly after, found himself face to face with a veiled figure, which he knew to be Nellie's, holding in her hand a white handkerchief.

Politely raising his hat, Jack said :—

"Miss Fanny F., I presume?"

She merely bowed assent.

"I am so glad, madam, that I am enabled to return you your property. I have told my hansom to wait in case you may wish to make use of it."

"No, thank you, I prefer walking. We are not, I suppose, going the same way. As you are so kind as to take all this trouble to bring my purse, I thought, perhaps, we—we might see something more of each other."

Jack was very nearly forgetting himself, and roaring with laughter, when he heard this impudent suggestion spoken by the lips he knew so well, but, recollecting the strict injunctions received from Clare, he restrained himself. It was evident that Nellie was determined to put him severely to the test.

Suddenly it flashed through his mind that she was treating him rather scurvily. Nothing could ever have made him suspect her. Why should he not give her a severer lesson still, and risk the consequences? Hers was an impudent suggestion. His should be an impudent answer.

Clare Foresight's scheme had been that he should merely return the purse, and then bid the lady "Good-night." But she had never suggested that Nellie would not be satisfied with the evident honesty of his intentions. She had not arranged for the possibility of her having the face to put him to a further trial.

All this passed through Jack's mind in a flash, and, acting on the spur of the occasion, he said :—

"By all means, supposing we do see something more of one another, and let's begin by doing a theatre together now."

He thereupon handed her into the cab, and gave orders to drive to the "Criterion."

As they drove along, he wondered how long he had better keep the deception up, when it suddenly occurred to him that he would give Nellie an unexpected shock. He would take two stall tickets, and the attendants would inform Nellie that no bonnets are allowed in the stalls, and she would have to go into the cloak-room, take off her bonnet and veil, and be forced to come out and face him in the open. He then proposed to tell her that he knew it was her all along, which she would be bound to believe from his absence of surprise on meeting her unveiled at the cloak-room door, and then they would have out their lovers' quarrel, which he foresaw would ensue, and have an end of misunderstanding for the future. Indeed, he made up his mind to tell her flatly that he was sick of her suspicions, and that she must see from this incident what a ridiculous position she put herself in, and that there must be an end to what would inevitably——

At this moment the stopping of the cab put an end to his meditations.

By Jove, how pretty Nellie's figure was, he thought, as he helped her out, and what a fascinating colour was her peacock-blue dress as it shone in the glare of the electric light. He could hardly resist telling her that he knew her there and then. But no, his scheme must be carried out.

He found that he could have two stalls, and a minute later he was waiting outside the ladies' cloak-room for his bashful Nellie, not without some misgiving, lest, perhaps, she might after all get the whip-hand in the coming contest. He turned his back to the door as some later comers passed down. Before he could turn round he felt an arm placed in his, and the blue dress swung forward into sight. He knew at once that she must have forgiven him.

"Well, Nellie," he said, without looking at her, "you see I knew it was you all along."

"Nellie! Nellie! Mr. Particle, my name is not Nellie. Surely you've forgotten that my name is Fanny."

Jack looked round, for the voice was still the disguised one in which Nellie had been speaking through her veil. Yes, and not only that, the girl who hung upon his arm, and wore the peacock dress which he had but a minute before so much admired was no more Nellie than he was.

"What the—where the—who on earth are you?" he gasped, forgetting his manners in the completeness of his surprise. The girl was undoubtedly pretty, and as undoubtedly a stranger. What on earth had happened? Where *was* Nellie? Probably now on her way home, having witnessed his meeting and departure in a hansom with this strange young woman. The whole thing was too horrible. He could not make head or tail of the bewildering state of affairs.

Only one thing was strong in his mind, and that was to run away. And run away he did, leaving the mysterious lady standing alone outside the Criterion cloak-room.

The next morning found him, after a sleepless night, handling a letter addressed in Nellie's handwriting. Of course, he knew that it must contain his peremptory dismissal. How he cursed the hour when he had entrusted his fate to the keeping of Clare Foresight!

At last, with trembling fingers, he tore it open.

"Dear Jack," it said, "come to dinner to-morrow (Thursday) night. There are one or two people I want you to meet.—Yours ever affectionately, Nellie."

"Good gracious," thought Jack, "this is more terribly bewildering than ever. I must be mad. The only explanation there can be of all these phenomena is the premature decay of my mental faculties."

* * * * *

The simple solution of the whole thing was that Clare Foresight had repented her of her plot, and gone to Nellie and told her of Jack's distress and her scheme for proving his loyalty, that Nellie had thereupon insisted upon the scheme being carried out, but had at the last moment shirked the adventure, and had pressed into her service a spirited cousin, whom Jack had never seen, and that this spirited cousin had on her own responsibility put him to the further test, with the result that we know.

And Jack swore that night, amidst the laughter of these three young ladies, that he would never trust a girl with a secret for the rest of his natural life.

MUSIC.

THERE is a great gathering of musicians this week at the Birmingham Festival, particularly for the production of Professor Stanford's new oratorio, "Eden," on Wednesday night, and of Dvorák's "Requiem" on Friday morning. Neither work will be publicly produced until after this issue is published, and, therefore, although a pretty shrewd idea might be gained from the vocal scores, which have been issued by Messrs. Novello, and from the full rehearsals, which to all intents and purposes were public performances, I do not, of course, pretend to criticise either of the novelties this week. I venture, however, to predict that those who listen to Dvorák's latest effort for the first time, will be able to understand what is meant by the phrase often applied so thoughtlessly, and without meaning, of "one of Nature's musicians." Antonin Dvorák really never received in his

life a lesson in the higher branches of the art, nor even in ordinary instrumentation. As a lad he slaughtered oxen, and drew the beer for his father—a butcher and tavern-keeper of Mülhausen—and he also played the fiddle to which lads and lasses danced on the village green. This was his musical début. At fifteen, with very little help from Liehmann, the clever, but lazy, village schoolmaster of Zlonitz, he practically taught himself the organ and pianoforte. It was not until he was seventeen that he ever heard a work by Mendelssohn or Beethoven; and at nineteen, he earned two guineas a month by fiddling at the cafés of Prague and joining in a string sextet at a lunatic asylum, where, as he says (with a twinkle in his eye), "I ultimately became organist." He married before he was earning £40 a year; he received a "musician's pension" of £38 for one year for his first symphony in F; he had his now famous "Stabat Mater" refused by the sapient Austrian Government as unworthy a continuance of the annuity; but after the success of the same work in London, he was at once raised to a position which had previously seemed to him beyond the dreams of ambition or avarice. Composition he seems to have learned only by borrowing the scores of Onslow's quartets, Beethoven's septet, and similar works from his friend Carl Bendl, and trying to do something like them on his own account. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a self-taught musician of this description would be distinguished for melodic invention, allied with feeble workmanship. It is a most extraordinary example of the peculiar bent of natural genius that with Dvorák the exact contrary is the case. In his higher compositions the thematic material is sparse, and he gains his effects mainly by a richness of resource and variety of treatment which would, perhaps, be impossible to a man trained in the "schools." Occasionally a crudity will recall the fact that he was self-taught; but, probably, if he had gone through the academic mill, all the rugged originality which, in these days of cut-and-dried forms is departed from only in timorous and apologetic fashion, would have been ground out of him. At the present time, Dvorák, as a patriotic Slav, is being made the mark for some very trenchant criticisms by the German writers. With the gold of England and the dollars of the United States at his disposal, he can afford to laugh at a species for Chauvinistic nonsense which, when shown by the French in regard to "Lohengrin," aroused the scorn of every musical critic of the Fatherland.

Dvorák will, however, have to learn a little more English before he takes up the position offered him of Principal of the National Conservatory of Music of the United States. At rehearsal last week his efforts in our tongue had to be translated by Dr. Richter. Dvorák is not quick at languages, and, indeed, until he was seventeen, he spoke no other dialect than Bohemian. Even now his German recalls the Lancashire dialect of Mr. Santley in singing the songs of Burns.

The enforced absence of Madame Albani, owing to illness, may not perhaps cause regret in the minds of musicians, who are happy enough in a choice between the splendid soprano organ of Miss MacIntyre and the artistic style of Miss Anna Williams. Miss Williams, despite her hard voice, is, I think, a better musician than any other soprano now before the public, and the manner in which she read off her difficult part in the novelties of Dvorák and Stanford at rehearsal deserves unstinted praise. But although the untutored public still run after a name, the absence of Madame Albani has not in the least degree had the effect of sending down the Festival receipts. Indeed, the advance upon the figures of 1888 is by some curious accident specially marked in some of the concerts for which the Canadian singer was announced, although her name was publicly withdrawn before the ballot. The "Elijah" receipts have, for example, gone up about 15, and the "Messiah" about 25 per cent. Nor has the Festival been affected by the fact that a week or so hence Messrs. Harrison announce Madame Patti for the first of a series of concerts, tickets for the whole of which may be secured at about the same price that people are expected to pay at the Festival for a single performance—for example, of Bach's "Passion" music. Messrs. Harrison, like the Festival authorities, share the general prosperity, and their receipts for the Patti concerts already "beat the record," and promise to be phenomenal. The chief trouble against which the present committee have had to fight lies, however, in the fact that their predecessors distributed literally hundreds of "dead-head" tickets. It needs a firm attitude to teach mean people that if they want to listen to the performances from any other place than the street (where, by the way, the choruses can be heard very plainly) they must pay for their tickets.

Signor Lago has done so well in years gone by that I should be glad to expect the fulfilment of all the promises accredited to him at the Shaftesbury. A good deal of talk has, however, been heard about projected revivals of "Cenerentola," "Il Matrimonio Segreto," "The Flying Dutchman," "Armida," and other works which are now so glibly being written about, and if he fulfils even one-half the promises attributed to him by newspaper paragraphists. opera-goers will be very well satisfied. It has, at any rate, I believe been decided that "Cavalleria Rusticana" shall open the season on the 19th, and it is said that Miss MacIntyre will appear on the following night in the "Flying Dutchman," with Signor Dorini as the tenor and "Signor" Blanchard as the Dutchman. Nearly all Signor Lago's artists are new-comers, but the Portuguese impresario is lucky in this particular, and if he pays as much attention to scenery and decorations as he last year did to the casts of operas, his season ought to be a notable one. Signor Lago is, unfortunately, the only impresario who has had the pluck to produce any new work upon the Anglo-Italian stage for something like eight years.

To lose an old friend is always more or less a matter of grief, even if it be the "Stradivarius Violin" of commerce. It seems, however lamentable the fact may appear, that the real and bonâ-fide thirty-shilling "Strad." (bow and case included) is becoming a thing of the past. A brutal British Government has killed it by the simple expedient of insisting that across the label "Ants. Stradivarivs, Cremonens., fecit 1680" (or some such date), the minions of the law must stamp the ominous words, "Made in Germany." If anybody wants anything of the sort, he can therefore now get it for less than a sovereign. Indeed, the opportunity is not confined to the males, for the instruments (they are, I am bound in fairness to state, now expressly stated to be "new") thus offered are described as "lady's and gentleman's violins." How the sexes can be distinguished in regard to the instruments of which Lady Hallé and the Rev. H. R. Haweis are such distinguished professors, I do not pretend to understand.

Eighteen gentlemen have just gained the Mus. Bac. degree at Durham, and a great many more have safely steered themselves through the first "exam." The older universities, doubtless, look with suspicion upon this wholesale "pass." But the musical examination at Durham is almost as strict as that at Oxford or Cambridge, and the chief difference lies in the fact that the "arts" test at Durham is limited to arithmetic, English, and geography. The preposterous idea that Greek, higher mathematics, and other abstruse subjects, must be mastered before a musician can gain a university diploma in music is now, I hope, a thing of the past. I really do not even see of what use geography would be to the musician. To the unsophisticated mind it would appear that the affixes Mus. Bac. and Mus. Doc. would merely indicate a knowledge of music and a qualification to teach it, and whether the holder of the musical degree is likewise a master of Greek, or Hebrew, or Sanskrit is, to the vast majority of mankind, a matter of perfect indifference. The success of Durham is, however, likely to work a little revolution, for whatever the anxiety of governing bodies may be for the main-

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tenance of the dead languages, the question of fees is one of far more pressing importance. It is, I fancy, largely in consequence of the run upon Durham, that the arts test at Oxford has lately been considerably lowered in respect to musical degrees.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—London is perfectly delightful just now. One's friends are all returning, and it is pleasant to exchange experiences of the villeggiatura time, and to hear all the news about everybody. Town is surprisingly full at present, and on fine afternoons there are blocks in Bond-street which quite recall the height of the season. I was expressing my appreciation of London to Lilla yesterday, and she cynically remarked, "Wait till the first fog comes." The very idea of it seemed to chill me through and through.

One meets the oddest looking people in the streets. To the girls with shirts, tan belts, tan stockings, and tan shoes, we have been long accustomed. But the picturesque male being is a novelty in town, only visible at this season. Unwilling to forsake his becoming holiday garb, he ventures forth, regardless of the jeering street boy, in velvet coat, crimson tie, tan boots, and brown pot-hat to match the coat. Or he exhibits his more or less shapely limbs in knickerbockers and Norfolk jacket, which look rather out of place in Regent-street, thanks to the tyrant Fashion. I am of opinion that men should dress exactly as they like, whether in town, or out of it; but as things are, it needs some courage to get out of the ordinary groove.

We turned into Hayward's this morning to see some of the new mantles, as you are so exercised in your mind about your new one. It is difficult to choose, is it not, when one has to abide by one's choice for so many months? It is nearly as serious a business as selecting a husband. Well, dear, we were shown some pretty black cloth jackets, tight-fitting and beautifully cut, some of which were handsomely braided on the bodice and sleeves, and others on the skirts. The length of the latter is arranged in accordance with the height of the person who is to wear the coat. A long one makes a short woman look still shorter. A very handsome carriage mantle was in garnet-coloured velvet back and front, the long sleeve-pieces being made of black and red material, very soft and fleecy looking, called Himalaya cloth. The collar was high and covered with the fur of the Mongolian goat, long and crimpy. It is to be much worn in all colours this season, as well as in white and black. The lovely trimmings of the coat were in passementerie jewelled with garnet and handsomely embroidered with jet. Long fringes of chenille and jet hung from the shoulders and again at the waist, and from the square end of the sleeves, which are bordered with the black fur. A glorious mantle this, and one that could be worn in the evening as well as for visiting.

The trimming at the back was arranged in quite a new way. The two sides of it nearly met across the shoulders and then withdrew from each other, being quite 2 in. apart at the waist. You cannot conceive how becoming this was to the figure.

We liked very much a tightly-fitting coat of brown plush, which we at first supposed to be sealskin, for the high wired collar is made of this fur, the revers are lined with it, and the fronts faced with it, so that the coat can be thrown open, when it looks as though it were lined throughout with the fur. The sleeves end in very deep gauntlet cuffs, which are outlined with narrow gold braid, just as were the sleeves of the last century riding-coats. The pockets are trimmed in the same way, and the garment is a highly-picturesque one, and at the same time warm and comfortable, as you may imagine. The collar can be worn high, or turned down at will. This is just the style for you.

An evening mantle was in grey corduroy cloth, a material that is being made in a rather wider rib now than it was in the season. The mantle fits in at the waist, and is trimmed with a lovely passementerie in palest gold jewelled with pigeon's breast colours and a beautiful opalescent blue. I have never seen a more beautiful embroidery. The lining is in silk shot with pigeon's-breast tints, and the trimming which runs round all the outlines, is grey Mongolian goat fur.

A very pretty breakfast-gown was made of a new Indian material called Zenana. It looks like silk quilted in straight lines and brocaded between with a tiny flower. The wrong side is all woolly and softly fluffy, the fabric consequently combining the qualities of warmth and lightness. The colours of the one we saw were shrimp-pink and réséda, and the front was all in shrimp-pink silk crêpe de Chine, fluted and gathered across and across. For artistic relief there were cuffs and a deep collar of rather dark résèda velvet.

We saw some of the new fans, painted with dragon flies, whose wings are splangled in different colours, looking like jewels. Cupids are again "in" for decorative art. A lovely fan had chubby pink cupids looking through the delicate meshes of white lace. Another was painted in a beautiful design of butterflies and thistle-down. But the dragon fly is, *par excellence*, the autumnal insect for fans.

How very insufficient the little summer coats look now, with no fronts to them, and a thin, frilled silk shirt, the only protection to the chest. Women should remember that Nature has denied them beards, and that it consequently behoves them to protect their chests in some artificial manner.

When a ready-made coat is purchased, some attention should be given to its adaptability to the figure on which it is to be worn. We saw two, while we were out to-day, that illustrated the extremes of failure. One, on a girl with a very pronounced bust, had the beginning of the fronts under her chin, and the end of them ever so far back on her hips, describing two diagonal lines. The other, a very thin girl, wore her coat open, the fronts forming a wall that jutted straight out in front of her for about a quarter of a yard on either side. They made her look quite square from a side view.

Such a pretty girl came with Mrs. Fourstars to call on us the other day. We wondered that she would have no tea, nor even a *marron glacé*, which we thought no human girl could resist. After she had gone, the reason suddenly dawned upon us. She wore a very becoming veil of filmy black net, securely tied under her chin and fastened up at the back of her head under her hat. Of course, without undoing this, she could not convey even a bonbon to her mouth. But that veil was *very* becoming. It was almost worth the sacrifice of a cup of tea.

We went to inquire for Madame Lili, who met with such a serious accident three weeks ago that she is even now only able to walk with the aid of two stout walking-sticks, and has to be carried upstairs and down. After we had condoled with her upon such a state of things, we looked round at the hats and bonnets for the mid-season. They are very pretty. A shamrock bonnet in garnet velvet has the three leaves resting on the hair, each being bordered with a narrow line of jet, while at the back, where the three take their source, there is a little upright twist of lace and a cluster of high black ostrich tips. We noticed that this trimming at the back is now worn very high on all the bonnets. We admired a bonnet with a jet brim, above which were white pigeon's wings tied in with deftly-arranged little bows of narrow black velvet ribbon.

Among the hats was one with a wide, flat brim, covered with palest tan-coloured cloth. The brim was turned up slightly in front, and also at the back, but the sides were quite horizontal. A twist of green velvet surrounded the rather low crown, and a cluster of ostrich tips, shaded from dark-green to white, formed the trimming, one being in front and the other at the back. A beautiful hat was

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covered with scarlet cloth, the brim being lined with black velvet, a peculiarly becoming arrangement. The crown was quite novel, being raised above a band of twisted black velvet, and jutting out beyond it, like a flat Tam o' Shanter, the rim of it being finished with a fancy black cord. The brim is turned up at one side of the back with a cluster of black feathers tied in with black velvet. Two small feathers droop on the hair beneath the brim at the back. There was a sweet grey felt, too, with a roll of pale pink silk round the crown and an abundant fledging of lovely grey feathers.

We went to a Begum Curry lunch, given at the offices in the Strand, on Friday last, and were regaled on chicken and rice, köftas and parpas. These words will, I hope, puzzle you, as they puzzled me. Köftas are small rissoles of something, curried, and served in a delicious thick gravy. Parpas, or papars, I am not sure of the spelling, are crisp, thin, wafer-like, brown, fried things, made from some Indian cereal, and tasting very like fried potatoes, also looking rather like them. Like all such crisp, fried things, they elude the eater by crumbling into tiny little fragments. The curry was so delicious that we brought away a little tin of it, and got Sarah to curry us some eggs for lunch the next day. She serves them with rice so exquisitely boiled that it becomes most inviting to the eye, a long step towards pleasing the palate. I believe Sarah always puts a slice or two of tomato and one of apple in her curried eggs. Eaten with brown bread and butter, it is a pleasant dish.

Plaice is not a very fascinating fish, is it? But it may be glorified and idealised by treating it in the following manner, converting it into a ragoût:—

Get your fishmonger to send in a large plump plaice in fillets. These must be rubbed well with salt, and fried briskly till of a nice golden brown colour. Take up the fish, lay it on a dish. Pour into a pan a pint and a-half of water, two skinned anchovies, and two minced shalots; let them simmer slowly for fifteen minutes, then add the fillets of plaice and a cleaned herring. Stew all gently for twenty minutes; take up the fish, lay it on a hot dish, thicken the sauce, give it a boil, strain it through a hair-sieve on to the fish. Garnish it with bearded oysters blanched in their own shells, on a hot stove. Send to table with half lemons larded with cayenne. If the fish is left in salt for an hour or so before cooking, it will fry firmly, and has a more delicious flavour.

You will find the following a delicious dish, and a very pretty one:—

Bone 12 lb. of ribs of beef, lay it flat upon the table, and well beat for ten minutes; then rub into it a mixture, consisting of 6 oz. of brown sugar, 4 oz. of ordinary salt, and 1 oz. of saltpetre previously crushed fine. Place the meat in a large deep dish containing one cup of water and the same of vinegar, let it lie there for ten days, turning it every morning with two wooden spoons. Take it out and let it soak for six hours in cold water. Place it flat on the table, with the outer skin downwards, cut rows across the width of the meat, about half an inch thick, but be careful not to cut down as far as the outer skin, which must not be severed. Fill the crevices alternately with parsley, fat bacon, and crumbs of bread mixed with mace, pepper, and picked leaves of sweet herbs, until all the slots are full, then roll the meat up tightly, fasten it securely with broad tape, wrap it in a cloth, and boil slowly in hot water for four hours, with just enough water to cover it; see that the lid fits tightly. Then take it up, hang it by the string so that it may be kept quite round. Skim all fat from the water in which the beef was boiled, add as much vinegar as there is liquor, a tablespoonful of mixed allspice with a little salt. In this mixture you should lay the meat each time it is taken from table. Garnish the dish on which it is served with clusters of parsley, hillocks of horseradish, and small heaps of red pickled cabbage, laid alternately round the edge. Before sending to table cut a thin slice from the top of the round, it will then make a pretty dish, showing squares of different colours. If one tablespoonful of any spirit be added to this liquor, and it be made fresh every week, the meat will keep good for a long time.

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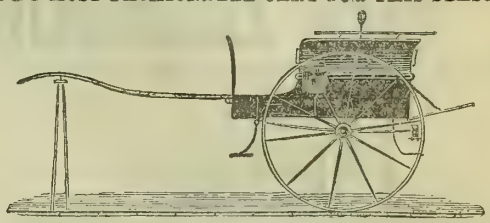

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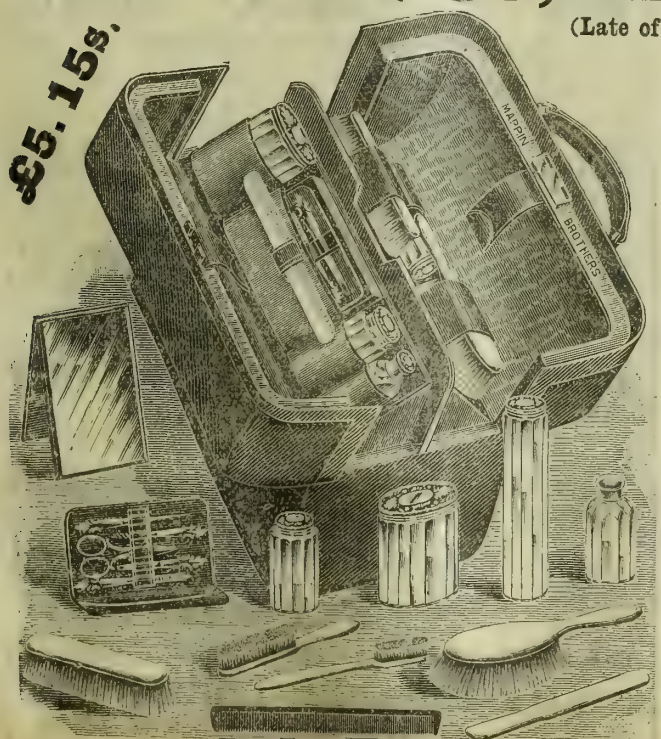

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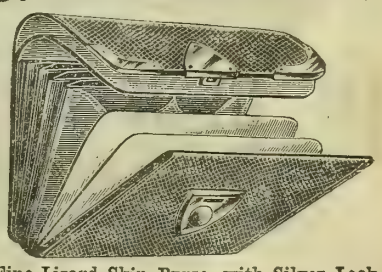

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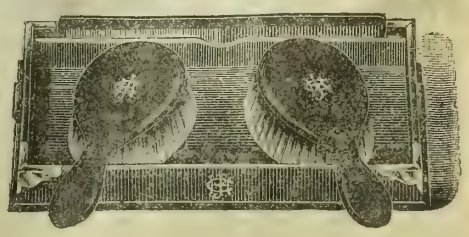

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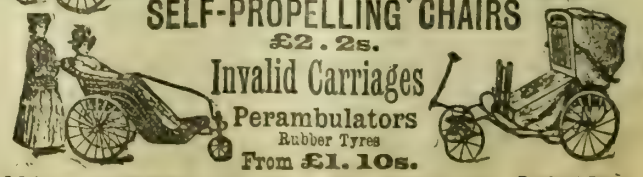

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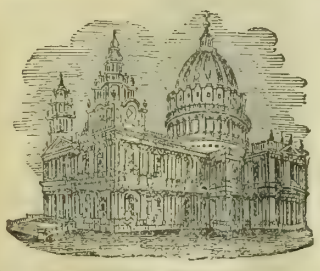

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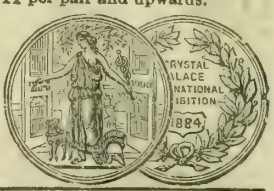
The Y & N Patent Diagonal Seam Corset

Exquisite Model. Perfect Comfort Guaranteed Wear.

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all the Fashionable Colours and Shades in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil; also in the New Sanitary Woollen Cloth. 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair and upwards.

Caution.—Every genuine Y & N Corset is stamped "Y & N Patent Diagonal Seam No. 116," in oval on the lining.

Sold by Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters in the United Kingdom & Colonies.



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THE BEST WEARING FASHIONABLE BLACK SILK.

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THOROUGHLY TRIED AND RELIABLE.

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REGISTERED No. 93095.

AT ALL SILK HOUSES.

Wholesale Only,

M. & L. MAKOWER & Co., 40, Old Change, E.C.

TOBACCONISTS Commencing. Jewellers, Stationers, &c. Illd. Guide, "How to open a Cigar Store." 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-rd., Ldn. A Prospectus on the other trades free. H. Myers. Est. 1868.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE

Is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post-free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.

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(PATENT).

SEASIDE AT HOME.

A TREAT never excerienced before. Gives the FULLEST ILLUSION of a Sea or River Bath. Keeps the blood in ACTIVE circulation.
ABSOLUTELY no water splashing in the room. ONLY 3 pails of hot or cold water required.
STRONGLY made of tinned steel, and ARTISTICALLY enamelled.
Price £3 10s. *Five Per Cent. Discount for Cash, if you mention this Paper when writing.*

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(REGISTERED),

THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN DENTISTS,

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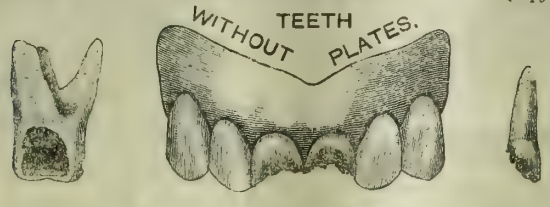

MASTICATING TOOTH. Too far decayed for filling. DECAYED TEETH. DECAYED FRONT TOOTH.

GOLD OR PORCELAIN CROWN. THE CROWNS. PORCELAIN CROWN.

CROWN FIXED. CROWNS FIXED. CROWN FIXED.

The above diagrams give an idea of the special system of Crown Work as carried out by the gentlemen operators in attendance, who are from the leading American Universities recognised by the American Dental Faculty, and are specialists in Teeth without Plates, Crown and Bridge Work, Gold Filling, &c., by which decayed teeth are permanently saved and made useful. Extractions unnecessary and everything performed painlessly. Fullest information and consultation without fee. Pamphlet on application to the Secretary.

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SAVE HALF YOUR INCOME, and BUY DIRECT from the FARMERS. Orders of 5s. free delivered daily. Cash on delivery, or deposit account, or weekly credit account with approved customers. Orders posted before eleven o'clock in the morning are delivered same day or latest next morning in all parts of London and suburbs. Country orders despatched same day.

FINEST QUALITY ENGLISH BEEF, MUTTON, PORK, VEAL, &c.

Beef, Topside or Silverside, 7½d. | Veal and Pork, Prime Joints, 7½d.
Sirloin, 8½d. lb.; Ribs, 8½d. lb. | Large Fowls, 1s. 9d.; 2s. 3d., and 2s. 6d.
Salt Beef, 6d. Other Joints, 5d. lb. | Large Geese and Turkeys, 5s. 6d.
Rump Steak, 1s.; Beef Steak, 9d. | Butter, choice, 1s.; Bacon, 5½d.
Suet, 6d. lb.; Stock Meat, 4d. | Cheddar Cheese, 8d. lb.; Lard, 7d.
Mutton, Prime Joints, 8d. lb. | Choice Hams, 8d. Ducks, 2s. 6d.

Game at wholesale prices.
Floury Potatoes, 112 lb. 5s., 56 lb. 2s. 9d., free delivered.
Choice Apples, half-bushel, 3s.
Carrots, Turnips, Onions, each 14 lb. 9d., free delivered.
BRITISH FARMERS' ASSOCIATION, 58, Shoe-lane, Holborn-circus, London, E.C. Bankers—London Joint-Stock Bank.
Telegraphic address, "Farm Produce, London."
Numerous testimonials from nobility and gentry, and Press opinions.

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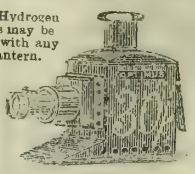

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Complete in Box	£1 10 0
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— HAIR DYE. HAIR DYE. HAIR DYE. —

The very best is GILLINGWATER'S. GILLINGWATER'S DYE is world renowned. Fifty years' reputation. It is used by the élite of society the world over. GILLINGWATER'S DYE, scientifically prepared, is simply perfection. Users are more than satisfied, they are delighted to find a reliable, natural, perfect, and permanent DYE. If you once use GILLINGWATER'S you will be pleased to recommend it. Each case of two bottles contains fullest directions by which any desired shade may be obtained, and by a casual application maintained. Order of your Chemist to-day a sample case of GILLINGWATER'S DYE. Prices: small cases 3s. 6d., large cases 7s. 6d., or it will be sent carefully packed direct from GILLINGWATER'S, Turle-rd., Tollington Park, London, N.

INVALIDS' FURNITURE AND APPLIANCES.

BATH CHAIRS from £1 10s.
Self-Propelling Chairs, £2.
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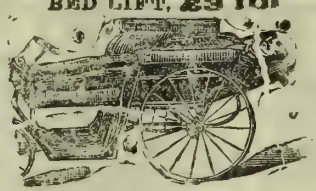
BED LIFT, £3 10s.



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CARRYING CHAIR, 25/-
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PORTABLE TURKISH BATH, £2 10s.
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Bath Chair and Spinal Carriage Combined
PORTABLE W.C., £3.
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Largest Stock in the World.

ALFRED CARTER, Bassinette Perambulator 35s.
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MAPPIN & WEBB'S PATENT TABLE KNIVES.

SAMPLES & PRICES FREE.

"Unequalled for hard wear."

Only London Addresses, { 158, OXFORD ST., W. / 18, POULTRY, E.C. (Opposite the Mansion House),

MANUFACTORY—NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.

THE GENUINE
EAU DE BOTOT
Is the Only Dentifrice approved by the ACADEMY of MEDECINE of PARIS
May be obtained in Powder & Paste containing all the beautifying and preservative qualities of the liquid preparation
N.B. See each article has the Signature
EAU de BOTOT 1/6, 2/6, 5/, 15/, 30/-
PASTE 1/6, 2/6. POWDER 1/6, 2/6
FROM ALL PERFUMERS & CHEMISTS
N. J. Botot

VACCINE DE LA BOUCHE
EAU DE SUEZ
The only Dentifrice which has solved the problem of how to preserve the Teeth, and is therefore
the only Dentifrice which immediately and permanently puts a stop to Tooth-ache
COMFORTABLE AND BEAUTIFUL TEETH
London Depot: WILCOX & Co., 239, Oxford St And all principal Chemists in the United Kingdom and Continent.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S
Oriental Tooth Paste.
White, Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums to Old Age.
ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE FOR CLEANSING, BEAUTIFYING, AND PRESERVING THE TEETH & GUMS
PREPARED BY JEWSBURY & BROWN, 113 MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.
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CAUTION.—The only genuine is JEWSBURY & BROWN'S.
Pots 1/6 and 2/6. All Chemists.
60 YEARS IN USE.

Blue & gold printed label. 4711 Extract of Double Strength.
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Preferred by everyone
Always highest awards. To be had of all Chemists and Stores.
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ALL FAT PEOPLE
can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "Your Trilene Tablets act admirably." Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors. 70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

TOO FAT!!
DR. GORDON'S ELEGANT PILLS
Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to
DR. GORDON,
10, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

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CELESTINS.—For affections of the Kidneys, Gravel, Uric Acid, Rheumatism, Diabetes, &c.
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INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.
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THE STOCK CONVERSION AND INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

This Company begs to direct the attention of investors to the Preferred and Deferred Stocks issued by it against London and North-Western and North-Eastern Ordinary Stocks, and which are quoted on the London and leading Provincial Stock Exchanges.

The Preferred Stocks possess security similar to that of Railway Preferential and Preferred Stocks, but yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more income, thus affording to holders of many of the former Stocks an opportunity of adding to their revenue without decreasing their security.

The Deferred Stocks, whilst returning an average income in excess of that yielded by the Railway Ordinary Stocks, against which they are issued, contrast most favourably with all other Deferred and low-priced Ordinary Railway Stocks, and afford the only opportunity to small investors of participating, by means of low-priced Stocks, in the future of these two leading railways of the country. Table showing present price and dividend, and the dividend on the average of a number of years obtainable on the Deferred Stocks, is subjoined.

Any further information with regard to these Stocks can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 12 and 13, Nicholas-lane, E.C.

DEFERRED CHARGE STOCKS.	Present Price.	Last Dividend paid.	Annual Average of Dividend on result of last 10 years.*	Returns on basis of last Dividend.	Returns on Average Dividend of 10 years
London and North-Western Ordinary Stock	27	£1 7 6	£1 7 0 %	£5 1 10	£5 0 0
North-Eastern— Ordinary Stock	40	£2 5 6†	£2 4 0 %	£5 13 9	£5 10 0

*No allowance is here made for bonuses on allotments of new Stock.

†Exclusive of bonus of 9s. 6d. per cent. from allotment of new Stock.

URUGUAY UNIFIED FIVE PER CENT. BONDHOLDERS' COMMITTEE.—For the purpose of MAINTAINING THEIR RIGHTS from CONFISCATION, HOLDERS of the Bonds of the above Loan are REQUESTED to DEPOSIT their BONDS immediately with the Bankers of the Committee, Messrs. BROWN, JANSON, & Co., 32, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C., who will issue certificates in exchange therefor on behalf of the Committee. A fee of 1s. per £100 of Bonds deposited must be paid towards expenses of registration, &c.

Copies of an explanatory circular issued by the Committee, with Forms for depositing the Bonds, and other particulars, may be obtained of the Bankers, and at the Offices of the Committee.

By order,
SIDNEY S. KENNEDY, Secretary.

Ethelburga House, 70 and 71, Bishopsgate-street Within, London, E.C.

FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER
"CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is entirely free from any poison or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious ingredient, and is a good, safe, and useful medicine."
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CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities, from WHATEVER cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczen a Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the CAUSE from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 33 or 132 Stamps, by the Proprietors—THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., LINCOLN.
Ask for CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE, and do not be persuaded to take an imitation

COCKLE'S
ANTIBILIOUS
PILLS.
COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.
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THE FINEST TONIC
FER BRAVAIS most effective in restoring the vitality of the blood, and enabling the constitution to resist climatic influences.
FER BRAVAIS Invaluable in al cases of anæmia, influenza and general debility.
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LANCET "A beautiful and interesting preparation."
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth."
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS WITH DROP MEASURE.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over
ONE HUNDRED YEARS,
and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES CORPORATION 3 PER CENT. REDEEMABLE STOCK. Authorised by the Stockton-on-Tees Extension and Improvement Act, 1889.

ISSUE of £400,000 STOCK, redeemable at par on the 1st April, 1932, unless previously cancelled by purchase in the open market or otherwise. Minimum price of issue, £94 per cent.

The First Half-yearly Dividend will be paid 1st April, 1892.

"Special attention is directed to Section 223 of the Stockton-on-Tees "Extension and Improvement Act, 1889, whereby Trustees or other persons for "the time being authorised to invest money in the Mortgages, Debentures, or "Debenture Stock of any railway or other company shall, unless the contrary "is provided by the instrument authorising the investment, have the same "power of investing that money in Corporation Stock (other than Stock for the "time being represented by a Stock Certificate to bearer), as they have of "investing it in the Mortgages, Debentures, or Debenture Stock aforesaid."

The National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, are authorised by the Corporation of Stockton-on-Tees to receive Tenders for the above Stock, in amounts of £10, and upwards in multiples of £10, to be issued under the powers of the above Act, and in accordance with resolutions passed at a meeting of the Council held on the 24th day of September, 1891, at the minimum price of £94 per cent., free of Stamp Duty or other charge.

The instalments of the Loan will be payable as follows:—

On application £5 per cent.

On allotment such sum as will leave £75 to be paid for each £100 Stock allotted, viz:—

On the 9th day of November, 1891, 25 per cent.
On the 9th day of December, 1891, 25 ,,
On the 7th day of January, 1892, 25 ,,

Instalments may be anticipated at a discount of £2. 10s. per cent. per annum.

The Stock will bear interest at £3 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, on the 1st April and 1st October, at the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, 112, Bishopsgate-street, London, or at any of its branches; or Dividend Warrants will be transmitted by post, if desired, The first half-year's Interest will be payable in full on the 1st April, 1892.

The Stock to be now issued is to replace existing loans for works authorised, and works in progress, &c., viz.:—

For the reconstruction of the Baths and Wash-houses	£6,500
For the purchase of a Burial Ground and laying out same	16,000
For the construction of a Main Sewer	13,000
For laying out the Park and Recreation Ground	13,500
For the erection of an Infectious Diseases Hospital	10,000
For Waterworks Extensions	31,000
For the repayment of Existing Loans	310,000
	£400,000

The entire debt of the Corporation now stands at £868,665, against which the Corporation possess very valuable properties (including the Gasworks, Waterworks, and Quay and Warehouses) which have cost £953,345, and produce an annual income (which is increasing) of £33,044, as under:—

Gas-works, Water-works, Quay, Warehouses and Bonding Stores	£857,670	Income	£30,789 13 2
Baths and Wash-hous s, Borough Hall, Markets and Cemetery	95,675	,,	2,254 14 3
	£953,345		£33,044 7 5

The Stock and Dividends, in addition to being charged on the Revenues above-mentioned, will be secured by the Borough Fund, Borough Rate, the District Fund, the General District Rate, and all other funds and rates belonging to and leviable by the Corporation for municipal and sanitary purposes.

The rateable value of the Borough is £175,761, and the power of rating is unlimited, the Borough and General District Rates being at present 2s. 10d. in the £, including 9d. in the £ for School Board and Free Library purposes.

The population of the town is rapidly increasing, having developed from 13,357 in 1861, to 27,738 in 1871, to 41,405 in 1881, and to 49,731 in 1891.

The LOAN DEBT OF THE CORPORATION on the 31st August, 1891, was as follows, viz.:—

	£
PROFIT EARNING DEPARTMENTS—	
Gas, Waterworks, Markets, Baths, Wharf and Cemetery	812,067
NON-PROFIT EARNING DEPARTMENTS—	
Street Improvements, Construction of Bridge, &c.	56,598
	£868,665

As the Interest and Sinking Funds on the Debt of the Profit-Earning Departments are more than covered by their Revenues, the only annual charge falling upon the Rates on account of the Loan Debt is in connection with the Non-Profit Earning Departments, the Debt in respect of which is *less than One-Third* of One Year's Rateable Value of the Borough.

The Corporation are required to make annual provision by a Sinking Fund for the Redemption of the Stock, and to furnish annual returns to the Local Government Board. Any holder of Stock may obtain on application, after payment in full, and in exchange for the provisional receipts, Stock Certificates to Bearer, transferable by delivery, for sums of £10, £20, £50, £100, £200, £500, and £1,000 Stock with Coupons attached, on payment of the fees prescribed in the Act.

The Books of the Corporation Stock will be kept at the office of the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, 112, Bishopsgate-street, London, where Stock Certificates will be issued and Transfers registered.

The Stock will be inscribed on or before 1st March, 1892, and Scrip Certificates paid up in full may be inscribed forthwith.

All Transfers and Stock Certificates to Bearer will be free from Stamp Duty.

A quotation on the London Stock Exchange will be applied for in due course.

Copies of the Stockton-on-Tees Extension and Improvement Act, 1889, may be seen at 112, Bishopsgate-street, London, and at the Offices of the Town Clerk and the Borough Accountant, Stockton-on-Tees.

Sealed Tenders, with the required deposit, are to be delivered at the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, 112, Bishopsgate-street, London, not later than Two o'clock on Thursday, the 8th October, when they will be opened in the presence of such applicants as may attend.

Tenders at different prices must be made on separate forms.

No Tenders under the minimum, or including fractions of one shilling other than sixpence, will be received, and Tenders at the lowest rate accepted will be subject to proportionate diminution.

Where no Allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and in case of partial Allotment the balance of deposit will be applied towards the first instalment. If default be made in any instalment at its proper date the deposit and instalments previously made will be liable to forfeiture.

Forms of Tender may be obtained at the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, 112, Bishopsgate-street, London, and at any of its Branches; at the Offices of Messrs. J. & A. SCRIMGEOUR, Stockbrokers, 18, Old Broad-street, London; and at the Town Clerk's and Borough Accountant's Offices, Stockton-on-Tees.

Dated, 3rd October, 1891.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

CORNFORTH & REACHER,
Stock and Share Brokers,
4, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Monthly Investment List with Notes on Railways, Foreign Stocks, Industrial and Miscellaneous Shares and Mines—*Free on Application.*

References in every large town in England.

BANKERS—City Bank, Threadneedle-street, E.C.

Stock delivered to any London Bankers in exchange for cash.

Special attention to Investment Business,

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—
CORNFORTH, LONDON.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £12,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.

General Accidents.	Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents.	Death by Accident.

C. HARDING, Manager.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.

LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... £4,900,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, JUN., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

SUN FIRE OFFICE,
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1890,
£361,500,000.

ACCIDENTS
AT ALL TIMES—IN ALL PLACES
INSURED AGAINST BY THE
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1849. CAPITAL £1,000,000.
64, CORNHILL, LONDON.
W. D. MASSY, A. VIAN, } *Secretaries.*

Established 1868.
THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,
20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.

Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary. H. TEMPLE.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.
No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY,
58, Old Broad Street, London.
Capital, $3,000,000.
5 per cent. Deposits received for periods of not less than Six Months.
5 per cent. Debentures issued for a period of Five Years.
6 per cent. Freehold Mortgages. Principal and Interest guaranteed by the Company.
ATKINSON & CO., Managers for the United Kingdom.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.
UNION DEPOSIT BANK.
No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE.
Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From £30 to £5,000.
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
Interest allowed on deposits, 5, 6, and 7 per cent.
EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

THE

GRESHAM

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

WEST-END BRANCH—2, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

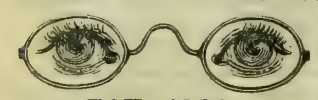
FUNDS.

Annual Income	Exceeds	**£800,000**
Assets	Exceed	**£4,610,000**
Payments to Policy-holders	Exceed	**£9,250,000**

Moderate Rates of Premium. Liberal Scale of Annuities. Loans granted upon Security of Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Property, Life Interests, and Reversions. Also to Corporate and other Public Bodies, upon Security of Rates, &c.

PROPOSAL FORMS, &c., to be obtained on application to the Society's Agents, or to the Head Office as above.

THOMAS G. ACKLAND, F.I.A., F.S.S., *Actuary and Manager.* JAMES H. SCOTT, *Secretary.*



ROSS & Co.

112, NEW BOND ST., W.

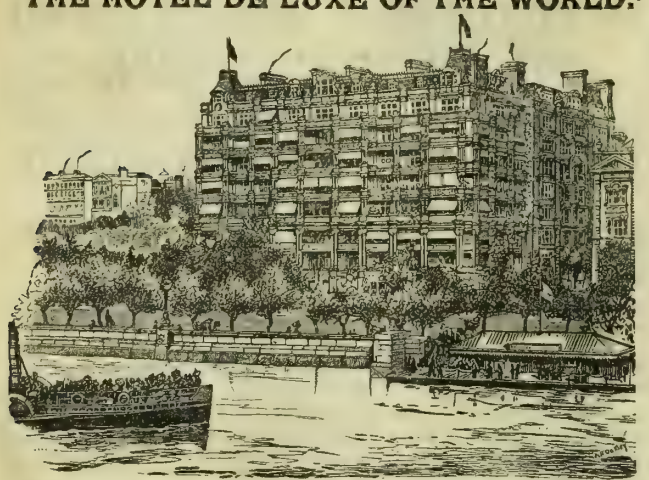
EST. 1830. **OPHTHALMIC OPTICIANS.**

A Special Department for Examination and Testing of the EYE-SIGHT by a qualified OPTICIAN.

SAVOY HOTEL & RESTAURANT,

Victoria Embankment, **LONDON.**

'THE HOTEL DE LUXE OF THE WORLD.'



Magnificent River and Garden View. Bedrooms, single, from 7s. 6d.; double, from 10s. 6d. Small and large suites, with bathrooms, &c., attached, from 25s. No charge for Light, Baths, and Attendance. Special tariff during winter. Shaded Electric Light everywhere. No gas. The building is absolutely fireproof.

SAVOY RESTAURANT, with large terrace. The finest and only Open Air Restaurant in London. Private Rooms for Dinner Parties, &c.

THE VICTORIA ROOMS. Specially adapted for Balls, Banquets, Masonic and Regimental Dinners.

Chef de Cuisine, M. ESCOFFIER. Manager, L. ECHENARD.

General Manager, C. RITZ. Proprietor of the Hotel de Provence, Cannes.

THE FAIREST ORNAMENTS.

Fairer than brooches of silvery sheen;
Fairer than earrings of diamonds, I ween,
Fairer than all else the heavens beneath,
For Beauty's adornment, are beautiful teeth.

Fairer than flowers on her bosom that nod;
Fairer than aught that her fair feet have shod;
Or than gay plumes, her exquisite head that enwreathe,
Are those fairest of ornaments, beautiful teeth.

And all may possess this most coverted boon.
Buy a bottle of SOZODONT,—utilise soon,
And fragrant and gleaming, your red lips beneath,
Shall shine forth those ornaments, beautiful teeth.

IF LIT UP BY FINE TEETH

The plainest face becomes attractive. Although ordinary dentifrices prove ineffectual to whiten and improve the health of the teeth, SOZODONT is adequate to the task and does it thoroughly, besides banishing from the breath an offensive smell. Teeth strengthened and purified by SOZODONT are not only whiter, but chew better than others. As the teeth improve through its use, eating becomes a delightful indulgence instead of a penalty. Sold by chemists, 2s. 6d.

SUGAR in SOAPS

A slice of ordinary Transparent Soap over a lighted match gives off the odour of Burnt Sugar. This is not the case with

"Vinolia" Soap.

Sugar causes the soap to dissolve far more freely than it should do; so that the concentrated hydrolised soap may do much damage to the skin in washing. Besides, if one pay for pure soap, why should he be given "Soap and Sugar?"

ENGLISH DEPÔT:

BLONDEAU ET CIE., RYLAND ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

American Depôt: 75, Watts Street, New York.

LIQUEUR OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

This most excellent Liqueur, the great preventive of Indigestion, and almost certain remedy for Sea-sickness, can now be had of all Wine Merchants, and at prices much lower than formerly.

Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

HOT MINERAL BATHS OF BATH.

Daily yield 507,600 gallons F. at 120°

FOUNDED BY THE ROMANS IN THE 1st CENTURY.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ ΜΕΝ ΥΔΩΡ.

BATHERS DURING 1890—97,299.

These Baths are unrivalled in Europe for luxury and extent, and contain all that modern improvements can provide for the comfort and relief of the invalid, or the enjoyment of those in health.

Reclining, Deep, and Swimming Baths. Thermal Vapour Baths, for Painful Conditions of Joints, &c. Douche, Inhalation, Aspiration, Pulverisation, &c., for Ear, Eye, Throat, &c. The Aix les Bains Massage System and Douches and Doucheuses.

The Medical profession send patients who suffer from Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Eczema, and other skin affections.

Letter to the General Manager will receive every attention.

OUR PUZZLES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" HOME-MADE TOY SHOW.

IT has been already announced that Home-made Toys of various sorts will again form a prominent feature of the TRUTH EXHIBITION at Christmas, and now I have to ask as many of the readers of this journal as may be able and willing, to render their assistance in making this department of the Show a successful one. For twelve years past the Home-made Toys have invariably been one of the chief attractions of our annual display, and it is hoped that once more the many thousands of visitors who come to the Show will find that the ingenuity and patience and skill of TRUTH'S friends have again been exerted to good purpose. It is surely unnecessary for me to explain what forms the Home-made Toys should take. Year after year the contributors of such Toys have shown how well they can be left to their own devices in the matter. Any kind of plaything which will serve to wile away the pain or cheer the convalescence of the patients in the Children's Hospitals of London, or to make more happy the not too bright lives of the thousands of girls and boys who are in the Workhouse Schools of the metropolis will be welcome. One piece of general advice I would venture to give, however. It is essentially necessary that the Toys, of whatever kind they may be, should be stoutly and strongly made. The wear and tear they are fated to endure when once they pass to the hospital ward or the workhouse play-room is, of course, exceptionally great, and this is why I specially ask for *strong* playthings. Model Toys of all kinds, of which in past years so many have been received, are always in great request; so are doll's-houses, dolls' furniture, mechanical toys of all descriptions, games of various kinds, and scrap-books of all sorts and sizes. At the children's hospitals especially scrap-books are in increasing demand every year, and I would ask once more for a goodly number of them.

And now a word as to the Prizes which will be given. For the Doll Dressing, it has been already announced that, instead of again awarding sums of money, a series of specially-designed TRUTH Badges or Brooches will be presented to the successful competitors. And it is proposed in a similar way to reward the efforts of those competitors who take part in the Home-made Toy Competition. That is to say, TRUTH Badges, made of silver gilt and set with precious stones of various values, will be presented to the successful competitors. But in the Home-made Toy Competition gentlemen, as well as ladies, often take part, and for the former the TRUTH Badge will be made in the form of a breast-pin instead of that of a brooch. The value of the Badges given must, of course, depend largely on the number and character of the Home-made Toys received, but it may be said at once that, as far as possible, a reminiscence of the Exhibition will be presented to every competitor.

I should like to acknowledge here, too, the very kind way in which the bulk of my correspondents have welcomed the new departure in the matter of Prizes which has been announced this year. Nineteen out of twenty of the competitors interested in this question have approved heartily of the change, which is, in fact, to be carried out in consequence of the numerous intimations received year after year to the effect that some reminiscence of the Show which could be always kept would be much more acceptable than a sum of money. It is true that two or three correspondents disapprove of the change, and have written to say so. All I can say to them is that, personally, I would much rather have continued to give the prizes in money as heretofore. The substitution of the TRUTH Brooches and Pins will entail a much heavier expense on me. And I can only add that if any of the ladies who have written to protest that they would prefer to receive their prizes in money, as in former years, should still be of that opinion when the coming Show is over, I on my part shall be only too happy to buy back from them at cost price the Brooch-Badges they may have won; so that they will, after all, be able to receive the recognition of their successful skill in hard cash.

And now it only remains for me to remind my readers that the fund for the purchase of the 20,000 new Toys required to carry out the Christmas distribution in its entirety is now open, and that any subscriptions to it will be gratefully received.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 650.—SUGGESTED NAMES FOR YOUNG RACEHORSES.

PUPPY (Real name and address will be published next week)..... £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 658.—EPITAPH ON THE SUMMER OF 1891.

GODFATHER (Real name and address will be published next week)..... £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 659.

The work of collating the numerous suggested casts for "Romeo and Juliet" has not yet been completed; and I am not, therefore, able, as yet, to announce the prize-winner in this competition.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 663.

The usual prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE BEST ORIGINAL ANAGRAM MADE OUT OF THE LETTERS IN THE WORDS, "THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE—GERMANY, AUSTRIA, AND ITALY."

It will, of course, be necessary in making this anagram to use all the thirty-nine letters in the above words; and to be good, the resulting anagram should have a reference, more or less apposite to "The Triple Alliance." Competitors may send in more than one anagram if they please, and all answers must reach me on or before the morning of Monday, October 19, at the latest.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of EBORACUM, winner of TRUTH Puzzle Prize, No 657, are the Rev. G. de C. Baldwin, Diocesan College, York.

C. F. REID.—I must apologise for having substituted the *nom de plume* of TEMPUS FUGIT for your usual signature.

JOCKO.—The Puzzle appeared at least five years ago.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 660.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

*** In order to give variety to the Specimens, I have printed amongst them some in which the model of the triolet given in setting this competition has not been strictly followed.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

MY GARDEN

A hedge of sweet peas,
Like butterflies blowing,
Like bright summer seas
My hedge of sweet peas,
Only you and the bees
Shall know where they're growing;
My hedge of sweet peas,
Like butterflies blowing. Elf.

TO MISS X.

Why spoil a sweet face?
'Tis like painting a flower.
Lilies never lack grace;
Why spoil a sweet face,
And for rouge-pot find place
In a virginal bower?
Why spoil a sweet face?
'Tis like painting a flower. Monachus.

THE SUMMER OF 1891.

It has rained all to-day,
Will it rain all to-morrow?
Very likely it may,
It has rained all to-day,
And so all I can say
Is—I say it with sorrow—
It has rained all to-day,
And may rain all to-morrow. F. M. Doherty.

If you marry in haste,
You'll repent at your leisure.
So this must be faced,
If you marry in haste,
Though ennui be replaced
By ephemeral pleasure,
If you marry in haste
You'll repent at your leisure. Whig.

Come to London in May,
Then life is worth living,
Lads and lasses so gay,
Come to London in May
Prithee join in the fray,
Pleasure taking and giving.
Come to London in May,
Then life is worth living. Issor.

THE CENSUS DAY 1891.

I am "thirty" to-day,
Though I'm forty to-morrow.
Let that be as it may,
I am "thirty" to-day.
Old age doesn't pay,
As I know to my sorrow.
I am "thirty" to-day,
Though I'm forty to-morrow. Aliter.

I ventured to peep
As she entered my carriage,
She thought me asleep—
I ventured to peep—
Could she guess I was deep
In the "Failure of Marriage?"
I ventured to peep
As she entered my carriage. T. S. A

TRIOLETS.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Dear girl, do not weep,
You will soon love another:
Love wounds are not deep—
Dear girl, do not weep.
To the ranks I must keep,
And all sentiment smother:
Dear girl, do not weep,
I shall soon love another!
Crustacean.

ON THE SPREE.

We went on the spree,
And our skulls all got broken;
Young, frisky, and free,
We went on the Spree
At Berlin—duffers three,
To our shame be it spoken,
We went on the Spree,
And our sculls all got broken!
Eboracum.

CONSOLATION.

If she kissed you to-day
She will kiss you to-morrow;
For she means you to say,
If she kissed you to-day,
"My dear Rose, name the day;"
So don't give way to sorrow.
If she kissed you to-day
She will kiss you to-morrow.
Ramiles.

I'm devoted to Clare,
But I wear Emma's locket.
One is rich, one is fair—
I'm devoted to Clare—
One has gold in her hair,
One has gold in her pocket.
I'm devoted to Clare,
But I wear Emma's locket. Twins.

Now autumn is crowned,
And the harvest is golden;
The dry leaves are browned,
Now autumn is crowned.
The great moon wheels round
In her diadem olden,
Now autumn is crowned,
And the harvest is golden.
Real Jam.

The summer was wet,
Will the autumn be wetter?
Oh! how we did fret
When the summer was wet,
Whilst we hoped we might yet
Get a change for the better!
But the summer was wet,
Will the autumn be wetter? R. F.

'Tis a grave undertaking,
This writing a triolet.
Don't you see my hand shaking?
'Tis a grave undertaking,
Still, an effort I'm making,
To please pretty Violet.
'Tis a grave undertaking,
This writing a triolet. S. T.

IMPULSE.

She looked so divine
That I could not resist her.
Come storm or come shine
She looked so divine—
Though she ne'er could be mine—
Yet I suddenly kissed her.
She looked so divine
That I could not resist her.
The Pilgrim.

A VOW.

"I love you," he said,
"Love you now, and for ever."
As the sweet moments sped,
"I love you," he said.
And the slow years are fled,
Yet to me he came never.
"I love you," he said,
"Love you now, and for ever."
Calgarth.

The question is this,
Will he ask me to marry?
Though he gave me a kiss,
The question is this,
Did he know I was Cis,
Or suppose I was Carry?
The question is this,
Will he ask me to marry? York.

Love's scarcely all bliss
With its rapture and laughter,
For our freedom we miss.
Love's scarcely all bliss.
If there's joy in a kiss,
There's the pain to come after;
Love's scarcely all bliss
With its rapture and laughter.
Alastar.

POLLY.

I cannot say why
I don't care for my Polly,
However I try,
I cannot say why,
But although it is I
Who confess my own folly,
I cannot say why
I don't care for my Polly.
C. H. G. I.

Love lies at my feet—
Shall I trample upon him?
Such triumph were sweet.
Love lies at my feet,
And the darling I greet,
As I think I have won him.
Love lies at my feet—
Shall I trample upon him? Freak.

Theosophy?—Bosh!
Draw it mild, Mrs. Besant.
No, it really won't "wash;"
Theosophy?—Bosh!
Try a small lemon "squash,"
But no spirits at present.
Theosophy?—Bosh!
Draw it mild, Mrs. Besant.
Währheit.

Could I some scheme devise
That would add to my treasure,
'Twould cause glad surprise,
Could I some scheme devise
To increase my supplies;
It would give me much pleasure,
Could I some scheme devise
That would add to my treasure.
Guelder Rose.

Great Scott, here's a go!
I've proposed to the wrong one;
I thought it was Flo,
Great Scott, here's a go.
The lights were so low,
And my sight's not a strong one,
Great Scott, here's a go!
I've proposed to the wrong one. Irene.

THE YOUTHFUL AND PRACTICAL PARODIST (with apologies to Mr. Austin Dobson).

Ma smacked me to-day—
P'raps she'll smack me to-morrow.
I'm sorry to say
Ma smacked me to-day,
But it's "only her way,"
So some padding I'll borrow—
Ma smacked me to-day,
She'll not hurt me to-morrow.
Wandering Tyke.

FIRST OF OCTOBER.

I missed them to-day,
Shall I miss them to-morrow?
It is likely I may,
I missed them to-day;
And the beaters will say—
More in mirth than in sorrow—
I missed them to-day—
Shall I miss them to-morrow?
Sunbeam.

Alas! for ripe plums
Go a-begging this season;
I pay fabulous sums—
Alas!—for ripe plums!
Yet the greengrocer hums;
Can you tell me the reason?
"Alas! for ripe plums
Go a-begging this season!" Wraith.

Triolets have also been received from:—Arten, Gadabout, I Should Smile, Caledonia, Quinto, Usk, Muff, Medico, E. T., Capella, His Mark, X. Y. Z., Immortal Will, Opera, Dryasdust, Kapiolanis, Felixicus, Faroil, Rimbo, Qui Hy, Bishop, Daffodel, Sybil, Blanche, Med. Stud., Mavis, Ye Hermit, Jam, A. S. Rutherford, J. McGrigor Allan, M. G. R., Eva Charlotte, Glendyne, Mrs. Buchanan, Quatix, Georges Lisle, Fay, Strathblane, Nacnud, Ede M., Heurteloup, E. Culverhouse, Aspen, Oakdoor, Jupiter Pluvius, Luci Fer, Millbrook, Isidore, Feloos, Scrivener, Moonshine, M.D., Nodding Violet, Effie, Wandering Jew, Cæsar's Corner, The Old Mole, Esperanza, Excelsior, Tulip, Fout-a-vous, Bel Demonio, Coaly Tyne, Fatima, No. 49, W. G. B., Grip, Einy, Malignant, A. M. Taylor, J. H., Tom Nissed, Nibs, Felixicus, Esperance, Mac Windy, H. A. L. S., Chica, Jober Khan, Real Jam, B. H. D., Anderida, Criterion, Le Griffonneur, Nep, Jawkins, Kingston, and Feloos.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Very agreeable to take.
A LAXATIVE AND REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE for

CONSTIPATION,
HÆMORRHOIDS,
BILE,
HEADACHE,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
GASTRIC AND INTESTINAL TROUBLES.

Box 2s. 6d., stamps included.
Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

E. GRILLON,
69, Queen Street, Cheapside, London.

HOSIERY.

Buy Direct, thereby saving fully 25 per cent.
LISLE THREAD, 1/6½, 2/7½, 3/6.
BLACK CASHMERE, 1/11½, 2/9, 3/6.
SPUN SILK, 2/6, 3/9, 4/6, 6/6.
COMBINATIONS IN NATURAL WOOL, 5/6, 5/11, 8/6, 11/-, 11/6.
BODICES, 2/9½, 3/4, 4/3.
Hosiery and Underclothing of every description.
Lists free. Parcels over 10/- carriage paid.
THE HOSIERY MANUFACTORY,
WEST LISS, HANTS.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE, Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.
Botanic Medicine Co.,
3, New Oxford-street,
London, W.C

A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE OF "FRAME FOOD" DIET

The following letter has been received by the Frame Food Co., Ld.:—

"24, LACEY TERRACE, GRAVESEND, June 8th, 1891.

"Mrs. HORSFALL begs to express her gratitude for the WONDERFUL EFFECT 'FRAME FOOD' DIET has had on her little boy, aged 7½ months. Since taking the FOOD he has literally had NO AILMENT, and has increased

MARVELLOUSLY in STRENGTH and VIGOUR.

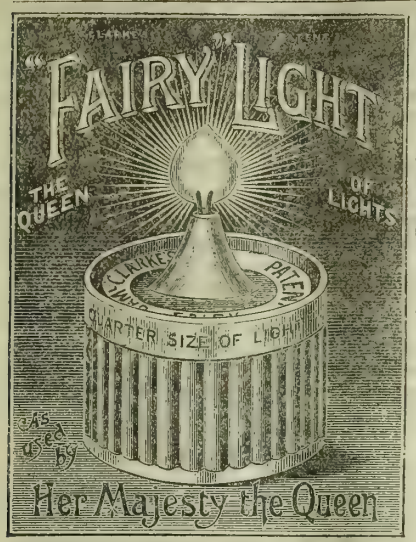
For his age he is truly a wonderful advertisement of the FOOD, being able to stand by the side of a chair without other support, and since using 'FRAME FOOD' DIET he has lost entirely the white face of his very early infancy, and gained a ROSY, HEALTHY colour. Mrs. HORSFALL has recommended the DIET to many people, and everywhere it is considered MARVELLOUS. During the late epidemic of INFLUENZA it has been used by a doctor here with great success, when no other FOOD could be retained."

Sold by Chemists and Grocers at 1s. per 1-lb., 7d. per ½-lb., and 3s. 9d. per 4-lb. Tins.
Sample 1-lb. Tin sent Carriage Free, with full particulars, for 1s. (mention this paper).
FRAME FOOD CO., LTD., LOMBARD-ROAD, BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

LAIRITZ'S CELEBRATED PINE-WOOL PRODUCTIONS.

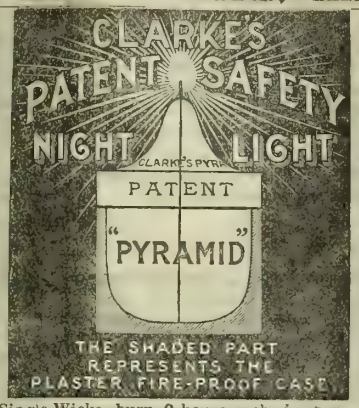
(Established 1853; Awarded 18 Medals and Diplomas.)
For the Relief and Cure of
RHEUMATISM, GOUT, AND THE PREVENTION OF CHILLS.
FLANNEL AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF UNDERCLOTHING
can be had by ordering from first-class Hosiers and Drapers.
Principal Retail Agents for Fabrics, E. Lodge & Co., 15, Strand, London, W.; H. Sampson, 33, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.
List of Country Agents sent on application to Welch, Margetson, & Co., 16, Cheapside, London (Wholesale Depôt for Fabrics).
LAIRITZ'S Pine-Wool Wadding, Oil, Extract for Bath, &c., of all the leading Chemists.
CAUTION:—Observe the Tree Trade Mark with Signature stamped on each piece.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" AND "FAIRY" LIGHTS, AND FOOD WARMER.



Double Wicks, burn 10 hours each, in Boxes containing 6 lights and glass 1s. per box.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.



Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in boxes containing 8 lights. 8½d. per box.

CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO., LIMITED.

Show Rooms: 31, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN, E.C., where all designs in "Fairy" Lamps can be seen. Retail everywhere.

CLARKE'S PYRAMID NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.

2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

FARADAY'S

ELECTRIC FITTINGS.

MANUFACTORY: 3, BERNERS STREET, W.

FLOR DE DINDIGUL

THE NEW MEDIUM MILD INDIAN CIGAR.

A most delightful weed, full of fine aroma and delicate flavour. Connoisseurs pronounce them better than Havannahs. Everyone should sample these really excellent cigars. Prices 22s. to 20s. per 100 (post-free). Samples, four for 1s. (14 stamps).

BEWLAY & CO. LTD. 49, Strand, W.C.; 74, Strand (East India House), and 143, Cheapside, London. Established 1780.

Unquestionably the most Delicious and Nourishing of all Beverages.

AS A SOLID FOOD—*Always ready, and most wholesome.*

In **FANCY GOODS**—*Artistically got up in the greatest variety.*

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

OLD SHIRTS

Refitted, New Fronts, Cuffs, and Collar-bands — Fine Irish Linen, 2s.; or very best Irish Linen, 2s. 6d. each, returned free, ready to wear. Sample New White Shirt, for Dress or ordinary wear, 2s. 9d., 3s. 9d., 4s. 9d., 5s. 9d., or 6s. 9d. Gent's best 4-fold Linen Collars, any shape, 2s. 9d. half-dozen, post free.

IRISH SOX

Hand-knit by Donegal peasantry. Warm, Durable, and Comfortable. Two pairs free, 2s. 6d. Men's Knicker Hose, two pairs free, 3s. 9d., 4s. 9d., 5s. 9d., 6s. 9d., and 7s. 9d. WOOL PANTS and VESTS are now very cheap. Price Lists and Patterns, Cambric Handkerchiefs, and all kinds of Irish Linen Goods, sent free for Household or Family use. From the cheapest to the best qualities made.

B. & E. M'HUGH & CO., LIMITED, BELFAST.

BEDROOM SUITES.

1,000 BEDROOM SUITES.

BEDROOM SUITES. 1,000 Bedroom Suites, at from 65s. 6d. to 500 guineas. These comprise a great variety of styles, many being of a very high-class and distinctive character, novel both in construction, arrangement, and combination of woods.

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EXHIBITION OF DECORATIVE ART.—EXAMPLES OF ART DECOPATIONS in Cartonpierre, Tynecastle Tapestry, Lincrusta, Japanese, and Flock Papers, Silk, Tapestry, and Japanese Embroidered Panels, Cretonne, Eastern Rugs and Mattings, Hand-painted Friezes, and interior Woodwork.

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The Largest and most Convenient

FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE WORLD.

MAPLE & CO. have a **SPECIAL DEPARTMENT** for IRON and BRASS Four-post BEDSTEADS, Cribs, and Cots, specially adapted for mosquito curtains, used in India, Australia, and the Colonies. Price for full-sized Bedsteads, varying from 25s. Shippers and Colonial Visitors are invited to inspect this varied Stock, the largest in England, before deciding elsewhere. 10,000 Bedsteads to select from.—MAPLE & CO., London, Paris, and Smyrna.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES POST FREE,

A TURKEY CARPET is, above all others, the most suitable for the dining-room, its agreeable warmth of colouring enhancing the effect of the furniture and decorations, and indicating alike the good taste and comfortable circumstances of its possessor.

INDIAN CARPETS.

5,000 IN STOCK.

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INDIAN CARPETS at IMPORTERS' PRICES.—MAPLE & CO. receive all the FINEST QUALITIES of INDIAN CARPETS direct from their Agents, and sell them at importers' prices, thus saving buyers of Indian Carpets at least two intermediate profits.—MAPLE & CO., London, Paris, and Smyrna. Established 50 years.

MISS JESSIE BOND, THE ACTRESS.

Miss Jessie Bond, the popular actress, of the Savoy Theatre, says that she is delighted with Mr. C. B. Harness' Electropathic treatment. Many times her voice and health would have completely broken down had it not been for this rational method of cure. She will be glad to answer any questions on the subject, and strongly recommends all in search of health to either call at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-st., London, W., and avail themselves of a free personal consultation, or write to the Secretary of the establishment for a pamphlet and book of testimonials.

A WONDERFUL CASE.

Mr. J. E. Taylor, 13, Sutton-street, Holloway Head, Birmingham, writes, March 2nd, 1891:—"I have commenced wearing my new Electropathic Belt, and am much pleased with it. My previous one I wore daily for two years, during which time I travelled through America, British Columbia, Japan, China, East Indies, and South Africa, and as I have worn it when performing on the stage at night, it has had some rough usage at times, and considering the intense heat of the climates I have been in, I think it has lasted wonderfully well. When I first began wearing the Electropathic Belt in December, 1885, I was suffering from Renal Calculi, Nervous Exhaustion, and Dyspepsia. I took to it in sheer desperation, hoping that it might do me some good, but not having much faith in it, and in about three weeks' time I found that I could run upstairs; hitherto I had crawled up, holding on to the banisters. I then began to give it a fair trial. I gave up taking medicine of any description and trusted entirely to my Belt, and now, at the age of 61, I am a strong, hearty man, suffering from neither ache nor pain, and able to eat and digest anything. I dare say you have a great many Testimonials in regard to their excellence, but if a word from me is of any utility, you can make any use of my letter you think fit." All in search of health should follow this gentleman's example, and procure one of these world-famed health appliances and wear it regularly. One thousand recent original testimonials may be seen at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London W., where Mr. C. B. Harness (President) and the Medical Battery Company's other officers may be consulted without charge, either personally or by letter. Those who cannot call should write at once. Pamphlet and book of testimonials.

MR. GUNN, THE CRICKETER.

The letter which Mr. Wm. Gunn, the celebrated Nottingham professional, has written, gratefully acknowledging his complete restoration of health through wearing one of Harness' Electropathic Belts, is worth repeating. He says:—"Your Electropathic Belt has quite cured my rheumatism, and has been of great benefit in sustaining strength of nerve and endurance, which qualities are both of great importance to cricketers." Surely this testimonial alone—to say nothing of the thousands of others received—should be sufficient to influence all our readers to procure one of these *bonâ-fide* and convenient health appliances, or, at any rate, to call or write at once for particulars.

MISS MILWARD'S OPINION.

Miss S. Milward, writing from 19, Ashchurch-terrace, Shepherds' Bush, says:—"I was only a few weeks ago advised to try one of your Electropathic Belts for Debility, Indigestion, and severe pains in the Abdomen, which I had experienced at intervals for a very long period, and the effect of your wonderful curative appliance in such a short time has been so satisfactory that I am now only too pleased to acknowledge the relief your Belt has given me. You are at liberty to use this letter as you think fit, and I shall always be most happy to give further particulars of my case to any of your lady patients or correspondents who may desire to communicate with me on the subject."

A COMPLICATED CASE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cox, 261, Waterloo-road, S.E., suffered severely from weakness of the lungs and heart, nervous debility, and general exhaustion, following rheumatic fever. She procured one of Harness' Electropathic Belts last month, and now writes (16th inst.):—"Since wearing the Electropathic Belt my health is in every way improved. I am much stronger, I sleep well, my digestion is better, the heart's action more regular, and, in fact, I may say that I am almost a new person, and cannot feel too thankful for the benefit derived from your treatment."

TO THE RUPTURED.

Hernia can only be properly treated by men of experience, and as the Specialist of the Medical Battery Company, Limited, sees more cases of Hernia in a single week than many Surgeons do in a lifetime, it stands to reason that, with his practical as well as scientific skill, he is far more capable of treating complicated rupture cases than any ordinary practitioner. Sufferers should therefore no longer torture themselves by wearing badly-fitting unhealthy Trusses, but call without delay at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W., and avail themselves of a free personal consultation and examination. WASHABLE FLESH-COLOURED TRUSSES and other improved Hernia Appliances are always kept in stock, and Hundreds of Testimonials may be personally inspected. *Pamphlet Free.*

IMPORTANT TO INVALIDS.

If nervous or organic weakness prostrates you, or you are otherwise rendered incapable through illness of enjoying the many pleasures of life, you need no longer be morbid; you have only to enquire personally, or by letter, into the marvellous restorative powers of HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS to be satisfied that you can

CURE YOURSELVES WITHOUT PHYSIC

or poisonous drugs - by Nature's own simple and certain remedy—Electricity, safely and scientifically applied to the system by wearing one of these genuine health appliances.

CALL OR WRITE. **ELECTROPATHIC BELT** CALL OR WRITE.

GALVANIC AND FARADIC. (BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.)

This genuine Appliance is very light and comfortable to wear, and may be relied to speedily invigorate the most debilitated constitution, by means of mild continuous currents of electricity, which are imperceptibly applied to the system and do not convey any shock or discomfort to the system.

RHEUMATISM.

Miss Julia Hawley, Grammar School Walk, Huntingdon, writes, February 17, 1891, "I am happy to inform you that my health is quite established, after wearing your Electropathic Belt a little over three months. During the first three weeks I regained strength rapidly, my spirits are now good, and the rheumatism, to which I was subject, has entirely disappeared. I hope it is not necessary for me to add that whenever an opportunity occurs I shall derive much pleasure in recommending your Electropathic Belts."

DEBILITY.

Ed. Pilcher, Esq., 19, Harbour-st., Ramsgate, writes March 17th, 1891, "It gives me much pleasure to add my testimony to the great relief I have received by wearing one of your Electropathic appliances. For some years I had been a sufferer from Nervous Exhaustion, Neuralgia, and several other ailments, but since I have worn one of your valuable Belts I have been quite another man. That dreadful sensation of languor, which was so prevalent, is entirely gone, and my nervous condition is greatly improved. You may make use of this."

MR. C. B. HARNESS,

the President of the Institute, and the other Officers of the Company, may be consulted free of charge on all matters relating to Health and the application of Curative Electricity.

Call at once for Pamphlets and Book of Testimonials.

CONSULTATION FREE.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "London and County Bank."

THE MEDICAL BATTERY CO., Sole Proprietors, ELECTROPATHIC & ZANDER INSTITUTE.

NOTE THE ADDRESS. **52, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.** NOTE THE ADDRESS.

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

I HAVE great pleasure in announcing that the Polytechnic in Regent-street has been placed at my disposal, entirely free of charge, for the Truth Toy and Doll Show. The President of that well-known Institution, Mr. Quintin Hogg, has most kindly consented to the Theatre and the large Reading-room being used for the purposes of the Exhibition, and, with the Secretary, Mr. Robert Mitchell, has promised to assist in every possible way in making the Show a great success. It has been accordingly arranged that the Truth Exhibition shall be open at the Polytechnic to the public on Wednesday and Thursday, December 16 and 17 next. The Monday and Tuesday of the same week will be occupied in arranging the Toys and Dolls, and the Friday and Saturday in distributing them throughout the Metropolitan district.

Hitherto it has been the custom to close the Toy Show at 5.30 p.m., but Mr. Quintin Hogg has asked that it may this year be kept open during the evening; and I have gladly agreed to this being done. There was, in fact, so much force in his contention, that by thus prolonging the hours during which the Show is open an opportunity would be given to many hundreds to pay it a visit who would have no chance of seeing it during the morning or afternoon, that I readily consented to the proposed change. That it will be largely appreciated I have not the slightest doubt. Meanwhile, I have another very satisfactory announcement to make: all the dolls have been applied for and sent out. This means that between 3,000 and 4,000 dolls—large, medium, and small—are now in the hands of ladies who have promised to dress them for the Christmas Show. And it is not too early, perhaps, to remind these ladies that, seeing the Show has been fixed for the 16th and 17th of December, it will be necessary for their dolls to be returned to this office by Wednesday, December 9, at the latest. But, of course, I shall be only too glad to receive by an earlier date any that may be finished before that time.

Last year, it will be remembered, Doll Shows on the Truth model, were held at Cape Town and New York, and the prize dolls from both Shows were sent over and formed prominent features in the Truth Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. And now I have just received a communication from the Editor of a paper published at Johannesburg, informing me that he, too, has arranged to hold a Toy and Doll Exhibition and Competition during the present month. And it is his intention, he further states, to send over to me all the dolls and toys that may be there exhibited, so that they may be included in the Truth Show at Christmas. I can only say that I am very glad to hear this, and hope that the example which the Editor of my Johannesburg contemporary is setting will be generally followed. Since last week the following additional sums have been received in aid of the Truth Toy Fund:—

May Streatfeild, 10s.; M., 5s.; C. F. Reid, £1; Mrs. E. Besant, £2; M. W. and Baby, £2. 2s.; Major John C. Harris, £1. 1s.; H. W. D., £1; G. L., Camden-square, 2s.; R. V. T., £5; R. M, £1; M. L. H., 10s.; Dorothy and Petronel, £2. 2s.; B. A. G., £5; Mrs. C. Baker, £1.

Miss A. Marryat sends twenty-four scrap books, Mrs. Blundell Maple one dressed doll, and Five Little Children (L. E. R.), four parcels of toys.

The Prince of Wales has invited the Queen to pay another visit to Sandringham during the winter, and the first week in December was suggested as the date which would be most convenient both to her Majesty and to the Prince and Princess.

H.R.H. and the Princess are to arrive at Sandringham on Friday, the 30th, and they will then stay there until December 7, and are to entertain a series of shooting-parties. It is probable that the County Ball will be given at the Hall on Friday, November 13.

The Prince will probably be the guest of Sir Henry James, at Shoreham Place, near Sevenoaks, for two days during the second week in December. The Duke of Fife, Sir Charles Hall, and Lord Hartington are to be included in the small party invited to meet H.R.H.

Extensive improvements have been carried out at Marlborough House during the last two months, and the interior has been to a great extent redecorated.

The Duke of Edinburgh is to pay a two days' visit to Bristol on the 23rd, when he will attend a rehearsal and a concert in the Colston Hall; open the new wing of the General Hospital, which has cost £20,000; take a luncheon and a dinner at the Mansion House, receive the freedom of the City in the Guildhall, and take part in a function at the Knowle Industrial Home. The Duke

who is to be the guest of the Mayor, will lead the violins at the concert, which is to be held in aid of a local charity, and Haydn's "Creation" is to be given. Madame Albani and Messrs. Santley and Edward Lloyd have been engaged to sing.

I learn that the Duke of Edinburgh is to be the guest of Mr. Tyssen Amherst, M.P., at Didlington Hall, Norfolk, in the course of the shooting season, for a few days.

One of my Plymouth correspondents sends me the following narrative. He observes that such a rare act of munificence deserves to be recorded. The "munificence" I see, but why the "rare"?—

On the occasion of the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to the bazaar held in the Guildhall last week, in aid of the Choral and Orchestral Societies, the Duke, after opening the bazaar, proceeded, according to custom, to inspect the stalls. He did not, apparently, discover many articles to his taste. When, however, he had nearly completed the round, he was accosted by a prepossessing young damsel with three sandwiches and a glass of something and soda. Smiling sweetly, His Royal Highness munched one of the sandwiches, sipped the something and soda, and then, to the astonishment of the admiring crowd, presented the waitress with a sovereign.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Abergeldie Castle for the season on Monday, and they are staying at Buckingham Palace until to-morrow, when they return to Portsmouth. The Duke will again go on leave for several weeks on December 22.

Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, are to return in a few days to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, for the winter, from Balmoral, where they have been staying since they came back from Germany. Prince Christian, who has been the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Braemar, returns this week to Windsor.

It is exceedingly probable that a marriage will take place next year between the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse (who is staying at Balmoral on a visit to the Queen) and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, elder daughter of Prince and Princess Christian.

I announced last week that the Queen has appointed Sir Michael Biddulph to be Keeper of the Regalia at the Tower. This is a military sinecure which certainly ought to be abolished. The Keeper has literally nothing whatever to do, and yet he is paid £350 a year, and gets an excellent and well-furnished house, with numerous allowances and perquisites. Sir Michael has been a Groom-in-Waiting on the Queen for twelve years, but he will now resign that post, which is worth £334 a year.

Lady Erroll goes next Tuesday to Balmoral as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, in succession to the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, who is not to be again at Court until the end of February, when the Queen will be residing at Windsor Castle. Lady Erroll will be replaced on November 3 by Lady Antrim, who is to return to Windsor with the Queen, and she is to be on duty until the 24th, when Lady Downe is to succeed her.

Mr. Ritchie goes to Balmoral next Monday as Minister in attendance on the Queen, and he is to remain at Court for ten days, after which Mr. Chaplin will replace him.

When Lord Salisbury returns from the South of France he will have been nearly three months absent from England, and he is certainly the first Prime Minister who has been out of the country for as many weeks when in office. Lord Salisbury has always arranged to excuse himself from going to Balmoral as Minister-in-Attendance, and he has not been there since the Queen sent for him when Mr. Gladstone resigned in June, 1885. He is the only Prime Minister who has managed entirely to escape a sojourn at Balmoral, for Lord Beaconsfield went there more than once, although he detested the Queen's Highland residence beyond any other place on the face of the earth.

It is lucky for Lord Salisbury that an end was made of the old rule, which required the Queen to be attended either by the Prime Minister or by a Secretary of State. This was strictly enforced during the first sixteen years of her Majesty's reign; but in 1853, when the Court went to Balmoral, it came about that those Russian complications, of which the Crimean War was the disastrous issue, detained Lord Aberdeen and Lord Clarendon in London, and the only available Secretary of State was Lord Palmerston, who was then most obnoxious to the Court. The Queen and Prince Albert did not wish to have him at Balmoral (and he would have hated staying there), so Lord Granville (Lord President) went down, and ever since that time any stray Cabinet Minister has sufficed for this duty. In these latter days, however, there is hardly any really confidential or important business to be despatched at Balmoral, as the Queen has a private wire of her own between the Castle and London, and she is in almost hourly communication with Lord Salisbury, and writes to him and hears from him almost every day.

The Duke of Cambridge had some excellent partridge-shooting last week at Gautby Hall, Lincolnshire, where he was the guest of Mr. Vyner for several days.

Mr. W. H. Smith owned large estates in Devonshire. He bought Lord Ilchester's Silverton and Rewe properties in the Exe valley, the Blagdon Barton estate, near Paignton, and the late Lord Devon's Moreton Hampstead property, which extends over 5,000 acres. He greatly improved all his landed property by erecting new farm-buildings and cottages, and by extensive drainage operations, and he was most generous to his tenants. Indeed, the acquisition of an estate by Mr. Smith was a matter for hearty congratulation to all connected with it. He also purchased a property in Suffolk, on which he maintained a large farm, which has long been notable for its herds of Red Polls and Shorthorns. Mr. Smith's favourite residence was Greenlands, his well-known place on the Thames, between Henley and Medmenham.

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 802 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 801.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 803.

In Memoriam.

WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.

Obiit, October 6, 1891.

Here was a man who won in Fortune's race
  Not by the power of rank or pride of birth,
But who attained to honour and to place
  By dint of sterling sense and native worth.
Born 'mongst the masses, it has been his fame
  A long-lived fallacy so bare to strip,
That our Patricians dare no longer claim
  To be the only source of statesmanship.

Here was a man who, dowered with no great gifts,
  Such as the Fates sometimes on men bestow,
Possessed that steadfast probity which lifts
  Far, far above what's base and mean and low.
A man whose love of truth shaped a career
  Which even party pitch could not defile;
A man whose rectitude shone always clear
  Amid the mist and murk of Tory guile.

Prudent, straightforward, constant, courteous, shrewd,
  His sense of duty was his highest dream;
And, gaining that which he had ne'er pursued,
  He won, from friend and foe alike, esteem.
Nay, the whole people, sick of trickery,
  And weary of the shuffling partisan,
Was but too glad and proud in him to see
  God's very noblest work—an honest man!

And as he lived, so at the last he died,
  An upright Englishman, in whom the land
Had learned to in all trustfulness confide,
  As one who served with no self-seeking hand;
And o'er whose grave a nation, moved by grief
  The bitter feud of party to suspend,
Will write an epitaph, as true as brief—
  "He did his duty—even to the end."

If a Peerage be accepted by Mrs. W. H. Smith, I trust that she will consent to be Lady Smith. To be the Smith of all Smiths, would be a greater distinction than to bury the name in that of some town or village.

Mr. W. H. Smith was very popular in yachting circles, and he had been a member of "the Squadron" for more than eleven years. Mr. Smith's steam yacht the *Pandora*, 506 tons, is one of the most comfortable vessels afloat, and he frequently went for long cruises in her, and lent her during one winter to the late Lord Iddesleigh, who passed several months in the Mediterranean.

The late Lord Portsmouth was quite an ideal country squire—in appearance, manners, taste, and mode of life. Few men have died more beloved and esteemed. He was exemplary in every relation of life, and was a most liberal and considerate landlord, as well as a generous employer of labour. He took a keen interest in the welfare of his tenantry, and personally supervised the management of his large estates. His abilities were not of a very high order, and he had no taste for the turmoil of public life, but whenever it fell to him to play a part in politics or county business, he acted with general approbation. He was a thoroughly practical man, being saturated with shrewd common-sense, and his opinions were always valuable. Lord Portsmouth lived almost entirely in the country, and of late years Eggesford, his place in Devonshire, had become his permanent residence. He was certainly the most popular man in the West of England.

For thirty years Lord Portsmouth was a tower of strength to the Devonshire Liberals, who owed much to his hearty and unswerving support. He was most enthusiastic in his advocacy of the extension of the household franchise to the counties. In 1886 he joined the Unionists, and since that time he has taken comparatively little interest in political affairs. He had a great admiration and affection for Mr. Gladstone, who once offered to make him a Knight of the Garter. Lord Portsmouth, however, being the owner of large estates in Ireland, and all his relations and neighbours being ardent Unionists, could scarcely be expected to favour the Home Rule policy.

Sir Charles Anderson, who died last Thursday at the age of eighty-seven, had been one of the most popular and most highly-esteemed landowners in Lincolnshire for the last fifty years. He was a staunch churchman, and the late Bishop Wilberforce (who was with him at Oriel) was long one of his most intimate friends. Sir Charles was an excellent landlord, and a fine sportsman of the old school. He resided almost entirely at Lea Hall, his place near Gainsborough, which has belonged to the Anderson family since the reign of Elizabeth. Sir Charles was well known as an antiquarian and amateur architect, and he was the author of several books, including an admirable historical guide to Lincoln.

Mr. Alexander Knox, who died last week, earned for himself the reputation of being one of the best Magistrates that ever sat in a London Police-court, and he was known for many years previously as a journalist of eminent distinction. Mr. Knox was one of the principal leader-writers of the *Times* in its really great day, with the late Mr. John Delane as his chief, and the Rev. Thomas Mozley and Mr. Robert Lowe as his colleagues. Mr. Knox was deeply read in almost every department of British and French literature, and his powers of conversation were of the highest order, for his great and varied knowledge was chiefly of a kind available to the uses of society. He had the polished, courteous, and winning manners of the old school, and his unfailing *bonhomie*, his genial nature, his love of harmless pleasantry, and the brilliancy and multiplicity of his intellectual gifts, combined to render him one of the most fascinating men of his time. Mr. Knox had been on terms of intimate friendship with a host of political, literary, and social celebrities. Years of illness, of lameness, of confinement failed to diminish either the sweetness of his temper or the quickness of his intelligence. Mr. Knox has, unluckily, left no literary memorial of his great talents, except a delightful little book entitled, "A New Playground," which was published about eleven years ago, and which is an account of a lengthened tour through Algiers.

Lord and Lady Londonderry have been placed in mourning by the death of Lady Ernest Vane Tempest, which took place on Friday at Norham-on-Tweed, where

she was staying with her son, Mr. Charles Tempest. Lady Ernest, who was a daughter of Mr. Hutchinson, of Howdon Hall, Yorkshire, had been for some time in failing health. Lord Ernest Vane Tempest, who was an uncle of the present Lord Londonderry, distinguished himself during the American Civil War, in which he fought as Colonel Stewart. He died about six years ago.

The Duchess of St. Albans is staying at Newtown Anner, County Tipperary, with a family party, which includes Sir Henry and Lady Blake, who are to return to Jamaica on November 11. The Duchess comes to town next week for a short time before settling at Bestwood for the winter. The announcement in a contemporary that the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans are going to pass the winter yachting in the Mediterranean is wrong, for they have made no such arrangement, and their vessel, the *Ceres*, has been laid up at Southampton, where she proceeded after landing her owners at Kingstown.

Lord and Lady Dudley are to return to Dudley House from the Continent next week, and, after staying in town for a few days, they are going to Witley Court, Worcestershire, where elaborate preparations are being made to welcome them. The Worcester people have subscribed about £200 for a wedding present, which is to take the form of some pieces of Worcester porcelain. The Dudley gift is to be a silver model of Dudley Castle Hill, which will cost about £700.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland will entertain a shooting-party next week at Welbeck Abbey, where, I hear, they will probably receive a visit from Prince and Princess Christian in the course of the winter.

Colonel Foster Forbes, who recently purchased the estate of Rothiemay, in Banffshire, from the Duke of Fife, has just increased his territorial possessions in that county by also buying from the Duke the property of Auchinleck and the moor of Balloch, which extend to about 1,100 acres. The Duke of Fife has sold the small estate of Tartory, in the Deveron Valley, to Mr. Reid, of Ardmeillie.

Lord Hertford has two large farms on his Warwickshire estate in hand, and at the annual harvest-home, which was held last week at Ragley Hall, he announced that the result of the year's operations had been so satisfactory that, after allowing a fair sum for rent, and 5 per cent. on the capital invested, there would still remain a considerable profit, which is to be divided between himself, the bailiff, and the labourers who are employed on the farms. Why cannot all landowners conduct their agricultural operations on this equitable and popular system?

With reference to a paragraph in last week's TRUTH respecting the Huntly estates, I have since learned that although Aboyne Castle is, as I stated, rented by Lady Huntly from her father, Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, it is only held at the nominal rent of one shilling a year, and that the rents of all the farms and cottages on the Aboyne Castle estate are paid into Lady Huntly's hands.

A correspondent writes:—

There was a stormy scene last Wednesday at Trowbridge, when the Farleigh Manor estate was offered for sale. This property was purchased a few months ago by Lord Donington from Sir Victor Houlton for £45,000, but he only bought it in order to obtain possession of the ancient ruins of Hungerford Castle, with which his late wife's family are historically connected, so the estate was put up for re-sale, excepting only one or two small lots. The estate had been advertised in eighteen lots, and there was a very large attendance. The first and principal lot, which consisted of the mansion, with its grounds and deer park, was bought in at £15,000, whereupon the auctioneer announced that Lord Donington had that morning sent peremptory instructions that in the event of this lot not being sold all the others were to be withdrawn. Much indignation was expressed at this extraordinary proceeding, as many persons had come to the sale intending to make good offers for several of the lots, and a well-known solicitor from Frome was applauded when he expressed his opinion that the large and influential company at the sale "had been brought there on false pretences."

Of course, Lord Donington ought, in common fairness, to have advertised the unprecedented condition, on which he insisted, several days before the sale took place.

Lord Hopetoun has purchased a large sheep-farming estate in Victoria. It is a considerable tract of country, in the healthiest part of the colony.

The famous Minmore herd of polled Aberdeen-Angus cattle, which was established by Colonel Smith about fifteen years ago, was sold off last Wednesday. The Minmore herd had obtained the reputation of being one of the finest in Scotland, and the sale was attended by breeders from all parts of the country. Seventy-nine animals were sold, and the very high average of £50. 2s. 8d. was obtained. Among the purchasers were Lords Rosebery, Aberdeen, and Strathmore, Sir William Gordon-Cumming, and Sir George Macpherson-Grant.

Vast shoals of salmon have been sent running up the Tweed by the recent floods, and the river is swarming with fish. Splendid sport was obtained last week on the Duke of Roxburghe's Floors water, near Kelso, for in two days Sir Richard Waldie Griffiths and Mr. C. Cunningham killed forty-five salmon, the aggregate weight being 647 lb. On Lord Home's Birgham water, near Coldstream, Mr. Richard Arkwright and the Rev. H. Arkwright landed twenty-nine salmon in two days, and General Feilding had eleven fish in one day.

The second meeting at Portsmouth Park race-course will take place on October 20 and 21, and no effort has been spared to make the place a permanent success. The straight mile—120 ft. wide, and without the slightest bend—is now finished, and has scarcely an equal in England, except at Newmarket. The course lies in a delightful situation alongside the Solent, and as the railway companies are doing everything in their power to assist, the meetings are likely to become highly popular. There will be a steeplechase meeting in November.

DR. J. W. KEYWORTH (M.D. London), Southport, writes: "I have tried PEPSALIA, and am so satisfied with its results that I am using it daily with suitable cases, and have every reason to endorse all that is claimed in regard to its usefulness." PEPSALIA absolutely effects digestion, and restores dyspeptics to a condition of health and comfort. Bottles 1s. and 2s., from chemists, or G. & G. STERN, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

More than once I have had occasion to refer, and in not too complimentary terms, to the prose of Mr. Charles Rathbone Low. This week I have to allude to his poetry, for he has written what he has the effrontery to call an "Epic of the Sea," a volume of 127 pages, purporting to be a history of "Old England's Navy;" and I may say at once that the late Poet Close at his weakest, and Miss Emily Dickinson at her worst, never wrote such chaotic drivel as the biographer of Lord Wolseley has poured forth in his latest volume. His purpose, he tells us, is that our Naval heroes who have passed away "may live once more in song," and here is a specimen of how Mr. Charles Rathbone Low re-vitalises a few of them. For instance, says he :—

> There's Rupert, a desp'rate fighter,
> Who long kept at bay De Ruyter,
> And Sir George Ayscough too.
>
> Sir John Lawson, few were greater,
> Also Penn, who took Jamaica—
> A vet'ran seaman he.

Likewise Benbow, who

> . . . died of wounds in seventeen-two,
> Received in his action with Du
> Casse, in the West Indies;

and that phenomenal though anonymous mariner,

> Who, in the agonies of death,
> Tried to swallow with his last breath
> The list of coast signals!—

to say nothing of

> A young officer, named Coghlan,
> With a midshipman, called Paddon,
> Both of whom were wounded.

But enough of this absurd outrage — for surely it is nothing less—on the Navy of which we are all so proud. I will only add, indeed, that the lines I have quoted compare favourably, so far as rhyme and reason go, with the large proportion of those which Mr. Low has perpetrated, and that for absolute and unrelieved balderdash his "Epic of the Sea" indubitably "beats the record."

A few weeks back I mentioned that Mr. Henry Blackburn proposed to undertake the task of educating the critics of illustrated books—a work for which I can readily believe that there is plenty of room. In pursuit of this end, Mr. Blackburn asks me to state that he now invites his brethren of the Press to spend an hour at his studio, 123, Victoria-street, there to familiarise themselves with the various mechanical processes employed in the art of illustrating books and newspapers. Mr. Blackburn writes :—

> At this particular time of year, when piles of illustrated books lie waiting for "review," it may not be inopportune to ask that those upon whom the reputations of so many artists, engravers, and makers of "process" blocks depend, should know something more than they have hitherto done of the *modus operandi* of book and newspaper illustration, and especially of the reasons for the failures which they see before them.
>
> In England it is, unfortunately, not considered "good form" to know much of workshops, and our best artists, as a rule, take little interest in the methods by which their works are reproduced. Hence the ignorance of writers—art critics learned in schools and styles—of what is common knowledge in France.

In reference to a statement in last week's TRUTH, Miss Maude Millett asks me to say that she has no intention of going on tour on her own account. Miss Millett is going to play at Cambridge with her own company in "Engaged" and "The Silver Shield," but for one week only. Her company for this occasion will include Miss Webster, Miss Seccombe, Mr. Walter Everard, Mr. Fred. Glover, Mr. David James, jun., and Mr. O'Neill.

The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University has just placed his veto on the exhibition of Wombwell's Menagerie in Cambridge. It would be interesting to hear from the lips of this academic autocrat what injury he anticipates to the morals of the youths under his charge from the contemplation of a collection of wild beasts. Are the young gentlemen of Cambridge University interdicted from visiting the Zoological Gardens during their holidays? In the absence of any answer to questions of this kind, it must be assumed that this action of the Vice-Chancellor is merely an irrational and wanton exercise of arbitrary power for the mere love of exercising it; and as the chief sufferers are the townspeople, who are in no danger of being corrupted by the wild animals, the moral is the same as that of the Spinning House case—that the time has come when such powers should be abolished altogether.

The new Berlin correspondent of the *Times* is Mr. Brinsley Richards, the author of "Prince Roderick" and other clever novels, who has for several years represented that journal at Vienna.

Bishop Wordsworth's first volume of his "Reminiscences" is most interesting and entertaining, and it will be eagerly read. The book is full of good stories, and the references to Mr. Gladstone are of the highest interest. I will quote one funny Parliamentary anecdote :—

> Goulburn told us of a Bill drawn by an Irish member, Mr. O'Brien, wherein it was provided that such and such proceedings should take place annually on August 1, unless that day should happen to fall upon a Sunday, *Good Friday, or Christmas Day.*

Most people must have been scandalised by the appearance of a *communiqué* in the *Guardian*, announcing that the new Dean of Worcester will not sever his connection with St. Jude's, South Kensington, until the close of the year, because, forsooth, "Dr. Forrest has a statutory right to hold the benefice for six months after the date of installation." This is all vastly fine, but these are not the days when a clergyman can have the effrontery to hold a deanery of £1,450 a year, and a living of at least £1,000, on the quibbling plea of "statutory right." Dr. Forrest may succeed in drawing both stipends, but it is clear that he cannot possibly discharge his duties at Worcester, and at the same time attend properly to the affairs of his London parish. Dr. Forrest clearly ought to have vacated the living last week when he was installed at Worcester.

One of the Church papers attributes Dean Pigou's acceptance of the Deanery of Bristol to the fact that "he is not a rich man, and the revenues of the Deanery of Chichester are too small to enable any but a rich man to support its dignity." This is sad nonsense, for, although Dean Burgon possessed a comfortable fortune of his own (about £800 a year), yet he certainly could not be described as "a rich man," and the private means of his predecessor, Dean Hook, were very trifling. Dean Pigou certainly will not derive much pecuniary benefit by

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leaving Chichester, where he has £900 a year, with a house, for Bristol, where his net income will not exceed £1,200 a year, and where he has to find his own house, for the old Deanery was pulled down many years ago, with the full approbation of Dr. Elliot, who was glad of a plausible excuse to remove his residence to Clifton. If Dean Pigou wishes to live in the immediate vicinity of Bristol Cathedral, he will have to arrange to occupy the canon's house, which belongs to the Chapter, but which has been for some time let. It is expected that Dr. Pigou will remove from Chichester to Bristol in December, and he has already announced his intention of establishing Sunday evening services in the nave of his new cathedral, which will be a very popular move.

The Vicar of Dorrington asks me to publish the following letter in reference to the paragraph respecting a "Lincolnshire Vicar" and a local charity which appeared in last week's Truth. I should vastly like to know who was the Charity Commissioner who took upon himself to rebuke the Vicar for invoking the assistance of the Commission in rescuing this perverted charity, and what he meant by so doing. The case is one more proof, added to the many I have given, of the utter inadequacy of the Charity Commission, on its present lines and with its present personnel, to discharge the duties for which such a body is required :—

Dorrington, Oct. 9, 1891.

Dear Sir,—You have honoured me with a paragraph in your most useful paper relative to a communication I sent you last week, and which, I am sorry to say, was written in haste. I am afraid I misled you by omitting to say that I did invoke the aid of the Charity Commissioners, which you recommend, but the Commissioner who came down rebuked me for doing so, and yet at the same time I have recovered for the benefit of the parish the sum of £200, which had been misappropriated for several years. I think this worthy Commissioner, instead of censuring, ought to have thanked me on behalf of his employers for what I did. Surely these Commissioners are well enough paid for their services, and ought not to grumble when called upon to do a little work.—Faithfully yours,

F. W. H. Courtier, Vicar of Dorrington.

A curious advertisement appears in a Halifax paper, in which one D. P. Buckle, "Clerk in Holy Orders, curate of Earlsheaton, Dewsbury," apologises in the most abject terms for having slandered the Headmaster of Queensbury parish school. At the same time he agrees to pay ten guineas to local charities. That no apology could be too abject for the circumstances of the case, will be seen from the following statement of the expressions complained of, which the Rev. Buckle now publicly admits to have been "slanderous, unfounded, and wholly unjustifiable" :—

1. The assistant teachers have been bullied by the head teachers.
2. The grossest cruelty has been practised on the children.
3. The school has come down to the condition of a tenth-rate Board School, and is a disgrace to the parish.
4. The Sunday School is simply a cloak to cover the idleness of the teachers in the Day School.

It appears that these amiable observations were made in the course of a "farewell sermon" preached in the parish church at Queensbury. I have no desire to hit a man when he is down, as Mr. Buckle appears to be. But I think his case may serve as a useful warning to the many other ministers of the Gospel who consider the pulpit a suitable place for airing their private animosities.

Bournemouth.—Royal Bath Hotel. The only hotel on the East Cliff. Grounds of Five Acres. 1,000 feet sea-frontage. South aspect. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited.

There is not a shadow of truth in the circumstantial statements which have again appeared in certain papers respecting the conversion of Viscount St. Cyres to the Church of Rome, and no condemnation can be too strong for the Roman Catholic organs which persist in disseminating these fictions after unqualified denial. One of them has the impudence to speak of Lord St. Cyres' conversion as having been "prematurely announced some time back, and denied by his father," and of his having "at length openly declared his adhesion to the Old Faith by taking an active part in the formation of Newman House." The only foundation for this farrago is that Viscount St. Cyres gave a small subscription to a fund in aid of the Newman House, which was being raised by some of his Oxford friends; and how near he is to the "Old Faith" may be judged from the fact that he has been playing the organ in the Parish Church at Upton Pyne for the last six Sundays.

I have made this week two important discoveries. I have not only learned what are those "archidiaconal functions" which it is said to be the business of an archdeacon to perform, but I have found an archdeacon who considers that it is his duty to perform them. The Rev. Robert Sutton, Archdeacon of Lewes and Vicar of Pevensey, has satisfied himself on good authority that it was formerly the business of an archdeacon to keep a friendly eye upon all the deacons under his jurisdiction. Thinking this an idea "conducive to edification," Archdeacon Sutton recently invited all the deacons in his archdeaconry to an archidiaconal caucus at Pevensey where they spent a whole day, arriving one evening and departing the next. I refer to this matter as a hint to other archdeacons that their title need not be purely an honorary one. I would at the same time draw their attention to the fact that among the agenda of the meeting Archdeacon Sutton thought it well to inform his younger brethren that beds would be provided, as well as supper, breakfast, dinner, and tea.

A Tory paper in Wales announces that October 25 is to be observed as a "Church Defence Sunday" in Pontypridd. "Special sermons," it is stated, "will be preached in the various churches throughout the parish, and the offertory will be for the Church Defence Institution." I do not see any reason why Church people should not subscribe money for the defence of the Church, but there is something singularly incongruous in devoting offertories to what is essentially a political fund for a political object. There are within the Church of England staunch Liberals who loyally accept the policy of Disestablishment. How are these to offer their "alms and oblations" if these are to be devoted to purposes of which they disapprove? And what would Tory critics say, if Nonconformists were to hold collections in their places of worship for the purpose of furthering the cause of Disestablishment? If this would be irreligious, a "Church Defence" offertory must be equally so.

I recently received a severe reprimand from an egregious correspondent, who considered that a jocular address in Truth to "the Clerk of the Weather" was blasphemy of the most offensive kind. I should hardly

have supposed that there could be two fools of this magnitude living at the same time; but from a recent issue of the *Pioneer* of Allahabad, it appears that this is really the case. Fool No. 2 writes to the editor of that journal in this strain:—

I wonder how long it will take the large number of your correspondents who exercise their powers of wit on the subject of the weather to understand that their remarks are often the most inane and impudent blasphemy, excessively distasteful to many of your readers. . . . Although it never fails, I have noticed, to draw a laugh if a jocular allusion is made to the clerk of the weather, yet all must allow it is the cheapest and most foolish kind of wit: how foolish can only be imagined when it is remembered that it is directed against the Creator of the world. CHRISTIAN.

If this pedantic "Christian" pursues the same line of reasoning, he will find that every time a man rails at his luck he is insulting or blaspheming Providence. Blasphemy, I take it, like other offences, lies in the intention of the offender, not in the use of a more or less meaningless *façon de parler*.

Having come across the following advertisement in a Bath paper, I feel it my duty to reproduce it for the benefit of my lady readers:—

Beneficed clergyman wishes an early marriage with a lady having good private means.—Veritas, *Bath Herald*, 74, Fleet-street, London.

The Church papers have been thrown into dangerous ecstasies by the success of the Rhyl Church Congress, and no doubt it has done very well from the pecuniary point of view; but, as I pointed out several weeks ago, the programme was not strong, being only remarkable for the careful exclusion of all burning questions, while subjects which have been thoroughly discussed at every Congress for the last ten years were again put forward. The fact is that the Church Congress speakers and readers seem to have been considerably in the air, and they might remember that on the last occasion when a Congress trumpeted defiance (at Dublin in 1868), the result was the disendowment and disestablishment of the Irish Church within nine months. At Rhyl, an excellent opportunity was deliberately lost of dealing in a practical and frank way with the question of tithe, which it was farcical to ignore, considering that in Wales people never cease talking and writing about it.

With one exception, I did not find much matter of interest in the reports of the Church Congress—nor, I imagine, did anybody else outside the ranks of the Clergy and the "Church workers." The exception in my case was the paper read by Mr. Athelston Riley on "Missionary Agents." Without suggesting any charge of plagiarism against this gentleman, I confess that I am struck by the absolute identity of his sentiments on this matter with those recently expressed in TRUTH. Here are a few points out of many:—

1. If you want to hear hard things said about Missionaries, talk with the representatives of our country in foreign lands. Would that the notorious unpopularity of Missionaries with our Ambassadors, Ministers, Governors, and Consuls were undeserved. . . . .
2. Narrowness and ignorance of the world are too often characteristics of the Missionary. . . . .
3. Subscribers to Mission funds are too anxious to have what they consider the value of their money. The result is the issue of *reports positively grotesque in their optimism*. . . . .
4. A system of married missionaries entails a very great expense. Celibate missionaries, living together without salaries . . . . can obviously be maintained for a fraction of the cost entailed when each missionary has a separate establishment. . . . .
5. What is it that floods the mission-field with men who have no pretence to the missionary spirit? The prospect of salaries, and houses, and wives, and children, and comforts. The mission which offers least to its agents and spends least on them gets the best men—the educated, the pious, the devoted.

In view more particularly of the last paragraph, I take it somewhat unkindly that I was not asked to read a paper on this subject to the Church Congress.

The following is a sample of many foolish letters that I have been favoured with in relation to the prayers for the refusal of the licence to the Manchester Palace of Varieties. Why my correspondent looked for some comment in TRUTH on the result I do not know. The result in no way affects my views on the subject, and does not, so far as I can see, suggest any observation which had not been made in TRUTH before:—

October 5, 1891.

SIR,—I note that in last week's TRUTH you do not comment on the result of the various prayer-meetings held by those who believe in the efficacy of prayer to ask God to refuse the licence to the Manchester Music Hall.

As you made such a point of it, that your subscribers might well expect to be informed of the issue. If prayer is not to be offered on behalf of certain objects, which, in the opinion of some are considered to be detrimental to the human nature, may I ask how you explain the following passage:—Phil. iv., 6: "But in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God"?—Yours faithfully,

A BELIEVER IN PRAYER FOR EVERYTHING.

I am not a theologian. If, therefore, the interpretation of Scripture gives rise to difficulties, I do not know why my correspondent should expect me to solve them. I would, however, point out to him and to others, that if they really believe that "objects" which they "consider to be detrimental to the human nature" can be affected by their prayers, they are very greatly to blame for not making more use of this valuable power. Instead of praying that a single licence may be refused, why do they not pray that no more licences may be granted; or, better still, that all the manufacturers of intoxicating liquors may give up the business; or, even still better, that the desire for alcohol may disappear from among mankind? Why confine yourself to making a feeble and half-hearted request for an "object" which a large number of people consider to be mischievous?

If I had made the comment which my correspondent is disappointed at not seeing, it might have been something like this: The granting of this licence would obviously have been a serious blow to all the low-class drinking-shops in Manchester, and of the greatest advantage to the causes of morality, temperance, and public order. A set of wrong-headed busy-bodies assert that by their prayers they have prevented this licence being granted. It is, therefore, evident that prayer is a serious danger to the public, and that it ought to be put under some sort of control before worse mischief is done by it.

I have received the following poetic reflections, from a well-known hand, upon my suggestion in regard to mild German beers. But surely if a beverage can be found which cannot, even if taken by buckets, intoxicate, those who would put down drunkenness cannot object to such a beverage any more than they would object to peach-stones, because they contain a small amount of prussic acid, or to the cherry brandy sold by confectioners because there is a little alcohol in it. If I had the choice between coffee and German beer, I should prefer the former. But my taste is

not that of every one. Why not, then, encourage the sale of a beverage, the basis of which is hops with so little added alcohol that it cannot produce drunkenness? If this were allowed to be served in—say, the aërated bread shops, and if people might sit at tables and drink it at these shops, the public houses, where strong beer and spirits are the sole articles of consumption, would be almost deserted. I have experience with me in my theory of dilution, for dilution hinders drunkenness in German and Italian villages. My suggestion meets a want. The want is to join socially in drinking. I do not know why people like to drink together. But they do. Possibly it is an excuse for sitting together and talking. I find that there is no absolutely non-alcoholic liquor which meets this want. So I suggest one. In this I have particularly in my eye that apostle of sobriety, Sir Wilfred Lawson. I have seen him often take a glass of water or of lemonade with so many lumps of sugar in it, that I have trembled for the fermentation likely to be produced inside him, to the detriment of his stomach. German beer would do him far less harm; indeed, beyond a tendency to produce a portly stomach, I never yet saw any evil effect from this beverage. Now I ask him this: Would it not be better that the English should be a sober nation like the Bavarians with large stomachs, rather than a drunken nation with small stomachs?

You may be right, but still I think
I'll venture to dispute it.
If such a blessing be strong drink—
Why are we to dilute it?
Don't prove the honest drinker's foe—
Dilution *must* be wrong;
"Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little *strong!*"

Good Dr. Granville says that we
Should take "two ounces" daily,
Then brain and mind, he says, will be
As sound as Dr. Daley.
'Tis all that he'll allow a man,
Howe'er he's constituted,
And now comes Truth's disturbing plan—
E'en that must be diluted!

No "backbone" have those wretched men
Who liquor do not gulp,
And Dr. Granville says, again,
Their brains are made of "pulp."
Two ounces, though, of spirit bright,
Each brain—Oh that will suit it.
Come, Truth, now, can you think it right
To tell us to dilute it?

If you won't let us have it strong,
It must affect our brain,
And we may all become, ere long,
Like Lawson or like Caine.
No! no! dilution will not do
For men of sense and merit;
If our potations must be few,
Let's have the genuine spirit.

We men who live for liquor's sake,
We sternly hate a sham,
And when we're called on to partake
Let's have a genuine dram.
Let's have a genuine dram, my boys,
To prop our constitution,
And cease, dear Truth, oh, cease this noise
In favour of dilution!

The Temperance Party in the United States expect a prodigious "boom" during the next few months, in consequence of the presence among them of Lady Henry Somerset, who started last Wednesday for New York, in the *Teutonic*. She is to address a great number of meetings during her stay in America (beginning next Saturday at the New York Opera-house), and will take an active part in generally promoting temperance work.

An Indian officer, signing himself "Lex," writes me a lengthy criticism of the remarks on court-martial justice in Truth of August 13. My correspondent will probably have seen by this time that his criticisms have been to some extent anticipated by others, and the criticisms themselves answered. The following passage, however, brings out a new point, and one well deserving attention:—

> The only defect I can see in the administration of military law is that of allowing very young officers, who have not had sufficient experience, to sit as members of courts-martial for the trial of soldiers. In my opinion, no officer under five years' service should be a member of a court-martial, except in the field, or in extreme cases when it is impossible to obtain the services of officers all of that standing.

I have frequently noticed in reports of courts-martials that the President is practically the Court—at any rate, in his own estimation—and that those who are supposed to be his colleagues either take their cue entirely from him, or take no perceptible share in the proceedings. This state of things would probably be seen less often if the other members of the Court were on more equal terms in point of rank and age with the President.

The Indian Staff Corps officer, who recently wrote to assure me that there is neither dissatisfaction nor cause for dissatisfaction in that branch of the service, would, probably, be interested to see a statement on the subject which I have just received from the Punjab. It has taken the compilers of this document seven closely-written sheets of foolscap to do justice to the subject. I am sorry that this trouble should have been taken for nothing; but, apart from the impossibility of publishing this document as it stands, my correspondent will have seen that since it was despatched (August 20) every one of the points raised has been referred to in Truth. I hope, moreover, that by this time the complaints of the Staff Corps officers are in train for settlement.

While the grievances of the Indian Staff Corps are prominently before the public, it may be well to call attention to the manner in which nominations to the Corps have lately been bestowed. Out of the last twenty nominations, five have gone to the three first Cavalry cadets and the two first Infantry in the late competition for Sandhurst. The remaining fifteen have all been given to Queen's and Indian cadets, of whom I understand that not more than three at the outside had, or could have, qualified to enter Sandhurst by competition. Surely these Queen's and Indian cadetships, conferring a free education at the public expense, and granted, for the most part, for reasons which will not bear a moment's investigation, are sufficient prizes in themselves, without supplementing them by other favours at the expense of abler lads—often the sons of meritorious officers of long service and narrow means.

A correspondent writing on this subject says:—

> No one who studies the periodical lists of cadets for Sandhurst can fail to note the small proportion of Queen's and Indian cadets who ever qualify for entrance by competition. The stupidity of the son is probably a measure of the deserts of the father. If there are to be Queen's and Indian cadets, I would suggest that these appointments be confined to the sons of fathers of a certain number of

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years' service and possessing not more than a specified income, and within those limits the appointments themselves should be open to competition.

From facts that have come to my knowledge, it is clear that a large number of cadets have been induced to join Sandhurst under what can only be called false pretences. Prior to the last examination, candidates were informed that those who desired to enter the Staff Corps were to notify this intention, by which many were led to believe that this branch of the service would be open to them. It has recently been notified, however, that only seven out of the large number of successful candidates will be allowed the option of entering the Indian service. Consequently, dozens of young cadets, who cannot afford to enter British regiments, will now have to return to civil life, after their parents have gone to the expense of examiner's fees, uniforms, entrance fees, &c.

It is a curious fact that the official list of the Indian Army still contains the name of the Archbishop of York, who appears to have been drawing a pension of about £130 a year ever since he retired from the Madras Establishment in 1852, after five years' service, with the rank of lieutenant.

I have been receiving complaints lately respecting the rate of promotion among the attached subalterns of the Army Service Corps, several of whom have a long-standing claim to receive the acting rank of Captain. This seems to be another of the many instances in the Service in which injustice is done purely for want of intelligent and practical consideration of the claims of every class of officers. Permanent subalterns of the Army Service Corps appear to get their promotion without fail on completing six years' service; but there are now attached subalterns who have served for periods ranging up to ten years, only to see permanent men of less service, and probably less experience in corps duties, jumped over their heads to the captains' list. An officer writing on this subject, says:—

> Formerly, officers who joined the attached list with five years' service at once got the acting rank of Captain. This was done as late as August, 1889. Now, however, it appears that an officer is to depend on the rapidity of promotion in his regiment, though it is difficult to understand why this should affect his corps pay, which is presumably given for efficiency in corps duties.

To show the present rate of promotion in the Medical Staff Corps, a man in the corps gives me the following table:—

Private to Lance-Corporal	... ...	5½ years' service.
Lance-Corporal to Corporal	... ...	5¾ ,,
Corporal to Lance-Sergeant	... ...	8 to 9 ,,
Lance-Sergeant to Sergeant	... ...	9 ,,
Sergeant to 2nd class Staff-Sergeant	...	16½ ,,
2nd to 1st class Sergeant	... ...	22 ,,

If this is, as it appears to be, anything like an accurate statement, to allow men who have completed twenty-one years' service to re-engage for another five years is palpably unfair to their juniors. Nor is there, from all I hear, anything to justify it in the past service of the men who have been selected for this special indulgence.

An analogous grievance has been brought to my notice in the case of Sergeants serving on the Permanent Staff of the Militia, who complain of pensioners being allowed to retain the rank of Colour-Sergeant for an indefinite period, to the exclusion of men still serving their Army engagements. Cases are to be found, I am told, in which these Colour-Sergeants have continued to serve with the Militia till they are actually incapacitated by age. The only benefit they gain is their 6d. a day for Pay-Sergeant's duties during the period of Militia training; while their retention of the rank excludes men below from a rise of 8d. per day in pay, and 3d. per day in pension.

The Sergeants in the Militia Staff also complain of the injustice they suffer in regard to promotion to Sergeant-Major. The Army Order governing this point directs that, on a vacancy occurring for Militia Sergeant-Major, the claims of any N.C.O. of the Depot or the Line battalions shall be taken into consideration as well as those of the Permanent Staff who may be recommended. The effect of this in practice seems to be that whenever a man from a Line battalion or from the Depot is recommended, a Sergeant on the Permanent Staff has no chance, no matter what the wishes of the Commanding Officer of the Militia battalion may be. In fairness, I should have thought that the men on the Militia Staff ought to have had the preference, if not the exclusive right, to these appointments.

Some few days ago a special recruiting officer marched out from a certain depot in the West of England to try his persuasive powers upon Hodge on a market-day at one of the adjoining towns. He was an imposing veteran, with a fine show of medals and gold lace, and a captivating bundle of pamphlets under his arm, but he returned at nightfall without having had so much as a single bite. If the military powers find it necessary to resort to such childish devices as this in order to catch recruits, they would be much better employed in studying the causes which make service in the ranks so woefully unpopular, which they may do any day in the pages of TRUTH, not to mention other places.

Here is an exceptionally hard case illustrative of the unjust operation of the present rules in regard to the forfeiture of deferred pay on purchase of discharge. A man in the North Staffordshire Regiment, holding the rank of Colour-Sergeant and Orderly-Room Sergeant, with over seven and a-half years' service, and an "exemplary" character, gets an offer of service with a firm at the Cape where his regiment is stationed at the time when he is about to leave the colours and join the Reserve. He cannot serve in the Reserve and live at Cape Town, and he must, therefore, either throw up the chance of settling himself for life in the Colonies, or purchase his discharge by payment of £18 and forfeiture of the £22 deferred pay, which he has earned by seven years' faithful service. At the best of times I regard this confiscation of pay, which a man has earned under his contract, as only one degree removed from robbery; but in this case the dividing line seems smaller than that. I understand that a remonstrance in TRUTH on a former occasion was the means of obtaining a restitution of his deferred pay to an N.C.O. who had purchased his discharge in India, and I would respectfully suggest to the War Office authorities that the present case calls quite as strongly for a relaxation of the strict letter of the rules.

I am glad that the Admiralty have selected Sir William Dowell for the vacant good-service pension of £300 a year, for he has thoroughly earned it, and he is a very able and a very popular officer. Sir William Dowell's naval career commenced with the Chinese War of fifty years ago, and he distinguished himself in the Crimea and in the second war with China. Sir William was recently Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, and his departure was much regretted there.

The office of Bath King of Arms, which is in the gift of the Queen, has become vacant by the death of Admiral George Grey, who had held it for twenty-six years, and who was a younger son of Lord Grey, the Whig Prime Minister.

A discussion has been lately going on in the press as to the linguistic ability of Naval officers, the French officers having expressed surprise that so few English officers were able to converse with them during their visit to Portsmouth. I find by reference to the Navy List that the number of officers qualified as interpreters is as follows:—Admirals, nil; Captains, 2 per cent.; Commanders, 4 per cent.; Lieutenants, 3 per cent.; Sub-Lieutenants, nil; Engineers, 1·2 per cent.; Accountant officers, 2·3 per cent.; and Medical Officers, 1·3 per cent. In other words, there are exactly 87 commissioned officers out of a total in the active list of over 3,000 who have thus qualified. Surely this state of things ought to be altered.

Mr. Hugh Hearson, whose conflict with the Admiralty over his right to resign his commission as a Naval Engineer will be in the recollection of most of my readers, is bringing his case before the Law Courts again in the form of an action for illegal arrest and imprisonment. As I understand the Queen's Bench Judges to have held that the arrest was unlawful when they ordered his release, I certainly think that Mr. Hearson ought to be compensated, and it aggravates the wrong inflicted upon him that he should be driven to an action in order to obtain a solatium. But I am still more strongly of opinion that any damages which may be awarded should come out of the pockets of the officials responsible for these unwarrantable proceedings—not out of those of the sympathising public.

"An Old *Britannia* Boy" corrects me as to the history of the *Britannia*. She was removed, I understand, from Portsmouth to Portland in or about 1859, and thence to Dartmouth in 1863. This is, however, not of much consequence. I am more interested in my correspondent's statement that in 1863, when he joined the ship, there was nothing in the shape of "fagging for money."

The Royal yachts have just been surveyed at Portsmouth, with the result that the *Victoria and Albert* is to be supplied with a new mainmast, and the *Osborne* with new boilers and rigging. The *Elfin* requires extensive repairs; which are to be carried out at once, as she will be in constant use during the Queen's winter residence at Osborne.

Mr. Louis Brennan has just received £16,000 from the Admiralty, being the last instalment of the extravagant price (£110,000) which the Government was so unfortunate as to pay for the torpedo which bears his name. The Brennan torpedo is a most effective engine of war, but it will probably be superseded by some new invention before long, as experiments have proved that it would be of no use whatever against a vessel properly protected by torpedo nets.

The following anecdote, for which I take no responsibility, is sent to me as showing how fully the arduous duties of the Post-Office Surveyors fill up their time:—When the Highland sports were being held at Oban, nearly all the Scotch Surveying Staff met one another in the town, all having discovered that business imperatively called them in that direction. Suddenly the news got abroad that Sir Arthur Blackwood had arrived in Oban. Within a couple of hours every Surveyor had left the town to attend to pressing duties at headquarters.

"There are," writes a correspondent, "several of the most important berths in the Circulation Department at St Martin's-le-Grand which have been vacant for periods ranging from eight months to two years." This is a matter which has been repeatedly referred to in Truth, and I see that it is now attracting the attention of some of my contemporaries. What the object can be of keeping these posts vacant for such a length of time I am at a loss to imagine, but this state of things suggests the obvious inference that the posts in question cannot be of much "importance" except in reference to the salary attached to them. As the work of the Post Office has gone on so satisfactorily during the year or two that these berths have remained vacant, there is every reason to suppose that no serious results would ensue were they never filled up any more. This is a matter which should receive attention in the Civil Service Estimates next session.

My dear lady-readers, particularly those of you who are clerks in the Post Office, please donot suppose that in reproducing the remarks of Sir Andrew Clark on the effects of modern culture on the modern woman, I had the slightest intention of endorsing his outrageous sentiments. Here is my letter box quite choked up with expostulations from young ladies who suppose that I consider them "loud and rude," or "smart and vulgar." Nothing was further from my mind. Two or three ladies have been kind enough to send me their photographs that I may judge for myself. Well, smart they may be—one of them especially—but as for vulgar, the idea is preposterous. I am also assured that a large number of the young ladies in the Post Office are in the habit, despite their terribly long hours, of improving their minds in the evening and on Saturday afternoons in the Free Libraries and the British Museum Reading-room, such is their thirst for culture. I am resolved that I too will go to the Free Libraries and the Museum Reading-room. I must have culture too, and I think that nothing could more conduce to this end than reading books in the company of so many nice young ladies.

A gentleman in Derby calls my attention to the "anomaly" that a parcel of books weighing 2 lb. when sent by "Book Post" cost 8d., and must be sent with the

ends open, whereas they can be sent in a closed packet by Parcels Post for 4½d. This is, of course, an anomaly, but it does not strike me as one worth making much fuss over as long as the public have the benefit of the lower rate. It ought, however, to be clearly pointed out in the Post Office regulations that books above 12 oz. in weight can be most cheaply sent by Parcels Post.

The following letter reached me too late for insertion last week:—

DEAR TRUTH,—When you have a leisure moment, you would render a great service to travellers by pressing on our Steamboat Companies the necessity of providing separate accommodation for those who are sea-sick and those who are not.

I am a fairly good sailor. The mere motion of a ship never makes me sick. I confess, however, that after an hour or two of rough weather, I sometimes experience vague internal qualms. At such a moment, the society of a suffering fellow-creature in the throes of his affliction is too much for me. I crossed the other day from Jersey to Southampton. There was enough swell to make the boat roll, but not more than I can stand without flinching. But fore and aft, on the decks and in the cabins, even in the smoking-room, the ship was strewn with groaning victims. Go where you would, there was no escaping the sight of a suffering passenger occupied with his basin. Even on dry land, who could be expected to feel an appetite for dinner under these circumstances?

My case is no isolated one. There must be many people of weak stomachs to whom the mere terrors of the sea are as nothing compared with the nauseating spectacles they see around them. There ought to be some space set apart for the sea-sick, and screened from the observation of the rest of the world; and to this seclusion all who feel indisposed should be compelled to withdraw, for it is notorious that these unfortunate beings are utterly indifferent to the feelings of others—indeed, they seem to find consolation in obtruding their anguish upon the notice of the public. If the Companies cannot be brought to see the necessity for this reform, Parliament must force it upon them. Should your intervention not be effectual, I propose to invite Mr. Plimsoll to organise an agitation upon the question.—Yours obediently,

SEA LEGS.

I always like to exhibit both sides of a question, but it rarely happens that I am able to exhibit them side by side. By an extraordinary coincidence, however, the following letter reached me within a post or two of that of "Sea Legs":—

DEAR TRUTH,—When you have a leisure moment you would render a great service to travellers by pressing on our Steamboat Companies the necessity of providing separate accommodation for those who are sea-sick and those who are not.

I am a wretched sailor. The mere motion of a ship, even in smooth water, at once makes me sick. I believe, however, that I should make a much better fight against my weakness if it were not for the society of my more robust fellow-creatures. There is something in the demeanour of these creatures at the moment when one is trembling on the verge of collapse which amounts to an outrage on humanity. They laugh the most maddening laughter, crack the vilest jokes, smoke the most stinking tobacco, and proclaim in the most offensive way that what is death to us is sport to them.

I crossed the other day from Jersey to Southampton. The boat was full of these monsters. One of them, at the worst crisis of the passage, appeared on deck with a plate of ham sandwiches—ham sandwiches, sir!—which he proceeded to munch. I heard that his name was Grossmith. I dare say he meant no harm, but evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart.

My case is no isolated one. There must be many victims of *mal-de-mer* who suffer their worst torture not from the cruel sea, but from the conduct of their heartless fellow creatures. There ought to be some retired spot to which all who do not feel sick should be confined, for it is notorious that these brutes are not only indifferent to the suffering around them, but that they derive satisfaction from parading their superiority to the natural infirmities of mankind.—Yours obediently,

HEAVE HO!

I do not know which of these may be the correct view, but it is very likely that both are. At any rate, it is evident that, different as are their views, what will satisfy one of my correspondents will not satisfy the other. I would, therefore, suggest to the Companies concerned that they should run their steamboats in pairs—one for sea-sick passengers, and one for the non-sea-sick. Any passenger found in the wrong boat would, of course, be thrown overboard.

At last week's meeting of the City of London Guardians, a member called attention to the singular fact that the supply of wines and spirits to the Union is not put up for tender, although the Board had just previously been discussing tenders for such articles as tea, haberdashery, linen-drapery, and oil and colourman's goods. It was answered, first, that the quantity consumed was so small that to invite tenders was considered unnecessary; and, secondly, that the present prices had been pronounced reasonable "by an independent man in the trade." It appears, however, that the wine and spirit bill comes to £300 a year, and if that is not a sufficient quantity to put up to public tender, I do not know why tenders should be invited in any case. Not being a City of London ratepayer, my interest in this matter is purely platonic; but were I personally concerned, I should regard the opinion of "an independent man in the trade" (name unknown) as a very poor substitute for the advantages of a public competition. There is a smell of jobbery about the whole business highly characteristic of the City of London.

I have never yet been an inmate of a workhouse, or even a member of a Board of Guardians. I trust, therefore, that I shall be forgiven if I betray undue ignorance of workhouse dietary. But I confess I am surprised to see that in the dietary of the Amesbury Workhouse, which somebody has sent to me, neither fresh meat nor tea nor coffee has any part. Twice a week 4 oz. of bacon are doled out, it seems, to the male paupers, and 3 oz. to the females. No other meat is allowed. A pint of tea for supper and breakfast is allowed to the infirm and those over sixty years of age; but the rest get no stronger drink than milk and water. I should much like to know whether this is usual; after which, I shall be nclined to ask whether it is right.

A very unsatisfactory state of things has arisen in connection with the inquiry which has been going on respecting the housing of the labourers at Ixworth. As more than once noticed in TRUTH, Lord Francis Hervey held an inquiry in June, on behalf of the Rural Sanitary Authority, and his report recorded a deplorable state of things, and favoured the provision of new house accommodation by the Sanitary Authority. A question arose, however, whether the expense should be borne by the whole of that authority or district (Thingoe Union) or by a limited area, and as Lord Francis Hervey had held that he had no power to limit the area, a fresh inquiry has been ordered having reference only to the area to which it was desired to limit the expense. After two sittings this inquiry was completed on Friday last. This re-opening of the question, however, appears to have been solely in the interests of the opponents of the improvement scheme. The new inquiry was held in the afternoon, and as a consequence the Labourers' Association, who have been the moving spirit in the agitation, were greatly handicapped in presenting their case. It seems, therefore, by no means impossible that the result may be two directly contradictory reports. This muddle strongly shows the necessity for some further touching up of the last Housing of the Working Classes Act.

The greatest indignation has been excited in Mid-Wales by the appointment of Mr. Cecil Beresford, son of the late Judge Beresford, to the County Court Judgeship of this district. A more flagrant job has not disgraced Lord Halsbury's career. Mr. Beresford understands little or no Welsh, is quite unknown in the legal profession, and is not even a member of the Welsh circuits. He has been serving, with anything but distinction, as a Deputy-Judge. The appointment ought not to be allowed to pass unchallenged in the House of Commons.

Lord Halsbury has caused the greatest inconvenience and annoyance by the monstrous delay that has taken place in appointing a successor to Judge Ingham. The sittings at all the Courts in this circuit, including such busy centres as Kendal, Barrow-in-Furness, Ulverston, Whitehaven, and Workington, were fixed some time back by the Registrars to take place early in this month, and the business was even heavier and more important than is usually the case after the vacation. The solicitors concerned made their arrangements accordingly, and only last week did they receive notice that, in consequence of there being no Judge, only undefended cases could be taken. The rest of the business now stands adjourned indefinitely. Surely he can make up his mind which of his cousins is to get the berth.

The resignation of Mr. Shield, one of the Deputy Clerks of the Court of Session, placed another nice berth at the disposal of the Government, and has afforded the new Lord Justice General an opportunity of providing for his clerk, Mr. Marrable, whom he appointed to it just before he resigned the office of Lord Advocate. The post is worth £550 a-year.

Lord Young, who has been a judge of the Court of Session for nearly eighteen years, is about to retire on a pension. He is a brilliant man of the Cochrane-Jeffrey school, and he was acknowledged to be the best lawyer on the Scottish Bench, with the exception of the late Lord President Inglis. Lord Young would undoubtedly have been made Lord President or Lord Justice Clerk if the Liberals had appointed to either of those places.

It is rather startling to hear of youths who are described as "Sunday-school scholars of exemplary character," and who are in the habit of attending evening science classes, being convicted of "gambling" on Sunday afternoons. This, however, happened last week at Dewsbury, the offenders having been caught playing pitch-and-toss on a public footpath, while on their way from the Sunday-school to afternoon service.

Choice Old Highland Whiskies. Age 7, 10, 15, and 25 years in wood. Price per doz., 48s., 60s., 72s., and 120s. An eminent medical authority, in recommending the moderate use of Whisky, states that on no account should Whisky be used unless it is well matured. Detailed list on application to Morel Bros., Cobbett, & Son, Limited, 210 & 211, Piccadilly; 18 & 19, Pall Mall; 143, Regent-street. Whisky Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

Very possibly there was nothing in the circumstances connected with the death of Miss Manton than what was made public. It is, however, abundantly clear that unless inquests are to be a farce so far as publicity is necessarily concerned, some sort of rules should be laid down for the guidance of Coroners, and that, if this is not sufficient, Parliament should take the matter in hand. That Mr. Coroner Troutbeck aided and abetted in an attempt to evade publicity in the case of the Duke of Bedford hardly admits of a doubt. His refusal to allow the depositions to be seen in the case of Miss Manton was, although legal, most improper. The newspapers are not in the habit of sending reporters to Coroners' inquests, unless under exceptional circumstances. They receive what they publish from the casual reporters, who go about seeking news, and offering it when found for publication. This happened at the Manton inquest. If the "flimsy" of one of these gentlemen is used by a newspaper to which it is offered, the writer would receive a few shillings. The casuals are desirous of making money by their calling. If any one concerned in the matter reported is prepared to offer them more for their "flimsy" than they would be likely to get from the newspapers, they sell it, with the result that nothing but the baldest notification appears in the newspapers. Coroner Troutbeck must have been aware that a transaction of this description had taken place in the Manton case from reading the bald reports in the newspapers. He ought to have met it by allowing the depositions to be inspected. Copies of depositions taken in police-courts are supplied on payment of a small copying fee. The same rule should apply to the Coroner's court, and a list of the inquests to be held should be exhibited in some public place.

I do not know exactly how Coroners are now elected. I was once M.P. for Middlesex, and at that time the system was a strange one. It being held that every Middlesex freeholder had a vote, every one who could show that he was the heir of a person buried in Middlesex was allowed to vote, on the plea that he was the owner of a freehold grave, and it was further held by the Courts of Law that the man who got the majority at the election—no matter how the votes were obtained—became Coroner, for there was no way of granting a scrutiny. At that time, an election cost a candidate several thousand pounds.

At Gloucester City Police-court last week, a father and mother were convicted of neglecting their daughter, aged ten years, by allowing her to get into a horribly filthy condition. The Chairman said that the bench considered the case proved, and, as it was one of the first cases of the kind brought before them, they would inflict the nominal fine of 2s. 6d. and costs. He added that parents must understand that in addition to feeding their children they must also keep them clean. A lady, writing

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to me on the case, observes that if people like the defendants in this case are to understand that, something more than a fine of half-a-crown is required to impress the lesson upon them. In justice to the Magistrates, however, it ought to be borne in mind that some of these cases are very difficult to deal with effectually. The Magistrates, I take it, appreciate that it is not likely to do a child much good to send its parents to prison, or to take the last sixpence out of their pockets. What, then, is to be done with them? It is not my business to say, but I would suggest to Magistrates having cases like the above to deal with, that they should discharge the prisoners on their recognisances, and require them to bring up their child every week, for a month, for inspection.

A young ruffian—old enough, however, to know better—was charged at Birkenhead the other day with the most revolting cruelty to a cat. With the assistance of a dog he had worried and kicked the animal until it was unable to crawl, and had then beaten its head with a brick until it was all but dead. After the case had been proved, Mr. Preston, the Magistrate, remanded the boy in custody for a few days while he considered how he should punish him. I take it that the Magistrate really did not know what to do with the boy, and thought that by remanding him in custody he could practically imprison him without passing sentence of imprisonment, and avoid at the same time imposing a fine which would only fall on his father. How Mr. Preston ultimately got over his difficulty I have not seen, but, in my opinion, the best punishment for boys of this disposition is a homœopathic treatment. The boy ought to have had a taste of the "cat," or, at any rate, the birch, bearing some proportion to the taste which the other cat had of him; and I should like to see the law altered so that Magistrates may order that treatment without any difficulty.

A charge of most abominable cruelty against a doctor and his groom came to a very lame and impotent conclusion at Barnsley Police-court last week. The two defendants had been engaged from half-past ten o'clock in the morning till five in the evening at what they supposed to be "breaking-in" a horse, and it was proved that throughout this period they had been incessantly flogging the wretched beast with the butt-end of a whip. It was so exhausted that it could scarcely stand, while blood flowed from its nose and mouth. When the defendants were themselves so tired that they could beat no longer, they gave beer to some of the onlookers to continue the work. Although no defence worthy of the name seems to have been attempted, the charge against the groom was dismissed, while Dr. McCoubrey, the other offender, was let off with a fine of 20s.—a punishment which would have been grossly lenient in the case of a day labourer. There was a check-weighman among the witnesses, who had himself gone into the field and told the defendants they ought each to have three months in gaol. It strikes me that the check-weighman has a much better idea of the requirements of justice than the Barnsley Bench.

The Welsh J.P. is made of very similar stuff to his English brother. Witness the following from a recent report of Petty Sessions at Towyn, "before M. Pughe and M. L. Lewis, Esqs." :—

P.C. Richard Price, Abergynolwyn, charged Richard Owen, a tramp, with travelling about the country without any visible means of subsistence.—The defendant was sentenced to *three months' imprisonment with hard labour.*

Three months' imprisonment with hard labour for being without visible means of subsistence! It will not be to the credit of Radicalism in the neighbourhood of Towyn if this phenomenal display of judicial barbarity is allowed to pass without any attempt to rectify it.

The Rev. Henry Alexander Carwardine, Vicar of Ogbourne, has, of course, read the parable of the Prodigal Son, and placed his own interpretation on it. It might, perhaps, broaden his views a little if he were now to run up to town and witness the performance of "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. This Vicar has a prodigal son of his own, who relieved him of sundry silver and plated goods, and a painting by Landseer, disposed of them in London, and (I assume) consumed the proceeds in riotous living. So far from fattening the calf and awaiting the lad's return, the reverend parent put the police on his track, and got him sentenced last week, at Marlborough Sessions, to a month's hard labour. The prosecuting solicitor stated that this was done by the father "from an imperative sense of duty," with a view of convincing the prisoner "that he could not rely on his parents, by their weakness or affection, to overlook his evil ways," and also in the hope of inducing him "to earn his living as a respectable and honest man." It is not for me to discuss the motives and sentiments of this clerical Brutus, but I can assure him, from sundry communications received, that his lofty principles are far from being appreciated among some of his neighbours.

I take some credit to myself for the prosecution of the man Young, alias Winkworth, who was fined £50 at Bow-street last week for disseminating what he is pleased to call "Neo-Malthusian" literature. Many months ago I commented in TRUTH upon this blackguard's operations, though the nature of the subject precluded its discussion in detail in a paper intended for general reading. I had the satisfaction, however, of communicating with Scotland-yard on the subject, and in view of what has followed, I begin to hope that the police will now turn their attention to one or two other notorious rascals whom I have lately pointed out to them.

A friend of mine has just had a correspondence with the man Ernest Day in regard to certain "ancient antiquities" of which this worthy alleged himself to have

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come into possession by the death of his mother. The first was an engraving of the "ancient antique arms," &c., of a certain noble family; the other two were genealogical tables. Each of these "ancient relicts," as he terms them, Day valued at 150 guineas, but he obligingly offered to part with the lot for six guineas. When, however, the gentleman thus favoured requested Day to come in person with his wares, he heard no more of this dealer in the "ancient antique." Although I hear of many people who have eluded this rascal's wiles, it is certain that he must be constantly finding victims, and I am at a loss to see why we maintain a police force if such notorious rogues are to be allowed to practise with impunity.

An acquaintance of mine in the country, thinking to do a stroke of economy, recently ordered a truck-load of coals through a London firm, who offered on these terms "colliery weight of 21 cwt. to the ton." When the truck supposed to contain five of these generous tons arrived the load was found to weigh 5 tons 1 cwt., instead of 5 tons 5 cwt. On complaining to the merchants, the purchaser was informed that the merchants only guaranteed to load 21 cwt. to the ton, not to deliver them; that this weight had been loaded at the pit, and that the vendors took no responsibility for any loss of weight in transit. I should like to hear the Railway Company's view of the facts before accepting this as a valid defence. In the meantime, however, it seems to me that the advantages of buying coals in the truck is somewhat nebulous, unless coal-trucks can be built with locks and keys to them.

As everybody seems to be agreed that more attention to fruit culture is one of the most promising remedies for the present troubles of landowners, farmers, and labourers, I need not apologise for calling the attention of my readers to a little paper on fruit culture just issued by the Royal Horticultural Society. In this will be found lists of all the best sorts of apples, pears, plums, and smaller fruits suitable for cultivation by cottagers and farmers, together with a few brief and practical hints on planting and culture.

I am much obliged to the many correspondents who continue to send me accounts of their experience in the El Dorado of the South African Company. As, however, all these letters tell very much the same tale, and as the tale has been told over and over again in these columns, and has never been seriously challenged, I cannot go on repeating it indefinitely. There can be no doubt, I take it, that the future of this territory depends entirely on the digging up of gold which has not yet been seen, and that until that desirable result has been arrived at prospectors may reckon on having about as bad a time of it as in any uncivilised country, with the additional inconvenience of having to submit to the despotism of an irresponsible officialdom. The following, from a very recent letter from Mashonaland, shows the state of things:—

> Provisions of all kinds are desperately high. Butter is now at 12s. 6d. per pound. Jam and milk in tins, 6s. 6d. Cheese, 15s. A bottle of brandy has been sold for £4. Men have been prospecting everywhere, but I have not heard of the discovery of a single ounce of gold. Over ninety per cent. of the men have been down with fever, and fifteen per cent. have died. At Fort Charles, out of 110 policemen, 100 are in hospital; and at Fort Victoria they had five pairs of boots for the whole of the troops, and as the men went on duty they had to pass the boots round.

Grateful and Comforting for Breakfast is Epps's Cocoa, made with boiling water or milk. Sold by Grocers, in packets labelled "James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

Sir Charles Tupper has set forth in the *Nineteenth Century* his scheme for Imperial Federation. It is about as unpractical a one as ever was conceived. The Federation is only to embrace Australia, the Dominion, and South Africa, and the connecting link is to be a representative from each of these colonies in the Cabinet. These representatives are not to leave office with their British colleagues, but only when the Legislature of the colony which each one may represent passes a vote against his course of action. As regards joint expenditure for defence, the three colonies are to subsidise lines of steamers, which may be converted into cruisers in case of war, and to pay, as they do now, the cost of their volunteers and of their police: in addition to which they are to establish military colleges. There is to be no common tariff, but a fiscal union, which is to take the form of levying a duty of 5s. per quarter on all corn imported into the United Kingdom, which has not been grown in one of the three colonies. I have frequently suggested that the advocates of Imperial Federation should condescend to particulars. I am, therefore, grateful to Sir Charles Tupper for having done this.

I was speaking the other day to a well-paid artisan in a large provincial town. He told me that since the abolition of school fees, he has been in the position of one who has just come into a fortune. On all sides he is beset with disinterested individuals anxious to show him how to dispose of the penny or two per week which Free Education has put into his pocket, the parsons being, of course, the most active of his tormentors. He has been advised to put the money into a parochial bank, into a building society, into a goose club, a slate club, and a coal club; is invited to become a subscriber to the Church Schools, to join a temperance society, to buy a family Bible or a dining-room clock by weekly instalments, and so on. I do not know whether it is a knowledge of this state of things which has led the Post-Office to issue a circular with a view of facilitating the deposit of the remitted school pence in the Savings Banks; but undoubtedly the circular is well-timed, and I hope it will have good results.

Professor Jebb, who has long been known as a classical scholar of the very highest distinction, is quite an ideal member for a University seat: he will be able to speak in Parliament with the most weighty authority on all educational questions. It may be hoped, however, that his Parliamentary duties will not seriously interfere with the valuable literary work which has gained him a world-wide reputation. Professor Jebb is not a pure Tory, and the Party managers are not exactly delighted at his having been selected to succeed Mr. Raikes; but Cambridge University has always been exceedingly jealous of any attempt at interference with its electoral affairs on the part of the Tory leaders or their myrmidons, and Lord Salisbury's Tapers and Tadpoles have been snubbed on the present occasion, just as they were after the death of Mr. Beresford Hope.

Mr. W. H. Smith was unquestionably the most sensible man of the Government. His common sense saved them from many pitfalls, into which they are likely to fall now that he is no longer at their head. Adequately to replace him they will find impossible. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was a good leader during his short tenure of the post. But I am told that he is not popular with the Tories, and the organs of the Government scoff at him as a stop-gap. Setting him aside, the choice lies between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Goschen, for Lord Hartington is not such a fool as to accept the post. The former is remarkably clever, and is a good debater, and he is not without that personality which alone can create enthusiasm in a Leader. I should myself be glad if Mr. Goschen were selected. He has got the Government into most of the messes into which they have stumbled, and it would be a labour of love to have to deal with him as Leader. So unpopular, however, is he amongst the Tory rank and file, that whilst they would officially have to support him, they would not be very sorry to watch him floundering. I can understand this feeling, and, were I a Tory, I should share it. A gentleman who is ever going out of his way to declare that he is not a Tory is hardly the man for whose Leadership I, were I a Tory, should be enthusiastic.

What I liked in Mr. Smith was his simplicity. He was a shrewd man of business—without the slightest pretension to be more. I do not suppose that he ever gave himself the trouble to think out the issues between Toryism and Liberalism. When he put up for the Reform Club, he was presumably a Liberal, and had it not been that he was not elected, on the strained technical ground that his sponsors had erroneously described him as a "Publisher," instead of as a "Partner in the firm of W. H. Smith & Son," he would have remained a Liberal all his life. But one shop not having accepted him, he betook himself to the other shop, and faithfully and honestly served his employers.

Lord Beaconsfield did not give him office because he had been attracted by his talents, but because he thought it would popularise his Administration to bestow a post on a respectable gentleman engaged in retail business. As an administrator, Mr. Smith was unquestionably a success. Nor is it surprising that he shone as a business man when placed in competition with Lord George Hamilton and such like aristocratic fry. As Leader of the House of Commons he was courteous and conciliatory. But, whenever he had to manœuvre before the enemy, his incompetence became apparent, although, in fairness to him, it must be remembered that, not being Prime Minister, he was precluded from adopting in a moment any necessary change of tactics that might recommend itself to him. His success as Leader was, I think, mainly due to the personal liking that all the Opposition had for him. This prevented them from pushing advantages too far, and from accentuating his mistakes. When he assumed a solemn air and fell back upon his well-known speech respecting his duty to his God, his Queen, and his country, the House was so amused that criticism was arrested and good humour was universal. Mr. Smith's weak point was the impression that he could be funny, but he did so thoroughly enjoy his little jokes that it would have been cruel not to sympathise with him. It so happened that, owing to the place in which I usually sit, his eye would catch mine when he raised it, and he had a droll way of looking up whenever he had launched his joke. I always laughed responsively, for I really had such a particular liking for the genial, well-meaning gentleman, that I was always ready to please him within the exigences of opposition. He had elaborated a little joke for my special benefit, and he repeated it at least one hundred times in precisely the same words. If I asked anything about public business, or expressed any view on the matter, he would say, "I am well aware how very anxious the honourable gentleman is to expedite public business, and I fully recognise how desirous he is that her Majesty's Government should have ample time to carry on its business." Then he laughed; so did I, the hundredth time as much as I did the first time that he let off this gentle sarcasm.

The lesson to be learnt by Mr. Smith's death is that men of the people should not ally themselves with the Party that Mr. Chamberlain rejoices in having joined because they are "the gentlemen of England." Mr. Smith was, for some time before the end of last Session, obviously too ill to act as leader. But his colleagues, the "gentlemen," could not decide who was to fill his place, owing to their jealousies and rivalries. So he remained tied to his post, like the Roman sentinel at Pompeii, until death overwhelmed him. Had the "gentlemen" shown more consideration for his palpable sufferings, he would probably have been alive now. But what cared they? He was not one of the Brahmins, but a Pariah bookseller who had been allowed to devote himself to the interests of the Brahmins—a Mr. Smith—*homo aliquis nescio quem*—to them—a common man who might deem it an honour to sit with them even if it cost him his life. And now that their cold, heartless selfishness has killed him, they celebrate his virtues, and pay honour to his memory. An aristocracy is ever the same—ready to sacrifice everyone and everything to its own interests.

An esteemed correspondent writes:—

Now that Mr. Parnell is dead, I shall be curious to see how his successors will set about the management of their business. The position is this—the Liberal steed has been got (it was an awful business getting him) between the shafts of the Home Rule cab. Now to catch the train. Well, there are two ways. For example, Mr. McCarthy goes cautiously to the creature's head and pats him, and says, "Good old horse." Mr. Dillon echoes, "Good old fellow." Archbishop Walsh sprinkles a little refreshing Holy Water on the animal's tail, and Mr. O'Brien, stroking its muzzle with a nervous hand, says, "Noble beast; I am sure we can trust him, I see it in his eye." Well, that is one plan. Another plan is to get up on the box and drive the horse. The gentler plan is, of course, the more beautiful. Still, if you really want to catch the train, I can't help thinking that a little whipcord is worth a deal of coaxing. But the Irish are, of course, free to adopt which plan they please It would be impertinence to dictate to them.

I may, however, perhaps be permitted to point out that although undoubtedly Mr. Gladstone will bring forward the very best Home Rule Bill which he can construct under all the circumstances of the case, yet some of these circumstances are very much under the Irish members' control. In the Liberal Party, as in every other

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Party, there are a good many molly-coddles. Mr. Gladstone would, of course, like to make his scheme as strong and thorough as possible, but he cannot forget his molly-coddles. He must deal carefully with them. They tripped him up once. They may do it again. The business of the Irish, one would think, should be to supply Mr. Gladstone with some sort of adequate counterpoise to the molly-coddle pressure within his own Party. I do not think coaxing is what he wants; I do not think that the assurance that "All Ireland reposes the utmost confidence in his great heart and his transcendent genius" is what he wants. I doubt if Holy Water is what he wants. I think, if he is to make his Bill a good Bill, and a thorough and permanent settlement of the matter between the two nations, he wants, and will be thankful for, every ounce of pressure that Ireland can give him. Irish blarney, when not too oily (perhaps it has been a little greasy lately), is, of course, very nice. But why not keep it until after Home Rule has become law?

Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur, or for a Press interviewer. After the account given by one of the fraternity in his endeavours to obtain "copy" respecting the death of Mr. Parnell for Dalziel's Press Agency, we can no longer express our astonishment at the habits of American interviewers. On Friday morning the Ghoul betook himself to Brighton. The current rumour was that Mr. Parnell had died from fever. It "appears to have been furnished by the housemaid." Not content with this, "I called at the house. The day was dull, and the sea sullen. In response to a knock a terrier barked." Then a housemaid half opened the door. She could give no particulars, and she said that "Mrs. Parnell could not be seen." The Ghoul then went to the doctor. Another housemaid opened the door. "She was an elderly woman," and she said that Dr. Jowers was not at home. Pending his return, the Ghoul looked up all the undertakers, but was surprised to learn that none of them had been notified of the death. On returning to Dr. Jowers, he found that he still was not at home; but a telephone bell having been heard to ring, the Ghoul at once asked, "Is this Dr. Jowers?" and when the reply came that it was, he at once proceeded to interview him. It turned out to be Dr. Jowers, jun., who very properly declined to be pumped, but told the Ghoul where his father was to be found. There went the Ghoul. The Doctor's secretary only was there, who said that Dr. Jowers was away from Brighton. "'Had he left no information?' 'No, he had not,' but he had stated in answer to previous interviewers that, 'according to medical custom, a physician occupied a confidential position, and could say nothing.'" "I asked him whether he could remember his exact words, and he dictated them to me. I heard a rumour that Miss O'Shea had been interviewed by a correspondent, and had given full details of Mr. Parnell's death. I returned to Walsingham-terrace only to find that this was without foundation. The maid said that Mrs. Parnell was ill, and that Miss O'Shea had seen no one during the day. I then returned to Dr. Jowers, and could obtain no information as to his whereabouts." As the indecent curiosity of the Ghoul was not gratified, he at once telegraphed that "the sad event was enveloped in the gravest suspicion," and that although no one would think of asserting that Mr. Parnell had killed himself without actual proof, yet that, owing to the insane action of those upon whom the duty devolved of protecting his name from reproach, a report to that effect had obtained currency, and met with general belief.

It comes, therefore, to this: If a man dies; if his wife declines to be interviewed; if his housemaid refuses to give details to an interviewer; if the morning after the death no undertaker has been "notified;" if the doctor who attended him leaves the town on professional business, having stated to interviewers that medical etiquette seals his lips, the sad event is "enveloped in suspicion," and the "unwise conduct of those on whom the duty devolves of protecting his name from reproach" justifies a Press Agency in announcing that the general belief is that he committed suicide. There are occasions, one would have thought, when even Paul Pry would have hesitated to pry, or, at least, would not have suggested crime because his prying was unsuccessful. I presume that this Ghoul returned to London without having been kicked by any one; for had this happened he would undoubtedly have got a column out of the incident. Still, I wonder at something of the sort not having occurred.

Charles Stewart Parnell.

Obiit October 6, 1891.

Sad, sad for Ireland was the day
When he to whom so much she owed
Swerved heedlessly from duty's way
To hurry down self's dangerous road;
And careless of the fame he'd earned,
And of the victory well-nigh won,
Ignored a noble past, and yearned
To wreck the work that he had done.

Sad, sad it was to see this man
Thus sacrifice his country's cause,
And, placed beneath her people's ban,
Receive the Tories' false applause;
Holding his own ambition far
His nation's destiny above,
And setting up a self-raised bar
'Gainst Ireland's confidence and love.

Aye, 'twas a sorry sight to see
This man, once Ireland's strong right arm,
Striving with such fierce enmity
To do her people grievous harm.
Eager her enemies to aid;
Running at his own fame a-tilt;
Breaking the laws himself had made,
Razing the edifice he 'd built.

But though Death 's come too late, alas!
To shield him from all righteous blame,
'Tis not too late to mitigate
The burden of his heavy blame,
And as, by gratitude still moved,
Men seek his memory to defend,
They will agree that Death has proved
His timeliest and truest friend!

Lord Stanley of Preston will resign his appointment as Governor-General of Canada next spring. It cannot be asserted that Lord Stanley has been a success in Canada, and his apparent levity in starting off on a salmon-fishing expedition just at the height of the recent Parliamentary crisis has created a very unfavourable impression

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throughout the Dominion. Lord Stanley, moreover, has committed the fatal error of identifying himself with a political party in Canada; and, having lost any small powers of usefulness which he may originally have possessed, the sooner he returns home the better. There must be none of the usual jobbery and favouritism in appointing his successor, for a really strong man of first-class capacity, is now urgently required in Canada. It will not do for Lord Salisbury to send out some hidebound Tory Peer for whom a lucrative and dignified place is needed. Canada has not been governed by a resolute and able statesman since the days of the late Lord Elgin; but I fear that Lord Salisbury is not likely to find another such Governor-General among his awkward squad of place-hunting Peers.

There is a phrase in the leading article of the *Times* of Monday advocating the Leadership in the Commons of Mr. Balfour, which is worthy of reproduction. Here it is: "He springs from the class to which the majority of his party thinks leadership naturally belongs." The phrase contains, in a compendious form, the Tory "law and the prophets." The Prime Minister is to be selected by the Queen from the Peers, to whom the right to be Prime Ministers naturally belongs; the Leader of the House of Commons is to be selected by the Prime Minister from those members of the Government who are allied to the aristocracy; candidates for the House of Commons are to be selected from squires and rich men; members of the County Councils are to be chosen from amongst the county magnates, and villages are to be under the rule of those twin emanations from on high, the squire and the parson. Precisely; this is the system we contemplate asking the electors to sweep away at the next General Election.

It is so evident that the country is sick and tired of the Government, and that the Parliamentary majority is not one with the electoral majority, that the Liberal Party ought next session to make a stand against any further legislation by the present Parliament. An amendment should be moved to the Address praying her Majesty to consult at once the electorate. Every vote on account should be hotly contested, and all Parliamentary machinery should be brought into force in order to hinder legislation. The obstruction should be open and avowed, and based on the ground that a Parliamentary majority which was elected six years ago cannot be permitted to legislate when by-elections have conclusively proved that it is in a minority out of Parliament. But whether this very plain and reasonable course will be taken, or, if taken, whether it will be pursued with the unrelenting determination necessary for success, I greatly doubt. There is a flabbiness about the Liberals now in Parliament, which seems to render it impossible for them to take definite action, or to stick to it, even if they gird themselves up to the starting point.

A correspondent writes from Constantinople:—

Look out for a Palace revolution here. The Sultan, as you probably know, is an Armenian, the son of one of his putative father's wives and an Armenian coachman. He thoroughly distrusts all the Pashas, and he has surrounded all of them with a network of spies, mostly Armenians. The Pashas resent this, and the mass of the Turks are with them. It is therefore merely a question of time when the Sultan will end his days like many of his predecessors. The finances are in a terrible mess. No one is paid except the spies and the Sultan's gang.

I hear from Germany that Lord Salisbury has failed in gaining the good graces of the German Emperor. That crack-brained youth is indignant at our reception of the French fleet, which he regards as an insult to his European autocracy. His notion of maintaining peace was that Russia, Italy, and England should place their forces at his disposal, and that he should be recognised as the head of this league of armies. That England should have dared to welcome the French fleet he deems as outrageous as if some petty Prince of the German Empire were to give a friendly reception to M. Carnot. Of late his talk has been of war, and he has issued orders that all should be ready for such a contingency. Only a week ago officers abroad received a lithographed circular, ordering them to be prepared at a moment's notice to join. If that young man is not, sooner or later, the cause of a European conflagration, I shall be greatly mistaken. He is as dangerous on a great military throne as a lunatic would be in a powder magazine with a lighted cigar in his mouth.

SCRUTATOR.

ABOUT MR. PARNELL.

I NEVER expected Mr. Parnell to live long, although his death so soon was a surprise. He had been ailing for several years, and each few months he seemed to be worse. Three years ago he told me that there was something the matter with his kidneys. I asked him whom he had consulted. He replied that he had never mentioned to any one the name of his doctor, but that he knew of no reason why he should not, and that it was Sir Henry Thompson. It would seem that he consulted him under the name of Stuart, and that Sir Henry only subsequently learnt who his patient had been by Mr. Parnell being pointed out to him at a railway station.

To a certain extent ill-health accounted for Mr. Parnell's mysterious disappearances. But he was naturally secretive, and the habit grew on him. He always fancied that he was being followed. Several times he has said, when calling on me, "I am sure that I have thrown them off. I took one cab, discharged it, and jumped into another." There was on these occasions, to the best of my belief, none to throw off. It was a perfect passion with him to conceal his place of residence. Once one of his leading followers wished to see him. After many delays, he was told to call at a house in the suburbs. When he went there he found Mr. Parnell installed, and supposed that he was living there. A week later he called again, and was told that the gentleman had only taken the apartments for a week. During the Royal Commission he went about arrayed in an old white coat, with a handkerchief half covering his face, a slouched hat on his head, and a black bag in his hand. Where he lived he never mentioned, and I remember once saying to him, when he had called

late on me, and was vanishing into space in this strange garb, "Do not go to the East-end, or you will be taken for Jack the Ripper." I learnt where he lived in a curious way, though, of course, I never told him that I knew it. He had taken a house in a suburb. Smoke was seen ascending in large volumes from the chimney, but no one seemed to go in or out. In vain the rate-collector rang the bell. No one answered. So application was made to the landlord, and in this way the fact came out that he lived there. He had a passion for chemistry in connection with mines, and there he was analysing and assaying ores.

Parnell had O'Shea on the brain. Everything that happened adversely to him, he set down to the Captain. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I could induce him to believe that Pigott had forged the "letters." In vain I insisted that when several similar phrases occur in two letters, it is absolutely certain that they are written by the same person. "It cannot be Pigott," he said, "because I know that it is O'Shea." "Have you proof?" I asked. "No," he said, "but I know it." When I brought Pigott and him together, it was not so much with the object of getting further information from the former, as to convince the latter of Pigott being the writer. The first thing that he said to Pigott was, "Had O'Shea anything to do with the matter?" This Pigott denied, and, when the man had left, Parnell said to me, "Pigott is lying!" I contended that in the main he was telling the truth. "No," he said, "he must be lying, for he says that O'Shea had nothing to do with the letters, and I know that he had, and that he got the money to pay for them from Chamberlain." Pigott had explained his *modus operandi*. He had traced the phrases which were repeated in the *Times* letters on a sheet of blank paper held up to the window over the letter from which the phrases were to be taken. Having done this with a pencil, he subsequently wrote them in with ink, and added in the same hand-writing the connecting words. It occurred to me that the ink would not hold on the pencil-mark, and that, consequently, when rubbed out, there would be a white line. So I had the photographs of the letters transferred on to glass slides, got a magic-lantern with limelight, and begged Parnell to witness the experiment. The white line was brought out. I thought that I had convinced him. Not at all. "I suppose," he said, "that they were forged as Pigott says, but that does not prove that O'Shea was not concerned in the forgery." And my firm impression is that he went to his grave the sole man who did not believe that Pigott had forged the *Times* letters, for when once he had got an idea in his head, no amount of evidence would get it out of his head. In the evidence before the Commission it came out that O'Shea had once met certain persons at a public-house in some London slum. Parnell wanted his legal advisers to put detectives round this house. They saw no necessity for it. He asked me to do so. I said that it would be a waste of time and money. Night after night, therefore, he hung round the public-house himself, though what he hoped to discover I never could make out.

I cannot say that Parnell ever impressed me as a man of exceptional talent. He was destitute of all constructive ability, and his strength lay in his extreme tenacity of purpose. His aim was to secure Home Rule for Ireland, and he perceived that he could only succeed by banding the Irish Members together with that sole object. At first he had to hold a candle to the Fenians, but all extra-Parliamentary action was gall and wormwood to him. The *Times* made a great mistake in supposing that he was connected with outrages, or that he even knew about them. I do not think that he had any great sympathy with the agrarian agitation except as a means to an end. I once suggested to him that if the land question were settled, the Irish might possibly fall off in their efforts to attain Home Rule. "There is no fear of that now," he said; "at first they cared more for it than Home Rule, but now they have grasped the idea of Home Rule, and the settlement of the rent question will not shake them in their allegiance to it." Parnell was, in truth, a Conservative, and he had very little sympathy with Liberal aspirations.

In leading his Party, it was often thought that he cultivated mystery with a view to impress his followers. This was not entirely the case. Often when he stayed away he was physically unable to appear, and he disliked greatly that this should be known. Often it was the result of the morbid secretiveness which was so strange a trait in his character. He had no liking for public speaking, and the *monstrari digito* had no attraction for him. It is exceedingly improbable that he ever expressed assent to Captain O'Shea's scurrilous vilification of his chief followers, as stated by the Captain to an interviewer; but he did not feel any great affection for them, owing to the jealousy of his disposition, and to his radical distrust of all mankind. Once it was deemed desirable during the Parnell Commission to send a person to Paris, and he asked me to find a man. "Surely," I said, "you might find him amongst your followers. Do you think them all traitors?" "No," he replied, "they are not traitors, but the only Irishman that I know who can keep a secret is O'Kelly, and he is away. They do not mean to tell, but they cannot help talking." With the exception of a few of his lieutenants, there was a stand-offishness in his relations with his Parliamentary following, which was accepted by them, but which would have led to rebellion had any English Statesman affected it to Englishmen. He hated, above all things, writing letters, and he frequently told me that he could only write the simplest letter with effort. When Mr. Chamberlain accused him in the House of Commons of having inspired one of the many Chamberlain plans for Home Rule, he showed me a letter that he had written, and that he contemplated sending to the *Times*. Now, this was his own unaided composition, and never in my life did I see more astonishing English—confused, ungrammatical, and passing comprehension. That he was the reverse of a ready writer was apparent. Apropos of this statement of Mr. Chamberlain, I saw the letters on which it was

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based, and Mr. Parnell had distinctly laid down that he did not accept the scheme as a final settlement.

He had unquestionably assured his friends that he should come triumphantly out of the O'Shea business; and I suspect that he made these assertions on the assumption that the case would never come into Court. But I think that in the end he was so eager for the divorce, that he would not have prevented it had he been able. One morning, whilst the case was proceeding, he sat quietly reading the report of the evidence. He calmly looked up and said, "My people never will believe all this." And I make no doubt that no man was more surprised at the outbreak of feeling than he was. It was his nature to rush at an obstacle rather than attempt to turn it. On the day before Parliament met, I communicated to him that Mr. Gladstone intended to make an announcement in a letter that he could no longer act with him. I urged upon him that the Nonconformist conscience was up in arms, and that if Mr. Gladstone did not separate from him, the Nonconformists would separate from Mr. Gladstone; and I suggested to him the expediency of retiring for a few months on the plea of ill-health, or of any other plea that he might please, and thus put time on his side. The next day the letter was written, but there was some bungle in conveying it to him. Mr. J. Morley thought that Mr. McCarthy had communicated its contents to him. Mr. McCarthy thought that Mr. J. Morley had done so. When the Irish Members met to elect a Sessional leader, not one of them, with the exception of Mr. McCarthy, knew of the letter. At the meeting, it seems to have been supposed that, if the compliment were paid to Mr. Parnell of electing him, he would at once retire. The election hurriedly took place; Mr. Parnell thanked them, and accepted. Now, why did not Mr. Parnell temporarily retire? This was, I suspect, because he feared the fate of Humpty-Dumpty, and he had no confidence that, if once he got off the wall, he would ever find himself on it again. In this, I think that he did injustice to his followers. The difficulty was, however, complicated by Mrs. O'Shea having been married in a Catholic church, and to a Catholic, and the Catholic Church not recognising re-marriage after a legal divorce.

When his leadership was challenged in Committee Room No. 15 he fought with his back to the wall, and trampled under foot all the rules of his Party. Practically his leadership had been an autocracy. Theoretically he was merely the exponent of the decisions of the majority. He ignored theory and assumed that practice outweighed it. His move in trying to convert the issue into a political difference was clever, but it could not hold water. He had lauded Mr. Gladstone to the skies after his interview with him at Hawarden, and he had publicly declared that he was satisfied with Mr. Gladstone's explanation of his contemplated Home Rule Bill. To reverse these declarations, and to say that Mr. Gladstone's communications at Hawarden had been so unsatisfactory, that he was convinced that Mr. Gladstone intended to betray the cause of Ireland, was counting too much on the credulity of the Irish, who, whatever their faults may be, are not wanting in keenness of perception. The change took place after Mr. Gladstone's refusal to act with him, and it was apparent to all that not only was it *post hoc*, but *propter hoc*. His next move was to start the Boulogne negotiations. Mr. William O'Brien is of a most kindly disposition. He saw the trouble that would be caused by a split, and was ready to concede much to avert it. But it soon became abundantly clear that Mr. Parnell was only playing at negotiating, and that he had not the most distant intention of agreeing to any terms that would involve his even temporary retirement. The "negotiations," therefore, came to an end, and Mr. Parnell fell back on the Irish people. I do not blame those Irish M.P.'s who stood by him. They owed their Parliamentary position to him, and they seemed to have considered that, so long as he was prepared to lead, they were bound to stand by him. Their interests were on the other side, and these they sacrificed to their fidelity. But while it is possible to excuse them, it is impossible to justify them, for the cause ought to have been of more importance to them than the man. Mr. Parnell was never mad in the ordinary sense of the word, but he always was so strange and peculiar that there must have been something exceptional in the stuff of which his brain was formed. This peculiarity took such development under the strain to which he was subjected, that he can hardly be deemed responsible for either his words or his actions during his last Irish campaign. His assertions were wild, reckless, and contradictory. His right to lead became his religion. To question it, he regarded as almost sacrilege, and he calmly proclaimed that it would be better that Home Rule should be deferred for a long term of years, than that it should be obtained by the Irish under any other leadership than his. So preposterous a doctrine found few supporters, and alienated the bulk of the Irish from him. In his desperate determination not to yield, he sought the aid of the very men whom it had been his pride in former times to reduce to impotence, and in the end he was reduced to court the support of Fenians, pot-house politicians, and all those ne'er-do-wells who are never wanting in any country. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there was something almost grand in the fierce resolution of the man not to accept defeat, and in the way that—broken in health, and deserted by so many—he rushed from one meeting to another, hurling defiance at his enemies, and pitting his personality against a nation. Never did he doubt of ultimate victory. About a week before his death he was talking to a friend about the situation, and he said: "It will take me several years to reconstitute my Party, but I shall do it."

Mr. Parnell was a pleasant man when he unbent—quiet, gentlemanly, and courteous. His reading was not extensive, and, except on politics, mines, and chemistry, he had very little to say. Occasionally he would appear in a well-fitting coat and well "groomed," but he usually was unkempt and ill-dressed. He was certainly a very handsome man, with well-cut features, and a good figure. I have seen allusions made to his eyes—that they were deep,

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sparkling, &c. As a matter of fact, they were so shifty, and so what is termed "fishy," that they marred his face. A selfish man, Parnell certainly was; but he was good-naturedly selfish. If any one stood in his way, he would sacrifice him without a moment's hesitation, nor would he go greatly out of his way to serve a friend. When, however, his own interest was not concerned, he would not put himself out to do either friend or foe an injury. Politeness has been defined as good nature in little things, and this sort of good nature he had. In his conversation he never used a strong expression; indeed, he once, when we were talking about this matter, asserted that it would be impossible for me to find a single strong word in any one of his speeches, and in this I think that he was correct, for until his recent speeches there was always a severe sense of verbal decorum in his utterances. He had a great sense of his personal dignity, and I suspect that he never really forgave Mr. Gladstone for putting him in Kilmainham, but always nourished a grudge against him. Physically he was no coward, but he had a morbid horror of imprisonment, partly because it interfered with his burrowing proclivities, and partly because he thought that it would weaken the Fetishism of the Irish for him, which placed him on a higher level than common humanity. This mysterious Fetishism, he believed, clothed him with a sacred character which impressed his countrymen. The motive for his occasional tampering with the Tories was not that he thought that they ever would grant Home Rule, but that it was necessary for him that the Irish should feel that, no matter what English Party was in office, they always got something to their advantage owing to his influence. Moreover, Home Rule apart, he was himself a Tory. He had, however, little belief in any Party being actuated by principle. When the round-table conference was proceeding, he asked me what concessions were likely to be made? "Nothing new," I said; "and you will see that the whole thing will end in smoke. Chamberlain wants to come back with flying colours, and to make it believed that Mr. Gladstone has knocked under to him, but he will not succeed; principle apart, no tactical advantage would be gained by making concessions to him, for he could only bring over a very few Liberal-Unionsts whilst the country would deem us a set of humbugs if we were to submit to his exigencies." "Nothing new," he said, "but what is being done, whether new or old?" "Mr. Gladstone had already announced," I replied, "that the Irish should sit in the Imperial Parliament. If Chamberlain likes a ratification of this, I suppose that he can have it?" After a silence of some minutes, Parnell said, "It must be understood that I am no party to this." "How do you mean?" I asked; "would you oppose the Second Reading of a Home Rule Bill, if it did not exclude the Irish from the Imperial Parliament?" "No," he said, "but it must be understood that I retain the right to move an amendment in Committee excluding them." Then, after another silence, he added "I should carry it." To this I demurred. "Oh, yes," he went on, "I should: the Nationalists, some Liberals who approve of it, and all the Tories would give me a majority." "The Tories?" I exclaimed, "the exclusion was one of their grounds for opposing Mr. Gladstone's Bill." "And if Mr. Gladstone had not excluded them they would have used this as an argument against the Bill," he answered: "when once they see that Home Rule must pass, they will be quite ready to exclude eighty-five men who, for a time at least, will always vote against them. I have not the slightest doubt that the Tories will vote for my amendment. I know them and their principles by this time."

The first intimation that I had of his death was in a telegram from a Press agency, informing me of it, and enclosing a "reply paid" of seventy-five words, requesting me to state what would be the effect on Irish politics. Not knowing, I did not avail myself of the "reply paid," and I doubt whether any one could have boiled down his views on so complicated a future in seventy-five words. The Irish will be wise if they bury the hatchet, and fall back to the position in which they were before the decision of the divorce suit became public. For many an age, internecine quarrels have proved fatal to Ireland. Mr. Parnell's great merit was that he welded together all Irish aspirations and converted the Irish into one great political army. His friends would best show their appreciation of his services by once more bringing about this union. The dividing cause was a personal one, and nothing but a personal one. No Irishman can seriously suppose that Mr. Gladstone courted defeat, and subjected himself to the desertion of friends and the vilification of opponents with the object of cheating Ireland out of Home Rule, or palming off on the Irish a sham Home Rule. If there be such Irishmen, let them clear their heads of so foolish a notion. If Mr. Gladstone secures a majority in the next Parliament he will bring in a large, generous Home Rule Bill, and this Bill will be supported by the English, Scotch, and Irish Liberals. The Liberal idea is, that Mr. Gladstone be given full powers to come to such an understanding with the Irish as will render them absolute masters over their own local affairs, and will leave Imperial affairs to an Imperial Parliament, in which they will be fully represented. To say that the English electors are wildly enthusiastic about Home Rule would be an exaggeration. But they want the quarrel between the two islands settled once for all, and they recognise that it never will be settled until the Irish are satisfied. A sham, half-hearted Home Rule Bill would, they know, settle nothing. The electors do not ask for details. As practical men, they want to catch their hare before discussing how it is to be cooked. The demand for details comes from the opponents of the measure who wish for food for criticism, and from a few of those superior Constitution-mongers in the Press who wish for food for articles, and who think that nothing ought to be done without their approbation being first obtained. Whether Mr. Gladstone should produce his Bill before the General Election or after he has won the Election, is not a question of principle, but of tactics. On the whole, I think that it is better tactics to reserve it. Equally it is a question of tactics whether, in view of the announced intention of the Tories to throw out any Home Rule Bill in the Lords, it will be

Shooting, Sporting, and Travelling Garments are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

desirable to send up the Home Rule Bill to them unaccompanied by any other Bill, or whether it will be more conducive to victory in the final struggle to throw upon the Lords the odium of refusing to pass not only a Home Rule Bill, but two or three sound Radical measures directly affecting Great Britain. In any case, I hold that it would be wise to precede a Home Rule Bill by a "one man one vote" Bill, which, as it only affects elections to the House of Commons, could hardly be thrown out by the Lords. It is always a mistake to despise the enemy. It is so important that Home Rule should become law that we ought not by merely precipitating the final struggle to risk the loss of one single man who would vote for it; and the "one man one vote" will cut off from the enemy a very large contingent of voters. We have not to win a single battle, but a campaign.

Many Irish will mourn the death of Mr. Parnell. They will remember his great services to Ireland, and they will pass the sponge over his later shortcomings. Mourn, however, as they may, their regret will not be so poignant as that of the Tories. They had counted on him. They thought that some Irish seats would be won by his adherents, and that, although the number might be few, he would render Home Rule impossible in the next Parliament by demanding something more, no matter what Mr. Gladstone might give. Their organs can hardly conceal their despair, and in private the Unionists complain that the stars in their courses are warring against them. Hoping against hope, they urge the Irish not to give up Parnellism because Parnell is no more, and they tell the English that as the Priests were opposed to him, Ireland will be given up to priestly domination unless Nationalists quarrel amongst themselves; utterly forgetting that the Priests were Home Rulers long before the late split, and that, in siding against Parnell, they were actuated by religious rather than by political grounds, and were in strict accord with all the Nonconformist Ministers of Great Britain. May I be allowed to condole with the Tories? Fortune is playing them just now such tricks that—undeserving as they are of compassion—I cannot help feeling a sort of contemptuous pity for them.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S AGAIN.

About a fortnight ago a statement appeared in a daily paper, and was noticed in TRUTH, to the effect that a sum of £3,142 was about to be spent "in improving the sanitation of St. Bartholomew's Hospital." In view of this announcement, I have made some further inquiries regarding the steps that have been taken, or are proposed to be taken, to deal with the now notorious defects of the St. Bartholomew's buildings. The result is decidedly interesting.

It is now four months since I took leave—I hoped for good—of the St. Bartholomew's Scandal. A Local Government Board officer had condemned in the most unsparing terms the interior sanitary arrangements. The City Officer of Health had condemned, in an equally decisive manner, the system of underground drainage. The controversy had been rounded off by a peremptory order of the City Sanitary Authority, calling upon the Hospital managers to set their house in order, in accordance with the Medical Officer's recommendations. What has followed? Up till last week—I speak of what is beyond the possibility of contradiction—*the drainage of the hospital itself had not been touched.* The process of remedying the abominations pointed out by Dr. Thorne Thorne in the sinks, closets, and ward kitchens, has been, I believe, completed, though with what approach to thoroughness or efficiency, it is, of course, impossible for me to say. The underground drains of the Nurses' Homes have also, I understand, been reconstructed. But the drains of the hospital buildings themselves remain precisely as they were when the City Medical Officer condemned them—or, for the matter of that, when typhoid and diphtheria first assumed serious proportions in the wards. I respectfully commend this state of things to the attention of those members of the Commission of Sewers who first brought the power of the City Sanitary Authority to bear on this scandal.

Incidentally, however, the work that has been done has led to one interesting result. An old-established cesspool was discovered immediately under a sitting-room floor in one of the Nurses' Homes. Months back, when urging the necessity for a thorough investigation of the whole underground drainage, I observed that the presence upon the premises of extinct, or partially extinct, cesspools might be confidently reckoned upon in a building of the age of St. Bartholomew's. The correctness of this anticipation is now practically demonstrated. If the mere opening up of the soil under the nurses' quarters has revealed one of these deadly sources of contamination, how many are we likely to find that the wisdom of our ancestors has located under the various blocks of buildings containing the hospital wards? I am prepared, of course, to be met by a unanimous declaration of the medical staff that there is no reason to suppose the existence of a cesspool under the nurses' sitting-room to be in any way connected with the prevalence of any form of malignant disease among the nurses. Fortunately, however, it is not necessary to be pecuniarily interested in the prosperity of St. Bartholomew's in order to form a sound opinion upon a matter of this kind.

One other point. Although no work has yet been commenced upon the drains connected with the wards, yet one of the blocks, containing eight wards and over 200 beds, has been absolutely closed since the beginning of June last. What is the meaning of this? When I urged, six months ago, the imperative necessity of closing the whole hospital, in order to carry out the reconstruction of the entire drainage and sanitary arrangements, not to mention the disinfection of the building, it was answered that the closing of the hospital would be nothing short of a calamity to the poor of the neighbourhood. How much solicitude, then, is shown for the poor when no less than eight wards are kept empty for four months at a stretch without so much as a pretence of beginning work upon them? There must be some object in view in this extraordinary proceeding, and I can discover only one—namely, that of saving and accumulating the working expenses of the wards in question. At the

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKEY. "The Cream of old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whiskey. Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's LL Whiskey. The Prize Medal, Dublin, 1865.

lowest estimate these would not, I imagine, come much below £25 per day. At that rate over £3,000 would by this time have been accumulated as a fund for meeting the cost of reconstructing the drainage. If any other reason for keeping these eight wards closed can be adduced I shall be happy to give publicity to it; but, unless that can be done, the action of the treasurer and his colleagues cannot be too severely censured. In a poor and struggling hospital the closing of wards to meet an extraordinary expenditure would be justified by the irresistible argument of necessity. But at St. Bartholomew's, as was long since shown in Truth, vast accumulations of useless capital have already been effected out of a revenue which has recently shown a surplus of as much as £18,000 in one year. In closing one-third of the Hospital, therefore, for the purpose of reducing expenses—if that is what they have done—Sir Sydney Waterlow and his colleagues have once more demonstrated that the efficiency of the Hospital and the interests of patients, or would-be patients, count as nothing in the eyes of the management, in comparison with the inflation of the bank balance and the accumulation of an imposing array of investments. This vicious policy—admirable enough in a firm of merchants or a board of directors, but utterly misplaced in the management of a public charity—has been at the bottom of all the mischief at St. Bartholomew's during the last twelve months. It has already had the most disastrous results upon the credit and reputation of the Hospital—as is conspicuously shown by the heavy falling-off in the numbers of the medical school for the present session; and unless some radical change, either in men or measures, takes place speedily, results yet more unpleasant are likely to follow.

RULE *THE* BRITANNIA.

Since my last reference to the *Britannia* scandal, four cadets have been expelled from the ship. One of them was the particularly bad offender referred to in my previous article, but all, it is understood, have been convicted of, and punished for, the same abominable offence of "fagging for money," or, in plain English, robbery with violence. There appears, therefore, to be no foundation for the report, to which I referred, that a distinction had been drawn between one case and the rest, and I rejoice to find that this is so.

That these boys should be made an example of is highly desirable in the interests of the ship, and nothing more than they themselves deserve. The incident, however, ought not to be closed at this point, and I urge all who are interested in the welfare of the *Britannia*, which really means in the long-run all who are interested in the British Navy, to see that this does not happen. It is the purest folly to suppose that a scandal of this kind has been effectually grappled with when two or three of the ringleaders have been brought to book. The evil lies deeply rooted in the traditions of the ship. The four boys now punished were only doing what—as is shown by the statement which I published last week—generation after generation of senior cadets have done before them. Of the present generation, others, who have as yet escaped detection (or, at any rate, punishment) must have indulged habitually in the same gentlemanly form of amusement. It stands to reason, therefore, that if no further steps are taken to eradicate the evil it will continue to exist, and will very shortly flourish as vigorously as ever. It has taken, as I have shown, the best part of twenty years to bring a single one of these young thieves to justice. What security have the junior cadets, or their parents, or the public, that if fagging for money is resumed to-morrow, any further convictions will take place for another twenty years to come?

The system under which such a state of things could exist for this length of time stands self-condemned. It ought to be subjected to drastic reform. But before such reform can be undertaken with any prospect of a good result, further information is necessary as to what has been going on; and this can only be obtained by an inquiry on the lines suggested in last week's Truth. In such accounts of the recent proceedings as have been allowed to reach the Press, it is significantly remarked that "there has been very great difficulty experienced in getting proofs in consequence of the reticence of the junior cadets." This bears out what I said respecting the abortive investigation of 1877. The junior cadets never will speak. Both the schoolboy's perverse sense of "honour," and the immediate fear of his seniors in which he stands, tie his tongue, and you will never get at the facts until you take some special means to induce or force those who have suffered under the system to tell the truth about it. When that has been done, the ground will be cleared for such reforms in the discipline of the school as will prevent a recurrence of the evils. This is no trivial matter. The offences that have now been exposed point to the utter demoralisation of the cadets in this ship. Only in a school where every tradition of honour, honesty, and gentlemanly conduct had become extinct would such things be possible. Whether the responsibility for this deplorable state of things rests with the Captain and his colleagues, or with the system they administer, I do not know—it is one of the points which can only be elucidated by an inquiry directed from outside. But that one or other of them is utterly unfit for the weighty and delicate duty of training officers for the British fleet is a matter now beyond question.

POISON, PESSIMISM, AND PARALYSIS.

There was no need to tell us that the Independent Theatre Society of London was presided over by a comic Irishman! Who but a humorist from the Emerald Isle would seriously try to induce the world to believe that literary society teems with crushed dramatists, and proceed to prove his case by producing the worn-out work of a naughty old Norwegian, and raking out of the dramatic dust-heap a wild French play condemned as rubbish twenty years ago? The shareholders of the Independent Theatre Society of London have a serious case against the misleading directors. Where on earth are these wonderful plays that are to burst upon the outraged theatrical world like meteors? Where are these comets of dramatic literature? Where are these masterpieces of English originality that are hidden from the light of day by muddle-headed managers and cantankerous critics? For my own

part, I am sick of hearing of them. I want to see them. The cover known as the "matinée system" has been drawn absolutely blank. Huntsmen and whips have encouraged the pack, but there has not been the whimper of a hound, except a whipped one! A couple of years of matinées having proved that managerial experience is not an utterly vain thing, some brilliant wag suggested the expediency of collecting subscriptions in order to prove what was a foregone conclusion. There was a vast deal of wagging of heads, and any amount of button-holing. Every one in the wide world was wrong except the Independents. The managers were, one and all, to be compelled to take a back seat; the critics, with a few unimportant exceptions, were to be hurled into the outer darkness; the Lord Chamberlain and the Examiner of Plays were to be gagged for evermore; the drama of the future was to spring from a graveyard, a land of poppies, a garden of sleep; and a dramatic Wagner was prophesied who would put Shakespeare and Sheridan into the shade of contempt. So much for the preaching, but how about the practice? It is not encouraging to the misguided people who followed this Jack o' Lantern and found themselves in an Irish bog. The practical result so far is, item No. 1, "Ghosts," a Norwegian hospital drama, and item No. 2, "Thérèse Raquin," a tragedy of the French back parlour, that was laughed out of court in 1873 by the warmest admirers of the revolutionary Zola.

I am delighted to find that one of the Independents, with a strong sense of humour, has realised the comic situation, and resolved to put up "Thérèse Raquin" at the Royalty as a roaring farce. There is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and I can promise playgoers an evening's thorough amusement if they will only hurry to the Royalty to see the new play of poison, pessimism, and paralysis. The little theatre in Dean-street, Soho, always was the home of laughter, and the old moments of the days of "Ixion" and "Black-eyed Susan" will be revived with Zola's side-splitting burlesque of the style of drama that once found favour in the shows of the departed Richardson.

Miss Laura Johnson has married a congenital idiot. She sits and sulks and glares in a corner like a naughty schoolgirl, with a chenille net and a nigger collar, and her infantile husband babbles in a baby's chair! Good-natured Mrs. Theodore Wright acts the part of a worried nurse and endeavours to make peace in the fractious nursery. But no! Naughty Miss Laura Johnson will sulk and glower in the corner, and idiotic Master Herberte Basing will dribble over his pinafore. If he only had a spoon in his hand, he would drum it on the nursery tablecloth. The spoon is reserved for that artful minx, Miss Laura. She loves Herberte Basing's best friend, the artistic Abingdon. Laura is the incarnation of deceit. She pretends to hate Abingdon, and says she would slap his face if she could get at him. But directly the door is closed, and she is alone with her amorous artist, she bounds into his arms and says "My king! my king!" But Abingdon cannot exist on bread and cheese and kisses. He wants blood—the blood of his best friend. So Laura and Abingdon take Herberte out in a boat—the aristocratic Herberte with a final "e"—and promptly pitch him into the river. It was certainly no more than he deserved, for a greater nuisance was never seen on any stage. His death was better thus than by having things flung at him by an outraged audience. Having abolished Basing, the naughty children and the widowed mother pretend to be inconsolable, but it is as clear as daylight that the best thing for the little back shop is that Laura and Abingdon shall make a match of it.

It is the wedding night, and Laura's bridesmaid proceeds to undress the bride. She is even more sulky and sour than when she glared at the idiot in the nursery. The artistic Abingdon contents himself with taking off his coat and discreetly covers his shirt-sleeves with a smoking-jacket. In order to wile away the tedium of the undressing hour, Laura's bridesmaid tries to amuse her and the bored audience with a tale about a Blue Prince, which may have a beginning and a middle, but certainly has no ending. What it is all about no human being knows. There is a wild glare in Laura Johnson's eye, and the audience sighs with relief. They think, but, alas! in vain, that Laura, whose temper is not to be trusted, intends to murder the bridesmaid as well as her idiotic husband. The bridesmaid certainly deserves to die on account of her long-winded and pointless narrative. By the narrowest squeak in the world the bridesmaid is spared, for Laura is a dangerous young woman. When she cannot get a boat she resorts to the family carving-knife. If the family supper had been on the table the bridesmaid would have been carved up on the floor. The artless Abingdon little suspects, however, what is in store for him. His bride, always a creeping cat, has now developed into a bounding tigress. She becomes a female Coupeau. She sees things all round her. The deceased idiot glares at her from the walls and under the table-cloth. At last Abingdon, who did not at all wish the "funeral baked meats to furnish forth the marriage table," sees things also. The things produce such an effect on them that they make so dreadful a noise as to wake good Mrs. Theodore Wright, who very indiscreetly comes into the marriage chamber to know what it is all about. The two maniacs can only tell her, as politely as they can, that they have murdered her son. Whereupon Mrs. Wright, who is the most harmless and inoffensive old lady in the world, is on the point of "seeing things" also, and joining in the family hubbub, when, by the mercy of heaven, she is silenced with paralysis. Her face drops, her eyes grow glassy, her hands become numb. "Oh, my dear, don't," whispered an excited, anti-Independent lady in my immediate neighbourhood, "you might *be struck so!*" Such a heretic as that ought to have been shown the door by the Independent stewards, who, directly they hear a laugh or a groan, pounce down on the victim with a flow of Independent insolence. My sensitive neighbour, however, escaped the vigilance of the stewards, who do not allow such irreverence as is implied in objecting to the exhibition of human infirmity on the stage.

So Laura and Abingdon are condemned to pass the rest of their natural lives in the society of an old woman with a glassy eye, who wags her head mechanically,

Minton's (Limited).—Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

like the waxwork head in the dentist's shop or the clockwork figures in a peep-show. Laura's temper was never of the best, but this mechanical mother-in-law maddens her. Both husband and wife being adepts in the art of murder, I wonder they don't do for the old woman. They have no conscience. If the dummy lady is too paralysed to be taken to a boat, there is a pillow handy in the next room. But they make no attempt to smother her or bandage her eyes. The worst punishment they can devise for the poor old thing is to deny her a plate of soup. The fiendishness of their murderous imagination cannot go further than devouring plates of soup whilst the paralysed parent has to look on at the gluttons. Miggles, in Bret Harte's story, was tender to the paralysed thing in the arm-chair. Wemmick was deferential to the "Ancient," but for the dumb woman in the bath-chair there is no mercy. The pessimists are gluttons for crime. The ill-temper of Laura at last, after great provocation, reacts on Abingdon. He has borne her ill-usage long enough, but at last she rouses the devil in him. Away they go at it, hammer and tongs. Then they take to carving-knives and prussic acid. The more they nag and bellow, the more icy is the stare of mechanical mamma. The situation is becoming dangerous, for the paralysed patient has taken to writing. She scribbles on the table-cloth. She rises from her chair, and glowers at the murderers. The mechanical figure is suddenly endowed with life, and she gibbers forth a scathing denunciation. Laura and her lover are reduced to a jelly of fear. They sink to their knees in abject terror, and, tired of carving knives, they both drop on the floor, drenched with prussic acid.

This is the healthy, invigorating theme that is to foreshadow the drama of the future! This is the entertainment that is to make our dull life happy! This is to be the reaction and relaxation for man and woman-kind after days of darkness, ruined summers, and newspaper records of Jack the Ripper! What a beautiful world it will be when the millennium arrives of the Independent Theatre Society! And this is the Catnach literature — save the mark — that occupies the artistic intelligence of Mrs. Theodore Wright, Mr. Abingdon, Miss Laura Johnson, and Mr. De Lange, who did Zola more than justice. Their acting was uniformly excellent, and was worthy of a better cause. It took an enthusiastic Dutchman and a Gallicised Irishman all their spare time to show me into what slip-slop English poor Zola could be translated. Zola is entitled to serious commiseration. He might have been spared the solecisms of his "d——d good-natured friends," who have made him, *quâ* literature, cut a very ridiculous figure. Next, please!

A Surrey audience is keen to discover a good play, and heartily appreciates the success of George Conquest in finding one. The last in favour over the water is "Grif," written by Mr. Lestocq, actor and dramatist, and B. L. Farjeon, novelist and dramatist. It is just as well that Mr. Farjeon should have the credit of his own invention. It was the pathetic child in "Grif," or some one suspiciously like it, who appeared in "Hoodman Blind," by Henry Arthur Jones, and who can deny that the lame young lady in the "Dancing Girl," so charmingly played by Miss Rose Norreys, is not a child of the pathetic creation in "Hoodman Blind" and "Grif?" Why, if I remember correctly, the lame boy out of the barrel saved Mr. Wilson Barrett's life when he wanted to commit suicide in "Hoodman Blind." The lame girl from behind the curtain saves the life of the suicidal Beerbohm Tree in "The Dancing Girl." For the origin of all of it, see "Grif" at the Surrey.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE WÜRTEMBERG FAMILY.

THOUGH we should have expected the King of Würtemberg's death, it somehow took us by surprise. He had the constitutional weakness of his family, a languid heart, and the dropsical oppression on the chest to which invalids with cardiac maladies are subject. The late Queen of the Netherlands, his half-sister, was troubled in the same way. The King of Würtemberg was the image of the Duke of Teck. The Würtemberg Hohenstaufens, from whom King Charles came, have withered up since the beginning of the century, when this was the best-provided of any Sovereign house in Europe with heirs-presumptive. It is now the worst. At that time every Prince or Duke of Würtemberg was called Eugène. He had other baptismal names, but the Eugène was abreast with the Frederick, or Louis, or Charles, or Joseph, or Francis, then the fashionable names at the little German Courts, they being borne either by Fritz the Great or the King of France, or some Austrian Emperor. The name of Eugène came into the family on account of the fervid admiration of a Duke of Würtemberg (there were no Kings of that State before Napoleon) for Prince Eugène of Savoy, Marlborough's fellow-Captain. They were all remarkably handsome, and most of them had that delightful quality, in persons of high rank, best described by the term *bon enfant*. A sister made the fortune of the family by marrying that hideous lunatic, Paul of Russia, when he was Czarewitch. Prince Henry of Prussia made up the match. Mirabeau, by the way, in his reports on the Court of Berlin to the French Foreign Office, described the precautions taken by her and Catherine II. to prevent Paul being the father of a line of Emperors, and to secure the honour to a handsome Alsatian soldier of fortune, of whom the Czar Nicholas II. must have been the image.

The Würtemberg Princesses were much more distinguished for mental gifts than the Würtemberg Princes, though the latter were fine men, and not by any means dunces. It was their misfortune, and, I dare say, a good deal their fault (for they were addicted to the pleasures of the table) to fall fearfully into flesh before they were old. Plon-Plon, who was proud of being descended from the Hohenstaufens, used to say, "Je tiens toute ma mauvaise graisse de la famille de Souabe." Certainly, his Swabian grandfather, the first King of Würtemberg did run into *mauvaise graisse* in a way which should have made

him serve as a warning to all heavy eaters. His girth at the waistcoat became so great that he could not at dinner be conveniently near his plate, until a semi-circular piece was cut out of the table at the place where he sat. The Princess Mathilde has also the Swabian physique. The fat King of whom I speak was the least amiable of the seven or eight brothers who were called after Prince Eugène. His second wife was *née* Princess Royal of Great Britain, and his first was, Augusta of Brunswick, sister of your Queen Caroline, who was, in comparison with her, sage and discreet. Indeed, Augusta was the most madcap and eccentric member of the Guelph family of the Brunswick line. Plon-Plon, who was singularly well up in the history of his mother's family, used to say that his grandfather was guilty of bigamy in marrying George III.'s eldest daughter. This is the story that he told about her. Augusta and her husband could not get on together. She charged him with being "a noisy sleeper, a heavy eater, and a deep drinker." He threatened often, when they were both at the Court of Russia, to get rid of her as best he could if she did not put a bridle on her tongue, and show her admiration of the Empress Catherine otherwise than in imitating her gallantries. The "affinity" of the then Hereditary Princess of Würtemberg was a Jew dentist of Posen. She soon after died somewhere in Prussian Poland, and her funeral was hurried forward and only attended by persons who did not know her. The story was that it was a mock one, and that Augusta and her dentist, with the full consent of the Hereditary Prince, changed their names, got married, and lived happy for the rest of their lives. Her widower then went to England, and proposed for the daughter of George III., who married him. Napoleon thought her the best person that he ever knew. The late King was a grandson of Augusta of Brunswick, whose unruly instincts broke out in a few of his traits, but predominated in his cousins Plon-Plon and the Princess Mathilde.

To come back to King Charles, after my zigzag course round his forbears: he was so mild, so musical, and so little military, that his wife, the Grand Duchess Olga, was openly the head of his army, and did all the reviewing of his troops. He and Prince Napoleon were nearly the same age, had the same tutors, and went together to the cadets' school at Ludwigsburg. It is to the honour of Charles that he remained as liberal after he came to the throne as when he was Hereditary Prince, and in opposition to his father, an old, crusted re-actionist, who swore by Metternich, and believed in the bearing-rein as the best means for keeping his people in due subordination to him. A most amiable people they are. The son was for a slack bridle, and never used any other. He hated being made to feel that he was anybody's master, and was glad to let his Ministers govern on popular lines, while he addicted himself to architecture and music. The chronic weakness of his heart obliged him to shun stir and excitement. Whenever he had a cold his doctors had to starve him to keep strain from the heart. If he had had health he would have been a likely person to go and "live the life" under the "Prophet Harris," and been happy if given a band to lead, or the means for getting up concerts of instrumental music. Nobody understood orchestration better He said that music made him a believer in another life, about which it strongly declared truths which words were too weak to set forth. Perhaps he was right, and far be it from me to tax him with having mystical fancies. But it is a pity that his other worldliness did not bring with it the faculty to discern spirits. I do not mean spirits disembodied, but incarnate in human form. Nobody ever was more attracted by Spiritualism, as the Americans understand the word, or more under subjection to Yankee mediums. He was near being dethroned on account of the influence George and Jackson exercised over his mind. They are remembered, and handsomely, it appears, in his will.

Friends who were admitted to intimacy with the late King and his wife, tell me that his mind, always a refined and elevated but not a very strong one, was shaken by the great earthquake that took place at Nice some years ago, and obliged him to pass several nights in a hastily-erected shed in the garden of his villa there. Another later shock was sustained when he was less well able to bear it, by finding himself in a railway carriage in a suddenly inundated district in the south of France. There were floods and freshets in all directions, and the dike of a river had suddenly burst. The Royal party had the narrowest possible escape. The King saw in these accidents Heaven-sent warnings, and they set him thinking chiefly about the interests of his soul.

The Pope, owing to the cheap excursion trains to Italy, is, though he has no longer a Mint, coining money with his "public" audiences. Not that I blame him for trying to replenish his finances by any honest means possible. A friend of mine, a Hebrew freethinker, who lives in Rome, has been telling me about them, and how he himself has so often gone to them, having nothing else to do on Sundays, as to be perhaps the best (in the sense of most often) blessed man in Christendom. To be able to present oneself one gets a ticket costing three lire (2s. 6d.), and hires a costume for eighteen lire, and a white necktie. The costume hardly ever fits, but this does not matter, the Pope and his Chamberlains being used to ill-fitting garments. When the persons seeking the audience arrive at the Vatican they are shown into a room where they kneel down in a row. The Pope then comes in and walks along the row attended by a chamberlain, who mentions one by one the names of the strangers. His Holiness speaks to each. "What city do you come from?" "Vienna." "Oh! the city that I love the best." And goes on to the next: "What city do you come from?" "Paris." "Oh! the city dearest to my heart." And to a third, "And where do you come from?" "Brussels." "Oh! the city that, from living in it, I learned to like the best of any." The fourth has come from Warsaw. "Warsaw," says the Pope, "is written on my heart and remembered in my prayers. And you, where have you come from?" "New York." "Oh, New York, that I love as one should a

China and Glass.—Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

young and promising child, that is to say, the best of all. And you?" "From Lisbon." "Lisbon, the capital of the most faithful Portugal, is peculiarly dear to me. And you are too a Lisbonite?" "No, Holy Father, a Madreline." "Madrid has one of the highest places in our heart, it being the centre of the most Catholic Spain. And you are?" "A Bordelais." "Oh, Bordeaux the city of fine wines, which gladden the heart and do not intoxicate. Good wines are like good morals, and a gift of God. And you?" "From no city, Holiness; from the country." "Happy gentleman! Stay in the country. The farmer's hut would be the most blissful of any, were he only aware of his happiness. The Pope then gives a collective blessing and disappears.

Poor pilgrims are not asked to pay any entrance-fee, or to hire a costume, and 1,500 have this season been boarded and lodged by the Pope in attics of the Vatican. He was not scant of courtesy to any of his indigent guests, and not only blessed and talked to them, but caused them to be shown over his garden—a rare privilege—and enabled them from an internal loggia to see him celebrate mass in his private chapel.

They were afforded other much-prized favours, which were withheld from rich audience-seekers. Do not think I grudge the Pope the 3 lire. The 18 lire do not go to him, but to the costumier or costumiers who supply cloaks and cravats to the masculine audience-seekers and black veils to the ladies. I see by the pious French papers, such as *L'Univers*, that on last Tuesday 30,000 tickets of admission were issued. Supernumerary priests acting as clerks had to be brought in for dispatch of business. It was arranged that the 30,000 should be spread over ten days, and that they would have to be classed by cities or districts with a head man to whom the Pope might speak, it being physically impossible for him to address each separately. This mob brought in a net profit of perhaps two-thirds of the receipts of the Papal treasury. If the Pope asked 20 francs apiece, I assume that it would have been willingly paid. That would have brought up the audience receipts for a week to 600,000 francs, or £24,000.

Lady Caithness is in retirement in the country. But the spook of Madame Blavatsky has found her out, and gives her the assurance that if the Theosophists are guided by H. P. B.'s inspirations they will accept her ladyship as their head. H. P. B.'s spook says that the English Theosophists are like all other "ists" of their race, and that, so far from tending to unity—*i.e.*, to God—will divide and sub-divide, and try each to set up *une petite chapelle*, deaf to the doctrine of every other. The spook denies that it has been writing letters. Why write letters when it can at once enter into intimate communion with any soul to which it is attracted? Neither time, space, nor substance affects spooks. That of Madame Blavatsky won't hear of the rougher sex having any mission unless to humbly and usefully help the sisters of the faith as the clean (and even some unclean) animals helped the Blessed Buddha and his missionaries. Masculine vanity needs to be put down, and the fever into which it throws the male professors will get a cooling. This doctrine falls in with Lady Caithness's ideas. The amiable and highly-gifted Countess for some years has changed the Anno Domine of the old style for Anno Domina. Who is the lady? *That* she has not yet declared. But were she to ask me, I should answer: "You yourself," and I have no hesitation in adding, "a lady full of grace."

Talking of things funereal, it was remarked by a French newspaper that the Grand Duchess Vladimir arrived in Paris in a suit of mourning, although she left San Sebastian by express two hours after she had the news of her sister-in-law's death. How did she, it was asked, get it ready so soon? The explanation is that Imperial and Royal ladies are hardly ever without suits of new mourning whether at home or travelling. They are always liable to hear of some member of their caste dying, and so have the sable garments handy. The Grand Duchess had expected to hear of her brother's death, or of that of the Grand Duke Constantine, whose "illness" is rather mysterious. During her halt in Paris, on her way back to San Sebastian from attending the funeral of the Grand Duchess Alexandra, she and her husband, and brother-in-law Alexis, learned of the death of their uncle in-law, the King of Würtemberg.

The Imperial party thought perhaps they would have to go to Stuttgardt to express sympathy for their aunt Olga. But, as the defunct Sovereign wished his obsequies to be private, it was decided that they were not to attend them, particularly as the German Emperor was going. So they hastened on to Biarritz to be in time to have a few more interviews with the Queen Regent and her Minister. He passes for being very German in feeling. I recollect Grévy saying, when King Alphonso was hooted in Paris:—"He is not going to quarrel with us on that account. What he and his Prime Minister are now thinking most about is a shorter railway in which great fortunes can be made, from Paris to Madrid by the Valley of Andorra." This railway is yet to be financed, and the men now in office at Madrid are the same as formed the late King's Cabinet, during his last journey through France. I should therefore say: Spain is certain not to go into the Triple Alliance, unless the French, by meddling with Morocco, get up such an agitation at Madrid as that which followed upon Bismarck's attempt to seize on the Carolines. It is almost certain that the Grand Ducal party have not gone to San Sebastian as mere health-seeking tourists.

At the rate at which death sweeps off the celebrated people, I often wonder whether a few years hence there will be any living creature worth writing about. The ranks of famous artists have been visibly thinned since the influenza came upon us a couple of seasons back. Two of the greatest novelists are so threatened that whenever a *lettre de faire part*, with a broad black rim on the envelope, is handed to me, I fancy it must be to announce that one or the other has gone to the silent land of which no defunct writer has yet been able to give us his impressions. The more charming of the two, though perhaps the less great, is suffering from that state known to laics as creeping paralysis, and his shock of long raven hair, which used to be so glossy, has, from the effects of

the disease, become dry as well-saved hay, and quite wispy. It has also become quite grey. The other has taken to living by rule, eschewing nearly every dish that he liked to eat and adopting a "dry" regimen. His rations of liquids at his meals are so stinted that one is puzzled to think how he has blood in his veins. To supply their want, he often goes and lies in a tepid bath, or in summer plunges into a river. Parnell, too, has followed fast upon the heels of General Boulanger (to whom I think it unjust to Parnell to compare him), and Boulanger trod almost on those of M. Jules Grévy. Who could have thought last autumn that your Grand Old Man was to outlive the discarded head of the Irish Party? Certainly none of the Tory notabilities whom I then met had any idea that Parnell's was not nearly so good a life (from the insurance actuary's standpoint) as Gladstone's. And the excellent Mr. W. H. Smith, who has quitted the world without having had the satisfaction of seeing his name in the Peerage. I once met him in the course of a yachting cruise of several days. What a splendid type he was of the plain, successful English man of business! He was quite a character for Smiles, who has a weakness for those who pick up the best plums in the struggle for life.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

SOLOMON, dear Lady Betty, in his own generation, was a wise man. But *we* have outgrown the wisdom of antiquity. The modern developments of steam, electricity, and enterprise have created a new record of experience, and the wisdom of the past must now be revised to meet the conditions of the present. The following "Piccadilly Proverbs," however, must be merely regarded as rough suggestions, and I gladly relinquish to others that task which I feel myself incapable of adequately performing.

1. A friend in need is a plague indeed.
2. Dress well, even if it be at your tailor's expense.
3. Keep up appearances that you may keep up your credit.
4. Give the Devil his Jew.
5. Good wine needs no "push."
6. Abuse is second nature.
7. Insolvency is the best policy.
8. Fortune favours the brewers.
9. Bankers, brewers, and Stock Exchange jobbers, the better they thrive the less they be robbers.
10. Old women often make young wives.
11. Presence of mind is good; absence of body is often better.
12. Drop your friends and your "h's," but hold fast to your money.
13. A good dinner deserves a good appetite, and requires a good digestion.
14. Lunch is expected where lunch is given.
15. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach; to his head through his pocket.
16. There is no extravagance like poverty.
17. Never say anything that can be remembered, for it will certainly be remembered against you.
18. Marriage is woman's object and man's end.
19. Anything for a quiet wife.
20. The paragraph has neither politics nor principles; only prejudices.
21. Warily to wed and advertise makes a man wealthy, envied, and wise.
22. There are three kinds of women — women of fashion, women of beauty, and women of pleasure: be seen with the first, be talked of with the second, and be careful with the third.
23. There are three worlds—*the* world, *this* world, and the *other* world: be well with the first, know the second, and let the third take care of itself.
24. A wink is as good as a nod—to the country cousin.
25. One compliment does not make a lover.
26. A fast fortune, a pretty wife, and a good cook attract fast friends.
27. A cold heart, a cool temper, and a clear head make a "warm" man.
28. The troubles of our neighbours are invariably judgments—our own, excessive and unmerited trials.
29. Popularity is the reward of folly or the result of duplicity.
30. Marry at leisure; halve the pleasure.
31. A good friend makes a bad enemy.
32. Marry early, and marry often.
33. Man proposes, Butt divorces.
34. Little creditors have long memories.
35. Cut your coat according to your credit, and your friends according to their merit.
36. Conscience is a faculty which enables us to estimate and exaggerate—our neighbours' shortcomings.

Death is a scarcely cheerful subject to write about week upon week, nor is it much enlivened by occasional reference to diplomatic appointments and resignations. But, practically, this is very much the only news available just now.

Apropos of the memorial service held at Westminster Abbey on Saturday, it was noticed with much regret that Lord Salisbury had not shown more sympathy with his late colleague by attending the public ceremonial. This, however, was mere hypercriticism, for not only was the Prime Minister at the time indisposed, but even at the best he is well known to be a singularly bad traveller. Many observed with pain the Duke of Rutland's evident weakness. The Duke has considerably aged in appearance within the last few months.

With respect to Mr. Parnell, the published account of his last days seems to be strangely inaccurate, inasmuch as the Irish chief was undoubtedly in London on the morning of Friday week, having spent over an hour on that occasion in conversation with one of his adherents at a well-known club in Piccadilly.

Apart from politics, another death recorded during the present week—that of the Marquis Talon—has caused a regretful impression in West-end club-land. The Marquis Talon in his more youthful days was a familiar figure in Parisian society, having been on terms of the greatest intimacy with the late Imperial family. Of late years, however, he lived almost exclusively in England, and rather out-Heroded Herod in his imitation of English life and English customs. As a member of the Turf, St. James's, and Badminton clubs, and a persistent, though not very successful, patron of horseracing, he was almost as well-known here as is Charing-cross. Dressed in a drab covert-coat and tight drab trousers, and walking with studied deliberateness, Talon could most days be seen wending his way from one of his clubs to the other. He may be accounted as yet another victim to the influenza epidemic, for he never recovered the shock his system received by an attack of this malady last spring. The Marquis was on a visit to his sister in Italy when he died. He was popularly said to possess a very large fortune, which only a year or two ago was substantially increased by a verdict being given in his favour in a long-drawn law-suit with a near relation. Poor Talon will be genuinely missed by many old friends, for with all his peculiarities it was impossible not to like a man who was so ingenuously fond

PARIS.—HÔTEL ANGLO-FRANÇAIS, 6, Rue Castiglioni, facing the Continental. First-class. Highly recommended for comfort, cuisine, moderate charges, and sanitary arrangements. Otis American lift.

of us and our country. He must have been close upon seventy-five years of age at his death.

The Viscomte A. de Talon, his younger brother, distinguished himself greatly during the Crimean War, but escaping from the perils of the campaign, finally lost his life whilst riding in a steeplechase.

Since I have thus touched upon Parisian society, it may not be out of place to mention that the marriage of Mdlle. Escandon to the Marquis Castel Moncayo, future Duc of Montalione, and second son of the Duc of Fernan-Nuñez, will take place in Paris on or about November 15. The future bride and bridegroom, under judicious chaperonage, have been paying a short visit to London during the past week. The bride-elect is a sister of MM. Paul and Emanuel Escandon, the wealthy Mexicans, who have for many years past been so well known in French society.

Mr. George Barclay, Third Secretary at the British Legation at Washington, whose approaching marriage to Miss Chapman I announced last week, having paid a flying visit to London, left on Sunday by the Nord-Deutsche s.s. *Aller*, for New York. His marriage will take place on the 24th instant. Miss Chapman, who is *petite*, is said to be exceptionally pretty, and is barely nineteen.

Captain Eyre Massey Shaw, whose definite retirement from the command of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade takes place now in comparatively few days, may yet meet his opponents on their own ground, for he has been requested to stand for the County Council at the forthcoming elections. Further than this, he has also been approached by three or four constituencies to stand for Parliament. Should he decide to accept any of these proposals, his business capacity and talent for organisation are sure to soon make him a valuable addition to either body. Mrs. and Miss Shaw intend spending the coming winter in Rome, and leave England for that purpose early in November.

Mr. H. E. H. Jerningham, C.M.G., Colonial Secretary of Mauritius, who, since the end of last year, has been in England on leave of absence, sailed from Marseilles on Monday to resume his official duties in that Colony. Mr. Jerningham will probably not return to this country again till the spring of '93.

The reports current respecting Lord Lytton's approaching retirement from the Ambassadorship in Paris are, to say the least, premature. It is well known that Lord Salisbury interprets the adage that "Man wants but little here below, but wants that little long," as, "Man wants but Lytton here below, but wants that Lytton long."

Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THERE was not a finer judge of racing in the world than the late Lord Portsmouth, and his opinion of a horse was as valuable as his criticism of a finish. Of late years Lord Portsmouth had very rarely been seen at Newmarket, but he always went to Ascot, and usually to the Derby, while this year he was at Goodwood, and one of the very few animals which he had in training won the West Dean Stakes. Lord Portsmouth had been a member of the Jockey Club for nearly thirty-five years, and he once served the office of steward. He took a keen interest in the purifications and reforms which have been carried out of late years, and often expressed his satisfaction that such efficient successors to Admiral Rous had appeared in the persons of Lord March and Mr. James Lowther, and he warmly eulogised the "thorough" policy which they have been so active in carrying out, and which has already produced such excellent results. Lord Portsmouth's best horse was Buccaneer, who would probably have won The Wizard's Two Thousand, and who would almost certainly have won Thormanby's Derby, but for his having been nobbled. Buccaneer ultimately recovered, and as a four-year-old he won the Royal Hunt Cup, beating a field of thirty-two, with 8 st. 7 lb. on his back, and at Salisbury he ran a mile in ninety-eight seconds, being the fastest time on record. The *Sporting Times* remarks upon the astounding fact that at Bath in 1861 nobody would give £600 for Buccaneer after he had beaten Crater, who was one of the best milers of that day. At Ascot, the day before Buccaneer won the Hunt Cup, he won the Trial Stakes in a canter, beating a good field, and (luckily for Lord Portsmouth) nobody came forward to claim him for £600. In these latter days there would have been plenty of people ready to give £10,000 for such a horse. Buccaneer was a great success at the stud, and his exportation to Hungary was bitterly bewailed. He was sold absurdly cheap to the late Mr. Cavaliero. Among Buccaneer's English winners were Formosa (One Thousand, Oaks, and Leger of 1868), See Saw, Paul Jones, and Mineral, the dam of Wenlock. In Hungary he sired Kisber, who won the Derby and Grand Prix in 1876, and who, when well, was probably one of the best horses ever foaled.

There has been some very heavy betting on the Cambridgeshire during the last ten days, and there appears to be a decided disposition to lay against Signorina, which must be rather alarming to her backers. I have never fancied this mare for the Cambridgeshire, for I do not believe that she will stay the course in a fast-run race, and she has quite enough weight to carry. Memoir hit her leg slightly on Saturday, the 3rd, but she re-appeared on the Heath on Wednesday, and has since been going remarkably well. Memoir is one of the few first-class animals in the race, and she combines both fine speed (as she showed when she won the July Cup) and genuine stamina. I have repeatedly warned my speculative readers against backing Bumptious for this race, it having always been my firm belief that he cannot stay; and that my opinion is correct has been proved by his retreat in the betting after a gallop in which War Dance did so well that it is tolerably certain that he will represent Hayhoe's stable in the Cambridgeshire, but it does seem to me that, judging from his public form, M. Ephrussi's horse has plenty of weight, and there appears to have been some inexplicable muddling and puddling in connection with him. Moineau, the Belgian candidate, has arrived at Newmarket to finish his preparation. He is a good-looking horse and a fine galloper, but there is nothing very encouraging about his public form. Comedy has been backed for a good deal of money, and so also have Bel Demonio and Quartus. The best policy will be to leave this race alone until the day of running, for many stables are doubly and trebly represented, and several fancied animals are more or less under suspicion. It is expected that there will be nearly forty starters, so that liberal odds will be forthcoming down to the moment when the flag falls.

Very little of last week's racing was of any general interest. The £5,000 stake at Kempton Park was won, as I had anticipated would be the case, by Mr. Fenwick, who started both Gantlet and Gossoon, but the former was the more fancied, and she won easily from Lady Hermit, who was giving her 10 lb., and Gossoon was only beaten a neck by Colonel North's filly. The Duke of St. Albans is to be congratulated upon having bred two such smart animals as Gantlet and Gossoon in one year, and Mr. Fenwick was lucky in purchasing them. Sorcerer, who was favourite, on the strength of his having been well tried, ran very badly. This colt is by Ormonde, out of Crucible, and Mr. Lea gave 2,300 gs. for him at Doncaster last year. Sorcerer went before the race as if he liked the going, and his running was surely too bad to be correct, for he was never really in the race, and finished last. Ich Dien is a great slashing colt that will do much better as a three-year-old.

Nobody ever could have taken the late Marquis Talon for a Frenchman; he had the appearance of a hard-riding, old-fashioned Yorkshire squire. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, and bred horses and raced them solely for the

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sake of the sport. His colours were hardly ever seen except at the northern meetings, and although he kept horses for many years, he never owned even a tolerably smart animal. His best animal was Knight of Ruby, who last year won him the Newcastle Handicap and the Northumberland Autumn Plate. This season Knight of Ruby was much fancied for the Northumberland Plate, but he never had a chance with Queen's Birthday. The Marquis Talon was very popular in Yorkshire sporting circles, and he was exceedingly fond of that county, and particularly of the Richmond district. His death will be much regretted by all who knew him.

Common has been finally relegated to the stud, and it may be hoped that there will now be an end of the prodigious outburst of journalistic trumpetings about this horse, with which people have been nauseated during the last few weeks. Common is defined by his experienced trainer as being the best of a bad year. It is simply nonsense and rubbish to place him in the same class as the other winners of the "Triple Crown," notably Ormonde, who, as a three-year-old, not only defeated the best horses of his own season (and a very good lot they were), but also the winner of the Derby and Leger of the previous year, while, as a four-year-old, he again beat Minting, who was then in great form, and also Bendigo, when moon-struck simpletons were screeching that he was the best horse ever seen on the turf. But racing idols are elevated and dethroned with equal facility. Common has defeated a number of horses, which were either exceedingly moderate or else non-stayers; and when he happened to meet a good four-year-old he was himself cleverly beaten. Mr. Maple made a great mistake in not accepting Major Joicey's challenge to run Queen's Birthday against Common over two miles, for his horse would have won easily. Queen's Birthday has been also the object of much eulogistic braying, but there is nothing in his public form to justify any rational being in regarding him as being a really good horse, and if it be true that £10,000 was offered for him at Doncaster I am sure that the friends of the individual who made such a bid ought not to allow him to be at large. Common ought, of course, to have been kept in training for another year at least, for he is not yet at his best, and Mr. Maple may presently have substantial reasons for deploring the course which he has adopted in rushing him off to the stud so prematurely. One practical ground for racing Common as a four-year-old is that he would really have found no worthy opponents in the Ascot Cup and similar races, for it seems that Morion and Queen's Birthday are also going to the stud, and Gonsalvo is no flyer.

Lord Marcus Beresford (who manages the stud of Baron Hirsch) and John Porter have wisely decided that La Flêche, who is undoubtedly the best two-year-old of the season, is not to run again until next spring. The Middle Park Plate appeared to be at the mercy of La Flêche, but it would have been a pity to knock her about, considering her high promise and her numerous engagements, &c. We may anticipate seeing her (all being well with her) start next year for the One Thousand, Derby, and Oaks, and I shall not be surprised if she wins all three stakes. The death of Quiver, the dam of Memoir and La Flêche, was a most serious misfortune for the Hampton Court stud.

Among other rigmarole romances which have been going round the sporting papers, it is stated that two years ago, after Signorina had won the Middle Park Plate, the Duke of Portland despatched a blank cheque to the Chevalier Ginistrelli, and requested him to fill it in with the amount of his price for that mare. This story is pure fiction, and, after all, Signorina would not have proved a good bargain if she had then been bought for £20,000, which sum was said to have been offered for her during the Houghton week of 1889. She has since won only one small stake, in addition to the Lancashire Plate of £9,000. Of course, Signorina is very valuable as a brood mare, but very often animals which have been flyers on the turf turn out direful failures when they are relegated to the stud. Corisande, Jannette, Hannah, Marie Stuart, Fraulein, Busybody, and Wheel of Fortune are flagrant examples.

Another fabrication is the tale about Count Lehndorff having come to England expressly to endeavour to purchase Common from Mr. Maple, which is a fiction of the wildest and most extravagant description.

I hear that Lord Falmouth will probably establish a small breeding-stud in the paddocks at Mereworth, the Dowager Lady Falmouth's place in Kent.

Goldfinch was put aside in the summer for the £5,000 stake at Kempton Park, and as he did not start on Friday, I suppose he is lame or amiss. It is unfortunate for his owners that Goldfinch could not run, for he would probably have won on his Ascot and Newmarket form, and I fancy that we have most likely seen the best of him. He appeared to be the sort of horse that is very much better as a two-year-old than as a three-year-old, and it seemed highly probable that he will become a roarer. Goldfinch is in the Two Thousand, Payne Stakes, Derby, Grand Prix, and the Prince of Wales Stakes and Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot.

Lord Hastings's horses have left Newmarket, and in future they will be trained at Malton by Lund. The team includes two very useful fillies in Breach and Jessamy, both of which animals ought to win good handicaps before the close of the season.

I do not now find anything in the entry for the Middle Park Plate which seems to have any chance of defeating Orme. The Newmarket people fancy that St. Angelo is a flyer, but he may not like the Bretby Stakes course so well as the easy last five furlongs of the Ab.M., over which he won the Hopeful Stakes, and in that race Gossoon appeared to be "chopped" at the start.

If Blue Green is in form he cannot possibly lose the Rose Plate of £1,000 on Friday, as he will be receiving 22 lb. from Morion, and 20 lb. from Amphion, Gonsalvo, and Queen's Birthday, respectively. Blue Green has been a very unlucky horse, but he now does seem to have an excellent chance of winning a good stake. He has been freely backed for the Cambridgeshire, in which he has to carry 8 st. 12 lb., but no rational being will invest a farthing on such a horse as this for any race whatever until he is seen at the post, for he might break down any day.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—This has been a week of "jerky" movements. The stock markets did not seem to know their own minds for more than five minutes at a time, and at the end of the week we find ourselves with little change in prices from the commencement. This has been especially the case with Yankee Rails, which, at present, lead all other departments, and are likely to do so for some time to come

The Outlook on the Stock Exchange.

London and New York seemed repeatedly to play at cross purposes. When Wall-street sent stronger prices, London utilised the movement to sell, and when they came lower some moderate buying set in here, which was again disregarded on the other side of the Atlantic. They had a tale in New York that a large failure was expected here which has turned out quite false, but which affected the New York market for some time. The uncertain money outlook was another unfavourable circumstance. Yet we have passed through the week without any advance in the Bank Rate. This is attributed by some to the wish on the part of the Bank of England to assist the success of the Russian loan in Paris, and thus to show its gratitude for the action of the French establishment in lending it a few millions of gold during the Baring crisis. Personally,

Be careful what you eat. Do not be half-poisoned by using Baking Powder adulterated with alum. Insist on having BORWICK'S, which is pure and wholesome, and the best that money can buy.

I do not believe in this twaddle, but the very fact that it obtains credence shows how necessary some change in our Bank arrangements has become. Yet the Chancellor of the Exchequer, after all his talk about a second reserve, has allowed the golden opportunity to pass by. An advance in the Bank rate must, of course, take place at an early date, but as it had been generally expected last week, it may be considered as fully discounted. Nor will a 4 per cent. Bank rate do any harm. In the Foreign market the new Russian loan is the chief feature. Its chances have not improved, but it will, of course, be pulled through by the French groups identified with it. There is no doubt, however, that the non-participation of the Rothschilds, and the hostility of many Jewish financiers, are proving serious drawbacks. I do not look for any animation in the Foreign market, but Yankees will probably take heart of grace after the settlement has been completed, and Kaffirs should respond to the splendid September crushings.

Home Rails.

A sharp recovery in the Scotch stocks and a decline in Brighton "A" were the chief features of the week. The latter stock continues to be solely dependent upon the weather, and it has not received any favours in this respect. The line has, however, shown some very fair traffic increases, notwithstanding the unfavourable atmospheric conditions. There has been considerable selling on the part of a "Bull" operator, whose commitments were too large; and to that extent the market is in a sounder condition, the more so as the stock thrown overboard has gone into strong hands. As to the rumours of a new capital issue, they are absolutely without foundation, and I hold to my opinion that a week's settled weather would put Brighton "A" up to 150 again. North British and Caleys have been bought from the North on reiterated statements that peace is finally assured between the Companies. These purchases induced considerable "Bear" closing, especially in North British Deferred. The latter, although not maintaining the highest prices touched, are steady at 41⅝, Caledonian Deferred topping them at 42¼, as I always predicted they would. Of the two stocks I should certainly still give the preference to Caledonian Deferred. The Midland traffics keep up wonderfully, and the stock maintains itself at 159. Nor has there been any further set-back in the other heavy lines, the North-Eastern alone showing any material decrease. I am not, however, particularly in favour of Great Western or "Brums," Midlands being decidedly more promising. Great Easterns are stagnating in the neighbourhood of 87½, nor is there any reason why they should stand higher. Chathams have been a quiet market, and Sheffield "A" have subsided again, after a temporary spasm, caused chiefly by the statement that the fight for the extension to London will be renewed in Parliament. Dover "A" had a good weekly traffic and a bad September statement, and are decidedly dull.

The Discomfiture of Gould.

Mail advices from New York furnish further particulars of the astute Jay Gould's fight against the market. He was undoubtedly discomfited in his attempt to break it, although his attack has had the after effect of creating considerable dulness. The Missouri Pacific trick, which he used in the first instance for depressing the market, had evidently been kept in reserve by him for some time. It is well known that last June his holdings of Missouri Pacific stock were from 115,000 to 120 000 shares. Since then he has been a quiet, but persistent seller, and it is believed that he does not actually hold enough stock today to qualify him to act as a director of the Company. He had, in fact, been greatly reducing his holding of this and other speculative securities, Union Pacifics included. His vicious attack on the market was, no doubt, actuated more by parental affection, than any desire on his part to make money. It is well known in Wall-street that his two sons had, ever since the present "Bull" movement began, been heavily "short" of the market. As a Wall-street contemporary puts it, they had "bucked" against it, fought it, talked it down, and written it down, but all to no effect—it remained stubbornly strong. When Gould senior returned from the West, the situation was explained to him, and, as an affectionate father, he did all he could to extricate his offspring from their perilous position. The first serious set-back he received when he attempted to cover a line of the Granger stocks. It is unnecessary here to repeat how Burlington and Quincy and Rock Island climbed the greased pole as soon as it was discovered what he was attempting to do. Good judges estimate that the effort cost him 1,500,000 dols. Then the White failure was announced, and another attempt was made to cover outstanding contracts. This, like the other, was also a failure, as it was instantly recognised that "Deacon" White's suspension had nothing whatever to do with stocks, and whenever prices declined there was always somebody ready to buy. The situation was now becoming serious, and Mr. Gould quickly recognised the fact that something had to be done, and done quickly, or he would be placed in the same box that he was in in 1879, in which year he was compelled three times to seek a settlement of his outstanding short contracts. After mature deliberation a "scoop" was decided upon as a *dernier ressort*, with the aid of the Missouri Pacific trick, and how successful it has been the official list of the Stock Exchange on the two days of the panic will show. How Gould subsequently attempted to use the Union Pacific trouble to accomplish his object is well known, and it was not until Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan compelled him to show his hand and to join in making the Funding plan a success, that he reluctantly relinquished his nefarious intention of using a receivership of the Union Pacific to attain his object. It may be as well to give particulars of the Missouri Pacific Directorate and of their relationship to Gould:—

Name.	Relation to Mr. Gould.
Jay Gould	
George J. Gould	His son.
Edwin Gould	His son.
S. H. H Clark	In his employ.
Russell Sage	Business associate.
Sidney Dillon	Business associate.
Thos. T. Eckert	His telegraph manager.
John P. Munn	His physician.
John G. Moore	His broker.
A. L. Hopkins	An employé.
Samuel Sloan	Independent.
D. D. Parmly	Independent.
C. S. Greely	Independent.

With the exception of three members, the whole of the directors are simply creatures of Gould, and occupy their positions merely to register his wishes. It is a wonder that Wall-street did not boycott the stock long ago, although it appears that it has at last begun to do so; but not until the "Little Wizard" had got out of his holding.

Yankee Prospects.

Gould has been discomfited, and, according to all accounts, his sons have covered their "short" sales at some considerable sacrifice, but he has left his wasp-like sting behind him, and the market has not yet quite recovered from it. Yet the conditions which led to the rise have not changed, and the influences which caused the liquidation and declines are recognised as being purely artificial. The weather in the West has completed the corn crop. The railroads have abundant traffic, and earnings are generally increasing. Gold is pouring into the States from Europe, and the last New York Bank statement showed consequently an increase in the cash of six million dollars. Easy money seems to be assured in Wall-street for some time to come, and, once the London settlement over, the boom will probably go a-head again. Although we may have a reaction for a day or two. There is no doubt that many of the weaker mem-

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, E.C.—165, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—8, Haymarket, S.W.—18, Westbourne-grove, W.—Nos. 19 and 20, Railway-approach, London-bridge, S.E.—Manchester address, Bridgewater chambers, 6, Brown-street.—Brighton address, Central-chambers, The Quadrant. No commission on speculative accounts. He buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired. Telephone No. 1,578.

bers in London have liquidated their holdings in the recent repeated reactions, and that the "Bull" account here is, on the whole, reduced. You need but look at the Atchison earnings for September, which reached 7,268,334 dols, or an increase of 514 037 dols, to realise what splendid results the crop movement is producing for the railways. Atchison shares, and especially the Income bonds, will, with Erie, the Preference interest of which seems now to be assured through the placing of the Company's Chicago and Atlantic bonds, probably lead the next upward movement. Denver stocks are cheap and worth picking up, and Readings will no doubt recover; but the very pick of the lower-priced stocks is Ohio and Mississippi Common, about which I give you full information in the following remarks. Quebec Central Income bonds have been dealt in to a considerable extent, and, at about 32, being a dividend-earning stock, are worth buying, the more so as advices respecting the future of the line are most promising. The Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Second Income bonds remain an excellent purchase at their present price of 33 to 34. The returns of the line show marked increases, and, with the Ohio and Mississippi deal about to throw further traffic on to their lines, these Income bonds are in sight of dividends, and are likely to go much higher. The Ohio arrangement being concluded, it will be the turn of the Alabama, New Orleans, and Texas, and Texas "B" shares at anything like $\frac{5}{8}$—$\frac{3}{4}$ are a good purchase.

Buy Ohio and Mississippi!

There must have been some very needy and unreasoning persons amongst the holders of Ohio and Mississippi shares, to judge from the sales which followed the publication of the details of the arrangement made by the Joint Committee of Preferred and Ordinary shareholders with the Baltimore and Ohio and Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Companies. A more favourable and promising scheme could only have been looked forward to by those people who want to get two sovereigns for one. I say, without hesitation, that the scheme reflects great credit upon the members of the Committee—Messrs. John Morris and Joseph Price, Captain Pavy and Mr. W. H. Beeman, with Sir James Allport as their chairman on one side, and upon Mr. E. R Bacon, the President of the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western, on the other side, who, representing his own Company and the Baltimore and Ohio here in this matter, has, during the last two months, been unremitting in his efforts to bring it to a successful issue. Intricate details had to be worked out, concessions had to be obtained from the big Company concerned, and difficult legal points had to be got over, before so comprehensive a scheme could be presented. Apparently, some of the Ohio and Mississippi shareholders will only realise in the future how much they will owe to the framers of this plan of re-organisation, which will be presented to the meeting on Wednesday. It is, however, impossible to imagine that any of the shareholders could stultify themselves to such an extent as to oppose an arrangement which will impart a much higher value to their holdings. In view of the reports which appeared in the daily press, it will be unnecessary for me to enter into full details. The scheme settles the long-standing feud between the Preferred and Ordinary shareholders of the Ohio and Mississippi in an equitable manner, and it reduces, through the guarantee of the Baltimore and Ohio Company, the first charges by 50,000 dols. per annum, besides providing over 3,000,000 dols. for improvements of the line, which will in the future add very largely to its capacity. It further constitutes the Ohio and Mississippi Railway as part of a strong through line from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi, the line, in fact, forming the shortest connection between St. Louis, Washington, and Baltimore. The arrangement, of course, confers considerable advantages upon the two Baltimore and Ohio Companies, but at no previous period would the Baltimore and Ohio have been disposed to grant terms as favourable as those now obtained, the advantages of a consolidation of the three systems having become more obvious of late. Now, as to the question of the benefits derived by the Ohio and Mississippi stockholders. The capital of the Central Company, through which, for technical reasons, the new arrangement will be carried out, will be as follows:—

Capital.	Dols.	Amount required to pay full interest. Dols.
First Income Mortgage bonds, bearing 5 per cent. interest	5,800,000	290,000
Five per Cent. Second Income Mortgage bonds	6,000,000	300,000
Five per Cent. Preferred Stock, non-cumulative	16,000,000	—
Common stock	8,000,000	—

When the president of the Ohio and Mississippi Company, Mr. Barnard, was on this side some six weeks ago, he estimated the earnings of the line for the current year on present indications at 5 000 000 dols. On the basis of the usual cost of working American railroads, the net revenue would be 1,700,000 dols. The fixed charges averaging 1 000 000 dols., there would be left 700,000 dols for the junior securities thus covering the interest not only of the First Income Mortgage bonds, but also of the Second Income bonds, leaving a surplus for the Preferred stock. Nor does this take into account the accession of through traffic which may be anticipated from the arrangement now concluded. It may therefore be concluded that the First Income bonds with their interest fully secured, are worth 80, rising to 90 with the further development of the line, that the Second Incomes are worth 50 to 60, and the Preferred stock somewhere between 20 – 30. The latter is quite as near, if not nearer, to dividends as Erie Common stock, now quoted 32, and undoubtedly preferable to Ontarios and Readings, now quoted about 21. The Preferred stockholders will receive under the new arrangement 1,340 dols. of First Income bonds, worth, say, 80, or 107 per 100, which, with 6 per cent. in cash, would work out to 113, justifying an advance of 13 points on the "par" price of the Preference shares. Or, to put it in another way, the Preferred shares will receive interest at the rate of 6 7 per cent., in addition to which a bonus of 6 per cent. will fall to their lot. The Common stockholders will receive 300 dols. of Second Income bonds and 800 dols. of Preferred stock for every 1,000 dols. of their stock. Taking the former at 50 and the latter at 21, which is a very low estimate for a stock in sight of dividends, it would work out to $31\frac{3}{4}$ as the value of the Ordinary stock with every prospect of rising to 40 on the further favourable development of earnings. Or, to put it in another way, Ohio Common shareholders will receive $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum interest from the Second Income bonds alone, leaving them the Preferred shares as a speculative stock to play with. There can be no doubt that both classes of shareholders should be satisfied with this arrangement, and, at present prices, both the Preferred and Common shares should be bought, the former as a permanent investment yielding a large return, the latter as a speculative and progressive investment likely to advance very materially.

Foreigners and South Americans.

It is hardly likely that the old world securities will have a pleasant time of it when once the Russian loan has been safely launched in Paris. They look decidedly weak at present, and as the financial groups interested in the new issue must wish to keep the market generally in a steady condition, it may fairly be argued that things will be worse after their object has been attained. It cuts, however, both ways, for it is only natural that the Rothschilds and many of the eminent Jewish financial houses should throw cold water upon the Russian loan, and, *ipso facto*, they are not likely to engineer any improvement in the rest of the market. Be that as it may, I had rather keep out of Portuguese, Spanish, and other Paris fancies, which seem more likely to fall further than to recover. Argentine Government

Arthur Forbes & Co., Australian Investment, Finance, and Mining Agency, 16, Cornhill, London, E C., and at Brisbane, Queensland, have special business in some of the best Colonial Mining Stocks, including Brilliant, Victory, Victoria, Sunburst, Broken Hill, Raub, and other prosperous concerns. Constant information by cable. Telegraphic address, "Orpharion, London."

stocks have again fluctuated, the expiring Congress giving a great deal of trouble. At one time it was hoped that the Senate would throw out the obnoxious financial Bills, and the gold premium, after having touched 360, reacted thereupon to 330; but, according to later advices, it appears probable that the Bill for the new bank will after all pass the Senate, although the moratorium Bill will perhaps be defeated. I am glad to find that Mr. Frank Parish spoke out manfully at the Buenos Ayres Great Southern meeting against any further issues of paper, and I hope that his words will find an echo in Buenos Ayres. In the meantime the loan of 1886 and the Funding bonds have recovered from the severest depression, and are quoted 59 and 58 respectively. There seems to be considerable doubt if the form in which the Uruguayan Chambers have passed the Ellauri proposals will not necessitate another meeting of the bondholders, as they very arbitrarily dispensed with the receivership, which was put forward as the chief attraction by the advocates of the arrangement. Chilian bonds are not quite so firm as they were, although matters in Chili are progressing very favourably. I hold to my view that these bonds will advance materially. Brazilian bonds have reacted upon reports of an outbreak in Rio de Janeiro, which has since resolved itself into a mere brawl with the police. Costa Rica bonds have given way with Argentines, but are now also resovering. Mexican Rails are a weak market, and fully justify my previous unfavourable comments. Now that the renewed competition of the Interoceanic Railway of Mexico for through traffic has caused an important reduction in the rates of the older line, the latter will doubtless show even more considerable traffic decreases than in the past.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

It is always a bad time for the Kaffir market when our people, my dear Ben, have to absent themselves on account of their religious observances, and the present instance forms no exception. Under ordinary circumstances, the excellent September crushings of the Randt Mines, amounting to 65,501 oz., would perhaps have caused increased animation. A change for the better is, however, probable after the settlement, which always affects the mining department with special severity. The growth of the industry is also illustrated by the following figures of the export of raw gold from South Africa, for which I am indebted to the Secretary of the Cape Town Chamber of Commerce :—

From Cape Colony.		From Natal.	
1885.....	£17,321	1885 to 1887.....	£349,072
1886.....	21,603	1888.....	389,344
1887.....	93,359	1889.....	585,383
1888.....	517,248	1890.....	358,520
1889.....	856,979	Jan. to Aug. 31, 1891.....	72,190
1890.....	1,445,039		£1,754,509
Jan. to Aug. 31, 1891.....	1,845,734		
	£4,797,283		
	1,754,509		
	£6,551,792		

In the meantime, Simmer and Jack shares have hardened again to 4—4¼, Glencairns are quoted 7s. 6d., May's Consolidated, 10s., 10s. 6d., Sheba, 22s. 6d., 23s., and those wishing to invest in Kaffir shares can hardly do better than buy these. I maintain my favourable view of New Primrose Gold Mining shares, which have now advanced to 1⅝—1¾. At the general meeting held at Johannesburg on September 9, the chairman stated that the shareholders were justified in expecting a monthly profit of £9,000, and, consequently, very substantial dividends. Now that they had commenced to pay dividends, they hoped never to leave off until they had worked down to the end of the newly-acquired South Primrose, somewhere about a mile and a half away from the Primrose Mine. Nigel Gold shares have advanced to 2¾—3, and are likely to go higher. Respecting this Company, I have received the following communication from a correspondent signing himself "South African":—

> I notice a reference to the "Nigel" G. M. Co. in your last issue, but your correspondent appears to be unaware of the great richness of their ore, which is exceedingly pyritic and is at present yielding barely half its gold to ordinary amalgamation. By the enclosed par from the Johannesburg *Star* of September 5 you will see that 650 tons of "Nigel" Company's tailings (the residue after milling) treated during August by the African Gold Recovery Company yielded no less than 1,440 oz. of gold! a most remarkable return, which proves not only the richness of the "Nigel" ore, but the great value to the mining industry of the MacArthur-Forrest process which Lord Randolph Churchill (with his usual knowledge of everything) thought fit to decry in a recent letter to the *Daily Graphic* stating that it was doubtful if it would treat pyritic ore. The African Gold Recovery Company has only been working the MacArthur-Forrest process since March in the Transvaal, and in that period has produced from some of the most pyritic tailings (which have hitherto defied profitable treatment) nearly 25,000 ounces of gold! In a few weeks the MacArthur-Forest process will be also treating the "Ferreira," "Worcester," "Jubilee," "Salisbury" and Meyer & Charlton Co.'s tailings. The public will then understand the true value of South African Mines when worked on scientific principles.

Oceana shares were the object of a determined "Bear" attack, which had its origin in Johannesburg, and was engineered with the aid of rumours of the intention to make an issue of new capital, or to re-construct the Company. The report has since been officially contradicted. There never was the slightest foundation for it, and a further recovery in the shares, now quoted 5, is all the more probable, as very favourable advices have come to hand from Mr. Conybeare, M.P., who is at present on the Silati River property. At a meeting held at Leydsdorp on September 12, over which Mr. De Wit Hamer, Mining Commissioner for the district, presided, an invitation was given to President Kruger and the Minister of Mines, to visit the Silati district, which the Mining Commissioner at once telegraphed to the President. The importance of the Silati gold-fields is thus being fully appreciated, and I find that Mr. Pegler, the well-known mining expert, stated at the same meeting, that "he had no hesitation in expressing his fullest confidence in the district as a highly auriferous country." Land and Exploration Companies generally have been neglected, and there is now an excellent opportunity of picking up such shares as Bechuanaland at about 1¼ to ⅝, Great Gold Zone at 8s. 6d. to 9s. 6d., &c. De Beers Diamond shares have fluctuated in the neighbourhood of 13½, and are likely to improve again. The Rio Tinto dividend at the rate of 12s. was no better than had been expected. Latest advices by cable from the managing director of the Australian Broken Hill Consols are more satisfactory, being to the following effect:—"Looks like change for the better; twenty tons of ore, eighty ounces of silver to the ton; 35 per cent. of lead await arrival of ship daily expected." A favourable cable has also been received from the Silverton (Broken Hill) Mining Company:—"Assays new chloride and horn silver lode on our property over 300 oz. to 1,000 oz. to ton of ore." This is in answer to the directors' cable requesting the manager to test the new lode which has been recently discovered on the property, as notified in a cable published last week, which ran as follows:—"Chloride and horn silver lode giving splendid shows has just been discovered immediately north of our mine; lode can be traced into our mine." These shares are now quoted ⅝-¾. Advices respecting the Maid of Erin Silver Mines are as promising as ever. The gross yield for the week ending October 3 was 1,150 tons, estimated value 26,000 dols. Mysore Gold shares are rather easier at 5⅛-⅜ x.d., but Mysore Nagor are again firmer at 11s. By the way, I hear that considerable discontent is being manifested that the Alexandra Estates and Gold Mining Company is not liquidated,

George Gregory & Company, Stock and Share Dealers, 4, Tokenhouse-buildings, Lothbury, Bank of England, London, E.C. Telegrams "Grammarian, London"; Manager, Mr. A. Langridge. Also, London—West-End: 226, Piccadilly, W. (immediately opposite the London Pavilion). Telegrams, "Gregarious, London"; Manager, Mr. George Williams.—Brighton: Central-chambers, The Quadrant (facing Willings' Jubilee Clock Tower). Telegrams, "Gregorian, Brighton"; Manager, Mr. W. J. Nichols.—Hastings: Queen's-chambers (adjoining the Queen's Hotel), Telegrams, "Gregory, Hastings"; Manager, Mr. H. O. Scantlebury. Agencies at Leeds, Hull, and Folkestone. "Hints to Speculators" (250 pages), contains a mass of reliable information, gratis and post free.

as no progress is being made in the work, for which the concern was started. It would manifestly be better to divide the considerable cash assets among the shareholders. In reply to representations to this effect, the secretary writes that the directors hope that with about £20,000 cash in hand an opportunity may arise later on to employ it in a safe manner either by amalgamating with an existing Gold Company or otherwise, and consider it, therefore, advisable not to liquidate the Company. It seems quite time for the shareholders to bestir themselves to get at least some of their money back.

Exit the Servian Bacon Curing Company.

I have received further communications respecting the Servian Bacon Curing Company. Amongst others, a correspondent signing himself "Red Cross" breaks a lance for Mr. Maclure, while, on the other hand, Mr. James L. Grant, of Liverpool, writes fully confirming his previous statements and giving additional particulars. Mr. John Barron, of Derby, also contradicts Mr. Maclure's assertions. Now that the Company has, however, gone into liquidation, I am unable to find room for communications which are only of historical interest. The Servian Government has solved the question by cancelling the concession, as its terms, which included the erection of buildings and the commencement of operations at Nisch, had not been complied with. The shareholders are, I understand, contemplating action to obtain the return of their money in view of misstatements in the prospectus, and there is no doubt that they got "a pig in a poke."

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various investors:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Constant Reader, Wycombe.—There is no reason to sell 4½ per cent. Rupee Paper or Grand Trunk debentures, and the Trust Company named first is good of its class. I do not, however, recommend the Trust shares mentioned in your P.S. *Old Subscriber.*—You have done quite right to buy Costa Rica "B" bonds. Hold them as a good investment. There is no reason for the momentary decline.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Jack and Jill.—I do not like this Bank, and should not personally, care to hold the shares. *J. S.*—The two Trusts you name are fair concerns of their kind, and in view of a possible improvement in the securities invested in you might hold the shares. *J. A. E. H.*—1. I should advise you to have nothing to do with this so-called Trust Company. 2. A fair concern of its kind, but no catch. 3. Yes; hold. 4. To get 5 per cent. with safety I should invest in sound American Railroad bonds, in Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds, &c. 5. No; I do not recommend deposits with Foreign or Colonial Banks; some of these have become very shaky. 6. I should not recommend the investment. *Dresden.*—You had better stick to your informant, in whose absurd reply you seem to have a childlike faith. I tell you again that there is nothing in the point raised. What is of importance respecting the future course of Erie stocks, is whether the Preference dividend will be paid or not in November, and perhaps your informant will prophesy on that. *Porcelain.*—I do not care for these Chinese bonds, as you must know of old. Sell at the next opportunity. Sell also Portuguese. *Betanaphthol.*—I share your favourable view of the South American and Mexican Company, but South American stocks will have to improve before the shares of this Trust Company will rally. *Canadian.*—1. Yes; a good Life office. 2. That depends upon your own intentions. 3 and 4. Why do you not enquire for the terms? 5. The Sun, the Scottish Widows' Fund, the Provident Life Office. 6. Midland Ordinary Railway stock. 7. Yes. *Investor, Leeds.*—It seems fairly solid, but not sufficiently so for me to advise the investment. Good American Railroad bonds and Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds will give the return you require.

Home Rails.

I. S.—If you want to go into Scotch stocks, select Caledonian Deferred, now at 41½. I recommended them to you at 39½. *Argus.*—I do not see exactly any further important rise in Midlands, as they have advanced some 9 points since I first recommended them; but I consider them a good progressive investment. *Jonas.*—No, do not sell a "Bear" of Brighton "A." It would be a dangerous thing to do.

American and Foreign Rails.

S. M.—If the traffic returns of the Milwaukee continue on the present scale, there is every prospect of the common stock obtaining a dividend, but it is manifestly premature to estimate it. *Bobus.*—Hold Denvers for a rise of a few points. Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Second Incomes are in sight of dividends, and would be very suitable as a progressive or "lock-up" investment. I am afraid you have not sufficient grounds to ask for the return of your money paid for the debentures in a finance company referred to, but it is impossible to advise you without knowing the name of the concern and the exact terms of the prospectus. *E. C.*—You have hardly any option but to hold City of Cordoba Six per Cent. bonds (1), as they are so greatly depreciated, and some arrangement will, no doubt, be come to eventually. 2. Hold this Brazilian Railway stock. *R. I. J.*—No; leave Atlantic Seconds alone. If you want to buy a cheap stock at rubbish price, buy Texas "B" at ⅜-¾. Do not buy the meat shares yet. Hold your Missouri, Kansas, and Texas shares for an improvement, as suggested, then sell. Hold Araucos, Baltimore, and Ohio South-Western Second Incomes are most promising and you should certainly average. *Echinops.*—I give you *Punch's* advice to those who want to marry—Don't. Argentine Trams are in a bad position in view of the high gold premium and the impossibility of raising the fares. *P. N.*—Some of the best American stocks to buy are Ohio and Missisippi Common and Preferred. *A Constant Reader, Kelso.*—1. No; I do not recommend these Nitrate shares. Nitrate Rails are a much better investment. 2. Hold Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Second Incomes. The Company is doing excellently and will get large traffic increases from the Ohio and Missisippi arrangement. In time they should certainly gain ten points. 3. Yes; sell the Argentine stocks out and buy Quebec Central Income bonds as you suggest. *Llanfairfechan.*—Impossible to tell as yet. *Atlantics.*—I do not care for Atlantic Seconds for the reason you state. Hold, however, as a recovery is likely; then sell. Atlantic Firsts are better to buy. *Verax.*—1. You will get an opportunity within the next few weeks to sell at a profit. Take it on half your holding and keep the rest. 2. When Home Rails have their next improvement, which they probably will soon, sell half and wait with the rest.

Mining Shares.

Doubtful.—I should sell Wentworth Gold Fields Proprietary shares, if I had them, as I do not believe in this Company. *Constant Reader, Tower Hill.*—I am glad to hear that your view is so strongly in favour of De Beers as to anticipate an advance to 20. Barring accidents, I am also of opinion that they will improve, but I should not like to name your figure as the goal. *M. M., Croydon.*—I should hold Australian Broken Hill now, and buy more to average as soon as the turn comes. *Brownie.*—New Primrose Gold Mines are a good mining investment, and have advanced to 1⅛-1¼ per £1 share, but I really should not like to have the responsibility of advising you to take your money out of the Savings Bank to put into a mine. All mining shares are speculative. *B. B., Llanidloes.*—There is no confirmation of the statement respecting Arauco. Hold for a recovery. They are £10 shares. *Clapton.*—Yes, you should average now. *Scotia.*—These shares are no catch. Buy the shares recommended under "Kaffirs and Other Mines." *Shaston.*—With regard to Mysore Goldfields, of course, your broker is right. You have to pay the stamps and fees on transferring to you. Write to the Secretaries of the Companies, and they will give you the information you ask for. *Chirurgicus.*—Joining the reconstruction of the Bentong Tin Mines looks like throwing good money after bad. *Scotia.*—1. You should steer clear of this, and ignore the puffs of interested parties. 2. Yes; see to-day's remarks under "Kaffir and Other Mines." 3. No. 4. Sell when you see a profit. Sell 5, 6, and 7 on an improvement, which may come when the mining market moves again. You have done well to buy Nigels and New Primrose. 8. Yes. As to other Mines to buy, refer to the remarks in my letter. *G. W. W.*—These Charters Towers Companies appear to be sound concerns, and you might hold for higher figures. I have several times warned my readers against Golden Gates.

Industrial Companies.

Asbestos.—Yes, the Thetford Mine mentioned in the paragraph relating to the Quebec Central First Income bonds is owned by Bell's Asbestos Company. *Timbuctoo.*—A. Not yet, I will tell you when it is time to average these brewery shares. B. I am afraid Middlesbrough Lands will not reach that price again, but you might hold for a recovery, then sell. C. Hold, it is quite probable. D. I am afraid not, but the prospect has improved again. *Marcus.*—No reason to sell the railway debentures Nos. 1 to 3 at present. I am afraid Barnsley Brewery Ordinary shares are not very promising. Why do you not exchange into American Brewery shares like St. Louis and City of Chicago Brewery and Malting? Electrical Construction Corporation shares yield more than the return asked for by you. *Notts.*—The estimate of the Preference dividend of the Chicago and North-Western Granaries is 6-8 per cent., the ordinary will receive nothing at present. I suppose you mean Neuchatel Asphalt. I am afraid I cannot answer your questions in the affirmative. *Willtheybestus.*—I am obtaining further information. You should certainly hold. *H. D. D.*—Yes, I consider the Brewery Preference shares mentioned by you good securities for permanent holding. *Kappa.*—No reason to sell No. 1, but No. 2 Trams might as well be sold in view of possible difficulties with the local authorities. *Y. T.*—It is impossible to obtain information about such a small local concern, but I should not consider it a suitable investment. *Yeo.*—All the Companies mentioned are promising, and the preference shares are good investments. 1. No catch. 2. Fair prospects. *R. M.*—I think you had better hold the remaining shares. Why not take a hand in American Rails, buying on a reaction? *W. H. W.*—1. Do not buy yet. 2. No. 3. I have not the pleasure of knowing this firm. *T. H., New Ross.*—No reason to change out of St. Louis Brewery shares, the Company is doing

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London, 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

well. *National Liberal.*—You can do nowhere better than in American Breweries, say St. Louis, City of Chicago Brewing and Malting, and Bartholomay Prefs. Electrical Construction Corporation shares are also a good investment.

MIXED INVESTMENTS.

A. E. S.—I do not like the Australian Bank shares in question, as its report just issued is not at all encouraging. Manitoba and N. W. bonds are well enough. I should also recommend you Louisville and Nashville Four per Cent. Gold bonds at 84, Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds at 75½, which will about give you the desired yield. The Mexican Railway is on the down grade, and I do not advise investment in the Preferences, but Nitrate Railway Ordinary shares are a good purchase and yield very high interest. *L. S. D.*—1. Hold for an improvement, but do not buy more. 2. Hold, but do not average yet. 3. The London and River Plate Bank is an excellently-managed institution, and you might average. 4. Instead of buying more Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, buy Ohio and Mississippi common shares, which are extremely cheap in view of the very favourable arrangement made with the Baltimore and Ohio Company. *P. U. T.*—1. These shares will probably recover again, but I should not advise you to buy yet to average. 2. You should hold Wabash Prefs. for a further advance, although they are not exactly in sight of dividends yet. *Bruce, Rouen.*—1. These stocks are not dealt in very actively, but are quoted in the official list, and the newspapers only mention them when any important change occurs. 2. The expression is by no means clear. 3. Yes, in every way. *Micawber.*—Breweries, Nos. 1, 3, 6, 7, 8, and 10 are the most promising. Have nothing to do with No. 2, there is no market for them. No. 4 are no catch. Of 5 only the Prefs. should be touched. No. 9 rather doubtful. Peter Schoenhofen, at 9½, is one of the most promising stocks. *Industrials, &c.*—Yes, buy Nitrate Rails (1), but not Nos. 2—5. Electrical Construction Corporation shares should be bought. *Paulo.*—Your list is a very unfortunate one. No. 1 was always doubtful; 2 may recover again; 3 is more than doubtful; 4 is a bad investment, but there is nothing for it but to hold in the hope of better times. Hold No. 5 for a recovery in the Mining Market, then sell. 6 and 7. I heartily disapprove of deposits with these Colonial Banks. You should withdraw them as soon as possible, and invest in sound securities, Consult your stock-broker at once about all the other stocks. *Plym.*—1. The United States Rolling Stock Re-organisation is the best scheme which can be devised, and the members of the committee are well-known and respected. 2. No. 3. Hold, but sell on an improvement. It is not one of the best Trusts. *B. A. T.*—This Company took over the Zoedone Company. I see no inducement to buy the shares. *An Old Subscriber, West Kensington.*—I am afraid I cannot help you. You ought to have made inquiries beforehand. *Kingston.*—Hold 1 and 2. If you hold Transvaal Mortgage (3) keep them for the present, but do not buy any more. No. 4 is a good speculative purchase. Cumberland Lands (5) are best left alone. The excitement in American Land Companies seems to have run its course. 6. I have an unfavourable opinion of this Brewery. Hold No. 7,

VARIOUS INVESTMENTS.

Since I called your special attention again to Electric Construction Corporation shares last week, when they stood at 6⅝, an important advance has taken place to 7⅞, reacting to 7¼-½. at which price they remain a good purchase. With a dividend of at least 6 per cent. to be declared, they still pay handsome interest on the investment. Elmore shares have been fairly steady during the week, and, as with every week the completion of the French work draws nearer, and other developments, to which I referred last week, are possible, the French Elmore shares should be carefully watched. MacIvor Patents have been a firm market, touching 3⅜, and maintaining themselves at about 3⅛. I hear that a good deal of commotion is being caused by the new process in the white-lead trade. Anglo-American Telegraph shares have been unaccountably neglected, and Anglo "A," at 13¼, are decidedly worth picking up. Two very unfavourable reports, combined with dividend disappointments, of the Chartered Mercantile Bank of India, London, and China and of the Bank of South Australia have caused a severe fall in the shares. They give special force to the advice which I have so repeatedly given to correspondents in "My Letter Box" respecting Foreign and Colonial Banks. Nitrate Rails reacted to 15½ for no apparent reason, but recovered to 16½, at which, paying as they do 20—25 per cent. dividends, they are a good purchase as a speculative and progressive investment, the more so as it is again reported that the Chilian Government has the intention of taking the line over. The latest advices from the West Coast foreshadow a considerable improvement in the nitrate industry, as it may be expected that the shortage which is now certain for this year will lead to an active demand for nitrate of soda a month or two hence.—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

QUEER STORY.

FLORA MUSGRAVE'S GREAT SUCCESS.

WE have it on the authority of no less a person than Shakespeare that there is a tide in the affairs of men, and presumably women also, which, taken at the flood, leads on to a comfortable competency. One little, thin, hungry boy, with his weather-eye upon the rich employer's counting-house window, picks up a pin, not without ostentation, and becomes himself the owner of a portly stomach, and finally dies in the odour of sanctity and turtle soup. Another little boy cuts down his father's cherry-tree and carves the stem into the sceptre of the United States of America; both of which things are instances of the flood-tide above mentioned.

And the tide of Flora Musgrave's life flowed in a second-class carriage of the Metropolitan Railway, between Gower-street and Portland-road. This is the story of how she took it and where it landed her.

Flora Musgrave lived alone with her father, although it would be nearer the mark to say, at the time our story opens, that Richard Musgrave and his daughter starved together. He was a widower. He had begun life as a barrister, but with no glib tongue, with no interest and no push, and with hardly an elementary knowledge of law. It was not wonderful, therefore, that he had failed to succeed. Finally he had drifted into newspaper reporting and paragraph writing, with an occasional weakly sentimental *feuilleton* in a country paper, and, with no settled means, he earned but a precarious livelihood at it. Nothing with him had ever prospered. Like many another, he had taken up literature with enthusiasm. He had written a novel, the manuscript of which was tattered with the vicissitudes of many a rejection. Flora had been brought up to look upon those yellow papers with the deepest reverence. It had been a happy fiction with the broken-down barrister for the last fifteen years to refer to the time when he should publish it and take the world by storm.

And Flora all these years had been doing her best to add to their miserable income.

She was pretty, and from time to time earned precarious shillings as stall-holder at exhibitions, as the copier of manuscripts, as the secretary to a ladies' cigarette-rolling association. But work was growing scarcer and scarcer, and so unbusinesslike and improvident a couple were they that it seemed impossible for them to retrench. Poor people with thrifty habits, and constantly studying how to make both ends meet, might well have done more than have kept body and soul together on what the Musgraves jointly earned; but Richard and his daughter saw nothing but starvation staring them in the face. And Flora, as she got into a second-class carriage at Portland-road Station, full of foreboding as to the future, never dreamed for one moment of saving a few pence, and postponing the evil day, by travelling third. Had she, indeed, done so on this occasion we should probably never have heard a word about her, and she and her father might have taken the tide of their lives at the ebb and been cast amongst the shoals and rocks of obscurity and destitution.

In the railway carriage into which she stepped were two gentlemen. One was portly, and accentuated his stoutness by an enormous breadth of snowy waistcoat. The other was thin, and accentuated his spareness by the tightness with which he buttoned his coat across his chest. The spare gentleman was speaking as Flora seated herself.

"True merit will tell in the long-run," he said, "whatever anybody says."

"So it may," said the stout gentlemen, with a fat chuckle, "but what we want is something that'll tell in the *short*-run. True merit may take such a long run that we may be all dead and gone before he gets there."

"But just think," said the thin man, in a sanctimonious voice, "of the joy and satisfaction, not to mention the eventual enormous profit, of being the means of starting a young and struggling genius, who——"

"Who," interrupted the stout gentlemen, with another chuckle—"who, my good friend, may turn out, like a good many I could mention, only pinchbeck, and without

anything valuable in his composition at all. No, my dear sir, I'll tell you what it is. Give me a pretty and presentable girl, who can be trotted out into society, and who has written a second-rate novel, and I will guarantee to make her and her books a marketable success; but give me a first-rate novel and an ugly old woman to its author, and its success is no more certain than the toss up of a halfpenny. As a matter of business no one could hesitate as to which to choose. But pretty girls are scarce," and the old gentleman, looking up, caught Flora's eyes fixed intently upon him, and, I am sorry to say, the twinkle in his eye grew suspiciously like a wink. Flora dropped her eyes demurely, but the words of the old gentleman had sunk deep into her breast; *a fortiori*, she thought, a first-rate novel by a very pretty girl—how about that, my dear sir? And she trod on air as she returned to the poor lodging where her father was slaving away at his paragraphs.

Now a fortnight is a short enough time in which to elaborate and write a chapter or two of a frivolous magazine story. But a three-volumed novel in that period, "full of profound analysis of character, and, at the same time, with such synthetical perfection, that it is in itself a proof of Sir William Hamilton's position, that analysis and synthesis, though commonly treated as two different methods, are, if properly understood, only the two necessary parts of the same method"—[I quote from a subsequent review of the book in the *Glasgow Quarterly*]—a three-volumed novel of such a character written in so short a period is surely without precedent.

But I am anticipating. On the day fortnight following the journey from Portland-road to Gower-street, Flora Musgrave despatched to an eminent firm of publishers a neatly-written manuscript, bearing the inscription, "Shadowed by a Hospital Nurse." And, six weeks subsequently, she alighted from an omnibus in Ludgate-hill and plunged into Paternoster-square. She was neatly dressed, and her captivating bonnet, unknown to her, was forthwith enshrined in the poetry of a printer's devil, who was kicking his heels at a fourth-story window.

She knew her head-gear was charming, and a woman when she knows that is a match for any one. All her available capital had been spent upon this fascinating get-up, and she went forth determined to conquer.

As she entered the counting-house of Messrs. Pomp, Gutter, & Fanshaw, and asked for the senior partner, whom should she meet on the doorstep but the thin, pinched-looking gentleman of the railway incident? He brushed by her, without raising his eyes, and she wondered whether the dear, old, fat gentleman with the white waistcoat was also thereabouts. Her uncertainty was soon relieved, for in another minute she was ushered into a cosy little room overlooking the square, and occupied by the very same genial old gentleman, the twinkle in whose eye had grown so suspiciously like a wink two months ago.

He bowed courteously, and motioned her to a chair.

"I came, Mr. Pomp," Flora said, "in answer to your letter. I am glad you are pleased with my novel."

"Yes, Miss Musgrave, I will not hide from you that I *am* pleased with it, and I wish to tell you that it certainly should be published."

"Yes," said Flora, "and you—would you undertake the—the ——"

"We should be very pleased to undertake its publication, Miss Musgrave—that is to say, of course, being a first attempt, at your—at the author's risk. You see, Miss Musgrave, until a novel-writer has made a name, success for a book, however intrinsically good, is exceedingly problematical."

There was no reply from Flora, and Mr. Pomp, looking up, saw that his pretty visitor's lips were quivering and her eyes filling with tears.

"My dear young lady," he accordingly continued, soothingly, "we should, of course, keep down the expenses as much as possible. I daresay you have no idea for how comparatively small a sum such a book as yours could be printed and published."

"No, no; of course I haven't," said Flora, with a sob in her voice, "but—but, Mr. Pomp, you don't know how hard it is for me to hear you say that, when I have hardly a penny in the world to call my own."

Now, Mr. Pomp, though not unsusceptible to female charms, was absolutely ignorant of the foibles and weaknesses of the sex. Had he not been so one glance at the pretty bonnet and well-fitting dress would have warned him to take with a grain of salt the story of her and her father's hopeless impecuniosity, which she found this a fitting opportunity to favour him with. As it was, she convinced him of the utter impossibility, not only of paying for publication, but even of allowing her book to be published at his risk and with no immediate profits to herself. She finally left him with an ultimatum that if he would obtain the privilege at all he must give her at least £50 down and a half share of the profits, if any.

Flora perceived that her beauty and her bonnet had made a deep impression, and she remembered the old gentleman's utterances in the railway-carriage. He little dreamed what those rash words of his were destined to cost him.

Left alone, Mr. Pomp thought and thought and thought, and, finally, said, "Yes, I'm jiggered if I don't!" And if being jiggered really was the alternative to the fulfilment of his intention, he certainly took the best course to save himself from that fate, for he at once set about carrying out the scheme he had in his mind. Had he not more than once declared to his friend and partner that he only wanted a pretty, presentable girl and a second-rate novel to make a success, and here he had a *lovely* girl and a first-rate romance? Yes; he would be jiggered if he didn't enter her for the Sensation Stakes, and put his money on her, too.

The long and short of it was that Mr. Pomp sent his wife to call on the Musgraves, had Flora to his house, found her well-bred and presentable, and determined to publish "Shadowed by a Hospital Nurse" with a flourish of trumpets. He caused Flora to be interviewed as soon as the novel began to be talked about, had her portrait painted in time for the opening of the Burlington House summer show, and financed her in the most delicate manner possible. Nor was it long before she became the rage. The novel was extremely bright, clever, and witty, and she was bright, clever, and witty to match. What better could be wanted?

Flora Musgrave had taken her tide at the flow to some purpose, and was abundantly satisfied.

Now about a month before "Shadowed by a Hospital Nurse" took the town by storm, the firm of Pomp, Gutter, & Fanshaw had become the firm of Pomp, Gutter, Fanshaw, & Pomp, and whereas Pomp had been the alpha of the firm, Pomp now became the omega as well. And this omega represented the very smart and promising son of the senior partner—a son of whom his father was very proud, and expected great things. Ever since leaving school George Pomp had devoted himself to business, and I suppose there never was a young man who showed greater aptitude for striking a one-sided bargain. He thanked God that he was not as other young men, and that he was now reaping his reward by becoming at the early age of twenty-five junior partner in one of the very first publishing firms in the City.

"Well, Father," he said, one day, "what do you say to it?"

"I say, George, that nothing could give me greater satisfaction. She's a lady by birth, she's made a reputation with a novel which I have no hesitation in saying is the best novel the firm has ever published, she's got a great future before her, and she's as pretty and taking a girl as any man could wish for. Ask her to be your wife, George, and good luck be with you."

"Of course, there is the drawback of the old father. She will, no doubt, insist upon his circumstances being improved."

"My dear boy, there's no rose without a thorn. It would be worth while keeping twenty old fathers to get a girl like that."

And George went away, determined to make Flora Musgrave his wife.

The next day he made her a formal proposal.

"But what do you want to marry me for?" she said, after the first ice was broken.

"Why, because I love you, of course. What other reason could I have?"

"Oh, you might think me a good speculation. You've often told me that business is your first consideration in everything?"

"So it has been up till now, but I have never been in love before."

"Yes, but are you quite sure your love is spontaneous, not prompted by my marketable value? Now, tell me truly, would you have asked me to be your wife if I had never written a successful novel?"

"Why, Miss Musgrave, of course, I would. How can you doubt it? I do not pretend that I do not admire your great talent, but it is yourself I love, not what you have done. Your beauty, your wit, your —— in fact, you it is that charms me. Nothing can alter that."

"The man that loves me," went on Flora, "must, to satisfy me, love me wholly for myself. Through good report and evil report, he must show himself true and faithful."

"And that man I am, Miss Musgrave. Thank goodness, evil report or disgrace are not likely to come; but, if they ever did, I swear to you, you would find me true."

"George Pomp," said Flora, "I believe you."

The next morning the junior partner found the following letter awaiting him, marked "Private":—

Dear Mr. Pomp,—In our interview yesterday, when you honoured me by asking me to become your wife, you will remember that I more than hinted to you that I might not prove quite so desirable a person as you then thought me. I feel that I dare not let you marry me under a misapprehension. My father, as you know, has for years led a literary life. I have been the companion of his struggles, the pitier of his thwarted ambitions, the witness of his manifold disappointments. I have seen his best work refused by publishers time after time, and I have seen him forced to waste many of his best years in earning the wretched pittance which was only sufficient to keep body and soul together.

Can you possibly guess what I am going to tell you—a story of deception, a fraud practised upon your father's firm?

And if you do guess, can you possibly forgive me? Can you still love me, as you yesterday swore to me you would, through good report and evil report? What if I tell you that I copied out from my father's manuscript the story which is called mine? What if you learn from this that I am of no marketable value? Can you still be generous enough, noble enough, devoted enough, not to draw back from the pledge you gave me yesterday? Is the acknowledgment of my fault sufficient to assure you that I am not habitually a deceiver? I cannot but believe that I shall find that it is so. If it is, then I shall know indeed that I have as true and noble a gentleman to love me as ever sinful woman could wish or hope for.—I am, yours sincerely, Flora Musgrave.

That same morning found Flora in a by no means enviable state of mind. One moment she blamed herself for her folly, the next she declared to herself that if George Pomp's love could not stand the disclosure, she was far better without it. In the end, she informed her father that she was going to take a day off by herself in the country.

At six o'clock she got back, wondering, as she had not ceased to wonder all day, whether she would find the answer awaiting her which she so longed for, and yet so dreaded.

Before she got her latch-key in the door, it was opened by her father—a thing which never before in her life did she remember his doing. Long ago he had ceased to watch or hope for any one or any thing. But now, what was this glad look in his face, this elasticity in his tread, this effusiveness with which he welcomed her?

"Flora, Flora, my darling, at last it's come," he cried, almost before the door was closed.

"It's come, father? What's come?"

"The recognition, my child, of my genius. Fortune, you know, always comes to those who wait. They've found me out at last, Flora. I always told you they would. But, my God, how long I've had to wait for it! But never mind that now. Thank God, all the waiting's past. They found you out quickly enough, Flora, and to think they've taken all this time to discover me——"

"Oh, father, my dear father, I always knew it must come," cried Flora; "and now sit down and tell me calmly all that's happened."

And then the poor broken-down man told her how, hardly had she gone in the morning, when a knock had come at the door, and Mr. George Pomp, the junior member of the firm of Pomp, Gutter, Fanshaw, & Pomp, had walked in. How he had spoken in the kindest terms about his work, though not specifying what it was that he particularly admired, and finally how he had there and then made him an offer of £300 a year for six years, in consideration of his writing for the firm a three-volumed novel every eighteen months. How he had, of course, at once closed with the offer, and——

"Here," he said; "here, Flora, is the contract, duly signed by young Mr. Pomp, on behalf of the firm, and by your happy old father. By the bye, too, my darling, there's a letter come for you by post this evening with the firm's stamp on the envelope.

It was addressed in George Pomp's handwriting, and Flora could not but guess its contents. How could it be otherwise than ungenerous from a man who, acting upon information obtained from the agonised letter of the girl he professed to love, had gone straightway and struck what he believed to be a one-sided bargain with an unbusiness-like old man?

Nor was she mistaken. It ran as follows:—

Madam,—In penning the letter received by me this morning, you cannot have expected, notwithstanding that you chose to say you hoped, that I should find any course open to me other than that which I now take. It is unnecessary to justify myself, and therefore I merely state that our engagement must be considered at an end.

The arrangement which you no doubt will find I have entered into with your father on behalf of the firm, you will, I am sure, consider justifiable, in view of your most indefensible conduct. It was the least revenge I could take.—I am, yours, &c.,

George Pomp.

"I wish him joy of his bargain," said Flora to herself, "but I little thought when I determined to put George Pomp to the test by pretending that 'Shadowed by a Hospital Nurse' was not mine, that my latest fiction would bring in three hundred a year to Father."

MUSIC.

A FESTIVAL OF FUGUES.

THE Birmingham Festival, which ended last Friday, may not improbably go down to musical history by the name of "The Festival of Fugues." M. Gounod once declared that the art of fugue writing was extinct; but it is a curious fact that every one of the novelties last week contained a fugue of imposing dimensions, though not in every instance one which would have satisfied the examiners for the University degree of Mus. Bac. Dr. Mackenzie's fugue in his setting of the hymn, "Veni Creator," although, perhaps, not absolutely strict, is an exceedingly fine specimen, written quite in the modern spirit. Professor Stanford's is even a better example; while the fugue contributed by Dr. Dvorák, although it would have been scouted by contrapuntists of the school of the elder Macfarren, and would certainly have secured the ploughing of any unknown candidate for a degree at Oxford or Cambridge, is vigorous and even effective. I do not, of course, intend to inflict upon my readers lengthy descriptions of the various novelties—and, indeed, that duty has already been performed to the extent of some dozens of columns by the various daily papers throughout the country. Speaking briefly, Dr. Mackenzie's cantata is a splendid specimen of technical skill, though rather dry; and Dr. Dvorák's "Requiem," despite many defects which show the composer's lack of early scientific training, is a thoroughly original work of undoubted genius. If Dvorák had studied in the "schools" he probably could not have written it, and we can therefore forgive crudities, difficulties which a revision will remove, and at least one chorus (the "Pie Jesu"), which in its present form is almost unsingable. As to Professor Stanford's "Eden," it is too long; the libretto is written from the point of view of the poet rather than the musician; the scene in Heaven is extremely tedious, and the masque at the end is mere surplusage to the story. Moreover, Professor Stanford is

as disdainful as Wagner himself of his soloists. I should find it interesting, for example, to have the private opinion of Mr. Lloyd as to the music placed in the mouth of the chief tenor. On the other hand, the bulk of the oratorio, and particularly the choral portions, are as fine as anything that has emanated from the same pen. It was a distinctly happy idea to cast a good deal of the music in Heaven in the modal style of the sixteenth century, while giving the devils harmonies of the present day, although whether contemporary composers will quite appreciate the delicacy of the compliment is, I suppose, altogether another matter. It was also an excellent notion to cause the devils to distort and almost burlesque some of the celestial strains originally heard in Heaven. The "Sacred Madrigal" in the first part is one of the most charming imitations extant of the school of three centuries ago, the Satanic choruses are of the most vigorous description, and the closing sleep scene is admirable. Next to the new works, and a splendid choir, which reflected infinite credit upon the Birmingham folks, the principal singers at Birmingham came in for a great deal of attention. Miss Macintyre was subjected to some straight-spoken criticism for her singing of the soprano music in "Elijah"—a work with which, it seems, she was not well acquainted; while a remark made in print—that her defective enunciation in Bach's "Passion" recalled the reproach addressed in the oratorio by the Apostle Peter, "Damsel, I know not what thou sayest"—doubtless accentuated the indisposition which prevented her from appearing in "The Messiah" at all. Miss Macintyre must, however, not be cast down. Criticism is inevitable at Festival times, and it furnishes an excellent antidote to the fulsome eulogy usually offered to vocalists in the provinces. Miss Macintyre's life has hitherto chiefly been spent at the opera, and with scant oratorio training and less experience she could hardly be expected to shine on the concert platform. Study will, however, mend matters; and the Scottish lady owes it to her fine voice to study diligently. Mr. McKay the tenor, and Mr. Watkin Mills the baritone, took a step in advance; and that sound and conscientious artist, Miss Anna Williams, who undertook the two difficult novelties at a few days' notice, well earned the diamond star which two leading members of the committee presented to her. Madame Albani sent a donation of £10. 10s. to compensate for her inability to appear; but her absence was directly beneficial to the Festival, for her fee was saved, and the receipts were more than £5,000 ahead of the previous Festival. Half of that sum was attributable to the newly-adopted plan of issuing serial tickets, upon the advisability of which step I have so frequently insisted. The committee unwisely drew up a press-list of about 130 papers, most of whom accepted on behalf of their critics, so that, if every one had been allotted seats, a considerable portion of the hall would practically have been "dead-head." The mistake, of course, was made in inviting so many newspapers, but a still greater error was committed by neglecting to tell the correspondents before they arrived in Birmingham that they would have to find chairs at the rear, or to squat on the gangway floor. My own musical critic was, of course, not in this predicament, because he had previously given notice that he did not require a ticket. But it is perfectly certain that at future Festivals the press-list must be reduced, and a large number of outside London and provincial papers of no interest to Birmingham must be struck off. The Town Hall holds fewer than nineteen hundred people, and it is absurd to issue Press invitations with the lavishness of a Handel Festival, where fifteen times that number can be accommodated. Under these unfortunate circumstances, with angry correspondents of provincial and American journals stalking around and talking great things about the offended dignity of the Fourth Estate, I am bound to say that the Stewards, most of them gentlemen of wealth and position, fulfilled their delicate duties with great courtesy and tact. Only once, as far as I have learnt, did the worm turn; when an unlucky London critic, who deemed it not worth while to put on evening dress for one of the miscellaneous concerts, was bluntly told that he had "gained admittance by false pretences." Wild visions of actions for slander must have passed through that man's brain. But the exquisite humour of the Brummagem idea, that it was a criminal misdemeanour to attend an evening concert without wearing a white tie asserted itself, and the irresponsible scribbler slunk into a corner to enjoy his laugh all to himself.

We are, after all, to have two operatic enterprises in rivalry this autumn, Manager Harris, at the last moment, having suddenly resolved to enter the lists against Manager Lago. The Covent Garden director has hitherto done his best to prevent competition, but in the present case I do not think either impresario has much to fear. There is, it is true, hardly room even for one operatic company carried on in the lordly and costly style now adopted at the Royal Italian Opera in the summer season; but for opera at theatrical prices there should be plenty of patronage for several enterprises. Besides this, according to present appearances, the two are not at all likely to clash, for Signor Lago, as is his wont, has leisurely, and with great care, picked out some of the best singers of modern Italy, and proposes to produce the most famous of recent Italian compositions—to wit, Mascagni's much-advertised "Cavalleria Rusticana;" whereas Sir A. Harris, having only made up his mind a fortnight or so before his season is to open, has been satisfied to secure eminent artists from Paris, and hopes to produce Gounod's "Philémon et Baucis" (a work which, like "L'Enfant Prodigue," has a pianoforte in the score), and M. Bruneau's latest opera, "Le Rêve," with the Opéra Comique artists. The one will, therefore, be an Italian and the other practically a French operatic season, and it is unlikely that the two will appeal to the same public. In a certain feature, however, the two managers have much in common. They have each engaged two or three well-known artists, Signor Lago's troupe in this respect being more powerful than that of Sir A. Harris, but their reliance is placed chiefly upon newcomers. The Covent Garden manager, on the other hand, has an advantage in the house, for the Shaftesbury possesses few private boxes, and for success Signor Lago will have to depend greatly upon stalls and pit. Happily the Shaftesbury pit, at half-a-crown a-head, holds a good deal of money.

The Crystal Palace concert season started on Saturday. The programme was by no means of a sensational sort, but the official figures show that nearly 3,500 people paid for admission to the concert-room, and the result will at any rate prove that a very large number of people are hungering after serious music at a period of the year when concert managers, who are still mere creatures of routine, and, as a rule, know no more of music than they do of the Greek particle, insist that musical performances are not wanted at all. A good many hundred pounds have, I firmly believe, been lost by the neglect to give good concerts last month, when the vast majority of middle-class music lovers, who rarely can spare the time for more than a fortnight's holiday, had returned to town and were ready for their favourite amusement. The Crystal Palace programme on Saturday was made up of familiar music, except as to a so-called concerto by the violoncello virtuoso, David Popper, the work consisting of three very short movements, linked together without break and orchestrated in a fashion which by no means shows the hand of a master. The whole affair did not last more than about twenty minutes, and many people, as well they might, seemed to be under the impression that only the first movement was given. In some of his smaller pieces of display, however, Herr Popper showed that his continental renown as an executant had by no means been exaggerated. Herr Popper has not been here for upwards of a quarter of a century, nor indeed since he was a youth of about eighteen, when he appeared at one of Ella's now defunct Musical Union concerts. Madame Patey also made her rentrée on Saturday. Considering the hard work she has undertaken for so many years, her voice is in a wonderful state of preservation, and the lower notes

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are more powerful than ever. The low E flat which she took in Rossini's "O Salutaris" (transposing the air a semitone for this purpose) would be almost impossible to a youthful contralto.

I have already pointed out that while individuals afflicted with the *cacoëthes scribendi* have been addressing a great deal of nonsense to the papers, bewailing the lack of Sunday performances, the working classes long ago took matters into their own hands, and have enjoyed classical Sabbath concerts for many years past. Last Sunday, at South-place, Max Bruch's new violin concerto was produced for the first time in England by Herr Hans Wesseley, the programme also including a couple of pianoforte quartets by Brahms and Mendelssohn. On Sunday also a series of twenty-one concerts began at Westminster Town Hall, where the schemes include sonatas, string quartets, and other works supposed to be the peculiar monopoly of the aristocracy of the Monday Popular Concerts. Saturday night is even more popular with the working men, and I have before me a list of upwards of a hundred organ recitals and chamber concerts to be given on that evening in the poorest districts during the winter. That busy workers appreciate these performances there is the eloquent evidence of cash receipts to show. No charge is, of course, made for Sabbath concerts, but I find that at twenty Sunday chamber-music performances given by the People's Concert Society last winter, no less than £110 was voluntarily contributed to the plates held at the doors. The idea that these concerts are a counter-attraction to the gin-palace also is a libel on the working-men, for a series of concerts given at St. Andrew's Hall on Sunday afternoons, when the public-houses were closed, last year proved a failure.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Don't you think it an agreeable occupation to settle down for the winter and make the rooms cozy with a view to enjoying the winter afternoons and long evenings? Kind Nature has given each season its charms, and it is only right that we should follow her lead, and extract as much pleasure out of each as it will afford.

I believe in comfortable chairs. One has only to watch one's friends when they come into a drawing-room to feel convinced that there is inherent in human nature a natural impulse towards the softest and most capacious seat available. Of course, there is a wholesome dread of a too deep divan, into which one has almost to jump in order to experience its fullest comfort. It is difficult to get out of these, especially when encumbered with walking dress. But the dear little *pouff* chairs, and equally puffy couches, are always filled up by one's first callers, the higher and harder seats being unanimously left for later comers.

There is a drawing-room I know which is a very pretty picture to look at. It would draw splendidly, being full of spindle-legged things, Chippendale tables and chairs, ornamental certainly, but not calculated to invite to repose. Some of the gilt chairs groan when one sits on them, and a sentiment of politeness to one's hostess prevents the immediate change of seat that the circumstances dictate. It is almost like impugning her hospitality to tacitly accuse her chairs of untrustworthiness. And yet one trembles as one sits. Suppose the back were suddenly to give way? Where would the sitter be? Ignominiously scrambling about the floor, a mark for the concealed derision of other callers on firmer seats.

The height of perfection is attained when every seat in the room, whether chair, couch, or settee, is firm and strong, and as comfortably padded as the art of the upholsterer can make them.

Laurel has always a wood fire in her drawing-room and a large white fleecy rug before the tiled grate, with its shiny brass furniture. On this rug she basks with a novel and her dear little dachshund, whose feet are always carefully wiped on the door-mat when he comes into the house after a run.

A friend of Laurel's in the States is to be married immediately. One of her trousseau gowns is a dream, to judge from the description. It is in soft, white crêpe-de-chine, embroidered with silver and pale purple pansies, and worn with a pansy velvet Swiss belt and bretelles. The groups of pansies on the dress consist of a silver one and a purple, overlapping each other slightly, with the foliage in grey-green. Does it not sound nice?

Sou is the name of one of the new colours in Paris, a brownish copper, just the colour of a well-used bronzed coin. It is handsome in velvet, and effective in fine wool materials. I saw a gown of it in the latter, flecked with oddly-shaped black designs woven into the fabric. The seams of the gored skirt were piped with orange, and the vest and forepart of the sleeves were in orange cloth.

Apropos to sleeves. Has it ever occurred to you that the coat sleeve, with its curved inner and outer seam, is a very unnatural cover for the arm, with its flexible elbow? The fashionable sleeve forbids this flexibility, or much of it. I fancy that our sleeves are all wrong. When we bend our arms, the sleeves wrinkle in ugly fashion inside the elbows, and on the outside they wear shiny and shabby. The perfect sleeve should do neither. It should adapt itself to every motion, and behave, in fact, as an outer skin. Perhaps, like some boots, it ought to have elastic inserted up the sides.

And did I really write "different to?" If I did, I must apologise both to you and the friendly critic to whom you showed my erring letter. When soul speaks to soul, as in a letter to a friend, grammar sinks beneath notice. But, no! Excuses are in vain. I am guilty, and crave for pardon.

Is it not odd that one would never dream of saying or writing, "chalk differs to cheese," and yet is betrayed occasionally into the childish error of using "different to?" Please thank my good-natured critic and ask him not to love me the less for my dear little faults. Being mine, they must be more or less nice—like me.

There are some grammatical errors that aggravate me. I notice that they are chiefly used by ladies who write novels. "Like I did," illustrates one of them. "A man whom I knew was generous and good," is an instance of another. All novelists ought to pass an examination in parsing before being allowed to publish their works.

But now that I have dealt with my courteous and cultivated critic, I must tell you of the very different opinion I have formed about the person who writes from Doncaster, and who says that I ought to "contradict" the statements I made about the Girls' Friendly Society in my letter of September 24. Contradict them! Is it likely? I have stated facts that I know to be true, and because they displease somebody I am to contradict them. This cool individual remarks:—"It is not right to bring a general accusation against the society in a public paper on account of the irregular behaviour of one or two of its members." Quite right. I carefully avoided doing so. These are the words I used: "It is regrettable that a society so excellent in theory and intention should be injured, as this one certainly is, by the indiscretion of some who belong to it." That is clear, is it not? Further, she observes that she "can scarcely believe that the instances I quote are genuine ones," and yet the simplicity of this poor lady is so great that she actually herself furnishes me with proof, in the shape of a little pamphlet (smelling tremendously of tobacco, by the way), that the society has had to take decided action with regard to exactly similar cases of interference of associates in households. Complaints on the part of employers were so frequent and so serious that a special committee was appointed in 1883 to consider the matter.

It is only fair to add that the rules of the society

Dress and Habit Makers.—Messrs. John Redfern & Sons have now on view in their Show Rooms, Conduit-street and New Bond-street, a collection of original designs of outdoor Gowns, Coats, Wraps, and Hats, especially prepared for the "Autumn Season."

forbid all such interference, and quite rightly so. Very possibly, young and ardent associates err through the old fault against which Talleyrand warned his world: "Trop de zèle." Perhaps the same over-zealous disposition may account for the very impertinent and unladylike letter written by the "Working Associate" who lives at Doncaster. Too much zeal has not only injured, but killed many a good cause. After all, there are very few women who can adopt the medium course in cases of this kind, and can manage to be of real help and service to a young and inexperienced servant girl, without unduly petting and injudiciously unsettling her.

Mrs. Fourstars says that if you begin to listen to a servant's complaints, she will good-naturedly go on inventing grievances rather than disappoint you; and, in fact, we have recently heard of a similar case in which a maid who had been a year in a family, and had been very kindly treated, nursed in illness, and converted from a sickly girl into a strong one, rewarded her mistress by telling dreadful slanders about her all over the neighbourhood.

A report has been circulated to the effect that the Gentlewomen's Employment Club at 7c, Lower Belgrave-street is about to close. As this rumour is likely to injure the prosperity of this helpful institution, the management is very anxious to have it made known that the Club is busier than ever. Nearly a hundred ladies have been enabled to live and board upon self-supporting terms of from 11s. to 17s. per week. Eighty poor gentlewomen have found remunerative appointments through the registry opened by the Club. The dress-making school affords employment to fifteen ladies. Good, but inexpensive, meals are supplied at the Club, and many find in it the only semblance of a home that cheers their lonely lives. The public is now invited for the first time to contribute to the expenses with a view of developing an institution that is doing a good work. Get some of your well-to-do friends to send subscriptions, Amy.

The footway in Bond-street is just like the planks at Trouville, only not nearly so clean. This poor street is always in a state of invalidism when we get back to town. Picking my way down it the other day, I saw a pretty woman wearing a delicious cape—a long one—of heliotrope cloth, mounted into a yoke of the same, bordered round the shoulders with beaver, and with a high collar made of the same fur. It looked smart, but the fur round the shoulders always imparts a top-heavy effect which is not pretty.

I inquired about the Japanese lily bulbs for you. They do not arrive till December. Ours was a great success. From one bulb, price 9d., we had fifteen large and beautiful lilies, deliciously fragrant, and the admiration of the passers-by. The stems were a yard and a quarter in length.

When I have been in Paris, and have gone out to dine at the table d'hôte dinners that are given at such hotels as the Continental and the Grand, I have often wondered why we could not have similar opportunities for dining in London. I suppose the truth is that English people up to the last few years have been far too unsociable to patronise such functions—for really they are functions. As a rule, Englishmen (and, I must admit, Englishwomen too) have preferred to go to a restaurant and dine in what they call privacy, and they have always regarded public dining-rooms as "not being respectable." Thank goodness we live now in more enlightened days, so, instead of the public table d'hôte being pooh-poohed, it is gradually becoming quite the fashion. Fortunately, too, we have in the present day a different class of hotel and hotel managers—the former being palaces compared with what used to be called hotels, and the latter being men of enterprise and energy who move with the times. No better example of what can be done to popularise tables d'hôte can be given than the way in which the managers of the various Gordon hotels have catered of recent years for the public. Take, as an instance, the Métropole at Brighton. Instead of the town making the hotel, the hotel is fast making the town, for hundreds of Londoners who would never have dreamt of going to Brighton, go now simply because the Métropole happens to be located there. But the managers of the London Métropole are determined not to be behind their seaside namesake, and instead of being content with merely catering for visitors who stay in their hotel, they cater most liberally for the outside public. They have recently redecorated their large dining-room in a highly elaborate, but, at the same time, a most "comfortable" way—and appreciating the fact that comfort must show itself in other ways than in the mere decoration of the room, they make a specialty of their table d'hôte dinner—and I can assure you it is a most delightful specialty. We dined there the other night, and had a most admirable, and, at the same time, cheerful dinner, without the fuss or worry of having to order it for ourselves. We only decided to go at the last moment, and were fortunate to get a seat, for the room was crowded. I am confident, now that fashion has to a certain extent thawed the frigidity of our disposition, that this Métropole table d'hôte will become one of the most fashionable, and, at the same time (the two things do not always go together) one of the most comfortable and (no small advantage) inexpensive places at which to dine one's friends.

Have you ever tasted Casena biscuits? I came across them quite accidentally the other day when at Hill's, in Victoria-street, and I have found them so delicious that I think it would be selfish of me not to advise you to get some. Biscuits are so invariably sweet and sickly or dry and choky that it is quite a treat to meet with some that are crisp and yet moist—pleasant and yet not sweet. Then the distant and, if I may use such an expression, refined taste of cheese about the Casenas makes them specially attractive and "useful" as a little early luncheon stop-gap with just half a glass of wine. Try them.

Ursula writes from Edinburgh:—

Although our modern Athens is hardly yet roused from its summer somnolence, and the re-opening of the law-courts, that first signal of the winter season, does not take place until the middle of the month, we have just been stirred up into activity by a short visit from Princess Louise. Her Royal Highness had been staying with Mrs. Erskine Wemyss in Fifeshire, and on Monday morning she came over, accompanied by her hostess, Mrs. Paget, and Mr. Hugo Wemyss, when the party, together with a number of dignitaries, were entertained at luncheon by the Lord Provost and Town Council. Afterwards the Princess and her suite were conducted over the new premises of the Edinburgh School of Cookery and Domestic Management, of which her Royal Highness is patroness. Perhaps you may have heard of this school before, for it originated the much-talked-of "Housewife's Diploma." The training for this degree occupies twenty weeks, and the course includes instruction in artisan, plain, and high-class cookery, lessons in cleaning silver, plate, crystal, &c., laundry-work, dress measuring and making, millinery, cutting-out underclothing, mending and patching bed and table linen, knitting, book-keeping, home sick nursing, and general household management. After this, such evils as ill-cooked meals, buttonless shirts, and badly-fitting gowns will surely be crimes punishable with death. But to resume. After inspecting the building her Royal Highness drove to the Synod Hall, where, in the presence of a large crowd, composed chiefly of the fair sex, she formally declared the school open, and afterwards presented a number of certificates to cookery students. Several speeches were made by the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Reay, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, &c., all of whom harped steadily on the string of cookery, and the most obdurate and hardened cook would have been moved with remorse when she heard how her tough meat and bullety potatoes were slowly sapping the national character. On this occasion Princess Louise wore a dark-green gown and a short cloak to match with long sleeves, and bonnet of dark feathers. Lady Tweeddale, who proposed a vote of thanks to the Lord Provost in a very neat little speech, wore black with a black and yellow bonnet, and Mrs. Wemyss appeared also in the same dark hue. After the ceremony, her Royal Highness drove to the Roxburghe Hotel, where she stayed the night, and early on the following morning she visited the Scottish Home Industries Association and the Royal Edinburgh Repository for the sale of gentlewomen's work. At both of these places her Royal Highness, who was attended by Mrs. Paget and Mr. Wemyss, made several purchases, one of her selections at the latter establishment, being a terra-cotta tablecloth beautifully embroidered with pomegranates in gold and coloured silks. The morning was, unfortunately, rather wet and stormy, and the Princess wore a fawn-coloured ulster, opening over a dark-blue dress, trimmed with gold cord, and a small felt hat with pompons. After paying a few private calls with Lord Lorne, her Royal Highness visited the Jubilee Nursing Institute in Castle-terrace, presided at a meeting of the Committee, received delegates from different parts of the country, and finally returned to Fifeshire late in the afternoon, after a very busy and much appreciated visit.

You will find the following a comfortable little breakfast dish:—

Collopped Mushrooms.—Trim off all skin and fat from a fillet of veal an inch thick, cut it into shapely pieces about 1½ in.

across; lard them with fat bacon and lambs' kidneys cut into strips; fry them in clarified fat, the larded sides uppermost, till of a golden brown colour. While these are cooking, skin and trim as many mushrooms as there are collops, cook them in a little butter in a separate pan, cover them with a plate till nearly done, then remove the cover and dust over each a little pepper and the juice of a lemon; place a collop on each mushroom, and lay them on slices of buttered toast, arranged on a hot dish with tufts of watercress.

And this recipe may be called a rival of the last, for it is equally attractive:—

Tomato Eggs.—Cut three or four good-sized tomatoes into halves, when not too ripe; take out a little of the inside, lay them in a pan with a little butter, and fry slightly; drop carefully into each tomato a raw egg from the shell, watch till it is perfectly set, then take each one separately from the pan and lay it on a slice of buttered toast cut to the size of the fruit; dust over them a little coralline pepper, and sprinkle a little minced parsley on the white of each egg; serve hot on a dish garnished with nasturtiums and their leaves.

Have you ever tried hard-boiled eggs as a sweet pie? Here is a recipe for one:—

Line a pie-dish with some good puff-paste. Have ready six hard-boiled eggs cut into slices; place them on the paste, throw over them four ounces of well-washed and picked currants, and two or three small lumps of butter. Mix with a gill of white wine two well-beaten eggs, a dash of nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of castor sugar; pour this over the eggs. Cover the pie with paste, and bake it in a brisk oven for thirty minutes, or till the crust is of a golden-brown colour. Just before serving grate over it a slice of cocoanut.

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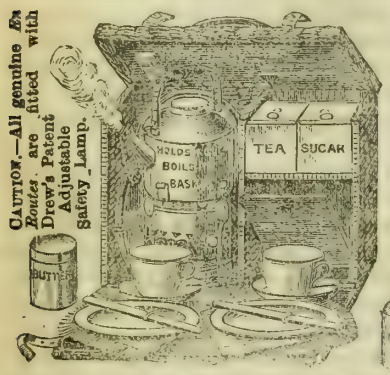

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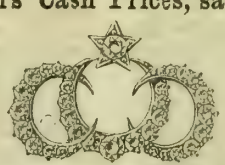
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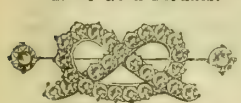
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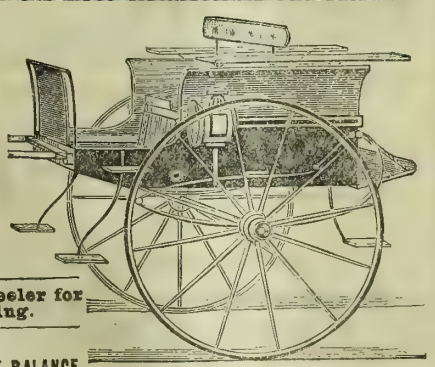

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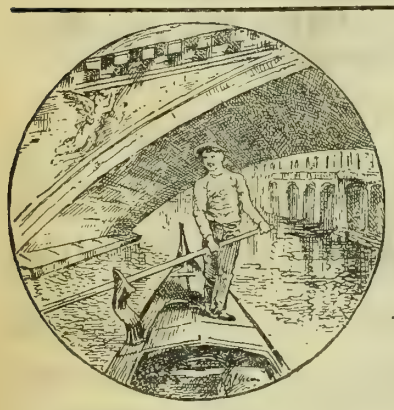

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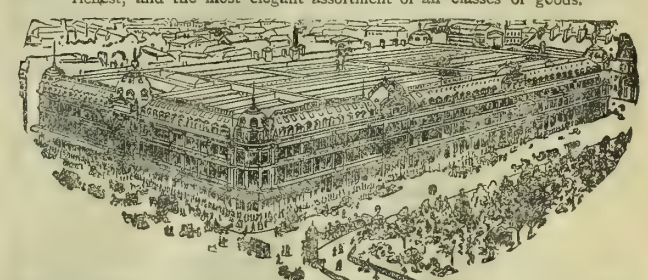

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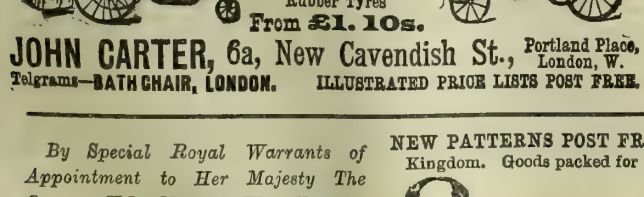

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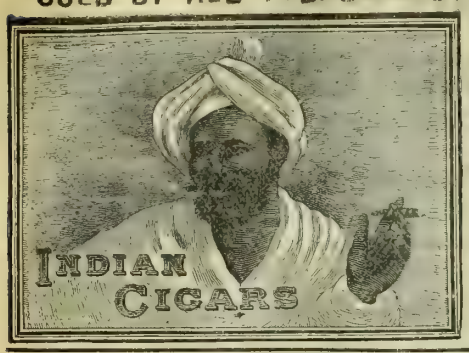

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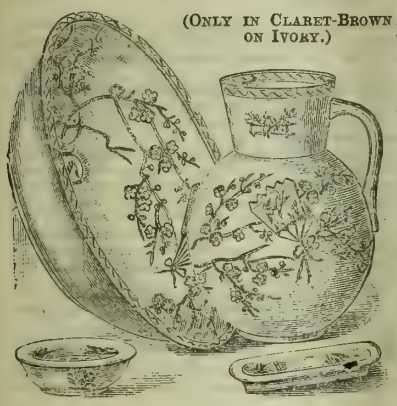


(Only in Claret-Brown on Ivory.)

The Set

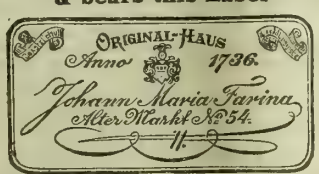
Light and pretty, as illustrated (five pieces), full size 5/-
Same size and shape, entirely plain Ivory 5/-
Combined Grecian and Vintage Border in Neutral Shade 3/9
Many other excellent patterns 6/- 7/- 8/-
(If for the country, 9d. extra for package.)

DINNER, DESSERT, BREAKFAST, and TEA SERVICES.

Hydraulic Lift to First and Second Floor Show-Rooms.

ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39, Ludgate Hill, LONDON (Established 1760).

The Best Eau de Cologne is
"Original No. 54"
& bears this Label



21 Highest Prize Medals etc.

Another DIPLOMA of HONOUR, GERMAN EXHIBITION 1891, for SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Obtainable Everywhere. General Agents for Great Britain:—
Messrs. VAN OPPEN & CO., Hackney, London, N.E.

VACCINE DE LA BOUCHE

London Depot: WILCOX & Co., 239, Oxford St. And all principal Chemists in the United Kingdom and Continent

TOO FAT!!
DR. GORDON'S ELEGANT PILLS

Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to

DR. GORDON,
10, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

ANGEL WHITE
TOILET POWDER AND CREAM

UNRIVALLED FOR THE SKIN.

Sole Manufacturer:—Geo. G. Blackwell, Liverpool. Price, 1s., of all Chemists Post Sample, 3d. London Agents—G. Vogt & Co., 19, Laurence Pountney Lane, E.C

UNSURPASSED FOR OVER 50 YEARS.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR

LONDON & PARIS. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over

ONE HUNDRED YEARS,

and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from Sanger & Sons, 489, Oxford-street, London.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

THE FINEST TONIC

FER BRAVAIS most effective in restoring the vitality of the blood, and enabling the constitution to resist climatic influences.

FER BRAVAIS Invaluable in al cases of anæmia, influenza and general debility.

FER BRAVAIS Highly recommended for weak and debilitated children.

LANCET "*A beautiful and interesting preparation.*"

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"*It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth.*"

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS WITH DROP MEASURE.

CARLSBAD
Natural Mineral Waters and Salts

Are used in the treatment of all cases in which the cure is recommended, viz., in Chronic Gastric Catarrh, Hyperæmia of the Liver, Gall Stones, Chronic Constipation, Diabetes, Renal Calculi, Gout, and diseases of the Spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

SOLE IMPORTERS—
INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

THE LATE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD,
SIR MORELL MACKENZIE,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
MISS EMILY FAITHFUL,
THE LATE GEN. W. T. SHERMAN,

and many other persons of distinction, have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established nearly a Quarter of a Century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an Inhalation and without any after bad effects. A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In tins, 4s. 3d. British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London; also of NEWBERY & SONS, BARCLAY & SONS, LYNCH & CO., J. SANGER & SONS, W. EDWARDS & SON, JOHN THOMPSON, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

Purely Vegetable, Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week: acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.

Botanic Medicine Co., 3, New Oxford-street, London W.C

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors. 70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

Blue & gold printed label. **4711** Extract of Double Strength.

EAU DE COLOGNE

Preferred by everyone

Always highest awards. To be had of all Chemists and Stores.

Ferd. Mülhens, 4711 Cologne.

Agents: Krohn Bros & Co. Billiter Bldgs. London, E.C.

THE

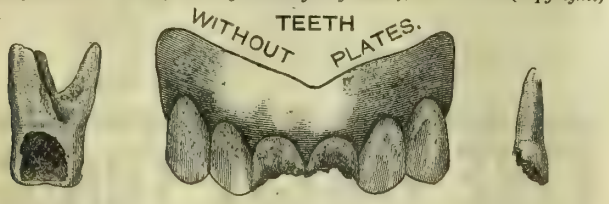
American Tooth Crown Co.

(REGISTERED),

THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN DENTISTS,

24, OLD BOND STREET, W.

(*Copyright.*) (*Corner of Burlington-gardens*). (*Copyright.*)



MASTICATING TOOTH. Too far decayed for filling. DECAYED TEETH. DECAYED FRONT TOOTH.

GOLD OR PORCELAIN CROWN. THE CROWNS. PORCELAIN CROWN.

CROWN FIXED. CROWNS FIXED. CROWN FIXED.

The above diagrams give an idea of the special system of Crown Work as carried out by the gentlemen operators in attendance, who are from the leading American Universities recognised by the American Dental Faculty, and are specialists in Teeth without Plates, Crown and Bridge Work, Gold Filling, &c., by which decayed teeth are permanently saved and made useful. Extractions unnecessary and everything performed painlessly. Fullest information and consultation without fee. Pamphlet on application to the Secretary.

24, OLD BOND STREET, W.

(Corner of Burlington-gardens.)

THE STOCK CONVERSION AND INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

This Company begs to direct the attention of Investors to the Preferred and Deferred Stocks issued by it against London and North-Western and North-Eastern Ordinary Stocks, and which are quoted on the London and leading Provincial Stock Exchanges.

The Preferred Stocks possess security similar to that of Railway Preferential and Preferred Stocks, but yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more income, thus affording to holders of many of the former Stocks an opportunity of adding to their revenue without decreasing their security.

The Deferred Stocks, whilst returning an average income in excess of that yielded by the Railway Ordinary Stocks, against which they are issued, contrast most favourably with all other Deferred and low-priced Ordinary Railway Stocks, and afford the only opportunity to small investors of participating, by means of low-priced Stocks, in the future of these two leading railways of the country. Table showing present price and dividend, and the dividend on the average of a number of years obtainable on the Deferred Stocks, is subjoined.

Any further information with regard to these Stocks can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 12 and 13, Nicholas-lane, E.C.

DEFERRED CHARGE STOCKS.	Present Price.	Last Dividend paid.	Annual Average of Dividend on result of last 10 years.*	Returns on basis of last Dividend.	Returns on Average Dividend of 10 years
London and North-Western Ordinary Stock	27	£1 7 6	£1 7 0 %	£5 1 10	£5 0 0
North-Eastern— Ordinary Stock	40	£2 5 6†	£2 4 0 %	£5 13 9	£5 10 0

*No allowance is here made for bonuses on allotments of new Stock.

†Exclusive of bonus of 9s. 6d. per cent. from allotment of new Stock.

CORNFORTH & REACHER,
Stock and Share Brokers,
4, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Monthly Investment List with Notes on Railways, Foreign Stocks, Industrial and Miscellaneous Shares and Mines—*Free on Application.*
References in every large town in England.
BANKERS—City Bank, Threadneedle-street, E.C.
Stock delivered to any London Bankers in exchange for cash.
Special attention to Investment Business.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—
CORNFORTH, LONDON.

CHUBB'S JEWEL SAFES.

These are kept lined inside with velvet, and enclosed in ornamental Cabinets.

LOCKS, LATCHES, & BOXES

FOR ALL PURPOSES.

Illustrated Price Lists post free.

128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.; and 68, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PALL MALL, S.W.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

"The Hon. Surgeon to his EXCELLENCY THE VICEROY OF INDIA prescribes Clarke's Blood Mixture largely, and speaks highly of its efficacy in skin affections, &c. On this account we wrote asking if you could supply the Mixture for dispensing purposes."—Letter from A. JOHN & Co., Chemists and Druggists, Agra, India, June 5th, 1888.

"CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is entirely free from any poison or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious ingredient, and is a good, safe, and useful medicine."—ALFRED SWAINE TAYLOR M.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology.

"Bahama Cottage, Oaksey, Malmesbury, Wilts, November 14, 1890.
"I feel that I ought to tell you what great benefit I have received from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' Since two or three years old I have suffered much with Eczema, but especially shortly after my arrival in England four years ago, when I came from America for my health, being very weak. Directly I began to grow stronger I was troubled more than ever with my old complaint. Being persuaded to try your Mixture I took twelve bottles, and am glad to say it has cured me. I used your Lotion, which I found most effectual in stopping the irritation.
"Though not wishing my name to be made use of publicly, I shall be happy to recommend 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' to anyone suffering as I did.
"Believe me, yours sincerely, "A. P. B."

"Bahama Cottage, Oaksey, Malmesbury, January 19, 1891.
"It gives me great pleasure to answer your inquiry concerning Clarke's Blood Mixture, for, having suffered from Eczema myself, I am only too glad if my experience of its curative power can be of any service to anyone suffering from the same complaint.
"I took twelve bottles. After the sixth I almost despaired, but was advised to continue, and I soon had such faith in it that I would have taken another dozen if required; but am now completely cured, and only one who has been troubled with the disease can know how thankful I am. Using the lotion is painful at first, but I dried it quickly with a fan.
"I strongly advise you to try it and persevere; the cure is certain. Having suffered fearfully myself, I have the greatest sympathy for you. I have been quite free from it the last two years. Trusting you will find relief, I am, yours sincerely, "A. P. B."

CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE is a guaranteed cure for all blood and skin diseases. It is the most searching blood-cleanser ever discovered, and it will free the system from all known blood-poisons, be they animal, vegetable, or mineral. As it is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Scurfs, Discolourations of the Skin, Humours and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally carried out of the system in a short time by the use of this world-famed medicine.

How is it that CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE has obtained such great popularity? is a question which has perplexed many. The answer is, that it is unquestionably the finest Blood Purifier that science and medical skill have brought to light, and thousands of wonderful cures effected by it have stamped it as one of the most extraordinary discoveries of modern times.

Sold in bottles, 2s. 9d. each; and in cases containing six times the quantity, 11s.—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases—by all CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world; or sent to any address on receipt of 33 or 132 stamps by the Proprietors, THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN.

Trade Mark, "BLOOD MIXTURE."

ASK FOR CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE,

TO TAKE AN IMITATION.

IMPERIAL RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT THREE PER CENT. GOLD LOAN of 1891.

ISSUE of £19,775,000, 500,000,000, francs, 125,000,000 gold roubles, 239,000.000 florins, 404,000,000 reichsmark, 360,000,000 kroner, 96.250,000 dollars, nominal capital. Principal and interest free from all Russian taxes. Repayable at par in 81 years. Created by virtue of the ukase of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, under date of the 17th-29th September, 1891.

Messrs. C. J. HAMBRO & SON are authorised by the Imperial Russian Government to Receive SUBSCRIPTIONS for the above Loan at the price of £78, 17s. per Bond of £98. 17s. 6d. payable:—

£6	0	,, Application.
20	0	,, Allotment.
20	0	,, 1st December.
20	0	,, 15th January, 1892.
12	17	,, 15th February, 1892.
£78	17	

Payments may be made in full on allotment, or on any Tuesday or Friday subsequent to the issue of Scrip Certificates, under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum.

The Subscription List will be Opened simultaneously in Paris, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, and Copenhagen.

The object of the Loan is to provide the Imperial Treasury with funds to defray the expenses incurred already, or which may be incurred, in connection with the construction of Railways and other works of public utility undertaken either by the State or by companies holding concessions.

The Loan will be divided into Bonds of—

£19 15 6...	Fr.500...	Rs.125...	Fl.239...	Rk 404...	Kr.360...	$96.25
£98 17 6...	Fr.2,500...	Rs.625...Fl.1,195...	Rk.2,020...Kr.1,800...			$481.25
£494 7 6...	Fr.12,500 ..	Rs.3,125 ..Fl.5,975...	Rk.10,100...Kr.9,000...			$2,406.25

The interest will be payable quarterly on the 1st January, 1st April, 1st July, and 1st October, in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, Berlin, Copenhagen, and New York. Coupons will be attached to the Scrip for the interest due 1st January and 1st April, 1892.

The Bonds will be redeemed at par at the same places in 81 years by half-yearly drawings. The first re-imbursement will take place the 1st January, 1893.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will be CLOSED on or before the 15th OCTOBER.

The allotment will be made as early as possible after the subscription is closed, and where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned.

In default of payment of the successive instalments when due, all previous payments will be liable to forfeiture.

Scrip certificates will be issued in exchange for letters of allotment, and the Bonds will be delivered against fully-paid Scrip as early as possible.

Applications should be made on the form accompanying the prospectus, and lodged at the offices of Messrs. C. J. Hambro & Son, 70, Old Broad-street, E.C.

London, 7th October, 1891.

AUSTRALIA.—COLONY OF VICTORIA.

THE MELBOURNE HARBOUR TRUST COMMISSIONERS' LOAN, 1891, for £500,000 at 4 per Cent.

Authorised by Act of the Victorian Parliament, No. 1519 of 1890.

The National Bank of Australasia and the Commercial Bank of Australia, Limited, as Agents for the Melbourne Harbour Trust Commissioners, have been authorised to negotiate, in accordance with the above-named Act, a Loan of £500,000, which is required for the purpose of improving the Port of Melbourne.

The Loan will be issued in Debentures for £100, £500, and £1,000, bearing interest at 4 per cent per annum, to commence from the 1st July, 1891, with coupons attached, payable on the 1st January and 1st July in each year, at the National Bank of Australasia London, where also the principal will be payable on the 1st July, 1921. The first coupon will be due on the 1st January, 1892.

The Loan is secured upon the tolls, rates, charges, fines, rents, and other profits authorised to be received by the Commissioners.

The net revenue of the trust for the year ending 31st December, 1890, amounted to £178,692.

The present Loan, which exhausts the borrowing power of the Trust, will be applied in carrying out the recommendations contained in a Report of Sir John Coode, C.E., who visited Melbourne in 1878, and made a thorough inspection of the Port.

Tenders will be received at the National Bank of Australasia, 123, Bishopsgate-street Within, not later than two o'clock, p.m., on Wednesday, 14th October, where and when they will be opened in the presence of such of the applicants as may attend.

The Loan will be allotted to the highest bidders; but no Tender will be accepted at less than £95 for every £100 in Debentures.

Tenders at a price including a fraction of a shilling other than sixpence will not be preferentially accepted, and should the equivalent Tenders exceed the amount to be allotted, a *pro rata* distribution will be made.

Payment will be required as follows, viz., £5 per cent. on application; so much on allotment as to leave 80 per cent. unpaid; and the balance on Monday, December 14, 1891; but payment may be made in full on or after Wednesday, October 21, under discount at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum.

Allotment Letters will be exchangeable for Debentures when the payments have been duly made.

A Stock Exchange quotation will be applied for in the usual way.

Forms of Tender may be obtained at the undermentioned Banks, where also copies of the Act and specimens of Debentures can be inspected.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA,
123, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.;
THE COMMERCIAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA, LIMITED,
1, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

London, E.C. *October* 9, 1891.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILWAY COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that Meetings of the holders of Messrs. Brown, Shipley, & Co's certificates, representing Preferred and Common Shares of this Company, will be held at the Terminus Hotel, Cannon-street, London, at the respective dates and hours hereinafter mentioned, for the purpose of considering the Report of the Joint Committee of the Preferred and Common Shareholders appointed at a Meeting held in London on November 6, 1890, and of passing such resolutions with reference thereto as to the said respective Meetings may seem fit.

The Meeting of the holders of Preferred Certificates will be held as above on Wednesday October 14, 1891, at half-past Eleven a.m.

The Meeting of the holders of Common Certificates will be held as above on Wednesday, October 14, 1891, at Twelve noon.

Shareholders who have not deposited their Shares are also invited to attend.

Copy of the Report will be sent to each Certificate holder whose address is known, and any Certificate or Share holder not receiving a copy can obtain one on application to the Secretary to the Committee, or at the Offices of the Railway Share Trust and Agency Company, Limited, 4, Bank-buildings, Lothbury, London, E.C.

Dated October 8, 1891.

By order of the Committee.
T. LINDLEY,
Secretary to the Committee.

Offices of the English Association of American Bond and Share Holders, Limited,
5, Great Winchester-street, London, E.C.

MONEY.—Householders or Lodgers desirous of obtaining immediate advances upon their Furniture or other Negotiable Security, are invited to call at the Offices of the Consolidated Company, 43, Great Tower-street, E.C., and arrange. Bills of sale and executions paid out. No fees, the full sum advanced without deduction. An old established and genuine firm.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.

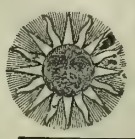
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £12,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.
C. HARDING, Manager.



SUN FIRE OFFICE,
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1890,
£361,500,000.

LONDON, EDINBURGH, and GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
LIFE—ACCIDENT.
CHIEF OFFICE:—Insurance-buildings, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.
PREMIUM INCOME.

		Increase in Four Years.
1882	£7,929	
1886	86,006	£78,077
1890	226,001	139,995

Claims Paid (exceed) £420,000.
WILFRED A. BOWSER, Manager.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, Jun., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland

Established 1868.

THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,
20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.

Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary. H. TEMPLE.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.
No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY,
58, Old Broad Street, London.
Capital, $3,000,000.
5 per cent. Deposits received for periods of not less than Six Months.
5 per cent. Debentures issued for a period of Five Years.
6 per cent. Freehold Mortgages. Principal and Interest guaranteed by the Company.
ATKINSON & CO., Managers for the United Kingdom.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.

UNION DEPOSIT BANK.

No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.

[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE.
Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From £30 to £5,000.
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
Interest allowed on deposits, 5, 6, and 7 per cent.
EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

Makes Copper like Gold. | Makes Tin like Silver. | Makes Windows like Crystal. | Makes Paint look New. | Makes Marble White. | Makes Brass like Mirrors.

FOR POTS AND PANS. FOR KNIVES AND FORKS. FOR KITCHEN TABLES. FOR BATHS AND WINDOWS.

FOR EVERYTHING. REMOVES RUST FROM STEEL AND IRON.

Sparkling Glassware. Shining Pots and Pans. Paint like New. White Marble. Clean Hands. Brassware like Mirrors. Polished Stair Rods.

OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eleven days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on the morning of the second Monday succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14, letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 660.

I was unfortunately prevented from printing as many of the Triolets as I could have wished. A number, actually set up in type, had to be omitted at the last moment. It has been decided to divide the prize between MONACHUS and H. A. L. S.:—

PRIZE TRIOLETS.

TO MISS X.

Why spoil a sweet face?
'Tis like painting a flower.
Lilies never lack grace;
Why spoil a sweet face,
And for rouge-pot find place
In a virginal bower?
Why spoil a sweet face?
'Tis like painting a flower. Monachus.

A present I send:
Will the present bring pleasure?
All my heart to my friend
A present I send.
Hoping still in the end
To have measure for measure—
A present I send—
Will the present bring pleasure? H. A. L. S.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 664.

The usual Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE BEST WORDS FOR A SONG SUITABLE TO BE SET TO MUSIC.

The number of lines, which may be written in any metre which is in common use, must not exceed twenty-four; and each of these lines must rhyme with some other in the verse. Competitors will please bear in mind that their songs are to be suitable for setting to music, and the words should be therefore such as can be sung with facility. All songs must reach me by the morning of Monday, October 26.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" TOY AND DOLL SHOW.

On the first page of "Entre Nous" in this number will be found several announcements with reference to the above Exhibition. One of the most interesting of these is the fact that, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Quintin Hogg, the Polytechnic in Regent-street will be the scene of the Toy and Doll Show next Christmas. The welcome announcement is also made that all the dolls have been sent out; and it may be well to repeat here that it will be necessary for them to be returned dressed to this office by December 11 at the latest, as the Doll Show is to be held on Wednesday and Thursday, December 16 and 17, and several days will be required to prepare for it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAINA (Gothenburg).—I was very pleased to receive your Triolets, though they were too late for publication.

TERRY O'TOOLE.—Your Triolet also was received too late for publication.

WANDERING TYKE.—Thanks; I will answer your query as soon as I have a little leisure.

HOUNSNITCH.—I am obliged to you on TRUTH'S behalf.

COLINA.—Let me welcome you back again.

AMERICA.—Your letter, I am sorry to say, was overlooked until it was too late to answer it.

MED. STUD.—The Prize was taken by "C.," for the name "The Britanneries." Many thanks for your suggestion.

CROSS PATCH.—There is a Britannia theatre in London also.

EAST ANGLIA.—I will answer your letter next week.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 661.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTED NAMES FOR A NEW LONDON THEATRE.

Thespian.—Nomenclator.
The Kaleidoscope.—W. M. S., Mozzle Toff, Prosper Roze, Colina, Georgina.
The Elysian.—Moss Rose, Imara, Wandering Jew, Pilsen.
The London.—Nettie, Moss Rose, Pat, Veni, and Jupiter Pluvius.
The Pandora.—Esperanza, Eboracum, Georgina, Wraith, Neewod.
The Shakespeare.—Excelsior, Cæsar's Corner, Kit Cat, Orpheus, Wandering Jew, Musicus.
The Playhouse.—Nep, Feloos, Gallio.
The Scenic.—Egeria.
The Unique.—Pumpkin, and Mr. F.'s Aunt.
The Galaxy.—Caledonia.
The Elysium.—Pantiles, Pilsen, Orpheus, Nettie.
The National.—Leaf Rule, Cæsar's Corner, St. Kilda, Pilsen, Georgina, Eboracum.
Olla Podrida.—Dallington, Eneksa.
The Histrionic.—Ellart, Dock Master, Eboracum, Priscilla, R. F.
The Universal.—Eboracum, Baba Jujube, Oxon, Dick, Nep, Peach, Risk, Neewod, J. McGrigor Allan, Veni, Gilnow.
The People's.—Neewod, Wandering Tyke.
The Eclectic.—Braco, Gilnow.
The Metropolitan.—Bolus Junior, Feloos, Kätchen.
The Omnium.—W. H. T., Falmouth, Bolus Junior, Colina, R. F., Pseudonym.
The Thespian.—Bogie, Nep, Musicus, Esperanza, Orpheus, Gallio, Claire, Cayenne, George Lisle, Jupiter Pluvius, Caledonia, Oxon, Eboracum.
The Cosmopolitan.—Six Knobs, E. N. S., O. K., Caco-bendi, Dick, Eboracum, Nunc Dimittis, Wandering Tyke, Guelder Rose, St. Kilda, Eneksa, Pseudonym, Gilnow, Oxon, Gallio.
Pantheon.—Abraxes.
Pantelian; or, Panteleion.—Derivation, παντελής, which means "comprising everything," "accomplishing everything," "fit for everything."—Musafir.
The Universe; or, The Universal.—Hounsnitch.
The Mirror. "The purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirrour up to nature; show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure" (Hamlet, act iii., sc. 2).—Tycho Blake.
The following competitors also suggest The Mirror:—Jabberwock, H. A. L. S., Alpha, Colina, Jam, Pat, Georgina, Bolus Junior, Esperanza, Orpheus, Feloos, Med. Stud., Eboracum.
The Ideal.—Mischief and Excelsior.
The Camera.—Colina, Excelsior, and Med. Stud.
The Diversity.—Pompeii and Neewod.
The Serio-Comic.—Guelder Rose.
The Ariel.—Sky Terrier.
The Constellation.—Eclipse and Eboracum.
The World; because the gods are above, the pit beneath, and all sorts and conditions of men between.—Criterion.
The Planet; that is to say, that which shines by night, *i.e.*, a theatre of any sort.—Black Bull
The British.—R. F.
The Comet.—Toujours Pret.
The Nikita.—G. H. B.
The Twentieth Century.—Ipse Dixit.
Comedram.—Lucante.
The Pleasure or Le Plaisir.—A Regular Reader.
The Vesper.—Penybout.
The Playhouse. The Cotrop. (Made up of the first two letters from the words, Comedy, Tragedy, and Opera.)—Nacnud.
The Playall.—Yankee.
The Favourite.—Hopeful, Pat, Imara, Neewod, Cæsar's Corner.
The Coronet.—Ferno.
The Rendezvous.—Jim Crack and Feloos.
The Tyburnia.—Mary-O'nette.
The Stage.—Mars.
Civic Theatre.—G. P. C.
The Mask.—Thersites and Merry Clown.
The International.—Caco-bendi, Georges Lisle, Cæsar's Corner.
The Philo Thespian.—Nep and Georges Lisle.
Coup De Théatre Royal; which means anything of theatrical effect, such as burlesque, burletta, comedy, comedietta, dramatic opera.—Karishma.
The Greenhouse; suggestive of the green-room. In its artificial atmosphere are nurtured, after proper pruning and grafting, all varieties of long, short-lived, and ephemeral plants, from the trivial cucumber of farce and the hardy onion of low comedy to the dramatic tulip, the lyric lily, and the Bayreuth orchid.—Soudanese.
The Universality. The Miscellany.—Caritao.

The most comprehensive name for a new Metropolitan theatre would certainly be The London Playhouse, in accordance with the dictum of Hamlet, "The play, the play's the thing." Or, if one wants a "classic" name, which would embrace everything in connection with a new temple of the drama, why not call it The Actium?—East Anglia.

The Sirens. The Arabian Nights.—Esperanza.

Dramascope. Albion.—Kit Cat.

Four Seasons. Majestic. Superb. The Diurnal.—Peach.

The Metropole. The Royal Pantheon.—Palatine Quinto.

The Helicon. The Sans Souci. The Hypatia.—Baritone.

Municipal, Colonial.—Priscilla.

The Standard. The Liberty. The Pioneer.—Knight's Pawn.

The Variety. The Union. The Popular.—Pseudonym.

The Hilarity. The Monarchy. The Vanities.—Violet.

Pantheatricon. The Pandramatic.—Bel Demonio.

The National Variety. The Omnibus.—Jam.

The Omniformity. The Popular. The Pro Bono Publico. The Beaux Esprits.—Eneksa.

The Central. The Metropolis.—Leaf Rule.

The Versatile. The Amaranth; or, Amaranthine. The Bravura. The Cocagne; or, Cocagnian.—Nibs.

Helicon (frequented by the muses). Pieria (birthplace of the muses). Meltheuter.*—J. W. Tickel.

* Made up of letters from the following muses' names: *Mel*pomene, *Tha*lia, *Eu*terpe, *Ter*psichore.

The Utility. The London Pageant and Pagoda.—Murdoch.

The Apollo. The Dame. The Magnet.—Kingston.

The Dramatic. The Pastime.—Colina.

The Omnibus. The Thalia.—The Old Mole.

The World's Theatre (motto: "All the world's a stage"). The Plaything (motto: "The play's the thing"). The Omnibus (with plenty of box-seats). The Stagecoach (a most *Arris*tocratic conveyance, well *Tool*ed; driver, most des-*Irving*; runs *Daly*; horses never turn a *Hare*, *Will'ard*ly tire; sound axle-*Tree*; no other can hold a *Kendal* to this *Terry*fic combination!).—Woodhurst.

The Histrion. The Sock and Buskin. — Dockmaster.

The Parnassian.—Wraith.

Happy Havens. The Jester. The Seven Ages.—Ye Hermit.

The Liberty; or, The Times.—Crosspatch.

The Elect. The Eclipse. The Unity. The Express. The Albion. The Art. The Society. The Acme.—Georgina.

The Century. The Queen's. The Times. The Cinderella. The Irving. The Star (or The Moon).—Pat.

The Footlights. The Porch. The Recreator. The Roscian (after Roscius). The Lamp.—Wobbles.

The Society. The Leisure. The Zenith. The Hemisphere. The Acme.—Gilnow.

The Chameleon. The Empress. The Gem. The Casket. The Royal Duchess.* The Distingué.—Imara.

* Duchess of Fife.

The Special Theatre. The Best Theatre. The Medley Theatre. England's Theatre. The Choice Theatre. The Reality.—Risk.

The Fortune. The Metropolis. The Cosmo-(politan). The Albert Edward.—Montrose.

The Thespic. The Theatricon. The Cosmo. The Pantodram. The Playhome.—Gallio.

The People's Playhouse. The Merry-go-round. The World's Fair. The M(usic) O(pera) P(lay).—Dick.

The Bon-mot. The Fin-de-Siècle. The Eldorado. The Eiffel. The Terpsichorean.—Musicus.

Athæneum. Doric. Thames. Hellenic. Corinthian. Queen's. Clarence. Albany.—Oxon.

English. British. Royal. Queen's. Playgoer's. New. Century.—Jupiter Pluvius.

Celtic. Empress. British. Universe. Kingdom.—Kätchen.

The Premier. The Galaxy. The Palatine.—St. Kilda.

The Corinthian. The Sovereign. The Star. The Mummers. The Atlantic. The Drum. — Merry Clown.

The General. The Eclipse. The Town. The West-End. The London General.—Veni.

The Muses. The Dramatic. The Frolic. The Gallant. The Gushing. The Harmonious. The Minstrel. The Popular. The Romantic. The Stage. The Symphony.—Mancunian.

Politeama. Odeon. Odeum. Omniama. Poliodeon. Poliodeum. Omnia.—Olivastro.

Popular. Excelsior. Period. Bijou. Sans Pareil. Par Excellence. Splendide. Elégant-e. Desideratum.—Neewod.

The Protean. The Prismatic. The Kaleidoscopic. The Chameleon. The Pantechnical. The Janus. The Multiform. The Transcendental. The Weathercock. The Universal. The Mirror of Nature. The One-price-to-all-seats.—J. McGrigor Allan.

The Times. The Sun. The Truth. The Nineteenth Century. The Independent. The Perfection. The All-Round. The Metropolitan. The Talents.—Wandering Tyke.

Concordia. Theatorium. Spectacular. Panoplicum. Viva-Voces. Popularium. Homeric.—Courtenay L. Veale.

National. People's. Dramatic. Philodramatic. Queen's; because she goes to no dramatic entertainments, so must be unprejudiced in favour of any. Prince's; because he goes to all. Edwardes'; or, Harris'; because they run all kinds. Omnium Gatherum.—George Lisle.

The Duke's. The Magnet. The Royal Middlesex. The Empress. The Guelph. The Al. Le Succès. The Attraction.—Prosper Roze.

The Caterer. Off and On. The Magnet. The Thunderer.—Nettie.

The United Service. The Carnival. The Gala. The Gálacy. The Factotum. The Zodiac. The Arabian Nights.—Incognita.

The Marlowe. The Dryden. The Coliseum. The Dionysian. The Parnassus. The Parthenon. The Odeum. The Athenæum. The Variety. The Middlesex.—Wandering Jew.

Royal Albert. Empress. Sappho. Cosmos. Thalia. Odeon. Century.—Moss Rose.

Star. Seven Ages. Sock and Buskin.—Eboracum.

The Pandramatic. The Polydramatic. The General.—Nep.

Magnum Bonum. Sans Egal. The Evening Star. Non Pareil. The Peerless. The Unrivalled. The Meteor. The Crown All.—Mr. F.'s Aunt.

The Londesborough. The Hanover. The Prospect.—Med. Stud.

The World. The Magnet. The Acme. The Society. The Season. The Dramatic. The Regal. The Queen. The Omnibus. The Exhibition. The Moon. The Glass House. The Palace of Truth.—Feloos.

The World's Stage. The Sovereign. The Superba. The Surprise. The London. The Eclipse.—Pilsen.

The Argosy ("laden with golden grain"). The Apollo. The Doric (if architecture suits). The Mikado.—Orpheus.

The En Tout Cas. The Paragon. The Eclipse. The Gem. The Star. The Incomparable. The Magnet. The Popular or Popularity. The Model. The Variety. The Artistic. The Magic or Magical. Perfection. The Irresistible. La Lune. The Brilliant. The Marvel. The Capital or Capitol. The Champion. The Charm. The Victorian. The Alexandra. The Bohemian. The Stratford. Old London. Old Times. — Cæsar's Corner.

For the Opera Comique, I would suggest the name, The Temple Theatre. For the Comedy, I would suggest The Mirror; as all names that limit the répertoire are bad.—Orpheus.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 660.—TRIOLETS.

*** I am glad to be able to print a few more Triolets this week.—The Puzzle Editor.

I love Summer hours,
As I laze by the river
'Mid the scent of the flowers;
I love Summer hours,
And the leaf-covered bowers,
And the rose—and the giver;
I love Summer hours
As I laze by the river.

Nibs.

I wonder if I
Take Ruth into dinner!
She's pretty but shy,
I wonder if I
Have courage to try
This evening to win her.
I wonder if I
Take Ruth into dinner!

Le Griffonneur.

DICK.

Just three Summers old.
Such a rogue of a fellow!
Into mischief untold—
(Just three Summers old!)
With his eyes blue and bold,
And his curls golden-yellow,
Just three Summers old.
Such a rogue of a fellow!

Esperance.

Her lover Kate wed,
The bold, true-hearted rover.
'Twas in vain all they said,
Her lover Kate wed—
Vowed she'd never be led
By their tales to throw over
Her lover. Kate wed
The bold, true-hearted rover.

Chica.

She's donned a new dress
And a beautiful bonnet;
I'm mashed on her! yes,
She's donned a new dress
And she looks—well, I guess,
I must write her a sonnet.
She's donned a new dress
And a beautiful bonnet.

Jober Khan.

A nice young man,
A happy maid,
A word, a fan,
An ice, young man.
A case began,
Five hundred paid.
A nice young man!
Ah! happy maid.

Real Jam.

I am not worth a dump,
So I can't get a dinner;
Not a scrag or a chump!
I am not worth a dump!
And a drink at the pump
Only makes me feel thinner.
I am not worth a dump,
So I can't get a dinner.

B. H. D.

We took Sigri in play,
Shall we take it in earnest?
Let it be as it may,
We took Sigri in play;
But the play may give way
To a feeling the sternest—
We took Sigri in play,
Shall we take it in earnest?

Anderida.

THE PURPOSE.

I seek not for fame,
I leave that to the ninnies,
And admit without shame
I seek not for fame,
But to put in a claim
To those two yellow guineas.
I seek not for fame,
I leave that to the ninnies.

Mac Windy.

Archie gave me kisses three,
Three I had from Harry;
Now, I like them both, you see,
Archie gave me kisses three;
But this thought doth puzzle me
Which of the two to marry.
Archie gave me kisses three,
Three I had from Harry.

Jawkins

Though Lily is fair,
She has dangerous eyes;
Of such charms, oh! beware,
Though Lily is fair,
Lest your heart she should share,
And should cause bitter sighs;
Though Lily is fair,
She has dangerous eyes.

Nep.

MARRIAGE.

When I wedded my wife,
Some said I'd repent it.
They prophesied strife
When I wedded my wife.
But each year of my life,
I have grown more contented.
When I wedded my wife—
Well—I've never repented.

Feloos.

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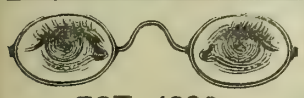

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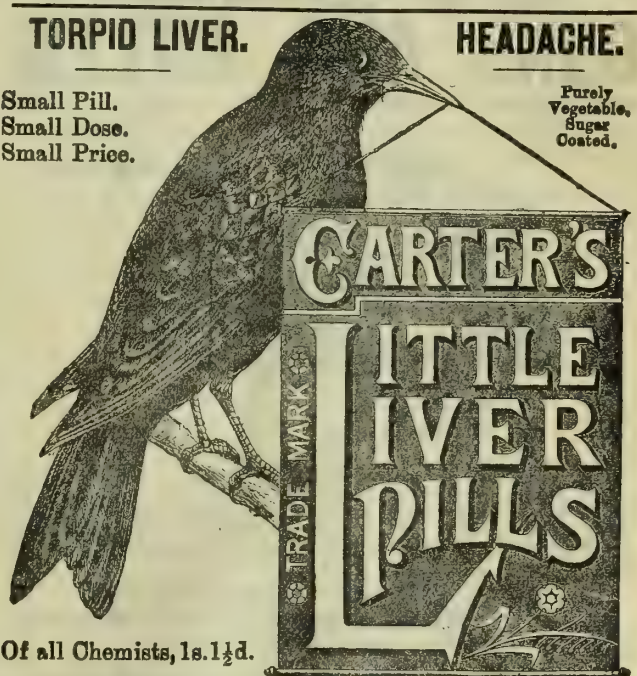

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen is to arrive at Windsor Castle from Balmoral on Saturday, November 21, and her Majesty will proceed to Osborne for about two months, according to present arrangements, on Friday, December 18.

I hear that Sir William Jenner has sent a message to the Queen cautioning her against the risks of driving in an open carriage when the weather is cold and wet; and his interference is certainly most seasonable, for at her Majesty's age a chill might produce most serious consequences. The Queen has often been known to go out at Balmoral for a long drive in an open carriage when snow has been falling, and a bitterly cold wind has been blowing; but her Majesty is now too old for such excursions. She should remember the fate of her father, the Duke of Kent, who never had an ache or a pain in his life, and who thought himself invulnerable to cold or damp. He took a walk over the hills at Sidmouth on a rainy January day, returned with his feet soaked, sat down to read the papers and write some letters, got chilled, and was dead in three days.

During the Queen's residence at Windsor, Lords Romney, Henniker, and Elphinstone will be successively the Lords-in-Waiting; Major Legge, Sir Michael Biddulph, and Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton will be the Grooms-in-Waiting, and Colonel Byng, General Lynedoch-Gardiner, and Colonel Carington are to be the Equerries-in-Waiting.

The Prince of Wales, who went to Newmarket from Sandringham last Monday morning, came up to town after the races on Friday, and is now staying at Marlborough House. H.R.H. goes again to Newmarket next Tuesday to stay until Friday, and then to Sandringham, where the Princess will also arrive for the winter at the end of next week. The Princess has several times deferred her departure from Fredensborg, and she has now stayed in Denmark so much longer than was originally intended that it is doubtful whether she will be able to visit the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Braemar before going to Sandringham.

H.R.H. and the Princess are to be the guests of Lord and Lady Cadogan at Culford Hall, Suffolk, for a few days in the course of the winter. Culford has always been one of the best sporting estates in England, and Lord Cadogan has greatly improved the shooting since he bought the property, which extends over 10,000 acres.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge had a day's shooting last week at Six Mile Bottom, between Newmarket and Cambridge. There was a partridge-drive, and about 130 brace were killed, as well as a number of hares.

Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg are to be the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, about the middle of January, for a few days.

The Queen has intimated her intention of conferring the Order of the Garter on the new King of Würtemberg, and it is probable that the Duke of Connaught will go later on on a special mission to Stuttgart to invest his Majesty. King William may as well be given the insignia which King Charles possessed for such a short time, as it was only last year that the Duke of Edinburgh went to Stuttgart to invest him. If the deceased Monarch's insignia is thus utilised, a vast amount of trouble and expense will be saved.

The Empress Frederick and Princess Margaret of Prussia, who are now in Italy, are expected to arrive at Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen on Thursday, December 10, and they will be the guests of the King and Queen of the Belgians at Brussels for a day or two, when on their way to England from Italy.

A contemporary announces the arrival at Balmoral of the Grand Duke of Hesse, who is described as having gone there "to shoot with Prince Henry of Battenberg." The Grand Duke is in Germany, and it is his son who is staying at Balmoral. The shooting on the Royal estates is now pretty well over for this year, except that there will be some drives for roe-deer in the Abergeldie and Birkhall woods during the next month.

The Queen has given the Duke of Connaught the shooting over the Osborne estate, on which are very extensive covers, which are well-stocked with pheasants, the annual bag being about a thousand birds. The Duke will have a day or two at Osborne next month, but the regular

shooting is not to take place until the Christmas holidays, when H R.H. and the Duchess are to be the guests of the Queen there.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck are staying at Lady Wolverton's place at Kingston Hill, while the repairs at the White Lodge, Richmond Park, are being completed. They will be among the guests of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham next month. The Queen has never granted the White Lodge to the Duchess of Teck by warrant, but it is merely lent to her. The Duke and Duchess asked permission to go there nearly nine years ago for a few weeks, and have remained ever since. The Prince of Wales was once offered the White Lodge as a pleasant suburban residence, but he soon took a dislike to the place, and it would remain empty if it were not the abode of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, unless the Queen went outside the Royal Family for an occupant. As the Duke and Duchess are very popular in the neighbourhood, it would be a pity if they were ever called upon to give up the Lodge.

During the last year there have been three vacant sets of apartments in Kensington Palace, those which were occupied by the late Mr. Home Purves, the late Mr. James Macdonald, and the late Mr. Francis Seymour, respectively. The Queen had decided to convert these sets into a house for the Duke of Connaught, but this arrangement has been given up, and now her Majesty has granted half the vacant apartments to Lady Granville. Extensive alterations and repairs of all kinds will be necessary before Lady Granville takes possession of her new residence. The Queen has not yet disposed of the other apartments, but there is a list of applicants more than a foot long.

The reconstruction of the late Duchess of Cambridge's house in St. James's Palace is now finished, and the painters are at work. It is quite probable that if ever the Duke of Clarence takes up his residence at St. James's he will stay there for only a short time, and I hear that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are ultimately to become the occupants of the Duchess of Cambridge's house.

Her Majesty has granted Sir Michael Biddulph's application that he may be allowed to retain his office as Groom-in-Waiting with his new appointment as Keeper of the Regalia. This favour has been extended to Sir Michael Biddulph because he has "such a large family;" but these pluralities are very objectionable, and when the late Captain Loftus was appointed Keeper of the Regalia he was required to resign his Gentleman Ushership, which was as absolute a sinecure as the other office.

I have already called attention to the fact that Lord Dartmouth still retains his office as Vice-Chamberlain, although it is a place which is invariably held by a member of the House of Commons. I hear that Lord Dartmouth will resign next month, directly after the Queen returns to Windsor. There is a bother about his successor, for Lord Salisbury has received an embarrassing suggestion that this vacancy will afford an excellent opportunity of introducing a Liberal-Unionist into the Household. There will be execrative ravings if the Tory place-hunters are passed over, for this is a very desirable office, being worth £924 a year, and it is a Privy Councillor's post.

Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who have been staying with the Duke of Richmond at Gordon Castle, Banffshire, since their return from Germany, have now left that place to pay some visits before coming to town for the winter.

The Countess Erbach-Schönberg, who is Prince Henry of Battenberg's sister, is expected at Balmoral shortly on a visit to the Queen.

A marriage has been arranged between H.H. the Begum Ahmadee, youngest daughter of Sir Syhed Ahmad Ali, K.C.S.I., and Mr. A. Flower March, of The Hembs, Great Barr, Birmingham. The Begum Ahmadee is through her father a lineal descendant of the Emperor Akbar.

The Duc de Nemours is residing at Bushey Park, and Dom Pedro and the Comte and Comtesse d'Eu are expected there shortly for a stay of several weeks.

Lord Salisbury had a very bad passage across the Channel last week, and, being a wretched sailor, he was so desperately ill that he was quite upset for several days. Lord Salisbury will now reside at Hatfield until the end of April, except that he proposes to go to the Riviera early in January for three weeks, and again at Easter for a fortnight.

Mr. Jackson, M.P., has just taken up his residence at Beningborough Hall, near York, the seat of the late Mr. P. Dawnay, which he has rented for a term of years from Colonel Dawnay, M.P.

Lord and Lady Portsmouth will make her place near Bewdley their country residence while the house at Hurstbourne Park is being rebuilt. The Dowager Lady Portsmouth will continue to reside at Eggesford, which has been left to her as a dower house, an arrangement which is very popular in North Devon, where she is universally beloved and esteemed.

Lord Dunraven, who has been yachting in the Channel since his return from Austria, is about to take a cruise among the deep-sea fishing fleet, in order to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the conditions under which this industry is carried on.

Lord and Lady Herschell have left Deal Castle for Pau, where they intend to pass the winter.

Mr. Brand, M.P., intends to reside during several months of each year among his new constituents in Cambridgeshire, and he has taken Osborne House, near Wisbech, an

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 858 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 859.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 860.

immense edifice, which was built by the late Mr. Young, M.P. for the county, in exact imitation of the Queen's Isle of Wight residence.

Sir George Wombwell's party at Newburgh Priory last week included the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, Lord and Lady Burton and Miss Bass, Isabella Countess of Wilton, Julia Countess of Jersey and Mr. Brandling, Lord Henry Vane-Tempest, Sir Archibald Edmonstone, the Hon. Lady Cotterell and Miss Cotterell, Mrs. Adair, the Hon. R. Villiers, and Mr. Wombwell.

Last week the 10th Hussars took possession of the new barracks at Grangegorman, Dublin, where they will be stationed for the winter. They are the first regiment to occupy them. The Duke of Clarence is amongst the officers at present quartered there, and during the week he paid a visit to Lord Powerscourt, at Powerscourt House, Enniskerry, where a small party was assembled to meet him. Some shooting was attempted on the Wicklow Hills, but the weather was too desperate. The floods, however, made Powerscourt waterfall, the scenic "lion" of the country, a sight really worth seeing.

Lord and Lady Willoughby De Eresby, who have been residing since the beginning of August at Drummond Castle, Perthshire, come south next week to Grimsthorpe Castle, Lincolnshire, where they will stay until they remove to Normanton Park, Rutlandshire, shortly before Christmas. They will entertain several shooting-parties at Grimsthorpe, where the Duke of Cambridge is to be among their guests. Lord Willoughby and his sons have obtained excellent sport during the last six weeks in the deer-forest of Glenartney, near Comrie, a large number of stags having been shot, including some very heavy animals with magnificent heads.

Mr. Michael Castle, who died at Bristol the other day, had been a Magistrate for that city for more than forty years, and he was long one of the most zealous and popular leaders of the Liberal Party there, and was an ardent supporter of the late Mr. Henry Berkley, the pioneer of the ballot. Mr. Castle belonged to an old Bristol family, which is associated with the principal distilleries in the district. He was for many years deputy-chairman of the Bristol and Exeter Railway, and subsequently a most active director of the Great Western. Mr. Castle was one of the last links with the old political, civic, and educational life of Bristol.

Mr. Hemming, of Bentley Manor, Worcestershire, who died last week, commenced life as a needle manufacturer at Redditch, where he was a partner in the firm which his grandfather had established there about the middle of the last century, and during the last forty-three years of his life he was the sole proprietor of this flourishing business. Mr. Hemming inherited the large estate which his father had purchased in Warwickshire and Worcestershire, and after the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Griffiths, he acquired the Caerhun estate in Carnarvonshire, which he largely increased by extensive purchases from Sir Richard William Bulkeley. Mr. Hemming was a keen sportsman and a very popular landlord, always taking an active personal interest in the management of his estates. He collected a very fine gallery of pictures.

Paragraphs have appeared in certain Indian papers stating that the present Earl of Milltown is about to leave India in order to take possession of "his hereditary estates in the county of Wicklow," or some other apocryphal nonsense to the same effect. Such statements can only be inspired by superlative ignorance. The mansion and estates in Wicklow pertaining to the Earldom of Milltown are settled on the Dowager-Countess of Milltown for life, and after her death on the eldest son of Mr. and Lady Cecilia Turton, of Upsall Castle, Thirsk.

Lord Londesborough is just about establishing a large flock of pure Leicester sheep at Londesborough Park, Yorkshire, where he already has a famous herd of Jersey cattle and one of the finest studs of Hackneys in England.

With a view of stimulating the breeding of Highland cattle in England, a petition to the Royal Agricultural Society is being promoted, asking that classes for these cattle may be given at the Warwick Show next year. Among those who have already signed are the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Hamilton, and the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Bristol, Lord Fitzhardinge, Lord Willoughby De Eresby, and many other influential landowners and agriculturists.

Lord Ellesmere's celebrated herd of white pigs is to be sold off at Birmingham next Tuesday.

A rare Chinese dog, given last year by the Prince of Wales to Sir George Wombwell, was last week shot by an under-keeper in the neighbourhood of Hambleton, the animal having run after a rabbit while out with Mr. Wombwell and his sister. This is a good example of the mischief constantly done by keepers in firing recklessly at any strange dog they see trespassing. I do not know whether Sir George Wombwell himself has any keepers addicted to this practice, but he would be an excellent man to head a movement among landowners for stopping the shooting of stray dogs altogether.

Lord Randolph Churchill has at last written a letter from Mashonaland of considerable value, as showing in what South African "sport" really consists. Much gassy romance has been published on this subject, but now we seem to have got the naked truth. Lord Randolph Churchill describes himself as going out with one Lee. They discover two koodoos — wild beasts, apparently. The koodoos are making off, but the hunters dismount and shoot, Lord Randolph falling to the ground and cutting his hand in getting off his steed, the koodoos escape, but leave "much blood on the grass." Then a lion is discovered. He also is making off, but Lord Randolph—with a reminiscence, probably, of Lord Iddesleigh in his mind—"was not frightened

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at the idea of firing at a retreating lion." Six or eight other lions are discovered also retreating, and Lord Randolph's nerves become unsteady, but "he does not admit that he was at all frightened."

The lions are accordingly followed. Lee blazes at them. Lord Randolph (who was not at all frightened) looks on. Lee was "perfectly frightened," but only on Lord Randolph's account. In fact, he was not only bold as a lion, but bolder than eight lions. Both Nimrods, however, are prepared to fly at full gallop in the event of a wounded lion showing fight. Luckily, such lions as are hit crawl into the bush and hide, uttering "something between a growl, a grunt, and a sob." Two lions appear to have been left in this condition, and the hunters then think it prudent to go back to camp for dogs and reinforcements. At this juncture six koodoo cows come along. Lee fires, and brings one down, but she recovers herself and makes off. A herd of antelope and some quaggas are then sighted. Lord Randolph Churchill fires at one, "with what result he does not know." Lee kills one, and sends two more "staggering away badly wounded." Other antelopes appear, and Lord Randolph fires again, and this time succeeds in wounding one. Lee kills another, and his noble companion shortly after brings down a quagga. They remount and resume the chase, and Lee wounds another antelope severely, while Lord Randolph eclipses all his previous performances by breaking the hind-leg of a quagga. The animals, however, made off, and his Lordship could do no more, being perfectly exhausted, as he had "dismounted and fired seven times, and galloped very hard for nearly two miles."

These Nimrodic achievements may create a sensation in Primrose Habitations. The impression which they leave on my mind is that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would do well to send a missionary to Mashonaland without loss of time. Were some bloodthirsty Cockney to describe a day's cat-hunting or sparrow-shooting in the same spirit, setting down with the same frankness the record of all the animals that escaped with broken limbs or bullets inside them, and leaving their blood-stains on the grass, no one would pretend to read it with any other sensation than horror. Where is the difference?

But I confess that I am concerned at Lord Randolph's present position, for I should be sorry if he were to come to harm. He went forth to look for gold. That, I presume, he has not found. But he is beleaguered by enemies. On one side there are the lions going about to devour him; on the other side, there are the Boers going about to shoot him. The lions have sharp teeth; the Boers are excellent shots. Under these circumstances, the only way left to us is to send him a balloon; in which he may possibly escape with a whole skin from lions and Boers.

Having been assured that Mr. Barry Pain was a shining light in the school of new humourists, I have been reading, or trying to read, his "In a Canadian Canoe." But I only got as far as page four of that much bepuffed volume. When I had with a great effort reached that point I read as follows:—

"I cannot help thinking" (says Mr. Barry Pain *in propriâ persona*) "of the sad story of those two historical sardines—a buck-sardine and a doe-sardine—that lived on opposite sides of an island, which happened to be in the Ægean Sea. They loved one another dearly .... They met but once before their last day. It was at a place of worship in the neighbourhood of the Goodwin Sands. She caught his eye, and the umpire gave it out, and he had to go out. 'Am I a hymn?' he said, just a little bitterly, 'that I should be given out?' He was not a hymn but he was a he and had a tender heart."

There are 210 pages in Mr. Pain's book!!

The Japanese Gallery is just now offering the hospitality of its walls to British water-colours, and a most varied collection of drawings, by no fewer than forty-three artists, is now to be seen at 28, New Bond-street. The catholicity of Mr. Larkin's artistic eclecticism could not easily be exceeded; and there are, consequently, pictures to suit all tastes. For my own part, there is nothing in the Gallery I like so much as Mr. W. E. Norton's drawing of a beach scene in a fishing village (No. 39). The "open-airism"—if I may so term it—of this bright and luminous little work could hardly be more clearly expressed. There is much promise, too, in Miss Ethel Kirkpatrick's marine drawing; and Mr. Tatton Winter's "And it was Windy Weather" (No. 98) is admirable. For the rest, there are drawings from many of the well-known members of our two chief Water-Colour Societies, in their, in some cases, almost too well-known styles. But it is a little too early in the winter art-season to begin to talk about these indefatigable and ubiquitous gentlemen.

There was something in the nature of a pilgrimage to the Vestry of the Savoy Chapel Royal last week. It had become known that the colossal bust of the late Chaplain, which Mr. Tom R. Essex had just completed, was on view there; and, as a result, a large number of the friends of the late Rev. Henry White visited the place. They found the white marble bust effectively displayed in a spot especially well suited to the exhibition; for it was standing, with a withered memorial wreath at its base, in front of the oak table at which Mr. White sat for so many years. Mr. Essex has done his work with a vigorous realism which would have been unflinching enough, I think, to have satisfied even Oliver Cromwell himself, and he has certainly secured a most speaking likeness of the late Chaplain of the Savoy.

The parochial memorial of the Rev. Richard Champernowne, who was for many years Rector of Dartington (when he succeeded the celebrated Archdeacon Froude), and who was one of the most popular and most highly-esteemed clergymen in Devonshire, has taken the form of a clock, which has just been placed in the ancient tower of the beautiful and interesting church.

The Lichfield diocesan memorial of the episcopate of the Archbishop of York is to take the form of a portrait of Dr. Maclagan, by Mr. Herkomer, which is to be hung in the gallery of Bishopstow, the official residence of the See at Lichfield. A replica of the picture is to be presented to the Archbishop. About £900 has already been subscribed towards the memorial fund.

The Bampton lectures of the Rev. Charles Gore will be published next month by Mr. Murray, and the book, which is entitled "The Incarnation of the Son of God,"

is expected to be by far the most important and popular theological work of the year.

The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford (Dr. Boyd, Principal of Hertford) took occasion, when he delivered the customary Latin speech on entering upon his second year of office, to eulogise the splendid munificence of the late Mr. Thomas Baring, in practically re-creating Hertford College. Dr. Boyd truly observed that Mr. Baring's liberality never received the public recognition which it merited, and he did not exaggerate in stating that no such generosity has been displayed by any single individual since the Reformation. The endowments of Hertford are indeed so ample that its fellowships and scholarships are now about the most valuable prizes within the University of Oxford.

Dr. Butler (Master of Trinity) is to be the special preacher at St. Paul's Cathedral next Sunday evening.

The Archbishop of York has been very much praised for collating Dr. Atkinson, the well-known and learned Vicar of Danby, to "a canonry" in York Minster. It appears to be supposed that the Archbishop has made Dr. Atkinson a Residentiary Canon, whereas, in reality, he has been given only a prebendal stall, to which no emolument whatever is attached; and all he gets by it is the privilege of preaching an annual sermon in York Minster.

Archdeacon Sinclair, who has been passing the autumn in Scotland, is to be the Canon-in-Residence and Sunday afternoon preacher at St Paul's Cathedral during November.

During November, the preachers at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, will be:—1st, the Sub-Dean; 8th, the Rev. W. H. Bliss; 15th, the Rev. A. H. Williams; 22nd, Prebendary Kempe; 29th, the Rev. Dr. McCormick.

The chaplaincy of the German Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, has become vacant by the death of Dr. Walbaum, who had held the post for more than half a century. The stipend is about £250 a year, and the duties are very light. I understand that the Queen will appoint the new chaplain from a list of eligible candidates which is to be drawn up by the Bishop of London.

I learn that the office of organist of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, Palace, to which is attached that of "composer" to the Queen, is about to become vacant by the resignation, through ill-health, of Mr. C. S. Jekyll, who was appointed in 1876. This is a post in the gift of the Queen, and it is worth about £300 a year. Mr. Jekyll was for many years assistant organist at Westminster Abbey under the late Dr. Turle.

Canon Lowe, who was on Thursday last installed at Lancing as Provost of St. Nicholas College, in succession to the late Canon Woodard, was associated with Canon Woodard's work from its commencement. From 1849 to 1872 he was headmaster of St. John's School, Hurstpierpoint, and he showed great ability in that capacity, having in the course of a very few years got together a school of 350 boys. In 1873 he was appointed to the command of the schools which were then being started in Lichfield diocese on the same lines as the St. Nicholas College Schools in Sussex, and he has succeeded in establishing two thriving schools at Denstone and Ellesmere. Canon Lowe, although a pronounced High Churchman, is a sound Liberal, and he received his stall in Ely Cathedral from Mr. Gladstone in 1873.

One of the most precious documents that ever emanated from a clerical pen was recently written by a reverend gentleman named Goring, who is the non-resident owner of the greater part of the parish of Kingston, near Lewes, from which he draws over £1,000 a year in rent, and another hundred or so in tithe. He was appealed to on behalf of the Vicar of the parish for a donation to the choir fund, and for the poor of the parish. He replies in this strain:—

> Mr. Goring is, and always has been, of the opinion that if the inhabitants of a parish desire those adjuncts to public worship . . . . they ought to provide them for themselves. . . .
>
> With respect to the cottagers at Kingston . . . . the cottages are all let with the farm to Mr. S——, with a view of being occupied by his workpeople. Mr. Goring has no reason to think that Mr. S—— is inattentive to the relations thus subsisting between him and them, nor neglectful of the obligations, charitable or otherwise, incident thereto; the duties in respect to which may devolve on him, and certainly do not lie on Mr. Goring.

This reverend absentee is at present living, I believe, on his rents, at Wiston Park, Steyning, and it would be interesting to know whether he is engaged in preaching the kind of gospel enunciated in the above letter.

A large-hearted rector in Hampshire has been lecturing to the labourers in his village—men, I suppose, who often do their twelve or fourteen hours' open-air work a day, and have hearty families at home—on "How to live on four shillings a week." I would suggest that he should next favour us with his views on "How to keep a horse on one straw a day." In the meantime it would be well, I think, if some of the Labourers' Unions or Associations were to organise a course of lectures on "How to keep a parson on £12 a year." Were our labourers all to live on 4s. a week, it is pretty certain that their wages would speedily be reduced to that point, so that the only person to benefit would be the farmer or the landlord. But if our parsons were all cut down to £12 a year, the balance might be divided among the whole community in remission of rates and taxes.

In the Principality of Monaco, no church is allowed except that of the Catholic Church. Here is an opening for the Salvation Army. A strong detachment ought assuredly to be sent to parade its streets and gardens with banjoes and sacred melodies. What a boon it would be were croupiers to become Army Captains and punters to take to hymn-singing instead of roulette!

I have received the following amounts towards this year's Toy Fund for providing the poor children in the London hospitals, workhouses, workhouse schools and infirmaries with toys at Christmas time:—

Charles E. Gladstone, £5; Three Busy Bees, £1; Jerrold L. Joseph, £1. 1s.; W. F. W., £2. 2s.; A. C., £2; Norwood, 10s.; K. H. R., 5s.; J. H. J., £5; A. O., £2. 2s; Fred. Gorringe, £5. 5s.; Miss Elaine Farmer, £1. 1s.; E. Mc. K. H., £1.

In an article in TRUTH of September 10 I called attention to what appeared to be a series of scandalous jobs in connection with the conversion of the Chaplaincy of the Tower into a perquisite of the well-paid office of Chaplain-General of the Forces. Having heard glowing accounts of the personal piety and professional energy of the present Chaplain-General, I invited some explanation of these questionable proceedings from either Dr. Edghill or those in his confidence. Six weeks have elapsed, but no defence has been attempted. On the other hand, I have received enough corroborative evidence to make it clear that the facts, whatever construction be put upon them, are precisely as I suggested them to be.

Indeed, the case appears to be in one respect worse than I represented it. The Chaplain-General having appropriated the salary of the Chaplain of the Tower, and thus deprived the men below him of the one possible prize open to them on retirement, it became necessary, as I said, to provide a Chaplain on the active list to perform the duties of the Chaplain of the Tower, Dr. Edghill's connection with that post being confined to pocketing the emoluments. Originally, the work was done by a Chaplain "on probation" (at 10s. per day), but Mr. Newman, having been appointed while "on probation," has been allowed to retain the post since he received his commission, which he did on June 1, 1890. The Army Chaplains are, however, none too many for their work—rather the reverse, by all accounts. Somebody, then, must be filling the vacancy caused by the withdrawal of Mr. Newman. Either this means extra work thrown on other chaplains, without extra pay, in order to provide Dr. Edghill with an additional £200 a year; or some civilian chaplain must be doing the duty, at a cost which can only fall upon the British taxpayer.

The only correspondent who has favoured me with any apology for Dr. Edghill's position in this matter assures me that a suggestion which I myself made is correct—that the appropriation of the Tower Chaplain's salary originated with others—presumably, with some of the jobbing gang now in office—and that the Chaplain-General had at first the greatest objection to being a party to it. Well, it seems that his objections have been very satisfactorily overcome. It must be borne in mind that the posting of Chaplains to their stations rests with the Chaplain-General, and him alone. Whoever, then, may have been responsible for the initial job, the responsibility for the arrangements by which it has been carried out and developed can only rest with Dr. Edghill himself.

The Military Authorities at Aldershot will do well to give their prompt attention to the following matter:—There are certain young Surgeons at present going through a course of training at Aldershot, and four of them are Roman Catholics. Although there is a Roman Catholic Church close at hand, which is attended by troops in camp, the four Roman Catholic Surgeons have been ordered by the Surgeon-in-Command to attend the garrison church with the rest of the corps. It is further alleged that some of them having, purely through ignorance of the Anglican ritual, sat up when they ought to have knelt, or knelt when they ought to have stood, they were summoned before the Commanding Officer and severely reprimanded. It is bad enough that such incidents should occur, but it will be a great deal worse if the superior authorities overlook the occurrence now that attention has been publicly called to it.

I commend the following communication to Mr. Stanhope's notice. He may rely on it as coming from a perfectly trustworthy source. I do not myself know anything of the matter referred to; but I know that I some time back gave publicity to the case of the writers in the Royal Arsenal, and I was under the impression that satisfactory concessions had been made to them. I gather that these have now been defeated by some interested party lower down in the official scale. Half the injustice perpetrated in the public service is done in this way, and it behoves those at the top of the tree to put a stop to it.

The Secretary of State for War and his permanent advisers can have no idea of the trick which has been perpetrated in two of the principal offices of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, since he gave his decision affecting rates of pay for writers. Both at the Royal Laboratory and Carriage Offices, the Authorities insist on making the yearly increment of 2s. a dead letter, by virtue of the retention of the system of classification, which the responsible Authority at the War Office declined to approve when proposed by the chief at Woolwich.

What adds to the injustice of the case is the fact that at the D.G.O.F.'s office (*i.e.*, the Central Office), and also in the Royal Gun Factories, the class system has never been in force, so that in those offices, the rate of promotion being uniform, it follows that the juniors there will before long, if these inequalities continue, have a higher rate of pay than the writers of the Laboratory and Carriage Offices, to the great and permanent loss of pay and status of the latter. What the writers of those large offices require is one system of promotion and pay for all the Ordnance Factory Offices. Anything short of this is, in practice, fraught with the gravest injustice to the men, and causes a serious hitch in the daily routine of the offices.

The promotion of Major-General Alderson to be President of the Ordnance Committee is a job of the most flagrant and shameful character. Still, as he is a relative of the Prime Minister, I suppose we should not be astonished. But that this alone should suffice to pitchfork an officer who has held a valuable appointment for years into a yet better berth, with a new tenure of staff time, is in the last degree disgusting and humiliating to meritorious officers without interest, and demoralising to the whole Service.

Every one will heartily approve of the admirable programme of the winter arrangements at Aldershot which Sir Evelyn Wood has just issued, and it displays a careful consideration for the comfort and convenience of the officers and men which is unluckily only too rare among both naval and military magnates. There is to be no military work at Aldershot during December and January, so long furloughs are to be granted to all men who have completed their drills, and who are not of bad character. All officers, are moreover, to be

PFUNGST FRERES' EXTRA QUALITY CHAMPAGNES.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. PFUNGST & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

CHOICE OLD HIGHLAND WHISKIES. Age 7, 10, 15, and 25 years in wood. Price per doz., 48s., 60s., 72s., and 120s. An eminent medical authority, in recommending the moderate use of Whisky, states that on no account should Whisky be used unless it is well matured. Detailed list on application to MOREL BROS., COBBETT, & SON, Limited, 210 & 211, Piccadilly; 18 & 19, Pall Mall; 143, Regent-street. Whisky Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

granted two and a half months' leave. Sir Evelyn has also made excellent arrangements for the training of his men, including route-marching by brigades, in marching order, once a week.

The appointment of General G. C. Clarke to the Colonelcy of the Scots Greys will be very acceptable to that Regiment, of which he was one of the most popular officers during a period of twenty-four years, and which he commanded for three years. General Clarke greatly distinguished himself in the Crimea.

The bandmaster of a company of Welsh Volunteers at Pembroke is a district officer under an important labour organisation. In that capacity he has recently been instrumental in obtaining small increases of pay for corporation employés and agricultural labourers in the district. No fault appears to have been found with him as a bandmaster, but at the end of last quarter his Captain dismissed him peremptorily, and paid him a quarter's wages in lieu of notice. No reason was given for this action, and to mark their sense of its injustice the whole of the band at once sent in their resignations. The Captain of the company is the son of one of the principal brewers in the town, who is also an Alderman of Pembroke Corporation. I do not say that the bandmaster has been dismissed because he has been connected with an agitation which may have done something to raise the price of labour, but I do say that it is, under the circumstances, incumbent on those who have dismissed him to state plainly the reasons for his dismissal, and to dispose, if they can, of the suspicion that it is something else than an underhand blow at trades unionism. The War Office authorities ought to look into this matter.

Once again the National Association for the Employment of Reserved Soldiers shows in its annual report an excellent record of work done; but I think that probably most of my readers will read the following paragraph with as much disgust as I did:—

> The Committee would point out that there must be many appointments in such public departments as the Post Office, the Customs, and the Government's manufactories, for which Non-Commissioned Officers and men of good character on returning to civil life would be well fitted; but the Association seldom or never receives any application for men from these or other Government Departments.

In other words, the one agency of all others which ought to assist and strengthen this Association by every means in its power, practically ignores its existence. Mr. Stanhope should be reminded of this matter when he next orates to the House of Commons on his exertions to popularise the Army.

The present garrison of Malta contains some striking examples of the system, which I have so frequently referred to of late, of keeping particular regiments or battalions in banishment for years at a time, at the most undesirable stations. Half a battalion of the Royal Berks have been at Malta five-and-a-half years, and the other half nearly four years. One half-battalion of the Essex Regiment have been there four-and-a-half years. The battalion of the Shropshire Regiment, now in Egypt, previously spent many years at Malta. From the soldier's point of view, an enforced residence of five or six years in this dead-alive island is little short of torture; while, from the public point of view, to condemn him to this purgatory must be the most pernicious folly, for no one can doubt that a man who has had such an experience will jump at the first opportunity of escaping from the service, and, after escaping, will do all he can to prevent others from meeting a similar fate.

Here is another case illustrative of the unfair treatment of Staff Corps Officers, by the issue of new regulations placing their prospects of promotion on a different footing from those held out at the time they joined. I have already given one case in which the same thing was done by a totally different regulation:—

> An officer of my acquaintance, still serving on the Staff Corps, lost two years' service owing to an order, issued some time after he entered the corps, which cancelled all his service as sub-Lieutenant because he had not taken a first-class pass. The order was specially unjust in his case, because all the sub-Lieutenants of his term were sent to garrison classes in their second term to make way for a change of system among the cadets at Sandhurst, so that they were deprived of the services of suitable tutors, and never had an opportunity of passing in the front rank.
>
> Had the officer I refer to stayed in his English regiment, he would not have lost, as it happened, one place for his step to Captain. He is now thrown back two years for his promotion to Major, and also to Lieut.-Colonel.

In a recent issue I referred to the hardship inflicted on soldiers by their having to make good the damage to their clothing by the altogether exceptional wear-and-tear of the autumn manœuvres. An analogous grievance is felt by men who have gone through Mounted Infantry training at Aldershot. An officer in one of the regiments which have suffered in this way writes to me:—

> All the men of my regiment were obliged to wear their new kerseys during the manœuvres, in order, of course, to impart an air of smartness to the companies. The kerseys were consequently spoilt completely. One night when it was pouring with rain, an officer in command of one detachment ordered his men to put on their greatcoats, but Colonel Hutton ordered them off at once, and told the officer not to molly-coddle his men. After the manœuvres the kerseys were considered too bad for the march to Shorncliffe, so the men were ordered to wear their tunics, which are now also spoilt. It is this kind of hardship which makes a soldier's life so uncomfortable and so unpopular.

Clearly, if a commanding officer sacrifices his men's clothes for the mere sake of producing a showy effect, he ought to present them with new outfits. Having myself a high opinion of Colonel Hutton, I feel sure that he will see the matter in this light.

The building of a new steam yacht for the Duke of Connaught is a piece of scandalous extravagance on the part of the War Office, for there are several vessels of the kind at Portsmouth which are available for the Duke's use whenever he requires to proceed on an official cruise. The new yacht is called the *Stanhope*, although one would have supposed that even the present Secretary of War would have been reluctant to associate his name with so flagrant a waste of the public money.

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth. Also The Belle Vue and Pier Hotel, opposite the Pier, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach General Manager, late of the Bath Hotel, Bournemouth.

For Throat Irritation and Cough, Epps's Glycerine Jujubes will always be found effective. Sold only in boxes, 7½d., or tins, 1/1½d., labelled "James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

An idiotic rule was passed years ago at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, to forbid smoking in the precincts of the College, except in the quadrangles and colonnades. Why smoking in other parts of the grounds should be forbidden, probably not even the author of this regulation could have explained, seeing that the restriction only applied to members of the college. This childish regulation had practically become obsolete until a week or two ago, when a memorandum was sent round calling attention to it. It is a pity that the authorities at the Naval College cannot be better employed.

I am beginning to wonder whether any of the officers who have passed through the *Britannia* know the precise dates at which the ship has been moved. On October 8 I published a statement of an old *Britannia* cadet, who mentioned casually that the ship was moved from Portsmouth to Dartmouth in 1869. Another old *Britannia* boy then wrote in the most cocksure style that the ship went from Portsmouth to Portland in 1859 and to Dartmouth in 1863, when he joined her. This I published. Now I have a third old *Britannia* boy, who assures me that the ship was moved from Portsmouth to Portland in February, 1862, and that he went round in her. No wonder it is difficult to get at the truth about events which happened a few centuries back.

Some one, I see, has invented an appendage to torpedoes which will cut through the steel nettings that now surround ships at anchor. With what has already been discovered in the matter of explosives, and with what is likely to be discovered, I fear that our ironclads will soon be of little more use for naval warfare than were knights in armour after the invention of gunpowder. Somebody is pretty sure, before long, to perfect a torpedo, filled with some potent explosive, which, when propelled from a distance under a ship, will blow it up. I am no expert, but I should think that, under these circumstances, the vessel of the future will be a sort of gunboat, of enormous speed, and armed with a propelling instrument which will hurl explosives from a very great distance.

I have never had much faith in the future of European civilisation in Asia, nor in the "great Mission" which (in the opinion of those pecuniarily interested in the Anglo-Indian régime) this country is fulfilling in India. I may be wrong. But I would ask anybody who disagrees with me to study the following picture of the Court of one of our subject Princes—one who has had exceptional opportunities of blossoming out as an enlightened despot. I think it best for various reasons to suppress the names, but my readers may, I think, rely upon every detail of the sketch as literally true :—

His Highness the Maharajah is a very young man, who has been carefully brought up in the way he should go by European tutors. Not many years back he was invested with full powers, came into possession of 80 lakhs of rupees for his privy purse, and was left to his own sweet devices. Of these lakhs of rupees there are not many left—a middle aged Mahommedan *maîtresse en titre*, innumerable hill maidens, an obliging military Secretary to the Viceroy (who has parted with the "pick" of his stable—for a consideration), and parasites of all shapes, colours, sizes, and nationalities have helped to ease him of them.

His cousin, the Maharajah of ——, is some years older than our Prince in years, and about 150 years older in experience. This cousin is his *âme damnée*—leads him into all kinds of mischief, and poses to him as his guide, philosopher, and friend, and cuts him in public. A stable chum of his is now the most important European in the country, while another protégé, an enterprising tradesman from Central Europe, is the "universal provider" of the capital, supplying, indiscriminately, palaces, furniture, roads horses, dogs, electric installations. Whether Maharajah Mephisto has any interest in the contracts for all these good things, it is not for me to say.

Now, our "Juggins"—as his Highness is affectionately dubbed at Simla—is not at all a bad boy, nor is he a fool by any means. As he says of himself, he can be led, but he will not be driven. But our worthy Lieutenant-Governor is just one of those flabby, weak men who flare out at the wrong time, and thus puts up the back of the young potentate, with the very worst results. He throws him into the companionship of jocks, tradesmen's assistants, stable-boys, *et hoc genus omne*, and their female cousins, sisters, and aunts. You can fancy from this the language and manners of the young Maharajah, whose receptive faculties are, like those of most Orientals, fully developed.

So things will doubtless go on until a smash comes. Jewellery, ponies, dogs, &c., are purchased by the thousands of rupees. A palace, to cost seven lakhs (mostly for the convenience of Maharajah Mephisto), is started by the "universal provider." A stable to cost one and a quarter lakhs is started by a friend and friendess of the individual who rules that Department of State. H.H. the Maharajah attends race meetings, where he is properly taken in hand by his dear friend, Lord ——. Meanwhile all works of utility, or even of necessity, throughout his vast domain are in abeyance. Lines of railway, canal extensions, which would add immensely to his revenues, have to be shelved. Eight hundred prisoners have to be crammed into a building only big enough for 150—they die by the score, they infect the capital, the palace, the whole neighbourhood—but there is no money wherewith to build them a new gaol.

There may have been Indian Princes who have been distinctly better rulers for English education and contact with Western civilisation. I do not believe that there can have been many. My notion is that Oriental people are best governed according to Oriental ideas, and that in the best of cases the Europeanized ruler of an Asiatic people is more likely to be regarded by his subjects as a curse than as a blessing. But even granting that here and there an Indian Sovereign has been, from a British point of view, improved by the beneficent influence of British rule, for every one of whom that can be said, how many are there for whom our "mission" has done nothing better than it has for that young rake of a Maharajah in the above picture?

Attention will need to be pointedly directed before long to the relations of those Civil Servants who happen to be directors in Co-operative Stores with their subordinates who happen to be shareholders. In at least one important department it has become the custom for a principal clerk to collect proxies prior to a general meeting, and, as might be expected, matters have not infrequently been made very unpleasant for juniors who have declined to surrender their votes into the hands of their director-chiefs. Similar inconvenient consequences have lately been experienced in a department which is ruled by a director of a Civil Service Store, some of the shareholders in which have been strenuously opposing a recent increase in the fees of the directorate. These abuses of power are as objectionable from the point of view of the public as they are from that of the Company or the clerks. I

Electric Light without Glare.—The new Patent Bead Ray Diffuser, the only possible means of preventing glare without decreasing the light, will fit on any existing electric lamp. Sample forwarded, carriage paid, 7s. 6d.—Rashleigh Phipps & Dawson, 53, Berners-street, W. Ivory Switches a specialty.

Winter Season, 1891.—How can last year's Sealskin Jacket be made to do duty as a fashionable garment for the Winter, 1891? Take it to The International Fur Store, either 163 or 198, Regent-street, where special attention is given to remodelling these most useful garments. Perfect fit, great attention, and moderate charges may be relied upon. The only addresses of The International Fur Store are 163 and 198, Regent-street, London, W.

trust that any clerks who suffer in the office for their conduct at shareholders' meetings will have the courage to give full publicity to the facts.

The operations of the City Improvement Trust at Glasgow are beginning to receive the attention of the ratepayers of that city, who are by no means satisfied with the state of its affairs. During the last twenty-five years the Trust has expended upwards of two millions of ratepayers' money. Land to the amount of a million has been sold, and there ought to remain property worth another million in the possession of the Trust. It appears, however, by a recent valuation, that "depreciation" has reduced the value of the estate in hand by £320,000, and, as a matter of fact, land which cost a million could not now be sold for half that sum. The net income for last year from the Trust estate was under £5,000. The example of Glasgow may serve as a warning against municipal bodies meddling with operations of this description.

During the last year the expenses of the various deputations which the Corporation of Edinburgh despatched to London amounted to upwards of £1,800. It is astonishing that the ratepayers of the city can allow their money to be squandered in this senseless manner.

The managers of the schools at Hanwell, which belong to the City of London and St. Saviour's Unions, have recently been engaged in discussing the aberrations of the chaplain who superintends the spiritual instruction of the pupils at those establishments. He makes it a regular practice to burn all the old Bibles and Prayer Books which the pupils have discarded, and the other day he was sharply called to account for having destroyed a child's pinafore, "the property of the ratepayers." It appears that during a celebration of the Holy Communion a girl dropped the chalice, and the contents stained the pinafore which she was wearing, whereupon the chaplain ceremoniously burnt the garment. An explanation having been demanded, the chaplain offered to replace the pinafore with a new one; but the incident is not yet closed, for, after a long debate on the case, two committees were appointed to inquire into the whole subject.

A week or two back I commented upon the extraordinary conduct of a relieving officer, disclosed at an inquest at Birchanger, in Essex. The officer, whose name was Freeman, being summoned by a policeman to a man found lying in the road at midnight, had declined to do more than move the man to the side of the road, where he lay till he died a few hours later. I gather from some remarks in a local paper that the Bishop Stortford Guardians have now formally absolved Freeman, who *primâ facie* would seem to have deserved summary dismissal, from all blame in the matter. This proceeding on the part of the Guardians throws the performance of the relieving officer into the shade, and I now wait to see whether the Local Government Board is prepared to take as easy a view of the conduct of the Guardians as they do of that of Mr. Freeman.

It is not long since the Stewards of the Jockey Club made a rule prohibiting any persons from entering the weighing-room at Newmarket or elsewhere, excepting only the jockeys and the owners and trainers of horses running in the next race. Even reporters are rigorously excluded. It has lately been remarked, however, that certain "aristocratic patrons" of the turf are permitted to break this rule, as they are constantly in the weighing-room, and for no other object than to "tout" the jockeys. It was to stop this objectionable touting that the rule was passed, and such a regulation is of no value whatever unless it is strictly enforced. This custom of enterprising backers descending from private stands and reserved enclosures to cross-question riders ought to be stopped; for it is embarrassing to the jockeys, and highly exasperating to the owners and trainers of the horses engaged, who reasonably object to having the prospects of their animals discussed in this manner. The sole object of these irregular intrusions is to extract information which the inquirers are not entitled to receive.

The following extraordinary account of the calamities experienced within a few years, in one London street, is sent to me as a curiosity by a lady who has lived in the street in question for sixteen years. My informant objects to disclose the name of the street, except in confidence, but I am glad to think that it is not the street in which this office is located, for Carteret-street does not run to twenty-two houses:—

> It might comfort people burdened with small troubles if sometimes they could know what calamities befall their fellow creatures. I know a street of twenty-two houses where the following catastrophes have happened within a dozen years, only two houses being comparatively exempt: Two men (one young and full of promise, the other a well-known scientist) became insane; one wife and two husbands eloped; one young widow disappeared with her brother-in-law; two sweet young girls died of typhoid, a charming eldest child of scarlet fever, another child of diphtheria; another only child, a brilliant boy, died suddenly at the age of thirteen. A young wife awakened one night to find her husband dead at her side; a married man of thirty-three was killed in an accident; the father of a family died of consumption aged fifty-six; another died suddenly aged fifty; the mother of a large family died of cancer; in another family there was so much illness that for seven years sicknesses were the rule. The funerals in this street averaged two yearly for fifteen years. Yet the houses were well-built, well-drained, and much sought after when vacant.

There must surely be some reason for the blight which seems to rest upon this ill-fated thoroughfare. What is it? It is not drains, if my correspondent's concluding statement may be trusted; besides, drains do not cause husbands to elope, nor young widows to disappear with their brothers-in-law. For the same reason, it can hardly be anything in the air, or the soil, or the surroundings. Did somebody curse the site in the Middle Ages? Or has there been a gigantic tragedy on the spot, which has resulted not in a haunted house, but in twenty-two haunted houses? There is something uncanny about the story, and altogether it looks like a case for the Psychical Research Society.

China and Glass.—Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

House Drainage.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

The manner in which Lord Halsbury jobs the County Court Judgeships, of which he has appointed to an unprecedentedly large number, is exciting loud professional grumblings, and the *Law Times* plainly asserts that, "The profession has become thoroughly reconciled to the fact that any and every qualification, except learning and experience, justify a selection for the Bench of the inferior Court."

I am much obliged to the Editor of the *Law Journal* for enlightening me as to the provisions of the Gun Licence Act, 1870, on the subject of the use of guns by farmers for the purpose of scaring birds. On October 1 I drew attention to a case at Leigh in which a farmer's son had been fined under this Act. The lad had been scaring birds from the corn, and neither he nor his father had a gun licence. But the father was under the impression, from a paragraph in *Whitaker's Almanac*, that a licence was not necessary. I said that if this conviction was good law, the Act was a bad law.

If I correctly understand the statement of the effect of the Act, which the *Law Journal* now publishes, this opinion was amply justified. It seems that a farmer himself may use a gun to scare birds without a licence, and that if he himself has a licence he may authorise another person to use a gun for the same purpose, but not otherwise. The wiseacre who drew this Act dimly perceived the desirability of exempting from taxation guns used for scaring birds; but insisted that every farmer who desires the benefit of the exemption must devote his own time and energies to bird-scaring, and not depute the work to a boy. I should hope that this statement of the law will lead every sensible person to join with the farmers in procuring a repeal of such a senseless enactment.

The Malling Magistrates and the Child-Torture Case.

Can nothing be done, then, to punish the action
Of men who thus sully the office they hold?
Can nothing be done to obtain satisfaction?
Can Magistrates not in some way be controlled?
Are they thus to go on the community shocking
By sentences Dogberry could not surpass?
Are they thus to be left to make mercy a mocking,
To prostitute Law to the needs of a class?

Official control—Bah! we're sick of the name of it!
When Magistrates like to these Malling J.P.'s
Can injustice commit, and exult in the shame of it,
Defying the land with their wicked decrees;
And when a whole people, incensed and disgusted
At equity outraged and justice debased,
Still see these same men with the duties entrusted
That they have already so foully disgraced.

No, a mere reprimand, oft as mild as it's tardy,
That leaves these J.P.'s still of powers possess'd,
Is not what we want—for offenders so hardy
A punishment much more severe we'd suggest.
Such men, whom the Press all too vainly belabours,
Whom Truth week by week is essaying to trounce,
Should be everywhere shunned by their right-feeling neighbours,
And avoided by all who their doings denounce.

A Dublin paper records the prosecution of a certain Rev. Charles J. Hinkson, M.A., of The Abbey, Athy, for killing four goats. The animals strayed, it seems, on to his lawn, and Mr. Hinkson caught them, took them into an outhouse, and cut their throats. The report states that the reverend gentleman was let out on his own recognisances, but I should hope that the case is not to end there, for it seems almost incredible that so wanton an exhibition of bloodthirsty cruelty can be allowed to go unpunished.

The justices of Long Ashton Petty Sessions a fortnight or so back passed a sentence of fourteen days' imprisonment, six strokes with a birch, and five years in a reformatory, upon two boys of ten and eleven years old, and of previous good character, for stealing a fowl and some pigeons. I am glad to see that, in response to an influential memorial, the Home Secretary has remitted the last item of this atrocious sentence, the five years in a reformatory. Every Magistrate concerned in this case ought to be at once removed from the bench. I speak advisedly. The man who could suppose that a well-brought-up child of ten, the son of respectable parents, with nothing against him but a single act of boyish mischief, will suffer anything but permanent harm by being taken from home and confined for five years in a reformatory, stands self-convicted of purblind stupidity of the most incorrigible kind.

A "gentleman" named Cecil Custance, living at Boveridge, near Cranborne, was before the Wimborne magistrates the other day on a charge of brutal cruelty to a dog. He had lost his temper with the animal at a railway station, and proceeded to thrash it with a whip until the stationmaster interfered. He then went outside the station, and continued to beat the dog until it vomited blood, and after it had escaped from him, and taken refuge in a ditch, he followed it, and kicked it unmercifully. For this he was fined £5 and costs. I take it that anybody but a "gentleman," who conducted himself in this way in a public place, would have gone to prison as a matter of course, and it is a disgraceful thing to the Wimborne justices that they should show special tenderness to an offence of this character when committed by one of their own class.

Last week an inquest was held at Bristol on a child who had been run over by a tramcar. The inquest was held by the Deputy Coroner, Mr. Doggett. I understand that this gentleman is the Solicitor to the Tramway Company If that is so, I am not surprised to hear that many people are dissatisfied with the result of the inquest, which was a verdict of "accidental death." I do not suggest that there is any ground for dissatisfaction, but whenever a judicial officer is connected by a private interest with one of the parties before his Court, people will naturally be dissatisfied with the decisions of his Court For

Inns of Court Hotel, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.
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Sealskin Jackets carefully re-dyed and re-made to the latest Fashions for 1891. Perfect fit guaranteed at moderate charges by Back & Co., Practical Manufacturing Furriers, 241, Regent-street, London, W. Established 60 years.

this reason, I would suggest that when the Bristol Tramway Company next have the misfortune to kill anybody, the inquest should be held by a Deputy-Deputy-Coroner.

The Excise authorities at Liverpool appear to adopt, to say the least of them, most objectionable methods of obtaining evidence against persons whom they wish to convict of offences. At the Liverpool Police-court, on Thursday, three private hotel and boarding-house keepers were summoned for selling intoxicating liquors without licences, and in each case Excise officers had gone as lodgers to the defendants' establishments with the express object of getting the law broken. At one house the exciseman asked for some beer, and was told that he could not be supplied with any. A servant, however, gave him a glass of beer which she was to have had for her own supper, and when the officer found that this was not charged for in the bill he handed her twopence, which she put in her pocket. It is a disgrace to the Excise authorities that under these circumstanees the owner of the house should have been prosecuted for "selling beer without a licence." Of course, the case was dismissed, but the same course should have been, but I am sorry to say was not, adopted in the two others, for the excisemen had clearly deliberately manufactured offences.

Prophets are more honoured out of their own land than in it. This seems to be the case as regards temperance with Sir William Harcourt. In Derby, an application was made at the Licensing Sessions for the transfer of an existing licence to a house recently built in a part of the town called the Dairy House Estate. This was granted, on which a meeting of the inhabitants of the threatened locality was called, including the Vicar, his curates, the churchwardens, and other respectable citizens. In Dairy House-road, where the house had been erected, every householder had signed a petition against it, and most unquestionably the opinion of the ratepayers in the neighbourhood was strongly adverse to the public-house. Appeal against the decision to the general meeting of Magistrates for conferring licences was lodged, and, on the case coming on, a vast number of witnesses testified to the house being neither needed nor wanted. A petition of 397 residents in the district was put in against it, and a requisition of 28 in favour of it. The Magistrates unanimously confirmed the transfer. And we are told that local option is not necessary, as the licensing Magistrates only carry out the wishes of a locality!

The circular which I print below, and which, by the way, was addressed to a young fellow under age at his father's house, seems to mark a new and alarming development of the usury trade. Shylock, it appears, intends to "travel." So that in addition to being pestered morning, noon, and night with circulars, gentlemen of means may expect to find "our Mr. Aaron" or "our Mr. Moses" knocking at the front door to solicit their esteemed orders. Another pleasing novelty in this document is that "Faith Bros." style themselves "Negotiators"—apparently under the delusion that usury by any other name may smell a little sweeter:—

DEAR SIR,—Pardon the liberty we take in thus addressing you, but should you require monetary assistance we shall be pleased to arrange same for you.

We may mention that a member of our firm will be passing through Arundel on Tuesday or Wednesday next week, and should you be so disposed he would meet you at the Norfolk Arms Hotel, or elsewhere you may appoint, to discuss matters with you.—Yours faithfully, FAITH BROTHERS.

Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, of Thirkleby Park, Thirsk, desires me to caution tradesmen and others against a person representing himself as his son, and giving the name of Mr. De V. L. Payne-Gallwey. It appears that by this false pretence the individual in question has secured an appointment as assistant-master in a school, and has obtained goods from tradesmen, representing that they are intended as wedding presents to members of the aristocracy. Sir Ralph Gallwey's only son is aged ten years.

The country has been flooded with circulars issued by one A. Masterman, who dates from 66, Imperial-buildings, Ludgate Circus. This person offers to send "good priced and reliable selections" to any one who is silly enough to remit him the amount that he charges for his "early wires" and "late wires." With regard to the Cesarewitch, A. Masterman, having obtained "astounding information," which he regarded as "a chance of one's lifetime" and "the best thing on record," proceeded to send the "information" broadcast through the country, the animal over which a fortune was to be won being Victoricus, which he described as being "certain to win or get placed." I am told, however, that in another circular issued by him, Morion was recommended, Mons Meg in others, Haute Saône in others, and, indeed, every fancied animal in the race. He will, no doubt, play the same trick over the Cambridgeshire and the Liverpool Cup, and people who receive his nonsensical, mendacious circulars will do well to cast them at once into the waste-paper basket.

It is supposed that we shall have the poor always with us, but I do not know why this should be so, when anybody who can raise £6,000 may purchase an income of £365,000 a year by merely answering the following advertisement. We ought all to be millionaires before long at this rate:—

Thirty thousand pounds monthly (£1,000 daily) to partner, with absolute security. Partner may be cashier or name one, advertiser not wishing to touch any of the partner's money, and will provide all his own expenses. No further liability than £6,000. Full information and undeniable proof.—Write to Perseverance, May's Advertising Offices, 162, Piccadilly, W.

Should any of my readers have been tempted to communicate with "Perseverance," whose advertisement has been appearing in the *Daily Telegraph*, I should be glad to hear the result. I fancy that I detect here the cloven hoof of that irrepressible scoundrel "C. Wells, C.E."

It is astonishing that enough victims should still be forthcoming to make "counting competitions" a profitable swindle, but such appears to be the case. In a recent

INCONTESTABLE FREE TONTINE POLICIES, with special advantages, are issued by the NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—For full particulars apply to J. FISHER SMITH, General Manager, 76 and 77, Cheapside, E.C.

issue of one weekly paper appeared advertisements of two of these competitions, one offering a prize of £40 for counting the "black spots" on a given space, and the other a prize of £50 for counting the squares on a diagram. Seeing how transparent the trick is, and how frequently it has been exposed, I really cannot feel much sympathy with those who are continually sending me sad accounts of their experience in this direction; but I think that the newspaper proprietors who make themselves a party to the fraud by publishing such advertisements deserve to be very severely dealt with.

Another of the bogus learned societies which are pestering people with invitations from its "Council" to become honorary members (at the price of 10s. 6d. per annum) is the "Arts Society," which has its office at 6, Bouverie-street, E.C. One "Alfred H. Bennett" is the Secretary and Treasurer and chief tout of this concern. He has been even more successful than either Maclean or Morgan and Stedman, in obtaining the use of well-known names to further the collection of half-guineas, among those advertised being the Bishop of Manchester, Messrs. Alma Tadema and G. F. Watts, R.A., Sir Edward Reed, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Ellen Terry, and Mr. John Hare. I should like to ask these distinguished personages whether they have any idea what Alfred H. Bennett does with all the half-guineas which they are assisting him to collect, or what the "Arts Society" is at present doing to promote "the study of Nature, Literature, and Art," or to "maintain the development of interest upon (*sic*) Music and the Drama."

In reference to a letter received from Sale last week, and several others which I need not refer to more particularly, I must again impress upon my readers that I cannot notice anonymous communications. It is impossible for me to place any confidence in the statements of a person who is afraid to let me know who he is; and, besides that, it almost invariably happens that I require to communicate with my correspondents for the purpose of verification or further information, before I can use the facts they send me.

The following statement is sent to me by an eye-witness of the occurrence. The Great Western Railway Company will do well to exercise some control over boys travelling to and from Oxford who are not old enough to have learned how to behave themselves in public, and until the Railway Company have taken some steps in that direction, I should advise the rest of the public to avoid, if they possibly can, travelling at the time when the undergraduate element is in force at Paddington:—

On Friday afternoon I went to Paddington Station to see off a gentleman who was travelling by the 3.30 train. A guard unlocked the door of a first-class smoking carriage, but after the gentleman in question had got in, he found that the only vacant seat was piled up with luggage, and was told by the other occupants of the carriage that it was engaged. He got out, and appealed to an official. The official said that the seat was not engaged, and that there was no other in the train, and the gentleman got in again. No one attempted to move the things, but the other occupants of the carriage grinned and sniggered, and continued to mutter, "The seat 's engaged."

I pointed out the state of the case to the official on the platform, but as he did nothing I advised my friend to get out and look for a carriage containing gentlemen. He accordingly moved into an adjoining second-class carriage. The instant he left, one of the occupants of the first carriage slammed the door, and locked it with a key of his own. On subsequent inquiry, we learned from the guard that these agreeable travellers were "all Oxford men going up." Is this the best that University education can do for our *jeunesse dorée?*

Stomachs and Brains.

Would it not be better that the English should be a sober nation . . . . with large stomachs, rather than a drunken nation with small stomachs?—Truth, October 15, 1891.

In this matter you seem to have taken great pains,
And you're down on the stomach, forsooth,
But truly the question is one about brains,
As you should have gathered, dear Truth.

The stomach's designed for all health-giving foods
Which strengthen a man's constitution,
But when alcohol into this "sanctum" intrudes,
It's "the Devil" himself "in solution."

Old Shakspeare, you know, declared long, long ago—
And the "dictum" still with us remains—
That drink, when consumed, must be reckoned a foe,
Which is certain to steal a man's brains.

You may give it what name your bright fancy may choose,
Descanting its charms and its joys on,
But no matter, on drinking whatever your views,
It remains all the same a brain poison.

Then fret not your mind o'er the stomach, I pray,
Nor heed if it waxes or wanes,
But keep from John Bull all strong liquors away,
And you'll certainly strengthen his brains.

This is all very well. But my object is to make England as sober as Germany. I do not believe in Dr. Mortimer Granville's doctrine that man requires a certain amount of alcohol each day to keep well: far from it, I think that (unless under exceptional circumstances) he would be better without the alcohol. But, on the other hand, I do not believe that a slight amount of alcohol taken daily is productive of any serious ill effect. The objection to public-houses is that so many people cannot use without abusing them. I meet this by the suggestion that German beer should be allowed to be sold everywhere, as it is impossible for any one to get intoxicated by drinking any amount of it. For the words "alcoholic beverages," I would substitute "intoxicating beverages," and I would give any locality the right by a popular vote to forbid their sale within the locality. Clearly, if we could get Englishmen to drink German beer, and no other alcoholic beverage, intoxication would cease, because the capacity of the human stomach would not enable any person to imbibe enough German beer to produce drunkenness. What more could the most ardent advocate of temperance desire than that no one in the country could be intemperate? If once we embark on a crusade against alcohol on the ground that the smallest amount taken is injurious to the coats of the stomach, we get into a controversy in which we might possibly be worsted whereas if we hold fast to the position; that the locality may forbid within its precincts the sale of liquor, which can cause intoxication, we are on much firmer ground. Drunkenness is admitted by all to be harmful alike to the individual and to those with whom

Be careful what you eat. Do not be poisoned by using Baking Powder adulterated with alum. Insist on having Borwick's, which is pure and wholesome, and the best that money can buy.

he is brought in contact. The chemical ill effect of alcohol is not admitted by all; but if there be ill effect, it begins and ends with the consumer. Why, then, mix up these two questions?

The Report of the Commissioners of the Crown Lands has just been published. Receipts and expenditure for Windsor parks and woods are instructive. It must be remembered that the Home Park is excluded. The total receipts are £4,712. 6s. 3d.; the total expenditure is £20,696. 5s. 3d. It hardly, therefore, appears that the country has made a good bargain in leasing this property from the Crown. It would seem that, among other speculations, we buy lean stock and sell them fat. Here is the account: Purchase of stock, £348; attending cattle, £203; provender for cattle, horses, saddlery, £497; sale of live stock, £428. Dividing the provender item, and putting down one-half for the provender of the cattle, it would seem, therefore, that we lose £371 per annum, allowing nothing for rent. The item of £500 for food of game still figures in the expenditure, as well as that of £360 for gamekeepers. I never before heard of a lessee keeping up gamekeepers for his landlord, and giving him a sum of money to buy food for his pheasants. "Repairs" and maintenance of lodges in Windsor Great Park, and at Ascot and Bagshot including the Royal stables, kennels, &c., are £3,726. What portion of this goes to the repair and maintenance of the kennels of the staghounds is not stated. The deer in the Park cost £107 for food, and there seems to be a large staff to look after them. Amongst the staff is a Chaplain, who gets £180, though how many deer he has converted, or to what he has converted them, is not given.

One difficulty of forming any organisation of agricultural labourers which shall possess the slightest degree of independence is conspicuously shown by what has taken place at Ixworth. At the last inquiry held there, one poor woman stated that she and her family were under notice to quit her cottage because the cottage was owned by one Garrard, for whom her husband worked, and who was turning the family out solely because the husband belonged to the Labourers' Association, which had promoted the inquiry into the condition of the cottages. Garrard himself did not deny this, but proclaimed in open court that he was determined to employ no men belonging to the Labourers' Association. I have heard since from Ixworth that this family are in daily fear of eviction, and are utterly at a loss to know where else to go. There can be only one remedy for this state of things—to create a democratic organisation in every village which the people will control, and which will make them masters of their present oppressors.

At a harvest festival for the parishes of Adstock and Addington, the other day, Lord Addington made some remarks, which, coming from such a source, deserve unqualified praise and the widest publicity. He said that though he was very fond of shooting, he did not wish rabbits to be preserved to the detriment of the cottagers' gardens and allotments, and to the temptation of the labourers. If he were a labourer, his Lordship added, and saw a rabbit nibbling his cabbages, he should go for that rabbit with the first thing at hand—a spade, a fork, or anything else. The labourers, of course, I am told by a correspondent, received this outspoken advice with cheers. I should like to know, though, how Lord Addington's brother landowners and game preservers have received it. Bravo, Lord Addington!

The *National Observer* is the most readable of the Tory newspapers. Its political principles are, of course, pernicious, and the arguments by which it enforces them are paradoxical, but it usually manages to state its principles and its arguments in a clever fashion. I was surprised, therefore, to come across the following passage in an article on Mr. Bright:—

> If Bright of Rochdale were a benefactor because he enabled his workmen to feed cheaply, why was the Duke of Richmond accounted a miscreant because he wanted his farmers to sell their produce in a dear market?

Why? Because Mr. Bright did not contemplate reducing the wages of his workmen, and objected to their wages being practically reduced by their being forced to pay, not only the real price of food, but, in addition to this, a tax to the landed interest for the privilege of eating; whereas the Duke of Richmond wanted his farmers to sell their produce at a monopoly price, in order that they might be able to pay him a monopoly rent for the land that they occupied.

An Italian has written me a long letter, in which he complains that I exaggerated a fortnight ago the financial troubles of Italy. I did nothing of the kind. I only stated facts. The Italians have yet to learn that if you kill the goose, the bird ceases to lay eggs. Taxation beyond a certain point defeats its own end, for it destroys the sources from which taxes are drawn. This is at present the case with Italy, and the cheeseparing economies of the Rudini Ministry are not likely to meet this state of things. Taking the amounts due to various railway companies, the floating debt is at least 40 millions, and is each year being augmented by a fresh deficit. This is what the *Secolo* says:—

> Expenditure continues, receipts diminish. It is impossible to create new taxes, recourse is therefore had to an increase in the assessments of individuals. The wholesale merchants sell less because the retail merchants are without money to buy goods. Manufacturers make fewer goods because they cannot find a market. The artisan spends less because by reducing his hours of labour his weekly wage has been reduced. Landowners are crushed down by the taxation, and have not enough to do justice to their land. Masons are out of work because no new houses are being built. Even lawyers suffer, as men have no money for lawsuits. The only profession that thrives is the medical profession, for sickness is rife owing to insufficient nourishment. And it is under these conditions that almost all find their taxes doubled, especially those who have little, and consequently have the greatest difficulty to make both ends meet. In some cities, so great is the indignation that the shopkeepers declare that they must close their shops, and affix a notice on the door, "Shut on account of excessive taxation."

712,000 Horned Cattle Slaughtered by ARMOUR & Co. last year. ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF retains the true flavour of fresh beef in a more marked degree than any similar preparation.

BENGER'S FOOD for Infants, Children, and Invalids. The most delicious, nutritive, and digestible. "Retained after every other Food has been rejected."—*London Medical Record.* "If every mother knew of its value no other would be used."—*Private Letter.* Retail in Tins, 1s. 6d.; 2s. 6d.; 5s.; and 10s.; everywhere.

The *Secolo* only states facts. It might have gone further, and have shown that all railroad receipts are falling off, and that all public works are stopped because there is no money even to pay for what has already been done. In the meanwhile, money is squandered in Africa; and an army three times larger than is needed is kept up in Italy; and costly ships are being built. Why? Because the Italians were so idiotic as to follow the advice of Lord Salisbury and join the Triple Alliance—or, in other words, to impose vast burdens on the population in order to have an army to aid Germany in case the French try to reacquire Alsace and Lorraine. They have been fooled by the German Emperor and by his English jackal. The smallest glimmering of common sense might have shown them that so long as Germany retains the French Provinces, France, if ever she does go to war, will engage in hostilities with Germany, and not with Italy. Either Italy must effect large retrenchments by a serious reduction of her military expenditure, or she will be bankrupt. Her Rente stands ten points lower than it did before she joined the Triple Alliance, and if she continues in her present course, it will fall many further points, for no one is likely to invest on the security of a State that cannot pay its way, and yet spends as though it had the purse of Fortunatus.

Of course, all the Egyptian fleshpotters and advocates of the doctrine *J'y suis, et j'y reste* are up in arms at Mr. Gladstone's pronouncement in regard to our evacuation of Egypt. There are three reasons why we should bring this occupation to a speedy end :—1. We promised to do so, and on this solemn pledge we went there. It is idle to imagine that we can get out of this promise by asserting that our mission is not yet fulfilled. The "mission," I take it, is to educate the Egyptians to self-government. We have never endeavoured to do this; our aim has been to suppress all self-government, to place Englishmen in places of responsibility and profit, and to starve education and public works in order to devote the revenue of the country to the payment of interest on the foreign debt. 2. The Egyptians want us to go. Our ways may be better than their ways, but, being Orientals, they prefer Oriental ways to ours. The Egyptians have a feeling of patriotism, and they resent our governing them, as much as we should resent a band of foreign angels governing us. 3. As Mr. Gladstone says, "the occupation is burdensome and embarrassing." In the event of war with some Great Power or Powers, we could not send either troops or merchandise to India by the Mediterranean, because our line of communication might be cut off by a neutral ship being sunk in the Canal. We should, therefore, perforce be obliged to fall back on the longer but safer route by the Cape, whilst our position in the Red Sea would enable us to seal the Canal as regards our enemies. What, therefore, should we gain by holding the country with an army? Nothing. We should lose for defensive purposes elsewhere whatever army we might send there. As for a hostile army landing there, this would be impossible, so long as we retain the command of the sea. Once admit that we could not close the Canal to neutrals, and we have to accept the Cape as the true route. Once admit that to be the true route, and every argument based on Imperial necessity falls to the ground. In maintaining our occupation of Egypt we therefore not only commit a crime against our honour, but a fault against our own interests. Dishonesty has not even the questionable merit of being advantageous.

But the French would go there. I wish them joy if they did. Our withdrawal, however, ought to be preceded by an international compact neutralising Egypt, and to this there is no doubt that the French would assent. As it is, the occupation may drag us into a European war. Already, Lord Salisbury has practically joined the Triple Alliance, because he fancies that the three allies are more ready to condone our violation of faith than the dual allies. Our retention of Egypt has not one single tactical advantage: it alienates France, forces us into the maw of Germany, and imperils that "non-intervention" in case of a European war which is our true policy.

A Jingo and a fleshpotter look to nothing but the means to gratify their dominant passion. The Jingo would, *per fas et nefas*, extend the area of our Empire. The fleshpotter would devote nations to slavery if this would increase his hoards. But they have not the honesty to admit their aims. They invariably veil them beneath professions of humanitarianism. In this Egyptian business nothing disgusts me more than the plea of the Jingoes and the fleshpotters, that we ought to remain in Egypt for the sake of the Egyptians. It is like a thief getting into a house under false pretences, and refusing to leave it on the score that he is benefiting its rightful inhabitants by exercising sway over them. With such a doctrine, all annexations might be justified, and all thieves might palm themselves off as philanthropists. That people should be found to put it forward is surprising; but that people who do not share in the spoil, or who do not wish to convert the entire globe into the British Empire, should allow themselves to be fooled by it, is still more astounding.

As I should be sorry if the fleshpotters were to remain in a fool's paradise, I would remind them of a fact, more important even than Mr. Gladstone's pronouncement. During the last Session a motion was made that the British Army should be reduced by the exact number of our soldiers in Egypt. Every Liberal present, including ex-officialdom, voted for it. The Liberal party has, therefore, pledged itself to withdraw from Egypt whenever public affairs are in its hands.

My view in regard to our foreign policy is a simple one. We ought to be friends with all European Powers, and this we can only be if we hold aloof from alliances with one or other of them. We ought not to seek to extend the area

Minton's (Limited).—Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

Cadbury's Cocoa.—"A light, refreshing, and digestible beverage—absolutely pure Cocoa of the highest quality. The name Cadbury on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity."—*Medical Annual.*

of the Empire, because it is full large enough for all our requirements. Our Army and Navy should be efficient for all defensive purposes, and we should have well-secured coaling-stations wherever our commerce requires them. If France goes to war for Alsace and Lorraine, we should look on, merely requesting all belligerents to keep their hands off all our possessions. In the Balkan Peninsula we should leave Russia and Austria to squabble, if they feel disposed, and if Russia were to become possessed of Constantinople, we should view this annexation with perfect equanimity. In Asia we should neither encourage nor discourage Russia to make annexations; but, as lovers of our species, we should be glad to see Russian substituted for Turkish authority in Armenia, on the principle that, of two evils, the lesser is the better. From Egypt we should withdraw, having arranged that in future it should be left to the Egyptians to work out their own salvation. We have Cyprus, or, rather, a perpetual lease of Cyprus. We might offer the island to Greece, on condition that she pays the rent, and that she gives us a very small island in the Levant, which might serve us as a coaling-station and as a harbour. In Central Asia, we should negotiate a hard-and-fast frontier between us and Russia, and outside our frontier we should leave the Russians to do precisely as they like. Having thus settled our affairs abroad, we should piously hope that peace might prevail everywhere; but if it did not, we should keep our powder dry, and hold aloof.

There is a truly funny article in the *Spectator* upon the probabilities of the General Election. The old lady does not "attempt to predict," but she notes the effect upon Mr. Chamberlain of the Liberal programme, and asks, "Where is Mr. Schnadhorst's guarantee that what Mr. Chamberlain feels will not be felt by scores of thousands of hard-headed poor men who, apart from Ireland, would find in the member for Birmingham the closest exponent of their general views?" "Where," the ancient dame further asks, "is the Liberal-Unionist who has been converted? Are there not thousands amongst them who are repelled by the Liberal Party's new doctrines and acts?" There is an excellent reason why the Newcastle programme did not convert Liberal-Unionists by the thousand. The Party all told does not number above 2,000 on a high estimate. Some who went astray in 1886 have reverted to the Liberal ranks, others have 'verted to the Tories. Left alone the Tories would lose the General Election; with Liberal-Unionists who insist upon coming forward as candidates they will be routed hip and thigh; for these very superior gentry are as distasteful to the Tory elector as to the Liberal elector. No, I hardly think that the way to test the effect of the Liberal programme upon Liberals is to remark its effect on Mr. Chamberlain. We shall next be asked to remark its effect on Mr. Jesse Collings and on Mr. Heneage.

During all last Session the Unionists skulked behind Mr. Smith like braggarts behind the petticoats of an old woman. So timorous were they, and so anxious were they not to come out of the cover, that they let poor Mr. Smith die rather than, when worn and broken in their service, give him the repose he asked for. Now that he is dead, the poet of the Party has been turned on to celebrate his virtues, and strangely does he perform his office. Mr. Smith, it would seem, "rose to serve a suppliant State," he spared "ignoble foes," he "coined no phrases," but he combated "England's foes," and he died "unthinking"; therefore a grateful Monarch laid "her wreath upon his tomb." Well, well!

I have seen a good many allusions to Mr. Smith's candidature at the Reform Club. It may, therefore, be well to make public the real facts. Mr. Smith was entered as a candidate, and described by his sponsors as "a publisher," instead of as a partner in the firm of "Messrs. W. H. Smith." Just previously to this there had been complaint made of a Liberal Member of Parliament entering several candidates, who were his constituents, under erroneous descriptions. In one case he had entered a station-master as a civil engineer. Mr. Smith was, therefore, blackballed as a protest against the continuance of this habit. But it was felt, on reflection, that it was somewhat hard that he should be made a scapegoat, and a fortnight after the election he was privately notified that he would in all probability be elected if he were put up again. Mr. Smith, however, replied that he had already become a candidate at the Carlton Club. When the blackballing took place, negotiations were proceeding with him to come forward as the Liberal candidate for Westminster.

I thought it a mistake to contest the Hanover-square division when Mr. Goschen came forward, and I think it a still greater mistake to contest now the Strand Division. They are both Tory preserves, and in the Strand Division there is little doubt that many whose politics are not very pronounced in any direction, will give a vote to Mr. F. Smith out of respect to his father. Moreover, if the seat was to be contested, I question whether a respectable but obscure homœopathist from Brooke-street, whose name is not exactly a household word as a politician, is a good candidate. Of course we shall be badly beaten, and the heavy Tory poll will be made use of by the Tories to "prove" that the tide is not everywhere flowing our way, and that in London things remain as they were. I never myself saw the use of wasting powder and shot in an electoral contest where defeat is certain. The aim of true generalship is to win a campaign, and to do this the enemy should not be engaged whenever and wherever he wishes for a battle. Under all the circumstances of the case, it would have been graceful as well as wise to allow Mr. F. Smith to walk over the course.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor's Life of Mr. Parnell is well done, and gives a very readable account of a remarkable career. Mr. O'Connor was so intimately connected both with Mr. Parnell and with the Nationalist movement, that few can write on either subject with so much

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authority. Of course, he had facts at his finger ends, but the short time in which the book was written has, considering its length and the weighty matter contained in it, never been surpassed. Like Mr. McCarthy, Mr. O'Connor insists that Mr. Parnell was a nervous man. I do not think that he was. He was naturally a very lazy man, and he did not like public speaking. It was only, therefore, by an effort that he could brace himself to the task. But this is not nervousness.

The alleged "last words" of Mr. Parnell have been generally discussed during the last week. I always regard these dying speeches with suspicion, and am disposed to agree with Sydney Smith, who wrote to Miss Berry, "It seems necessary that great people should die with some sonorous and quotable saying." Mr. Pitt said something unintelligible in his last moments. Some one made it out to be, "Save my country, heaven!" The nurse, on being interrogated, said he asked for barley-water. I believe it is a fact that during the period when Mr. Disraeli was the barely-tolerated leader of the arrogant, muddy-minded Tories of that day, he once told a friend that, if he knew himself to be within ten minutes of death, he would like to employ the interval in dictating his true and unvarnished opinion of the mental and moral qualities of the magnates of his Party, and particularly of the late Lord Derby.

I hear from Ireland that the Royal Irish Constabulary are playing into the hands of the Parnellites, and that they have actually in some instances given money to the "Parish Masters" amongst the old Ribbonmen to encourage their activity. This does not surprise me. So far as the Electorate of the United Kingdom is concerned, Home Rule is won. The only hope of its opponents is in an alliance between the British Peers and the Irish Ribbonmen. I would, however, advise the "Castle" gang to be a little careful. Their day is almost over, and one result of our having the majority in Parliament, will be a strict investigation into their illegal doings.

It is a pity that the Rump of the Parnellites have not accepted the olive-branch that was held out to them; for a Parnell Party, called into existence on the cry that Mr. Parnell was the only possible leader, seems to me, now that Mr. Parnell is dead, somewhat like an additional act to "Hamlet" after the hero of the play is removed to another world. The thing is ludicrously absurd. If these gentlemen really feel that Ireland ought never to obtain Home Rule by constitutional means, they have a policy, but not otherwise. This is the Tory aim, and they are perpetually calling on Mr. Gladstone to produce his Home Rule Bill, in order that they may criticise it. The Parnellite Rump is doing the same thing. It is obvious that Mr. Gladstone does not intend to force a Home Rule Bill on Ireland, nor could he if he desired to do so. An Irishman, therefore, who is a Home Ruler should accept Mr. Gladstone's assurances that the Bill will be a full one. If, when he sees it, he does not approve of it, then will be the time to object to it. But we are seriously asked to believe that what is likely to satisfy Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien (those serfs and slaves of the Saxon) will not satisfy those ardent Nationalists, Mr. Pierce Mahony and Sir Joseph M'Kenna; and so certain is this, that the two aforesaid Nationalists call upon all true Irishmen to repudiate the Bill, even before they have seen it.

What likelihood is there that if Mr. Gladstone does not go far enough in Home Rule any other English Statesman will go further? or, if he does, have a Parliamentary majority behind him? What, then, is the plan of action of the Parnellite Rump? Do they propose an armed rebellion? Will Mr. Mahony command the infantry, and Sir Joseph M'Kenna the cavalry on a black charger like General Boulanger? Or do they really imagine that their burning eloquence will turn the Irish against Mr. Gladstone, against the English Liberals, against the Irish hierarchy, and against the vast majority of their countrymen? Whether as Generals in the field, or as orators on the platform, it strikes me that the odds will be considerably against Mr. Pierce and Sir Joseph.

The complaint of the Parnellite Rump that strong language was used by the Nationalists against Mr. Parnell is an idle one. Mr. Parnell sought to merge the divorce issue into a political one. His opponents were not ready to play into his hands, and they kept the real issue before the country. Mr. Parnell, to do him justice, was of too robust a character to whimper over these attacks. He returned them in kind, and used language in regard to his opponents which certainly did not yield in vigorous personality to theirs.

To me, the amusing phase of this Leadership appointment by Lord Salisbury is the soft-sawdering of Mr. Goschen. This gentleman is the only leading Liberal-Unionist who was introduced into the Cabinet. On his appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer, we were asked to recognise the innate chivalry of his nature in condescending to accept the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Now, we are asked to give him credit for abnegation of self and high sentiment of duty in not insisting that, because he had been good enough to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, he did not insist upon being made First Lord of the Treasury, the real fact being that the Tories do not like him, and would never consent to be led by him. But I gather from the *Times* that the chivalrous Goschen has made his bargain, and that he is to be given a castle near Dover in consideration of his not being made First Lord. This is, says the *Times*, an answer to the mendacious gossip of Separatist partisans, who have tried to make out that a slight has been put on him. I have neither seen nor heard anything of this gossip, nor do I think that one single "Separatist" (by which I suppose is meant a Liberal) is of opinion that any slight has been put on this Bayard. I regret that he is not Tory Leader, because I think that he would be a desirable

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one from the Liberal standpoint. But, naturally, the Tories would not be likely to deem this a reason for making him their Leader.

Voces Competitorum:

Heard the day before Mr. Balfour's appointment.

Mr. G*sch*n, *loqr.*:—

'Tis strange how Salisbury delays
The leadership to proffer;
Still, tardy though the message be,
When he, at length, decides on me,
I shall accept his offer.
Yes, at all risks I'll do my part
For England, home, and beauty!
Marquis, you need no longer wait,
I've made my will, and challenge fate—
Goschen will do his duty!

Mr. J. Ch*mb*rl**n, *loqr.*:—

Why does the Marquis hesitate
The leadership in filling?
What need has he to seek advice?
All can be settled in a trice—
I've *told* him Joseph's willing!
And, seeing how I'm petted by
The ladies of the Party,
I'm sure the men, too, will agree
To in the Commons follow me
With satisfaction hearty.

The Marquis of H*rt**gt*n, *loqr.*:—

No, no, emphatically no!
My resolution 's steady;
With Tory jobbing and intrigue
As 'tis I've been too much in league—
Too soiled by them already.
A catspaw I too long have been,
And no faint wish now lingers
To pull more chestnuts from the fire—
I've not the very least desire
To further burn my fingers!

Lord R. Ch**ch**l, *loqr.*:—

What! still no line from Downing-street?
Though anxiously I'm waiting;
No olive branch from Salisbury yet—
(Perchance my "wire" he did not get)—
This grows most aggravating.
The chains of office I would wear
Again, howe'er they gall me,
And W*l*f has told the Marquis this,
And yet he seems the chance to miss—
Why *doesn't* he re-call me?

Mr. A. J. B*lf**r, *loqr.*:—

I do not say I want the place,
Nor hunger mine to make it;
And even were I offered it
I am not ready to admit
That I would gladly take it.
But I *do* say that if the post
Be passed to some Seceder,
Or if my uncle thinks that he
Can put a leader over me,
I'm sorry for that Leader!

The ways of Tories are not our ways. Lord Salisbury has *proprio motu* nominated his nephew as the Leader of his faithful Commons. The opinion of the Party does not seem to have been asked. Their mission has been to ratify the *sic volo, sic jubeo* of their master. Without wishing to impugn the abilities of Mr. Balfour or of Mr. Lowther, their appointments respectively as Leader and as Under-Secretary remind me of the dictum of Lord Palmerston: "The best man is the man that I like best." According to Lord Salisbury, "The best man is my nephew."

As, however, I said last week, if I had been a Tory, I should have preferred Mr. Balfour to Mr. Goschen for the excellent reason that Tories would be silly to accept as their Leader a man who never fails to boast that he is not a Tory. Whether Mr. Balfour will prove a successful Leader remains to be seen. The author of the "Defence of Philosophic Doubt" is not likely to be a fanatic in any political belief; but I should fancy that he holds to the view that he is one of a class specially ordained by Heaven to rule, and that the first duty of man is to see that landlords get their rent. His *nil admirari* habit will prevent him from losing his temper; he used to be a bad debater, he is now a good one, although he cannot yet really grasp his subject, but, in arguing with his opponent, falls too much back on generalities and sarcasms, to be a first-rate one, and always answers the weak points in an adversary's speech rather than the strong ones. As a statesman, he has not yet been tried. In Ireland, he has simply sat on the safety valve, and the island is as wedded to Home Rule now as it was when he became Irish Secretary. If he fails, it will probably be by trying to be too clever. Intellectually, he is acute rather than broad: his mind is rather that of a woman than that of a man.

There was wondrous point in a remark once made by Dr. Tanner. Mr. Balfour had been speaking with considerable acrimony, and he had been frequently interrupted by the Doctor. On the latter interjecting some uncomplimentary remark, Mr. Balfour appealed to the Speaker, who rebuked Dr. Tanner. "If," replied the Doctor, "I have said anything unparliamentary, I withdraw it at once; but I think that you, Sir, will admit that the language of the Right Honourable Gentleman has not been quite so ladylike this evening as usual." There is, however, a good deal that is pleasing about the new Leader. His friends will be enthusiastic for him, but I greatly doubt whether his speeches and his course of action are likely to win many fresh friends over to the Tory fold. Under his leadership, the line of demarcation between Tories and Liberals will be more clearly drawn than it was *sub Consule* Smith.

Lord Hartington was offered the Commons' Leadership before it was proffered to Mr. Balfour. Probably Lord Hartington is the only Liberal-Unionist who would be acceptable to the Tories as their Leader. Hartington offered! The chivalrous Goschen withdrawn his claim! Balfour appointed! What does Mr. Chamberlain think of all this? Here was a gentleman vouchsafed (in his own opinion and in that of Mr. Jesse Collings) to an erring world as a Ruler and Master. Yet no one seems to have thought of him. "You scratch," &c., and if the gentlemen of England decline to scratch Jesse and Joe, I suspect that they will begin to scratch the gentlemen, more after the manner of two angry cats than of kindly friends.

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

SCRUTATOR.

CHILD-TORTURE MADE EASY.

ELSEWHERE in this number of TRUTH I have dealt with the usual weekly crop of magisterial vagaries and enormities. There is one case, however, recorded in the week's news which is of such an extraordinary nature as to call for a special measure of publicity and attention. I refer to the decision which was given at Malling, in Kent, in the early part of last week, and which has already provoked innumerable expressions of indignation both in the local and the London Press.

It seems that one William Goodayle is a fruit-grower at Ryarsh. A little girl, named Green, seven years of age, strayed into one of his plantations and picked up two damsons which were lying on the ground. Goodayle saw the theft, caught the child, and threw her down. He then tied her to a tree, and left her to be worried by a dog for nearly half an hour. The child's mother appears to have come to him and implored him to release the poor little victim, but he refused to do so, saying, again and again, that he intended to make an example of her. No one can doubt that, apart from the bodily injury received, the terror of the child's situation must have made an impression upon her mind which can hardly fail to last for years, if not for life. Such, then, was Goodayle's offence. And this diabolical outrage the Malling Magistrates punished with a fine of £5. They seem to have vaguely appreciated that it was rather a bad case, and they told Goodayle that if he had not had a good character he would have gone to prison. But as the ruffian had a clean record, so far as the police-courts are concerned, his first promising essay in crime was assessed at the value of a few bushels of plums. A reporter of *Lloyd's News* has furnished that newspaper with the manner in which the child was rescued. It was due, it seems, to the action of women who were hop-picking. The mother told them that she had left her child to the tender mercies of the savage dog and still more savage man, because he had the law on his side, and she thought that "kind words would be the best." "Kind words," said the hop-pickers, "be blowed. You should have gone for him; here goes the lot of us for his fences, if he don't let her out." And this logic of fact soon effected the release of the child. No one has a greater respect for law than I have. But there are exceptions to every rule. If these ladies are still in the neighbourhood, I would urge them to "go for" William Goodayle, and to cast this person, good character and all, into the nearest horsepond. The Bench that deemed a fine of £5 a fitting punishment for his offence clearly would not send them to prison, and if it were a question of a fine, there would be no difficulty in collecting it from mothers of little children; indeed, were there, I would myself willingly pay the fine to hear of William Goodayle being made acquainted with the nearest pond. Were it to happen that, in addition to this personal treatment, all his trees were divested of their fruit, I should not cry my eyes out. I should not, indeed, do this were the Magistrates, as well as Goodayle, to be made acquainted with a pond. There are occasions when the proverb *summum jus summa injuria* can with truth be reversed, and become *summa injuria summum jus*.

To denounce this exhibition of judicial incompetence at any length would be waste of time and space. There can only be one feeling about it in the mind of every reader possessed of a grain of intelligence or humanity, and that feeling has already been vigorously expressed. Newspapers representing such different sections of public opinion as the *Standard* and the *Daily News* have, day after day, been publishing the protests of their readers. Speaking for myself, I may say that no occurrence of the same kind has ever before brought me anything like the same number of communications. The letters have come literally by hundreds, and the burden of them all is the same—that the Magistrates who consider such a punishment adequate for such an offence can be only one degree better than the ruffian before them. But, perhaps, the most crushing rebuke that could possibly be pronounced upon the Bench came from the defendant himself. On hearing his sentence, Goodayle proceeded, it seems, to apply for a summons against the child for stealing the two damsons. Whether the request was made in insolent bravado, or in perfect innocence, is really immaterial. It proves, either way, that the man was utterly unaffected by his sentence, and that he felt neither shame nor regret for the atrocious crime of which he had been convicted. What else is to be expected? When Magistrates themselves show no appreciation of the enormity of an offence, how can prisoners be expected to do so? What hope is there that the law will prove a terror to evil-doers, when it is administered with a fatuous imbecility which provokes the contempt of every beholder?

With this object lesson still before the public, I venture to ask how much longer we must wait for some serious and practical attempt to reform a magisterial system which brings forth fruit like this every week, and almost every day? Within little over a month there have been some three or four magisterial decisions which have literally revolted the public conscience. In the former cases, the outcry raised led to a tardy rectification of the sentence by the action of the Home Secretary. In the present case, Mr. Matthews is understood to have been in communication with the Magistrates, but, the error being on the side of undue leniency instead of reckless severity, neither the Home Secretary nor any other authority can do what the interests of justice require. Newspaper editors and newspaper correspondents may call the Magistrates by every opprobrious term in the dictionary; their neighbours may, if they please, boycott them—a course of procedure which is strongly urged by one of my own correspondents. But that will not be any protection to the next prisoner whose liberty or character is at the mercy of those same Magistrates, nor ensure that the next inhuman miscreant brought before them for ferocious cruelty will be made a proper example of. What is required seems to me to be this: that when a Magistrate or a Bench gives a decision which, like this sentence on Goodayle, or the

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sentence passed the other day by Mr. Dymoke, of Horncastle, *ipso facto* stamps its author as utterly unfit for the exercise of any judicial office, that Magistrate should be at once suspended by the Home Secretary from the discharge of his duties. Should the Home Secretary show any undue tenderness in exercising this power, it would be for Parliament to call him to account. By dealing with Justices in this way, we should, at least, limit their power for evil, while the fear of being so dealt with could hardly fail to quicken their intellects, and inculcate a salutary deference to public opinion rather than to class prejudices. One other reform I have suggested on a previous occasion—namely, that pending the result of an appeal to the Home Secretary for remission of a sentence, a prisoner should have the right to apply to a Judge-in-Chambers—or, better still, a County-court Judge—for an order for his release on bail. Such reforms as these, however, are mere palliations, which at the best can do no more than mitigate here and there the worst excesses of Magisterial incompetence. Over and above any measure of this kind, I maintain that the time has come for some radical modification of the present system. The Great Unpaid have been denounced, ridiculed, and condemned for years past; let us now come to business and consider the best method of getting rid of them. We have deprived the Justices of their administrative duties; the next step is to relieve them of their judicial functions. This is not the time for threshing out a question of this magnitude, but I shall take the earliest opportunity of offering a few practical suggestions towards its solution.

BRITANNIA BOYS ON *BRITANNIA* BULLYING.

Experience teaches me that no abuse can be too bad to have a defender. Accordingly, on the first hint published of a fresh bullying scandal on the *Britannia*, I received the following remarkable letter from an old *Britannia* cadet. Nothing but the very heavy pressure on my space during the last week or two would have prevented my publishing it before now:—

Royal Naval Club, Portsmouth, Friday, October 2.

Dear Sir,—In your issue of yesterday's date I see a paragraph anent fagging and bullying in the *Britannia*. On this subject I should like to say a few words if it will not take up valuable space in your paper. I joined the *Britannia* in January, 1878, at which time I am pretty well certain that fagging was at its zenith, although there had been an inquiry into the bullying in 1877. I suppose there were few cadets in my term who were fagged and bullied more than I was, and I always shall be thankful that I went through it, as I left the *Britannia*, and went to sea with the idea that a senior of any sort was to be looked up to and respected. I am sure that any man who has been to a public school where fagging was in force has never regretted it. I am certain—and I know many people who are of the same idea—that keeping youngsters in their proper place is the very best thing for them. I know very well that cadets would not have dared to ship the same airs and graces that they do nowadays at the time that I joined a sea-going ship, and the reason I say is, that they have not been licked into proper shape. Hoping that I am not taking up too much space in your paper,—Believe me, yours sincerely,

One who was Properly Fagged.

That a boy should be taught to keep "in his proper place" by forcing him to rob an orchard, and then to lie in order to screen those for whom he does it, and that a senior who forcibly robs a junior of his pocket-money will thereby teach the junior "that a senior of any sort is to be looked up to and respected," are propositions beyond my capacity to grapple with. Until, therefore, some other information is forthcoming, I shall merely look on the above letter as the most conspicuous proof yet published of the utter demoralisation which the *Britannia* training is said to produce in those who go through it. It is only fair to say, however, that old *Britannia* boys in general are far from adopting the same tone. I published a fortnight ago the views of a naval officer on the matter. I could easily give many more, but the following sample will be ample for my present purpose:—

Dear Sir,—I am glad to see that floating hell, the *Britannia*, being made the subject of public inquiry. I joined her at Portland in 1861 or 1862—in the summer of the year she went round to Dartmouth. I left the Navy in 1866, and have a pleasant recollection of my sea-going days, but the accursed memory of the *Britannia* days will remain vividly until my death. I have frequently met men who have had my experience, and I have every reason to believe that things have remained in the same state ever since. The *Britannia* has been the curse and undoing of body and mind to hundreds of the most promising young Englishmen. Let her be made a bonfire of, and let us find better means of training our future Naval officers.—Yours very truly, A British Consul.

These are strong statements as they stand. What lends them, however, additional gravity, is the fact that the *Britannia* is not an ordinary school, but a training-ship for naval officers. What the public, therefore, has to look at is not only the "undoing in body and mind of hundreds of the most promising young Englishmen," but also the fact that this system naturally produces the type of officer who is in his turn the undoing of hundreds of the most promising English sailors — the quarter-deck bullies whom we have to thank for *Egeria* mutinies, and for a constant state of suppressed mutiny in dozens of other ships besides the *Egeria*. That is why the entire management of the *Britannia* calls aloud for reform. And the way in which it requires reforming is not difficult to see; but, having a good many demands on my space this week, I will defer my observations on that subject till a future number.

SIR GILBERT CAMPBELL, BART.

A few years back, I was accustomed to publish "Anecdotal Photos." of ladies and gentlemen prominently before the public in various capacities. I ceased to do so because I found, having photographed in this way everybody worth photographing, that the supply of new celebrities was not equal to the demand for one "photo" a week. It is becoming a serious question with me, however, whether I should not re-open the Truth Photographic Gallery on a new basis. It is well known that the police are in the habit of circulating the likenesses of criminals who are either "wanted," or who may become "wanted" at any moment. This plan is found to work greatly to the advantage of the non-criminal classes. On the same principle, I think that I might be performing a service to the public by circulating weekly full and detailed descriptions of the various individual against whom I am continually warning my readers, but of whose proceedings the police, for reasons which I am unable to discover, decline to take cognizance.

As a sample of what might be done in this line, let me introduce to the public notice Sir Gilbert Edward Campbell, Bart., of Carrick-Buoy, co. Donegal, and the Constitutional Club, London. Sir Gilbert was fifty-three years of age on April 29 last. He is the third Baronet of his line, is (or has been) married, and has (or had) one son. In early life, Sir Gilbert Campbell served his

country in the 92nd Highlanders, in which gallant regiment he reached the rank of Captain. His first conspicuous appearance in public life was in the year 1876, when he had the misfortune to be made a bankrupt. The proceedings do not appear to have taken a very satisfactory course, either for the debtor or the creditors, for on June 4 of the present year Sir Gilbert stated that he had "recently" obtained his discharge under this bankruptcy of 1876. It must, therefore, be assumed that throughout that portion of his career which I am about to describe, this distinguished gentleman enjoyed the status and privileges of an undischarged bankrupt.

The next incident calling for notice occurred in October 6, 1881, when Sir Gilbert Campbell was charged at Marlborough-street Police-court with being an insane person not under proper control, and threatening to commit suicide at the Langham Hotel. It then appeared that, being insured with the Alliance Insurance Company, he had written a long letter to the secretary of that Company, stating that unless a certain sum of money, which he had asked for, was advanced to him by the following Thursday, he was determined to put an end to his life, which, he considered, "means a bad thing for the Alliance." When before Mr. Cooke, Sir Gilbert informed the Magistrate that, having no possible means of subsistence, he would not prolong his existence and expose himself to want of food and to cold. His wife, who had an independent income, was, he said, at Rome with their child, and he had no friends who would do anything for him. A lady, however, subsequently interviewed the Magistrate on his behalf, and the Magistrate remanded him to prison for a week, stating that if at the end of that time it was reported that he was not insane, but merely in a state of despondency from pecuniary troubles, sureties would be accepted. Presumably a report was subsequently made to the effect here stated; for a week later Sir Gilbert was discharged on his own recognisances, with two sureties in £50 each for his good behaviour. Whether it was after this episode that Sir Gilbert betook himself to the Colonies, I do not know; but it seems, on his own testimony, that he has resided for many years in Greater Britain, and for five or six years after his appearance at Marlborough-street his name does not appear, so far as I can ascertain, in the records of any English court of justice.

At the end of that period, Sir Gilbert Campbell seems to have discovered a literary gift. He wrote (so he says) sundry works of fiction, and disposed of the copyrights, but the titles of these works and the amounts for which they were sacrificed have not transpired. In connection, apparently, with these literary pursuits, "he got into an unfortunate mess through a breach of copyright." I am quoting his own words on a recent public occasion, but whether they mean, as they seem to mean, that he negotiated the copyright of somebody else's work under the impression that he was himself the author, can only be conjectured. All that is certain is that this "unfortunate mess" cost Sir Gilbert £150, and ultimately landed him, for the second time, in the Bankruptcy Court.

That, however, is anticipation. We will confine our attention for the present to the period when Sir Gilbert Campbell was still undischarged from the bankruptcy of 1876. Simultaneously with the production of his series of fictions, he became a contributor to various periodicals of a rickety or shady character. Among them was the *St. James's Magazine*. This periodical will be remembered as having fallen into the hands of the "City of London Publishing Company," one of W. J. Morgan's aliases. It was, in fact, at this time one of the traps by means of which Morgan and his confederates were engaged in catching and plucking literary pigeons, by offering appointments on the staff at premiums ranging up to £300. (See Truth, July 16, p. 124.) Sir Gilbert Campbell was not a very promising pigeon, but he seems to have struck W. J. Morgan as likely to be of use in another capacity. In 1889, Morgan was hatching the "International Society of Literature, Science, and Art," and what more suitable President could be found for such a concern than a bankrupt Irish baronet, with a special qualification for the promotion of literature in the shape of an "unfortunate mess" about a breach of copyright? So the International Society was started, with W. J. Morgan as "curator," and "Sir G. Campbell, Bart." as "Chairman of the Executive Council."

This is not the only undertaking of a doubtful character to which Sir Gilbert has lent his name. In 1889 he became Chairman of the Dahlonega Company, Limited, an American gold mining concern, which was registered in October of that year, with a capital of £125,000. In the first list of shareholders Sir Gilbert Campbell figures as the holder of 400 £1 shares, he being apparently at that time, unless his own statement does him grievous injustice, an undischarged bankrupt. At the present time, unfortunately for Sir Gilbert Campbell's creditors, the shares of the Dahlonega Company, Limited, appear to be no longer saleable. Later on Sir Gilbert also became Chairman of "The Caledonian Boot and Shoe Company, Limited," with a capital of £20,000. The nature of his connection with this concern he has himself recorded with perfect candour. "As an inducement," he says, "to lend his name, shares were given him, and he understood that he was indemnified against all liability." The shares in the Caledonian Boot and Shoe Company now stand in the market at about the same value as those of the Dahlonega Gold Company. In addition to these concerns, Sir Gilbert Campbell lent the use of his valuable name to the "Artists' Alliance," started by W. J. Morgan in 1889, and to another venture of Morgan's in a different direction, but of a similar character, styled the "Association of Commercial Accountants and Auditors." Of this Association "Sir G. Campbell, Bart." (never "Sir Gilbert") was "President," and, no doubt, his extensive financial experience, and his knowledge of the Bankruptcy and Companies Acts has been of great value to the Associated Accountants and Auditors, whoever they may be.

Sir Gilbert Campbell was last adjudicated bankrupt in April of this year. He passed his public examination on June 4, when he attributed his financial difficulties to his "unfortunate mess" in connection with the breach of copyright, and to liabilities incurred in connection with the aforesaid public Companies. In the statement of affairs his liabilities were estimated at £8,329, and his assets at £10. Up to the present time, I have not observed any notice in regard to the payment of dividend. What has happened to the

family estates at Carrick-Buoy pending the vicissitudes of Sir Gilbert's career, I cannot say, but it appears that registered letters sent to him at that address do not reach the worthy Baronet. For some time past his London establishment has been kept up at No. 8, Barnard's Inn; but of late all attempts to discover him at that modest abode have failed. I am not myself a member of the Constitutional Club, and it is therefore impossible for me to say whether, in the absence of any other residence, Sir Gilbert passes much of his time at his club, but if he does not it will hardly, I imagine, be a matter for regret among his brother members. I by no means question that Sir Gilbert Campbell is a most agreeable man in private life, or that he may have a vast number of excellent qualities, but when he comes forward, as Director of a Company, and asks people to subscribe money to the funds of the Company, I think that he will be the first to admit that the mode in which he has looked after his own affairs is hardly such as should induce others to confide money to his commercial astuteness.

I have now, I think, given the public a fairly complete account of Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart., but there is just one personal matter to which it is desirable for me to refer before concluding. As my readers know, the "International Society of Literature, Science, and Art" has been during the last three months the subject of severe criticism in TRUTH, in the course of which I have plainly stigmatised the concern as a swindle and a fraud. On September 24, having discovered for the first time the identity of Sir Gilbert Campbell, I hinted to this gentleman that, in view of a certain letter which I published, he would, if he had any regard for his own reputation, do well to explain to the world the precise nature of his connection with the now notorious W. J. Morgan. In so doing I impliedly invited Sir Gilbert Campbell to use the columns of TRUTH for that purpose. After the expiration of a week I received a communication signed by "Gilbert Campbell," dated from the office of the International Society, and bearing every internal evidence of having been written by W. J. Morgan. The writer, whoever he is, observes that "he does not for a moment imagine that I shall publish his reply." In this he is perfectly right, and I may add—what I said of the last letter which Morgan himself addressed to me—that the obvious intention was to write something at once so pointless and so offensive that no editor in his senses would publish it. Of this the reader may judge from the concluding sentence, in which the writer explains his reasons for not replying "*in writing*"—though (he darkly adds) "he will take such other measures as he may deem fit."

> The names of the ladies and gentlemen who have joined the Society, and who have taken no notice whatever of your Grub-street sewage, are a sufficient guarantee for its position, without even your endorsement, and so I leave you, like some loathsome reptile, to swelter in your self-created garbage.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, GILBERT CAMPBELL.

The public have now seen, under the fullest light that I can turn upon them, the three chief officials of the International Society of Literature—(1) William James Morgan, "Curator," the promoter of or partner in half-a-dozen fraudulent publishing concerns; (2) William Nathan Stedman, "Secretary," a crack-brained scribbler of doggerel verse, who believes himself to have discovered the Whitechapel murderer, and who, by the way, has just published, anonymously and without even a printer's name upon it, an insane libel on Mr. Gladstone, which would only be properly punished by his incarceration in a criminal lunatic asylum; (3) Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart., "Chairman," the subject of the foregoing interesting sketch from life. There is no one, I trust, who can entertain any doubt after this as to the true character of the learned society of which these three worthies are the presiding geniuses.

I ought to state, in view of the reference made to them in my last article on this subject, that several of the gentlemen whose names have been paraded by Morgan & Stedman as connected with this concern have now written to inform me that they have ordered their names to be withdrawn. Sir Augustus Harris writes to that effect, as does also Mr. Forbes Robertson. Mr. Forbes Robertson further states that he requested Morgan to discontinue the use of his name some months ago on seeing the first reference to the Society in TRUTH. Morgan and Stedman have, therefore, continued to use his name in defiance of this prohibition. I trust that the example of these two gentlemen will awaken others whose names appear on the International Society's circulars to their responsibilities in the matter.

THE BLACK-COATED WORKING-MAN.—II.

In my former article I have described some of the evils of the clerk's lot. Before discussing remedies, it is always desirable to get at the root of the mischief. The cause of the evil in this instance lies, I take it, partly with the clerk individually, partly in conditions of labour which may or may not be under his control. Let us begin with the first.

It is certain at starting that it is not impossible in these days for a man to live and thrive, to bring up a small family, and to get some amount of satisfaction out of life, on an income amounting to anything above £3 a week. There are thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of men in this country to-day to whom such an income would be as "the potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." To the man who has never had above 30s. a week, £3 a week is the income of a prince. On the other hand, it is quite certain that there are men richer and happier on 30s. a week than others with £3, as it is that there are men richer and happier on £300 a year than others with £3,000. What does this prove? That wealth is purely a relative expression—that a man is rich or poor, in easy circumstances or in difficulties, not according to the size of his income, but according to the ratio of his wants to his means of supplying them; in other words, according as he is a wise man or a fool. I do not offer this as an original reflection; but I ask attention to it, as a venerable and fundamental truth at the bottom of the problem in hand.

There is, of course, a certain minimum limit below which the pains of existence must more than counterbalance the pleasures. That, however, I am not concerned with, for I look upon it as beyond question that a man

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earning £3, £4, or £5 a week is well above this limit. How comes it, then, that for so many commercial clerks in this position life is nothing but an unceasing, joyless struggle to make two ends meet? I trust the clerk will forgive me for saying that the fault lies primarily with himself. He has enough to be happy upon if he chose, or if he had the wisdom to see where happiness lies; but he blindly sacrifices his peace of mind in the pursuit of something which can give him no pleasure. I do not say that this is peculiar to the clerk. It is simply the besetting fault which runs through the whole of English society, every grade in which is engaged in a ceaseless struggle to pass itself off for the grade above. In the higher strata of society, goodness knows, terrible enough are the efforts and the sacrifices which this struggle involves; but at every drop in the social scale the effort presses more severely, and for the man whose means, when most carefully husbanded, suffice for little more than the bare necessaries of existence, its effect is little short of ruinous. The truth is that the ordinary commercial clerk belongs, not to the middle, but to the working class. Instead of frankly accepting that very honourable fact, he spends his whole existence in the effort to pose as what he is not, and to erect an impassable barrier between himself and his comrades in the army of labour.

My first advice, then, to "the black-coated workingman" is, that he should take off his black coat. If the garment is insisted upon in "the office," why, keep it for that sacred spot, and for Church on Sundays; but let it be regarded as a livery and shuffled off at the earliest possible moment. Next, I recommend the clerk to give up his attractive "villa" in the suburbs, and to move into a tenement in a suitable block of flats. If the flats are called "Artisans' Dwellings" they will be none the worse for that. There are clerks already—the Pilgrim Fathers of a great migration—in some of the Peabody Buildings. There, for 7s. 6d. per week (£19. 10s. per annum) they obtain four well-built rooms, with use of bath-room, wash-house, and other conveniences, free of rates, taxes, and water-rental. In a case where every shilling saved is a consideration, the difference between this and a house at from £25 to £40 per annum, with all rates and taxes to pay in addition, is a very big one. Simultaneously with the villa, the maid-of-all-work will also disappear. Perhaps a jobbing "help" will assist the mistress with some of the heavier house-work; but the clerk's "lady" will do her own cooking, and wheel out her own perambulator as cheerfully as the artisan's "missus." The children will, of course, go to the nearest Board School, and the whole of the fees at the academy for the sons (or daughters) of gentlemen will be wiped out at one stroke. If the School Board education does not go far enough for him, the father will still be free to supplement it when the children have passed the sixth standard; but if he has become by that time as wise as I anticipate, he will put to trades all his boys who show no special intellectual aptitude, and the technical education which they require for that purpose will soon be as free as the elementary curriculum. Lastly, Mrs. Clerk and her daughters will renounce the latest Paris and Bond-street fashions at the same time that their husband and father lays aside his black coat, and will array themselves in cheap and useful attire suitable to their means. Never again will be heard such a ridiculous lamentation as that which appeared in a contemporary a few weeks ago from a clerk, whose trouble was that his daughters could only go to Church on Sundays by turns, because they only possessed between them one costume of the style and quality requisite to enable them to cut a figure suitable to their rank.

I have now shown the clerk how, at a sacrifice of nothing but false pride, he may save an amount which will vary in different cases from £50 to £80 a year, or more. I know, of course, the objection. It will come with most force from Mrs. Clerk, who will shriek in anguish at the suggestion that she, with the "bringing up" she has had, should inhabit an artisan's dwelling, and demean herself to the level of a working-man's wife. Well, I am not going to argue this point further. If a rational creature, being made by Providence a working-man or a working-man's wife, dreads above all other ills the thought of being taken for a working-man or a working-man's wife, and is prepared to make any sacrifice to avoid that misfortune, it is not my affair. All that I have to say is, Do not, when you have pinched, and scraped, and starved, and lain awake at nights, and worn yourself to the bone, and lived the life of any dog, with the object (perfectly futile) of appearing to be something different from what you are—do not at the end of it all adjure the Press, and the public, and Parliament, and the Heavens themselves to deliver you from a pitiable plight which is after all of your own choosing.

I would, however, point out that what I am suggesting involves by no means so trying an ordeal as might at first appear to a lady, like Mrs. Clerk, of superior birth and education—let us say, the daughter of a Custom-house officer or of a suburban chemist. There is nothing *infra dig.* in these days in living in a flat—quite the reverse. Even Duchesses have been known to do it. Neither is there any shame in being without a servant, especially in a flat. The day is probably not far distant when a resident domestic will be a luxury only known in the mansions of the rich, and when the ordinary middle-class household will have such domestic work as it cannot dispatch for itself, contracted for by a universal provider. And as to the adjoining flats being tenanted by artisans—well, if that really is a serious evil to a lady of refinement and sensibility, what is the reason why our philanthropic capitalists have not provided model dwellings for clerks as well as for artisans? I take it to be solely that there has hitherto been no demand. In his light-headed pursuit of the genteel, the clerk has hitherto betaken himself exclusively to the suburbs, where he has fallen a ready victim to the speculator in jerry-built villas. Once let the demand arise for commodious flats at prices ranging from about 7s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. a week, and the housing of the clerk will be provided for as promptly as that of the artisan has been. In such blocks there will be before very long, I take it, in addition to the conveniences already provided, a common kitchen, to relieve our clerk's lady of the heavier business of cooking, and also to save our clerk some of his outlay on coals; a common dining-room where modest meals will

be procurable at a cost not exceeding that of preparing them in private; and a common nursery, to which the little clerks who are not yet eligible for the Board School may be despatched when the mother has her hands otherwise filled. My belief is that in a habitation of this kind, a man with £4 or £5 a week, and the sense to make the most of all the opportunities for physical and intellectual enjoyment within his reach in London, might live the life of an Emperor.

But we are not yet at the bottom of the problem. There still remains the case of the enormous number of clerks who have not their £4 or £5 a week, nor even their £3, and have little or no chance of reaching the lowest of those points. Doubtless this class would gain even more than their more affluent comrades by frankly throwing in their lot with the working class. But even supposing that they have reduced their expenditure to that level, their position would not be a pleasant one to contemplate, and one could not expect them to be happy in it. Again, even the picture which I have just drawn of the position of the better paid clerk, after doffing his black coat, presupposes one requirement to make it complete. The man must have leisure. If, as in one of the cases cited in my last article, he only earns his £4 a week by continuous labour from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., or 7 p.m., and occasionally longer, from year's end to year's end, you will only have taken one step towards making his life worth living when you have shown him how to shake off those worries and anxieties which are purely of his own creating. There still remains, then, the question of reducing the hours in one case, and increasing the pay in others. That, however, is a question which I must postpone to my next article.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

ROYALTY AND ITS CLOTHES.

I AM by no means enthusiastic about the Czar, while admitting that he has some good qualities, which, under the adverse blast of Nihilism, have become virtues. But I do admire the way he sets his face against members of his family being used for advertising purposes. In this respect he is rather exceptional. I know an ivory manufacturer who once took an assortment of his goods to the husband of a great Queen. The illustrious personage took a fancy to some of them, looked at the prices marked on them, and offered a much less sum. He was told that the house had fixed prices and never bargained. "You are ill-advised," was the reply, "not to make in this instance an exception. Think what an advertisement it would be if the papers were to state that I gave you an order." A beautiful cousin of the late Emperor Napoleon, when she was basking in the sunshine of Imperial favour, managed, as a *causeuse de modes*, to dress for nothing, or next to nothing. A few years ago a professional man came to me and said:—"I have been doing business for the Duke of ——, a Royal Highness and Serene Transparency. He put me to a deal of trouble, and exacted frequent waiting upon him. Do you know how much he offered me for all my pains? Ten pounds!" "Did you tell him, as Crémieux, the famous advocate, told a London solicitor who offered him £25 for a single consultation, that *vous n'avez pas besoin de cela pour vivre?*" "No. But I was so visibly taken aback and astounded, that my illustrious client awoke to the fact of the pay being not worthy of the labour or the labourer." "I suppose he paid at once a handsome supplemental fee?" "No; not at all." "What did he do?" "He said, 'turn your business relations with me into an advertisement. I am not rich enough to act in what people think should be Royal style, and you want to be known. If you get the newspapers to speak of my having secured your services, it will be worth much more to you than a munificent fee. I give you leave to tell them about your business relations with me.'" My friend took the exalted personage at his word—but in what his Royal client thought an indiscreet manner. Consequence: When the latter came again to Paris, he employed somebody else, who refused any fee, was more noisy in self-advertisement, and did not give offence. But what has this to do with the Czar? Merely to serve as a foil to him when I mention that he will not allow Paris couturières to use the dresses the Czarina and Grand Duchesses order as an advertisement bait wherewith to hook American or other ladies of wealth and too much leisure.

Though thousands of elegant mourning dresses have been sent by the leading couturiers and couturières to Moscow and St. Petersburg, since the death of the Grand Duchess Michael, the public have had no opportunity to see or hear of them. As a Conservative the Czar is right. Nothing so much lessens respect for Court pageantry as to see on *mannequins* the grand dresses which are to figure in it, and to be allowed to examine the linings. You find in doing this how near in some respects a Grand Duchess is to Mdlle. Bichenville, the tight-rope dancer, who makes up in private life for the exiguity of her public costumes by having her dresses frilled within and flounced without, and who insists that there should not be such a thing as a seamy side to an elegant toilette, even though it be tailor-made and of coarse woollen cloth.

The quantity of sable elegances that Paris has been for four or five months furnishing to the Russian Court is incredible. To understand what variety was given to arrangements of black corded silks, failles, peau de soies, bengalines, moirés, sultane and other satins, delaines, merinos, silk-alpacas, velvets stamped and unstamped, "feather-fur," jet ornaments, fringes, cascades, cabouchons, and what not, one must have seen them.

Designers beat their brains to ring changes on harmonies in black. Women in an endless garret, arranged as a work-room, kept pinning on draperies on curiously-devised figures, on which, in lieu of heads, were stuck large labels with the names of future wearers of the dresses that were being worked out. On one figure one saw "S.M.I. la Czarine," on another "S.A.I. Madame la Grande Duchesse Xénie," or "S.A.I. Madame la Grande Duchesse Olga," who is a nine-year-old child. "S.A.I. Madame la Grande Duchesse Elizabeth Mavrikevna" lives to be dressed, and as the forewoman who took me round said, *porte la toilette à ravir*. There were more symphonies and harmonies in black wools, black silks, and black and silver stuffs for her than for S.M.I. la Czarine.

The Grand Duchess Sergius is not so great a patroness of French dressmakers as the other fair members of the Imperial family of her age. She learned scientific dress-making in London, thinks she knows how to suit herself better than any one else, and, with the help of a couple of clever femmes de chambre, makes nearly all the dresses intended for home use. But she is compelled, to avoid being singular, to order her gala dresses here, it being impossible to get trimmings in Russia that would be in the diapason with that which adorns the elegant apparel sent from the Rue de Rivoli to the other Imperial ladies. A trimming is invented for each dress. One marvels at the prodigality of fancy shown in the garnitures. The artisans who design them must go to a fount of inspiration quite as deep as the one at which Gustave Doré used to draw when he worked at illustrating books.

I remarked to the forewoman that she must deem it a happiness to work for ladies so illustrious. Yes; and still it had its unpleasant side, like everything else. One was bound not to repeat oneself, and to give the Czarina things which marked her rank, even when they were quite simple. The same rule applied to the Grand Duchesses, but in a less degree. There was always a risk of mortally affronting some of them. A cousin or a cousin-in-law of the Czar did not like her dress to proclaim that she did not stand so high on the steps of the throne as a sister or a sister-in-law. "And how do you manage," I asked, "to *contenter tout le monde?*" "There are," she replied, "such resources now in the *dessins des robes.* In general we lavish fancy and taste on the inside of the skirts of a Grand Duchess, provided, of course, that she does not object to pay for them. We attend particularly to the cut, the folds, the air of what we design for one nearer to the Sovereign. Of course, the *dessous* of the Czarina's robes are carefully attended to, and are in all instances as elegant as they can be. But they are not so much in the tasty style of the *jour de l'an bonbonnières* and flower-baskets. The workwoman who goes with the dresses to St. Petersburg is up to all this, and in opening the boxes so manages that the *dessous* gives the first impression. There is a regular trousseau sent with every gala robe. Gloves, petticoats, stockings, fichus, chemisettes, a corset, and sometimes chemises, are the necessary accompaniment. The workwoman who takes the dresses is not, strictly speaking, an *ouvrière.* She graduated, if you please, at the school of the Legion of Honour, and has the grand air which girls acquire who are brought up there. Of course she does not set up to be a lady when she goes with the boxes of finery, except in address, tone, and language. She is heavily paid, and is worth her salary. It is her business to persuade each *cliente* that nothing of the whole cargo but what has been sent would suit her style of beauty, or go with her air and bearing. This is to prevent jealousy. That passion is the one of all others which most rages at Courts. The Legion of Honour graduate is instructed never to be familiar, and to be always soft and persuasive. She is to be very affirmative, but with gentleness, and to lay down the æsthetic law as one who knows it better than any Court lady. One of her accomplishments is a skilful pencil. She takes sketches of the illustrious and other personages when they give their orders, to convey, as she says, the movement of their physiognomies and persons to the designer. The photograph is not supposed to do this.

I asked whether the Duchess of Edinburgh was a good customer. "Non: elle est très rustique. Elle aime la campagne, et son chez-soi; et elle s'occupe beaucoup de l'éducation de ses quatre demoiselles." Her model of Parisian taste and style is the Comtesse Mélanie de Pourtalès, who invented Doucet a few years back. The Princess of Wales is faithful to Worth and Redfern. But at the Court of Russia there is a strong feeling against men meddling with women's affairs. They think it there indelicate to have a masculine couturier or staymaker to measure a pretty or other *cliente.* Doctresses are preferred by their own sex to doctors. The Czarina *est de cette religion.*

So long as I remember Paris, October 16 was kept as a sacred day in the Royalist calendar. A service on that date used to be held in La Chapelle Expiatoire until it was disestablished some half-dozen years ago. Other requiem masses were celebrated at Chambord, Dampierre, and in South of France chateaux, which were nests of Legitimists. The congregations at the Expiation Chapel, until the Orleans family came back from exile and got into the Legitimist nest, showed a large proportion of dingily-dressed old ladies, formal-mannered old gentlemen, old men-servants bearing themselves with a reserved air, which they caught from their masters, priests of all ages, nuns, mild striplings, and young ladies with governesses. The mass over, the congregation went in private carriages and wagonettes on a pilgrimage to the crypt of St. Denis, and after praying before a silly-looking statue of the martyred Queen, were driven back to Paris in time for lunch. Marie Antoinette might then be said to be put away and forgotten for another year. Her elderly votaries had well-nigh all dropped off by the time that the Expiation Chapel was disestablished. Attempts were made to transfer the October 16 celebration to the Church of St. François de Sales. Not that there were many Royalists near it, the neighbourhood being overrun with artists. But it was near the Memorial Chapel sacred to the Comte de Paris's father, and which stood on the spot where he was killed. The pilgrims were conducted there, shown some relics—to wit, a coloured glass window designed by an Orleans Princess, a bust sculptured by another, a *prie-dieu* chair-cover worked by the Duchesse d'Orléans, an altar-cloth embroidered by Queen Marie Amélie, and something else done by the first Queen of the Belgians. After prayers, devotional feeling was exhausted, and the pilgrims did not take St. Denis on their way home to the mid-day repast. No requiem mass was said on the last 16th of October in any church in Paris. It was the ninety-eighth anniversary. What a pity it was that the Royalists did not see the hundredth one out! Methinks the Royalists are tired of their shadowy Monarchy, and agree with the Pope in thinking that the Comte de Paris's kingdom is not sufficiently of this world.

Shooting, Sporting, and Travelling Garments are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

Talking of French Royalty, did you ever wonder why the First Gentleman of Europe, as Prince Regent, assigned Holyrood House as a residence to the Comte de Provence (Louis XVIII.)? I forget which Cabinet of William the Fourth adopted this precedent in finding a place of abode for Charles X. when he was a second time an exile. I often wondered in vain. In a chat with a member of the De Ferronnays family, the puzzling circumstance was explained to me. Those Royal French personages were given lodgings at Holyrood to spare them the mortification and inconvenience of sponging-houses and the Marshalsea. The Palace of the Stuarts was then (is it still?) a Scotch Alsatia. As long as its illustrious occupants kept within the bounds, they might laugh at their creditors. Might not the incidents of their sojourn at Holyrood afford materials for a new series of "Chronicles of the Canongate"?

Lord Charles Montagu is still here. He has escaped the interviewers and avoids curious and indiscreet persons of his set. The French papers, and notably *Le Figaro*, got hold of part of the truth, but were wrong in making allusions in their accounts of the Manton tragedy to baccarat and Tranby Croft. I believe they jumped to this conclusion because Lord Salisbury rushed suddenly back to England, they forgetting that he is not Home Minister, and that it would devolve not on him, but on Mr. Matthews, to say, in case a noise were made, why the inquest over the poor sylphide's body was such an uninquiring one. There was a Prince in the affair, but not *the* Prince. And Lord Charles was rather a "mutual friend," than a special friend of the sylphide. If I am informed rightly, Miss Manton took seriously the attentions of the personage she captivated, and by whose rank, title, and so on she herself was captive led. She may have fallen in love with the man himself. Titania's passion for a human creature with a donkey's head is a typical one, that was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. I hear that the Gaiety sylphide had the sort of morbid self-consciousness which prompts Alices and Sybils, and Lillas and Gladyses to write to the Correspondence editor of certain weeklies descriptions (always a good deal flattered) of themselves, and in doing so afford him glimpses of their souls' affections or aspirations. She was brought up in the idle and inane gentility of a carriage-keeping business family, in a highly-respectable North London suburb. One can fancy the poor thing going out of her senses with joy when she could say to her relatives:—"You were ashamed of me, you were, for going on the stage. But here I am in a way to mount higher than no matter what Peer's daughter. The day will come when you will think it an honour to be allowed to bend your knee before me. And won't I look sweetly dignified when I am stretching out my hand to be kissed by people who are socially too far above you to be within your sight." These high hopes were irrational. But the greater the unfortunate sylphide's elation (for be assured she was elated) the more terrible the revulsion of feeling when she received a verbal message to the effect that the spell was broken, and that the captive had grown tired of his chains and thrown them off.

The poor little Prince of Naples finds it very hard to obtain a Catholic wife. The Princess Clémentine, when he was in Belgium, did not come forward from the retirement in which she has stayed since her cousin Baldwin's death. I had a telephoned account of a banquet which he attended. The voice at the other end of the wire said, "He is a dear, silky, gentle mannikin. One would like to carry him on one's muff, and pet him and feed him with fruits and lollipops. I never saw a more charming mannikin. He resembles the great Condé in having a wry neck. I should like to keep him for a pet, but should never dream, were I a King or Queen, of giving him a daughter in marriage. What evil wind blows over reigning families in our time? A plague of Egypt seems to have stricken them. This delicate little heir-apparent edified us all by his devout attitude at mass. He recited a prayer in every church he entered as a tourist. This has done much to bring round the religious people. But the Princess Clémentine is not now disposed to have him. She asks *à quoi bon?* and she avoided meeting him. Her excuse was that she is still in mourning for Prince Baldwin."

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

NOW that Society, dear Lady Betty, has been developed into an arduous and lucrative profession it merits to be learnt with care and precision. I have, therefore, to this end ventured to adapt the popular method originated by Professor Ollendorff, it being, I feel convinced, the soundest and simplest means of ensuring the pupil's progress in the study of modern Society.

Exercise 1.

Have you the gold?—Yes, sir, I have the gold.—Have you the handsome wife?—I have the handsome wife.—What has the boy?—He has the fine houses and the good notes.—Has the ugly daughter of your rich brewer enough money?—She has enough.—Has your father as much gold as silver?—He has more of the former than of the latter.—Are your friends as rich as they say?—They are.—What sort of money have you?—I have crowns, florins, kreutzers, groschens, and farthings.—To whom will you give your florins?—I will give them to my good preceptor.

Exercise 2.

What do you want?—I want some fine friends.—Do you want me?—I want thee.—Will you change my old friends?—I will change them for crowns, florins, and kreutzers.—Must I give them money to stay here?—You must.—Has your pretty wife ever been to the Divorce Court?—She has never been to the Divorce Court, but she has the intention to go.—Do you hope to arrive at good society?—I hope to arrive there.—Will you lend me a thousand crowns?—I will lend you two.—What will you carry to my house?—I will carry to your house the good Prince, the handsome American, and the rich merchant.

Exercise 3.

Have you a good reputation?—I have a bad reputation, but my wife has a great deal of energy.—Have you already been in (auf with the dative) Marlborough House?—I have not been there.—Have you the intention to go there?—I have the intention to go.—Art thou as vulgar as thy neighbour?—I am more than he (mehr).—Is your naughty wife to come to my ball?—She is.—Whom does your neighbour pay for his friends?—He pays the poor

nobleman, the poor nobleman's wife, and the handsome American.

Exercise 4.

Where does the American come from?—He comes from nowhere.—Will the good Prince speak to some one?—He will speak to the Americans.—When will he speak to them?—He will speak to them at the ball.—Must the nobleman's children go to the rich merchant's children?—They must.—What is the merchant's son doing?—He goes into Society instead of going into the counting-house. Whom has the merchant's son cut?—He has cut his old friends and the poor nobleman.

Exercise 5.

Who is praised and recompensed?—The rich people are praised, esteemed, and recompensed, but the poor are blamed and despised.—Who is loved and who is hated?—He who is rich and naughty is loved; and he who is poor and good is hated.—Must we be good to be loved?—(Lessons 53 and 30).—You must be assiduous.—What must one do to be recompensed?—(See index.) Where are your friends?—I have none because I have no more money.

Exercise 6.

Has your nobleman at last got rid of his ugly daughter?—He has succeeded in getting rid of her.—Has he sold her on credit?—He could sell her for ready money so that he was not willing to sell her for credit.—The wealthy merchant has arrived at Court.—The handsome American has gone to Marlborough House.—The poor nobleman has lost his fine houses, his great garden, his beautiful carriage, his handsome horses, his good servants, and a great deal of money.—The good Prince has eaten the rich merchant, the naughty American, the pretty wife of the stockbroker, and has cut the poor nobleman.—God save the Queen.

Exercise 7.

Is it right thus to laugh at everybody?—If I laugh at you, I do not laugh at everybody.

* * * * * *

Referring last week to the death of the late Marquis Talon, I alluded to his reputed large fortune, and to a recent action in which, after many delays, a verdict was finally pronounced in his favour. Talon enjoyed originally an income of close upon eight thousand a year, and the favourable result of the afore-mentioned law-suit added, from all accounts, a further sum of seven thousand pounds to his annual income. All told, it is said he must have had some fifteen thousand a year, a rent-roll that few would have guessed at judging merely from his general expenditure. But how little do we really know about our neighbours' affairs. Since poor Talon's death many acts of true kindness and generosity on his part have leaked out which were never suspected even by his most constant companions.

Another very familiar figure in Parisian life and society has just passed away in the person of the celebrated Dr. Pratt, the American physician. It is with great regret I learn that Dr. Pratt met his end at a hospital in Paris in absolute poverty. And this was the man who, for over a quarter of a century, lived in the greatest luxury conceivable, and who possessed probably one of the most lucrative practices in Europe! Dr. Pratt, I believe, "broke the record" in the matter of medical fees, having once been paid a hundred thousand francs to attend a patient in New York. If he has left any notes of his experience of Parisian Society during the last Empire, and should theseever see the light, we should probably be favoured with one of the most interesting and valuable records of that period possible.

Apropos of the late Mr Parnell, the following story is not only being told, but has the additional merit of being absolutely true. An old Irishwoman was enthusiastically descanting on the virtues of the dead patriot, when it occurred to some one to ask her who Mr. Parnell was. After considerable hesitation the unexpected reply came, "Why, sure, wasn't he the husband of Mrs. O'Shea?" Notoriety *versus* celebrity! In this world it is always a hundred to one on the former.

Death suggests doctors, and doctors suggest gold. This, too, in more ways than one; for the latest popular prescription, it would appear, is concocted of this precious metal. So far, we have always treated our medical advisers with gold—now they are to treat *us* with it. Admirable! I foresee the day when, after having examined our tongue and felt our pulse, the doctor will affably remark—"Oh, you are a little low; we will soon make *that* all right; I will give you a little—cheque." May that day be soon! When it does come, and I am ordered "change," I shall hasten, not to the sea-side, but to the nearest bank, and get that "change" as speedily as possible. "A cheque in time save prescriptions nine." But this "Piccadilly proverb" is as yet premature. Alas!

The Sunday gatherings of the Gallery Club recommence on November 1 at the Galleries of the Royal Institute in Piccadilly. Herr Paderewski is, I understand, to be the *pièce de résistance* for that night. And, by the way, the winter exhibition of oil-paintings at the Royal Institute opens on Monday, the 2nd, and the private view is fixed for the preceding Saturday.

The new Grosvenor Gallery—or, rather, that gallery which it is proposed to establish in lieu of the defunct Grosvenor—will probably be opened by next season. The site lies between Grafton-street and Bruton-street, and the building, which is to be shortly commenced, will, it is said, be much larger than any as yet possessed by other rival concerns, with the exception of the Royal Academy itself. The lease has been acquired, and the estimates for building have either been accepted or are on the point of being so.

Lord and Lady Hastings have issued invitations for Thursday, the 22nd, on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Agneta Astley, Lord Hastings's sister, to Mr. Roland le Strange. The ceremony will take place at St. Andrew's Church, Wells-street, at 2.30 p.m., and the breakfast will be given later in the day at 22, Bruton-street. Very sensibly, Lord and Lady Hastings "Hope to see" their friends, instead of "Requesting" their company, as is so generally done. An invitation that assumes the form of a "request" always appears to me the very reverse of either civil or conciliatory.

In answer to numerous inquiries I hasten to say that the new premises of the Maison Dorée Restaurant Club are at 38, Dover-street, Piccadilly.

Believe me, &c., very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

It is quite impossible to accept a great deal of last week's running as accurate. The heavy ground must have stopped some animals, while others were doubtless upset by the storms of wind and rain which prevailed. The weather was indeed horrible beyond description, but the racing was most interesting, and from the sporting point of view the meeting was a great success, for the interest was fully maintained throughout the four days. The Stewards of the Jockey Club will do well in future to limit the card to seven events on big days, and to eight on the other days, and in October the last race of the afternoon should not be set later than half-past four.

The notable features of this year's Cesarewitch were the boundless confidence of the owners and trainers of some of the favourites, and the heavy betting on the race. Mons Meg was backed to win an enormous stake, and if she had won the ring would, indeed, have lost heavily. M. Dawson thought that the Australian mare was sure to win, and it is said that no weight in reason would bring her and 'Melody together; but, then, one cannot fail to remember that before the Leger Mimi was declared to be far and away the best animal in the stable, and earlier in the season there was a deal of clatter about Dorcas. Mons Meg makes a noise when galloping, which is exceedingly like roaring, but her friends protest that she is quite sound in her wind. I hope that Mr. Cooper will start her for the Jockey Club Cup,

in which race she will have an opportunity of retrieving her reputation. The defeat of Mons Meg by Sir Frederick Roberts in the Great Challenge Stakes may be ignored, as it was fatuous to start a mare that has been all the season in training for long-distance races for a six furlongs scramble. I never fancied Chesterfield, of whom it was declared by good judges at Newmarket that he could not be beaten; and Captain Machell was not less sanguine about Rathbeal, another animal whose prospects were not favourably regarded by me, as I felt certain that he would fail to stay the course. Morion's ignominious collapse is to be accounted for by the holding condition of the ground, and Lord Hartington must now regret that he did not reserve this horse for his weight-for-age engagements, as he would certainly have won the Rose Plate on Thursday. Old Boots direfully disappointed his friends, and Colonel North's exasperation must have been increased by the reflection that he omitted to enter Sheldrake, who, on his First October form with Ragimunde, would very likely have won the race. St. Simon of the Rock has been groggy for several weeks, and he ought not to have been started last Wednesday. Victoricus never showed, and he is either a rogue or a non-stayer. Judith, who was quietly backed to win a great stake, ran well for a long way; and so did Buccaneer, by whose defeat his owner lost largely. I suspect that it will be prudent to ignore the Cesarewitch running, as the place obtained by a selling plater like Penelope (bought in for 310 gs. after winning an auction race at the First October meeting!) showed that it must be all wrong. For the last half-mile the race was reduced to a procession of two, and all the favourites were hopelessly beaten long before the T.Y.C. winning-post was passed.

The event of the week was the resurrection of Blue Green, who walked in for the Lowther Plate, and well he might, considering his great advantage in the weights. This, on paper, was certainly the best thing of the whole year, and considerably longer odds would have been demanded if this race had been run after the Champion Plate, inasmuch as Blue Green had recently been tried to be 2 st. superior to Orion, who managed to beat Bel Demonio, after a most exciting finish, in the early part of which Mr. Rose's horse had all the best of it. I expected that Signorina would be beaten in this race, and was alone in taking that view; but her running was too outrageously bad to be correct. It was my opinion that she would collapse in the last two hundred yards, but, as a matter of fact, she was beaten and helpless before half a mile had been traversed. It was like Gouverneur in the Two Thousand. Signorina appeared to be quite unable to face the wind, which was then blowing a gale. On Wednesday Broad Corrie was favourite for the Select Plate; but a two-year-old was scarcely likely to stay the R.M. with the ground in such a state, and he was soon out of it, the winner turning up in Bumptious, who had no difficulty in beating Melody, and he was forthwith backed for the Cambridgeshire, for which race I have no fancy whatever for his chance; and if Hayhoe's stable supplies the winner it will be with War Dance. Queen's Birthday was a tremendous favourite for the Rose Plate, but he never had a chance with Star, to whom he was giving 22 lb., and against whom 100 to 8 was offered in a field of five. Ragimunde was unplaced, and so also was the great Cesarewitch "pot" Chesterfield, but the latter was not backed, whereas the former started second favourite, and a great deal of money must have been lost by his defeat. As to Queen's Birthday, I expressed an opinion only last week that the merits of this horse have been preposterously overrated, and Mr. Maple must indeed regret that he did not accept Major Joicey's challenge, for Common would have walked away from him.

Orme won the Middle Park Plate in a canter, and I may congratulate myself upon having plumped for this horse every time that he has won, while when he was beaten at Manchester I did not recommend him. Of course, we now read the usual bombastic balderdash about the Derby being only a question of health for him, but prudent people will ignore all such jargonings. Orme may very likely prove a difficult horse to train, and there are other two-year-olds which appear to be more capable of improvement. I fancy that if La Flêche had started last Wednesday she would have beaten Orme, supposing her to have been as well as she was at Doncaster, and it must not be forgotten that this filly is also engaged in the Derby. Another very promising candidate for Epsom is Rueil, the brother to Révérend, who showed excellent form in the spring; but he failed to sustain his reputation at Ascot and at Newmarket. Rueil, however, has within the last week shown himself to be the best two-year-old in France, as at Maisons-Lafitte, running over six furlongs, he beat both Rânes (who won several races early in the autumn) and Chêne Royal, who had previously defeated M. Blanc's colt at Fontainebleau. Rueil's victory was the more significant inasmuch as he had 5 lb. the worst of the weights with Rânes, and the race was run at a cracking pace

Scarborough was favourite for the Clearwell, but Gantlet literally walked in, and among the beaten lot were Adoration, and the 1,900 gs. Middleham, and the 3,000 gs. Pitlochry. Suspender, who did well in the spring, cantered away with the Severals Plate; and Florrie, who was talked about in March for the Brocklesby, won both a Maiden Plate and a Nursery. This filly is beautifully bred, being by Hermit out of Reprieve. Katherine II. has gone off very much, for in the Bretby Stakes Adoration beat her cleverly. The Duke of Portland has a fearfully bad lot of two-year-olds, but his yearlings are a splendid team.

Many thousands of pounds have been lost over Le Nord during the last two years, and it is decidedly provoking for his unfortunate English backers to hear of his winning an important stake at Chantilly last Thursday, in which he beat Gouverneur, who was favourite, and Reveillé, who was well backed for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. Le Nord, who was giving Gouverneur 5 lb., literally won in a canter, and it is clear that many of the races for which he was so heavily backed, and in which he so grievously disappointed his followers, would have been certainties for him if only he had done his best. Gouverneur has been so insanely messed about that his repeated defeats are not surprising, and it is to be hoped that he will be now thrown up for the season, and that next year he will be run only over his own proper distance, which I take to be six or seven furlongs.

There were daily sales at Newmarket last week, but most of the lots were sent back. The only notable transaction was the purchase of a beautiful racing-like yearling filly, by Hampton out of Golden Agnes, for 1,750 gs., by Porter, for the Duke of Westminster, who bred her dam (who is sister to Kendal), and, as she was not a success on the turf, she was ultimately given by him to Mr. Snarry, to whom she bids fair to prove a valuable property.

There is no racing this week of any general interest, and at Sandown Park the Cambridgeshire betting will be a great deal more important than the sport.

THE HOUGHTON PROGRAMME.

The Dewhurst Plate will be to many people the most interesting race next week. The field may include Posy, Rueil, Galeopsis, Gossoon or Gantlet, Bushey Park or Dunure, Desdemona, El Diablo, St. Damien, and Orville or Orme. I shall anticipate the success of Orme, whose most dangerous opponent will be Rueil, and if the Duke of Westminster does not start his colt, I expect that M. E. Blanc will win.

The Troy Stakes will probably end in a walk over, and the Criterion may be won by Orville, while, in the absence of the Duke of Westminster's colt, St. Angelo ought to be able to beat Vampire, Mortgage, and The Smew, which are the best of the others. The Cheveley Stakes may fall to Lord Zetland with Vermeil or Carmilhan, the other likely starters being Palatine, Glamford, Vampire, Queen of the Riding, Double Event, Mother Superior colt, and Adoration or Pilgrim's Progress. The Home-bred Foal Stakes is at the mercy of the Duke of Westminster, who has both Orme and Orville engaged, but, if neither of his pair starts, Lord Bradford may win with Lucellum. The Duke of Westminster's match with the Duke of Portland (between their respective two-year-olds) will, no doubt, collapse. The Houghton Stakes

(R. M.) may be won by Broad Corrie, who, however, has to give 10 lb. to maidens, no easy enterprise over this course if the ground is heavy.

The entry for the Jockey Club Cup (in which there are neither penalties nor allowances) includes Ragimunde, Mons Meg, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, Mimi, Gonsalvo, Morion, Vasistas, Nunthorpe, Memoir, Star, Haute Saône, and Patrick Blue. I shall plump for Morion.

The Free Handicap for three-year-olds (A.F.) had seventeen acceptances, and it seems to me that Patrick Blue ought to be able to win.

I may congratulate myself upon having refrained from attempting to predict the winner of the Cesarewitch, and I did not even mildly recommend any of the favourites. With regard to the Cambridgeshire, Blue Green must, of course, be very near winning, if he is all right on the day, for he means Orion at 6 st. 12 lb.; but this horse may not start, for if Lady Westminster dies (and she is ninety-four, and dangerously ill), it is very unlikely that her son's colours will be again seen out this year. Memoir looks well and goes well, and on their three-year-old form, she ought just to beat Blue Green. The best outsider in the race is Moineau, the Belgian candidate, who is a remarkably nice horse, and he apparently likes heavy ground. He is thrown in with 7 st., and the clever people who are connected with him fancy him very much. I do not fancy either Rusticus or Quartus, nor do I find any reason whatever to alter the opinion which I have all along expressed respecting Signorina and Bumptious, which is that they will fail to stay the course, as the race is sure to be run at a good pace, and neither of these animals will care to be rattled along from start to finish in a large field. Cuttlestone seemed to me to be one of the best handicapped horses in the race when the weights appeared; he is sure to run well, and it would be a most popular victory if Lord Bradford wins. Star has only 7 st. to carry in the Cambridgeshire, and she certainly seems to have a fair chance on her Rose Plate form. Miss Dollar will be outclassed, and Mimi, who is now believed to be unsound, is not to start. Snaplock will be Mr. Abington's best, and I suppose that Colonel North will run Old Boots. Henry VIII. has been backed for a lot of money, but, after his ignominous exhibition last week, it may be regarded as lost. Buccaneer is very likely to run well. The Cambridgeshire is an even more perplexing race than usual this year, and it ought not to be meddled with until the numbers are up.

MAMMON.

MASHONALAND.

IN order to understand the wheel within wheel of South African speculative finance, and how each wheel grinds corn for the intelligent Mr. Rhodes and his financial gang, the following facts are interesting.

The founders and promoters of the Gold Fields of South Africa, Limited, were Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Mr. G. F. Rudd. The Company was to take over from them certain auriferous properties, which they were good enough to value at about £250,000. It was stated in the prospectus that "for good will and services they asked no direct pecuniary remuneration, contenting themselves during active management with one-third, and on retirement with one-fifth of the net profits of the Company, this latter interest being represented by founders' shares." The business of this interesting Company up to now seems to have chiefly consisted in promoting subsidiary Companies, and in dealing in shares. Amongst the Companies promoted are the Luipaard's Vlei, Botha's Reef, Battery Reef, and West Battery Mining and Prospecting Companies, none of which has as yet accounted for any substantial earnings. But the founders and promoters of the Gold Fields of South Africa, who are also the managing directors of that Company, had been credited up to June last with the following sums:—

Managing Directors' remuneration up to June 30, 1889	£14,942 11 11
Founders' profits...	19,426 0 7
Managing Directors' remuneration up to June 30, 1890	20,335 14 0
Founders' profits...	26,436 8 4
Total...	£81,140 14 10

What profit had accrued to these fortunate individuals up to June 30 of the present year has not yet been made public. Here, however, we have Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Mr. Rudd selling some auriferous properties for £250,000 to a Company, and securing out of the Company a further sum of £81,141 in two years, although it does not appear that one ounce of gold has been extracted from the properties, and has taken the form of a dividend. Wheel-within-wheel financing has done the whole trick. Whether any dividend is earned out of the properties, or whether it is not, Rhodes and Rudd have feathered their nests.

The Gold Fields of South Africa Company has acquired a large interest in the British South Africa Chartered Company. That Company has a lease of the concession from Lobengula in Mashonaland. It has to incur all expenditure, and it has to pay half profits to a Company brought into existence by Rhodes, Rudd, & Co., which these enterprising gentlemen formed with a paper capital of £4,000,000. In order to get the capital, they made all their Companies subscribe to the funds of the Chartered Company, for on such terms it is hardly conceivable that the public would have provided money for this Rhodian speculation of heads I win tails you lose. A few months ago the managing directors of the Gold Fields of South Africa Company advised the Company to buy the business of Messrs. Johnson, Heaney, & Borrow (suggestive name), "who are now engaged in buying large interests in claims which can at the present time be secured reasonably," and the London directors declare that this is "well worthy of the shareholders' consideration in connection with the subscriptions to the new capital." Here is another instance of wheel within wheel. I will assume that Rhodes and Rudd are not financially connected with Messrs. Johnson, Heaney, and Borrow. This firm gets claims either for nothing or for a trifle from Rhodes and Rudd's Chartered Company, and Rhodes and Rudd advise the Gold Fields of South Africa Company to buy them for a substantial sum. Rhodes and Rudd can lose nothing by this, but as owners of the concession which the Chartered Company leases from the Rhodes and Rudd Four Millions Company, they would get a lion's share of the profit, while if by means of financing any profit accrues to the Rhodes and Rudd Gold Fields of South Africa Company, they would get one third of that profit. Rhodes and Rudd have therefore solved the difficult problem of selling a goose and yet becoming possessors of the greater portion of the eggs that the goose lays Obviously, if the Gold Fields of South Africa Company wants to secure claims in Mashonaland, they have pretty well the entire country (as large as France) to select from, and they do not require to pay any money to Messrs. Johnson, Heaney and Borrow for doing this, all the more as the Chartered Company and Gold Fields of South Africa Company are worked by the same gang.

The bubble of the Chartered Company has now pretty well burst. The humbug of the whole thing has been brought home to investors. There is not the slightest evidence that there is gold in such paying quantities in the country that prospecters can afford to give half their net profits for the privilege of working the reefs or the alluvial deposits. As an agricultural country, there are a few districts where Europeans might get on. But there is far better country for settlers nearer home. In fifty years, perhaps, Mashonaland may be peopled by whites, some engaged in agriculture, others in mining. But long before that day comes, the funds of the Chartered Company will be exhausted, and it is to be hoped that the Charter—which was given under misconception—will be forfeited. I cannot suppose that so intelligent a man as

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Mr. Rhodes doubts this. The game was not to get money out of Mashonaland for British investors, but to get money out of the pockets of British investors for the benefit of those connected with the Mashonaland bubble. Some money has gone into those voracious pockets. That more has not is due to TRUTH, for so cleverly was the whole thing worked that the wildest fictions were uncontradicted, and puffs the most outrageous were credited. When I took this matter up, the shares of the Chartered Company stood at about £8. They now are quoted at £1. 10s., and I should fancy that any one who has a large number of them would be glad to relieve himself of them with their contingent liability for the odd shillings. If he gets the chance of doing so, I advise him to take it. If he has only a few shares, he would do well to part with them at the price at which they are being kept, for my certain conviction is that they are not worth the paper on which they are printed.

FROM MOSES MOSS *TO* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—Good and evil influences have alternated during the past week in the Stock markets, but, according to all appearance, the former are now gaining the ascendency. The Wall-street "Bears" did their best to knock the market down for the London settlement, rumours of an immediate advance in the Bank Rate were set about, and the prospects of the new Russian loan in Paris seemed to be very sombre. Within the last few days a decided change has taken place.

STOCK EXCHANGE PROSPECTS.

To begin with, the Bank Rate has not been raised, and the greater strength of sterling exchange in New York may keep withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England down for the present. That a moderate advance in the Rate will shortly be required is undoubted, but with every week that it is delayed the fears of very dear money this year are subsiding, the more so as a million of gold is coming from Brazil. The Shylocks of the Stock Exchange obtained high rates in the American market at the last settlement, by dint of much talk about another big "Bull" account. As a matter of fact, the account for the rise was shown to be greatly reduced, and instead of 5 to 5½ per cent., which was at first exacted, only 4 per cent. was paid at the final adjustment. The recovery which subsequently set in in the Yankee market favourably affected other departments, but there are indications that, although the course of Yankees will in the main be distinctly upwards, temporary reactions will be more frequent. The Russian loan is stated to have been seven or eight times over-subscribed, and the Foreign market generally has a steadier appearance. There is, however, no doubt that the bonâ-fide applications for the loan were very much smaller than publicly announced, and that much manipulation has been resorted to. In fact, the syndicate are evidently well loaded up, and will only be able to gradually ease off the burden. For the moment, however, an utter breakdown in Foreigners has been avoided. A favourable feature is the decision come to by the leading financial houses connected with Argentina to send gold to Buenos Ayres, in connection with the movement of the crops, and unless the interminable political squabbles in the Republic again spoil matters, a further recovery is probable, which would greatly ameliorate the position of certain financial houses here, and lift a heavy weight from the stock markets generally. Here then are all the elements which may provide greater activity, and a higher level of prices, provided always that the chapter of accidents does not nip the improvement in the bud.

HOME RAILS.

Indications are increasing which point to the settlement of the feud between the "Two Macs." The North British and Caledonian authorities have been in conference, and the negotiations are said to have so far proceeded favourably, only some minor details remaining to be settled. The North British has no doubt most to gain from the arrangement which it is sought to bring about, and the "Bear" account being greatest in its stocks, the most important advance has taken place in these. Thus we see North British Preferred again at 69, and Deferred at 43. Caledonian stocks have not improved to the same extent, and Caledonian Deferred at 42¾ are comparatively cheaper, and I have no doubt will eventually again top North British, whatever be the issue of the negotiations. The other bright spots in this market are Midlands and Brighton "A." Amongst the heavy brigade the former stand forth conspicuously with continued large traffic increases, and those who have, on my advice, changed their holding from other heavy stocks into Midlands, have done exceedingly well, and are likely to do better still. The traffic increase of the Company of £63,161 for the fifteen weeks is larger than that of any other line, the North-Western being a bad second with an increase of £34,385. Midlands last week rose above 160, and now remain at that, while the "Bear" account in this stock promises to further force the price up. I do not care for Brums or Great Western, and least of all, for Berwicks, with their continued heavy traffic decreases. Chathams and Great Eastern have moved very little, but Brighton "A" have distinctly improved. What might have been, had the weather favoured the Brighton line, instead of spoiling almost every special occasion, is clearly seen as soon as a sunshiny day falls to its lot. Yesterday's Plumpton race meeting was almost the first event on the line this year which was not spoilt by Jupiter Pluvius, and the price rose to 146¼, against 145 at the "carry over." There is a large "Bear" account in Brighton "A," and the ursine party will be very lucky if they do not, sooner or later, get squeezed. Dover "A" has moved in sympathy with the sister stock, but I do not think much of their chances

THE YANKEE MARKET.

Although the position of American Rails remains as favourable as ever, the professional operators in Wall-street, assisted apparently by the Gould party, have done their utmost during the week to break the market. They succeeded in bringing about a moderate reaction, but the market subsequently recovered sharply. The buying was initiated on this side, and, after considerable hesitation, was followed in New York; the fact that no change was made in the Bank Rate here, and that the Foreign and South American markets improved assisting the upward movement, in the course of which Louisville touched 82⅜, Milwaukees, 77⅜; Atchison shares, 46¼; ditto Income bonds, 68; Erie, 32; Union Pacifics, 43. The best prices were not maintained, and the Wall-street "Bears" will probably make another attempt to engineer a reaction. But that the movement of prices will, on the whole, be steadily upwards until by next spring probably as high a level will be reached for many stocks as has been touched during the last few years, cannot be doubted. A comparison of present prices with the highest quotations touched during the last five years will, therefore, be useful:—

HIGHEST QUOTATIONS IN THE YEAR.

—	1886.	1887.	1888.	1889.	1890.	Closing Oct. 17. 1891.
Central Pacific	52⅛	45⅛	38	38	38⅛	34¾
Chicago Milwaukee	101¾	97½	79¾	76½	81⅓	77⅛
Denver Ordinary	19⅞	33⅞	23½	19¼	22 1/16	19¾
Denver Preferred	—	70⅛	56⅝	54⅔	63¾	50⅜
Illinois Central	146⅞	141⅛	127	123¼	124	106
Louisville	70⅛	71⅞	65¾	90	95⅜	82
Missouri, Kansas, and Texas	39⅛	35⅞	18⅞	14 9/16	21 3/16	18½
New York Central	120½	118⅞	114⅛	113¼	113¾	115
New York, Lake Erie	39⅜	36¾	31⅜	31⅜	30¼	31¾
New York, Ontario	19¾	20⅞	18⅛	23 1/16	23¼	21¼
Norfolk Preferred	68⅝	65¼	65½	79⅔	68⅝	55¾
Ohio	35¾	34	26¾	25⅛	28½	25
Pennsylvania	62⅝	61⅝	58	57⅛	58¾	57¼
Reading	26⅞	36⅞	34¾	25¾	25	21½
Union Pacific	69½	65⅜	68⅛	73⅛	70¾	42¾
Wabash Preferred	23¾	38⅞	29¾	35⅛	37⅛	31⅕

It will be seen that there remains a large margin for an advance in the case of such stocks especially as Milwaukees, Denvers, Illinois Central, Louisville, Erie, Norfolk Prefs, Ohio, and Readings, when it is considered

that all these Companies will benefit, more or less, by the splendid grain crops, and the increased prosperity which will no doubt follow in the States. A good deal seems to have been made by the ursine party in Wall-street of the fact that the increase in the surplus reserve of the New York Associated Banks was 2,400,000 dols. instead of 4,000,000 dols., as had been anticipated. But money is easy in New York, being offered at 5 per cent. on good collaterals, and gold can at any moment be drawn from the Bank of France should it be required. Under these circumstances it may taken for granted that any reactions the New York operators may be able to engineer will be short lived, and end in a rebound of prices. That was the fate of their attack on Louisville and Nashville shares, which they seem to have specially selected, in the hope of causing sales on this side, as they are largely held here. But when the quotations fell to 79¾ in London, heavy buying set in here, and under the lead of this stock the whole Yankee market recovered.

Yankees to Operate In.

Two points should be prominently kept in mind by those who operate in the Yankee market. Whether the boom may set in again immediately or later on, prices will have an improving tendency for months to come. The steady investor, therefore, runs no risk in buying well-selected stocks and holding them for an advance, disregarding intermediate market fluctuations. On the other hand, the operator who has opportunities for watching the markets and for taking quickly advantage of temporary changes, can obtain an extra profit by buying on reactions and selling on advances. It is, in fact, a sound rule to observe in the Yankee market at present, not to buy when the market is booming, and not to part with your stock when it is being depressed. And now as to the stocks likely to be most benefited in the near future. Erie are one of the best-supported stocks. They ever bob up again, and large options are due at the end of the month, which have not apparently been fully covered by the dealers who sold them. The Atchison earnings will continue to show large increases for the next six months, and both the shares and the Income bonds are likely to advance. Milwaukees are certain to take the lead again as soon as the Yankee "Bulls" take hold of the market. Louisville and Nashville and Norfolk Prefs, now quoted 55¾ x.d., as steady dividend payers, should be bought. The recent "Bear" raid upon Louisville was absolutely groundless. The Company is in an excellent financial position, and the next dividend at the same rate of 5 per cent. per annum, or 2½ per cent. for the six months, is assured, and, although it is not due until January, I heard an eminent financier, who is particularly well posted on the position, confidently offering 2¼ per cent. for it. They should be bought on any reaction, no matter what bearish talk Jay Gould and his confederates indulge in. Readings are likely to improve, and both Denver and Denver Prefs. being now under new and able management, and at comparatively low prices, are a good purchase. The Ohio and Mississippi scheme was unanimously adopted at Wednesday's meeting of shareholders, and the Common stock has recovered to 25, with every prospect of a sharp advance. Intelligent Stock Exchange opinion has veered round in favour of the reorganisation, and the fact that my views as to the future value of the Common and Preferred stocks are fully confirmed by such an authority as Mr. Cecil Braithwaite, who addressed an exhaustive letter to the *Times* on the point, leads me to anticipate that sounder opinions will soon obtain, and that quotations will improve as soon as some of the small "Bulls" who have been fidgeting the market have cleared out. Texas "B" shares should be picked up in anticipation of a considerable recovery. There is no cheaper stock in the list, while Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Second Income bonds now purchased promise to appreciate 10 points within a few months. If a reaction should occur you may buy all these stocks freely, and then you should sit tight upon them.

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, E.C. —165, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—8, Haymarket, S.W.—18, Westbourne-grove, W.—Nos. 19 and 20, Railway-approach, London-bridge, S.E.—Manchester address, Bridgewater-chambers, 6, Brown-street.—Brighton address, Central-chambers, The Quadrant. No commission on speculative accounts. He buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired. Telephone No. 1,578.

Canadian and Mexican Rails.

The pluck and perseverance with which the "Bulls" of Grand Trunks ever return to the charge in the face of most disappointing traffic returns are worthy of a better cause. The excuse now is that the crop movement is delayed, and it may be anticipated that when traffics do improve some day, the price will advance sharply, but with the First Prefs. at 70, I consider Yankees a very much safer speculation than Grand Trunks. Canadian Pacifics have not had so much go in them lately, and, upon the whole, seem high enough, although prophecies that they will soon reach "par" are frequently heard. Quebec Central Income bonds remain a good purchase. I am told that the directors can, at any time they wish, dispose of the railway to another Corporation on terms most favourable to the shareholders, but that they are advised that by waiting and completing the line they will even do better. Mexican Rails have suffered severely from the efforts of the "Bears," and touched 31½ at one time, recovering to 32. There is a tip about that the same syndicate which recently took up certain Kaffir stocks will make the "Bears" of "Mails" pay for their temerity. All they have to go upon is, apart from the "Bear" account, merely the impending dividend announcement, and with rate cutting and severe competition by the Mexican Central and the Interoceanic, prospects are by no means promising. Some day, no doubt, a pool will be engineered, but hardly yet.

Foreigners and Argentines.

Whatever may be the amount actually subscribed by investors for the new Russian loan, and what may, on the other hand, be the proportion which has had to be shouldered by the syndicate, it may be taken for granted that there will not be much buoyancy on the Paris Bourse for the present, considering its overloaded state. This, of course, means that Paris specialties such as Spanish, Portuguese, Rio Tintos, &c., will not have a good time of it for the present. Greeks have recovered from the lowest point touched, as there seems to be no fear of the next coupon being passed, notwithstanding the attacks which are periodically levelled against these bonds by the German press. The most important development in the Foreign market, however, took place in connection with Argentine Government stocks upon the announcement that the leading London financial houses had combined to send a considerable amount of gold, stated at from £750,000 to £2,000,000, to Buenos Ayres, in order to assist the movement of wool and of the grain crops. I have pointed out for some time that no lasting improvement could take place in the Argentine financial position until the crops began to move, and gold was remitted to Buenos Ayres in return for produce. Through the action of the financial houses, this movement is apparently to be accelerated, with what effect on the gold premium remains to be seen. In the meantime, Argentine Government stock has advanced materially, the 1886 loan to 61½, and the Funding loan to the same price. With the perversity, however, which generally characterises South American and especially Argentine politics, the politicians in Buenos Ayres have apparently selected this precise moment for squabbling, and disputes are rife between such prominent men as Generals Mitre and Roca. The moribund Congress, in fact, is going to give considerable trouble before it separates. In Monte Video matters are at sixes and sevens, a ministerial crisis being apparently in progress, while the opposition to the Ellauri settlement in Europe continues. An absurd story concerning claims running into many millions alleged to have been made by the Nitrate Companies and others upon the Chilian Government has been promptly contradicted. As a matter of fact, the damage caused to the Nitrate Companies during the civil war has been remarkably small. The claim of the Nitrate Railway is stated to amount to only £22,000 Nitrate Rails, by the way, have improved to 17, and are

likely to go higher. The following suggestion from a well-informed correspondent shows the advantages which would accrue to the Chilian Government from the acquisition of the Nitrate Railway, as well as the actual position as far as the proposed purchase is concerned :—

The Chilian Government have it in their power to carry out a scheme which would be of great benefit to them, directly and indirectly. The purchase of the line could no doubt be made on the basis of say £25 per share. The bonded debt can be paid off at any time at £110 per £100. On this basis the sum required for the railway would be £6,274,550. The net earnings of the railway were sufficient to pay 30 per cent on the Ordinary stock for 1890, but taking the net earnings at 20 per cent, or £431,200, the income would be sufficient to pay 5 per cent. on the purchase money, leaving a surplus of £120,000. Then, again, the Chilian Government could borrow £2,400,000, in addition to the necessary purchase money, and they could pay the 5 per cent. service out of the surplus income, thus, in fact, getting an immediate cash profit of £2,400,000. The possession of the railways by Chili would moreover have this further advantage. Assuming the income to show a surplus beyond the sum necessary for the debt service, the same might be applied to a reduction in freights, thereby stimulating the trade, and increasing the revenue derived from the export duty. A further advantage of the above operation would be in applying the £2,400,000 towards the war expenses, and in the redemption of the paper money issued by Balmaceda.

Chilian bonds remain in the neighbourhood of 90, but should recover sharply as soon as the elections are over and the new Government is definitely constituted. Costa Rica bonds are firmer again, and Brazilians have recovered on the contradiction of the various rumours respecting the President's illness and alleged revolutionary outbreaks.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

The inertness of the Kaffir Circus continues to cause considerable disappointment, and it is certainly curious that the increased crushings of the Randt Mines do not induce greater activity. The change will probably come about when it is least expected. In the meantime, I hold the same good opinion of such shares as Simmer and Jack, Glencairn, May's Consolidated, Sheba, Nigels, and New Primrose. A South African correspondent, who has special opportunities of judging of the position of Witwatersrand Mines, sends the following communication :—

The situation in Johannesburg is one of anxious expectation. The mining industry flourishes, the output steadily improves, expenses diminish, and prospects were never so bright as they are at the moment. Still business languishes, and it is an obvious fact that no real strength can be imparted to the markets until confidence is, to some extent, restored in Europe. The public holds aloof, and until the public can realise that a great number of mines are now worked on honest and economical principles, there is not much chance of a rise. But the public is a contrary animal, and generally holds back too long, until prices are too high, and those who know are beginning to unload. Moreover, the public chooses its investment, as a rule, blindfold. Densely ignorant of the real position, it buys a stock because it has a fancy for the name, because it has been told to do so, because it is a fine day; in fact, from an infinite variety of reasons. Hence the public generally loses its money, and because one particular mine has turned out worthless, condemns the entire Randt wholesale. The only way to buy is to acquire—or, at least, endeavour to acquire—reliable information, to study balance-sheets returns of gold and working expenses, to understand the difference between outcrop and dip claims, and to learn carefully the proportion which the capital of a Company bears to the extent of its ground, the yield of its ore per ton, and the market price of its shares. To say that some shares are dear at 6d., while others are cheap at £2, seems like a truism, but it is one which is persistently ignored by the investing public.

With these observations my correspondent prefaces a promise to furnish full particulars of some mines with which he is personally familiar, and goes on to refer more especially to the New Primrose Gold Mining Company, to which, by the way, I have already drawn attention on September 24. As the writer, however, mentions some new points, I herewith give his remarks :—

The capital of the New Primrose Company is £175,000, of which 173,637 shares of £1 each are issued, the balance being held in reserve. The property consists of twenty-seven claims, or, roughly speaking, of four rows of claims, two of twelve each, one of thirteen, and one of fourteen. The extent of the property is, therefore, very large, and supply of ore is practically inexhaustible. The ore for some months past has yielded ten dwts., as can be seen from the list of crushings from January to June, 1891. In July the yield was 2,350 oz., and in August 2,475 oz. from 4,560 tons, or 10·86 dwts. per ton. The profit per month is at present from £5,000 to £6,000, but this may be expected to increase considerably next year, when the new 80 stamp mill will be running. A dividend of 5 per cent. was paid for the quarter ending June 30, 1890, and two more dividends at the same rate will be paid for the September and December quarters respectively. In 1892 it is expected that 7½ per cent., if not 10 per cent. per quarter, will be paid owing to great reductions in cost of mining and milling, improved machinery, and smaller cost of development which for some months has been carried on at the rate of 3½ tons developed for 1 ton crushed. Turning to the profit and loss account it will be seen that a sum of no less than £3,701. 0s. 7d. has been written off to depreciation and redemption, and that £20 336 is charged to mining, milling, and development. 181,000 tons of ore are in sight, and the mine is about two years ahead of the battery.

It will be seen that my correspondent's remarks fully bear out my previous statements. New Primrose shares are, therefore, a good purchase at their present price of $1\frac{3}{4}$-$\frac{7}{8}$. Amongst Land shares, Oceana have again fluctuated, and the "Bear" operators who engineered the late attack have done their best to depress the market. But the shares are again quoted about $5\frac{1}{8}$, and very favourable advices have come to hand from the Transvaal. It appears that the new Silati Railway is to be constructed at once, and that the Laing's Reef on the Silati River property has been proved 3½ ft. wide at a depth of 52 ft. By the way, the Johannesburg *Star*, of September 26, which used to comment adversely on the Oceana and Silati River properties, now publishes the following :—

Mr. R. A. Mitchell, who is vacating the appointment of Manager of the Salisbury Gold Mining Company, has been appointed General Manager and Consulting Engineer of the Oceana Company, which is about to commence the development of its properties in real earnest. According to quite unbiassed reports, the Silati will turn out trumps after all, and it is said that some of the evidence taken on commission, in the case of Bewick, Alford, and Moreing, will give a great shock to those who have hitherto placed implicit trust in Mr. Alford's reports.

Bechuanaland shares are cheap at $1\frac{3}{8}$. There is no further news to hand yet from the Australian Broken Hill Consols Mine, but a favourable cablegram has come to hand from the Silverton (Broken Hill) Mine: "Traced chloride of silver lode 300 ft. in our property; it is 8 ft. wide, composed of grey silver ore carrying home silver in ironstone." These shares are quoted $\frac{5}{8}$-$\frac{3}{4}$. Maid of Erin shares are quoted $1\frac{7}{16}$-$\frac{9}{16}$ ex div., and a further cable advises the gross yield for the week ended October 10 as 1,500 tons, of an estimated value of 32,000 dols. Indian Gold Mines have been fairly active in some cases. Nundydroog have advanced to $2\frac{3}{8}$, Champion Reef to 1. Mysore Nagar are quoted 9s.-10s., important cables being expected almost immediately. Mysore Gold are steady at $5\frac{1}{4}$. There is hardly any change in De Beers Diamond shares, although the report which is about to be published will prove exceedingly favourable. I hear that an upward movement in Otto Kopje is on the cards. Mr. Lisle, the new manager, has sailed for South Africa, and will be on the property in ten days from now. It is stated that the Company will be washing paying yellow ground before the end of the month, and those connected with the mine anticipate from the results, even of the old working in the poorer stuff, three carats of diamonds per load, which would yield a considerable profit.

Great Gold Zone to the Front.

The old adage that "Everything comes to him who knows how to wait" is frequently illustrated in the mining market. Patience is a virtue, without which an operator in mines cannot make money. The lesson is pointed again in the case of the Great Gold Zone. The first pioneer expedition to the Company's property proved a failure, so a second was organised on a larger scale, and with more capable leaders, and this second exploring expedition has now achieved a splendid success. Advices have just been received by mail from Lieutenant-Colonel

George Gregory & Company, Stock and Share Dealers, 4, Tokenhouse-buildings, Lothbury, Bank of England, London, E.C. Telegrams "Grammarian, London"; Manager, Mr. A. Langridge. Also, London—West-End: 226, Piccadilly, W. (immediately opposite the London Pavilion). Telegrams, "Gregarious, London"; Manager, Mr. George Williams.—Brighton: Central-chambers, The Quadrant (facing Willings' Jubilee Clock Tower). Telegrams, "Gregorian, Brighton"; Manager, Mr. W. J. Nichols.—Hastings: Queen's-chambers (adjoining the Queen's Hotel), Telegrams, "Gregory, Hastings"; Manager, Mr. H. O. Scantlebury. Agencies at Leeds, Hull, and Folkestone. "Hints to Speculators" (250 pages), contains a mass of reliable information, gratis and post free.

Buxton, one of the directors, who is at present on the property, according to which the whole district is teeming with gold. What this means, when it is considered that the concessions and rights extend over an area of 1,200 square miles, I leave my readers to think over. Mr. Lambert, the leader of the expedition, who had been seized with an attack of dysentery, and had to return to Loando, was, according to last accounts, restored to health and on his way back to the property. I understand that Colonel Buxton's exhaustive report is most favourable, and that he has fixed upon a reef of great richness, which is to be worked at once. Mr. Jones, the engineer of the syndicate for the formation of a sub-Company to take over part of the property, after having located the portion to be acquired, is on his way back to this country, and, as his report cannot but be most favourable, the sub-Company will probably be formed at once, in which case the Great Gold Zone shareholders would receive a dividend in cash and in shares. I hear that the directors' report, with Colonel Burton's report, will be issued in a few days. In the meantime, I advise purchases of Great Gold Zone, now quoted about 10s., and averaging by those who got in at higher prices. The shares will doubtless promptly advance to "par."

My Letter Box.

I am again obliged to ask such of my correspondents as wish me to reply in the current issues to send their letters not later than on the Friday or the Saturday preceding. I also take the liberty of giving some of my readers a little advice. It is useless to rely upon the chance of making a profit upon a purchase in the course of a few days or weeks. It is impossible to control market movements, which are frequently for a time diametrically opposed to the intrinsic value of stocks. The great thing, too, is to buy cheaply, and not to get in at the top. Then, again, it is unreasonable always to expect to make an immediate large profit. My advice is intended for the steady investor, who watches his chances to get into a good speculative or permanent investment. With reasonable patience, my advice will enable him to carry out his operations in most cases with profit to himself. For the gambler who stakes unreasonable amounts upon one card I do not write. Again, with regard to operating in mining shares. This must, at best, be a species of gambling; for it is impossible always to forecast what surprises the bowels of the earth may have in store. But here, also, patience is necessary. A lode is discovered, is lost or struck again, and the whole position is changed. A revival in the mining market sends prices spinning upwards, just as depression in that department has an immediate effect all round. The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

J. L.—If you have patience you will find that Chilian bonds will advance again close to "par" *Two Sisters.*—You will do well to sell the Russian Land Mortgage bonds soon. *Diomede.*—Costa Rica "B" bonds are an excellent investment and quite safe. They have only given way in sympathy with South American stocks, and are likely to recover again. Hold. *C. W., Dulwich.*—1. Yes, you had better accept the new stock against the Entre Rios Extension bonds and hold it. The Company is likely to do well. 2. Yes, hold Peruvian Corporation shares, their turn will come. *Anxious.*—The present financial régime in Greece is not what it was under Tricoupis, but matters are not so bad as they are made out. There does not seem much risk to hold the bonds, but it is a pity to put so large a sum in one basket.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Safety.—There is no reason why you should not invest in the Four-and-a-half per Cent. Debenture stock of the Mortgage Company of the River Plate, especially as affairs in Argentina are apparently about to take a turn for the better. *Scotus, Galloway.*—You must make your own choice. Personally, I should prefer investment in securities. *Soho.*—The London Banks named by you are all first-class, Nos. 4 and 6 for choice. *Jumbo.*—I am not in favour of these Colonial Banks, although there is nothing specially against the one mentioned by you. *T. P.*—The London Bank named is a good one. There is nothing against the Australian Bank mentioned, but I do not recommend investment in such Banks in view of recent occurrences in connection with other establishments of the same kind. *Jacob Omnium.*—Hold, but do not buy any more. A recovery is, however, probable. *P. Z.*—I should advise you to have nothing to do with this concern. *Bobus.*—I am afraid your chances of recovering your money are slender. If you can prove misrepresentation you might enter an action against the directors, but the law is costly and uncertain. *Inexperienced.*—I should prefer investing in securities.

Home Rails.

C. E. T.—1. Hold Little Chathams. Something is very likely to come of the negotiations with the Midland. 2. Hold Caledonian Deferred, they are improving. 3. Louisville, Norfolk and Western Prefs, Atchison Income bonds. *Rosslyn.*—I think that you should hold your Manchester and Sheffield Preferred, as the new extension, if sanctioned, would benefit it. Whether the Bill will pass this time it is, of course, impossible to tell. *Pyro.*—It is difficult to advise you with reference to your holding of No. 1-4. None of these is a favourite with me, and if you had invested in Midlands, which I recommended at 150 and which are now at 160, you would have done much better. The North-Eastern is doing badly, Great Westerns yield low interest, but may improve again. South-Eastern A are picking up, and Brums are firmer. Sell the latter and North-Easterns on a further recovery, and re-invest in Midlands. Nos. 5 and 6 are industrial undertakings, about which you can inform yourself better locally. The mines 7–10 should be held, but do not buy more of A (Columbian Hydraulic), as for a few months a decrease in the returns is likely. The prospects of B (Gravel Gold) are favourable, but the market for the shares is not an active one. D might be bought as a small speculation, and especially E. Leave F alone; further calls are probable. But some of the best shares to buy are Great Gold Zone. They have excellent prospects, in view of the news which has just come to hand.

American and Foreign Rails.

Myra.—1. You can now get 95½ for your Four per Cent. Debentures of the Grand Trunk, and might as well realise the large profit. You will, of course, have to part with the stock to get the profit and invest in other securities. Mexican Railway Six per Cent. Perpetual Debenture stock is quoted 126—9 and it might be as well to clear your profit. The same applies to Egyptian, which cannot go much higher. Averaging is buying more at lower prices of a particular stock of which one is already a holder at higher cost. *A Subscriber, Bridgwater.*—I should prefer Cordoba Central (Central Northern Section) Debentures at about 49, and Buenos Ayres and Rosario 1894 Extension shares. *Scardeburg.*—You do not give your name. If you wait you will be all right. *E. S., Dublin.*—The shares are already recovering, and are a most promising speculative investment. *Teignmouth.*—There is no prospect of an increase in the Central Pacific dividend over 2 per cent. These shares have, as you are aware, had a considerable advance. Greek Monopoly might be bought on a further decline, also Canadian Pacifics. *C. A. C.*—For a speculative purchase, Nitrate Rails Ordinary are more suitable than the new Prefs., as there is a freer market in them. 2. No; doing well. 3. Impossible to tell you, but probably good. 4. Good prospects of a partial payment with increase to the full interest in due time. 5. Yes, these shares might be held, as affairs in Chili are improving. *E. M. C.*—These Brazilian Railway Debentures are somewhat speculative, but there seems no reason to sell now. *Temple.*—If you hold your Denver Prefs. you will get out with a profit. They are on the up grade. Under the circumstances stated by you I should not advise you to buy more. *Bob.*—You should put these bonds by for three months, when you will find them quoted much higher. *One Interested in the Line.*—I do not think that there is anything in this point, but the Missouri, Kansas; and Texas is doing well. *Tempest.*—Yes; Quebec Central Income bonds are paying 1¼—1½ per cent. dividend, and at 30—33 (their official quotation) are a most promising investment. *A Yankee Bull.*—I quite agree with your views. In the long run you will make money by sticking to your shares. Prices will certainly improve after the present pause.

Mining Shares.

Truly.—I think you might as well sell these Gold shares now *Jacobus.*—1. These shares are certain to come round again. Wait until favourable news comes, then buy more. 2. I understand that negotiations are now going on respecting a further sale of the property of the Goldfields of Mysore, but you may get the shares at a lower figure by waiting a little while. *Ebor.*—You will no doubt do well with your purchase of New Primrose and Glencairns, but you will have to exercise some patience, if you want to make a good profit. Simmer and Jack and Shebas are promising shares, and Oceana and Great Gold Zone ought to be bought. *City Clerk.*—You are unreasonable, and must have patience if you wish to make money in mines, which is a species of gamble. Hold, and you will see the shares recover. *Haymarket.*—Yes, Otto Kopje are a cheap mining gamble for a small sum. I should prefer Glencairns to the other shares mentioned. *St. Stephens.*—Have nothing to do with the St Augustine Diamonds Reconstruction. 2. You have no option but to pay the call. Hold. 3. You had better sell. It is a dark horse. *Liverpool.*—Do not touch any of the four mines, least of all Loma. I have persistently told my readers to avoid the group. Why do you not buy the shares recommended by me under "Kaffir and Other Mines," and especially Great Gold Zone, about which splendid advices are to hand. *G. W. W.*—You are quite correct. My reference to Golden Gates as a mine to be avoided referred to the Golden Gate Alluvial Syndicate, the property of which is situate in California. The Golden Gate Mining Company (Charters Towers, Queensland) is a dividend-paying mine, and, for all I know, a suitable investment. *Wilts.*—Same reply as above. *Veritas.*—The Golden Gates (Charters Towers) seems to be a well-conducted dividend-paying mine, but I have no special information about it, nor about the other mine referred to by you. *Art.*—Sell Loma Gold. I have persistently told my readers to avoid this group. You have done right to buy the railroad shares. *Observer.*—You do not seem to be informed

as to the latest development of the first-named mine. Nor do I wish to controvert your view of the second. It is a matter of opinion.

Industrial Companies.

W.—As soon as I obtain further information I shall not fail to publish it. In the meantime, I advise you to hold. *R. N.*—Yes; I have the same good opinion of the process and Companies. I have repeatedly explained the reason of the delay. *Canal.*—No; I should not advise the purchase. *R. C. C.*—The plan which you suggest about the meat shares should be followed eventually. For the present the wisest plan will be to wait. *Speculator.*—I can offer no opinion on such a concern, and should advise you not to touch it unless you have fully investigated it. *Rex.*—1. Yes; a very fair investment. 2. No; nor has application been made yet for a Stock Exchange quotation. 3. Yes; if you will hold the stock patiently, but not for an immediate speculative turn. *W. R.*—1. I am afraid official liquidators are not in the habit of publishing such a thing as receipts; but you might try to get the particulars of the receipts of Olympia from him. 2. The Bridport District Steam Tramways, Limited, were reconstructed in March, 1888, under the name of the Bridport and District Tramway Company. Write to the Secretary for information (Dashwood House, New Broad-street, E.C.). *Constant Reader.*—Do not buy yet. *Marmion.*—Of the Electric Light Companies mentioned, I prefer the Electric Construction Corporation (1). No. 2 is not doing nearly so well, and No. 3 does no general work. No. 4 may do well in time. Wait before buying No. 5; you may get in cheaper. Yes, No. 6 is a safe investment. *Kingston.*—I will bring your suggestion under notice in the proper quarters. But I believe that *now* all is being done to bring about a better state of affairs. *P. N.*—Yes, Embreville Town Company shares (£1 each) are a promising speculative investment.

Mixed Investments.

Relluf.—As an investment there is nothing against holding Nos. 1, 3, and 7. Gas shares like No. 2 will eventually suffer from the competition of the electric light, and I should not hold too many. Nos. 4 and 5 will, no doubt, improve with affairs in Argentina generally, and should be held. I do not recommend No. 6, and should advise you to read the article on "Mashonaland." *Anxious.*—These shares will eventually recover, but the Company will pay no dividend on the Ordinary for the present. No. 1. Bechuanaland shares are a good purchase, but do not touch No. 2. Nor are the Breweries Nos. 3 or 4 at all tempting, the dividend on the latter will be passed. If you want to buy American Brewery shares choose Peter Schoenhofen Ordinary or St. Louis. *Uncertain.*—Yes, I should hold Chatham stocks for the present. While I should not advise a purchase of Buenos Harbour Works Trust stock, I should not part with it now, if I had bought at higher prices, but hold for an improvement. *E. J. B., Brighton.*—1. An old country bank, said to be doing well, but I do not like the large liability. 2. First-class. 3. A fair undertaking of the kind. 4. No catch. 5. A fair speculative investment. Hold No. 6, 8, and 9. I do not care for No. 7. *Continuance.*—1. Hold Elmore Copper. They will recover. 2. Electric Construction should be bought; they are a good investment. 3. You should hold your Central Argentine now, as affairs in the Argentine Republic are likely to improve. *O. S.*—Yes, Peter Schoenhofen Brewery shares are a good investment at about 9½, they pay 11 per cent. dividend. *Loser.*—If you hold your stocks Nos. 1—5 you will find them recover again, and, instead of losing, you will make a profit. There is nothing in the news respecting No. 1 to which you refer.

Various Investments.

There has been quite a spasm in London Gas shares, apparently on apprehensions that the competition of the electric light might cut down profits to an appreciable extent. Sir David Salomon's remarks at the general meeting of the City of London Electric Lighting Company seem to have been chiefly answerable for the little scare; but, although he foreshadowed private electric lighting in the City on a considerable scale by the end of the year, I see no reason exactly for panic in Gas shares. The first electric-light fever which broke out at the time of the creation of Father Brush and his numerous progeny, also put down Gas shares. At that time, however, no serious work was done, while now, with greatly-improved systems and inventions, which have stood the test of practical application, London is undoubtedly about to enjoy the blessings of the electric light. A large field will remain to the Gas Companies, but eventually the profits of the latter must be interfered with to some extent. There has been a fair amount of business in Electric Light shares, but here I should give for the present the preference to Companies which are manufacturing the various appliances used by the Companies formed for lighting districts. The Brush and Swan Companies should benefit, but more especially the Electric Construction Corporation, which is unfettered by legacies of the past, and the shares in which carry a dividend of at least 6 per cent. with them. These shares may still be bought at 7¼ per £10 share. Anglo-American Telegraph shares have again fluctuated, and were again firmer in the last few days. This Company must be deriving great benefits from the active telegraphic intercourse between the United States and Europe. A good deal of quiet investment is going on in American Brewery shares of the better description. One of the most solid is the Peter Schoenhofen Brewery, the Ordinary shares in which are quoted 9½. The Company paid an interim dividend at the rate of 11 per cent., and will shortly pay the same final dividend. The policy is now being very generally adopted of carrying large sums to reserve and paying only 10 per cent. dividend. This would probably also be done in the case of the Peter Schoenhofen, although much greater profits have been earned, had not the vendor guaranteed 11 per cent. You ask me for my opinion of the Grand Central Silver Mines, Limited, the prospectus of which has been issued. My dear Ben, this undertaking is so much *en l'air* that I should not advise you to have anything to do with it. There are so many silver mines in full working and yielding good dividends that it is superfluous to go into Yankee ventures such as the above, with a capital of £200,000 merely on estimates. As to the 5 per cent. mortgage debentures secured on the Metropole Hotel in Chicago, which are offered by the Lancashire Trust and Mortgage Insurance Corporation, I really cannot see anything tempting in them. There is plenty of opportunity of investing in mortgages without going to Yankee land for the purpose.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

QUEER STORY.

MR. SWANN'S TRAGEDY.

"UNLESS," said Mr. Pitt to Mr. Fox, "unless Providence puts something good in our way, we may chuck up the sponge. We've had nothing but old stagers to deal with for the last six months, and dealing with them is poor business. Why, we haven't made a decent haul for a year past."

"That's true, Aaron," answered Mr. Fox in a sad voice "Things are going to the devil—that's my opinion. When we started in business, pigeons were as common as gooseberries; now they're the rarest beings possible, and when one does turn up, there is such a race for him among the agents that the game's spoiled before its actually properly on the wing."

"Ay, ay, the profession is losing all sense of honour. It used to be an honourable understanding among us that the firm that raised the game should have him, but now everybody is for himself, and nobody cares a curse for anybody. Well, well, all we can do is to trust in Providence."

Mr. Pitt's pious reliance was not without justification. He had scarcely expressed it when a knock sounded at the door, and the office-boy announced that Mr. Swann wanted to see the partners about the production of a play which he had just written. A glance of delight passed between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox as the young author was shown into their den.

Mr. Swann was a well-dressed, refined-looking young fellow of about four-and-twenty. He was very modest and shy in his manner, and evidently quite unaccustomed to transact business. The experienced eyes of Messrs. Pitt & Fox saw at once that he would prove an easy and a profitable prey.

"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Pitt in a business-like way. "I understand you desire us to look over a play of yours with a view of securing its production on the stage."

"Yes, if you please," answered Mr. Swann, blushing a little.

"Very well, Mr.—let's see—Mr. Swann," said Mr. Pitt. "Now, the usual and best course in such cases is to leave the play with us for our opinion upon it. We can then read it carefully, and suggest such alterations as our long experience in theatrical matters dictates."

"Precisely," replied Mr. Swann eagerly. "That's just what I want—the opinion of a practical man. All the fellows at Oxford thought it a magnificent work, but I

don't put much confidence in their opinions because, of course, they judged it from a literary point of view merely. You would look at it as a practical man."

"Exactly, Mr. Swann; exactly. Well, you know it takes time to read a play, and we can't afford to give our time for nothing. I presume you're prepared to pay the usual fee."

"Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Swann. "May I ask what it is?"

"Twenty guineas."

"I—I think I have that amount with me. You don't mind taking notes?"

"Certainly not; certainly not. Thank you—that's quite correct. To make all things regular, we'll give you a receipt. Mr. Fox, draw out one in the usual form. Now, Mr. Swann, just leave the play with us. Our united opinion will be ready in a few days."

"I trust you'll let me have it as soon as possible. I want to have the play produced without delay."

"Of course, Mr. Swann; of course. But you see we have a great deal in hand to attend to; and, besides, we always like to consider and reconsider our opinion before finally delivering it to the author. Here's the receipt. Good-day, sir. You had, perhaps, better call again this day week. Good-day."

As the office door closed behind Mr. Swann, Mr. Pitt's left eye closed, too. Simultaneously Mr. Pitt's index finger went to the side of his nose, while a broad smile overspread the rubicund features of Mr. Fox.

"Luck at last, thank Heaven!" said Mr. Pitt.

"Right you are," responded Mr. Fox. "And now let us go out and have a bottle of champagne to celebrate the occasion."

The play was thrown into the safe, and the two agents adjourned to a neighbouring restaurant, where they spent the rest of the afternoon, and several of Mr. Swann's guineas.

A week later Mr. Swann called at the office of Messrs. Pitt & Fox. Meanwhile his play had reposed peacefully in the safe where it had been thrown after the previous interview.

Mr. Fox received him.

"Ah, Mr. Swann," he said, "I'm sorry Mr. Pitt is not in. He has been expecting you all day, but unfortunately Mr. Tearem—you know Mr. Tearem, the great tragedian?—Mr. Tearem sent for him to consult him about the new play he's bringing out at the Rageum, and, of course, he had to go. I can't say when he'll be back, but he told me to ask you to call again this day week."

Mr. Swann looked disappointed.

"Has he looked at my work yet?" he asked.

"Oh! yes; and let me tell you in confidence, Mr. Swann, he thinks a lot of it," said Mr. Fox, confidentially. "He thinks it should be produced at once."

"Does he?" replied Mr. Swann, vainly trying to conceal his delight. "I hope he'll succeed in getting it brought out for me."

"Oh! he can do that, of course. You have no idea the influence Mr. Pitt has in theatrical circles. His opinion is nearly conclusive with every manager and actor from Mr. Tearem down."

"I'm sure it is," said Mr. Swann. "And I'm delighted that he thinks so well of my play for I'm confident it points to its ultimate success."

"That you may be, Mr. Swann. But remember, a man in Mr. Pitt's position does not take trouble for nothing. Before he uses his influence to get your play produced at a matinée you'll have to stump up."

Mr. Swann hesitated.

"I am not very rich, Mr. Fox," he said. "My father had a great misfortune in money matters last year, and he died of a broken heart, leaving very little behind him. Still, I have a little money, and I'm willing to pay anything reasonable to get the play put on the stage if Mr. Pitt really thinks it is likely to succeed."

"My dear Mr. Swann, he has no doubt about it. I assure you that you could not make a better investment of your money than in getting it brought out."

"How much do you think he would want?" asked Mr. Swann nervously.

"Well, to cover preliminary trouble and expenses—you know in these matters there always is a lot of preliminary trouble and expenses—well, to cover them his usual terms are two hundred guineas."

"Two hundred guineas!" repeated Mr. Swann, turning colour slightly. "Isn't that a big fee? I'm afraid—I—I should find difficulty in raising so much at once."

"That's his usual fee, Mr. Swann, but yours isn't a usual case. As I told you, he thinks a lot of your play, and when that's the case he's ready to take half his usual fee in hand, and look to the profits of the piece when produced for the other half. You could advance a hundred at once, I take it?"

"Yes, I think I could," replied Mr. Swann hesitatingly, "but it will swallow up all the ready-money I have. I suppose Mr. Pitt couldn't be induced to look for the whole fee to the profits?"

"He wouldn't think of it, Mr. Swann," replied Mr. Fox, decisively, "and I'll tell you why. If he did that in your case everybody else would want him to do the same. But for that he would have no hesitation. This very morning, just before he left for the Rageum, he said to me, 'If that play's not a gold mine call me a blooming fool.'"

Mr. Swann reflected for a moment.

"Mr. Pitt wouldn't buy my play, I suppose?" he then asked.

"Mr. Pitt never buys plays," said Mr. Fox, a little sternly.

Mr. Swann again reflected.

After watching him carefully for a few seconds, Mr. Fox thought it time to bring matters to an issue, so he remarked, in an off-hand way, "Well, Mr. Swann, what is your decision? Will you give this fee or not? I assure you it will be worth your while. A hundred guineas in hand and a charge on the play of a hundred more,—those I call deuced good terms, and it's few authors—unknown authors—that get them from Mr. Pitt."

"Yes, I think I will," replied Mr. Swann, slowly.

"Very well, here's the charging form. Read it. 'In consideration of Mr. Aaron Pitt undertaking to use his best exertions to have my play of the 'Sacred Flame' produced, I promise to pay him within three days one hundred guineas, and I hereby charge the same play with a lien in his favour for a further hundred guineas.' Sign it there. Thank you. Now remember that before Mr. Pitt takes a step in the matter he must have the hundred guineas in hand."

"Very well," answered Mr. Swann, a little dolefully.

When the young playwright left the office, Mr. Fox sprang up from his seat.

"Joe!" he cried.

"Yes, sir," answered the office-boy.

"I'm off to Litano's. Shan't be back to-day."

He immediately rushed off to Litano's. There Mr. Pitt had been seated during the interview, drinking champagne with a fourth-rate burlesque actress. When his partner arrived, he was a little advanced in liquor.

"Well," he called out to Mr. Fox, "did the greenhorn take the hook?"

"Look for yourself," answered Mr. Fox, as he flung down the paper poor Swann had signed, on the table.

"Sol, you're a genius!" cried Mr. Pitt, when he had read it. "Hi, waiter, another bottle of Bollinger!"

A week later, Mr. Swann—having meanwhile, by realising several of his poor little investments, raised a hundred guineas, and sent them on to Mr. Pitt—called again at the office. It was Mr. Pitt who this time received him. After the usual preliminaries, the two came to business.

"Mr. Swann," said Mr. Pitt, pulling the manuscript play out of a pile of loose papers lying in the safe—it had been there undisturbed since Mr. Swann's first visit—"this play, I may tell you candidly, is, in my opinion, nothing short of a work of genius, and I may add that I never yet found my opinion turn out wrong. As a rule, if I recommend a work theatrical managers take it without hesitation. Unfortunately — most unfortunately—in this case that is not so. I can't tell why it is—it must be, I think, that the play is too original in conception, theatrical managers are very hide-bound in their notions—but whatever the reason may be, I have, after great exertions, failed utterly to get any

one to accept the risk of bringing it out at his own expense."

Mr. Swann drew a long breath.

"I suppose, then," he said slowly, "I may assume that there's no hope?"

"None, none whatever," said Mr. Pitt. "Unless—unless you're disposed to risk a little more money on it."

"I—I don't quite understand you?" faltered Mr. Swann.

"I mean unless you should be disposed to bring it out at your own expense."

"How much would that cost?"

"Well, roughly, about £200."

"That's just about all I have in the world," said Mr. Swann, with a weak smile.

"Well, of course, one can never be sure of success until the piece has succeeded," said Mr. Pitt, in a very judicial way; "but, at the same time, I'm morally certain that this piece, if properly put on the stage, would take the town."

"Yes," murmured Mr. Swann, his voice trembling and his lips parched, "Yes, but the risk—is—is—awful! What if it didn't succeed?"

"But it must, my dear sir; it must. Look here, now, just to show you my confidence in it I'll go halves with you in the risk."

"You will?" exclaimed Mr. Swann, in pleased surprise.

"Yes, I will. If I didn't feel pretty sure of success you may swear I wouldn't put my money in it. But if you'll advance a hundred to me I'll pay out of my own pocket every further shilling necessary to produce it, and to produce it well."

Mr. Swann paused and thought.

"I have already paid you a hundred and twenty guineas," he said.

"Yes, and now you're not going to spoil the ship for a penn'orth of tar, are you?"

"I'll think the matter over," said Mr. Swann.

"Very well, very well," answered Mr. Pitt, in an injured tone. "All I can say is that this is the first time I ever had such an offer as that sneezed at."

"Oh, Mr. Pitt! I don't reject it. I only want to think it over. You know a £100 mayn't be much to you, but it's a great deal—a great deal—to me."

"Well, well! think it over," said Mr. Pitt, magnanimously. "I'll not withdraw it for—let us see—a week. If you haven't by that time made up your mind to accept it, it's off."

Mr. Pitt knew he had the young playwright's £100 safe enough, and he was not mistaken. Before the week was up, Mr. Swann arrived with it, and the agreement was duly signed.

"I hope you'll lose no time in getting it on the stage," said Mr. Swann, after he had handed over his coin, and signed the agreement.

"Oh, there's no hurry about that, Mr. Swann," replied Mr. Pitt, coolly.

Mr. Swann stared at him for a moment.

"But I understood you to say that you would get it out without delay?" he then said.

"That, of course, meant without unreasonable delay," answered Mr. Pitt. "As I'm going shares in this business, Mr. Swann, I must consult my own interests as well as yours. I have undertaken to produce this piece, and I'll do it; but I'll do it when I think there's the best chance of success. I'm not going to produce it hurriedly, or with a scratch company, or in the silly season just because you want it. No, Mr. Swann, you must now leave the whole matter in my hands. Good morning, sir; it will all come right in the end. Good morning."

With a dazed brain and a throbbing heart, Mr. Swann left the office. The change in the agent's manner towards him startled and alarmed him. Was it possible that the man was a rogue? Was it possible that now that he had extracted practically all his money out of him he was going to throw him and his play over? Hitherto not a suspicion of sharp practice—not a doubt of the agent's absolute honesty had ever entered Mr. Swann's innocent mind. The fears and questions which now rushed in upon it dazed and frightened him.

Three months passed. During these three months Mr. Swann called every week at the office of Messrs. Pitt & Fox. On every occasion he was met by one of two answers, either that Mr. Pitt was not in, or that Mr. Pitt was engaged. At last he could bear it no longer. He called again. The office-boy informed him that Mr. Pitt was engaged.

"Very well," answered Mr. Swann, "I'll wait here till he can see me, though it be forty-eight hours." And he sat down.

Within ten minutes he was shown into Mr. Pitt's room.

"Well? What do you want?" asked that gentleman.

"Want? I want to know how my play is getting on?" answered Mr. Swann, hotly. "When is this matinée to come off?"

"It is to come off when I think proper," was Mr. Pitt's response.

"That won't do for me," said Mr. Swann. "I want a definite answer."

"Well, you won't get it. Do you remember what you agreed to? Look here. I am to produce 'when and at what theatre I think most suitable and most likely to ensure its success'—those are the words. It's all a question for me, and for me alone, when it shall be produced, and I tell you if you are not more civil it will be a long time."

"Give me back my play!" demanded Mr. Swann, with anger.

"*Your* play—yours, indeed! Do you know, sir, that I have a lien on it for a hundred guineas? Give me the hundred guineas and I'll give you your play."

"Sir, you're a swindler—a rank ——" gasped Mr. Swann.

"Get out of the room, sir. Here, Joe, Mr. Fox, kick this fellow down the stairs."

Poor Mr. Swann raged for a moment, but he saw it was no use. Mr. Fox and the office-boy caught him by the shoulders and he was soon overpowered.

"I'll go," he said, in a husky voice.

"Yes, go, and don't come back till you have learnt better manners," retorted Mr. Pitt.

Mr. Swann left the office looking a worn-out man, though he had not seen yet twenty-five summers.

When he had gone Pitt turned to his partner.

"I was a fool," he said, "not to have given that idiot his play back when he asked for it. He threatens to become troublesome. If he takes us into Court, it will be nasty."

"I'll tell you what to do," suggested Mr. Fox. "Tearem, I hear, is looking out for a play. Just send it to him. Probably we shall never hear of it again; but if I drop Swann a line saying it's in Tearem's hands, that may keep him quiet for a time."

"Not a bad idea, Sol. Try it."

Next morning, as Mr. Swann came down to breakfast, Mr. Fox's letter was handed to him. He glanced at its contents, and then, with a feeling of bitter scorn, he tore it into atoms. All his faith in the agents and in their promises was gone for ever.

After partaking scantily of his breakfast, he went out to wander aimlessly through the crowded streets. Miserable beyond expression, hopeless, lost to everything around him, he walked slowly along. Suddenly he felt a hand placed on his shoulder. He turned round hurriedly.

"How are you, Tom?" said a cheery voice.

It was Jack Dawson, an old school chum of Mr. Swann's, whom he had lost sight of for many a day.

Following the custom of their age and country, the two young men adjourned to the nearest bar to have a chat. There Jack Dawson told of his adventures since he left school, which shortly amounted to this, that, after trying many callings, he had at last settled down to press work; his specialty, as he called it, being dramatic criticism. Then Mr. Swann related his fortunes and misfortunes. The latter greatly interested Jack Dawson, most especially those which arose out of his dealings with Messrs. Pitt & Fox.

"I know the scoundrels," Jack said, "and I think I can help you with them. Let me see now. They have sent your play to Tearem. Ah, yes, I think I have it. Come along, old fellow."

When Messrs. Pitt & Fox sent Mr. Swann's play to Mr. Tearem, as has been explained, they firmly believed that that was the last that any one would hear of it. Their amazement, then, can be imagined, when, about a fortnight later, who should walk into their office but Mr. Tearem himself, for the purpose of making inquiries as to that very play and its author.

"Yes," he said, "I want to see the author. It's a good work—a work of genius, I should say—crude, no doubt, but showing immense power. I want to settle terms with its author. Who is he? Where can I see him?"

"Well, sir," answered the startled Mr. Pitt, "the fact is we can't disclose his name. He doesn't want to be known. But we shall be happy to consult him and settle terms without an hour's delay."

"Thank you—many thanks. Tell him I'll deal liberally with him. Let me know what he says. Good morning." And the great actor hurried off.

"Sol," said Mr. Pitt, when he and his partner had recovered sufficiently from their surprise to speak. "If we don't get Swann to assign us that play before he hears of his luck, we're born fools."

Mr. Swann had learnt by experience. He knew the sort of gentlemen Messrs. Pitt & Fox were, and, when they approached him on the matter, he told them bluntly that they must have some good reason for wanting to buy his play, and that he was resolved not to part with it except for a good price. It was in vain that they explained to him that it was simply consideration for him that made them think of purchasing: he laughed in their faces. At last they had to consent to his terms, which were five hundred guineas in money down. With difficulty they scraped it together, and the play was theirs.

Then they wrote to Mr. Tearem, telling him that the author's terms were a thousand pounds down, and the usual royalty on receipts. The next day they received the following reply from the great actor:—

Gentlemen,—I'm afraid you misunderstood me. I never thought of producing or purchasing the play. I merely wanted to see the author and arrange terms with him as to writing, under my supervision, another play on a subject I have long had in my mind. I wished to do this as I thought, and think still, that "The Sacred Flame" shows great promise, though it is very crude and amateurish. Thanks to my friend Mr. Dawson I have been able to carry out my intentions. He was kind enough to introduce Mr. Swann to me, and that gentleman is now engaged, with every prospect of success, on the subject I suggested.—Yours ever,

T. Tearem.

P.S.—I return herewith MS. of "The Sacred Flame."

"Great Scot!" cried Mr. Pitt as he handed the letter to Mr. Fox, "we have been done, clean spoofed, in fact, and by that greenhorn, too!"

MUSIC.

SIGNOR LAGO opened the Shaftesbury Theatre with the "Cavalleria Rusticana" on Monday, and on the following night, too late, of course, for me to notice now, Sir A. Harris was to start his season at Covent Garden with "Roméo et Juliette." Down to eight days before the commencement of Signor Lago's enterprise, a coalition was quite on the cards. It is, of course, a matter of dispute who opened the negotiations. One side avers that Signor Lago sought out the Covent Garden manager; the other, that Sir A. Harris was at the Shaftesbury before the box-office opened. Which is the correct version really does not signify. It is, at any rate, admitted that an arrangement was suggested whereby Signor Lago was to join Sir A. Harris, transfer all contracts to Covent Garden, and accept a post and a salary; that Signor Lago, before he definitely decided to close the bargain, very properly asked for time to consult with an adviser, whose name, though well known in operatic circles, it would be a breach of etiquette to mention, and that as lately as Saturday week the affair fell to the ground. The public, in one sense, are the gainers. For four years, since, in fact, Covent Garden has enjoyed a monopoly, we have had not a single absolutely new addition to the repertory. On the other hand, no sooner are two managers pitted against each other in friendly though close rivalry, than two absolute novelties (to wit, Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," and Gounod's "Philémon et Baucis"), besides two works quite unfamiliar to the present generation—that is to say, Ricci's "Crispino e la Comare," and Rossini's "La Cenerentola," are promised within the very first week. Perhaps a little time for more adequate preparation would have been desirable; but, on the other hand, the advantage of escaping from the hackneyed repertory, and of being offered operatic representations at a price which suits the pockets of ordinary playgoers, will be obvious to everybody.

Sir A. Harris found himself obliged to arrange his season at practically a few days' notice. Under the circumstances, one course only was open to him—that is to say, to obtain the nucleus of a company from some specified foreign source. An impresario less imbued with the French traditions might possibly have gone to the Fatherland, and have once more tried the experiment (which there is every reason to believe would now be a lucrative one) of introducing Wagnerian opera in the language in which "she was wrote." The Covent Garden manager preferred to go to Paris, where, from the Opéra Comique and elsewhere, he has obtained a troupe and a chorus competent to perform the French operas in their repertory almost without rehearsal. Gounod's "Philémon," a work avowedly written partly in the opéra comique style of Auber, partly in the classic school of Mozart, is to be given on Saturday, and it will speedily be followed by that far more powerful work, M. Bruneau's "La Rêve." Parisian art will thus be transported bodily to London, and English amateurs will be able to judge for themselves whether German critics who declare that the pernicious tremolo is indigenous to Paris, or the Parisian writers who aver that French art is the highest art, are right.

Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," has suffered a good deal from preliminary paragraphing. It would, nevertheless, be absurd to suppose that a work written by a youthful pupil of Ponchielli, and who had enjoyed little or no previous experience of the stage, could be a matured opera. That it could be free from the influence of Boito, Bizet, and other writers now popular on the Italian stage would indeed be little short of a miracle. Opera-goers do not expect it, and they will, therefore, not greatly be surprised at meeting many old friends, not always in absolutely new dress. On the other hand in the "Cavalleria Rusticana" there is a consciousness of dramatic power which promises well for Mascagni's future, unless the adulation of his warm-hearted compatriots spoil him. The duet in which the unhappy heroine, Santuzza, appeals alternately with pathos and passion to the scoundrel who has abandoned her, and who now throws her violently to the ground, the angry conflict between the woman and her new rival, and the entire unconventionality of the scene in which the heroine discloses to the injured husband the guilt of his wife with the man who has thus ill-treated her, could not have been written save by a composer who, if not absolutely a born genius, is at any rate one in which the dramatic instinct runs strong. The story is conventionality itself. Even the habitués of transpontine melodrama will hardly be strangers to the adventures of the stage villain who has ruined and abandoned a girl, and has afterwards entered into a liaison with a married woman, whose husband challenges and wreaks dramatic vengeance upon the seducer. To clothe these dry old bones with new flesh, and this without neglecting the deep-seated Italian love for genuine melody, was a feat which alone would account for the enormous popularity that "Cavalleria Rusticana" has so rapidly achieved. Unfortunately, the performance at the Shaftesbury is not of the best. A larger orchestra, a better chorus (particularly as to the female department), and a stage organ are urgently required. Mdlle. Musiani, the heroine, has a pronounced tremolo, but is a powerful actress, while, despite his merits, Signor Vignas is likely to rival neither M. Jean de Reszke nor M. Van Dyck. Signor Brombara, on the other hand, is an excellent baritone. Miss Damian was once more the stage mother, and the well-known concert vocalist, Miss Bremer, made a highly successful début as the flighty wife.

There has been some trouble as to the right to use the title "Royal Italian Opera." Legally, of course, Covent Garden has no exclusive claim to the name, and in the year 1887 Sir A. Harris adopted it at Drury Lane, while Signor Lago still held Covent Garden. This year I am told the Lord Chamberlain intervened, and Signor Lago appealed direct to the Queen. In reply, an inquiry was made whether the Shaftesbury had a separate Royal entrance, and, the answer being in the affirmative, her Majesty paid £170 for the Royal box for the season, the right to adopt the name "Royal Italian Opera" following as a matter of course. What would have occurred if that entrance had not existed in Greek-street, and whether, if the prefix "Royal" had been omitted, a solitary opera-goer would have refused to patronise the theatre, can only be conjectured.

The sudden death, on Saturday morning, of the well-known musical critic, Mr. W. A. Barrett, was not known until it was reported to some of his colleagues on Sunday, at St. Paul's Cathedral, where, as boy and man, first as a treble and afterwards as a male alto, he had been a member of the choir for forty-five years. Mr. Barrett was singing at St. Paul's last Friday afternoon, and was apparently in the best of health. In the evening he went to an evening party. On Saturday morning, on awakening, he complained of a pain in the chest, and very shortly afterwards expired, I believe of apoplexy. Mr. Barrett was a feeble critic, and, although no doubt up to the Conservative standard of the *Morning Post*, with which paper he was connected for a quarter of a century, his ideas did not soar much beyond Balfe, while he was a firm believer in the good old Tory doctrine that the middle classes could not appreciate anything higher than the drawing-room ditty. His absurd adoption of the affix "Mus.Doc." has also more than once been called in question in these columns. But as assistant musical inspector of elementary schools he did very good work; his knowledge of the old songs and of the glees and madrigals of the Elizabethan era was extensive, and in private life he was excellent company. His alto voice was assumed, and was, practically a falsetto, for when he tried a comic song (and a capital comic song he could sing) he adopted a baritone voice. The duties of musical critic of the *Morning Post* are at present being undertaken by his son, who has long been assistant to his father.

Max Bruch's new violin concerto, produced by Señor Sarasate at his first concert of the season on Saturday, is an unequal work, with a charming slow movement, a somewhat laboured first allegro, and a flimsy finale. We shall hear a good deal of it during the next few months, as, thanks to the popularity gained by Max Bruch's first concerto, nearly every prominent violinist in Europe is now engaged in studying its latest successor.

There was some talk of re-seating St. James' Hall this autumn, but on Saturday the well-worn scarlet benches were still in evidence. What is really wanted is the lift-up theatre fauteuil. If these were adopted, St. James's Hall would hold another £20, and ladies would be able to attend concerts without fear of injury to delicately-coloured evening dresses.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Only a soldier, and an intelligent soldier, could take an adequate interest in Von Moltke's "History of the Franco-German War of 1870-71" (1); since it is primarily and principally written for experts by the greatest expert of our time. Though, however, a layman must be bewildered by the details of the battles at the beginning of the war, and of the butcheries towards its close, he must feel the fascination of an onlooker at a game whose stakes and issues were so tremendous. A war with whole nations for armies, countries for camps, and an Imperial diadem for prize, is a heart-shaking spectacle from whatever point of view you look at it. It is not easy for a spectator placed even at our distance of time and space from so stupendous a struggle to look upon it with the god-like calm of its director-in-chief, who could give points to Addison's angel in a kind of mechanical imperturbability, and beat him:—

> Who, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
> Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.

Here, for instance, is a characteristic incident of the battle of Königgrätz in the Austrian War. "Some doubt," says Von Moltke, "as to the issue of the battle existed probably in many minds; perhaps in that of Count Bismarck as he offered me a cigar. As I was subsequently informed, he took it for a good sign that of the two cigars I coolly took the better." But perhaps, the great Marshal is a little too cool when he attributes the Franco-German War to the Parliament of France. "Generally speaking, it is no longer the ambition of monarchs which endangers peace; the passions of the people, its dissatisfaction with interior conditions and affairs, the strife of parties, and the intrigues of their leaders, are the causes. A declaration of war, so serious in its consequences, is more easily carried by a large assembly, of which none of the members bear the sole responsibility, than by a single man, however high his position; and a peace-loving Sovereign is less rare than a parliament composed of wise men. . . . . The war of 1870-71 arose from just such relations. A Napoleon on the Throne of France was bound to establish his rights by political and military successes."

I believe the secret history of the Franco-German War will as little bear out this view as the history of wars generally, which have been naturally the favourite game of kings; since theirs is the glory and profit, while the cost of blood, and tears, and treasure is paid by their subjects.

> War is a game, which, were their subjects wise,
> Kings would not play at.

It is heartbreaking to read of the recklessness with which this game was played on the French side; and yet, as you read, you ask yourself again and again would not this be our own story of criminal and cruel unpreparedness if we were engaged to-morrow in a European war:—

> The regiments had marched out of quarters incomplete as to numbers, and insufficiently equipped. Meanwhile the reserves called out to fill their places had choked the railway traffic; they crowded the depôts and filled the railway stations. The progress to their destination was delayed, for it was often unknown at the railway stations where the regiments to which the reserves were to be sent were at the time encamped. When they at last joined they were without the most necessary articles of equipment. The corps and divisions had no artillery or baggage, no ambulance, and only a very insufficient number of officers. No magazines had been established beforehand, and the troops were to depend on the fortresses. These were but ill-supplied, for in the assured expectation that the armies would be almost immediately sent on into the enemy's country they had been neglected. In the same way the Staff-Officers had been provided with maps of Germany, but not of their own provinces. The Ministry of War in Paris was inundated with claims, protestations, and expostulations, and finally it was left to the troops to help themselves as best they could. *On se débrouillera* was the hope of the authorities.

"On se débrouillera!" What an apt motto for our own Naval and Military Departments! And then the inevitable consequence of such drifting and drivelling! Thousands upon thousands of gallant lives flung away by bungling, by dissension, and by indecision; while thousands more were shovelled in as rubble and rubbish to prop up a falling throne! It is sorry reading. While on the subject of a General's history of a war of his own direction, what do you say to Mr. W. D. Howells' extravagant estimate, in his "Criticism and Fiction" (2), of General Grant's "Personal Memoirs"?—"One of the greatest captains who ever lived—a plain, taciturn, unaffected soul—has told the story of his wonderful life as unconsciously as if it were all an every-day affair. . . . . We think he would have denied the soft impeachment of literary power; nevertheless he shows it, as he showed

1 "The Franco-German War of 1870-71." By Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke. Translated by Clara Bell and Henry W. Fischer. With a Map. Two vols. (London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.)
2 "Criticism and Fiction." By W. D. Howells. (London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.)
3 "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, and Other Stories." By Oscar Wilde. (London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.)
4 "The Fruits of Enlightenment." A Comedy in Four Acts. By Lyof Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian by E. J. Dillon, Ph.D. (London: William Heinemann.)
5 "Beggars All." By L. Dougall. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.)
6 "The Life of Robert Coates." Better known as "Romeo" and "Diamond Coates. By John R. and Hunter H. Robinson. (London: Sampson Low & Co.

military power, unexpectedly, almost miraculously." While, elsewhere, he speaks of Grant's style as being as good as that of the Bible and of "The Pilgrim's Progress." But, indeed, Mr. Howells is extravagant to provincialism in his estimate of all American authors from himself down. He speaks of "the still-reverberating discontent of two Continents" with the thunder of his pronouncements upon fiction as a fine art; while it is not difficult to perceive throughout that by fine art in English fiction he means the art of those "great twin brethren"—himself and Mr. Henry James. "When I mention religion," says Thwackum in "Tom Jones," "I mean the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England;" but Mr. Howells, you can see, would go farther, and even as far as the old Scotch woman, who, with her husband, were the sole surviving members of a sect that believed salvation would be exclusively confined to itself. "And so, Jeannie," says the Minister, "you think no one will be saved but yourself and John?" "Nay, nay, Meenister; I'm no so sure o' John." For my own part I am Catholic enough, or, if you like, Philistine enough, to admire immensely both Mr. Howells' novels, and what he calls the nursery stories of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot. I wonder what Mr. Howells would say of Mr. Oscar Wilde's happy whimsies, "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, and Other Stories" (3). They have a grotesque Gilbertian humour which I am quite sure you would enjoy. The plot of "The Model Millionaire" seems borrowed from the Coutts' incident in "Harriet Mellon's Memoirs;" but this slight tale is of small account compared with the whimsical "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime," and the delightful burlesquery of "The Canterville Ghost." What prurient spirit possessed Mr. Wilde, though, to strike the false note of the last words of this tale? Of Mr. Howells' opinion of Tolstoy you are left in no doubt, and I am the last man to quarrel with it; but what can even he say of his comedy in four acts, "The Fruits of Enlightenment" (4), which Dr. Dillon has translated, and Mr. Pinero has patronised by an introduction? He would, I think, be inclined to pronounce upon it the criticism the favourite character of his favourite author — Miss Austen's Mr. Woodhouse — pronounced upon water-gruel, which did not come up to his standard of "thin, but not too thin." Yet, in spite of its water-gruelly tenuity I could not help reading every line of it, so vivid is its realism. What do you say to the realism of a novel whose heroine, in order to support her family, answers an advertisement for a wife, and marries the advertiser, who is a journalist by day, but by night a burglar? Nevertheless, "Beggars All" (5) is natural, clever, and, above all, readable.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

P.S.—I had almost forgotten to recommend to you a light, bright, and amusing memoir of a masher who strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage of life and of the Haymarket at the beginning of the century, the famous "Amateur of Fashion," Robert Coates (6). The most entertaining thing to me in the book was the art whereby a strange young lady in a ball-room beguiled this absurd coxcomb of one of the priceless diamonds he wore as buttons on his dress-coat!

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Since I wrote you last, we have spent four days by the sea. Father had neuralgia, and he thought the change would send it away. He was right. The pain departed on the third day, and to our great joy we returned to town on the next. I never spent a more dreary, depressing time anywhere. The gale was blowing, the rain coming down in torrents, and the sky nearly always gloomily grey and angry. The sea, which we could see from our windows, was greenish yellow, and looked biliously angry. Life in a hotel at the dead season is far from lively, even when climatic influences are cheerful; but, when one is kept indoors all day, the monotony and want of occupation become desperate. You can guess how delightful home is after this experience, and with what joy we resume our round of pleasant duties and pastimes.

We went to the Grosvenor Club on Wednesday, the first "Ladies' Night" of the autumn season, and enjoyed the brilliant scene all the more from the contrast it presented to the dulness and greyness of the previous days. The large gallery was universally pronounced to be very becoming, with its crimson walls and electric light, so softly shaded with yellow silk. Whether for that reason, or because of high health from recent wanderings by land or sea, everybody looked his or her best. There were many pretty faces and graceful figures, the latter invested in handsome gowns. A pretty woman, with softly-tinted cheeks and chestnut hair, wore white silk bordered with a narrow band of beaver fur round the shoulders, sleeves, and skirt. A blonde of the positive order wore a lovely gown of turquoise blue and gold tissue. The whole of the front and back of the skirt were in the tissue, the sides being blue, as were the long sleeves that fell to the very edge of the skirt. We saw several gowns made with these long sleeves. They look well on tall, good figures, but I have a theory that they should never be longer than the length of the arm and hand together.

There were diamonds galore, as indeed there usually are at these gatherings. A black dress was ornamented in rather curious fashion with a diamond necklet sewn along the front of the bodice, from shoulder to shoulder. A lady with a diamond comb clasping a pretty coiffure of bonnie brown hair sat next to a little person who had, apparently, arranged her hair by standing on her head and then twisting round once or twice. The effect was that of a small, dishevelled doormat of the fleecy sort, and the contrast with the well-coiffed women about her caused all who came suddenly upon the unkempt one to smile more or less furtively and privately to share the joke with each other. The days of lank and towzled æstheticism are fortunately over. When such reminiscences of that half-forgotten period now assault the eye, one feels a fervent gratitude that only a very few misguided beings are left to maintain the lost traditions.

A tall and handsome woman, with an abundance of white hair artistically arranged, made a fine picture as she stood in the doorway, which was beautifully draped with a portière of ivy bordered with chrysanthemums. Some one said that this had been done by the Ladies' Floral Association, in Sloane-street, which undertakes to house one's poor plants in winter time and to tend them in summer. I believe the little firm is flourishing famously, and as it gives employment to a number of poor ladies, it deserves encouragement.

Two members of our sex distinguished themselves as débutantes on that occasion. Miss Annie McBride displayed a very pretty voice for the first time in public, and Miss Duff's "Ideal" waltz was played, and made us all long to dance.

We have been prowling about the West-end shops and thoroughly enjoying the sight of them after our long sojourn by the river, where we saw nothing but serge, blue, or black. Jewelled trimmings appear to survive quite blithely the columns of abuse that have been lavished upon them for their gaudy loudness and their pretence of being something better than they are. On autumn bonnets I have seen them introduced, and in one or two instances, when combined with dark velvet, the effect has been very good. For evening wear, the deep corselet belts made of these jewelled passementeries are extremely becoming to the figure.

Lilla has just returned from a short visit to Paris. She had an awful passage over from Boulogne to Folkestone, and when the steam-packet arrived at the latter place the passengers could not be landed, owing to the violence of the gale, and had to go on to Dover. Poor Lilla was frightfully ill, and

Dress and Habit Makers.—Messrs. John Redfern & Sons have now on view in their Show Rooms, Conduit-street and New Bond-street, a collection of original designs of outdoor Gowns, Coats, Wraps, and Hats, especially prepared for the "Autumn Season."

she vows she will never go to Paris again; but that resolution will not last long. She has brought over some delicious chiffons. One is a set of fur, darkest sable, consisting only of a short boa, just long enough to meet round the neck, where it clasps with a spring, and a big muff to match. Another item in her autumn trousseau is a costume of brown cloth, gored like an umbrella, and fitting to perfection. It is lined with gold-coloured silk, and at the left side of the skirt it opens up some ten inches or so from the feet, the opening being edged with gold-coloured silk cord, and showing a few flat pleats of gold-coloured cloth. All the seams are sewn over with the gold silk cord. The bodice is tabbed all round, the tabs being lined with gold silk and bordered with cord. The fronts come straight down from the top of the sleeve, showing a gold-coloured kid bodice with appliqué design of brown cloth laid upon it and embroidered round the edges in gold and brown. It is a perfect dress, and cost something huge. To be worn with it is a cape of the brown cloth lined with gold-coloured silk and set into a yoke of gold-tinted cloth embroidered in brown and gold. The whole garment, which reaches to the knees, is outlined with gold silk cord. The sable muff and boa look well with this dress. Lilla has both a hat and a bonnet to wear with it. The hat is gold-coloured felt, lined with brown cloth and trimmed with a quantity of feathers in the two colours. The bonnet is an airy trifle, composed of three bands of brown velvet upon a foundation of gold passementerie and with a small chou of turquoise blue velvet in front and a larger one at the back.

Lilla always buys two dozen pairs of gloves to match each new gown. One dozen are brown, in this instance, and the other gold colour, which does not look at all loud in suède. In fact it rather suggests the autumnal yellow of a beech leaf.

I am going to tell you all you want to know about furs next week, intending to devote a morning to your service in finding out exactly what is to be worn. It is a serious matter to invest in fur when one's dress allowance is of the limited order, is it not?

Mr. Harrison-Watson has arranged for the fourth series of private subscription dances in aid of a fund for providing dinners for the poor children of the parish of St. Augustine in the East-end. The series is to include four dances this time, the dates fixed being November 16 and 30 and December 7 and 14. Dancing, as in previous winters, is to begin at nine and end at one o'clock, an improvement on the very early hours of Cinderellas. Last year, the comfortable sum of £130 was contributed to the fund as a result of the dances, which are, in themselves, very smart and pleasant. Four dinners were given every week during the five winter months to about five hundred children on each occasion. Can you count up how many poor little hungry bodies were thus relieved during the long, cold weeks of a bitter winter? The very thought of the good done warms one's heart.

I hear from Jennie, who is on a visit to her aunt at Margate, that they had quite a little excitement there last week. Mrs. O'Hagan, who is staying in the neighbourhood, undertook to get up a theatrical entertainment on behalf of the Cottage Hospital, in which she was assisted by those well-known amateurs, Mr. and Mrs. Harding Cox, Miss Abinger, and Mr. Bruce Dick. They gave "The Ladies' Battle" and "Our Toys" with the greatest possible success, both from a histrionic and a financial point of view. The audience was, Jennie says, most enthusiastic, and the theatre was crowded from stalls to gallery, so that the Hospital will reap a substantial harvest from the kindly thought of the originator of the idea, and from the willing assistance she received from her amateur friends. By the bye, "Our Toys," which is described as a "Fairy Vision in One Peep," by W. Yardley, is a most amusing little piece, and would, I believe, prove distinctly attractive if put on the regular stage as a *lever de rideau*, especially about Christmas time.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE,—"There is no place like home." Truism or eternal truth, call it which you will, the sentiment comes spontaneously from the depths of a heart dilated with an ineffable sense of comfort as I sit in an easy chair by my own fireside, surrounded by my own best beloved belongings, pet objects of pursuit, and favourite books, all alike deliciously familiar and familiarly delicious. In contrast to the toils of a summer holiday how clearly and sharply the charms of "home" stand out, restful and soothing. The glorious feeling of restored independence and freedom from care! Let the winds howl outside now and the clouds drift swiftly and ominously, their terrors are gone. Let time fly or creep, it matters not; the striking of the clock has ceased to be an alarm signal, a dread reminder of railway time-tables. Neither does memory disturb the sense of well-being; for the joys of touring, unlike most earthly ones, bear looking back upon; they bring no after wear of "sorrow's crown of sorrow." We are glad for what has been, and even gladder that it has been.

My late object lessons on the Continent have led me to the conclusion that there is no nobler army of martyrs than the band of tourists who every year with unflinching heroism set out to take a summer holiday in the form of a conventional foreign tour. How simple-minded the faith in which they seek rest and recreation in the most fatiguing labours, and accept physical and mental excruciation as pleasure. For do not the actualities and possibilities of the foreign tour cover the entire area of personal discomfort? Think of all its ghastly details, beginning with the early start! The hurry and scramble which follow that blood-curdling operation. Don't you know the quaint way in which extra early rising seems rather to press us for time than to give us more? The sea voyage, made sorrowful for us by the sorrows of others, even if we, by chance, escape personal suffering. The long journey in the express train with "restaurant car attached" or with stoppages for meals at "buffets" in special stations. That "restaurant-car attached!" Those buffets! Memories, ineffaceable from the mind! By which no sweeping condemnation of the food is implied. Under the same conditions, Lucullus himself might have provided a feast powerless to provoke appetite; and then the crown of the journey, the late arrival at the overcrowded hotel! Dusty and travel-stained, we are confronted with that magnificent and dignified official, the hotel manager, surrounded by his satellites. Our British pride of port and defiance of eye are a complete failure in the situation. Even our ordinary self-respect vanishes in company with the dignity of manner and deportment which usually give it outward expression. How can it be otherwise, supremely conscious as we are of dishevelment and a generally-dilapidated aspect? To get away anywhere, out of light, to escape from the humiliating position, is our absorbing idea. Fortunate for hotel management that it is so. What rooms we sometimes recklessly accept, we, whose lives at home are all sanitary precaution regarding ventilation, &c., whose sleep a crumpled rose leaf disturbs. Human ingenuity is boundless, especially when engaged in its favourite pursuit of turning pleasure into pain and making our amusements scourges for the affliction of the flesh. And amongst all its triumphs in this direction commend me to the conventional foreign tour. I knew it when it was the object of my immediate consideration some weeks ago, and know it now, still more, when looking back on it from the comforts of home. A course of foreign tours would soon, I fancy, make the cynic recant who added after "There is no place like home," "And thank Heaven there is not."

Such weather as we have been enduring! More than a week of storm and rain. Alas! for my poor garden. Not again this year will its beauty gladden heart or eye. As for the trees, their aspect is most piteous, so roughly have the tempests gathered their equinoctial harvest of branches and leaves. Think of the sufferings of belated tourists, only now crossing the channel. Lord Ashbourne arrived in Dublin last week from the Continent, crossing two channels. But, indeed, he must be storm proof by this, with his training in the double parts of Lord Chancellor of Ireland and Cabinet Minister. No doubt he will feel qualified, should the occasion offer, for a third place, as Lord High Admiral or something of the kind.

Dublin is now again filling, the long period of its desolation drawing to an end. Much more than usual is expected of the coming season, the social prophets being exceptionally cheery in their prognostications, and all because of the presence of Royalty, in the shape of the Duke of Clarence! Can you ever bring yourself to add, "and Avondale," Royal commands notwithstanding? It seems so ridiculous that one young man should have two long titles for every-day use, and then in our country we have such different associations with the name of Avondale. What a social power Royalty is! It ought to be amongst the duties of a Sovereign to reside for some time every year at the different large towns of the kingdom. Is it high treason to suggest that a Sovereign leading the ordinary life of a private individual has very little *raison d'être?* Supposing we had a Lord-Lieutenant who chose to lead a quiet and secluded life, howunanimously we should all petition for his removal! I am afraid that we even count Mr. Balfour—in society, at least—amongst those that "never would be missed." A tenantless Chief Secretary's Lodge aggrieves us. Diogenes in a tub excites and disappoints no social expectations; it is quite otherwise when the philosopher is in possession of an official residence, with an undeniable suite of reception-rooms, which include in their number a dining and a ball room.—Yours ever,

CLARE.

I fancy you will approve of this recipe for breakfast jelly:—

Cut the under meat (free from fat) from a sirloin of beef into pieces the length and thickness of your finger; roll each slice in

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the well-beaten yolk of an egg and some fine bread-crumbs; fry them quickly in butter till of a light-brown colour; take them up, leave to drain. Cover the bottom of a mould (about three inches deep, that has been well soaked in water) with a thin layer of aspic; on this place three fried oysters, with a small tuft of parsley between each; next lay the rolled slices of beef in it, then fill the mould with warm aspic jelly. Set it on ice to cool; when set, turn from the mould on to an ornamental paper. Garnish with chopped pickled beet and scraped horseradish.

And here is an excellent way of serving tongue:—

Spiced Dried Tongue.—After the tongue has been steeped in water all night, let it simmer gently for three hours. When done, strip off the skin, then neatly lard with cloves, bacon, and lemon thinly cut, arranged in three rows down each side of the thick part of the tongue. Brush over it the well-beaten yolk of an egg, on which sprinkle some fine bread-crumbs; pour over it two tablespoonfuls of *hot* butter, set it to brown before a bright fire; should it require basting, use more butter for this purpose. Serve it up very hot, and pour over the dish half a gill of good gravy, to which has been added a tablespoonful of red-currant jelly, and the same quantity of red wine thoroughly heated. Garnish with small tufts of parsley and pickled capsicums, arranged round the dish, and on the tongue.

Rabbits are at their best just now. Try the following way of dressing them:—

Skin and bone a couple of rabbits, leaving the heads and neck intact; lard the body with bacon. Make a stuffing by mincing together two ounces of calf's udder, the same quantity of bacon, and the breast of a fowl. Bind it with the yolk of an egg, season with minced parsley, the leaves from a few sprigs of sweet herbs, a dust of spice, one minced shalot, salt and pepper to taste; lay this forcemeat on the rabbits, roll them (beginning at the hind legs) up towards the head, fasten securely with tape to prevent the stuffing escaping. Lay them in a stewpan, with some slices of bacon and thin cutlets of veal placed under and over them, with sprigs of sweet herbs and a clove of garlic. When well heated add a couple of glasses of white wine and a ladle-full of good stock. Place fire under and over it (as in a brazier); when the rabbits are done take them up and arrange on a dish so that the heads face each other. Strain the gravy, thicken with a dessertspoonful of flour and corn-flour in equal quantities; pour it over the rabbits; garnish with larded lemon cut into slices.

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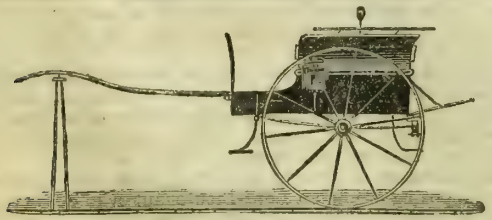

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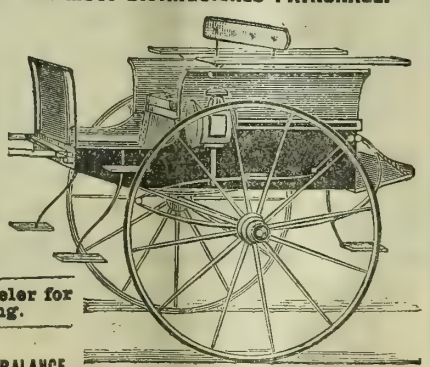

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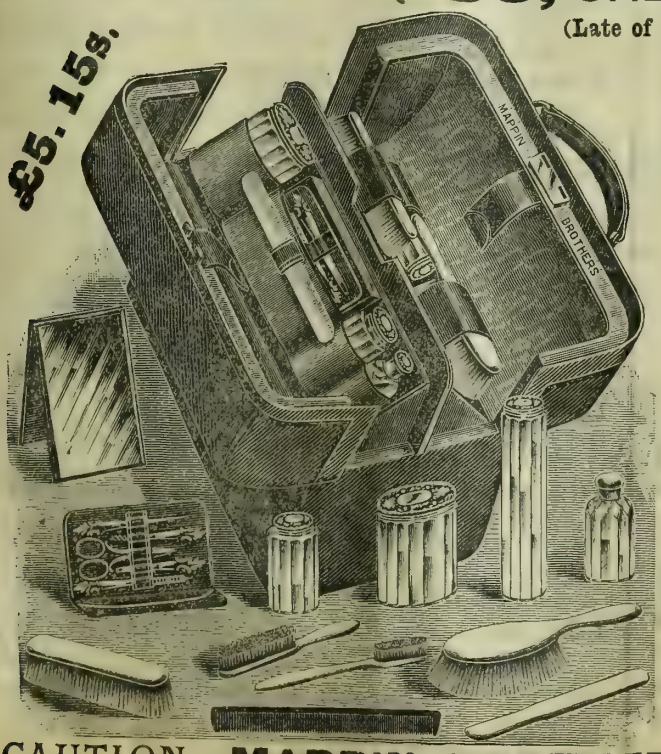

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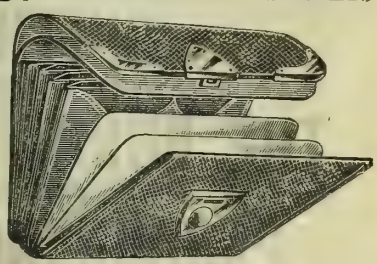

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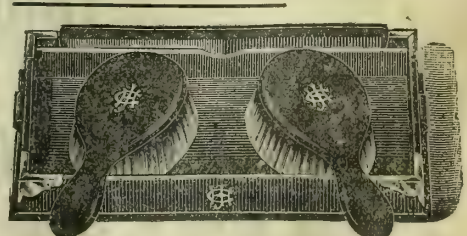

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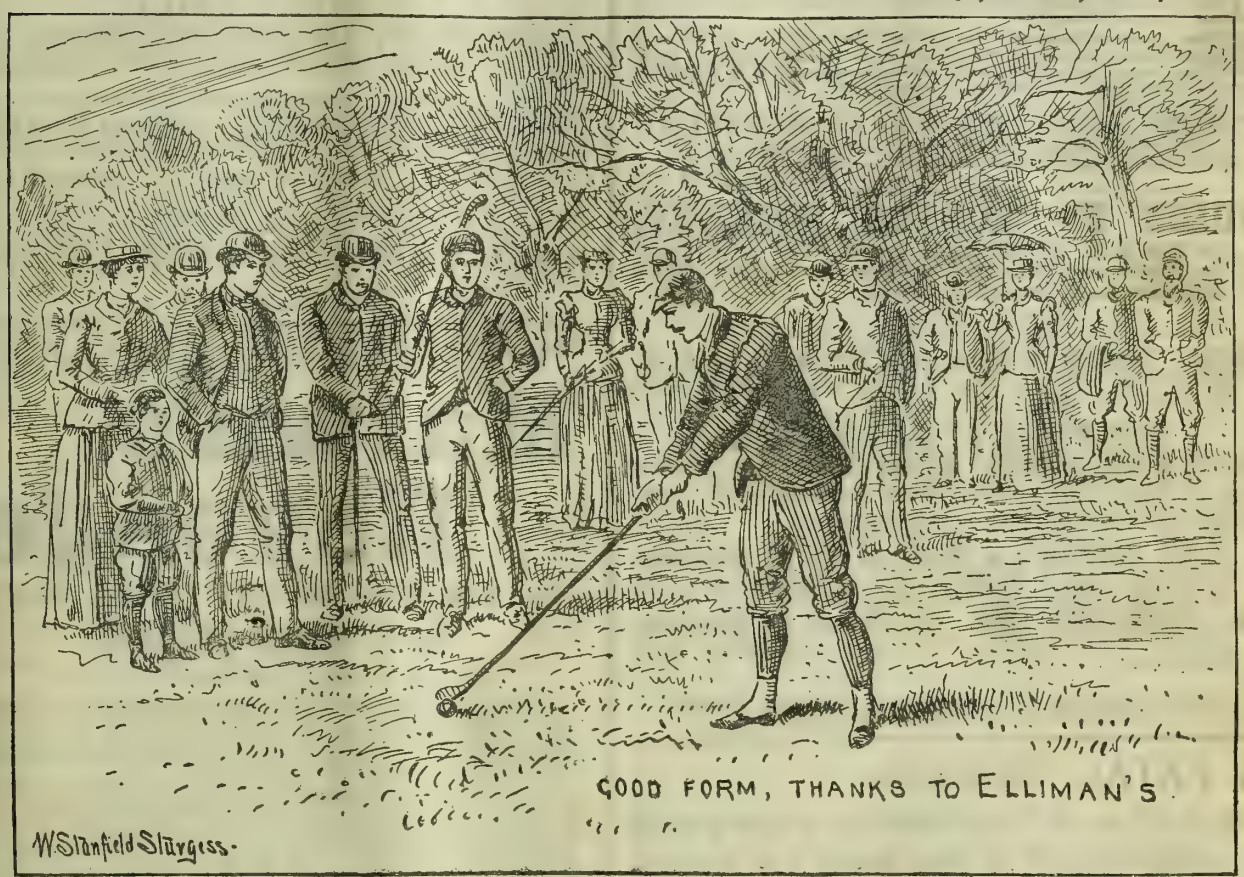

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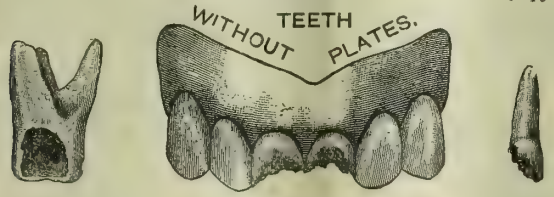

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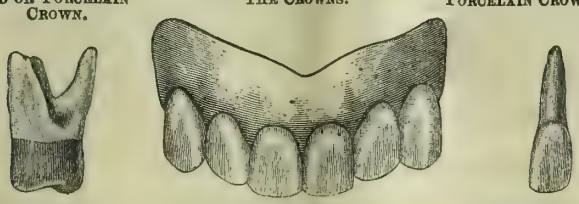

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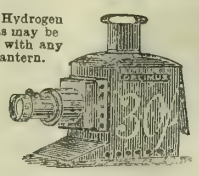

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A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE OF "FRAME FOOD" DIET

The following letter has been received by the Frame Food Co., Ld.:—

"24, LACEY TERRACE, GRAVESEND, June 8th, 1891.

"Mrs. HORSFALL begs to express her gratitude for the WONDERFUL EFFECT 'FRAME FOOD' DIET has had on her little boy, aged 7½ months. Since taking the FOOD he has literally had NO AILMENT, and has increased

MARVELLOUSLY in STRENGTH and VIGOUR.

For his age he is truly a wonderful advertisement of the FOOD, being able to stand by the side of a chair without other support, and since using 'FRAME FOOD' DIET he has lost entirely the white face of his very early infancy, and gained a ROSY, HEALTHY colour. Mrs. HORSFALL has recommended the DIET to many people, and everywhere it is considered MARVELLOUS. During the late epidemic of INFLUENZA it has been used by a doctor here with great success, when no other FOOD could be retained."

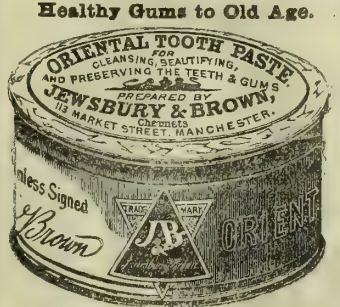
Sold by Chemists and Grocers at 1s. per 1-lb., 7d. per ½-lb., and 3s. 9d. per 4-lb. Tins.

Sample 1-lb. Tin sent Carriage Free, with full particulars, for 1s. (mention this paper).

FRAME FOOD CO., LTD., LOMBARD-ROAD, BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S Oriental Tooth Paste.

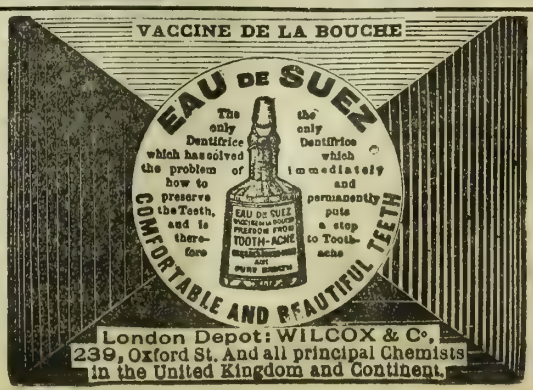
White, Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums to Old Age.



CAUTION.—The only genuine is JEWSBURY & BROWN'S.

Pots 1/6 and 2/6. All Chemists.

60 YEARS IN USE.

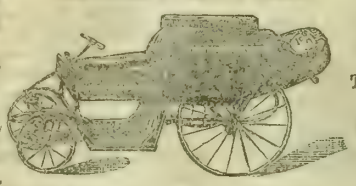


INVALIDS' FURNITURE AND APPLIANCES.

BATH CHAIRS, from £1 10s.
Self-Propelling Chairs, £2.
ADJUSTABLE COUCHES, from £3
BED LIFT, £3 10s.

Walking Machines, £6. 6s.

BED TABLES 10/6
CARRYING CHAIR, 25/
AIR AND WATER BEDS.



PORTABLE TURKISH BATH, £2 10s.
READING MACHINES, from 17/6

Bath Chair and Spinal Carriage Combined.
PORTABLE W.C. £8.
CRUTCHES. 10s.
Largest Stock in the World.

Bassinette Perambulator, 35s.

ALFRED CARTER,
47, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

Catalogues (223 pages) post-free. No connection with any other Firm

THE GENUINE
EAU DE BOTOT
is the Only Dentifrice approved by the ACADEMY of MEDICINE
May be obtained in Powder & Paste containing all the beautifying and preservative properties of the liquid preparation
E.J. Botot's article has the Signature
EAU de BOTOT 1/6, 2/6, 5/-, 10/6, 20/-
PASTE 1/6, 2/6. POWDER 1/6, 2/6
FROM ALL PERFUMERS & CHEMISTS

TAYLOR'S OLIOLITE
Is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post-free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 19, Baker-street, London, W.

Blue & gold printed label. 4711 Extract of Double Strength.
EAU DE COLOGNE
Preferred by everyone
Always highest awards. To be had of all Chemists and Stores.
Ferd. Mülhens, 4711 Cologne.
Agents: Krohn Bros & Co. Billiter Bldgs. London, E.C.

TOO THIN in the BUST. Send 3 stamps for pamphlet on sure and safe treatment, to the Manageress, PRETIOSA CARAMEL CO., Nottingham. Highest testimonials. (Quote Paper.)

ALL FAT PEOPLE
can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "Your Trilene Tablets act admirably." Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors.
70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

STATE VICHY SPRINGS.
CELESTINS.—For Affections of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, &c.
GRANDE-GRILLE.—For Affections of the Liver, &c.
HOPITAL, HAUTERIVE, PARC, &c.
INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.
VICHY-LIQUEUR.—Valuable in cases of Gout where derangement of the stomach is a prominent symptom.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over
ONE HUNDRED YEARS,
and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post, 34 stamps, from SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

THE STOCK CONVERSION AND INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

This Company begs to direct the attention of investors to the Preferred and Deferred Stocks issued by it against London and North-Western and North-Eastern Ordinary Stocks, and which are quoted on the London and leading Provincial Stock Exchanges.

The Preferred Stocks possess security similar to that of Railway Preferential and Preferred Stocks, but yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more income, thus affording to holders of many of the former Stocks an opportunity of adding to their revenue without decreasing their security.

The Deferred Stocks, whilst returning an average income in excess of that yielded by the Railway Ordinary Stocks, against which they are issued, contrast most favourably with all other Deferred and low-priced Ordinary Railway Stocks, and afford the only opportunity to small investors of participating, by means of low-priced Stocks, in the future of these two leading railways of the country. Table showing present price and dividend, and the dividend on the average of a number of years obtainable on the Deferred Stocks, is subjoined.

Any further information with regard to these Stocks can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 12 and 13, Nicholas-lane, E.C.

DEFERRED CHARGE STOCKS.	Present Price.	Last Dividend paid.	Annual Average of Dividend on result of last 10 years.*	Returns on basis of last Dividend.	Returns on Average Dividend of 10 years
London and North-Western Ordinary Stock	27	£1 7 6	£1 7 0 %	£5 1 10	£5 0 0
North-Eastern— Ordinary Stock	40	£2 5 6†	£2 4 0 %	£5 13 9	£5 10 0

*No allowance is here made for bonuses on allotments of new Stock.

†Exclusive of bonus of 9s. 6d. per cent. from allotment of new Stock.

URUGUAY UNIFIED FIVE PER CENT. BONDHOLDERS' COMMITTEE.—For the purpose of MAINTAINING THEIR RIGHTS from CONFISCATION, HOLDERS of the Bonds of the above Loan are REQUESTED to DEPOSIT their BONDS immediately with the Bankers of the Committee, Messrs. BROWN, JANSON, & Co., 32, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C., who will issue certificates in exchange therefor on behalf of the Committee. A fee of 1s. per £100 of Bonds deposited must be paid towards expenses of registration, &c.

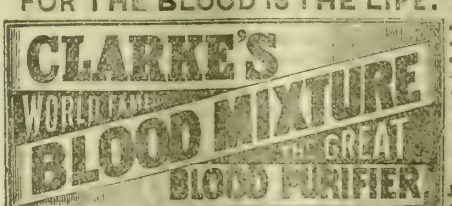
Copies of an explanatory circular issued by the Committee, with Forms for depositing the Bonds, and other particulars, may be obtained of the Bankers, and at the Offices of the Committee.

By order,
SIDNEY S. KENNEDY, Secretary.
Ethelburga House, 70 and 71, Bishopsgate-street Within, London, E.C.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

COCKLE'S
ANTIBILIOUS
PILLS.
COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.
COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR BILE.
COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,
FOR INDIGESTION.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."



"CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is entirely free from any poison or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious ingredient, and is a good, safe, and useful medicine."
ALFRED SWAINE TAYLOR, M.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities, from WHATEVER cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the CAUSE from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 33 or 132 Stamps, by the Proprietors—THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., LINCOLN.
Ask for CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE, and do not be persuaded to take an imitation

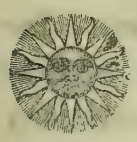
THE FINEST TONIC
FER BRAVAIS most effective in restoring the vitality of the blood, and enabling the constitution to resist climatic influences.
FER BRAVAIS Invaluable in al cases of anæmia, influenza and general debility.
FER BRAVAIS Highly recommended for weak and debilitated children.
LANCET "A beautiful and interesting preparation."
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth."
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS WITH DROP MEASURE.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.
Invested Funds, £12,000,000.
The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.
C. HARDING, Manager.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.
This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.
ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, JUN., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.



SUN FIRE OFFICE,
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1890,
£361,500,000.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.
No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

ACCIDENTS
AT ALL TIMES—IN ALL PLACES
INSURED AGAINST BY THE
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1849. CAPITAL £1,000,000.
64, CORNHILL, LONDON.
W. D. MASSY, A. VIAN, } Secretaries.

CORNFORTH & REACHER,
Stock and Share Brokers,
4, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Monthly Investment List with Notes on Railways, Foreign Stocks, Industrial and Miscellaneous Shares and Mines—*Free on Application.*
References in every large town in England.
BANKERS—City Bank, Threadneedle-street, E.C.
Stock delivered to any London Bankers in exchange for cash.
Special attention to Investment Business.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—
CORNFORTH, LONDON.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.
UNION DEPOSIT BANK.
No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE.
Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From £30 to £5,000.
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
Interest allowed on deposits, 5, 6, and 7 per cent.
EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.—The Lists of Subscription Close on Wednesday, 21st inst., for London, and Thursday, 22nd inst., at twelve o'clock, for Country applications. The object of this Company is to amalgamate the businesses referred to in this prospectus—which, as certified herein, show net profits for the year 1890, of £109,224, and by this means still further increase the profits by general economy from centralised management. The Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company, Limited, are authorised by the directors to receive applications for the undermentioned capital. Subscriptions may also be paid into any of the banks mentioned below.

THE UNITED STEAM MILLERS CO., Limited.

Incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1862 to 1891, which limits the liability of Shareholders to the amount of their Shares.

SHARE CAPITAL, £700,000, divided into 80,000 Seven-per-cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each—£400,000; 60,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each—£300,000. Debenture Capital, £800,000, in 8,000 Debentures of £100 each.

The Preference Shares are entitled to a cumulative preferential dividend of 7 per cent. per annum, and to priority in return of capital. The Debentures will be issued in bonds of £100 each, bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent, per annum, payable half-yearly, and are redeemable at the expiration of any ten years at the Directors' option, on payment of £110 per Debenture. These Debentures will be secured by a first mortgage on the real property of the Company, and also by a floating charge on the remainder of its assets.

TRUSTEES FOR THE DEBENTURE HOLDERS.—The Northern Counties Investment Trust, Limited, Bradford; The Lancashire Trust and Mortgage Insurance Corporation, Limited, Manchester.

DIRECTORS.—W. R. Marshall, Esq. (Messrs. Marshall and Atkinson), Great Grimsby; James Booth, Esq J.P. (Messrs. James Booth & Co., Halifax), Director of the Halifax Commercial Bank, Limited, Halifax; Robert Skilbeck, Esq., J.P., Director of the Huddersfield Banking Company, Limited; G. B Newton, Esq. (Messrs. Newton Bros., London and Hull), Hull; *Jacob K. Marshall, Esq., J.P. (Messrs. Marshall & Sons), Grimsby; *Reuben Reynolds, Esq., J.P. (Messrs, Reynolds & Haselgrave), Thornes Lane Mills, Wakefield; *J. F. Milner, Esq. (Messrs. J. F. Milner), Woodside Mills, Elland; *T. Croysdale, Esq. (Messrs. Croysdale & Sons), Whitley Bridge Mills and Knottingley Mills; *Thomas Hanley, Esq. (Messrs. Robinson & Hanley), the Fishergate Roller Mills, Doncaster. * Will join the Board after allotment.

BANKERS.—London: The Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company, Limited, 75, Cornhill, London; Manchester and Liverpool. Country: Messrs. Leatham, Tew, & Co., Wakefield and Branches; the York City and County Bank, Limited, York, and Branches; the West Riding Union Bank, Limited, Huddersfield, and Branches; the Halifax and Huddersfield Union Bank, Limited, Halifax, and Branches; the Halifax Commercial Bank, Limited, Halifax, and Branches. Scotland: the National Bank of Scotland, Limited, Edinburgh, and Branches.

SOLICITORS—Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co., 17, Throgmorton-avenue, London, E.C.; Messrs. Claude Leatham & Co., Wakefield, Castleford, and Pontefract; Messrs. Berry & Berry, Huddersfield.

AUDITORS—Messrs. W. H. Pannell & Co., Chartered Accountants, 13 and 14, Basinghall-street, London, E.C.

BROKERS.—London: Messrs. Magnaic, Gilbey, & Sumner, 43, Coleman-street, E.C. Liverpool: Messrs. T. & C. Musson. Manchester: Messrs. Pixton & Coppock. Leeds: Messrs. John Redmayne & Co. Newcastle-on-Tyne: J. Straker Wilson, Esq. Huddersfield: Messrs. Shaw & Bentley. Bristol: Messrs. Betton, Sayce, Vaughan, & Co. Edinburgh: Messrs. Stenhouse & Johnston. Glasgow: Messrs. Outram & Hamilton.

SECRETARY.—Mr. William Durran (pro tem.).

OFFICES.—36, Mark-lane, E.C., London; 48 and 50, Wellington-street, Leeds.

The object of this Company is to amalgamate the profitable corn-milling businesses now being carried on by the following old-established Firms, whose Mills, as will be seen, have mostly been established for very long periods extending back to the seventeenth century, and are mostly fitted up with Modern Roller Plant of the most recent improvements for labour saving and obtaining flour of the highest quality.

NAME OF FIRM.	Established	ADDRESS.
Messrs. Reynolds & Haslegrave	1851	Thornes Lane Roller Mills, Wakefield
		King's Mill, Wakefield.
,, Wright Bros.	1825	The Fletland Roller Mills, Leeds.
,, John T. & S. Fairweather	1791	The Ebor Roller Mills, York.
,, J. Croysdale & Sons.....	1851	Whitley Bridge Roller Mills.
,, ,, ,,	1871	King's Roller Mills, Knottingley.
,, J. F. Milner	1875	Woodside Roller Mills, Elland.
,, Hurtley & Sons.....	1885	Wilmington Roller Flour Mills, Hull.
,, R. T. Kirby.....	1865	Victoria Roller Flour Mills, Wilmington, Hull.
,, W. M. Marshall & Sons	1825	Victoria Roller Mills, Gt. Grimsby.
,, ,, ,,	1825	Haven Roller Mills, Gt. Grimsby
,, W. Marshall & Son	1865	The Grove Roller Mills, Hull.
,, Hudson, Robinson, & Hanley	1886	The Dock Roller Mills, Goole.
,, Stott Bros.	1886	West Riding Roller Mills, Mirfield..
,, Hirst Bros.	1861	The Deighton Corn Roller Mills, near Huddersfield
,, Harry Goodall	1886	Castleford Roller Flour Mills, Castleford.
,, Lofthouse & Hammond	1840	The Roller Flour Mills, Borobridge.
,, Crathorne & Son	1850	Grove Hill Roller Mills, Beverley.
,, Robinson & Hanley	1874	Fishergate Roller Mills, Doncaster.
,, J. & E. P. Wooler.....	1641	Rous Roller Mills, Batley.
,, Roger Shackleton & Sons	1844	Victoria Roller Mills, Leeds.
,, Ingleby & Son	1811	Tadcaster Roller Mills, Tadcaster.
,, George Winn	1840	Biscuit Manufacturers, Hull.
,, John Close	1841	Biscuit Manufacturers, Hull.

The results of the amalgamation will be to increase the profits, not only by increased trading, which is anticipated will take place under united management, from business which could not be obtained by individual owners, but also by savings of an important character. The certificates of Messrs. W. H. Pannell & Co., Chartered Accountants, as to the profits of the businesses, and of Messrs. Baker & Sons as to the value of the freehold and leasehold premises, plant, machinery, and goodwill, accompany the prospectus. These have been obtained by the Vendor to the Company, and the Directors have received an independent valuation from Mr. H. Jameson Davis, of Mark-lane, the well-known milling expert, which also accompanies the prospectus, from which it will be seen that his valuation is £34,500 less than that of Messrs. Baker & Sons. The price originally proposed to be paid to the various mill owners has consequently been reduced by that sum. The above-mentioned businesses will be taken over as soon as possible after allotment, and profits will accrue to the Company from the date of the transfer of the said businesses to the Company. The present issue of capital will provide, after paying for the properties, a sum of £336,500 for working capital, an amount which, considering the fact that the mills are mostly old-established concerns, with their trade in full operation, and with their agents, customers, and connections, and all the facilities of their business in full working order, is deemed amply sufficient. As an illustration of the advantages to be derived from an amalgamation of Corn Milling Businesses the published Balance Sheet of the Company known as Spillers, Bakers, & Co., Cardiff, having Bristol, Gloucester, and Birmingham branches, declared dividends for the years 1888-9 and 1889-90 of 17½ per cent. each year on the Ordinary shares of the Company, which are quoted £18 per £9 paid share, equal to 100 per cent. premium. As will be seen by the actual profits of the businesses acquired, a sufficient amount is shown to provide a dividend of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, and the Directors look forward with confidence to the results of the amalgamation permitting increased dividends approximating to that above mentioned. It is intended to make application in due course for a Stock Exchange quotation. The Memorandum and Articles of Association, and copies of the above-mentioned Contracts, may be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company. Applications for shares or debentures must be made on the forms accompanying the prospectus, and be forwarded to any of the Bankers of the Company, with the amount of the deposit payable. If no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number of shares or debentures allotted is less than that applied for, the balance will be applied towards the payment due on allotment, and any excess returned to the applicant. Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, and Brokers, and at the Offices of the Company.

THE

KODAK

(Trade Mark).

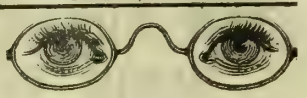
SEVEN NEW SIZES.

"You Press the Button, We do the Rest."

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

THE EASTMAN PHOTO. MATERIALS CO., LTD.,
115, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
Paris: 4, Place Vendôme.

ROSS & Co.



Ophthalmic Opticians,

112, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

A Special Department for the Scientific Examination and Testing of the EYE-SIGHT by a qualified OPTICIAN.
Instructions for Self-Testing sent by post to Country and Foreign Customers.
Prices on application. No charge for Testing.

FARADAY'S

ELECTRIC FITTINGS.

Manufactory: 3, BERNERS STREET, W.

— HAIR DYE. HAIR DYE. HAIR DYE. —
The very best is **GILLINGWATER'S. GILLINGWATER'S DYE** is world renowned. Fifty years' reputation. It is used by the élite of society the world over. GILLINGWATER'S DYE, scientifically prepared, is simply perfection. Users are more than satisfied, they are delighted to find a reliable, natural, perfect, and permanent DYE. If you once use GILLINGWATER'S you will be pleased to recommend it. Each case of two bottles contains fullest directions by which any desired shade may be obtained, and by a casual application maintained. Order of your Chemist to-day a sample case of GILLINGWATER'S DYE. Prices: small cases 3s. 6d., large cases 7s. 6d., or it will be sent carefully packed direct from GILLINGWATER'S, Turle-rd., Tollington Park, London, N.

FLOR DE DINDIGUL

THE NEW MEDIUM MILD INDIAN CIGAR.
A most delightful weed, full of fine aroma and delicate flavour. Connoisseurs pronounce them better than Havannahs. Everyone should sample these really excellent cigars. Prices 22s. to 20s. per 100 (post-free). Samples, four for 1s. (14 stamps).
BEWLAY & CO. LTD. 49, Strand, W.C.; 74, Strand (East India House), and 143, Cheapside, London. Established 1780.

HOT MINERAL BATHS OF BATH.

Daily yield 507,600 gallons F. at 120°

FOUNDED BY THE ROMANS IN THE 1st CENTURY.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ ΜΕΝ ΥΔΩΡ.

BATHERS DURING 1890—97,299.

These Baths are unrivalled in Europe for luxury and extent, and contain all that modern improvements can provide for the comfort and relief of the invalid, or the enjoyment of those in health.
Reclining, Deep, and Swimming Baths. Thermal Vapour Baths, for Painful Conditions of Joints, &c. Douche, Inhalation, Aspiration, Pulverisation, &c., for Ear, Eye, Throat, &c. The Aix les Bains Massage System and Douche and Douche use.
The Medical profession send patients who suffer from Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Eczema, and other skin affections.
Letters to the General Manager will receive every attention.

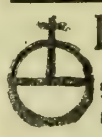
SUGAR in SOAPS

A slice of ordinary Transparent Soap over a lighted match gives off the odour of Burnt Sugar. This is not the case with

"Vinolia" Soap.

Sugar causes the soap to dissolve far more freely than it should do; so that the concentrated hydrolised soap may do much damage to the skin in washing. Besides, if one pay for pure soap, why should he be given "Soap and Sugar?"

ENGLISH DEPÔT:
BLONDEAU ET CIE., RYLAND ROAD, LONDON, N.W.
American Depôt: 75, Watts Street, New York.



LIQUEUR OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

This most excellent Liqueur, the great preventive of Indigestion, and almost certain remedy for Sea-sickness, can now be had of all Wine Merchants, and at prices much lower than formerly.
Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE. 35, Crutched Friars, London. E.C.

ALWAYS FOREMOST.

As long as the flag of our country shall wave,
O'er the "land of the free and the home of the brave,"
So long shall sweet SOZODONT conqueror be
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And none such results from its usage can show,
To the breath it gives fragrance like Araby's breeze,
'Tis a foe to decay and a foe to disease.

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And all will admit these assertions are true;
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For 'twas born to succeed, and 'twas born to command.

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 659.

I have now completed the task of collating the lists of actors' and actresses names sent in with reference to this competition, and the resulting cast for "Romeo and Juliet" will be seen below. It will be noticed that the names of two actors occur twice over in that cast, viz., that of Mr. W. Terriss, who received a majority of votes for the parts of both Romeo and Mercutio, and Mr. J. Fernandez, who in a similar way comes out at the top of the list for the parts of Capulet and Friar Laurence. A few remarks as to how the voting went will probably be of interest. Mr. W. Terriss comes out an easy first as Romeo, his closest competitors being Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, Mr. Henry Irving, and Mr. George Alexander. The last-named actor is selected as Paris by a preponderance of more than three votes to one over Mr. Forbes Robertson, who comes second on the list. Mr. Kyrle Bellew, Mr. W. Terriss, and Mr. Gordon Craig are also well up. As Montague, Mr. H. Vezin secures only four more votes than Mr. F. H. Macklin, who is slightly ahead of Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Mackintosh. As Capulet, Mr. Fernandez is easily first, Mr. H. Vezin being second, Mr. H. Howe third, and Mr. Wenman fourth. It is a case of Mr. W. Terriss first and the rest nowhere with the part of Mercutio. Mr. C. Wyndham is second on the list, but he has not polled a third of the votes given to Mr. Terriss. Mr. G. Alexander is a bad third, and all the rest of the named actors are nowhere. Nor had Mr. F. Terry any serious opponent for the part of Benvolio. The voting for the Tybalt was much more even, Mr. Leonard Boyne being only slightly ahead of Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. W. Terriss, Mr. C. Glenney, and Mr. Willard. The voting for a representative for Friar Laurence placed Mr. Fernandez first, Mr. Beerbohm Tree second, and Mr. H. Irving third; whilst that for Friar John placed Mr. Willard, Mr. Wenman, Mr. Howe, Mr. Fernandez, and Mr. G. Ward in the order here given. The voting for the Balthasar ran very close, Mr. Sidney Brough being three ahead of Messrs. Tyars and Gordon Craig, who tie for second place; Mr. Frank Gilmore is third, Mr. Lewis Waller fourth, whilst Mr. B. Webster and Mr. F. Terry tie for the fifth place. Mr. C. Collette is run very closely by Mr. Thomas Thorne for the part of Samson; just as Mr. D. James is by Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Arthur Cecil for that of Gregory. Mr. John Hare secures Peter, however, by a fair majority, Mr. H. Kemble being second, and Mr. Arthur Cecil third. Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Irving run nearly neck and neck for the Apothecary, the former "winning on the post," so to speak, by a short head; Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Cyril Maude are also well to the front in the race for this character. Miss Rose Leclercq, Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Stirling, and Miss E. Terry secure the parts of Lady Montague, Lady Capulet, the Nurse, and Juliet, by a thumping majority in each case; the only other suggested Juliet at all in the race being Miss Fortescue. Mrs. John Wood was second in the voting for Juliet's Nurse, and Miss Le Thière third. It may be added that the selection of suggested casts which were published on October 1 proved to be fairly representative of the whole of the lists received. And here is the result of collating the whole of the suggested casts which were sent in:—

The Prize Cast for Romeo and Juliet.

1. Romeo	Mr. W. Terriss.
2. Paris	Mr. G. Alexander.
3. Montague	Mr. Hermann Vezin.
4. Capulet	Mr. J. Fernandez.
5. Mercutio	Mr. W. Terriss.
6. Benvolio	Mr. Fred. Terry.
7. Tybalt	Mr. Leonard Boyne.
8. Friar Laurence	Mr. J. Fernandez.
9. Friar John	Mr. E. S. Willard.
10. Balthasar	Mr. Sidney Brough.
11. Samson	Mr. C. Collette.
12. Gregory	Mr. David James.
13. Peter	Mr. John Hare.
14. The Apothecary	Mr. Beerbohm Tree.
15. Lady Montague	Miss Rose Leclercq.
16. Lady Capulet	Mrs. Kendal.
17. Juliet's Nurse	Mrs. Stirling.
18. Juliet	Miss E. Terry.

Of course, no competitor has succeeded in casting the play wholly in accordance with the above list. The fact that the names of two actors occur twice in the prize cast as collated from the lists received is alone enough to prevent complete success. Two competitors, however, have managed to agree on eleven names out of the eighteen recorded, and the Prize will, therefore, be equally divided between VANDERDECKEN and DAISY (R.M.). Vanderdecken has given the selected names in Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, and 18; and Daisy (R.M.) in the case of Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 13, 14, 15, 16, and 18. The competitor who comes next in order of merit is Malicorne, who has nine names correctly, and then follow Ida and Meg, with eight each.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" AND TOY DOLL SHOW.

As I have already said, all the dolls have been sent out, and it has been necessary to disappoint several ladies whose applications reached me after the supply had been exhausted. Ladies who may have finished dressing their parcels of dolls will not forget, please, that I shall be happy to receive them back as soon as ever they can conveniently send them. By the way, I last week mentioned December 11 as the latest date on which parcels of Dolls could be received for the Exhibition. This was a mistake on my part, the 9th is the date I should have named. As far as possible I hope all model and other Home-made Toys will also reach me by that date.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 661.

The Prize for the best suggested name for a new London Theatre has been divided equally between CRITERION and FELOOS, who both suggest "The World." Pilsen, who suggests "The World's Stage," and Woodhurst, "The World's Theatre," come very near to this name; but the "World Theatre" is, I consider, the form to be preferred.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 665.

Now that Mr. Balfour has been appointed Leader of the House of Commons, it will be interesting, I think, to see how the appointment looks when it is viewed in an anagrammatic light; that is to say, the usual prize of Two Guineas will be given this week for

THE BEST ORIGINAL ANAGRAM MADE OUT OF THE LETTERS IN THE WORDS "THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY."

Anagrams are so frequently given in these pages that it can scarcely be necessary to explain what is required in this competition. As there may be new competitors taking part in it, however, I will just state that all the 54 letters in the above words must be used in constructing the resulting anagrams, which should refer more or less directly to the minister on whose name, &c., they are formed. All anagrams must reach me by the morning of Monday, November 2, at the latest.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of H. A. L. S., winner of a half of Prize No. 660, are Henry Northcroft, Esq., Fairview, Bradbourne Park-road, Sevenoaks.

Mr. Northcroft has very kindly requested me to place the amount of his Prize to the credit of the TRUTH Toy Fund.

PUPPY.—Many thanks for your letter. I will look into the matter at once.

R H. F. (Paisley).—Will you please choose a *nom-de-plume* which is not the actual name of a person still living?

EAST ANGLIA.—I have read with much interest your protest, so courteously and good-temperedly made; but I am bound to say that you have not succeeded in shaking my preference for the list of names which I selected. Several of yours were equally good, if not, indeed, in two cases, actually better; but, as I have already said, I had to select a Prize List as a whole. In this particular competition, however, it was inevitable that differences of opinion would exist.

MASTODON.—Under the circumstances, yes.

J. P. W.—Many thanks for the suggestion.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 662.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

DEFINITIONS OF THEOSOPHY.

Spiritualism up to date.—Leaf Rule.

That which gives to "airy nothing, a local habitation and a name."—M. W.

Something which nobody understands, and which is more mystified by those who profess to explain it.—Harold.

The little known of the great unknown.—Tan Tun.

Unlicensed dealing in spirits.—East Anglia.

A new lining for a turned coat.—Cayenne.

A new attempt to make a man see by blinding him with superstition.—Epictetus.

The latest form of delivery from the Dead Letter Department.—A. J. W.

The latest entry for the Religious Stakes.—Criterion.

Demoniacal necromancy.—W. E. B.

Believing things which you know cannot be true. J. Fitz-Vulture.

An "anser" to a propaganda.*—W. Culverhouse.

* Every goose has its gander.—Old Proverb.

A "Wave"-rley novel.—C. F. Reid.

An empty egg without a shell.—Olivastro.

A form of religion in which imagination takes the place of superstition.—Nell Gwyne.

Man's wisdom, foolishness with God.—J. H. F.

Incomprehensible attempts to explain the incomprehensible.—Tulip.

A science in which wisdom (as the word itself implies) is the last thing to be considered.—Isabel.

1. Precipitated rubbish. 2. Therotophy.—Gentle.

The fool's paradise.—Falmouth.

A precipitate science.—Med. Stud.

Bold Besantry* (Goldsmith with a cold.)—Stumps.

* But a bold Peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

Cute Fanaticism.—S. R.

Indian jugglery à la Arabian Night's Entertainments.—Murdoch.

Theassophy, art of fooling.—Seal.

A material belief in non-material freaks.—Difficilis.

A contraband trade in spirits.—Guelder Rose.

A dead-letter office.—Wraith.

Ye shall be as gods.—The Serpent.

The wisdom of God translated into the folly of man.—Mystic.

A somewhat hysterical imagination engendered by (perhaps) "spirits."—Teneo.

1. The mad masters' magic. 2. The penultimate step to Rome. 3. Occult occultation, occultised.—Jam.

1. A feminine riddle with a Maskelyne solution. 2. A theory embracing the secret of living for ever, first propounded by one who has recently died. 3. A wart on the face of Atheism. 4. A theory calculated to do much harm to our post-office revenue.—Tout-a-vous.

1. It gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name. 2. Superstition reincarnated. 3. Spiritualism run mad. 4. The "Fruits of Philosophy," *fide* Mrs. Besant.—Caledonia.

1. A mysterious solution of a riddle. 2. A compromise between the scepticism of the west and the mysticism of the east. 3. The newest revealed religion of man, by himself to himself.—Epictetus.

1. The religion of rapidity, as it precipitates matters. 2. "The oh! so fie" creed.—Woodhurst.

1. A woman boring without her "Brad." 2. Bees antagonising. 3. Making light of woman.—La Plata.

1. The Arabian Nights' Entertainment up to date. 2. Scientific humbug, only believed in by those who bring to bear on a maximum of ridicule a minimum of intellect. 3. The Darwinian theory reversed.—Yorkling.

1. A "Pilgrim's Progress," wherein the neophyte, advancing with undue "precipitation," finds himself struggling in the slough of Desmond. 2. An unhealthy esoteric cult, or poisonous insect (as a preventive against these creatures, use precipitated common-sense, for which they have the greatest dislike).—Carinthia.

1. A fraud, "in and out running" in the human race. 2. A great failure in the spirit trade. 3. Incarnate humbug. 4. An Indian fabric that won't wash.—Bobus.

1. Theosophy is the cult of the occult. 2. A so-called scientific religion wherein as the word itself implies wisdom (σοφια) is the last thing considered.—Mabel.

A cult which tho' occult reveals us the plane
Whereon mortal Mahatmas their living may gain.
Aspen.

The offspring of egoism and hysteria, conceived in mysticism, and cradled in credulity.—Cube Root.

Mind perversion, body coercion, fools diversion.—John Kingsbury.

An overdone and outdone vagary. Percipitate folly.—Skegger.

A religion for thee o sophist. (Sophist—a fallacious reasoner.)—Dockmaster.

1. A fairy tale. 2. Arabian Nights Entertainments brought up to date. 3. A delirium tremens resulting from too frequent carousals of the spirits. (Thibetan).—Siriol.

1. Mme. Blavatsky's prescription for spirits compounded by Annie Besant. 2. A God forsaken evanescence of the spirit.—Enid.

To be, yet not to be,
Or, in a word, Theosophee.
Luci Fer.

1. The rotten-ripe "Fruits" of (Mrs. Besant's) "Philosophy." 2. Fin de siècle spiritism. 3. The Slough of Desmond. 4. The-ass-sophy. 5. The

very latest "Asian Mystery." 6. E(i)ther mystic, madness, or mendacity. 7. The Apotheosis of Bradlaugh, à la Mrs. Besant. 8. Spiritualistic telegraphy. 9. The occult, semi-religious fad of a cult which must expect to be "slated" and to find its rites followed by "writing on the wall" in Cumberland lead.—Wandering Tyke.

1. The wisdom of God as interpreted by the foolishness of man. 2. Straining at the gnat of so-called orthodox mysticism, and swallowing the camel of unorthodox mysticism.—Rich Man.

A new and Budd(h)ing system of postage from the unknown regions, which entirely dispenses with the penny stamp.—Maud M. Dean.

1. Weak alcohol, or spirit without body. 2. Absence of mind during presence of body. 3. Sold (soul'd) out, and left the corps.—Kingston.

1. Creed, Apocalyptical.
2. Propaganda, Cryptical.
3. Letters, Chimerical.
4. Converts, Hysterical.

Emily Culverhouse.

1. The science of the Unknowable. 2. Hypnotic religion. 3. The Methodical Mad Religion. 4. The "Will-o'-wisp" philosophy. 5. The nineteenth century craze. 6. The egoistic belief.—Dilaram.

1. A structure of simple cells (sells). 2. The science which eliminates matter (of fact). 3. No matter (of fact), but, as a matter of course, quite another matter. 4. The concoction of sophisticated spirits to evade proof.—Danehill.

Some call it *ignis fatuus*, and some the true sunlight. Any way it is brilliant, if false.—Nenia.

The latest form of that kind of mysticism which from age to age united philosophy, with the exercise of unexplored forces of nature.—S. S.

A grotesque mixture of primitive superstitions and undigested pseudo-science, called Theosophy on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because it contains neither God nor wisdom.—Metaphysicus.

1. Going to excess with spirits. 2. Doing a roaring trade in the spirit line. 3. Traffic in spirits that intoxicate, though touched not, tasted not, smelt not. 4. A foolish cultivation of a strong desire for spirits.—Hamlet.

A shoddy substitute for sound religion; addicted to low spirits, and precipitation of sham notes, not worth a spurious Bezant.*—Growna.

* A Besant would be a spurious coin.

Words, words, words! without reason or common-sense, or good feeling to recommend them! Boshosophy, in short!—E. N. S.

A superstitious and crazy fad, supported by Hindoo(Indu)bitable arguments, by which idle people of easy religion profess to be inspired—in fact, a mild form of idol-atry.—Hindoo.

For theosophy read, in the present age,
The-O-so-fittest creed! says the Besant sage.

Capella.

The "Hide-and-seek," and "Here I am again," philosophy.—Amtaham.

The belief of donkeys.—Ye Hermit.

A delusion and a snare.—Vilero.

All say and no do.—Roma.

The sophistication of the Deity by infusing inferior spirits.—The Gardener.

A mysterious religion for impossible saints.—Jet.

Having regard to the fundamental idea of Theosophy, that we live on different planes, I should suggest as a definition of Theosophy a theory of the plane, or a theory of plane figures.—Alpha.

1. An anti-annihil-Asian craze. 2. The teaching of a sect of men (Mahatmas) whose existence is slightly immaterial, somewhat à la Mrs. Harris.—Esperanza.

A system of spiritual telegraphy, conducted by occult ass-ociates.—Excelsior.

A fin de siècle woman's vision of taking the breeks at the next re-distribution of seats.—Cejijunto.

Mystifications, reintegrations, precipitations, reincarnations, astral and other planes for mixed and muddled brains, credulity all there, common-sense nowhere.—W. H. T.

1. An inexplicable theo-awry (theory). 2. A will-o'-the-wisp. 3. A new line to an unknown region (for directions, see Blavatsky, not Bradshaw). 4. A cross-road with an incomprehensible finger-post. 5. An attempt to peep behind the scenes.—Cæsar's Corner.

Old doctrines paraded as new discoveries. Reincarnation, or previous existence, a Jewish belief, endorsed by Christ (John ix. 2, 3), ignored by clergy, adduced by Soame Jenyns to explain original sin; sneers at Darwin (who taught physical, not psychical, development) as only glimpsing at truth; Christ's teaching, universal brotherhood, adopted as a modern invention; pilferings from Oriental scholars, seasoned with "occult" methods, magic, mystery, to gull the public; trading under a name meaning either God wisdom or knowledge of God, equally blasphemous, as proclaiming an insight into the Divine nature, expressly disclaimed by the sacred writers.—J. McGrigor Allan.

What a craze is this "Theosophy!"
Quite "too deep for my philosophy,"
With its "Karma"—is this cant?—
And its "Manas"—clever rant?
Pray forgive me, Dame Besant.
Better study plain "Theocracy." Ombra.

1. The modern mythology. 2. The atheist's idea of God's government of the world. 3. The fabulist's explanation of a myth. 4. The foolishness of man paraded under the mask of a Divine revelation. 5. The Blavatsky fables. 6. The Blavatsky metamorphoses.—Pilsen.

1. An ambigu of fox-pates, hare-brains, and goose-livers, which bloats fools and fattens knaves. 2. On the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, Godless folly.—Eboracum.

'Η *σοφία τοῦ κόσμου τοῦτου μωρία παρὰ τῷ Θεῷ*. The dregs of Eastern mysticism precipitated by chemical analysis of Western minds in a mixture of Pantheistic Spiritualism and Atheistic Agnosticism.—H. A. L. S.

"Cultores Veritatis" is a motto good and pure,
Theosophy, let it alone—'twill do no good, I'm sure.
"Fraudis Inimici" will then put out its flickering lamp,
For 'tisn't right to post without the purchase of a stamp. Tout-à-Vous.

Take the ancient religions imbedded in history,
And cast in the symbols of old Eastern mystery;
To belief in the undefined add a strong dash
Of hysterical fervour, with acceptance rash;
Undemonstrated statements thrown in by the score,
Mixed with much esoteric, occult, astral lore;
Sprinkle freely with Buddhas, and Egos, and Karmas,
Not forgetting Nirvanas, Avatars, and Brahmas.
Never use a short word where a long one might be,
And with magical Kabbala make yourself free;
Do not waste a good chance to throw in Emanation,
And never neglect the term Re-incarnation!
Take of these elements all that is fusible,
Mix them all up in a pipkin or crucible,
Set them to simmer, and take off the scum,
And "The-os-o-phy" is the residuum.

Astral Double.

1. It is called "God-wisdom," which is a mystery, which is ever a vanity, and a vanity may come to be a mischief. 2. It is called "God-wisdom," which should be called "Man-wisdom." It is the doctrine of knowing of man's weakness for novelty and of his credulity, and making trade thereon, either for one's own benefit or for one's own amusement. 3. It is the doctrine of self-improvement. It is one of those things which are taken up at the first by the innocent, and afterwards by rogues; so that it comes to be the germ of a limited liability company, and again, it is the doctrine of self-improvement. 4. It would be a doctrine of self-examination, which leads to self discipline and self-improvement, and so to an increase of will-power, which were a useful thing; but that it is called "God-wisdom," and made a mystery, which is for ever a useless thing.—Med. Stud.

Sophistry *Besantical*,
Purpose, onomantical;
Seeking notoriety,
Unmindful of impiety,
Excitement epidemical,
Doctrines nonsensical,
Tenets dogmatical,
Proselytes fanatical.

Emily Culverhouse.

1. A mongrel theory, with an African father, a Russian mother, and an English (Bes)ant, whilst its appearance is Egyptian (H)all over. 2. An agnostic theory, for its prophets—whom we don't know—pretend they can tell us what it would do us no good to know, and what we certainly don't care to know.—Tout-à-Vous.

The charm of Theosophy seems to be this,
That nought but the unknown can bring us true bliss,
E'en the ideal Mahatmas, a gnome out of sight,
Which may be a bogie, or angel of light,
Whose disciples, when taxed, most reluctantly own,
That he is not a being of fish, flesh, or bone,
But a spirit or myth which pervadeth all space,
A mote of nonentity furbished with grace,
Who can write mystic letters without pen and ink;
Quite a Darwinian craze, eigh! the real missing link. Foy.

Neewood and Graigola also send answers.

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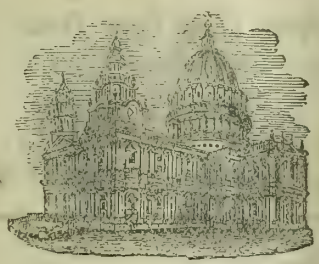

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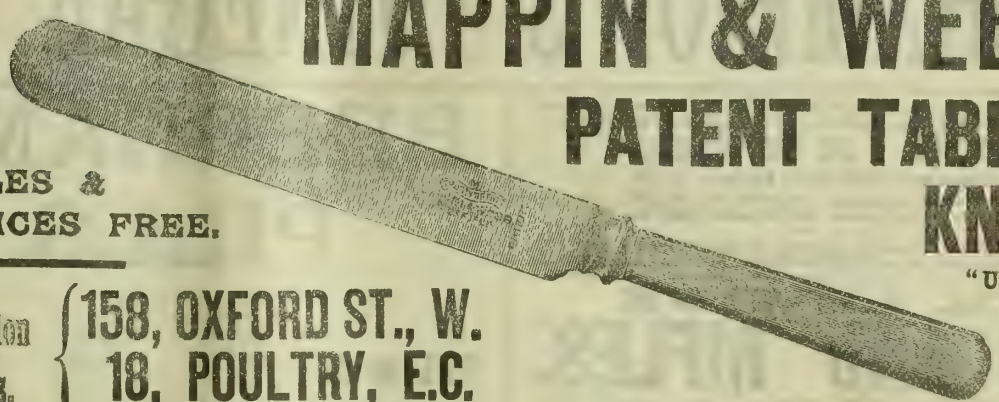

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen has been exceedingly annoyed by the publication at Berlin of several private letters written by her to the late King Frederick William IV. of Prussia. These letters have been printed in the recently-published memoirs of Leopold von Gerlach, who was the aide-de-camp and intimate friend of Frederick William IV., and who for many years exercised great influence at the Prussian Court. The Queen has addressed a very angry letter to the Emperor William on the subject, and the compilers and publishers of the work are likely to get into serious trouble; for they certainly had no right whatever to print any portion of the private correspondence of the late King, and it will be interesting to learn how the Queen's letters ever got into their hands.

This indiscreet publication of the Queen's letters to the late King of Prussia may well make her Majesty feel uneasy respecting those which were written by her and by Prince Albert to the late Emperor William, with whom they always maintained a regular and most confidential correspondence.

It is wonderful that even the *Times* can print such insane nonsense as the telegram from Berlin in Saturday's edition, which stated that the Emperor William's birthday presents to the Prince of Wales, "are valued at over 100,000 marks." If the figure at which the presents are valued was divided by ten it would be nearer the mark. It is stated in other journals that the Prince's birthday "is to be celebrated at Marlborough House by all the members of the Royal family, including the Empress Frederick." H.R.H. does not intend to be at Marlborough House on his birthday, and there will be no special "celebration" either there or at Sandringham, beyond the usual festivities. The Empress Frederick happens to be on the southern side of the Alps.

The Prince of Wales, who went down to Newmarket on Monday evening, intending to stay there until Friday, was last week the guest of Lord and Lady Cadogan for three days at Culford Hall, Suffolk. H.R.H. was warmly invited to go to Russia for the "silver-wedding" celebration, but he does not seem to be disposed to undertake the expedition. The irrepressible German Emperor would not hear of his uncle passing through Berlin without stopping, and the Prince would find himself unable to get away until after several days of elaborate entertainments and military functions. The Emperor, moreover, has discovered an inconvenient disposition to combine business with pleasure, and, catching the Prince of Wales *en route* for Russia, he would almost certainly have talked in a very embarrassing manner about both political affairs and family matters.

The Princess of Wales has gone to Russia in compliance with the earnest request of the Emperor and Empress, to be present at the celebration of their silver-wedding the week after next, which is to take place privately at Livadia, in the Crimea. The Princess and the Princesses Victoria and Maud will not come back to England until about November 27, and possibly their return may be deferred until the second week in December, as they are to pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at Gmunden on their way home.

H.R.H. and the Princess are to be the guests of M. and Madame de Falbe, for a few days in December, at Luton Hoo Park, Bedfordshire.

The announcement of an imaginative London correspondent that "a great deal of anxiety" is felt about the health of Princess Maud of Wales is a simple invention. The Princess did not go to Vichy this year for the first time (because she was "languishing!"), but it was her third visit to that watering-place, the baths there having proved beneficial to her constitution. No "medical gentlemen" have been recently attending the Princess, nor has it been decided that she is to leave England to pass the winter in a warmer climate, the fact being that H.R.H. has not been in England for nearly three months, as she went direct to Denmark when she left Vichy. It would be interesting to learn where the "high social circles" are to be found in which it is rumoured that the Princess has been "disappointed in love," which is as nonsensical a fabrication as the other statements about her

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The Duke of Edinburgh is to be the guest of Lord and Lady Londonderry at Wynyard early next month for a few days. The Duke, who is to quit Devonport

next Saturday for a short term of leave of absence from his command, will proceed on Monday to Balmoral, on a visit to the Queen for a few days.

The Empress Eugénie, who returned last week to Farnborough from Birkhall, the Queen's place near Ballater, where she has been staying for several weeks, will proceed to Italy about the middle of next month to pass the winter.

Emperor William has presented a full-length portrait of himself to the sergeants' mess of the 10th Hussars.

The Press Association has informed the papers that "it is now known" that the German Emperor will pay another visit to England next summer, and that "it is believed that his Majesty may be inclined to accept a full State reception on that occasion." This is all pure fiction, for nothing of the sort is "known," either at Court or anywhere else. That the Emperor would "accept" either "a full State reception," or anything else tending to his own glorification, is perfectly certain; but it is quite as certain that nothing of the kind will again be offered to him in England. It would be altogether contrary to custom for a Foreign Sovereign to pay two State visits, and no precedent could be found to justify such an arrangement. If the Emperor William revisits England next year he will come in his yacht to Cowes, as he did in 1889 and in 1890, and there will be no State reception or functions of any kind. It is wonderful that the papers could print such flagrant and palpable nonsense as this unauthorised and wholly imaginative *communiqué* of the Press Association.

Mr. Balfour will be obliged to proceed to Balmoral, in order that he may "kiss hands" on his appointment as First Lord of the Treasury, before he can commence his official duties in Downing-street.

By the way, it is curious that on the same day on which the morning newspapers announced the appointment of Mr. Balfour as First Lord of the Treasury, the *Daily Graphic* contained a sketch of Lord Randolph Churchill swarming up a tree to get out of the way of a lion.

Should—as is expected—Lord Lansdowne resign his office as Viceroy of India in April, Lord Salisbury would next year have the two greatest places in the gift of the Crown at his disposal for the second time, as Lord Stanley of Preston is to resign the Government of Canada.

Lord Dufferin and Lord Lansdowne were transferred from Ottawa to Calcutta, but it may be hoped that Lord Salisbury will not attempt to job Lord Stanley into the Viceroyalty, after his most unfortunate failure in Canada.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife are to leave Braemar this week for the season, and very shortly they are going to Castle Rising Hall, their place in Norfolk, until the middle of January, and the Prince of Wales and Prince George are to be their guests there. They will spend some time at Sandringham during the winter.

Lady Antrim, who has been passing the autumn at Glenarm Castle, the family place near Larne, goes next Tuesday to Balmoral, as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, in succession to Lady Erroll. She is to return to Windsor with the Court, her turn of duty lasting until November 24, and then comes Lady Downe for a fortnight, and then, on December 8, Lady Ampthill, who accompanies the Queen to Osborne. She will be replaced on the 22nd by the Dowager Lady Churchill, who will be in waiting until January 12.

A set of apartments in Hampton Court Palace has been placed at the Queen's disposal by the death of Mrs. Mayne, the widow of Colonel Mayne, who was for many years an aide-de-camp to her Majesty. There are about fifty "approved" candidates for apartments at Hampton Court.

Prince George of Wales arrived last week in Ireland on a visit to the Duke of Clarence at Marlborough Barracks. On Friday the Duke of Clarence and Prince George left Marlborough Barracks for Enniscorthy, co. Wexford, to stay for a few days with Lord and Lady Carew at Castleborough. A select party was assembled to meet them. The Duke has already made the acquaintance of most of the prominent members of Irish Society, and paid visits in several of the counties in the neighbourhood of Dublin and Kildare. The Hon. G. Bryan, of the 10th Hussars, has been doing the honours of his country for Royalty. Captain Bryan is the second son of Lord Bellew, and took the name of Bryan on inheriting from his uncle the Jenkinstown property, co. Kilkenny.

Lord and Lady Zetland, with their family, are expected to take up their residence at the Viceregal Lodge next month, but probably not until the middle of it. The cares of State do not sit lightly on the present Irish Viceroy; he lays them aside on every possible occasion, with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy accepting dispensations from his daily work. The square peg, no doubt, feels very uneasy in the round hole; and the seat of the Throne of Dublin Castle is hardly the one in which a mighty hunter feels most at home.

Mr. Balfour arrives in Dublin this week to take his last farewell of the Irish Office at Dublin Castle. He will stay at the Under-Secretary's Lodge, Phœnix Park, with Sir J. West Ridgeway and Lady Ridgeway. Mr. Balfour's farewells to the Irish will soon be spoken. The operation of leave-taking will not be a long one, since it is hardly necessary where there is no previous acquaintance. Mr. Balfour, more than any other Chief Secretary before him, governed Ireland from afar. Philosopher though he be by aspiration, he disregarded utterly the

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 910 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 909.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 912.

philosopher's advice to those travelling in strange countries, "to diet in such places where there is good company of the nation." Neither did he diet "the good company of the nation," official inhospitality reaching a climax during his tenure of office. In the many hints which the Chief Secretary, no doubt, will give his successor, it is to be hoped that a hint to have the official residence well aired after so many tenantless years will be included.

A person wanting to go to Monte Carlo cannot certainly complain of the means afforded by the Railroad Companies for him to do it, as he can get there from Calais without changing his carriage, and eat and drink as he progresses to his destination. But there is one thing that I would impress on the Sleeping-Car Company—on this route, as well as on every other along which these cars run—do, pray, see that your cars are well cleaned. As it is, there is much to be mended in respect to cleanliness.

A correspondent writes:—

The Westmoreland and Cumberland Yeomanry Ball on the 21st was a great success. Parties were brought by special train by Lady Brougham, Lady Vane, Lady Lawson, Mrs. Markham, and others. There was a great show of beauty, and the supper and floor were excellent. On Friday night Sir Henry and Lady Vane entertained their neighbours with theatricals and a dance. The piece chosen was "The Coming Woman." Lord Barnard played the part of the returned traveller with a great deal of go. The Misses Hartopp scored a success as sporting ladies of the future. Miss Wing was a dashing tax-gatherer, whilst Lady Barnard as the Lady Chief Justice made one long to be a malefactor to have the chance of receiving sentence from so bewitching a dispenser of justice. Sir Reginald Hardy was the most urbane of stage managers. A delightful dance followed, which wound up with "Sir Roger" at four o'clock.

Lord and Lady Salisbury are now settled at Hatfield House for the next six months, and they will entertain a succession of visitors there until the meeting of Parliament. Lord Salisbury has given up the idea of paying another visit to the Riviera in January, and his new villa at Beaulieu is to be let furnished for the winter and spring.

During his visit to Birmingham, which is definitely fixed for the last week of November, Lord Salisbury is to be the guest of Lord Windsor, at Hewell Grange, Worcestershire. It is interesting to see the way in which the Liberal-Unionists have been entirely ignored by the Tory Committee which has charge of the arrangements, and, considering that Birmingham is supposed to be the chief citadel of Liberal-Unionism, the cool and decisive manner in which the members of that Party have been put aside on this occasion is curiously significant.

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch are to arrive this week at Bowhill House, their place in Selkirkshire, for the hunting season, and they will stay there until the middle of December.

Lord and Lady Cadogan will entertain a large party next week at Culford Hall, Suffolk, for the County Ball at Bury St. Edmunds.

Mrs. W. H. Smith, who has been staying at Greenlands since Mr. Smith's funeral, is to proceed in a few days to Torquay, where she has rented the Manor House from the Dowager Lady Haldon for the winter months.

Lord and Lady Dudley, who have been staying with Baron Hirsch, in Moravia, are to arrive at Witley Court, Worcestershire, next Saturday. Georgina, Lady Dudley, who has been residing at Witley during the last three weeks, left on Saturday for Himley Hall, her dower-house in Staffordshire.

Mr. and Mrs. Childers leave England early next month to pass the winter at Mentone, and they will remain abroad until the beginning of May.

Sir Reginald and Lady Gordon-Cathcart entertained a shooting-party last week at Cluny Castle, Aberdeenshire, including Prince Christian and Prince Henry of Battenberg.

The Duke of Portland will entertain a small party at Welbeck Abbey next week for Lincoln races.

There will be a very general feeling of sympathy with Sir Richard Quain in the bereavement which he has just sustained. Although it was never Lady Quain's ambition to shine in society, she was beloved and esteemed by a very large circle. I may add that I am able to bear personal testimony to her generosity and goodness of heart, for she has been for many years a liberal contributor to the TRUTH Toy Fund, in which she took a great and kind interest.

The death of Sir Jacob Preston is much regretted in Norfolk, as he was a most popular landlord, and had resided on his estate for sixty years. The Preston family have been at Beeston Hall, their place in Norfolk, since the reign of Charles I., when they were distinguished for their ardour on the King's side. Jacob Preston was one of the four friends who attended Charles I. during his imprisonment, and he was present at the King's execution, and received from him on the scaffold an emerald ring which is still preserved at Beeston.

The death of Mr. Cubitt, of Fallapit, who was a younger brother of Mr. George Cubitt, M.P., will be widely regretted in South Devon. Since Mr. Cubitt purchased the Fallapit estate from the Fortescues (whose family had possessed it for more than four centuries) he has carried out extensive and costly improvements of all kinds, and he rebuilt the whole of the village of East Allington without raising any of the rents, and himself

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bore all the expenses of the school, which has therefore been free for many years past. Mr. Cubitt, who maintained a large home farm and took a keen interest in agricultural matters, was a most liberal and considerate landlord, and a very popular Magistrate. He was a munificent subscriber to local charities of every kind. He is succeeded in the ownership of his large estates in South Devon by his nephew, Mr. Henry Cubitt.

Canon Bridges, who died the other day at Beddington, Surrey, was an intimate friend of the late Bishop Wilberforce, who was several times his guest at the Rectory. Canon Bridges had held the living of Beddington, which is worth about £1,100 a year, with house, for twenty-seven years, and it is in the gift of his representatives. He was a rich man, and gave large sums to charities and to church building and restoration funds.

It is understood that Mr. Parnell died without making a will—or, rather, that the will which he had made is voided by his marriage. In this case Mrs. Parnell will only inherit the widow's third. It would seem that the dispute in regard to the late Mrs. Wood's will is not settled. Should the contention of the family prove successful, the five last wills made by the lady will be set aside, in which case Mrs. Parnell's inheritance from her aunt will be about £35,000.

The net personal estate of Mr. Carmichael, of Arthurstone, Forfarshire, whose death was noticed in TRUTH last May, has been sworn at upwards of £514,000, of which £30,000 goes in charitable and religious bequests, and £2,500 among the older employés of his firm at Dundee. The Government duties on the estate amount to nearly £21,000.

Lady Victoria Long-Wellesley, of West Stoke Park, has expended about £12,000 in building and endowing a Convalescent Home for female patients at Bognor. The Home will accommodate eleven inmates, and patients from all parts will be taken, but preference is to be given to those belonging to Sussex.

The Duke of Sutherland has petitioned the Court of Session for leave to disentail a large portion of his "Earldom of Sutherland" estates, presumably with a view to selling the property. It is proposed that the Duke of Fife shall be appointed curator to Lord Gower, and the Duke of Westminster to Lord Alastair Gower. These are the two sons of Lord Stafford, who are the second and third heirs of entail, and they are both minors.

It will interest many of my sporting readers to know that plans for the new Grand Hotel at Newmarket have been completed by Mr. Clarence Hailey, and that the building will be commenced as soon as legal preliminaries have been settled. The site is at the top of the town opposite Queensbury Cottage, and the hotel, besides commanding a view of the course, will be well up to date in all its interior arrangements.

The hunting-season will fairly begin in a few days, and, during the last six months, numerous and important changes have taken place in Masterships. The Exeter division of the South Devon country and the Glansevin Hunt have ceased to exist, and the South Cornwall has become part of the Four Burrows country, of which Mr. Williams, of Scorier, is the Master. Mr. Oakeley, having given up the Atherstone, after a successful Mastership of twenty years, has been succeeded by Mr. W. F. Inge; and Mr. R. B. Webber has replaced Lord Clarendon with the eastern division of the Old Berkeley, while Captain Orr-Ewing has taken the Old Berks, and Captain Allfrey has been succeeded in South Berks by Mr. Ludovic Bligh, who has transferred the Dulverton country to Mr. E. C. Dawkins. Mr. Tindall has given up the Cambridgeshire, after three seasons, and is succeeded by Messrs. Evans and Ballard; and one season with the Eggesford has sufficed for Major de Freville, so that pack is to be hunted this season by a committee, and will go out three days a week. Mr. Freeman Thomas is the Master of a new pack which has been established at Eastbourne to hunt a country in East Sussex.

Mr. W. E. Grimshone has succeeded Mr. B. Colwen in East Essex, and Captain Carnegy has made way for Commander Kemble in the Essex Union country. Lord Penrhyn, having given up the Grafton, has been succeeded, after divers *tracasseries*, by Mr. E. D. Pennant and Mr. A. J. Roberts. Captain Peacocke is the new master of the Isle of Wight, and in West Somerset Mr. Jenner, who has been well known as a successful Master of Harriers, has succeeded Mr. Esdaile, of Cothelstone; while in North Staffordshire Mr. Sneyd has become joint master with Lord Stafford, and in South and West Wilts Mr. Martin has taken the place of Captain Helme. In the New Forest the country formerly hunted by Mr. Mills has been taken over by Sir John Thursby, who has sold his famous pack of harriers.

Some good prices were realised at the sale of the "Comet" coach horses at Aldridge's last Wednesday. Two hundred and ninety-five guineas was the highest figure, that sum being paid for a grey mare. A chestnut gelding fetched 205 guineas, and a bay 170, while ten other animals fetched 100 guineas and upwards.

The Queen has discontinued the annual Christmas sale of fat stock bred on the Royal farm at Windsor. The Shaw and Flemish farms are now to be devoted entirely to the breeding of pedigree stock of the highest class, of which there will be a biennial sale at Windsor, the first of which is to take place next summer.

I am asked to remind my readers that the Artists' Guild will open its third exhibition of amateur art work at 1, Berkeley-gardens, Campden-hill, on November 3.

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Extensive improvements have been carried out during the last few weeks in the choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the chancel of which has been rendered much more ornate. The Eastward position must now be adopted at St. George's, for the recent alterations render it practically impossible for the celebrant to take any other place. Dean Wellesley would have viewed these changes with decided disapprobation, and it is very likely that they will excite the Queen's displeasure, for she is very tenacious of her authority over this chapel, although many years have elapsed since she has attended a service there. The music and chanting in St. George's have greatly fallen off since Sir George Elvey left Windsor.

Dean Liddell was a great favourite with the Prince Consort, who was mainly instrumental in procuring his appointment to Christ Church in 1855. The Dean was one of the Prince's Chaplains, and, since his death, he has been an "extra" Chaplain to the Queen. The only survivors of the Prince Consort's ecclesiastical establishment are Bishop Philpott, and Deans Liddell and Vaughan.

There was a most interesting service in Ely Cathedral, for the commemoration of benefactors, on the afternoon of St. Ethelreda's Day. There was a large congregation, and the music was very good, Handel's anthem, "My heart is inditing a good matter," being beautifully sung. The Bishop of Carlisle (who was Dean of Ely for ten years) preached a most admirable sermon, which was in every way worthy of the place and of the occasion. The list of the Cathedral benefactors opens with St. Ethelreda and closes with Professor Kennedy.

Mr. Balfour has the patronage of all the Crown livings, in right of his office as First Lord of the Treasury, under a special arrangement which was made early in 1887. Good times, therefore, are in store for Reverend Philosophic Doubters.

The Bishop of Lichfield is about to place a stained-glass window in the chancel of Lewisham Church, as a memorial of his brother, the late Lord Dartmouth, who was always a munificent contributor to the Lewisham parochial funds, and he paid for the chancel in which this window is to be erected.

I remarked, a fortnight ago, that if Dean Pigou desires to live close to his cathedral at Bristol, he will have to occupy the Canon's house. The new Dean, however, has a better plan, for he intends at the earliest opportunity to build a new deanery on the site of the old one. In the meantime, he will rent a house close by. The exchange will be of more advantage to Dean Pigou than I supposed, for Bristol is worth over £1,400 a year, and, owing to the agricultural depression, Chichester has not for the last two years past yielded within £200 of its nominal income. What is more, there is very little hope for future Deans that this state of things will improve.

A contemporary announces the impending resignation of Dr. Edghill, the Chaplain-General of the Forces. I have no personal knowledge of this matter, but if this announcement is accurate, I trust that before he retires Dr. Edghill will make some reply to the questions raised in Truth of last week and of September 10. In view of the announcement of Dr. Edghill's retirement, I postpone for the moment certain remarks which I had intended to make to-day upon the administration of his department; but I hope next week to give Mr. Stanhope a few hints which he may find of use in the selection of a new Chaplain-General.

I see it announced that the long-standing dispute over the English church at Monte Carlo—we carry our Church squabbles abroad with us, like all our other national customs—has at last been terminated, and that the Bishop of Gibraltar has licensed a chaplain. This cannot fail, I think, to add to the popularity of Monaco among English gamblers—especially those of the female sex. I need hardly say that the existence of this church in no way conflicts with my remark last week that none but a Roman Catholic church is allowed in the Principality, the English church being situated just over the French boundary.

The discussion on Sunday observance at the Manchester Diocesan Conference was made noteworthy by the speech of Bishop Moorhouse, who gave expression to some views which—for a Bishop—are remarkably liberal. He spoke with approval of the opening of art museums at hours when they do not "enter into competition with divine worship;" of the reading of such literature as Scott's novels; of "quiet games" for children; of cycling; and last, but not least, his lordship said he conceived it to be perfectly right to get in the harvest on a Sunday when the safety of the crop would otherwise be in peril. I don't suppose all the Bishops in England could induce Sabbatarians of the Gritton type to give up their narrow-minded notions. But I hope Dr. Moorhouse's remarks will not be without some effect upon others whose bigotry is less pronounced.

What shall I be asked next? A notice has just been posted in Ruabon Parish Church to the effect that "all seats in this church are free, except those for which there is a faculty." Hereupon a parishioner writes and begs me to tell him what a faculty is? and how it enables Sir Watkin Williams Wynn to appropriate sixteen seats (which he rarely uses), and the Vicar to appropriate eight

Health and Electricity. — Harness' Electropathic Belt should be worn by all sufferers from Nervous, Muscular, or Organic Weakness. It is beautifully designed, scientifically constructed, very comfortable to wear, and is recommended by the highest authorities. Pamphlet and consultation free on application to the Medical Battery Co., Ltd., 52, Oxford-st., London, W.

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more? I cannot tell. The only use of a faculty, so far as I know, is to furnish a livelihood for ecclesiastical lawyers; and, for that reason, I think my correspondent is to be congratulated on his ignorance. There is no knowledge that costs so much and is worth so little as a knowledge of ecclesiastical law.

The Vicar of Belvedere, in Kent, preached a sermon a Sunday or two back, in which he made sundry pointed references to "a man just passed away, charged with criminal offences." A member of his congregation, concluding that the allusion could only be to Mr. Parnell, and considering the observations very unjust, wrote and protested. The Vicar, in reply, denied that he had made any reference to Mr. Parnell. The parishioner responded by quoting the words used, and asking to whom they did refer. Nobody will be surprised to hear that the Vicar then discovered the letter addressed to him to be "unbecoming," and declined to answer the question. If he had adopted this evasion in the first instance, he might possibly have persuaded some few individuals that he had not been preaching at Mr. Parnell. As it is, I can hardly imagine that any one will be of that opinion.

The Rev. W. C. Tucker, Vicar of St. Matthew's, West Kensington Park, has obtained some excellent results by means of offertories at which gifts are given "in kind" by the children of his congregation. At Christmas offerings of toys were brought. At the harvest festival gifts of provisions were invited, and here is a record of the result:—

146	packets	of tea.
134	,,	sugar.
93	,,	rice.
61	,,	corn-flour.
48	,,	potted meat.
44	,,	cocoa.
16	,,	oatmeal.
15	,,	tapioca.
8	,,	condensed milk.
53	,,	sundries.
Total...	618	packets.

I would respectfully suggest to some of my clerical readers that this idea is worthy of imitation, and that there is no reason why it should be confined to children's offerings.

In connection with these offertories, I would call attention to a plan that is adopted in Italy. Each village has its fête day. On that day there is a service in the church, and a procession through the village, after which gifts are displayed, and subsequently sold by auction. The gifts generally are large cakes, flowers, &c. The neighbouring rich are attracted by the service and the procession, and there is a friendly competition for the gifts, which results in their usually being sold for much more than they are worth.

I have received the following amounts towards this year's Toy Fund:—

Howard Morley, £5; Patrick Sim, £1. 1s.; J. C. K., £3; S. S., £5; H. M. Crowther, 6s.; George and Daphne, £2. 2s.; Mrs. Lionel Marks, £2. 2s.; Mrs. Joshua, £2. 2s.; W. S., £1. I have also received 12 dressed dolls from Mrs. Willie Temple

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Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London, 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

Mr. Stanhope is fond of prating about the popularity of the Army, and the gratifying results of the seductive "advantages" offered to Tommy Atkins. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. I have it from one who is personally familiar with the facts, that in one regiment the desertions have recently amounted to 70 per cent. This disastrous state of things must be well-known at head-quarters, for I understand that the Inspector-General of Recruiting has himself been investigating the matter. What did he find out? Probably nothing. What is there to find out? I take it, nothing—beyond the simple fact that recruits, on discovering the truth as to the "advantages" offered them on enlistment, consider themselves swindled, and take the only means open to them of evading the performance of a fraudulent contract.

Here are some curiosities of recruiting worth notice. In one gallant regiment, the Recruiting Sergeant receives 2s. 6d. for Scotch recruits, and 5s. if the recruit can speak Gaelic. Where does this money come from, and what is a bonus of this kind but an extra inducement to the Recruiting Sergeant to deceive the men he enlists? Again, a War Office memorandum has just been issued, ordering that, in future, Englishmen may be enlisted for the 2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys), but no Irishmen. If a Scotch Regiment is not to be exclusively recruited from Scotchmen, why should the Irish be excluded? The order shows little appreciation of the opinion which an officer recently communicated to Truth, that the "ideal regiment" is one equally composed of English, Scotch, and Irish.

An imposing military demonstration was witnessed in Taunton on Saturday, when the band of one of the regiments in barracks perambulated the town, accompanied by three recruiting-sergeants in all their glory. From a statement made in the Town Council last week, it appears that this step was taken, after a formal and very commendable application for the Mayor's permission, with a view to stimulate recruiting, Saturday being the market day. I regret to add, however, according to information received from a private source, that not a single recruit has resulted. Must I again point out to the military authorities that something else besides ribbons and drums is now required to induce men to join the Army?

A story has just happened to reach me which throws a striking light on the question of the constitution of Scotch regiments. The Cameron Highlanders were raised originally from the estate of Cameron of Lochiel, and the first Colonel was the tacksman of Lochiel's farm of Erracht. Since the regiment has been quartered at Edinburgh, Mr. Cameron of Lochiel has been a frequent and honoured guest at mess, and on a recent occasion, when there had been some convivial gushing over the close connection between the regiment and the Clan, somebody conceived the happy idea of sending for the Sergeant-Major to make a hurried return from the regimental books of all the men in the regiment who hailed from the Lochiel estates. After an interval of expectation, the Sergeant-Major reported that he had

discovered exactly one man—out of six hundred and odd Cameronians. The Chief of the Clan put the best face he could upon it, and proposed, or seconded a proposal, that Private Cameron should be called in and toasted. The proposal, however, fell through upon it transpiring that this solitary clansman was the son of a man who had been evicted by his Chief in 1885.

The following complaint from a soldier recently landed in India is a very old story. These and other vexatious proceedings of the same kind have been repeatedly denounced in TRUTH, and it is high time that they were stopped. I agree with my correspondent that while they continue the advertised "advantages of the Army" are no better than a fraud on recruits :—

Just before we started for this place the authorities took several things from us that would be useless out here (mitts, clothing, &c.), but after our arrival here we were informed that we had to supply ourselves with the very things that had been taken from us, together with three suits of khakee clothing and four of white, also putties, puggarees, caps, and even a set of paltry brass buttons, &c. They say they will give you a free kit when you enlist; but they say nothing about what they are going to make you pay. We have been out here about eight months, the whole of which time we have been on short pay, in order to pay for the Indian kit, drawing about eight rupees per month, which is equivalent to about 12s. instead of our 1s. 2d. per diem. I think the Government should make some allowances to the men they send out.

I gladly publish the following correction, hoping that it will lead to further light being thrown upon the case in question. As my present correspondent speaks with authority, I do not question his statement of the effect of the rules. But the fact remains that the Colour-Sergeant referred to *did* purchase his discharge, thereby forfeiting his deferred pay, under the belief that he was compelled to do so, if he accepted the situation offered him. Whose fault was it—the man's, or the employer's, or the Army Regulations?—

I hasten to assure you that your statement on p. 765 of No. 772 of TRUTH, that a certain Colour-Sergeant and O. R. Sergeant in the North Staffordshire Regiment "cannot serve in the Reserve and live at Cape Town" is incorrect. I am tied down by the "Official Secrets Act" from giving you the exact information and conditions; but if you will make inquiries as to the latest conditions under which Army Reserve men are permitted to reside abroad, you will find that the very reverse of this statement is the case.

I quite agree with you that deferred pay should not be forfeited in any case, except that of imprisonment or serious misconduct.

But why should deferred pay be forfeited in cases of misconduct? There is nothing about that in the contract. The bargain with the recruit is that he is to receive so much a day. What right does this give the employer to withhold a portion of the money as security for the man's good behaviour, or as a forfeit in case he uses his right to buy his discharge? Unless the recruit is plainly told that part of his pay will be held back, and, in certain cases, not paid to him at all, the forfeiture of the deferred pay is confiscation pure and simple.

As I never object to give both sides of a question, here are the views of a pensioner Colour-Sergeant of a Militia Battalion upon the proposal that these officers should make way for those who are still serving their time. I am bound to add that there seems to be some justice in the writer's observations. At any rate, I agree with him that a man ought not to be past a Militia Sergeant's work at five-and-fifty, and that in these days we don't want to get rid of old and tried soldiers, from any branch of the service, until they really are past work :—

Whoever informed you that pensioner Colour-Sergeants have continued to serve with the Militia until they are actually incapacitated by age, told you what is not "truth." I flatter myself that I can do the duty of a Colour-Sergeant as well as any of those so-called "time-serving" Colour-Sergeants.

It is now ten years since the new organization scheme came into force, and we were then Colour-Sergeants in the Militia, after serving twenty-one years in the Regular Army, and as the Militia was then only open to men like us, we entered, and here we remain till we reach fifty-five, the age limit.

We are so far from being incapacitated that we are, as a rule, better shots than the younger men, and can do anything required of us in a more soldierly way than our would-be chuckers-out. Many of the young soldiers who join the Militia staff are mere "Depot-loafers," who are afraid to go on foreign service with their regiments, and, being on the spot when a vacancy occurs for the Militia, they rush to the Adjutant, and, as no true N.C.O. will leave his battalion while serving, the Depot-loafer secures the Staff for twenty-one years. Three of this sort were sent away from my battalion last year for being inefficient and of a pot-house stamp.

Many of these so-called Staff-Sergeants the pensioner Colour-Sergeants have had to drill as Militia recruits only a few years back. And the idea of a real old soldier giving up his colour to be ordered about by this Brummagem article! Never, sir!

With regard to the jobbing of nominations to the Indian Staff Corps, to which I referred a fortnight ago, I am informed that the India Office authorities have been challenged to state what number or proportion of marks is required of a Queen's cadet in order to qualify him for entrance to Sandhurst, and that the only answer vouchsafed has been that the number is not allowed to be made known. The truth obviously is, either that there is no fixed rule on the subject, or that the minimum is put so absurdly low as to ensure that none of these favoured candidates shall ever be rejected. Until, therefore, some public announcement is made in regard to the minimum marks necessary, it may be assumed that the passing of an examination is, so far as these candidates are concerned, a mere fraud.

A correspondent in the Army Medical Staff in India is very anxious that my recent remarks on the grievances of this branch of the service should not be taken to apply to the "Indian Medical Service." I do not think this likely to happen, but I give the following comparison of the two services as a further example of the grievances under which the Medical Staff labour. Except in the most hide-bound official mind, there can hardly be a doubt that these officers are being very badly treated :—

As regards the "Indian Medical Service" proper, the officers bargain to serve in India, and their pay is very good. If attached to regiments, they have an easy time of it, and if they go into the Civil branch, there are many paying appointments to be had.

The "Medical Staff," however, sometimes called the "Home Service," is on a different footing. The officers get the pay of a Captain in England, but directly they land in India, they get a Captain's pay, less about £100 a year, until they have six years' service. After five years they get a miserable rise of £17 instead of the £50 promised to them on reaching five years' service. It is only after six years' service that they get the equivalent pay of a Captain. They are generally engaged in their work seven days a week, there being no recognised holiday even on Sunday. The two months' annual leave—a necessity, almost, in the plains of India—is very rarely obtained. Life on these terms is hardly worth living.

Another Army Surgeon in India writes :—

Surgeons who contemplate joining the Army Medical Staff should be aware that—

1. After a few months of service at home they will probably be sent to India, where they will be paid in rupees, which are now

SHOOTING, SPORTING, AND TRAVELLING GARMENTS are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

worth about 1s. 5d., and which will buy as much in India as 1s. will buy at home;

2. That they are paid subaltern's allowances for six years in India (in England they are paid captain's allowances);

3. That they will probably get no leave during the first four years of Indian service, and perhaps not two months in their six years;

4. That this continuous residence in plain stations on poor pay is ruinous to health and spirits, and often to life;

5. That they will not get the promised £50 a year increase of pay after five years, but about £17;

6. That the cost of living, of bungalows, and of servants, &c., has so increased since the rates of pay were fixed, that a private allowance of at least £50 a year is necessary for the first six years of service in India.

Some few months back I called attention to a most objectionable anomaly in connection with the authority vested in a boy bugler in the Ordnance Store Corps at Woolwich. Immediately the matter was put right. A few days ago this same boy—having now reached the age of eighteen, and been entered on the strength of the corps as a "man"—was confirmed in the rank of Lance-Corporal, which he had held provisionally as a boy; but his rank was at the same time ante-dated to the time when he had received his acting rank. By this last move, he was jobbed over the heads of about forty N.C.O.'s who had all served their three years and upwards. The case was then exposed in the press, and instantly the appointment was revoked. The fact of these two jobs having been cancelled the instant attention was drawn to them in the press only makes their heinousness the more conspicuous, and it will be scandalous, indeed, if the author of them escapes a severe reprimand.

I have received a letter, with which I cannot but sympathise, from a relative of one of the boys expelled the other day from the *Britannia*. The object of the letter is to persuade me to say a word for the reinstatement of these boys. While concurring generally in my views about the *Britannia*, this gentleman says:—

It seems to me a hard and cruel thing that two of these boys, who are the minor offenders, should have such severe punishment for what nearly all the senior cadets have been in the habit of doing. To take the case of one boy; he entered the ship at the age of thirteen, to be taught misconduct of this kind, instead of being under careful supervision, as his parents hoped; and now, at fifteen, his life is blasted solely because of the carelessness of his superiors. A boy of fifteen is little more than a child, and does not realise what has happened to him. It is his parents who suffer first and foremost. The eighteen months that this boy has spent on the *Britannia* are now utterly wasted; the training that he has received there can be of little use to him in any other career. It seems to me, and to many others, that a good whipping, and a warning that if the offence were repeated he would be discharged, would have been a more real punishment to the boy, while avoiding a grave injustice to the parents.

The force of this I plainly see. But to attempt to convince the *Britannia* authorities that the blame for what has occurred rests primarily upon them, rather than on the boys, is a more formidable task than I should care to undertake. The plea that others are guilty besides these boys, and that expulsion hits the parents as hard as their sons, is very plausible; but it applies with equal force to every case where it is considered desirable to remove one or two boys as an example to a whole school.

The following further letter has reached me with reference to the date of the removal of the *Britannia* from Portsmouth, and no doubt it will be of interest to many old *Britannia* cadets:—

Sir,—I confirm the statement of your "Third Old *Britannia* Boy," viz., that the old ship left Portsmouth for Portland in February, 1862.

I went round in her as a naval cadet, and to prove that some of us have memories, I will add that the old two-decker *Trafalgar* towed us from Spithead in the evening, and next morning, when off St. Alban's Head, she cast us off, and with an easterly breeze the old three-decker sailed into Portland, and I think few of the cadets who went round in her will forget their first experience at sea in a man-of-war, especially those who were sent aloft on nearing Portland to assist in furling the foresail, by order of our practical first lieutenant, now Sir George Nares.

There are many officers on the active and retired lists who could corroborate what I say, and the senior, in point of naval rank, is the present Commodore of the Training Squadron.—Yours faithfully,

Douglas Methuen Forsyth,
Retired Commander R.N.

During the recent cruise of H.M.S. *Scout* to Tunis, Prince Louis of Battenberg managed to enrage the large Italian colony at Soussa to such an extent that it was thought prudent not to grant the usual leave ashore to the officers and men of the ship when it was lying off that port. It appears that Prince Louis omitted to answer a salute from the Italian steamer *Africa*, so the captain of that vessel lodged a formal complaint with the Italian consul against Prince Louis for treating the Italian flag with disrespect. The irate mariner insisted that the slight which had been shown to his national colours was intentional, for he had carefully worked his ensign halliards three times in succession, without eliciting any response whatever from the *Scout*, although the first salute was at once acknowledged by the French ship *Hirondelle*, which was moored close to the British vessel.

The command of the Royal yacht *Osborne*, which will be vacated next month by Commander Milne, is to be conferred upon Commander Fisher. Prince George of Wales had the first refusal of this coveted post.

Lord Charles Scott, who has commanded on the Australian station during the last two years, will have to vacate his post next summer, when he will be promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral, and there is every reason to believe that he will be succeeded by Rear-Admiral Stephenson, Equerry to the Prince of Wales.

The Admiralty have finally decided to expend about £130,000 in repairing and refitting the *Sultan*, which has been laid up at Portsmouth ever since she returned from the Mediterranean, after she had been recovered from the bottom of the tideless sea. The wisdom of laying out an enormous sum of money upon such a vessel as the *Sultan* is most questionable; but, fortunately, there is plenty of time for the Admiralty to reconsider the matter, as she is not to be taken in hand until April next.

Admiralty experiments are expensive. They built a boom to keep torpedoes out of a harbour. Then they ran their best torpedo-boat against the boom, and knocked

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its bottom out. At this rate, we shall destroy our fleet in order to show that we can destroy an enemy's fleet, which is much like a man blowing up his own house to show that he can blow up his neighbour's house.

Lieutenant W. L. Down, of H.M.S. *Comus*, has written a letter to a Port of Spain paper on the defence and resources of Trinidad, in which he makes some extraordinary remarks upon the people of Barbados. Here is a specimen:—

> That unfortunate island, inhabited by a people whose minds appear empty of all else, except the plantation of sugar and a contemplation of their past history. . . . .

Again:

> Without a harbour, a depreciated industry, a hostile black race raised partially from savagery to a ludicrous travesty of civilisation, combining the insolence and ignorance of the savage with the worst vices of the governing race; add to this the island is not of the smallest strategical importance, and it requires no gift of prophesy to foretell that in the next hundred years it will have become a negro republic or a home for migratory apes.

No one will be surprised to hear that these expressions have created considerable indignation in Barbados. If there was ever a case in which the Service regulations against writing to the Press might be enforced with advantage, I should think that it is the case of Lieut. Down.

In stating last week that Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. Forbes Robertson had notified the withdrawal of their names from Morgan & Stedman's "International Society," I ought to have mentioned that the same course had been taken by Mr. Simon Symons, whose name is advertised as one of the "Honorary Council." It is due to Mr. Symons to state that he was the first gentleman on this list to notify me that he had withdrawn his name, which he did more than a month ago, and I regret that by an oversight I omitted to mention this last week.

If any of my readers have been victimised by Albert John Allen, of the "London and Suburban Fire Brigade," who was convicted at the Middlesex Sessions of obtaining money by false pretences, it is not for want of warning in these columns, Indeed, if people read TRUTH more attentively, Allen would probably not be now in gaol. I have for years past done my best to caution the public against this and other bogus brigades, and I am at a loss to understand why Allen, who appears to have been merely an agent, should have been placed in the dock, while the principal for whom he collected the money, and who practically ran this concern, was allowed to appear in Court and give evidence, such as it was, for the defence. It appears from this evidence that the "London and Suburban Fire Brigade" has now ceased to exist, probably as a result of this prosecution; but, looking at the history of this and other frauds of the same kind, it is obvious that the Metropolitan Fire Brigade Acts ought to contain summary provisions for the suppression of all "volunteer" brigades.

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I am not exactly a fanatic admirer of the British J.P., yet I frankly admit that the Hon. J. S. Gathorne-Hardy, M.P., Deputy-Chairman of the West Kent Quarter Sessions, is a rather superior sort of magistrate. In him the puffy self-importance of the ordinary bumpkin justice is enhanced by the dignity (some might call it conceit) natural to a man who can never forget, night or day, that he is the son of a brand-new peer. It is a pity that a person of such consequence should find himself not quite in harmony with the law, which he, perhaps, does not understand, but is at any rate called upon to administer.

The law says that when a man is on his trial for an offence, the jury are not to be told that he has previously been convicted of some other offence. The Hon. J. S. Gathorne-Hardy, M.P., thinks that this is "a mistake," and he appears to think that he ought to correct this "mistake" on the part of the law—not in his place in Parliament, where he has a perfect right to correct it, if he can, but from his seat on the West Kent Bench, where he has no right to do so whatever. Last Friday he tried a man and his daughter upon a charge of robbery, and upon the jury acquitting them, he remarked that "if the jury had known that the male prisoner had been eight times previously convicted, they would have found a different verdict."

Of course, the only object, or purpose, or possible meaning of such a statement was to intimidate the jury into convicting offhand any other prisoners in whose cases the Hon. J. S. Gathorne-Hardy might sum up adversely. The only conceivable motive could have been to make the jury think, "If the Chairman goes against a prisoner it is because he knows something to his discredit which is not allowed to be told to us."

This was, however, too much for even the babes and sucklings of the Kent Sessions Bar, and one Mr. Fooks (unknown to me or I believe at present to fame, and sneered at by the Hon. J. S. Gathorne-Hardy as "a rather junior counsel,") got up and "regretted that the Chairman had addressed such an observation to the jury." Then occurred the usual wrangle, in which Mr. Fooks appears to have borne himself like a man of sense, and Mr. Gathorne-Hardy to have borne himself very much like an old woman. Finally, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy wound up by declaring that he thought it "a mistake that juries are not allowed to know something of the antecedents of the prisoners they are trying." I trust we shall hear more of Mr. Fooks. If the attorneys of West Kent are wise men, we probably shall. He may not (or may, for anything I know either way) be a man of exalted ability, or a deep well of legal learning; but a "rather junior counsel," who, "not being in any way concerned in the case under discussion," has the manliness and spirit to get up in open court and "publicly lecture" (the expression is Mr. Gathorne-

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Hardy's) a Chairman who has grossly misconducted himself, is a "junior counsel" to whom, if I were an attorney, I should not be at all afraid of entrusting a "junior brief."

Mr. Justice Wright is the very opposite of Mr. Gathorne-Hardy. So scrupulous is he on the subject of the admission of evidence of previous character, that he declined to receive evidence that the ruffian Vaughan, convicted of killing a man by stabbing him in the eye during a quarrel at a railway station, was a member of a notorious gang of thieves, whose practice it has been to provoke disturbances of this kind, in order to rob during the confusion. Obviously this evidence, whether legally admissible or not, has an immediate bearing upon the gravity of the offence. As the result, apparently, of its exclusion, this miscreant, whose crime was but one degree removed from wilful murder, has got off with a year's imprisonment. I sympathise heartily with Mr. Justice Wright's disapproval of the extravagant sentences which it has been the fashion to impose for offences against property; but I am bound to say that in this instance he seems to have done his best to discredit an excellent principle.

The question whether evidence such as that tendered in Vaughan's case is or is not legally admissible between verdict and sentence, has now, I understand, been reserved for the consideration of the Judges in Council. It would be much more to the purpose if their lordships could, at the same time, come to some understanding with a view to reduce their sentences to some intelligible system. The whole records of judicial eccentricity do not contain a more startling contrast than the sentence of twenty years' penal servitude for the manslaughter committed by Hargan, an honest and respectable citizen, in the defence of his own life against a gang of ruffians, and this sentence of one year's imprisonment for the same crime when committed by an habitual criminal of the most dangerous class in the course of an organised attempt at robbery with violence.

Side by side with this last case appeared the report of the conviction of "the King of the Horse Stealers." This royal criminal was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for stealing two horses. He was visited with this severity because he had previously received five years' penal servitude for stealing other horses. Nobody seems to have objected to this evidence being received. But if it had been a charge of killing a man, and evidence had been tendered of previous attempts to kill other men, no doubt the case would have been different.

At the very same Sessions (Gloucestershire) five degraded ruffians, convicted of criminal assaults on little girls, were sentenced to terms of two, three, four, and six months' hard labour, while fifteen months' imprisonment was awarded for a similar assault upon a "young lady." The distinction between the cases is truly edifying. The number of these charges at the Gloucester Sessions is a disgrace to the county, but as long as such offences are treated with such leniency the disgrace rests principally on the Magistrates.

The eccentricities of Judge Homersham Cox do not become less conspicuous as he grows older. In a Bill of Sale case before him at Bromley the other day, after retiring to consider his decision, the Judge found for the claimant. At the same time he ordered the claimant to pay costs, and upon the higher scale. Upon the solicitor for the other party asking leave to appeal, his Honour gave his permission with alacrity, observing that "it was a very proper case for appeal, and he thought Mr. Fox (the appealing solicitor) very likely to succeed." Judges who would like, if the law allowed it, to give their judgment in favour of both plaintiff and defendant may find this a useful precedent.

Bailie Perrie of Dundee has promptly stepped forward to prove that in an exhibition of magisterial incompetence, Scotland is determined not to lag behind England. By a curious chance, the Bailie had to deal last Wednesday with a case which, in its essential features, bears an extraordinary resemblance to that recently heard at Malling, and if the Dundee Magistrate did not manage to eclipse, he certainly succeeded in equalling, the disgraceful performance of the Kentish J.P.'s. The defendant, George Fraser, like Goodayle, of Malling, is described as a fruiterer, and he was charged with having assaulted William Crabb, aged nine years, who, with three other boys, had gone into a field and pulled some turnips, one of which they ate. Fraser set his dog upon the lads, and the animal bit Crabb and tore his trousers. After this Fraser struck the child in the face and took him (continues the report) to Craigie Bank "where he put him into a barrel amongst liquid manure up to the waist and also poured a quantity of the liquid down his neck, drenching him to the skin." Even Bailie Perrie was constrained to characterise the conduct of the accused as "most heartless," and then, following the practice of his brother-noodles in English courts, he imposed a fine of £1, with the option of fourteen days' imprisonment. It is clear that so long as ruffians like Fraser and Goodayle are thus allowed to escape the punishment they deserve, the administration of justice is reduced to "a pickle-herring farce to weep at, which," says Carlyle, "is the worst kind of farce."

As a contrast to the misplaced lenity which was displayed in these cases at Malling and Dundee, note the punishment inflicted at Bournemouth last week upon a domestic servant named Legg, charged with stealing three aprons and a child's birthday-book. These articles were found in the girl's box, and the Magistrates, Captain Elwes and the Mayor, appear to have convicted her of stealing them upon this very inadequate and unsatisfactory

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evidence. She denied the theft, and "nothing was known" against her character, but Captain Elwes told her "she had committed a very serious crime, and sentenced her to twenty-one days' imprisonment for each offence"!

The Recorder, in sentencing a servant-girl at the Central Criminal Court for forging and uttering a cheque, to six months' hard labour, expressed to her the pious hope that "on her release from gaol she would endeavour to retrieve her character." Sir Thomas Chambers must surely have seen enough of the working of the criminal law by this time to know what prospect there is of a young girl who has "done" six months for forgery being able to retrieve her character. This girl was only sixteen years of age, and it was pleaded on her behalf that she had only yielded to the temptation in order to help a friend who was in distress. If in such a case in future Sir Thomas Chambers should feel any serious desire that the girl's character may be retrieved, he would do well to remember the terms of the Probation of Offences Act.

One of the cases reported under the heading "Licensing Prosecutions" in a Liverpool paper of Saturday might more appropriately have been called "Licensing Persecution." The landlady of a public-house was summoned for permitting dancing on her premises, for which she had no licence; and the evidence of a policeman showed that on visiting the defendant's bar he found her two daughters, one of whom was five years old, dancing there. It was then near closing time, and there were no customers in the house. The Stipendiary, in dismissing this preposterous summons, remarked that publicans, as well as other people, might occasionally allow their children to dance. But why did he not take steps to see that the policeman was punished for his idiocy in bringing such a case into court?

I see that a charge of cruelty has been brought in connection with the incident which occurred at some local races, and to which I referred a week or two back. It came before the Llandudno Magistrates last week. It will be remembered that a mare fell at a water jump and broke her leg, and that Mr. F. Booth, veterinary surgeon, of Abergele, was asked to destroy the animal. The prosecution alleged that Mr. Booth made a mistake by cutting the carotid artery; that he twice struck the animal on the head with a wooden mallet; that he left the ground before ascertaining whether she was dead; and that it was only after she had endured an hour's agony that her sufferings were ended by an amateur veterinary-surgeon. The defendant called a number of witnesses, including Professor Williams, of the Edinburgh Veterinary College, to prove that the most expeditious means were adopted to cause the animal's death, and the Bench dismissed the charge of cruelty. Doubtless the Bench were right in thinking there was no "intentional cruelty." But it will certainly astonish most people to learn that by the adoption of the most "expeditious means" known to veterinary surgeons, it takes an hour to kill a horse which happens to be injured on a racecourse.

Owing to the occurrence of Quarter Sessions the crop of magisterial aberrations this week is appalling in its dimensions. The Bedfordshire Magistrates last week sentenced a servant of the Great Northern Railway Company, with many years' exemplary character, to a year's hard labour for stealing two trusses of hay—of which more anon. The same bench on the same day passed a sentence of three months' hard labour for an attempted outrage on a woman. The first of these cases, that of George Preece, is one which calls for the intervention of the Home Secretary. Preece, being a porter, found upon the line two trusses of hay which had fallen from a passing train. It was necessary that they should be moved, and he took them, without any concealment, to his own house, and omitted to give notice at the station of what he had done. For this he excused himself on the ground that he was exceptionally busy, as he was leaving the service of the Company (on his own account) the next day. The man did wrong, perhaps, in moving the hay to his own house, and his failure to report looks bad; but where the criminal intention is so very doubtful, and the man's previous character is excellent, a year's hard labour becomes a monstrous sentence.

There is an edifying conflict of magisterial opinion between Messrs. Buszard, Q.C., and Cripps, Q.C. In his charge to the grand jury at Derby Quarter Sessions last Thursday, Mr. Buszard condemned the imposition of "harsh and cruel terms of penal servitude" for small offences, simply because a man's life has been bad. On the other hand, at Lichfield Quarter Sessions, Mr. H. W. Cripps, Q.C., on the strength of "previous convictions," sentenced Henry Henderson to five years' penal servitude for stealing three purses. Henderson has already spent nineteen years and five months in prison and penal servitude for stealing articles of the total value of £9. 16s.!

At Lancaster Quarter Sessions a servant-girl, convicted of stealing a pennyworth of gooseberries, was sentenced to six weeks' hard labour. As if this sentence were not in itself a sufficient monument of fatuous wrong-headedness, the same Court, almost immediately afterwards, sentenced a factory-girl to fourteen days' hard labour for stealing a fur cape valued at £5. Apparently, to the muddled minds of this Bench, the gravity of a theft varies inversely with the value of the article stolen, and we may expect to hear next that some man has got two years' hard labour for misappropriating a lucifer match, while another has been dismissed with a caution for stealing a diamond bracelet.

At the last Newcastle Assizes a man, who had insulted, but not assaulted, a woman, was sentenced by Mr. Digby Seymour to a year's imprisonment and three whippings of twelve lashes each during his imprisonment. Had

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there been a felonious assault there would have been something to say for this sentence, but for merely insulting, the sentence seems to me to be entirely out of proportion to the offence.

If a man hires a horse and waggonette on a Sunday and an accident occurs, he cannot evade his liability to pay for the damage done by pleading that the contract, having been made on the "Lord's Day," is void under the infamous statute of Charles II. This, in effect, was the highly satisfactory decision given by Judge Collier in a case in the Liverpool County-court the other day. The Act says: "No tradesman, artificer, workman, labourer, or other person whatsoever shall do or exercise any worldly labour, business, or work of their ordinary calling upon the Lord's Day." The words seem comprehensive enough, but his Honour held that a person letting out carriages for hire does not come strictly within the description of a "tradesman." It is a pity that other attempts to bring this wretched old Act into operation have not been equally unsuccessful.

I trust that the very earliest opportunity will be taken to repeal the statute 21 George III., c. 49. Under this Act a prosecution was some months back successfully instituted against the promoters of a Sunday concert, including the proprietor of the hall in which it was held, and of the newspaper in which it was advertised. By virtue of the same statute John Gritton, D.D., and the pernicious fanatics of the "Lord's Day Observance Society," have just succeeded in putting a stop to a most admirable and useful enterprise conducted by a committee of Bradford working men, who have organised a series of sacred concerts on Sundays, in aid of the hospitals and charities of the town. From his office in London, "John Gritton, secretary," writes to one of the promoters of this scheme an impudent letter, calling attention to the fact that one of the concerts advertised was in contravention of this statute, trusting that this intimation will be sufficient to stop it, and recommending "that you take counsel with your solicitor in connection with this warning."

John Gritton, D.D., and those in whose name he acts, have every right to their opinions as to what constitutes keeping the Sabbath day "holy;" just as I have a right to the opinion that they are a party of pestilent fools, holding opinions equally repugnant to the teaching of the Bible and the interests of the community. They have also a right, just as I have, to publish their opinions, and to persuade all whom they can to adopt their views. But that they should be able to force these views on those who dissent from them by setting in motion the criminal law is a direct violation of the principles of freedom of conscience, and an intolerable infraction of civil liberty. That is the political aspect of it. From a religious point of view this statute is as indefensible as would be a law enforcing the rite of circumcision, or abstinence from pork, or any other Mosaic observance—more indefensible, in fact, for while these observances are expressly enjoined in the Pentateuch, there is not a word there about Sunday concerts.

There are thousands of well-meaning idiots of the John Gritton school who believe that it is deadly sin to witness a play or touch a card. Would Parliament dream of passing an Act to enforce their views? What is the difference between that and forbidding Sunday concerts because John Gritton and his "society" do not approve of them? By the way, I should like to know the effect of this precious Act of George III. upon some of the Roman Catholic churches, where the services include a sacred concert, and where a charge is made for admission.

It is wonderful that the *Yorkshire Post* can print such crazy rubbish as its report that, when Mr. Justice Hawkins retires from the Bench, "he will resume his old rôle as an advocate." There is not a particle of foundation for this alleged "report," which must surely have originated in Earlswood or Bedlam.

I have to thank several readers who have responded to a recent request which I made for further enlightenment respecting workhouse dietary. I have now learned that the dietary of the Amesbury Union, to which I referred, is in conformity with the Local Government Board's rules. It must, therefore, be taken, I suppose, that if the Amesbury paupers do not thrive, the paupers themselves are at fault. There appears, on the other hand, to be a good deal of elasticity in the Local Government Board's regulations. Thus, while an able-bodied pauper at Amesbury never tastes meat, except in the form of bacon twice a week, his comrade in a union twenty miles off gets four ounces of cooked meat three times a week. It is evidently well to choose one's residence with an eye to the workhouse regulations of the locality.

Poor-Law Conferences may be in a way very useful gatherings, but the practice of making the ratepayers pay the expenses of the Guardian delegates is a decidedly vicious one. At the meeting of the North Bierley Guardians last week a deputation was appointed to attend a forthcoming conference at Hull, and it was stated that their expenses would be defrayed out of the Union funds. This, I am glad to see, elicited a vigorous protest from one member. "Here," he said, "was a body of men pretending to represent the ratepayers, quibbling about increasing the relief of some old person by sixpence a week, and at the same time guaranteeing the expenses of gentlemen with incomes of between £500 and £1,000 a year." If a number of Bumbles desire to meet to hear each other read papers and make speeches, and, of course, to dine together, let them do so by all means—but at their own cost.

The profligate extravagance of the Corporation of London is bottomless, boundless, and endless. As if

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more than enough money had not been already squandered in connection with the visit of the German Emperor and Empress to the City, the Corporation have wasted a large additional sum on a very elaborately ornamented silver medal, which was ordered to be struck to commemorate the event, and of which I hear that several bushels are to be distributed.

Cheese-making is one of the subjects included in the technical instruction scheme of the Lancashire County Council, and, judging from a statement made at a conference at Preston the other day, it is a process of which the dairy farmers of the County Palatine have a good deal to learn. In many Lancashire dairies, it was asserted, cheeses are now made "between the slopstone, the fireplace, and the drain, and are cured in the bedrooms." The sooner, therefore, a little instruction in cheese-making is imparted the better.

Lord Bute is about to present the Corporation of Cardiff with a gold loving-cup, which has cost £2,000, as a memento of his year of office as Mayor of the borough. Lord Bute was earnestly requested to accept the office for another year, but was obliged to refuse, as he has been ordered to go abroad for the winter for the benefit of his health.

In the eyes of Post Office employées the eighth commandment should apparently be read thus :— Thou shalt not steal — anything but wedding-cake. Experience shows that watches, jewellery, cheques, coins, or any other articles of value may be sent through the post, even in unsealed packages, with perfect safety. Even Christmas puddings are sacred in the eyes of the officials. But the one thing they cannot resist is wedding-cake. Boxes despatched with this commodity are either delivered empty, or with nothing but a few currants and battered fragments to indicate the original character of the contents. Why is this? It cannot be that anybody in the Post Office really likes wedding-cake. It can only be because the young ladies in the Department believe that by placing it under their pillows they will dream of their future husbands. This, unless the young ladies can be induced to forego this superstition, is a strong argument against the employment of female clerks, and I hope that Sir James Fergusson will find time to look into the matter from that point of view.

The parish of Great Stourton, near Horncastle, I learn from a resident, was till recently unprovided with either a letter-box or a postal delivery. People rarely know when they are well off, and these people complained to St. Martin's-le-Grand about their condition. The answer, I understand, was to the effect that, as there was neither a parson nor a M.P. in the parish, the desired accommodation could not be granted. Later on, however, a business letter from Mr. Chaplin's factotum to some one in the parish went astray, and thereupon a box and a delivery were established. I do not understand what the parson and the M.P. have to do with the right of the public to the benefits of the Post Office, and stil less what Mr. Chaplin's factotum has to do with it. But I am sure that there are many people who would gladly be out of reach of the Post Office, if they could also be out of the reach of the parson and the M.P.

The Capetown correspondent of the *Times* has made it his special duty to obtain truthful accounts respecting Mashonaland. Here is his résumé of the situation there. There are 2,000 white men in the country, of whom 600 are policemen. There are numerous traders and store-keepers ready to sell every description of food and clothing. The Chartered Company has laid in a large stock of medicines, and particularly of quinine, "which is so essential in cases of fever." No one need starve, for the Chartered Company is ready to enroll in its police force "all those who have been unfortunate in their attempts to gain a living," and who are not in it already. When the Portuguese make a railroad, there will be a railroad to this Elysium. As it is, a distance of eight hundred miles has to be traversed to Fort Salisbury, over roads "presenting almost insuperable difficulties to locomotion," whilst the "transport of machinery occupies several months, without counting on the probabilities of rain and the difficulties of crossing rivers."

As regards gold, the Reverend Mr. Hofmeyr (is he a Missionary or a Company monger?) has been "favourably impressed," and he has brought down samples of rich ore. "Fever," observes the reverend pioneer, "is prevalent in the low country, but in the higher regions there is a better climate," and he adds, "if the mineral resources of the country should not prove successful, as an agricultural country, it will hold its own."

Here, then, we have facts by no enemy of the Chartered Company, but rather the reverse. There are 2,000 whites in a country larger than France; of these 600 are policemen, and, presumably, a good many of the remainder are anxious to sell goods to the policemen. The "pioneers," possibly 1,000, are to be kept alive by quinine, and from starvation by becoming policemen. Access is practically impossible for machinery, and difficult for human beings. The gold is but a "favourable impression," backed up by those well-known samples, that any one who has a mine to sell carries in his pocket. The low-lying districts are fever-beds; on the hills possibly Europeans may live. The sole possession of the Chartered Company is a mining concession, and it has not an acre of the land. Its agricultural value, or absence of value, therefore, does not affect it. The settler has a choice of being shot by a native or eaten by a lion; if neither of these dangers puts an end to his miserable existence, he is to be tinkered up with quinine, and to be allowed to become a policeman to look after lions and natives. It seems, consequently, to me that the Chartered Company has nearly reached the end of its tether, and that it soon will be without funds to pay the "settlers" as policemen, and to keep them alive with quinine.

A Tale of Ten Lions.

A Re-versed Version of an Old Rhyme.

No monster Lion'
Basking in the sun;
Lord Randolph spoke to Lee,
And then there was one!
One monster Lion,
Almost out of view,
Lord Randolph fired his gun,
And then there were two!

One little, two little, three little, four little, five little bullets hiss'd;
One little, two little, three little, four little, five little bullets miss'd.

Two monster Lions
Romping in their glee,
Lord Randolph fired again,
And then there were three!
Three monster Lions
Giving such a roar,
Lord Randolph blazed away,
And then there were four!

Repeat refrain as in verse 1.

Four monster Lions,
Very much alive—
Lord Randolph climbed a tree,
And then there were five!
Five monster Lions
Trying wily tricks,
Lord Randolph took to flight,
And then there were six!

Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little, ten little bullets hiss'd;
Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little, ten little bullets miss'd.

Six monster Lions,
Shaking earth and heaven,
Lord Randolph looked behind,
And then there were seven!
Seven monster Lions,
In a furious state,
Lord Randolph drained his flask—
And then there were eight!

Repeat refrain as in verse 3.

Eight monster Lions
Charging in a line,
Lord Randolph reached the camp,
And then there were nine!
Nine monster Lions—
With his "Graphic" pen
Lord Randolph sat him down,
And then there were ten!

One Lion, two Lions, three Lions, four Lions, five Lions in one spot;
Six Lions, eight Lions, nine Lions, ten Lions,—yet not a Lion shot!

Certain journals in Cape Colony appear to have been sadly perturbed by recent articles in Truth on the Chartered Company. From the observations of one of them, I should imagine the editor contemplates that Mr. Rhodes will either prohibit the circulation of Truth in South Africa or seize every copy as it enters the country, and deal with all references to the South Africa Company after the manner of the Czar's Press censors. I described the Chartered Company's territories the other day as a South African Russia, but I hope that Mr. Rhodes is not yet the autocrat of *all* British South Africa.

A letter which I have just received from Pretoria opens with this astounding expression:—

Having noticed in Truth, issue of August 20 last, a paragraph concerning Boer justice, anent a criminal case tried in Rustenburg, *and of which Lord R. Churchill seems to be your informant*, I beg to, &c.

I do not know whether anybody in South Africa besides the writer of the above is under the delusion that Lord Randolph Churchill is at present contributing to Truth; but it may be as well for me to say at once that a more grotesque fiction was never devised. I beg that my Boer readers, and all others, will at once accept this assurance, for I have quite enough sins of my own to answer for without being saddled with those of any noble lord. In this particular instance the imputation is peculiarly unkind. The "criminal case" referred to in the above extract was that of the Boer De Lange, and as I have already pointed out to the editor of the *Daily Graphic*, that case was noted and discussed in Truth a fortnight before Lord Randolph's letter on the same subject was published.

In regard to De Lange's case, I may say that my comments upon it were founded on the report of the trial which appeared in a Transvaal newspaper. That report created precisely the same impression on my mind as it seems to have done on Lord Randolph Churchill's. I am now asked to publish, by way of correction, a translation of a letter addressed by De Lange's counsel to the *Volksstem*. This I cannot do; first, because the letter is too long; secondly, because I do not wish to pay Lord Randolph Churchill heavy damages for a libel written by somebody else. Here, however, is the substance of the letter, so far as it affects my own remarks. It comes, as I have said, from De Lange's advocate; but I am bound to say that it appears to describe the position of things at the trial in a perfectly fair way, and to relieve the jury of the imputation of having given a verdict entirely against the evidence:—

A Kaffir, accused of theft, and who for considerable time had rendered the neighbourhood unsafe through several burglaries, was taken to De Lange, this gentleman being an official. De Lange resolves to take him to the Rustenburg gaol. The Kaffir, however, refuses to go with him, and resists the whole time, even to such an extent that De Lange, arriving at Mr. Machol's, the master of the Kaffir Jantje—the Kaffir so much lauded by Churchill—was very tired, and asked for help. Mr. Machol then gave Jantje as an assistant, and De Lange sent Jantje with the prisoner four or five miles ahead, and himself remained behind. During the time that Jantje was alone with the Kaffir he was met by a very trustworthy person, and, on his request why the Kaffir looked as if he had been beaten, Jantje replied that the Kaffir would not walk, and that he had dragged him along. Jantje did not mention of any orders from the Field Cornet (De Lange) to that effect. When De Lange joined them the Kaffir was in a very bad plight, and he resolved to take the Kaffir to an adjoining farm. This was done, and during the night the Kaffir expired.

The next day De Lange went to Rustenburg and gave information of what had happened. A post-mortem was held and the District Surgeon declared that the Kaffir had been suffering from several diseases, one of which, by its nature, was often fatal, but, at the same time, he was of opinion that maltreatment was the immediate cause of the death.

Hereafter the preliminary examination took place, and the only evidence incriminating the prisoner (De Lange) was that of Jantje. As above-mentioned, Jantje also had spent some time alone with the Kaffir, and acknowledged that he had been dragging him. Besides this, Jantje's evidence was so exaggerated that nobody could believe it, for, if all that he said had been the truth,

a healthy man would have been killed instantly, much more a Kaffir suffering from so many diseases . . . .

The case was tried before the Circuit Court at Rustenburg, and the Jury, being uncertain who was the true guilty person—Jantje or De Lange—gave, of course, after a lengthy deliberation, the benefit of the doubt to the accused (De Lange), because, with the exception of Jantje's evidence, there was no other proof against De Lange. He was then discharged, which would have happened in any civilised country.

On the other hand, the Hindoo juryman, it seems, is amply justifying one or two remarks that I have lately made in disparagement of his qualifications. There has been a great outcry in the Anglo-Indian Press over the recent acquittal of a man named Shroff, who had been assistant-manager in the office of the Oriental Government Life Assurance Company, and was accused of embezzlement. Shroff had actually written two letters to the manager, confessing his dishonesty in the plainest terms, and appealing for "one more chance." A native jury, as I noted a few weeks back, recently acquitted a man in the teeth of the most conclusive evidence, on the ground that there could be no certain proof of guilt but confession. Now that this one certainty has been knocked away, I should think that trial by jury in those parts had better follow it.

A gentleman resident in Canada who has a life interest in certain foreign bonds, the interest on which is paid into a London bank, complains to me that the interest is remitted to him by this bank less income-tax, and that he is told on good authority that this deduction is right according to English law. Why, he asks, should he pay taxes to a State in which he is not represented, and from the expenditure of which he derives no benefit? Why, indeed! surely there is some mistake?

My authority has been invoked to settle the two following momentous questions, which, I am told, have been the subject of "heated discussion":—

1. Whether it is a common practice in France now for men—not of strict society circles—to tender the left hand in salutation on meeting a familiar?
2. Also, as to whether a friend, or even an acquaintance, would be justified in deeming it a slight, if done here?

I suppose that I ought to know everything, but this problem is beyond me. Personally, I should not esteem it of the slightest consequence whether a man offered me his left hand to shake or his right, unless I saw other reasons for supposing that it was his intention to give offence. More than that I cannot say, and I should not have said so much except in the hope that I may be the means of averting bloodshed.

Mr. A. J. Pound came up for public examination last week before the Isle of Wight Bankruptcy Court. He appears to have stood in 1885 as a Tory candidate at West Ham, and he was examined as to who found the money, but declined to state. In the Isle of Wight, his Tory proclivities led him after filing his petition to entertain the Attorney-General at supper. "It may," he admitted, "be possible that the cost of the provisions at that entertainment is still owing." What a comment on Tory feasting!

I was in the Isle of Wight last week, and heard Mr. Mendl, the Liberal candidate, make a speech. He looks rather like Mr. Chamberlain, and certainly speaks as well as that gentleman. It has been my good fortune to hear many of our candidates, but I have not heard one who impressed me more as a really good speaker than Mr. Mendl. I was told that there is a strong probability of his beating Sir Richard Webster, whose sole chance of getting in is, that the one-man-two-votes non-residents may swamp the local vote.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Sunderland gives me the impression that he is angling for official recognition from the Tories. He said that he preferred not holding office, and this is invariably the mode adopted by those who wish to call attention to their readiness to hold it. Mr. Chamberlain gloats over the amusement in store for him when the Liberals come into office. We have the advantage over the gentleman, for we have not to wait for our amusement. We have it now in watching this ex-Radical paying for his footing among the aristocracy by fawning on them and beslavering them with compliments.

What, already! Mr. Smith's corpse is hardly yet cold, and the Tories are explaining how much they have gained by his death. Speaking last week, Sir Edward Clarke announced that the substitution of Mr. Balfour for Mr. Smith would give his party twenty-five more votes. This may be flattering to Mr. Balfour, but how about Mr. Smith?

Mr. Redmond is evidently a gentleman who considers that the means justify the end. According to Mr. Dillon, he was on the point of deserting Mr. Parnell. He now wants to retire from public affairs. So he resigns his seat in Wexford, and comes forward as a Parnellite in Cork, fully knowing that he will not be elected. It is a clever move, but hardly fair on the Irish. With his withdrawal from Irish politics the Parnellites, as a party, will disappear. There is not a man amongst them who has sufficient personality to be a political factor. The "items" will vanish into space like the gas of a balloon that has been pricked. May I be allowed to offer to the Tories my respectful condolences?

If the Parnellite M.P.'s find it impossible to act with the majority of their Nationalist colleagues, their best plan would be to withdraw from active political life. Clearly, by trying to perpetuate a split, for which at present there can be no legitimate ground, they are playing into the hands of the enemy. Whether it would be desirable for Mr. Gladstone to produce his Home Rule Bill before the General Election, or to ask the country to entrust him with the task of bringing in a Bill as Prime Minister, is clearly a question of tactics rather than of principle. As a Parliamentary tactician, I think that Mr. John Redmond would himself admit that Mr. Gladstone is his superior.

SCRUTATOR.

MORE INSUBORDINATION IN THE GUARDS.

THERE has been a fresh display of insubordination in one of the Guards' battalions—not an event of the first magnitude, perhaps, when looked at by itself, but one of a very serious and significant character when regarded by the light of the events which have preceded it. In order that there may be no official vapourings this time about "exaggerations" or "misapprehensions," I will state precisely what I know, and how I know it, and leave the public to draw its own conclusions as to the state of the facts.

As my readers are aware, a great many tales of grievances are poured every week into my ear. Among the most frequent of them are soldiers' complaints respecting their rations. About ten days ago I received a communication of this nature, but of a more serious character than usual. It related to the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, now stationed at Windsor. The writer, who was on the spot, stated that on Wednesday, the 14th inst., the rations served out to the whole battalion were extremely bad, "not fit," as he puts it, "for any human being to eat." On the arrival of the piquet officer, Lieutenant Cotton, No. 1 Company made formal complaint to him. He told them that there was nothing the matter, and ordered them to eat the objectionable food. The men thereupon rose, opened the windows, and threw the whole of their rations into the barrack square. The Commanding Officer was in due course informed of the occurrence, and the whole of the company were ordered to be confined to barracks.

Upon receiving this statement, I sent to Windsor at the earliest possible moment to inquire into the facts alleged, being of opinion that a mutinous demonstration on the part of a company of Guards, under the very walls of Windsor Castle, was a matter of which the public ought to know more. My representative interviewed several men of the battalion, including some of No. 1 Company, and he ascertained from them that the account which I had received was true in every particular. In fact, he only learned two additional facts worth noting—(1) that in addition to the men being confined to barracks for the rest of the day, the corporals were put under arrest; (2) that this is not the first demonstration of a similar character which has occurred at Windsor, the bread supplied at breakfast having been on a previous occasion thrown into the barrack-square, as a protest against its inferior quality. Having interviewed the men, my representative, acting on his instructions, proceeded to address himself to the officers, beginning with the N.C.O.'s. His experience was of an interesting character. He began with the Sergeant of the Guard. The Sergeant of the Guard recommended him to go to the Sergeant-Major. The Sergeant-Major, although personally anxious to oblige, advised him to see the Adjutant, and took him to that officer. The Adjutant, whom I understand to be Lieutenant McMahon, was not affable. My representative explained that having received certain information, it was my desire to verify it before referring to the matter publicly, and that, therefore, I applied to the fountain-head. The Adjutant replied that "We" (meaning, I suppose, the officers) "do not care what goes into the newspapers or what does not." It happened that Colonel Ricardo, who is temporarily in command, was standing by. "We have not received any report about this, have we?" inquired the Adjutant, turning to him. The Commanding Officer did not speak, but shook his head. "No," said the Adjutant; "we know nothing about it." That may possibly be so. There is, however, the evidence of a dozen witnesses—I should think a hundred—to prove that the facts occurred precisely as I have stated them. If, then, an outbreak of this kind can take place, and a company be confined to barracks, and the Corporals of the company put under arrest, without the Commanding Officer or the Adjutant having any official knowledge of the circumstance, the worst that has been said as to the gulf which separates the Guards' officers from the regiments which they command is very far short of the truth.

Now, I take it, that in characterising this as a very serious matter, I am saying what no English taxpayer, capable of forming an intelligent and an independent opinion on the subject, will for a moment dispute. We pay an extravagant price for an Army utterly disproportionate to those of other nations of our own standing. We are officially informed at every opportunity that, though small and expensive, our Army is a military gem. Mr. Stanhope was singing this old song only a few days ago, informing a provincial audience that never before had the British Army been in such splendid order as it is now. Nevertheless, on three separate occasions within about a year and a half, the public has had to listen to stories of mutinous or disorderly demonstrations against the constituted authorities in two of the crack regiments of the Army. That "this cannot go on" will be the universal comment upon the latest incident, and I think that the time has come when this view of the situation should be pressed upon the Commander-in-Chief. I would, therefore, suggest to the Duke of Cambridge—neither the Adjutant nor the Commanding Officer of the battalion in question being as yet officially aware of what has occurred—that he himself should personally inquire into the facts, instead of taking them after filtration through half-a-dozen strata of officialdom; further, that having ascertained what has taken place in this instance and the causes of it, he should go on to ascertain how far the same state of things exists in other battalions. It will then be for his Royal Highness to devise the remedy. *Primâ-facie* the men are to blame, and greatly to blame. Such a state of demoralisation, however, as appears to exist in the Guards at present, must be due to other causes than original sin on the part of Tommy Atkins. That the officers are in fault is certain, and the nature of the fault has been pointed out again and again on the occasion of previous *émeutes*. It is also a matter of certainty, that "the system" must come in for a share

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of blame; in other words, much of the prevailing discontent and disaffection (as in this protest against the rations at Windsor) is due to conditions, the responsibility for which lies higher than the regimental authorities. What the public will desire to know is the precise measure in which the responsibility is to be apportioned between the men, the officers, and the higher military administration, and what remedies are going to be adopted. It rests with the Commander-in-Chief to make this known.

A WORD WITH THE GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

It does not often happen that I feel competent to express an opinion on the subjects handled by my correspondent "Madge;" but this week I feel compelled to take up the cudgels on Miss Madge's behalf. It will doubtless be within the recollection of some of my readers that in "Girls' Gossip" on September 24 "Madge" gave certain instances of mischievous indiscretion on the part of lady members of the Girls' Friendly Society in their relations with girls in service. Her remarks provoked a very ill-judged and ill-tempered reply from a lady officer of the Society at Doncaster, who had the assurance to call upon "Madge" to contradict her own statements. As ample evidence was forthcoming of the accuracy of these statements, I requested "Madge" to answer this lady pretty warmly, which she did.

Another letter, however, on the same subject has now been addressed to me by the Honourable Mrs. Arthur Pelham, in her capacity of "Central Head of Department for G.F.S. Members in Service." This letter is dated October 15, and I assume, therefore, that when it was written the writer had not seen TRUTH of that date. This is much to be regretted, for had Mrs. Pelham read "Madge's" reply to the "Working Associate" at Doncaster, it might have saved her the trouble of writing a long letter, which that reply in a great measure covers. Mrs. Pelham now asks me, "in the name of fairness to all," to give her space "to remove the false impressions of the Girls' Friendly Society given in 'Girls' Gossip' of September 24." I regret to say that I am deaf to this appeal. In the first place, although written in the name of "fairness to all," this letter is extremely unfair towards my correspondent "Madge." In the next place, I do not see how the remarks complained of can possibly have created any false impressions of the Girls' Friendly Society, because they contained nothing but what was absolutely true. Mrs. Pelham, who "enjoys reading the amusing gossip about bonnets in 'Madge's' letters," has been rather shocked "to find substituted for this a tone of Pharisaism and almost spitefully careless depreciation of the efforts of others to do good according to their lights." Never was language more unjustifiably misapplied. I invite any candid reader to refer to TRUTH of September 24 and search for a single expression in which anything approaching a "Pharisaical" tone can be detected. As for "spitefully careless depreciation," I can answer for it that every word and expression in the letter were chosen with the utmost care; the criticism was accompanied by an expression of regret that a society "so excellent in theory should be injured by the indiscretion of some of those who belong to it"; and there was not another word in the letter except a plain narrative of facts, any one of which would have deserved the severest condemnation.

One word more as to these facts. Mrs. Pelham writes:—

> I should like much to find out the locality of the lady who collected gossip from servants on the pretence of instructing them on their duties, also of the one who remonstrated with "Lilla" on her dinner-parties, &c. I must candidly say that I do not believe in their existence; for, as the same paragraph contains an allusion to Associates visiting members in service, *which is never done*, I feel justified in thinking that the one statement may be as inaccurate as the other.

If I were not dealing with a lady, my answer to this would be extremely brief, and extremely forcible. As it is, I can only tell Mrs. Pelham that before "Madge's" observations appeared in TRUTH, I satisfied myself that her statements could be substantiated if necessary. I may add that I myself know of cases in which "associates" have visited girls in service, notwithstanding that this "is never done." What is more, I can assure Mrs. Pelham that, had she been moved by any "spitefulness" towards the Girls' Friendly Society, "Madge" might easily have multiplied instances of objectionable interference with domestic affairs by the benevolent agents of the Society.

I do not doubt that the Girls' Friendly Society is, in the main, a most useful institution. Nor has anything to the contrary been suggested in TRUTH. I understand the rules of the Society to have a most excellent tendency, although, in view of one remark made by Mrs. Pelham, I feel bound to point out that the rules do not forbid Associates to visit members in service, but merely state that the Associates "are not desired to visit members who are in service"—a very ambiguous expression. But, be the objects and the rules of the Society never so good, it is certain that for any organisation of benevolent ladies to attempt to "befriend" young girls in service is a very delicate operation. Nothing but the exercise of consummate tact and self-control can prevent this form of friendship from producing a collision between the "friend" and the mistress, and thus leading to the injury rather than the benefit of the young girl herself. From how many of the ladies who have leisure for looking after other people's business can we expect such an exercise of consummate tact and self-control? What is the proportion who could forbear to inquire into such matters as the time the master comes home at night, and the time the mistress gets up in the morning; what church the family goes to on Sunday; how many new bonnets mistress has had this month; what master generally takes before going to bed, and how much; whether the tradesmen are paid regularly, and whether master and mistress ever "have words," when they suppose nobody to be within hearing? And so on. There may, of course, be amiable and chatty ladies, who would never think of turning their attention to matters of this kind, still less of encouraging a young girl to obtain information on such points, or suggesting to her that the household was not all that it might be. There may be

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such ladies, but I feel sure that even the most advanced champions of "Woman" will admit that the sex contains many who are not gifted with that degree of discretion. The Girls' Friendly Society practically admits that this is so, when it makes rules to prevent its workers from over-stepping the bounds of discretion, and enjoins them, as it does, "to do nothing without the sanction and approval of the mistress." But what security has it that these rules will be observed? None whatever. As long as ladies are ladies, such rules are bound to be broken. As a matter of fact, this particular rule is broken, and, looking at the sample of feminine tact and judgment contained in the two letters which I have received on this subject from representative girls' friends, the only wonder, to my mind, is that the breaches are not more frequent and more serious. Heaven forbid that I should depreciate the labours of those who are so anxious to befriend the servant-girl. But, personally, I am disposed to think that the proper person to befriend the girl is her mistress, and that those mistresses who do not see their duty in this direction are not likely to look favourably on the efforts of others to do what they leave undone.

"THE TIMES."

If we are to believe the recorded utterances of two of our most distinguished dramatists, they set about their work in an exactly contrary fashion. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones prides himself on writing for no actor or actress—no star, planet, or comet. His ideas come to him, and the artists, whoever they may be, embody his ideas, and so he takes a theatre of his own in order that he may not be fettered by the selfish actor-manager. Now Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero does not pretend to do anything of the kind. When he is commissioned to write a play for Mr. Edward Terry, he naturally keeps this droll comedian well in his mind. He understands his manner, his style, his idiosyncrasy. There is nothing new in this. Every dramatist does it who understands his business. Sheridan knew the players by whom he would be represented. So did Dion Boucicault when he wrote "London Assurance" to order, and fitted each actor and actress like a glove. Would Robertson ever have written "Polly Eccles" or "Naomi Tighe" if he had not had Mrs. Bancroft in his mind? Would he have conceived George D'Alroy if he had not been the schoolfellow of Fred Young? Would he have made Eccles what he was if he were not familiar with the eccentric manner of George Honey? Would he have painted Hawtree not knowing Bancroft in his younger days? I very much doubt it. The best plays are fitted to a certain well-known figure like a coat.

On the whole, "The Times" is not a bad fit as plays go. Of the cleverness of the comedy there can be no question. It bristles with point and observation. The question is whether Mr. Pinero, as the satirical surgeon, is not a little too slap-dash in his method. When he takes out his lancet he not only makes an incision, but twists and turns the instrument in the gaping wound. He does not in this play soothe his patient in the least. *Qua* doctor, he has not what ladies call "a good bedside manner." On the contrary, he knocks his patient over and jumps upon him. There is more of the Dean Swift than the Thackeray in his method. It does not follow "The Book of Snobs," but the "Advice to Servants."

Clever as the new play is, I do not think it will be generally liked. Many of us know our faults and failings, but we do not like to be perpetually reminded of them. It is a bore to have a mentor, even in the form of a brilliant dramatic satirist. The slave who kept nudging the Emperor in his triumph, and whispering "Remember thou art mortal," was, no doubt, the necessary outcome of a triumph from the moralist's point of view. Still, he must have been a nuisance.

The women will not, I fancy, be very much enamoured of the play—first, because Mr. Pinero is as violent in his denunciation of some of them as Mrs. Lynn Linton herself; and, secondly, because there are so few tears in "The Times." Women love to weep at the play. They like to shed a sentimental tear. They want some love in their plays. But Mr. Pinero, when he gets the stern moral fit on him, will not allow his audience any tears, and but the smallest slice of love-making. And then, to tell the honest truth, there is nothing so very strange or wonderful in the satire directed against rampant snobbery. It is the easiest kind of satire. Thackeray did it years ago, and very much better. The vulgar linendraper who succeeds in business and goes into Parliament, the honest middle-class wife whose social advance is personal sorrow; the caddish son who gets drunk and marries his landlady's daughter—these belong to the very commonplace of social satire. Mr. Pinero's new types are the best. He gives us Montagu Trimble, the tame cat and toady of the modern drawing-room; and he gives us Miss Cazalet, the female journalist, who is bound to appear in many of the plays of the future. If these two characters had been as well acted as they are written, they would have made a vast difference in the acceptance of the comedy by the general public. Such a work is bound to succeed on a first representation, because it is an audience eager for novelty and dramatic reform.

Mr. Pinero is one of those authors who, like "She," is bound to be obeyed. He brings his plays into the theatres, as we see, cut and dried, perfect in form and incapable of alteration. And he brings with his play his own unalterable views and convictions. On this occasion the *mot d'ordre* was that "The Times" is not a comic but a serious work. If it had been taken in a more comic spirit and a less serious vein, I think it would have pleased the people more. For instance, Mr. Edward Terry, who is firstly and above all things a comic actor, was working against his own individuality. He was a comic actor trying to be serious. Every one could see that the actor was crushing the nature that was in him. But it was no good. They would laugh at Mr. Terry and his misfortunes in the House of Commons. Why? Because he was comic in his distress at not being assessed at his own value. On the other hand, Miss Brough had evidently been informed that hers was a comic character, whereas in reality it was a serious one. She got out of the dilemma admirably, and acted with great delicacy, finish, and sympathy.

For this particular style of play I scarcely think the

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company was well selected. Comparative novices should not have been entrusted with Trimble (how it would have suited Mr. Arthur Cecil), and Miss Cazalet. All they could do was to stifle their inexperience. The Irish landlady and her daughter may be very admirable artists, but they do not understand the Celtic temperament. I should have taken them for Scotchwomen. But, on the other hand, Mr. Henry Esmond, who played the caddish son; Mr. Fred Thorne, the Irish M.P.; and Miss Annie Hill, the conscientious girl who refuses to marry a Peer because her parents are vulgar, were admirable. By the way, how abnormally unselfish are modern stage heroines in the matter of the Peerage. Miss Julia Neilson at the Haymarket refuses a Duke, and now Miss Annie Hill severs herself from a Viscount on the slenderest moral scruple. I wonder if they do these things in real life. I should like to see a dancing girl who would refuse a Duke, and a linendraper's daughter who would turn up her nose at a Viscount.

Mr. Pinero's play is worth seeing, hearing, and discussing. But I question if the brew is not a little too bitter for the British palate. The public has a sweet tooth in the matter of plays, and prefers tartlets to caviare.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

OLD PLAYS AND NEW PLAYERS.

WHAT a deal of water has flowed under the Pont Neuf since "Nos Intimes" of Sardou was brought out at the old Vaudeville Theatre in the Place de la Bourse! I always thought it in his best style, and one of his most telling light comedies. He having, when he wrote it, to make a name, was well on his mettle, was not blinded by conceit, and was free from the Dumas-fils mania of shining as a philosopher and sociologist. Both when first played and on being revived, this time at the new Vaudeville (which is the third revival) it was played with unflagging spirit, cleverness, and *fantaisie*—a quality one finds in greatest perfection and profusion on the Paris stage. The old cast was a strong one, and those composing it had prestige. There were in it, on the actors' side, Félix, Numa, Parade, and F. Febvre, an ideal *jeune premier*, or stage lover, for the part of a bourgeois Tarquin. On the actresses', there were Mdlle. Fargueil, a powerfully brainy woman, having any quantity of nervous ganglia to back up her brain; Blanche Pierson, then in the fresh bloom of her blonde beauty, with a figure too well rounded and harmoniously outlined for even crinoline to spoil; Duplessis, and Paurette, a spruce and spicy little comédienne, who well understood how to play the part of a corrupt and corrupting soubrette, and to be *canaille sans l'être*. Fargueil had a great reputation, but I should have as much enjoyed seeing Voltaire, whom she resembled, dressed up as a lady of style and opulence, and playing the part of soft-hearted and gracious hostess in a beautiful country house. She was dressed in the style of the Empire, and wore extravagantly large hoops, which necessitated the struggle between her as Céline, wife of M. Caussade, and Maurice, his guest, being carried on at less close quarters, when she suddenly revealed herself a Lucretia and he a would-be Tarquin, than it is in the last revived version between Caudé and Jane Hading in the same parts. This scene is a dreadfully-dreadful one, and in touching it I feel the force of the dictum, *Glissez, mortel; n'appuyez pas.* Mdlle. Fargueil, as Céline, had for her daughter, Blanche Pierson, as Benjamine, and was fearfully jealous of her. Léonide Leblanc was the most perversely and cleverly and out-and-out canaille being imaginable, as she personated the part of a boy of thirteen, Raphael, the son of Marécat, one of "Nos Intimes." She was *tout à fait abominable*, as she simulated calf-love for Jenny the soubrette, who was just as bad in a different style. Duplessis was Madame Vigneux, the wife of an old schoolfellow of Caussade, Céline's good-fellow husband,—an envious, narrow-minded, and matter-of-fact *petite bourgeoise*, a character now played to perfection by Madame Grassot. I fancy that "Toto chez Tata" originated in Léonide Leblanc's and Paurette's interpretation of the parts of Master Raphael Marécat and Jenny the soubrette. These parts, and the Tarquin and Lucretia scene above alluded to, would have been in their place on the boards of a London theatre under the Merry Monarch, with the Bloods of Whitehall and Charles's band of Duchesses looking on. Indeed, I fancy that nothing so risky was ever played in London in that reign. All the talent, grace, and charm of Jane Hading are required to redeem the situation in which she finds herself when at night Maurice invades her boudoir. His passion then is purely animal, and becomes violent. She triumphs over his brutality and her own weakness for him, but with nerves so shaken from the horror which the invasion suddenly inspires, that there is no room for any other sentiment than of sympathy for her. One feels like sending, in the next *entr'acte*, the *ouvreuse* round to her dressing-room to make inquiries about her health.

The circumstances under which Maurice has so misbehaved himself make his conduct base in the last degree; he having been picked up ill on a wayside by M. Caussade, Céline's husband, who places him to be nursed under the family doctor and friend, Tholosan, and Madame Caussade, and treats him as though he were his own son. His physique is not all it should be for a *jeune premier*, it expressing chiefly habitual good feeding. In the first act he was a little heavy, but warmed up as he went on and afforded opportunities to Jane Hading to be superbly picturesque and thrilling. In justice to Maurice one must admit that the elegant and most captivating Madame Caussade, who does not share her husband's passion for gardening and is tired of embroidering slippers for him, flirts a good deal with the *jeune premier* when he is being nursed by her. Her flirtation proceeds from no evil intent. Coquetry is natural in a lovely being married to a somewhat ridiculous though excellent person a good deal older than herself. She is able to dress in the most exquisite sumptuary creations of Madame Laferrière. What would be the use of arraying

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKEY. "The Cream of old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whiskey, Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's LL Whiskey, The Prize Medal, Dublin, 1865.

herself in them, if it was not to be admired? The doctor and family friend sees the danger and reflects upon it He notices that she also embroiders slippers for Maurice, and with what care! The needle never goes wrong, and ugly knots and ends of wool are not to be found in this work. But poor M. Caussade's are so different. The lemonade prepared by her for the husband is mixed any way at all. There is either too much or too little sugar, and the pips are allowed to remain. But that intended for Maurice is so carefully handled as to be nectar itself. The doctor does not mean to plead beforehand extenuating circumstances for Maurice. Nevertheless he does so.

The present cast is a strong one. Jane Hading is infinitely more pleasant to the eye than Mdlle. Fargueil was. But one misses, and nobody so much as Sardou, Blanche Pierson, Léonide Leblanc, and Paurette; though D. Dieudonné is a very charming Benjamine in her white muslin dresses, smartened by white satin bows and sashes, in one act, and in another by sky-blue satin trimmings, at once smart, simple, and girlish. But Dieudonné (without the D.) as Doctor Tholosan, Boissolot as Marécat (a now somewhat old-fashioned character), Michel as Caussade, and Peulat as Abdallah the Spahi deserve the highest praise. I doubt if this play could have been better acted at the Français. Yet Sardou grumbled at the interpretation, and felt sad at not being more lionised on Thursday night. He remembered that he had on the first night of "Nos Intimes" to appear three times on the stage of the Vaudeville in '61 to receive the applause of the house, and would have liked to have had his blood stirred another time by uproarious compliments. He was satisfied with the stage get-up; and with good reason, he having been his own decorator. Jane Hading and he were not agreed about her dresses. But she had her own way in the end, and looked the better for it. She insisted on her usual style of hairdressing, and, in short, of retaining her individuality, which is a unique one.

A plot of Sardou is always hard to describe, and I suppose there is not much need to go into that of "Nos Intimes," which has been adapted for the London and New York theatres, but with all the hot spice taken out of it. The main feature lies in the attempts of the guests to open the host's eyes to see that Maurice is too fond of their hostess, and that she has a weakness for him. Of course they try in vain. Caussade remains blind, but Maurice fancies himself suspected by him. In the end everything comes right, the *deus ex machinâ* being the good doctor, who is rewarded with Benjamine's hand. The circumstances of which he takes advantage to set things straight are ingenious. What threatens black tragedy brings forth comedy. Every little cloud has a silver lining, and sunbeams burst from behind it. Thus, when Jean, the gardener—a comical lout—rushes in to warn Caussade that the thief is skulking on the terrace near the poultry-yard, and his master whips up a pistol and follows Jean, Céline fancies that it must be to shoot Maurice. She hears a shot. Her heart all but jumps out of her mouth, and she is on the point of fainting. She utters a long moan as the husband, in a jubilant tone, cries behind the scenes, "I've hit the rascal," but is next moment forced to cry with laughter, Jean rushing back, but this time holding aloft a freshly-shot fox—the rogue that had come to prowl about the fowl-house.

As I watched the players, it occurred to me that the habit of gesticulation in everyday life in France gives the French an immense advantage as comedians over the British and American actors and actresses. Play-acting can only be spirited when there is gesticulation, and how admit of that in, say, England or the United States, where every one tries not only not to gesticulate, but to look expressionless?

Two of Jane Hading's dresses are harmonies in white of different textures. In the night scene she is in a rich white faille dressing-gown, all softness of texture and of lustre, and trimmed in front with a silk embroidery of autumn foliage—gold russet, red brown, and what-not—and bordered with feathery fluff to match. The linings of this garment, the front being open and loose, often show, and are in surah not less soft and lustrous, but in a different way. A soft surah sash holds the back part of the dressing-gown at the waist close to the figure, and then passing through openings in the side seams, clasps the waist, and is fastened in front in a large careless bow. The dress is of Indian muslin and the softest Mechlin lace. It is rich in small tucks and insertion, which the blue underskirt throws into relief.

I wonder why Sardou did not try the effect of *le vieux-neuf*, in reviving "Nos Intimes." Had he dressed his actresses according to the modes of 1861, instead of in the latest fashions, they would strike one as more novel, and some antiquated and rancid characteristics would have escaped notice. Dressing them up to date is absurd, in a play the dialogue of which marks its date. What a mistake it would be to give Lydia Languish a tailor-made dress by Redfern! I submit that what is sauce for Sheridan is sauce for an early play of Sardou.

The Bishop of Aix, who has turned round so upon M. Fallières, the Minister of Cults, for directing the French Bishop to head no more pilgrimages to Rome, was a particular favourite of those Republicans who believe in the possibility of an episcopacy which will live on pleasant terms with a Republic. I recollect, when he was appointed to the See of Aix, he was almost in revolt against the Pope. He has since wholly changed his tune. The new one that he hums reminds me of what Louis Philippe said to Thiers about the impossibility of bringing round the Bishops to his Liberal Monarchy: "J'ai beau nommer les prêtres les plus révolutionnaires aux fonctions d'evêques! Il y a quelque chose dans l'inspiration du Saint-Esprit qui les tourne aussitôt contre moi."

Grévy remarked the same thing when this very Bishop of Aix was to be appointed, without however tracing the cause to so high a source as "l'inspiration du Saint-Esprit." He made use of a rather homely simile more in harmony with the Republican simplicity of his character when he

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compared Liberal or Republican abbés entering the episcopacy to good wine being poured into a well-scoured vinegar-vat. Said Grévy, "Scour and scald as you will, the vinegar sticks to the wood; and were you to pour into it the finest Chateau Lafite you would find it vinegar in a week."

I sat yesterday at dinner between two French poets (Academicians) who know the Vacaresco family, and were asked by Madame Vacaresco, when she was staying here with her daughters, to look over Hélène's poems. They think highly of her as a versifier. She and her sisters cultivate the art of adjusting their language to the ideas they have to express with as much care as the late Théophile Gautier. None of the sisters was vain of her accomplishments. They were six years ago healthy, hardy, and unaffected girls, and Hélène was quite unassuming. She never stood in her own light, and she accepted an unfavourable criticism from one or the other poet with docility and almost with humility. Had she beauty? No. But she was most agreeable. She was a fresh, fat little brunette, looking extremely clever, and as though she were listening critically to a new piece of music. She might have been pretty in a Roumanian costume, but was awkward and lumpy in her tight-fitting Paris dress; but she was full of magnetism. One felt her presence stimulating. All the tales about her have originated in German jealousy of her, and Carmen Sylva's taste for French poetry. The Prince of Roumania is in love with her, and likely to remain so always. He was fond of her conversation, and, being of a weaker nature, was glad to have her for a companion, counsellor, and friend. One of the poets expressed pity for the Anglo-Russian Princess whom he is to marry.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

ALL slang, dear Lady Betty, is essentially vulgar. It is, therefore, the more particularly appreciated in our own generation, since we now import our morals from America and our manners from the Stock Exchange. For the benefit of social students and future historians I have attempted to define some of those expressions at present in most general use:—

Chaff.—A feeble substitute for wit, originating in personalities and usually degenerating into impertinence.

Smartness.—A vague term used to describe any section of society sufficiently exclusive to exclude ourselves.

A Smart Woman.—One with no principles, but many prejudices.

A Smart Man.—One who selects his friends entirely on account of *their* friends.

A Duck (feminine).—A girl who associates chiefly with young married women and old married men.

A Duck (neuter).—A precocious lad contrived by nature for a man, by character for a woman, and compelled by circumstances to be neither the one nor the other.

A Right Sort (feminine).—A "pal" in petticoats.

Mash.—An objectionable term for an objectionable attachment.

A Johnny.—A youth with no brains and less heart, much addicted to high living and low life.

Bounder.—A term of familiar contempt for our personal enemy. [Seldom employed except by fourth-form boys and tenth-rate stock-jobbers.]

A Good Chap.—An innocuous nonentity, possessed of insufficient individuality even to attract hatred.

Good Form.—The latest inanity in vogue in the highest circles.

A Young Married Woman.—One who dresses at her husband's expense for the gratification of her husband's acquaintance.

A Jolly Girl.—An unmarried woman who recognises no other restraint but the restraints of fashion.

An Outsider.—Any one who is succeeding better than ourselves.

* * * * *

Though blessed with an exceptionally buoyant and cheerful disposition, the perpetual drizzling rain of the past week has strained at length even my powers of endurance. Outdoor exercise in London has, of course, been utterly out of the question, and whatever women may think to the contrary, a week of continual and continuous club life is sufficient to dishearten even the bravest spirit. The only consolation in our distress lies in the reports from Maidenhead that the vandals who recently desecrated the Cliveden Mead have had their abominable red-brick villas flooded by the rising Thames.

The Lyric Club, which, under the chairmanship of Lord Londesborough, has attained considerable popularity, is about to be transformed into a Company for the further benefit of its numerous members. Sir Julian Goldsmid, whose name is sufficient guarantee for the soundness of the scheme, becomes chairman of the new Board. The social and artistic departments will remain under the control of the present committee, with Lord Londesborough as President and Mr. Luther Munday as organising secretary. The Lyric is, without question, the most luxurious club of the day, and with its frequent and excellent entertainments provides more general enjoyment for its members than any other institution of the kind in London. The usual autumn series of Sunday-evening smoking concerts recommences on November 8, and the first soirée will be held on the following Tuesday.

The accident which occurred to Lord Combermere in Wilton-place last week was far more serious than is generally understood. Lord Combermere, who is on the committee of the new Court Club in Albert-gate, was at the time on his way to a committee meeting when he was thrown down by a passing cab. He was taken without delay to St. George's Hospital, where on examination it was found that both the knee-caps had been badly broken. Nevertheless, and contrary to the urgent advice of the medical authorities, Lord Combermere insisted on being placed in a hansom and forthwith conveyed to his lodgings in St. James's—a most imprudent decision, seeing that the attendants warned him of the danger which such a removal entailed, a danger, moreover, the greater in that Lord Combermere is over sixty-three years of age.

The country-house season has yielded at least one good story, and in these times of general depression of spirits this even is something to be thankful for. A short, but dignified personage arriving on a visit to an intimate friend, was much astonished by the singular conduct of the footman, who met him at the door. The familiarity — amounting to positive rudeness — of the powdered flunkey at last evoked a sharp admonition, when, to his horror, the latter commenced hustling him about, and fairly chasing him into the drawing-room, landed him there with a valedictory kick. However, the *dénouement* of the incident remains to be told; for a boisterous younger brother of the host it was who, having attired himself in a footman's livery, had devised and carried out this startling practical joke.

Mr. Charles Duff, who has recently acquired the sole ownership of Cloister, having purchased Lord Dudley's half share in that horse, achieved a brilliant success at Sandown Park last week with another horse, Edward, which, starting at 100 to 15 against him, contrived, nevertheless, to win easily the Handicap Steeplechase. Unfortunately its owner was but little more confident of winning than was the ring, and only secured a few hundreds where he should have made as many thousands.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

AN enormous amount of money has been lost over Signorina, who was for some time favourite for the Cambridgeshire, and she was very heavily backed for that race. If any of the speculative readers of TRUTH have suffered by the collapse of the mare they have only themselves to blame, for I have all along denounced her chance for the Cambridgeshire, and when she was such a great favourite I derided the insane balderdash which some of the sporting papers printed about the race being "only a question of health for her," as if a scrambling victory over seven furlongs was a conclusive test of her ability to stay nine furlongs, when she would have much the worst of the weights with several very smart animals. It is quite certain that Signorina is deficient in stamina, and if the Chevalier Ginistrelli keeps her in training for another year he will do well to prepare her for short races only.

The "professional backers" are most mischievous vermin; and, indeed, if half that is said about their transactions is true, they have proved to the turf what Chateaubriand's translator of Milton calls the devil—*Le mal unique;* so that nobody is likely to be much distressed by the report that they have suffered severely during the last few weeks, and that the scratching of Signorina has been a great misfortune to some of them.

The official handicap of the two-year-olds makes out Orme to be 8 lb. superior to La Flêche, but I fancy that the framer of this weight would find it difficult to justify his estimate of the comparative merits of the pair. If they were to run at weight-for-age (3 lb.) over the Middle Park Plate course, I do not think that any good judges would be disposed to bet odds on the colt. Goldfinch is 3 lb. behind La Flêche, with 8 st. 9 lb., and El Diablo is assumed to be his equal, while next come Flyaway (8 st. 8 lb.) and Gantlet and Lady Hermit, each with 8st. 7 lb., and then St. Angelo and Lorette, each with 8 st. 5 lb. The handicapper must have entirely overlooked the excellent form which Rueil has recently shown in France when he put him at 16 lb. behind Orme, with only 8 st. 4 lb., estimating him to be the same horse as Gossoon and Scarborough.

Lord Zetland certainly ought to win the Free Handicap for three-year-olds to-morrow with Patrick Blue. This appears on paper to be a real good thing. The stake will be worth £1,200 if seven start.

The Duke of Westminster has recently sold the three-year-old Order, by Bend Or out of Angelica, dam of Blue-Green (by Cœruleus) and of Orme (by Ormonde) to Lord Marcus Beresford, and he is probably going abroad. An exceedingly high opinion was entertained of Order when he was a yearling, and more than forty engagements were made for him; but he has proved a very disappointing beast, as he met with an accident and could not be trained. However, Angelica compensated for the failure by producing Orme the next season; and her son by Macheath (Angola) is now considered to be one of the best of the Duke's yearlings.

Lord Downe has leased to the Prince of Wales his yearling filly by Hagioscope out of Lenity for her racing career.

The Manchester November Handicap, which is now the heaviest betting race during the "back-end" meeting, has obtained only forty-three entries, as against sixty-two last year. It is strange that the entry should have fallen off so largely, but high-class is well represented. Amphion, Alicante, and Sainfoin have been engaged, although their performances have not hitherto been indicative of the stamina which is required for a race of a mile and three-quarters. The entry also includes Breach (who is sure to win a good handicap before the season is over), Judith, Spell, Old Boots, Ragimunde, Harfleur, Miss Dollar, St. Benedict, Alloway, War Dance, Lily of Lumley, Shall We Remember, and Silver Spur. I suppose that the weights for this race (which is run on November 28, the last day of the season) will be published directly after the Liverpool Cup.

The Prince of Wales has substantial reason for deploring the rash impetuosity with which he sold Golden Maze, for she has won several valuable races since he "weeded" her, the last being the Sandown Autumn Handicap of £500, for which she beat a smart field last Thursday. When Mr. Maple purchased Golden Maze for his stud, he acted very wisely in keeping her in training until the end of the season, for she must have more than repaid her cost.

There was an exceedingly good field for the Great Sapling Plate at Sandown Park, but the best two-year-old form of the season showed very badly in the race, for although El Diablo (second to Orme in the Middle Park Plate), Gossoon, and Lady Caroline (who had been well tried at Newmarket) were all fancied, they never showed in front, and Sir Robert Jardine's colt by Galliard, out of Mother Superior, won cleverly from Belle Fontaine, who was a great tip for the Maiden Plate at Newmarket on the Cesarewitch day, but he did not start. The Mother Superior colt, who was bought last year at the sale of the Leybourne yearlings for 300 gs., came in first for the Harrington Stakes at Derby last month, but was disqualified on the ground of a cross. His success speaks well for St. Angelo, who beat him easily in the Hopeful Stakes at Newmarket. Among the beaten lot was Delight, by Hampton, out of Gallantry, a filly for which the Duke of Westminster gave 1,200 gs. at the Hampton Court sale last year, but it was evident that she was not fancied last Thursday, as she was not backed for a sou. Delight, however, even if worthless for racing, will be a valuable acquisition to the Eaton stud.

Quite a legion of backers must feel justified in heartily execrating the hour in which Victoricus was foaled, and he must have cost his friends many thousands of pounds during the last year. Victoricus was very freely backed, not only for the Leicestershire Handicap, but also for both the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. It was maintained after Leicester that the distance there was too short for him, while after the Cesarewitch he was asserted to be deficient in stamina. It is a pity, under the circumstances, that he is not to start for the Cambridgeshire, as, if he had been beaten in that race, it would have been utterly impossible, even for the most fertile and ingenious imagination, to discover a plausible excuse for his defeat. I suppose he has gone amiss in some way.

There will be racing next week at Lincoln and at Lewes, and the best sport will be at the former meeting, excellent entries having been obtained for most of the handicaps and nurseries. There ought to be large fields at both places, as these are the only meetings of the week. If the ground is heavy, as will almost certainly be the case, backers will do well to be exceedingly cautious in their speculations.

Tuesday next is one of the most important nomination days of the year. No fewer than twenty-nine stakes at Newmarket will then close, including next year's Exning, Dullingham, Rutland, Middle Park, Challenge, and Dewhurst Plates; and the Two Thousand, One Thousand, Bedford Plate, St. Leger, and Oaks for 1893. It seems to me, however, that the Stewards would have exercised a wise discretion if they had struck such obsolete stakes as the Claret, Port, and Riddlesworth out of the programme, for they rarely fill, and still more rarely do they produce a race. They seem to be preserved only for the delectation of "fine old sportsmen," who seldom patronise them, but who twaddle about them very much in the style of Rip Van Winkle. There is a new race to be run at the Houghton meeting of 1893—the Limekiln Stakes—which is for three-year-olds and upwards, the sweepstakes being £50 each for starters (half to go to the second), £20 forfeit to the fund, with £1,000 added. How much better to have made this a stake of £50 each, £20 forfeit to the fund if declared by the first Tuesday in January, 1893, and let the second take £100 out of the stakes. The conditions of many of the Newmarket stakes

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of this description might be advantageously altered in the direction I have indicated, and the change would make the races much more valuable, and almost certainly benefit the fund at the same time.

For Ascot there will close next Tuesday the Biennial and the New Biennial for 1892-93, the New Stakes for next year, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes, Ascot Derby, and Hardwicke Stakes for 1893. It is to be regretted that Lord Coventry has not seen his way to establishing a really valuable two-year-old stake here. There is plenty of money to spend, so why not have a stake of £3,000, added to a sweepstake of £20 each?

If one wanted to find in the Calendar a really notable example of the manner in which astute managers of race meetings make a fine show without really giving anything whatever, the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes and the Breeders' St. Leger at Derby (1893) might be pointed at. It is significant that all the early subscribers to these whited sepulchres are public breeders, whose cupidity is stimulated by the fact that £200 (one-fifth of each stake) goes to the nominator of each winner.

There are several races closing at Doncaster, including the Champagne Stakes for next year, and the Doncaster Stakes for 1894; and at Goodwood there are the Havant and the Molecomb Stakes for next year, and the Prince of Wales' Post Sweepstakes (£200 each), and the Nassau Stakes for 1893.

There are also stakes at Stockbridge, Stockton, Manchester, Newcastle, Lewes, Epsom, Brighton, and Liverpool.

The Leicester Royal Handicap is to be continued for another year. It is a stake of £5,000, for now two-year-olds and upwards, and the weights will appear the week after Goodwood.

A meeting of the Jockey Club is to be held at Newmarket this evening, at which Mr. Lowther will move the following most praiseworthy addition to Rule 146:—"If any one of the horses running a dead heat be two years old, the dead heat shall not be run off, and the owners shall divide." I thoroughly approve of this proposal, and am the more pleased that it is tardily to be brought forward because it is a reform which was advocated in TRUTH several years ago, and I have repeatedly pointed out that it is a most urgently-needed restriction upon the folly of reckless hare-brained owners, or upon the rapacity of the voracious. With one or two trifling exceptions, the whole of the reforms which were originally proposed in TRUTH thirteen or fourteen years ago have now been carried out by the Jockey Club, with the approval, moreover, of those of the sporting papers which then raved against them in every form of invective, and which abused and ridiculed them as being so utterly extravagant and chimerical that they could only be based upon the most intense ignorance. However, nobody is now likely to deny that the drastic reforms of the last few years have produced the most excellent results: and, although people originally protested that there would be no getting on under the new system, yet now they wonder that they ever got on under the old. Lord March and Mr. Lowther have certainly conferred great benefits upon the turf, and they have been well aided by Lord Durham and Lord Cadogan.

Morion ought to win the Jockey Club Cup on Friday, and I hope that he will be successful, for this is to be his last race.

The weights for the Liverpool Cup will probably appear to-morrow, but no rational being will meddle with this always dangerous race for at least ten days to come.

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MAMMON.

AN INDIAN VENTURE.

WHEN on September 3 I put a number of questions to the directors of the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Co-operative Society of India, I received a communication from the Secretary and Manager, which I published on September 10, promising full information in a report and balance-sheet, which were to be issued on receipt of the trading account then expected from India in about a fortnight. Not having heard any more of the matter I sent another inquiry on October 6, to which I have received the following answer:—

October 10, 1891.

In reply to your letter of October 6 I am directed to say what I said in my former letter, that an audited trading account was expected from Bombay in about a fortnight. This was not received until September 21, and it was found to be incomplete and in some respects inaccurate, though it was prepared by Messrs. Swift and Farrow, a recognised firm of accountants in Bombay. After the accounts had been examined, these gentlemen were telegraphed to on September 29 to explain discrepancies and to give details of items which were not intelligible as they stood. Their answer may be expected about October 20, and the general meeting has been fixed for November 23. Before this the accounts and the reports will be circulated to all shareholders, and every explanation of the society's position will be given.—Yours, &c.,

W. F. HUNT,
Secretary and Manager.

As the issue of the report is thus very inconveniently delayed, I am unable to withhold further comment, and propose to discuss the position of the Company with the aid of information which has since been placed at my disposal. That the trading accounts were "incomplete and in some respects inaccurate" is to be regretted. There must have been blundering somewhere, probably at the Company's office in Bombay, pointing to that same mismanagement, of the existence of which there is at present every indication. To start with the formation of the Company, one of the promoters was undoubtedly Mr. M. P. Shorrock, whose connection with other companies has not been exactly fortunate for these concerns. It would be interesting to know how much he or others netted by the transaction? From the outset the Company has had the support of Messrs. James Finlay & Co. It was stated in the prospectus that arrangements of a very "advantageous nature" had been entered into with that firm; but, as I have already stated, the commission charged by that firm of 3½ per cent. is excessive, when compared with the usual Indian commission charge. As a matter of fact, Messrs. Jeremiah Lyon & Co. inform me that they have offered to the Company to transact this business at a commission of 1½ per cent.; but their offer was refused "in consequence of the Society's engagements with Messrs. Jas. Finlay & Co." The question now arises, why so one-sided a bargain was entered into with that firm. Three and a-half per cent. is a preposterous charge, when other firms of repute are prepared to undertake the same work at 1½ per cent. I see that Mr. John D. Tannahill, a partner in the firm of James Finlay & Co. is one of the directors of the Company. This, possibly led to the suggestion, which is made in some quarters, that Messrs. Finlay might also be interested in the promotion of this undertaking, but of this there is no proof. I should, however, like to know, if it is true that this firm receive the same commission of 3½ per cent. on all goods purchased in Europe and India, and which they may never have manipulated in any way? It is asserted by those who ought to know that this commission has been charged on goods ordered from Bombay and shipped direct, and also on goods purchased in India, of which accounts were sent home through the Bombay branch, Finlay, Muir, & Co. Taking the amount of goods shipped as £40,000, the commission would work out to £1,400. As the same work could have been done more effectively by a staff whose cost would not have exceeded £500 per annum, and as Messrs. Jeremiah Lyon & Co. would have done the same work for £600, it is difficult to see where the economy of the arrangement with Messrs. Finlay comes in. In their report dated June 2 last, the directors state, that they had arranged with Messrs.

Finlay to waive the condition in the original contract with that firm, by which the payment of a minimum sum per annum for commission was guaranteed to them. The amount of the minimum is not stated, but I happen to know that it was £5,000 per annum, which made the original arrangement with Messrs. Finlay even more onerous to the Company.

To judge from the accounts which reach me from India, the Company's business is not a success. A variety of reasons are given. To begin with, the premises selected, although expensive, are not well situated, and were declared by the deputy-manager to be too small and shoppy. The premises recommended by the officer who was specially sent out to Bombay were declined, and some 25,000 rupees spent for fitting up the place actually chosen, although better premises could have been obtained upon which nothing like this sum need have been spent. The selection of many of the goods is said to have been so ill-judged that they were declared by the manager in Bombay as unsaleable. In order to be able to properly serve customers, the manager was compelled to buy goods, which were not in stock, locally, but this was put an end to by peremptory orders from home "to stop all local purchases." The fiat went forth, too, that nothing more was to be purchased, by the manager in Bombay, nothing even was sent out from London from May 4, for a considerable time, truly a suicidal policy. The manager in Bombay then resigned, and the local adviser was appointed local director, with an increase of salary. Curiously enough, this man is also secretary and confidential man to the Company's landlord at Bombay, Sirdar Dilar Jung. It may also be asked why a branch was not opened in Calcutta, as promised in the prospectus? Suitable premises could have been obtained there for 780 Rs. a month, while the Company pays nearly 3,000 Rs. a month for those at Bombay. Finally, we come to the result of the trading thus carried out in true amateur fashion. I have it upon undoubted authority that the gross loss in Bombay to June 30, was 55,830 Rs., made up as follows:—Loss in trading from November, 1890, to June, 1891, 19,788 Rs.; payments for commission to Messrs. Finlay, Muir, & Co.; Rs. 21,026; payments for charges to London office, Rs. 15,016. The London expenditure has been lavish, directors' fees to the tune of £1,350 having been paid up to June 30, 1891. It is true that economies were decided upon at a board meeting on May 26 last, but the Secretary's salary of £300 per annum remained the same, the accountant, who had been in receipt of £180 per annum, was dismissed, and a new accountant appointed at a salary of £225. Mr. A. Cotterell Tupp, a Director, who seems now to direct the fortunes of the Company, was voted a salary of £100 a year and the Local Adviser in Bombay, who had been in receipt of a salary of £150 a year, was raised to £200 as Local Director. The result of this so-called effort at economy was an addition of £195 per annum to the salaries.

It will thus be seen that the report and balance-sheet now promised by the directors must necessarily be of a disastrous nature. Whether Mr. Hunt, the secretary and manager, or Mr. A. Cotterell Tupp, or the Board collectively, be responsible for this result, there is every indication of the grossest inexperience and incapacity in the management of this concern, such as would in time wreck any undertaking. In the present case there is no time to lose, and the sooner the shareholders combine to inquire into the affairs of the Company, with a view to either liquidating it or placing it on a different basis, and under different management, the better will it be for their pockets. A movement should at once be set on foot to appoint a committee of inspection. Both the arrangements made originally, and the manner in which the business is now conducted, are contrary to common-sense, and nothing but a radical change can save the concern, if it be still possible to save it.

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From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My Dear Ben,—This has been a week of "jerky" movements, and the incipient improvement in some of the leading departments has been checked by a collapse in the foreign market, as I foreshadowed a week ago. Yankees have fluctuated, but, on balance, New York has taken stock from this side. Indications of an early resumption of the boom increase, but it is impossible to tell precisely when the decided turn will come.

The Outlook on the Stock Exchange.

Whenever Yankee Rails are sent spinning upwards again the other markets will benefit. They are still in want of a tonic, and the Yankee boom has an invigorating effect. The question of an advance of the Bank Rate cannot, on the other hand, be shelved much longer. It is necessary to protect our stock of gold, large demands for the States and a certain efflux of three-quarters of a million at least for Buenos Ayres being in sight, which the gold coming from Brazil does not sufficiently counterbalance. The sooner the rate is raised the better will it be for the general position, and a change to 3½ or 4 per cent. ought, therefore, to be hailed with satisfaction on the Stock Exchange. It would turn the American demand for the yellow metal to the Bank of France, and protect us against the drain to Germany, which seems ever present. There will probably be some sharp spasms in Spanish bonds before Spanish finances are once again patched up by an advance. As I have said before, Paris is overloaded through the new Russian loan, and has to throw some of its goods overboard. But when a new Spanish loan is arranged, upon terms dictated by the lenders, we may see a sharp recovery. Another black spot in the position is the Argentine political problem. Now that financial relief is forthcoming, in the shape of gold shipments, it remains but for the politicians to fix upon a President who can command confidence and the support of the majority. It is, so far, a fortunate matter for the Argentine Republic that the recent project of a moratorium, embodying a provision for forced currency, according to which the repayment of gold liabilities was fixed at 150 premium, has not been carried. This reminds me that the very useful booklet on "The Forced Currency Law of 1885 and Gold Contracts," by Mr. John Morris, has been published in a new and revised edition, and can be obtained of Effingham Wilson & Co., Royal Exchange. This edition has been much improved and brought up to date. It deals with a subject affecting an enormous amount of English capital, and is therefore a matter of great interest. Mr. John Morris, the respected senior of the firm of Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co., with his intimate acquaintance of Argentine finance and currency matters, speaks as one specially qualified on such questions. The attempt to interfere with gold contracts has fortunately been frustrated, and the fall of the gold premium, which has now begun, is likely to be brought about by natural developments. As regards the general outlook, it may be anticipated that once foreigners get into smoother waters, and the market adapts itself to a higher Bank rate, we may look for greater steadiness, not to say activity.

The Scotch Stocks on the Wing.

My anticipation of a week ago respecting the settlement of the feud between the Caledonian and North British Companies has been fully borne out. The agreement has been practically sanctioned by directors on both sides, and there is no doubt that it will produce great savings, abolish competitive traffic, and, by means of joint purse arrangements on certain points, settle old disputes. The agreement has been concluded for 25 years, and the clause under which all differences arising under it

are to be referred to arbitration, is a very important one, as preventing future litigation. This arrangement, the conclusion of which will, I hear, be officially announced next week, places both lines upon a greatly improved footing, and I am, therefore, inclined to advise purchases of the stocks. Coras (Caledonian Deferred Ordinary) I have always recommended as a cheap lock-up, and from 37, at which I mentioned them first, they have now advanced to 44¾. But, in view of the bearing of the new agreement upon the fortunes of the North British, I consider that North British Deferred, now at about 44½, should also be bought. The Company has, of course, to pull up a great deal, and holders of the Deferred shares will have to exercise some patience with regard to dividends. But it must not be forgotten that the Company lost £90,000 by traffic decreases through the strikes in the second half of last year, and that towards the end of December very large increases will be shown. Finally, there is still a very large "Bear" account in North British Deferred, and there is every indication of the ursine operators being squeezed, a price of 50 being very freely talked about by the "Bulls," who are numerous and powerful, some of our great financial houses having taken a hand in the game.

Home Rails.

Of Brighton "A" it is needless to say more than that the weather will fix their price. If the deluge, from which we have suffered so long, were to stop, and climatic conditions were to become fairly satisfactory, the line would pick up quickly enough. Recent traffics, in spite of the continued downpour, have been encouraging, and sufficed to maintain the price at about 146. The September statement, which will be published on Wednesday, will prove of interest as regards working expenses. The stocks of the heavy lines have shown steadiness during the week. Midlands had another good traffic return, and are now as high as 161¼. As an investment they are fully worth that money, but with dearer money in sight they can hardly be recommended as a speculation. This also applies to the other stocks of the heavy brigade, especially Brums and Great Western. Berwicks, on the other hand, took a jump of 2 points upon a statement in the *Financial News* respecting the benefits to be derived by the line from the improvement in the iron trade. It will be remembered that this line has a sliding scale for iron, the rates being adjusted according to the prices of that metal. Dover "A" have been steady at about 84½, at which they are no catch. Great Eastern have been dulness itself, which is not surprising when the extremely moderate yield of this stock is considered. Some speculative purchases have been made in Metropolitan Districts, but operators will have to get hold of some new "Bull" points, if they want to lift this stock out of its state of despondency.

Yankee Rails.

I am glad to find that you turned the advice which I gave you last week, my dear Ben, to buy on reactions and sell on advances, to good account. There have been repeated fluctuations, and a point or two was made by those who were lucky enough to get in at the bottom and get out at the top. Milwaukees were the stock most affected, a "Bull" clique having been formed in Wall-street to buy them. And no wonder, as the traffic increase for the third week of October turns out to be as much as 163,000 dols. I told you last week that Milwaukees were certain to take the lead as soon as the Yankee "Bulls" took hold of the market again. I need say little more as regards the general position, which is as promising as ever. The New York Bank statement is very favourable, showing an increase of as much as 3,360,000 dols. in the surplus, while gold continues to be shipped to New York, where money rules very easy. Traffics are increasing in all directions, although grain is being kept back rather than pushed forward, and private cable despatches foreshadow a resumption of the boom, the Cammack interest being reported as strongly ranged on the "Bull" side. It is impossible to say when Yankees will begin to boom again, but that the movement will be resumed is growing more and more certain, especially as there is a very considerable improvement in the bond market. Perhaps the best sign of all is that the Yankees have bought a considerable quantity of shares in London during the last few days, which they would not have done if they intended to drop prices again. The Atchison is doing well, and both shares and Income bonds are likely to improve with the general market. The time is now approaching when the Erie directors will have to take action respecting the Preference dividend. As usual, rumours are very conflicting. While considerable pressure is being brought to bear upon the Erie management to have a dividend declared upon the Preferred stock, strong opposition to such a course is reported in certain quarters. The argument of the latter is that the progress now being made by the road should be allowed to go on until the Company's finances have improved to a point where a dividend on the Preferred can be declared without evoking criticism from any interest. This is, of course, the usual Yankee argument in favour of "betterments," and it is to be hoped that it will not succeed. There is no doubt that the Preference dividend has been earned and it ought to be paid. Louisville shares have again been attacked by the Yankee "Bears." But the report, which has now come to hand, fully confirms the favourable views held on this side of the Company, the 5 per cent. dividend on which is now thoroughly assured. The Norfolk and Western is doing very well. While the gross increase in September was 23,937 dols., that for the first two weeks in October was as much as 27,189 dols. President Kimball cables that the prospects of earnings are excellent, and that the business in sight will tax the capacity of the line to the utmost. The Clinch Valley connection between the Louisville and the Norfolk and Western is, moreover, proving of great advantage to both lines, and for an investment I know of no better stocks in the American market than Louisville and Norfolk Prefs., both paying regular dividends, and both likely to move up sharply with the rest of the list. You will remember my favourable remarks respecting Readings. There is now a talk of paying the dividend on the First Income bonds, and something on the Second Incomes, and the Reading statement just published shows a considerable increase in earnings. The shares are being bought largely as a speculative lock-up, and are likely to advance. Denver and Denver Prefs. should be picked up while they are neglected. As soon as an upward movement in other stocks takes place they will recover. A curiously-worded cablegram seems to have created the impression in some quarters that a decision hostile to the Ohio and Mississippi Company had been rendered in the American Courts. The contrary is the case. Some of the officials of the Company attempted to oppose the new deal with the Baltimore and Ohio, well knowing that they will have to vacate their positions, which will be filled by Baltimore and Ohio men. They tried to have the Brown-Shipley proxy declared invalid, by which the Joint Committee has the control, but they were ignominiously defeated, and now the deal is being carried out. That Ohio and Mississippi shares should under these circumstances not be quoted above 24—24½ is an anomaly, which can only be explained by selling on account of weak "Bulls" or by "Bear" pressure. When that comes to an end, I anticipate an important advance in the Ordinary and Preferred. Canadian Pacifics are not quite so firm as they were. It looks as if Montreal support were relaxed for the present. As regards Grand Trunks, the "Bull" clique are supporting them very laboriously whenever Yankees move up, but their task will become exceedingly onerous unless traffics show a marked improvement soon.

Tarapacà Waterworks.

Now that affairs in Chili are settling down to their normal position, and that Nitrate affairs are entering a more promising sphere, the prospects of the Tarapacà Waterworks Company will prove of some interest. This Company has a capital of £400,000 in 40,000 shares of £10 each, the shares being quoted about par. This undertaking has practically the monopoly of the water supply of the town of Iquique, of the Nitrate Railways Com-

pany, and of many of the Nitrate oficinas. It has a contract with the Nitrate Railway for ten years on fair terms, and the consumption of water in Iquique is rapidly increasing. The present revenue is about £6,000 a month, or sufficient to pay 15 per cent. on the capital, but the receipts of the Company will, no doubt, largely increase. Some time since, the Company purchased the water business of Col. North at Pisagua, for which it has agreed to pay £50,000. Payment for this business is being made at the rate of £2,500 per month out of profits. The Company is now paying 10 per cent. dividends, but when the monthly payments to Colonel North cease, probably not less than 15 per cent. will be paid. The sources of supply are the wells at Pica, at the foot of the Andes, and the supply is ample for any possible requirements. Tarapacà, by the way, is a rainless region, and the boon to the inhabitants is therefore very great, an ample supply of pure water for domestic purposes at fair rates being now assured to them. As Tarapacà water shares stand only at par, ex the half-yearly dividend of 10s. per share lately declared, they offer an excellent opportunity for profitable investment.

Mexican Rails.

The announcement of the Mexican Railway dividend has come and gone, but instead of putting quotations up it put them down to 31½ for the Ordinary stock, which had been hoisted to 34 by the sanguine ones. The dividend at the rate of only 1½ per cent. for the year will probably be the last which "Mails" will see for some years. As to traffic returns in the near future, they may perhaps be temporarily stimulated by the new customs tariff, which comes into force at the end of this month, but, in the long run, they must decline naturally with the competition of the Inter-oceanic and the Mexican Central Railways. With reference to the latter Company, it may be said that the finances of the Company are in a better condition since the subsidy due by the Government was compromised and paid in full without waiting until it was earned under the original contract. This enabled the Company to discharge its priority bonds issued under the funding plan, and left a surplus of about 4,400,000 dols., which was to be devoted to the further cancelling of the consolidated mortgage. This money is held in trust, and it is understood that within two months not less than 2,000,000 dols. of these bonds have been purchased at about 72, and deposited with the trustees. The earnings from the road have shown a steady growth, and are now larger than ever before. The average surplus for the last three years, after paying the interest on the First Mortgage bonds and the debentures, is nearly 400,000 dols. a year. The coupon notes have in these four years been entirely discharged, and the amount of debentures has been reduced. For eight months of the current year the gross earnings show an increase of 493,423 dols., or about 12 per cent., while the net earnings have increased about 15 per cent. Three per cent. was paid upon the First Consolidated Income bonds in July, 1890, and a like amount in July of the current year. These First Income bonds at 37½, after being sold at 41½ this year, and after paying 3 per cent. per annum for two years in succession, certainly look cheap. I have received several inquiries respecting Mexican Southern Six per Cent. Mortgage Debentures, now quoted 84 to 86. These debentures were issued at par in May, 1889, and, apart from the fall which has taken place in South and Central American securities generally, there is no reason why they should stand lower now than when issued. The Government subvention alone, to which this Company is entitled for fifteen years on the completion of each section of 40 kilomètres, suffices to pay the debenture interest. Until the line is so taken over the interest is paid by the contractors, who recently handed half the railway over to the Company. As it was, moreover, estimated on the issue of the prospectus that the net revenue would be ample to pay the 7 per cent. dividend on the £500,000 of Preference shares, these debentures, if somewhat speculative, seem to be a good investment.

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, E.C.—165, Queen Victoria street, E.C.—8, Haymarket, S.W.—18, Westbourne-grove, W.—Nos. 19 and 20, Railway-approach, London-bridge, S.E.—Manchester address, Bridgewater-chambers, 6, Brown-street.—Brighton address, Central-chambers, The Quadrant. No commission on speculative accounts. He buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired. Telephone No. 1,578.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

Quotations in the mining market have made little progress during the week, and in several cases the movement has been in the wrong direction. On the whole, however, prices have been maintained, anticipations of the Witwatersrand crushings being again of a very favourable kind. Too much stress cannot, however, be laid upon the necessity of making every investigation before putting money into Randt mines, and my Johannesburg correspondent's remarks on this subject, contained in last week's Truth, are very much to the point. The following of "blind tips" is to be deprecated in these cases. Acting upon this principle, I have recently recommended Nigels, New Primrose and Glencairns, and do so still. Simmer and Jack is also a good mine, and the shares, now quoted 3⅞ x.d., are a good purchase. Great Gold Zone have been largely dealt in since I was able to furnish very favourable information from the second exploring expedition now on the property. I may mention that three assays of an extensive gold reef discovered at Caloe No. 2, running parallel to the river of the same name was found to assay 1 oz. 3 dwt. to 1 oz. 10 dwt. The real assay is, however, expected to be much better, as the chemicals used had become very weak through exposure in the hot climate. It was, in fact, the expert's opinion that the reef would run up to 3 oz. to the ton. These shares have advanced to 11s., and should be bought as a most promising speculation. Oceana have again been raided by the "Bears," but the latter are likely to be badly caught upon the receipt of the expert's report from Silati River, which is expected almost immediately. Bechuanaland shares remain promising at about 1⅜, after having touched 1½. De Beers Diamond shares have been thrown overboard by Paris operators, who were overloaded with other securities, but there has been very good buying on this side, and I shall not be surprised to see them recover as soon as the French selling stops. Otto Kopje will probably make a move on receipt of the first cable advices from Mr. Lisle, the new manager, who should now have arrived on the property. No further news of importance has come to hand from the Australian Broken Hill Consols Mine, but the shares are firmer. Silverton (Broken Hill) shares have shown steadiness in anticipation of further favourable reports from the property. The Maid of Erin Silver Mine is doing as well as ever, the gross yield for the week ended October 17 having been 1,550 tons, of an estimated value of 32,000 dols. With reference to the Mysore Nagar Mine, the following telegram has been received from the resident engineer:—"Mervyn Smith's report confirmed. Indications show that gold exists in abundance on this property. The season still unfavourable for cheap working of Honahutti alluvial. I have discovered on the Gopenhatti side very extensive old workings of alluvial." These shares are now quoted 9s. to 10s. Ooregum shares have advanced ¼ upon favourable advices, but Mysore Gold remains at 5⅜. Rio Tinto shares have experienced a sharp fall, touching at one time 19, but recovering to 19½. The decline in copper on unfavourable statistics and on the report that the Anaconda Mine was about to be reopened is at the bottom of this movement, but as very large "Bear" sales have been entered into some unforeseen developments are by no means unlikely.

The Nigel Gold Mining Company.

I published last week some additional information on the New Primrose Gold Mining Company, one of the three gold mines which I selected specially on September 24 as promising Randt undertakings. The shares were at that time quoted 1⅜, and now stand at 1¾. Of the Glencairn Company, then also referred to, I am able to state, on the strength of more recent advices, that increased crushings may be anticipated monthly. Thirty

stamps will be at work shortly, and with every following month additional stamps will be working. Those connected with the Company, in fact, anticipate that in a comparatively short time crushings of 1,200 to 1,500 oz. per month will be obtained. As a cheap mining share, Glencairns at about 7s. per £1 share therefore deserve every attention. Of the third mine mentioned at the same time, the Nigel Gold Mining Company, I have now received an exhaustive report from my Johannesburg correspondent, which I append herewith:—

This Company's property consists of a freehold farm of 5,500 acres in the Heidelburg district. This is a proclaimed gold field, and the Company's mining rights are confined to a mynpaacht of 500 acres, through which the reefs run for a distance of about 2,000 yards. Without entering upon an elaborate explanation of the Transvaal Gold Law I may say that the advantage of possessing a freehold farm and a mynpaacht are very substantial indeed. Instead of paying monthly claim licences to the Government, the Company only pays a small mynpaacht rent amounting in the case of the Nigel to £139. 7s. per annum, and also receives half the licence money on claims pegged out on its property outside the mynpaacht. The income from this source for the year ending June 30, 1891, was £1,252. 15s. The extent of the ground through which the reefs run may be understood when I add that a celebrated expert has calculated the depth at which these reefs may be expected to leave the Nigel ground at 3,000 ft. vertical. Practically, therefore, the amount of ore on the property is unlimited.

There is no mystery about the Nigel, as the mine has been examined and reported upon, and in my statements I confine myself to proved facts, not to theories. It is as well to premise this, as some of the figures are, to say the least of it, startling. During the year ending June 30, 1891, the Company crushed with an antiquated 20-stamp mill of Dutch manufacture—a mill characterised by an eminent expert as "the worst he had ever seen on the Randt." Nevertheless, the result of crushing 4,417 tons of ore was the winning of 9,836 oz. of gold, while there is the best possible reason for believing that an even larger amount of gold was lost in the tailings. It having at length been forced upon the intelligence of the Nigel directors that a mill which only extracted 2 oz. from a 5 oz. reef, and, moreover, could crush little more than one ton per stamp per day, was hardly an efficient machine, they gave way to the forcible remonstrance of certain influential shareholders, and abandoned this grotesque rattletrap in March last. A 25-stamp Sandycroft mill was then erected, other appliances were bought, and settling pits constructed for the purpose of concentrating the tailings, and, after considerable delays, the new mill was started three or four days ago. Now, as regards the reef itself—the reef, that is to say, upon which nearly all the work has been done up to date—it is a narrow reef, the average width being only 15 in., but it is extraordinarily rich, as may easily be imagined when the facts are taken into account that not only did the worst mill on the Randt succeed in extracting over 2 oz. per ton, but that the tailings assayed from 45 dwt. to 49 dwt., showing a truly lamentable loss of gold. This estimate of the value of the tailings was held to be excessive, but it has recently been verified in an incontestable manner; the directors made a contract with a certain syndicate to treat these tailings for a period of twenty-two months, from July 1, 1890, to May 1, 1893, the syndicate handing to the Company 40 per cent. of the gold recovered, and treating not less than 400 tons per month. In July the syndicate recovered 830 oz. 17 dwt. (tonnage not stated), and in August 441 oz. from 649 tons, giving an average of 44·41 dwt. per ton. It is only fair to add that the syndicate employed the McArthur process. It is, therefore, obvious that, if the Company had been properly managed, 4 oz. per ton, instead of 2 oz., could have been recovered from the ore, a result which makes the Nigel reef by far the richest on the Randt. To estimate the value of the remarkable property in another way, I may say that the ground has been estimated to contain 260,000 tons of ore with a gold content of recoverable gold—that is to say, of 4 oz. per ton. Four ounces are worth, roughly, £15, and 260,000 tons of ore at £15 equals the amazing sum of £3,900,000! Then we have to deduct working expenses, which, owing to the narrowness of the reef, I will put abnormally light—viz., at 50s. per ton—so as to include expense of working vanners and every other possible charge. To work 260,000 tons at £2.10s. will cost £650,000, making no allowance for the diminution of cost which is certain to follow the railway. Still, we are left with a profit of considerably over £3,000,000 sterling, equal to nearly nineteen times the present capital of £160,000. As regards the assay value of the reef, I may say that one expert, after taking assays from every part of the mine, found that they ranged from 4½ oz. to 10 oz.; while another, who caused no fewer than thirty-three assays to be made, gave the average at 4 oz. 9 dwt. per ton. The mine is well developed, and is now at least two-and-a-half years ahead of the requirements of the battery.

It will now be asked why did not the Directors take steps long ago to abandon the useless machinery then employed, to erect proper concentrating plant, and, generally speaking, to bring so good a Company into the dividend-paying list? I can only answer because they all live at Maritzburg, and know as much about gold mining as the average Laplander. The absolute fatuity of locating the management of a mine hundreds of miles away from the mine itself has never been more strikingly exemplified. Unfortunately, many Randt mines are still managed at Maritzburg, and it would be just as efficacious to manage them from the North Pole. Not that I have the slightest objection to any Maritzburg Director or Directors individually. I have no doubt that they are all persons of honesty and virtue. But to give them the management of Randt gold mines is about as sensible as it would be for London shareholders to hand over to me and half-a-dozen of my friends in Johannesburg the management of a London Gas, Water, or Omnibus Company. Luckily, the Directors have at length been compelled by indignant shareholders to appoint a Local Board, and we may now hope that the Company will show very different results.

Nigel shares are quoted 2¾—3, and are, in view of the exceptionally favourable prospects set forth by my correspondent, a promising purchase. His letter is dated September 26, and unless any untoward accident has occurred, the new mill should have been at work during the whole of October, so that good crushings may be expected. About the favourable results of the McArthur-Forrest process with Nigel tailings, I have already furnished full particulars.

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various investors:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Bruce, Rouen.—1. The coupon of the Entre Rios bonds will be paid in Funding bonds as soon as the necessary documents come to hand from Buenos Ayres. 2. No reason for the decline in Ohio and Mississippi whatever. They will recover as soon as some of the weak "Bulls" have sold out. 3. Yes. *China.*—No reason to sell these bonds now. *Constant Reader, Manchester.*—Yes, Cedulas should be held now. Any improvement in Argentine politics would send them up again. *Lisbon.*—If you had read my article carefully, you would have sold your Portuguese long ago. Even now they should be sold on an improvement.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Torpedo Engineer.—I regret being unable to refer you to a financial house for working your invention. This is beyond the scope of my advice. *Plebeyan.*—No. 1 is a foreign bank which is by no means in a good position, and the other banks named are third rate. Perhaps the building society (5) would be most suitable for your purpose, as it is one of the better of this class. But if these are your hard-earned savings, you should hesitate before withdrawing them from the Post Office Savings Bank. *Swindled.*—You have won your case against outside brokers—Finch, Ellis, & Co.—who were not worth powder and shot, and have since absconded. I am afraid that you cannot escape paying the costs. It is a hard case, but by no means an unfrequent one. *Miss E. W., Limerick.*—No; you must sell your bank and other shares in London, and then buy a cheque on Paris, unless your bankers have correspondents in Paris, in which case they could arrange the transfer of the money for you. *Douro.*—I see no special reason for selling the bank shares Nos. 1 and 2 at present. But everybody does not care to hold a large amount of such shares. They will probably improve again, when you might sell half. *Anxious.*—Sell these bank shares at once; there is every fear of this concern coming to grief again as it did before. *Perplexed.*—I should not advise the £2,000 belonging to a widow to be invested to yield more than 4 per cent. Do you wish me to recommend you securities on that basis? *Oakley.*—To re-invest the £17,000 paid off from a mortgage you might buy Midland Railway Ordinary, Louisville and Nashville General Mortgage bonds, Ontario First Mortgage, Baltimore and Ohio South-Western First Mortgage, Milwaukie First Mortgage bonds, Reading Four per Cent. Gold bonds, Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds, Buenos Ayres Great Southern Four per Cent. Debenture stock, Nitrate Railways Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds, Dalgety & Co.'s Perpetual Debenture stock. This will, according to the proportion you purchase, about give you the average wanted. I do not care so much for the Brewery stocks named as for some of the better class, such as Peter Schoenhofen or St. Louis.

Home Rails.

France.—1. I am afraid that prospects are very doubtful. 2. As you have insured the deposit, there seems no reason to withdraw it. 3. I cannot advise you on this. *T. N., Brussels.*—You should not forget that dearer money will interfere with the prices of Home Rails. Midlands are a good stock to hold as an investment, but I should hardly advise you to buy them at the present price merely on speculation. *N. O. P.*—The arrangement between the Caledonian and North British Companies is practically concluded, and will benefit both very largely. Under all the circumstances a further recovery of the stocks of both Companies is probable.

American and Foreign Rails.

Etak.—1. Yes, Texas "B" are a promising cheap railway stock likely to improve. 2. Otto Kopje are a cheap mining gamble, which, I am told, are about to advance. *Cotopax.*—You must be aware that the interest on the Cordoba Central (Central Northern Section) bonds is paid in Six per Cent. Argentine Funding bonds. It takes some little time until the division, &c., is made, but you

Arthur Forbes & Co., Australian Investment, Finance, and Mining Agency, 16, Cornhill, London, E.C., and at Brisbane, Queensland, have special business in some of the best Colonial Mining Stocks, including Brilliant, Victory, Victoria, Sunburst, Broken Hill, Raub, and other prosperous concerns. Constant information by cable. Telegraphic address, "Orpharion, London."

will receive your bonds at the end of the month. *Bell Rock.*—You should hold your Texas "B." They will take a start all of a sudden. *R. W.*—Grand Trunk Ordinary are a gamble, and their future course depends upon the action of the "Bull" clique, and upon the future of American Rails. *Auser.*—1. Yes, Interoceanic of Mexico Prefs. are a fair "lock up," but you must have patience. 2. No dividends are in arrear, but they are now dependent upon the working of the line, as it has been taken over from the contractor. 3. The vein will most probably be struck again. *Dinmont.*—Yes, there is nothing against Grand Trunk Four per Cent. Debentures, or Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Four per Cent. bonds. *Ohio.*—There has been no unfavourable, but a favourable, decision in the matter of Ohio and Mississippi. Hold, and you will find the price improve materially. See also under "Yankee Rails." *Cheap Investment.*—You cannot find a more suitable stock than Quebec Central Income bonds, which, paying a small dividend, have a chance of better dividends in the future, and at 32, on the basis of a 1½ per cent. dividend, yield already close to 4¾ per cent. per annum. *Progress.*—Yes, the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western is making considerable progress, and with marked traffic increases, and the Ohio and Mississippi arrangement to put more traffic on the line, the Second Income bonds are in sight of dividends, and ought to be bought at anything like 33.

Mining Shares.

M. P. T.—You had better sell your Don Pedro and New Gordon Mining shares (1 and 2). I do not care for the Trust Stocks (Nos. 3 and 4), and should sell on an improvement. Hold No. 5, they will recover. No. 6 is speculative. *Norwood.*—There is no reason why Broken Hill Proprietary shares should not rise again; but I should not care to hold too many. *S. N.*—Yes, Great Gold Zones are most promising, and should be bought. *G. H.*—There is no special reason for the decline in New Exploring shares. They are, however, a sluggish stock, and you could do better with your money. *P. N.*—There does not appear to be much vitality in the Pittsburgh Gold Mining Company. The market for the shares is a restricted one, but I think that you should sell. If you are prepared to exercise patience until Argentine affairs have pulled round, the present is a good opportunity to buy Buenos Ayres Western. *S. Grahame.*—Sell American Belle, Esmeralda, Almada and Tirito, Callao Bis, Dickens-Custer, Valley Gold. Hold Edwin Bray, Elmore Gold, Graskop, Day Dawn. For other replies, see under "Mixed Investments." *Peter.*—Amongst the most promising gold mines are Nigels and Glencairns, also Great Gold Zones. See remarks in to-day's letter. *J. A., Kimberley.*—I am obliged for your remarks on De Beers, but I cannot say that I agree with the inference drawn by you from the balance-sheet.

Industrial Companies.

Kent.—1. There is no reason to sell Liverpool Tramway shares; but the other stock named by you is preferable. 2. It might be preferable to hold Washington Brewery shares at present price. See remarks under "An Unfortunate Brewery Trio." 3. I should prefer City of Chicago Brewery Prefs. *G. E.*—Do not buy more to average yet, but wait until the turn comes, when I will advise you. You will have to keep Aaron's Reefs, as there is no market for the shares. *J. Brien, Dublin.*—While I should not advise you to sell, I do not yet advise buying more. Wait until the turn in the market comes, when I will advise you. *Brick Dust.*—1. There is no option but to hold these shares, which will recover again. 2. About Detroit Brewery shares, see remarks under "An Unfortunate Brewery Trio." *Brixton.*—You should hold the Meat shares for the present. It is weary waiting for a turn in Hotchkiss, but I cannot advise you to sell out now. *Upper Norwood.*—Your seventeen different investments are so well spread that there is hardly any occasion to make a change. The South American stocks will probably recover. No. 16 is, of course, speculative. Why not invest in Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds, which yield 5 per cent.? *W. T. H.*—There are many neglected securities, and Electric Construction Corporation shares are one of them. This is the investor's opportunity. I know nothing of the advertisement you speak of. The shares are fully paid and receive their dividend at the end of the financial year. If you want to invest in American Brewery Prefs. you might buy City of Chicago and St. Louis. I do not care much for the other stocks mentioned by you. *W. H.*—1. No particular catch. 2. When the meat market takes a decidedly favourable turn. *Brewery.*—Peter Schoenhofen paying 11 per cent. dividend at 9½ are a most promising investment. *A Constant Reader, Dublin.*—Yes, Denver United Brewery Prefs. are a good investment. *Investor, Dundee.*—Yes, Electric Construction Corporation shares are an excellent investment with a 6 per cent. dividend accrued, and likely to pay more in the future. At present they yield if bought at 7¼, on the 6 per cent. basis, 8¼ per cent. on the investment.

Mixed Investments.

Information.—1. I should hold British Broken Hill now, although I was opposed to them when they stood at much higher prices. 2. The exchange might be advisable. 3. No catch. 4. I have been advising sales of Uruguay Unified a long time back. At the present price, however, and with the arrangement of the Debt impending, you had better hold for an improvement and then sell. *Sycorax.*—I am afraid that your broker was a bad adviser. In several of the cases stated you would have made decent profits by holding a little longer. I advised against Golden Gates at the outset. 1. A broker who is a member of the Stock Exchange. Those named by you are outsiders, and ought to be avoided. 2. I can only refer you to my letter. 3. No, do not touch them. 4. Great Gold Zone are Land and Exploration shares. 5. Not yet. 6. No. 7 Read my remarks on "Kaffir and Other Mines." 8. If you can make sure of the weather. *Improvident Scot.*—Hold Nos. 1 and 2; they will recover. No reason to sell the Mining shares Nos. 3 and 4 now. No. 5 (South American and Mexican Company) should be held. Sell Yuruari (6). Hold Great Gold Zone for an important rise. *A Regular Reader.*—I do not care much for these Harbour Trust Stocks. You can get 5 per cent. out of Mexican Central Railway Four per Cent. Gold bonds. Why not buy Quebec Central Income bonds paying 1¼-1½ per cent. interest at about 31-32? They will eventually get a considerably higher dividend. Your list of twenty-five investments is, on the whole, satisfactory, and well spread. I do not care much for No. 15. You might buy more to average No. 24. No. 25 will probably improve again, when they should be sold. *S. Grahame.*—1. Yes, the Buenos Ayres Western Railway has good prospects when once Argentine affairs have turned the corner. 2. No, I do not care for National Telephone shares. Competition is cropping up. 3. Chicago and N.W. Granaries will pay nothing on the Ordinary, but the Eight per Cent. Cumulative Prefs. with the dividend payable next month are cheap enough at 6¾. The splendid crops in the States should benefit the Company for 1891-2. 4. I have a very bad opinion of these mines, and your only chance is to take advantage of the next "rig" to get out. See remarks about mines, Nos. 1 to 12, under "Mining Shares."

An Unfortunate Brewery Trio.

I have at various times recommended to my readers investment in American Brewery Companies, and although there have been exceptions, my recommendation has been in most cases fully justified by the progress made by these undertakings, and the excellent dividends which have been paid and are being paid by them, ranging as they do from 10 to 15 per cent. per annum. If the prices of the shares are not in all cases equally satisfactory, the reason must be sought in the large number of these Companies, which have been formed in a comparatively short time. Investors, however, are gradually absorbing the shares which had been left in speculators' hands; and the time is, probably, not far off when the quotations of the shares will stand in an adequate proportion to the dividends paid. The principle, which is now being adopted of limiting dividends to 10 per cent. per annum, and placing large sums to reserve will, moreover, have an important and favourable bearing upon the future value of the shares. There is, however, one group of American Brewery Companies which has sadly disappointed investors, namely, the Detroit, Hills Union, and Washington Breweries. This unfortunate trio owes its existence to the same promoter, and as the same men are identified with all three companies as directors, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that there must be something radically wrong with the conception or management of these companies. Mr. H. Seton-Karr, M.P., is a director of the Detroit and Hill's Union Companies, Mr. T. H. Lambert directs the Detroit and the Washington, and Mr. E. Rawlings is on the board of all three. The promises of the prospectuses were of the most glowing description, and the fiction was kept up by the chairmen at the meetings, hopes being raised in what must be characterised as an unscrupulous manner, which were falsified by the course of events. The first disappointment came to the shareholders of the Detroit Breweries, Limited, who received in November, 1889, an interim dividend only for six months, at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum on the Preference and 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, since which time dividends have ceased. Competition, boycotting, and the high price of ice, were urged as an excuse by the Board. The Washington began by paying dividends at the rate of 13¾ per cent for the first year on the Ordinary shares; but in the first half of the second year the dividend dropped to 8, and in the second half to 6 per cent. per annum, notwithstanding the sanguine promises of the chairman at previous meetings. The Hill's Union Brewery paid a dividend of 12½ in the first year, but for the second year, 1890-91, only 5 per cent. has been paid on the ordinary shares. At the second annual meeting held in May last Mr. Rawlings still held forth most hopefully on the prospects of the concern, but last week the passing of the Ordinary and Preference dividends was announced. This practical collapse of this whole group of Breweries,

Minton's (Limited).—Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

in contrast with the continued prosperity of some twenty other Companies started under different auspices, has a suspicious look, and reflects seriously upon the originators and the directors of these concerns. Nor can matters be left where they are now. Either the Companies bore the germ of failure in them at the outset, or the management has been incapable or negligent. If the latter is the case, the directors ought to be turned out bag-and-baggage. If the former is the true explanation of the collapse, the true reason ought to be ascertained. I therefore urge the shareholders of all three Companies to bestir themselves and to look after their property. If it is in bad hands, the sooner the board is changed the better. Perhaps savings could be effected by a combination of the three Companies. Committees of investigation should at once be appointed and decided action taken, so as to save something out of the wreck, and, if possible, to place the undertakings on a better basis. I shall be pleased to place shareholders in communication with each other for this purpose if they will send their names and addresses.

Various Investments.

The tendency of Nitrate Rails has remained favourable, the price fluctuating between 17 and 17⅜. Primitivas, however, and other Nitrate shares are dull, pending a recovery in the market for nitrate of soda, which is not, however, expected for another month, when the short shipments for the year can be estimated. The announcement that the Oamaru Harbour Board are unable to pay the November interest on the Six per Cent. loan of 1879 lends force to my repeated warning to my correspondents to leave these New Zealand Harbour loans alone. Electric Light shares have been in some demand, Brush at 3¼-½, Swan United at 5⅛-⅜, Electric Construction Corporation at 7 to 7¼. The latter shares have reacted slightly through profit taking, but are hardening up again. In addition to the various contracts mentioned, this Company is expecting orders of some magnitude in the immediate future for electrical plant required to develop the electrolytic inventions of Mr. Thomas Parker, to which I referred on a former occasion. Several of these patents have already been placed upon satisfactory terms, and this new development of electrical industry has distinctly passed from the experimental to the commercial phase, and should result in great things for this Company in the near future. With a 6 per cent. dividend earned, and about to be declared, and this further progress before the Company, these shares are cheap at anything below par. Elmore Copper shares are again improving, especially the shares in the French Company, which are now quoted 2⅞—3. The works at Dives are approaching completion, but special interest attaches to the possibility of the new Société des Métaux taking up the process and works. The sale of the works of the old Société has been postponed until December 16, and, in addition to the Crédit Industriel, the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Corporation, with a powerful syndicate is in the market for the resuscitation of the undertaking. It is my opinion, and, I am told, also that of M. Secrétan, the former guiding spirit of the Société des Métaux, and now manager of the French Elmore Company, that the new Société will not be able to work successfully without acquiring the Elmore process. Those who intend to restart the Société des Métaux will therefore do well to at once consider the advisability of an alliance. Amongst the Land Companies which have been started in the South of the United States, the Embreville Land Company is coming to the fore. It contrasts advantageously with other similar concerns which have been boomed in an outrageous manner. After a time of quiet development, this Company is shipping iron ore to the tune of 200 tons per day at remunerative prices to a neighbouring Company, and its iron furnace, capable of producing 150 tons of pig-iron a day, will be in blast about Christmas. The property is situate in Washington County, Tennessee, and is exceptionally rich in minerals and timber. The town of Embreville is fast springing up, and has, no doubt, a great future in view of the development of the mines, furnaces, &c., the value of the land showing a considerable advance since the Embreville Town Company bought its block from the Land Company. These Town shares are being dealt in on the Stock Exchange at 1⅛-¼ per £1 share, or ⅛-¼ premium. McIvor's Patents are recovering from the "Bear" attacks which had been directed against them, and there seems every prospect of the ursine operators being badly squeezed.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

QUEER STORY.

JACK VIVIAN'S VOW.

IT was not until a great number of years had passed over his head, and a still greater number of pounds out of his pocket, that Jack Vivian at length realised that the continuous backing of racehorses was anything but a profitable pastime, in the long run. However, the scales fell from his eyes at last.

Jack Vivian was the only child of a veteran Colonel of Dragoons, and a weak but affectionate mother. Like most only children—especially when they happen to be boys—he had only to "cry for the moon," and the nearest approach to it was at once forthcoming. The summers of his childhood were chiefly spent in playing cricket, the winters in pursuing the hounds on a Shetland pony. The little education he received was instilled into him by his mother by the aid of Aunt Mavor, Butler's atlas and Mrs. Markham's History of England.

Jack's parents resided in the Midland Counties, and a racing stable nearly adjoined their house. It goes without saying that Master Jack and the presiding genius of this establishment became firm and fast friends, and perhaps the proudest moment of Jack's early life was that when the good-natured trainer entrusted him with the handling of an ex-winner of the Grand National, to pilot a few juveniles over the steeple chase course, which had been laid out on the model of that at Aintree, though on a somewhat smaller scale. Jack about this period was in his fifteenth year, fearless, active, and perfect on horseback, in both hands and seat.

A year or two later the trainer in question discovered in one of his team an animal with no mean pretensions to follow in his stable companion's footsteps, and make a bold bid for the Grand National, a race which his owner especially laid himself out to win. Master Jack upon becoming aware of this circumstance imparted his information, in the strictest confidence of course, to the old family butler, and it was ultimately arranged that this worthy should remit to London a sum of ten shillings to be invested on the animal in question at the remunerative odds of fifty to one. To this stake Jack contributed half-a-crown from his tin money-box—which was annihilated in order that the amount in question might be withdrawn—the butler supplying the remaining seven-and-six out of his own funds. Time went on. The dark horse shortened in price, and on the eventful day was as good a favourite as anything. It was not until the following evening that the local carrier arrived with *Bell's Life*, containing the welcome news that Pericles had landed the much coveted prize, and in due course a cheque for £25 came to hand. The old butler duly handed six golden sovereigns and a five-shilling piece to Master Jack—a sum far in excess of anything he had hitherto possessed—and from that hour the youngster imbibed a taste for speculation that it took twenty years of bitter experience to finally eradicate.

There is no need to dwell on Jack's career at school further than to observe that he displayed a good deal of natural ability, and did his best to make up a terrible lot of leeway. His parents, though not rich, were at least comfortably off, and, like many other parents blessed with only sons, never troubled themselves to think that there would ever be any need for Jack to work for his living. They had accordingly concluded that a minimum of knowledge would suffice for his educational requirements, and if later in life he elected some ornamental profession, such as the army, it would be easy enough to send him to a crammer for a few months to

ensure success. Colonel Vivian derived some £800 or £900 a year from a sugar estate in the West Indies, and his wife's settlement made their total income up to about double that sum. All this would be Jack's some day, they reasoned, so he'll never want. Alas, how a few years were destined to blight all these hopes! By degrees the profits derived from the sale of cane-sugar dwindled down to next to nothing, and the estate which had yielded in its best days a thousand a year, now returned as many shillings. In vain the Colonel hoped for better times; they never came. As near as may be seven years after that sad day when he bade his first good-bye to Jack at Stanton Rectory, the poor old soldier, crushed by the reverses in his fortune, embittered and crushed by debt, gradually relapsed into a state of ill-health, which culminated in his death. Jack was now twenty-two, willing enough to work if he could only get it to do; anxious above all things to be no burthen to his mother, whose income had also diminished of late years, owing to various causes.

Such, then, was the state of things when an old friend of the Colonel's succeeded in getting Jack a nomination for a clerkship in the Stickphast Department in Somerset House. The examination was not particularly stiff, nor was it competitive. A few weeks' coaching enabled him to scramble through the ordeal successfully, and great was his joy when he found himself ensconced in a furnished bedroom in Pimlico at ten shillings a week, and a salary, payable monthly, of no less than one hundred pounds per annum. If it was not affluence, or enough to enable him to live in the style in which he had been brought up as a child, it was at least something to begin with, and above all it was satisfactory to feel that to some extent he could be independent of his mother's limited means.

But the old passion for betting, which the win on Pericles had engendered, was still rife in his breast, and, unfortunately for him, the investment of an occasional sovereign not unfrequently resulted in success. Jack naturally, under these circumstances, came to be regarded by his fellow clerks as at once lucky and cute. As a matter of fact, he had one or two sources of information that stood him in good stead, and the capture of more than one remunerative long shot served, as it invariably does, to stimulate the appetite for more.

In due course, and after some ten years' service, Jack, who was a general favourite in his office, and naturally quick, smart, and a fairly capable official all round, was fortunate enough to get a step which gave him £300 a year. On this he resolved to unite himself in marriage to a young lady for whom he had long entertained a feeling of affection, which, moreover, was warmly reciprocated. Bertha Hargrave was an extremely pretty girl and daughter of a solicitor. She was one of a large family, but fortunately the possessor of £200 a year, which an old aunt had bequeathed to her, so that their united incomes made up £500 a year. Jack felt little doubt that this sum might be further augmented by judicious speculation at his favourite pursuit, and under these auspices they started, taking a little house at Richmond, with every prospect of unsullied happiness before them. From that day, however, a change seemed to come over Jack's racing fortunes. The old saying, "Lucky in gambling, unlucky in love," has its converse side, as Jack soon found out to his cost. True, his domestic happiness was complete enough, but somehow or the other the right horse no longer ever seemed able to catch the judge's eye, at least, not until after something else had secured that much-coveted mark of recognition. Still, like many thousand others, Jack's cherished hope of "getting home" was ever uppermost in his mind. "One good win"—he would argue—"gets back all one's losses, and something to the good as well;" and yet how many hundreds, imbued with the same conviction, have never got home at all, but sunk deeper and deeper into the mire, till the workhouse stared them in the face!

A crisis came at length one day, when Jack went so far as to risk no less a sum than fifty pounds on an animal that, on paper at least, looked a certainty for the Ebor Handicap. It was without doubt a rash thing to do, as this represented the whole of his available balance at the bank, and three weeks had to run before next pay-day. However, thought Jack, nothing venture nothing have. "If this comes off, I shall win a thousand pounds, and then goodbye to the game for ever." But, as ill luck would have it, and as many a Yorkshireman remembers to his cost, a wretched cur ran across the course, nearly upsetting the animal that carried all poor Jack's money, and another ridden by a crack jockey landed the race by a short neck. Jack returned to Richmond dejected and heart-broken. Few things cause a racing man more vexation than missing a large coup by so little. The sealskin and several other luxuries that Bertha was to have had if the good thing had only come off, were now out of the question. Still, she never complained. Only when dinner was over did she venture to renew the oft-repeated exhortation to Jack that he would give up betting once and for ever.

"Do, Jack, there's a dear, for my sake! Do swear you'll back horses no more. We shall soon get over this trouble with a little pinching and screwing."

"My dear child," replied her husband. "I will when I once get square, I promise you! But it is absurd to stop when one's a little out. Its positively cowardly, it is, indeed!"

"If you ask me, Jack," rejoined Bertha, "I should say that it wants more courage to knock off than to go on! You're never really happy now. Never cheerful, like you used to be. Always worried and anxious, and poring over those wretched little guides! Come now, like a good old dear, kiss me, kiss the book and swear you'll give up for a year. Just to please me, for my sake!" And so saying, she reached from the shelf an old Bible that the Colonel had given his boy the day he left home for Stanton Rectory. "There now, it's only like a grey powder, and when you've once taken it you'll feel ever so much better!"

"Very well," said Jack, after considerable hesitation. "Hang it all, I suppose I'd better; but I know perfectly well that directly I've sworn off I shall hear of the best thing ever known, and not be able to have a shilling on it! However, here goes," and without further ado, Jack Vivian solemnly vowed he'd not back another racehorse for a year from that day, kissed the book in silence, then kissed his wife, poured out a stiff glass of whisky and water, and lapsed into silence.

Some weeks after this Jack Vivian was returning to London from a couple of days visit to a friend in the country. He was so far bent on retrieving his shattered fortunes that he swallowed his pride and sought refuge in a third-class carriage. The evening was far advanced, and the only other occupants of the compartment were a clean-shaven little man and a stout person with a florid complexion. Jack was tired and soon dropped off into a doze. In that happy state, between sleeping and waking, he dreamt he was in the ring at Ascot on a lovely June day, and backing winners one after another with marvellous precision. A tout he had known years ago kept saying, "That's the one! He's sure to win! He's sure to win!" Then the voice seemed to grow louder. Jack listened attentively; he was wide awake in another second, but still kept his eyes closed. It was the little clean-shaven man who was speaking, while his rubicund companion was listening with rapt attention.

"He's as sure to win the Cambridgeshire, Ben, as you're a' sittin' there. I've ridden him in both his trials at even weights with Gormikon, and he left the old horse standing still! I wonder what price they'd take Gormikon if he was in at 6 st. 7 lb., eh, Ben?"

"Well, it looks about as good a thing for Twilight as ever I heard tell on," replied Ben.

By this time Jack Vivian was very wide awake indeed. Being in himself a sort of walking compendium of "Ruff's Guide" and the "Racing Calendar," he had no need to refer to those publications to recall the fact that Twilight as a two-year-old had commenced the previous year by doing something very smart in the spring. Her subsequent essays, however, had not realised the hopes that the public had cherished as to her future, for on four ensuing occasions she failed even to obtain a place. She belonged to an individual who more than once had brought off a great coup on the turf, and invariably with horses that

had been, vulgarly speaking, "bottled" for some time. As a three-year-old Twilight had not been seen in public. While Jack was bemoaning the fact that he was no longer in a position to stake his money on what he had heard, and thinking what a dash he would have had on it in the good old days, the train pulled up, and his companions getting out, left him alone in the compartment with his thoughts. These soon drifted him into a slumber, from which he only awoke on reaching Clapham Junction, where it was necessary for him to take another train for Richmond.

For some days after this all Jack's ingenuity was taxed to the utmost to discover a way of utilising this precious piece of information for purposes of profit without disregarding the vow he had registered. He had even gone so far as to suggest to Bertha to withdraw the whole of a little fund she had in the Post Office Savings Bank and forward the same to a certain firm at Boulogne who would, no doubt, guarantee her at least fifty times that amount in the event of Twilight being successful. But Bertha was inexorable, and negotiations were, therefore, at an end. There was just one more possibility, and of that Jack lost no time in availing himself.

Among his numerous acquaintances was a certain Herbert Vane. Vane, at one time, had inherited a considerable sum of money at his father's death, but as to whether gambling transactions of a rather heavy nature had increased or diminished that sum of late years, opinions differed widely, some asserting that he made a very good thing by it, while others maintained with equal persistency that if Mr. Vane's banking account were inspected, it might disclose a very different state of things. In former years, Jack Vivian and Vane met a good deal at the Club, and invariably discussed the chances of various racehorses in whose success they were interested, but latterly, Jack, who, being domiciled at Richmond seldom visited his Club, had seen but little of his former companion. It was to this man that his thoughts now turned.

Dropping in at the Club a few days after the train episode, Jack found his whilom companion there. After exchanging the conventional greetings, Vane inquired where Jack was living since he had turned Benedick. Jack, in reply, told him he had a little house at Richmond. What did he say to coming down on Sunday and having a little dinner? Vane seemed rather to like the idea, the only drawback being, he said, that his brother-in-law, Mr. Hurst, was staying with him. If Jack could do with him as well, he thought it might be managed. But he added: "He's a very queer old fellow. Never saw such an appetite in your life as he has. Weighs about twenty stone, and comes from Yorkshire. Put him down with some walnuts and a bottle of port after dinner, and he'll go on for hours."

"Well," said Jack, "bring him by all means. We'll do our best for him, anyhow."

So it was settled that on the following Sunday Mr. Vane and his brother-in-law should partake of the hospitality of The Laurels at 7.30.

Sunday came, and with it Vane and Mr. Hurst. The last-mentioned gentleman certainly bore a striking resemblance to the old prints of Daniel Lambert, but he seemed much gratified at the courtesy evinced by the Vivians in including him in the invitation. He told them how he had commenced life in quite a small way near Sheffield, till at last he had built up something more than a competence, and a large house outside the town. Jack and Bertha must be sure and come and see him there. Indeed, so affable and agreeable did he make himself that Bertha quite forgot, till reminded by a wink from her husband, that the time had come when it is usual for the ladies to withdraw. Chairs were then drawn round the fire, another bottle of some very choice port opened, which Jack had procured from a friend in the trade, and Vane opened the conversation with "Well, Vivian, what about the Cambridgeshire?"

This was just what Jack wanted. After discussing the chances of several horses, he imparted to Vane all he had heard in the train about Twilight. He told him how he himself had registered a vow to adjure betting, and, with his usual luck, no sooner had he done so than a chance came, as he believed, of making a fortune. Jack finished his recital by delicately suggesting that Vane should back the horse to win a grand coup, and put on, say, a hundred for him as a gift bet in return for the "straight tip."

Vane, however, didn't seem very keen about doing this. He argued that, on book form, Twilight could have no possible chance. He placed but little reliance on things said in the presence of strangers in a train. There were lots of these fellows going about, as he expressed it, "lumbering the public on to stiff 'uns." "I should be glad to do you a turn, Vivian, if it lay in my power; but the fact is I have quite as much money on the race already as I care to risk, without chucking away any more." Seeing his friend "wouldn't bite," Jack couldn't well press it further, so he turned the conversation with a sigh to another subject, and apologised to Mr. Hurst for having talked for so long on a subject in which he evidently took no interest. The old gentleman, who had been devouring walnuts and regaling himself with repeated libations of the old port, assured him that no apology was necessary, as he had been well and happily occupied.

In due course the two men took their departure, old Mr. Hurst reiterating his thanks to the Vivians for their hospitality, and vowing he had not passed a pleasanter evening for years. He repeated that they must be sure and come and see him at Sheffield, and said that he would write and name a time. When they were alone, Jack told his wife how his scheme had met with no success, and dilated in no measured terms on the ingratitude of mankind as a whole and of Herbert Vane in particular.

The evening papers of the following day chronicled a wonderful advance in the quotations of the outsider Twilight for the Cambridgeshire. From fifties she rapidly advanced with a bound, passing the forties, thirties, and twenties, till she left off second favourite at 10 to 1. It was evident a large commission had been thrown into the market, and that an astute division of backers had cleared out all the layers' books. This was pleasant reading for poor Jack Vivian, but it was a drop in the ocean compared to the chagrin he experienced on the Wednesday following, when the telegram from Newmarket announced the fact that Twilight had won the Cambridgeshire in a canter.

That evening at The Laurels was the saddest since Jack and his wife had become partners for life. The mortification that such circumstances engender can only be realised by those who are familiar with the vicissitudes of the turf. Jack would have been more than human had no word of reproach escaped him for having yielded to Bertha's persuasions, and bound himself by a vow which meant the loss of a small fortune. However, the saddest days come to an end at last!

The next morning the servant took up, as usual, a cup of tea to Jack and his letters. One of these was in a strange hand, and bore the Sheffield post-mark. Jack opened it unconcernedly and then read as follows:—

Grasscrop, Sheffield, October 28, 188—.

My Dear Mr. Vivian,—I dare say it never occurred to you that I paid any attention to your racing talk with my brother-in-law the other Sunday, but though not much in that line myself, I listened very attentively, and not a word of your conversation escaped me. I really felt a very considerable degree of sympathy for you, and, above all, I respected you for your manifest determination, notwithstanding the temptation, to stand by the vow you had registered.

As Vane was not inclined to fall in with your suggestion, I said to myself, "Well, just for this once, I'll do what I never did before, and probably never shall again, and put a couple of hundred pounds on this horse myself." A trustworthy person who executed the commission for me, and who, I need hardly say, was rather surprised at my taking to this sort of thing, obtained for me eight thousand to two hundred pounds. Half of this sum I shall invest for my daughter, who will thank you herself when you see her, the other half is yours, and I beg your acceptance of a cheque for four thousand pounds, which I enclose, as a small return for the hospitality you showed me at Richmond.

Give my kind regards to your wife, and buy her something useful; and, hoping to see you soon at Sheffield, believe me, yours very sincerely,

John Hurst.

Annuities are granted by the New York Life Insurance Company upon more favourable terms than by British Offices. Accumulated funds, £21,484,634.—For full particulars apply to J. Fisher Smith, General Manager, 76 and 77, Cheapside, E.C.

ART NOTES.

THE Royal Academicians celebrate the opening of their Exhibition with a banquet at Burlington House, and why, therefore, should not the Royal British Artists commence their season at Suffolk-street with a free lunch? Far be it from me to challenge their right to do so, but what I do wish to protest against is the way in which that free lunch is now given; and to account for my protest let me relate my experiences.

On Friday last, then, having screwed up my courage to the sticking point, I mounted to the R.B.A. Galleries. Determined to perform thoroughly my ungrateful task, I made at once for the south-east room, but was checked at its very portal. For, instead of discovering within that atmosphere of restful seclusion and æsthetic calm for which the art critic has a right to look, I found the gallery in the possession of a merry party of ladies and gentlemen standing round a long table, and filling the air with a lively *charivari* of rattling knives, clattering plates, and tinkling glasses.

Under such circumstances art criticism was evidently mentally difficult; but it was more than this: it was physically impossible as well. And when I had been nearly flicked in the face by the napkin of a too energetic waiter, and sharply prodded in the back by the elbow of a fair but over-vigorous luncher, I discreetly beat a retreat. Thus I had to leave unlooked-at all the pictures in this south-east room, a result upon which I may possibly have reason to congratulate myself on purely personal and selfish grounds, but against which it is surely my business as an art critic to protest. And, as a matter of fact, there were some pictures in this gallery that I particularly wished to see. I refer to several works by Mr. Carlton A. Smith, whose delightful little picture of a country girl, which is hung just over the mantelpiece in the large room, is so brilliantly effective in colour, and dirt-cheap at twelve guineas.

The Exhibition generally is not quite so depressing as the last. The white frames and mounts which are *de rigueur* in the large room, tend to relieve the sombre gloom of spirits which an hour or two of a dull October day passed at the galleries of the R.B.A. can scarcely fail to induce. Still, there is much upon the walls calculated to make Mr. Whistler wince; and far too many pictures of the worst old R.B.A. brand, in front of which it would be positively unsafe to leave unwatched a visitor of taste armed with an umbrella. I would put it strongly to Mr. President Wyke-Bayliss, F.S.A., whether a paying public should be exposed to the risk of looking at such pictures, for instance, as Nos. 181, 189, and 545?

And I have a few other questions to ask. Will Mr. Cayley Robinson, for example, tell me where the river is to be found, one bank of which is lined with tall lilies (the sort which æsthetes used to smell for lunch), and where the ferry-punt apparently lands its passengers on a row of flower-pots? And will Mr. Hubert Vos inform me why he didn't hang his "North Sea on a Golden Afternoon" the other way up and call it "The Desert of Sahara on a Copper Evening," or "Piccadilly in a Fog"? And will Mr. Edwin Ellis state whether his "Kingdoms of the Sun" is intended to serve as a back-cloth for the next nautical melodrama at Drury Lane? and, if not, why he did not content himself with painting a picture one-tenth the size? (It would be invidious, I fear, to ask Mr. Ellis where his tongue was when he wrote down the price of this picture of his as £525? and so this question shall not be put.)

But I really want to know from Mr. Wyke-Bayliss whether it would not be wise policy to hang all the good pictures together in—well, the walls of the smallest room of all would, unfortunately, afford space enough to exhibit them. For, as the pictures are now hung, several of the most promising works of the new men suffer irretrievably from the pictorial companionship they are doomed to keep. Why, there are pictures in Suffolk-street bad enough to blight a whole wall, and to send a sensitive observer flying from the room in which they are exhibited! Perhaps, however, it is not too late even now to attempt a re-arrangement of the Exhibition. In which case I can hardly doubt that amongst the pictures selected for special honour will be found Mr. Dudley Hardy's "Boulogne," Mr. Val Davis's "Evening Calm," Mr. Adam Proctor's "Willow Walk," Mr. J. L. Pickering's "Pine Wood," Mr. Sherwood Hunter's "Breton Courtship," and Mr. T. P. Hardy's "Murky Tyne."

MUSIC.

THE operatic competition is going forward merrily enough. Both Sir A. Harris and Signor Lago express themselves satisfied, while the public clearly have cause for congratulation, for whereas during the monopoly of the past four years they were not offered a solitary addition to the repertory, yet the first week of active rivalry has brought forth two absolute novelties, besides a couple of revivals of works now half forgotten. This week there is to be another important revival, that of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," at the Shaftesbury, with Miss Macintyre as the devoted heroine, besides another genuine novelty, M. Bruneau's "Le Rêve," at Covent Garden. Managers marvel at the public hatred for operatic monopoly, but, considering the excellent and speedy results of a little healthy competition, there is small cause for wonder.

The absurd cry, "Abbasso Harris e l'Opera Francese," raised by a few swarthy pittites on the night of the opening of the Shaftesbury, may have been an expression of regret that the gold of England now frequently finds its way into French rather than Italian pockets. But it is a cry which Englishmen will receive with callous indifference, and it has at any rate not yet served to shut up Covent Garden. Indeed, from the point of view of excellence of performances, Sir A. Harris has immeasurably the advantage. He has no great stars on his troupe, and does not want any, but the artists he has borrowed from the Paris Opéra Comique and elsewhere have long been accustomed to play together, and the perfection of *ensemble* attained in the representations is undoubted. Nobody could want to listen to a better performance of "Carmen" than that given on Thursday, while Gounod's "Philémon et Baucis," although wholly unsuited to so large a theatre, was on Saturday equally well rendered. Drury Lane and Covent Garden have between them ample resources for the luxurious mounting of operas, and as casts and chorus have been imported practically intact from France, the need for wearisome rehearsals is avoided. A fireman might, perhaps, not absolutely hanker after the task of rescuing Madame Deschamps and M. Engel from a burning house, but plumper Carmens and Don Josés of far less talent have won success here. The lady, moreover, is an experienced artist, and possesses a noble mezzo-soprano voice, while M. Engel as Philémon showed how useful a singer he is. A success has also been achieved by Mdlle. Simonnet (whose name, by the way, is persistently misspelt on the playbills), a soprano, with a petite figure, a pretty face, a slight voice, and a remarkably pure style.

"Philémon et Baucis" would be an ideal opera for the Theatre Royal back drawing-room. Now that the second act, with its splendid choruses, has been eliminated, it only needs four artists, as the solitary chorus of bacchantes, sung behind the scenes to an accompaniment in which the pianoforte figures could be struck out without being greatly missed. The music, framed to a certain extent upon the style of Auber, is melodious and pretty, and presents few difficulties to the vocalists, while the accompaniments, though delicate, are simplicity itself. MM. Barbier and Carré, the French librettists, have, however, treated the Roman gods with a levity which, had they lived in the days of Ovid, would have brought them into personal discomfort. To depict Vulcan as the funny man of opera, persistently growling anent the faithlessness of Venus, his wife, and declaring that if he hears much more of love he will go back to his forge, would have been

heinous crime enough. But to describe "Jupiter Pluvius" as so frightened of a shower of rain (Neptune might as well complain of rheumatism) that he takes refuge in a peasant's cottage, where he rejuvenates the elderly wife and makes furious love to her, after the manner of the tenor hero in an Offenbach opera, would, in the early days of Imperial Rome, inevitably have been held a capital offence. At Covent Garden we only laugh at these pleasantries and listen on, delighted by the charm of M. Gounod's music, which is so well rendered by the French artists. "Philémon et Baucis" was repeated on Monday night, in place of "Les Huguenots" which was postponed owing to the continued indisposition of M. Cossira.

At the Shaftesbury, Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" is going well and will go still better when the inanities of "Crispino e la Comare," by which it is still prefaced, are at an end. Something is, however, needed for the "off" nights, and it will, it is hoped, be supplied by Wagner's "Flying Dutchman." It is perfectly clear that the operas of the old school are quite played out. Silly works like "La Cenerentola" will hardly bear repetition, even if artists capable of singing Rossinian roulades were available. Since Madame Patti relinquished "Semiramide," the only florid opera by Rossini which keeps the stage is "Il Barbiere," which was given on Saturday with Madame Gargano in the part of the heroine, in which she made her début at Her Majesty's two and a half years ago. Verdi's "Ernani," revived on Thursday for that excellent artist, Madame Giulia Valda, is also not likely to have a lengthy run. It was, however, refreshing again to see our old operatic friends, the ladies in ball dress, wandering promiscuously about the catacombs, attended by men in armour and pages bearing cushions. It was equally interesting to watch this motley party standing in a semi-circle unconcernedly to witness the discomfiture of the conspirators, and equally apathetic when the hero is restored from captivity to freedom, and is united in marriage with Doña Sol, the heroine, who, clad in hat and feathers, and the most becoming of modern costumes, happens also to be meandering by night about the castle cellars. So delighted, indeed, were a certain section of the audience on again being introduced to their old acquaintances, that even after the fall of the curtain they insisted upon the ladies in ball dress, the men in armour, the conspirators and the rest of the spectators ranging themselves once more in a semicircle, while Carlos V. again wrestled with his conscience, delivered his pardon, and joined the hands of hero and heroine in marital bliss. Operatic encores are often curious enough, but none could have been funnier than the repetition on Thursday last of the third finale to "Ernani."

The English Opera-house will probably reopen within a week from this date with the French comic opera, "La Basoche." The story deals with the adventures of a Princess of England, who, on proceeding to Paris (the period is more than three centuries ago) to meet the elderly French King to whom she has been wedded by proxy, encounters the Carnival Roi des Basoches (otherwise the youthful poet, Clement Marot), and, not being aware of the confusion between the two monarchs, falls desperately in love with the younger man. Clement Marot is already married, and when the two ladies meet the fur flies and the fun begins.

On Monday last Madame Patti started at Birmingham the concert tour which she is undertaking under the management of Messrs. Harrison. The tour will be continued till December, one concert being given at the Albert Hall, and then, after a Christmas vacation at Craig-y-Nos, La Diva will sail for New York, for a concert and operatic tour under Mr. Abbey. The De Reszkes sailed for the Abbey opera season on Saturday, and Madame Albani and the Sisters Ravogli will follow next week. There has been a good deal of idle speculation as to the salary the De Reszkes will receive in the New World. The matter primarily interests the artists themselves; but I believe Jean will be paid £240 and Edouard £80 per night.

The London concert season begins in earnest this week the Albert Hall re-opening its doors on Wednesday, while the London Symphony Concerts will start on Thursday. The Monday Popular Concert season will commence on Monday next, with M. Paderewski as the star. I am also asked to say that the South London Popular Concerts at the Victoria Hall (late the "Vic.") have commenced. These concerts, supported by an orchestra and well-known vocalists, are given at almost nominal prices and are largely patronised by working-men.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—You will enjoy the *entrées* even more than the *pièce de résistance* in "Edward Leman Blanchard's Life and Reminiscences" (1), which has just appeared under the joint and competent editorship of Messrs. Clement Scott and Cecil Howard. The *pièce de résistance*, or diary of E. L. B., is, to say the truth, for the most part rather tough and tasteless, but the editors' notes and comments are invariably and exceedingly interesting. Together they give you a wonderfully vivid picture of the life of a struggling Grub-street Bohemian. Here is a single specimen, and really the rest is up to sample:—

> On a certain Saturday evening Bostock [publisher] entered the room in which Blanchard was hard at work upon a novel he had ordered from him. "I'm going," says Bostock ruefully, "to take a great liberty, but could you lend me a little money? I only want a pound. My paper-merchant wants something on account, and until I pay a trifle he wont send me a ghost of a quire." "Very sorry, Mr. Bostock, but I'm stumped." "Have mercy on me, Mr. Blanchard! You don't know the straits of mercantile men. You're at work in your shirt-sleeves; let me have your coat and waistcoat to raise a few shillings on them." The author took off his waistcoat, and then Bostock hastily remarked, "I am ashamed to make such a request, as you are so kind and affable, but could I beg your boots, too! With an illustrated Bible up stairs and your things I can easily get a sovereign." Bostock went away with the spoil, and some time elapsed before he again appeared. His demeanor was miserable in the extreme on re-entering the room. "Been a long time, Mr. Bostock; but how have you got on?" "Awful, sir; everything seems to go wrong. Sparks took the sovereign which I raised, but won't send any paper. Things are awful to contemplate; but there's a man would lend me half a sovereign if I had paid him back a crown I'm in his debt. As a last resource, Mr. Blanchard, will you let me have your trousers for an hour? Not longer. Do let me have the trousers for an hour."

And the wretched author had to stay, not one hour, but twenty-eight, unrelieved in the printer's stuffy little office, where Cruikshank, and not the faithless publisher, at last came to his rescue. It is not often that, as adventures are to the adventurous, so romance is the lot of the romancist; but both Blanchard's own marriage and that of his mother were romantic to improbability. His mother, who was his father's second wife, and the school friend of his grown-up daughters, shocked her future husband so much upon her first introduction to him by being dressed in an officer's uniform, that he forbade her the house! In the evening of the same day, however, she again presented herself in a ball-dress (for there was a party at the house) and under an assumed name, and so won her host's heart that he proposed for her. Yet more romantic was Blanchard's own marriage:—

> Far away, in the wilds of New Zealand, the beloved Carina, so often referred to in the diary, was taken suddenly ill. She was quartered in a rough but homely hut, which, as so often happens in the colonies, was papered with scraps of newspapers from home. Opening her eyes after the delirium of fever, they fell on some verses signed "E. L. B." In this heartfelt poem was the wail of a constant but almost broken-hearted man—"Come back to me!" That poetic prayer was answered, for she did come back, and the child-lovers were reunited.

From Blanchard's sordid struggles to Bishop Words-

(1) "The Life and Reminiscences of E. L. Blanchard." By Clement Scott and Cecil Howard. 2 vols. (London: Hutchinson & Co.)
(2) "Annals of my Early Life." 1806-1846. With Occasional Compositions in Latin and English Verse. By Charles Wordsworth, D.D., D.C.L. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.)
(3) "Life of James Boswell. With an Account of his Sayings, Doings, and Writings." By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. [2 vols. (London: Chatto & Windus.)
(4) "The Works of Heinrich Heine." Translated from the German by Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann). Vol. I. "Florentine Nights, &c. (London: William Heinemann.)
(5) "A Popular History of Music from the Earliest Times." By F. Weber. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co.)

worth's triumphal progress from six months after his birth to extreme old age—as recorded in his garrulous, prolix, but interesting "Annals" (2)—is a far cry. The great trouble of his life was not, like Tristram Shandy's, his name, but his naming. He was not baptised until six months after his birth, owing, he conjectures, to his mother having once been a Quaker, and to his father having been an Archbishop's chaplain. Whatever the cause of this disastrous neglect, its occurrence was a grave trouble to the Bishop, while its consequences are plainly legible in his life. For I suppose there can be no doubt that to this neglect his vicious pummelling of Trench, afterwards Archbishop; his unprincipled miching at Harrow with Manning—the Cardinal; and his atrocious pun upon the latter's name, are due. Only a half-regenerate Bishop could deliberately write and print and publish a pun of this infantile sort.

There was no reason at that time to entertain any presentiment of the distinguished reputation Manning subsequently won for himself, and still less of the extraordinary *eminence* which he has now attained.

Yet more unregenerate is his malicious publication of the future Cardinal's poetic acknowledgment of the present of a cricket-bat, which no theological bitterness at the apostasy of his Eminence can account for:—

Dear Charles, I hope you'll make some small allowance,
Being a poet of the highest rate;
You would I'm sure, be kind, if you could know once
What pains I've taken to write verse of late.

The bat that you were kind enough to send
Seems (for yet I have not tried it) good;
And if there's anything on earth can mend
My wretched play, it is that piece of wood.

On the other hand, the boy Gladstone was very much the father of the man. Gladstone, in a letter to his private tutor (the autobiographer), explains his failure to win the "Ireland" on the grounds—assigned by one of the examiners—that his answers were too long, that his essay was "desultory beyond belief," and that he tried to throw dust in the examiners' eyes after this manner:—To the question, "Who wrote 'God save the King?'" he appended the answer, "Thompson wrote 'Rule Britannia.'" From the Bishop to Boswell the transition is not so violent as from Blanchard to the Bishop, since his Right Reverence confesses to a Boswellian weakness for the great; but what can I say of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's poor and pretentious piece of book-making, "Life of James Boswell" (3)? Have you ever come upon the Chinese beatitude:—"Blessed be the man who bloweth his own trumpet; for whoso bloweth not his own trumpet, that same shall in no wise be blowed"? Mr. Fitzgerald blows a lusty blast on his in his preface, which only deepens your disappointment that the biographer of biographers should have his own life served up to us like that leg of mutton Johnson complained of as "ill-bred, ill-fed, ill-killed, and ill-cooked." Mr. Fitzgerald seems to imagine that there is some mystery to unravel in the character of Boswell, and that he has unravelled it; but there is no more intelligible character in all literary history; and Macaulay's false estimate of it was consciously paradoxical—the estimate of a bravo who would cut out his own brother's heart to display his brilliancy of fence. No one will be more pleased than you to hear of an admirably done translation of Heine's "Florentine Nights," "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women," &c. (4), by Hans Breitmann—the first volume of a complete translation of the subtlest of wits and the most magical and yet most artistic of poets. But why does not Mr. Leland supply what in his preface he rightly describes as indispensable to an intelligent foreign appreciation of Heine?

If the foreign reader fails to enjoy, the fault is not in Heine, but in his own want of preliminary acquaintance with Heine's theme. Writing for a German public on themes of contemporary concern, Heine inevitably presupposes an amount of existing knowledge which the English reader will not always possess.

Let me lastly recommend to you a comprehensive, yet succinct, "Popular History of Music" (5), by the Organist of the German Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, Mr. Weber.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I promised that I would find out all about furs for you, and I am now brimming over with information on the subject, gleaned at the International Fur Store this morning. I wonder why we women love furs so dearly as we do? We should neither like nor admire the original wearers, should we? Look at the sable, for instance, a small animal that looks half rat, half weasel. The seal is better, but not fascinating. It is too damp and slimy, but much of its exterior disadvantages are compensated for by its affectionate disposition, as we know the creature at the Zoo. The skunk must be an excessively disagreeable acquaintance. The beaver is worthy of respect for its intellectual qualities; so much so that I do not think we ought really to sacrifice the life of this clever architect and builder to our desire to wear its fur. Of the fox we know little that is enticing. The squirrel is rather nice, but then, on the other hand, its fur is scarcely aristocratic, ranking only a degree or two above the homely little rabbit. Bears are far from fascinating, apart from the fact that they would devour us if they could obtain an opportunity. And yet we love dearly the skins of these unattractive creatures.

Sable, as you have probably seen announced, is to be the fashionable fur of the season. One consequence of this edict is that there will be more varieties of that skin than were ever known before. Fur-wearers will call every brown fur, sable, whether it be sold them as such, or as mink. We were shown, at the store, a perfectly glorious sealskin cape, three-quarter length, bordered with sable tails and with a similar trimming depending from the collar and from the shoulders. The fashionable boa is a whole sable, head, legs, and tail complete. Whole beavers are worn in the same way. But the long boa is by no means extinct. On the contrary, it is in great demand, both in feathers and in fur.

Among the new and delightful things was a leopard-skin coat, made to fit the figure and dressed wonderfully soft. It was lined with black silk figured with orange-brown, which just matched the spots upon the pard. The coat was made double-breasted and with a deep collar. There were pockets as well. Some of the seal-skin coats are made on the model of the Louis XV. casaque. They look smart and chic, with skirts a little full, added on below the waist, and large pockets and deep cuffs. The fronts, when thrown open, show a lining of sable, beaver, or Persian lamb, as well as a vest of the seal-skin, which looks like a complete under bodice. The collar, which can be worn high or turned-down, is deliciously becoming when lined with Russian sable.

Some of the coats we saw were very long; others reached only to the knees. Many were quite loose, very nice for driving, but not smart in effect when worn in walking. There were long Newmarkets, some in seal-skin, others in cloth, of dark tints, brown, black, dark green, dark blue, or coachman's drab. Some of these were lined with fur; others faced with it only. The sleeves are still fulled in on the shoulder. Evening cloaks are of the Russian circular shape, some quite long; others three-quarter length. They are made with a roll collar, lined with fur, and the cloaks themselves are lined with fur, or at least faced with it. The favourite skin for this purpose is the Mongolian goat, whose hair is long, fleecy, and curly. The material of many of these cloaks is thick, rich velvet in pale colours, which look lovely in contrast with the dark fur.

Astrakhan and Persian lamb continue to be as popular as ever. Jackets of the lamb, which is the more costly individual of this family, are made to fit tightly, with pockets and double-breasted fronts. There never was any fur so assiduously imitated as this, but it remains unmistakable. The inexperienced might possibly mistake a fresh, new imitation for the fur, but even the greatest novice could scarcely take the fur for the imitation.

Dress and Habit Makers.—Messrs. John Redfern & Sons have now on view in their Show Rooms, Conduit-street and New Bond-street, a collection of original designs of outdoor Gowns, Coats, Wraps, and Hats, especially prepared for the "Autumn Season."

Narrow bands of fur are much used in the trimming of dress skirts. We saw a perfectly delightful gown of heliotrope cloth at Redfern's, trimmed in this way with three narrow bands of mink round the skirt. The shade of heliotrope is a very pretty, rather reddish one. The skirt is cut on the cross, and has a short train, the lining of shot and striped heliotrope silk being all fluffily frilled round the edge. The skirt is gathered on to the bodice just below the waist, a folded band of the cloth concealing the join. The sleeves have bands of fur round the elbows, so that the fore-parts look like under-sleeves. The fur bands are quite narrow, this being much more chic this season than wide bands. A perfectly sweet little cape of the heliotrope cloth goes with this enchanting gown. It is lined with the striped shot silk, and is double, the over-cape falling to within three or four inches of the edge of the lower one. Both are hemmed with fur. There is a fur collar, and into this the cape is gathered under a narrow band of the fur. We also saw a beautiful dress in prune cloth, the bodice of which fastened across on the left shoulder with a tab, a smaller tab crossing over a little lower down. All these have a hem of black Persian lamb, and are embroidered in jet in a light, open design. The bodice has two long tab-shaped basques in front, with shorter ones at each side, all hemmed with the fur and embroidered with jet, like those on the front.

We caught a glimpse of a lovely dinner gown in pale pink Irish poplin, draped with black gauze embroidered with small pink roses and rosebuds with foliage, the roses having their petals raised in relief.

Our minds were much exercised on the subject of winter coats, so we looked at several with a view to settling our opinions on the matter. I do not think we settled them much, however, for we only escaped the Scylla of utter ignorance to face the Charybdis of hesitation caused by an embarrassment of choice. A delightful one, quite beyond our reach, was chiefly in black velvet, three-quarter length, with tightly-fitting fronts of pale tan-coloured cloth. These, however, showed only in glimpses under the over-fronts, which were composed of a very handsome and elaborate embroidery in gold upon black velvet, bordered with thick, curled black feather. The passementerie fell below the waist at either side, ending in a fringe of jet bordered with gold. The back was novel, graceful, and picturesque, having a sort of diminutive Watteau, of black velvet, hanging straight from the shoulder-line in folds to an inch or so below the waist, and ending in a jet fringe bordered with gold. As the velvet coat below this was quite tight to the figure, the effect of the straight-falling folds was to accentuate the pretty inward curve of the waist. The folds of velvet were put on at the shoulder, under a gold and jet fringe. The sleeves widened out slightly at the wrist, from where bands of passementerie passed round them midway from the elbow.

A coat of dark green cloth was also very original, being made with over-fronts, the underpart being gathered into a belt at the waist. This belt held in the folds at the back as well, quite a novelty after the tightly-fitting backs to which we are accustomed. Smoked pearl buttons fastened it all the way down the front, from which the over-fronts turned back in revers lined with striped silk in alternate lines of green and smoke-grey. The turned-down collar was lined with similar silk, and was supplementary to the coat collar of green cloth.

There were one or two coats made semi-fitting in the front, which is a presage of the future. A beautiful one of this kind was in dark green cloth, with skunk collar and cuffs and a trimming of flat black braid down the front, describing diagonal lines from the shoulder in a way that makes the wearer's figure look its best. Each band of braid was outlined narrowly with gold.

We saw some smart winter costumes at Sandown, where the weather was perfect on both Friday and Saturday after Thursday's deluge. Lilla says that Saturday was a grey, bleak day in town, so that we were very glad we had escaped it. We shall have plenty of that sort between this and next April. What a pity it is that we could not send a large consignment of them to the tropics, where they would be regarded as a boon and a blessing, and receive packing-cases full of sunshine in exchange.

The sweetly pretty lawn looked delightful in the bright weather, and we all examined and criticised each other's autumn outfits. I could not help coveting a grey cloth Newmarket that was lined throughout with sable. Why can we not compound for small peccadilloes of this kind? For instance, I never coveted any man's wife, and feel quite certain that I never shall. But I cannot help coveting old lace, dark furs, and a little extra pocket-money. Why should not my immunity from one class of wickedness tell in my favour when I am guilty of another?

There was rather a preponderance of brown at Sandown, and we noticed a good deal of orange and bright tan colour lighting up the brown. A gown of Uhlan blue cloth was relieved with orange in a very effective way, the waistcoat being in kid of this colour, bordered with Hudson Bay sable, which approaches orange in tint. A number of shades of dark blue were represented, some suggesting those seen in stained glass—a deep, emphatic sapphire; others more vague, with plenty of grey in them. We admired very much a dark gunpowder blue dress, the skirt of which was trimmed with three narrow rows of brown fur. We could not see the bodice, for it was hidden under a long coat of the cloth, with collar, lapels, and cuffs of the fur. Some very magnificent mantels were to be seen. One was in black velvet with sleeves of garnet velvet, the whole much trimmed with jet and garnet embroidery and fringes. Tailor-made gowns were in the ascendant. What better variety could be donned on an autumnal day, when nobody knows what the weather is going to do?

You will find this a very attractive way of cooking eggs:—

First prepare a toothsome forcemeat, made by mixing a tablespoonful of grated ham, the same of bread-crumbs, one blanched and boned anchovy, a slice of the breast of a fowl, a teaspoonful of chopped suet, the same of minced parsley, a minced shalot, the juice of half a lemon, a dash of nutmeg, blade of mace, and pinch of salt. Pound all in a mortar, bind with a beaten and strained egg. Boil half-a-dozen pullet's eggs, not too hard, carefully remove the shells, cut off the point at one end, so that they may stand upright on the dish; then roll them in the above forcemeat. Fry them of a beautiful yellow-brown colour, arrange on a dish, and screen with a rich thick gravy, in which grated ham bears a due proportion. Garnish with diamond-shaped dice of toast, on which lay slices of lemon cut in the same manner, with a tuft of parsley between each.

The following makes a nice little dish for after the theatre:—

Place 2 oz. of fresh butter, 1 oz. of grated ham, the same quantity of beef or tongue, one scalded and boned anchovy, a dust of cayenne, and a pinch of salt in a mortar; well pound and mix them. Cut some thin white or brown bread, lightly spread with butter, screen with picked leaves of tarragon, chervil, or water-cress; lay a little of the above mixture over every slice; roll up each, arrange them neatly in a block on a bed of well-washed and dried lettuce-leaves. Place in a cool place till required. The above ingredients can be formed into various shapes such as pine; or may be pressed through a potato-masher on to a bed of washed and dried salad, with hillocks of aspic jelly around the dish, encircled by a wreath of curly parsley.

Have you courage to try this rather intricate American entrée?—

Take half-a-dozen or more of lean lamb chops, split them to the size of a cutlet, trim them carefully, and roast. Prepare a thick jelly with a quart of white stock, two tablespoonfuls of sherry, a tablespoonful of vinegar, a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, and a sprinkling of pepper and salt. Place the mixture in a sauté-pan, and allow it to gradually warm. In a gill of water soak an ounce

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and a-half of gelatine for a quarter of an hour, and, pouring it upon the ingredients, stir briskly until thoroughly dissolved. When it approaches the boiling point throw in the whites and shells of a couple of eggs, and whisk until the jelly boils. When the jelly rises, put on the cover of the sauté-pan, lift it from the fire, and allow it to settle for twenty minutes; then strain through a fine towel on a dish. As the mixture begins to thicken dip in the chops separately, and when well-covered set them on a reversed sieve to drain. Have ready a variety of lightly-boiled vegetables, carrots, turnips, truffles, and French beans. Cut them into small dice-shaped pieces, slicing the beans sideways into diamonds, arrange these, with the pounded yolk of a hard-boiled egg, in tiny and separate cones upon the consolidating jelly of the chops, and hang the latter on a skewer to cool. Colour half of the remaining jelly with cochineal and pour the whole upon two shallow plates, to be ready for chopping when cold. Pile some freshly-boiled peas in the centre of an entrée-dish, group the chops about them, each chop overlapping its fellow, and arrange the minced vegetables alternately with the minced jelly about the dish. Send to table with tomatoes nicely stuffed. This is an excellent cold entrée, involving time and trouble rather than expense.

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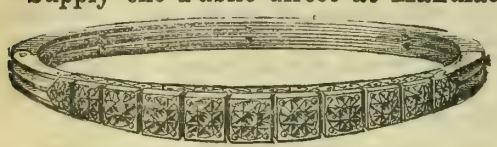
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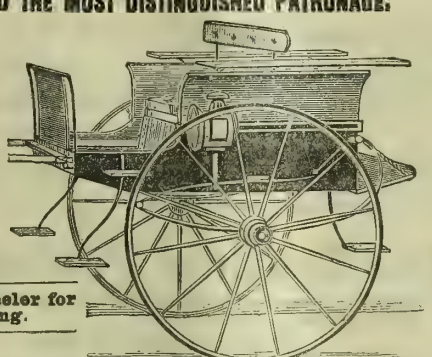

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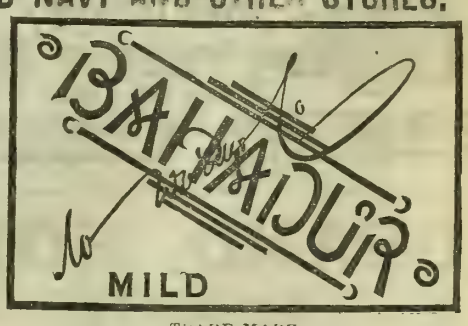

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CONTRIBUTIONS are EARNESTLY SOLICITED towards meeting the EXPENSES of this unendowed Hospital, and will be gratefully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Drummond, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Messrs. Martin & Co., or by the Secretary, at the Hospital.
The deficit on 31st December, 1890, was £7,550.

THE FRIEND IN NEED.—TO GENTLEMEN.—The Managers of a Refuge in Whitechapel, which shelters 160 homeless men nightly, earnestly APPEAL for GIFTS of CAST-OFF CLOTHING.—Address, SECRETARY, 27, Kilburn Park-road, London, N.W.

St. MARGARET'S HOME HOSPITAL.

This Home is intended for Incurable Children. DONATIONS are URGENTLY NEEDED to defray the expenses of this Unendowed Home, and will be gratefully received by the Superintendent, M. E. MILLER, 2, Egerton-road, S. Norwood.

THE EARLSWOOD ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, Red Hill, Surrey.

628 Patients are now receiving Care and Education.
163 Candidates are Seeking Admission.
The Income is not sufficient to meet the Accounts now due, FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.
H. GERARD HOARE, Esq., J.P., Treasurer.
JAMES DOWNING, Secretary.
BANKERS: Messrs. Hoare, 37, Fleet-street, E.C.
OFFICES: 36, King William-street, London Bridge, E.C.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST POST FREE.

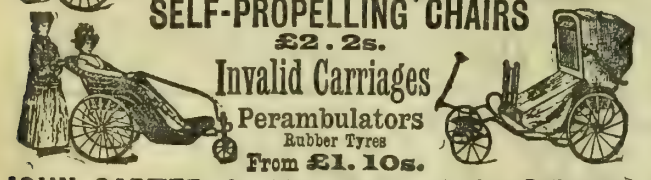
CARTER 6A, NEW CAVENDISH ST.
PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.

LITERARY MACHINE
For holding lamp, meals, &c. in any position over an easy chair, bed or sofa. Deliciously luxurious. A most useful gift. PRICES from £1.1s.

INVALID COMFORTS
Walking Machine for the lame
Adjustable Couches and Beds, £2.
Exercising Chairs £5. 5s.
Reclining Boards £1.1s. Commodes £1. Leg Rests 10s. 6d. Easy Chairs £2. 10s. Commode Chairs £2. 10s.
Carrying Chairs, £1. Bed Tables 7s. 6d. Crutches 10s. 6d. Folding Couch Chairs 10s. Bed Rests 10s.

BATH CHAIRS
From £1. 5s.

SELF-PROPELLING CHAIRS
£2. 2s.



Invalid Carriages
Perambulators
Rubber Tyres
From £1. 10s.

JOHN CARTER, 6a, New Cavendish St., Portland Place, London, W.
Telgrams—BATH CHAIR, LONDON. ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

GRAND HOTEL,
BROADSTAIRS.

The most charmingly-situated Hotel in the Isle of Thanet, and commands one of the finest Sea Views on the South or East Coasts. It has been entirely Redecorated and luxuriously Refurnished in order to afford every possible convenience and comfort to visitors. It stands within its own grounds, covering nearly Two Acres, which contain several Lawn Tennis Courts. 100 Rooms, including Reception, Dining, Smoking, Reading Rooms, &c. Table d'Hôte at 7.

The Wines are of the choicest vintages, and have been carefully selected.

Boarding Terms by special arrangement.

Hot and Cold Sea-water and other Baths.

Billiard Tables by BURROUGHES & WATTS.

Good Stables and Coach Houses adjoin the Hotel.

Omnibus meets every Train.

Tariff and full particulars on application to the Manager.

THE ALBANY HOTEL, HASTINGS (Robertson-terrace), Facing the Sea due South. FINEST POSITION on the WHOLE SEA FRONT. Splendid Views. Recommended by Medical men as the best situation for a Winter Residence. Enlarged, Re-modelled, and superbly Furnished throughout. Lofty Apartments; new handsome Drawing, Dining, and Billiard rooms; Reading and Writing, Smoking and Bath rooms. ONLY HOTEL IN HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT in EVERY ROOM. PASSENGER LIFT. Warmed in Winter. High-class Cuisine. *Table d'hôte* separate tables, 7 p.m. Moderate tariff. No charge for attendance. —C. A. SCHWABE, Manager.

Indian Trichinopoly Cigars and Cheroots.
OAKES & CO.'S "PAGODA" BRAND.

TRADE MARK.

KNOWN AS
"BEEHIVES" in India.

ANGLO-INDIAN Specials	PAGODAS No. 1 and 2.
ANGLO-INDIAN No. 1 & 2.	CHOTA PAGODAS.
SUPERS No. 1, 2, and 3.	FAVORITOS.
	STRAW CHEROOTS.

As supplied to the Army and Navy Stores, and exported to all quarters of the world.

This unrivalled brand are the only Indian Cigars sold on Board the P. & O. Steamers.

OAKES BROS. & CO., 46, New Broad St., *Sole Agents.*

LAIRITZ'S CELEBRATED PINE-WOOL PRODUCTIONS.

Established 1853; Awarded 18 Medals and Diplomas.
For the Relief and Cure of
RHEUMATISM, GOUT, AND THE PREVENTION OF CHILLS.
FLANNEL AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF UNDERCLOTHING
can be had by ordering from first-class Hosiers and Drapers. Principal Retail Agents for Fabrics, E. Lodge & Co., 15, Strand, London W.; H. Sampson, 33, Queen Victoria-street, E.C. List of Country Agents sent on application to Welch, Margetson, & Co., 16, Cheapside, London (Wholesale Depôt for Fabrics).
LAIRITZ'S Pine-Wool Wadding, Oil, Extract for Bath, &c., of all the leading Chemists.
CAUTION:—Observe the Tree Trade Mark with Signature stamped on each piece.

HOSIERY.

Buy Direct, thereby saving fully 25 per cent.
LISLE THREAD, 1/6½, 2/7½, 3/6.
BLACK CASHMERE, 1/11½, 2/9, 3/6.
SPUN SILK, 2/6, 3/9, 4/6, 6/6.
COMBINATIONS IN NATURAL WOOL, 5/6, 5/11, 8/6, 11/-, 11/6.
BODICES, 2/9½, 3/4, 4/3.
Hosiery and Underclothing of every description.
Lists free. Parcels over 10/- carriage paid.
THE HOSIERY MANUFACTORY,
WEST LISS, HANTS.

THE BEST WEARING FASHIONABLE **BLACK SILK.**

FAILLE INVICTA

THOROUGHLY TRIED AND RELIABLE.

REGISTERED No. 93095.

AT ALL SILK HOUSES.

WHOLESALE ONLY,

M & L. MAKOWER & Co., 40, Old Change, E.C.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE

Is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post-free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.

— EXTENSION OF PREMISES —

Great Clearance Sale,

OETZMANN & CO.

67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, & 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.

(*Near Tottenham Court-road and Gower-street Station*).

ELEGANT SILVER-PLATED BREAKFAST CRUET, with spoons, 6/11.

SALE NOW PROCEEDING.

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED SALE CATALOGUE POST FREE.

SILVER-PLATED TEAPOT, (4 half-pints), richly engraved and fluted, 12/11.

ARTISTIC FIREGUARD, in bamboo frame, with engraved glass richly hand painted. 32 in. high...14/11. Same design not painted 10/11

VERY COMFORTABLE SUITE, well upholstered, and covered with saddlebags and utrecht velvet. Settee, £5 15 0. Gent's Easy Chair, £3 18 6. Lady's ditto, £2 17 6.

ELEGANT REVOLVING NEWSPAPER RACK, on ebonized stand, fitted with brass wire and rich copper decoration... 17/11. Same design for table 10/11

The Best Eau de Cologne is

"Original No. 54"

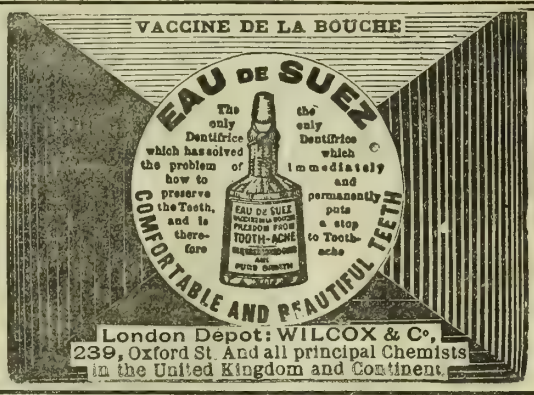
& bears this Label

21 Highest Prize Medals etc.

Another DIPLOMA of HONOUR, GERMAN EXHIBITION 1891, for SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Obtainable Everywhere. General Agents for Great Britain:—

Messrs. VAN OPPEN & CO., Hackney, London, N.E.


VACCINE DE LA BOUCHE
EAU DE SUEZ
The only Dentifrice which has solved the problem of how to preserve the Teeth, and is therefore
the only Dentifrice which immediately and permanently puts a stop to Tooth-ache
COMFORTABLE AND BEAUTIFUL TEETH

London Depot: WILCOX & Co, 239, Oxford St. And all principal Chemists in the United Kingdom and Continent.

SIX GOLD MEDALS AWARDED

Goddard's Plate Powder

Non-Mercurial. THE BEST and SAFEST article for CLEANING SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATE. Sold in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists &c everywhere

ANGEL WHITE TOILET POWDER AND CREAM

UNRIVALLED FOR THE SKIN.

Sole Manufacturer:—Geo. G. Blackwell, Liverpool. Price, 1s., of all Chemists Post Sample, 3d. London Agents—G. Vogt & Co., 19, Laurence Pountney Lane, E.C

TOO FAT!!

DR. GORDON'S ELEGANT PILLS

Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to

DR. GORDON,

10, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

UNSURPASSED FOR OVER 50 YEARS.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR

LONDON & PARIS. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE LATE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD,
SIR MORELL MACKENZIE,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
MISS EMILY FAITHFUL,
THE LATE GEN. W. T. SHERMAN,

and many other persons of distinction, have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established nearly a Quarter of a Century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an Inhalation and without any after bad effects. A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In tins, 4s. 3d. British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London; also of NEWBERY & SONS, BARCLAY & SONS, LYNCH & CO., J. SANGER & SONS, W. EDWARDS & SON, JOHN THOMPSON, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

Blue & gold printed label.

4711 EAU DE COLOGNE

Extract of Double Strength.

Preferred by everyone

Always highest awards. To be had of all Chemists and Stores.

Ferd. Mülhens, 4711 Cologne.

Agents: Krohn Bros & Co. Billiter Bldgs. London, E.C.

THE

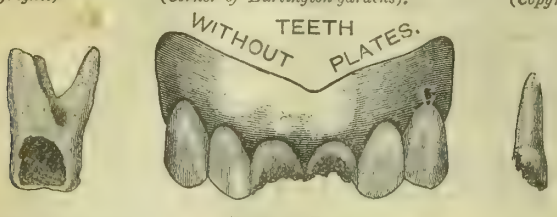
American Tooth Crown Co.

(REGISTERED),

THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN DENTISTS,

24, OLD BOND STREET, W.

(*Copyright.*) (*Corner of Burlington-gardens*). (*Copyright.*)



MASTICATING TOOTH. Too far decayed for filling. DECAYED TEETH. DECAYED FRONT TOOTH.

GOLD OR PORCELAIN CROWN. THE CROWNS. PORCELAIN CROWN.

CROWN FIXED. CROWNS FIXED. CROWN FIXED.

The above diagrams give an idea of the special system of Crown Work as carried out by the gentlemen operators in attendance, who are from the leading American Universities recognised by the American Dental Faculty, and are specialists in Teeth without Plates, Crown and Bridge Work, Gold Filling, &c., by which decayed teeth are permanently saved and made useful. Extractions unnecessary and everything performed painlessly. Fullest information and consultation without fee. Pamphlet on application to the Secretary.

24, OLD BOND STREET, W.

(Corner of Burlington-gardens.)

A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE OF

"FRAME FOOD" DIET

The following letter has been received by the Frame Food Co., Ld.:—

"24, LACEY TERRACE, GRAVESEND, June 8th, 1891.

"Mrs. HORSFALL begs to express her gratitude for the WONDERFUL EFFECT 'FRAME FOOD' DIET has had on her little boy, aged 7½ months. Since taking the FOOD he has literally had NO AILMENT, and has increased

MARVELLOUSLY in STRENGTH and VIGOUR.

For his age he is truly a wonderful advertisement of the FOOD, being able to stand by the side of a chair without other support, and since using 'FRAME FOOD' DIET he has lost entirely the white face of his very early infancy, and gained a ROSY, HEALTHY colour. Mrs. HORSFALL has recommended the DIET to many people, and everywhere it is considered MARVELLOUS. During the late epidemic of INFLUENZA it has been used by a doctor here with great success, when no other FOOD could be retained."

Sold by Chemists and Grocers at 1s per 1-lb., 7d. per ½-lb., and 3s. 9d. per 4-lb. Tins.

Sample 1-lb. Tin sent Carriage Free, with full particulars, for 1s. (mention this paper).

FRAME FOOD CO., LTD., LOMBARD-ROAD, BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

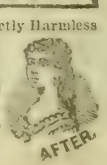
can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors.

70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE, Perfectly Harmless Will reduce from two to five pounds per week: acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.

Botanic Medicine Co., 3, New Oxford-street, London, W.C



THE STOCK CONVERSION AND INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

This Company begs to direct the attention of investors to the Preferred and Deferred Stocks issued by it against London and North-Western and North-Eastern Ordinary Stocks, and which are quoted on the London and leading Provincial Stock Exchanges.

The Preferred Stocks possess security similar to that of Railway Preferential and Preferred Stocks, but yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more income, thus affording to holders of many of the former Stocks an opportunity of adding to their revenue without decreasing their security.

The Deferred Stocks, whilst returning an average income in excess of that yielded by the Railway Ordinary Stocks, against which they are issued, contrast most favourably with all other Deferred and low-priced Ordinary Railway Stocks, and afford the only opportunity to small investors of participating, by means of low-priced Stocks, in the future of these two leading railways of the country. Table showing present price and dividend, and the dividend on the average of a number of years obtainable on the Deferred Stocks, is subjoined.

Any further information with regard to these Stocks can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 12 and 13, Nicholas-lane, E.C.

DEFERRED CHARGE STOCKS.	Present Price.	Last Dividend paid.	Annual Average of Dividend on result of last 10 years.*	Returns on basis of last Dividend.	Returns on Average Dividend of 10 years
London and North-Western Ordinary Stock	27	£1 7 6	£1 7 0 %	£5 1 10	£5 0 0
North-Eastern— Ordinary Stock	40	£2 5 6†	£2 4 0 %	£5 13 9	£5 10 0

*No allowance is here made for bonuses on allotments of new Stock.

†Exclusive of bonus of 9s. 6d. per cent. from allotment of new Stock.

CORNFORTH & REACHER,

Stock and Share Brokers,

4, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Monthly Investment List with Notes on Railways, Foreign Stocks, Industrial and Miscellaneous Shares and Mines—*Free on Application.*

References in every large town in England.

BANKERS—City Bank, Threadneedle-street, E.C.

Stock delivered to any London Bankers in exchange for cash.

Special attention to Investment Business.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—

CORNFORTH, LONDON.

"Poisonous Hats."

Under this heading the BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL states that lead is found in leather sweat-bands! and adds—"*The best plan would be to forswear leather sweat-bands, and wear hats with bands made of some absorbent material.*"

—THE—

JAEGER HATS

ARE FITTED WITH THE

JAEGER WOOLLEN SWEAT-BANDS,

Soft, Smooth, and Absorbent. Can be fitted to any Hat.

Descriptive Jaeger Catalogue, with List of Agents, sent free.

LONDON JAEGER DEPÔTS—30, Piccadilly (next to St. James' Hall); 3 & 4, Princes-st., Cavendish-sq., W. (close to Regent-circus), with Tailoring; 456, Strand (close to Trafalgar-sq.); 85 & 86, Cheapside; 158, Fenchurch-st.; 42 & 43, Fore-st. (close to Moorgate-st. Station), with Tailoring.

CARLSBAD

Natural Mineral Waters and Salts

Are used in the treatment of all cases in which the cure is recommended, viz., in Chronic Gastric Catarrh, Hyperæmia of the Liver, Gall Stones, Chronic Constipation, Diabetes, Renal Calculi, Gout, and diseases of the Spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

SOLE IMPORTERS—

INGRAM & ROYLE 50, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

THE FINEST TONIC

FER BRAVAIS most effective in restoring the vitality of the blood, and enabling the constitution to resist climatic influences.

FER BRAVAIS Invaluable in al cases of anæmia, influenza and general debility.

FER BRAVAIS Highly recommended for weak and debilitated children.

LANCET "*A beautiful and interesting preparation.*"

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"*It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth.*"

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS WITH DROP MEASURE.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over

ONE HUNDRED YEARS,

and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £12,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.
C. HARDING, Manager.

SUN FIRE OFFICE,
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1890,
£361,500,000.

LONDON, EDINBURGH, and GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
LIFE—ACCIDENT.
CHIEF OFFICE:—Insurance-buildings, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.
PREMIUM INCOME.

		Increase in Four Years.
1882	£7,929	
1886	86,006	£78,077
1890	226,001	139,995

Claims Paid (exceed) £420,000.
WILFRED A. BOWSER, Manager.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.
ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, Jun., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.
No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

Established 1868.
THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,
20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.
Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary. H. TEMPLE.

THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY,
58, Old Broad Street, London.
Capital, $3,000,000.
5 per cent. Deposits received for periods of not less than Six Months.
5 per cent. Debentures issued for a period of Five Years.
6 per cent. Freehold Mortgages. Principal and Interest guaranteed by the Company.
ATKINSON & CO., Managers for the United Kingdom.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.

UNION DEPOSIT BANK.
No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE.
Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods
From £30 to £5,000.
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
Interest allowed on deposits, 5, 6, and 7 per cent.
EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

Melville, Fickus, & Co., Ltd., 75, Lombard-st., E.C., the Bankers in London, are authorised to receive the Applications.
The Subscription Lists will CLOSE on or before THURSDAY, the 29th day of October, 1891, at 4 o'clock, for Town and Country.
TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM ON THE CAPITAL OF THE COMPANY GUARANTEED FOR THREE YEARS, AS SPECIFIED BELOW.

H. HERRMANN, LIMITED

Incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1862 to 1890.

CAPITAL £160,000, IN 32,000 SHARES OF £5 EACH.

The Vendor has agreed to take in part payment of the purchase price, £40,000 in 8,000 Shares of the Company, and to retain the same in his own name for three years from the 1st July, 1891. Applications have been already received for a further 6,000 Shares (£30,000), which will be reserved to be allotted in full.

MELVILLE, FICKUS, & CO., Limited, are authorised to RECEIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS for the REMAINING 18,000 (£90,000) SHARES, payable as follows: 10s. per Share on application; 10s. per Share on allotment; £2 per Share on the 1st December, 1891; and £2 per Share on the 1st February, 1892. No Debentures are issued, and no Debentures can be created without the authority of a general meeting of the Company.

DIRECTORS.

WILLIAM WOODALL, Esq., J.P., M.P. (Director, the General Securities Trust and Agency, Limited), Burslem, and Queen Anne's-mansions, London, S.W., Chairman.
A. R. DEAN, Esq., Bull-street and Corporation-street, Birmingham.
Sir STUART S. HOGG (Chairman, the International Trustee, Assets, and Debenture Corporation, Limited), 14, Southwell-gardens, London, S.W.
H. HERRMANN, Esq. (Managing Director, U.S.A.), 368, Broome-street, New York, U.S.A.
C. HASS, Esq. (London Manager), 298, Burdett-road, Limehouse, London, E.

BANKERS.

London—Melville, Fickus, & Co., Limited, 75, Lombard-street, E.C.
Evansville, Ind., U.S.A.,—The Old National Bank.
SOLICITORS—Messrs. Hurrell & Mayo, 165, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C.
BROKERS—Messrs. Satterthwaite & Co, 6, Austinfriars, London, E.C.
AUDITORS—Messrs. Cooper Brothers & Co., 14, George-street, Mansion House, London E.C.
SECRETARY AND OFFICES (pro tem.)—G. G. Walker, Esq., 13, George-street, Mansion House, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring as a going concern, the businesses carried on by Mr. H. Herrmann, as Wholesale Furniture Manufacturer and Timber and Lumber Merchant, at Limehouse, London, E., and Evansville, Indiana, U.S.A.

The purchase will include the Leases of the premises Nos. 3, 11, 21, 23, 25, 27, and 29, Dod-street, Limehouse, London, E.; also of the 12 workmen's cottages facing the factory, and of No. 317, Old-street, St. Luke's, London, E.C., and the part freehold and part leasehold land and lumber mills situated at Evansville, in the State of Indiana, U.S.A., occupying an area of about twelve acres, and the exceptionally valuable goodwill, together with all stock-in-trade, machinery, plant, &c., in London and Evansville, but excepting book debts.

The freehold and leasehold property, together with the plant, machinery, and stock in trade in London and Evansville, have been valued by Mr. Fredric Hunter, senior partner in the firm of Messrs. W. & J. R. Hunter, for the London Department, and by Mr. E. D. Albro, of the E. D Albro Co., 685 to 711, West Sixth-street, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A., for the Evansville Department, and their certificates are appended.

Valuation of Messrs. W. & J. R. HUNTER, New Bethnal Green-rd., Shoreditch, E.

In accordance with instructions received from the International Trustee, Assets, and Debenture Corporation, Limited, I have made a careful inspection and valuation of the whole of the stock, machinery, plant, &c., of Mr. H. Herrmann, of Dod-street, Limehouse, and I value the same, as a going concern at 30th June, 1891, at £58,368. 7s. 8d.

(Signed) FRED. HUNTER (W. & J. R. Hunter).
10th October, 1891.

Valuation of Mr. E. D. ALBRO, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.

I hereby certify that the property, at 30th June, 1891, of H. Herrmann, at Evansville, Indiana, U.S.A., comprising real estate, buildings, machinery, fixtures, implements, stock of logs and lumber, was, as a going concern, of the value of $215,500 (at $4.85 per £—£44,432. 19s. 6d.).

(Signed) E. D. ALBRO.
6th October, 1891.

ACCOUNTANTS' CERTIFICATE.

Messrs. Cooper Brothers & Co. have visited Evansville and examined the accounts of the businesses there and in London for the two-and-a-half years ended 30th June, 1891, and their Certificate is as follows:—

14, George-street, Mansion House, London, E.C., 14th October, 1891.

To the Directors of the International Trustee, Assets, and Debenture Corporation, Limited.

Gentlemen,—We have examined the books of Mr. H. Herrmann, Wholesale Furniture Manufacturer, and Timber and Lumber Merchant, of Limehouse, London, and Evansville, Indiana, U.S.A., for the undermentioned periods.

We find the net profits, after making necessary adjustments, and after providing, in our opinion, sufficient for depreciation of plant and for maintenance, and without charging interest on capital employed, to be as under:—

For the year ended 31st December, 1889	£19,757	19	4
For the year ended 31st December, 1890	24,590	2	4
For the half-year ended 30th June, 1891	13,283	8	7

We are, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,
(Signed) COOPER BROTHERS & CO., Chartered Accountants.

from which it will be seen that the net profits for the year ended 31st December, 1890, after payment of all charges, amounted to £24,590
and for the half-year ended 30th June, 1891 ..... £13,283
the latter being at the rate of £26,566 for the year.

The contract with the Vendor provides that in the event of the net profits of the Company, available for dividend during each of the three years next following the 1st July, 1891, amounting to less than 10 per cent. upon the capital of the Company, the Vendor shall make good the same to that amount (and for this purpose will deposit in trust with the Bankers of the Company security approved by the directors and in conformity with such contract), but on the basis of the net profits for the past year and a half there will be sufficient to provide for a dividend of 15 per cent. on the entire capital of the Company, and to allow of a margin for administration.

It will be seen from these certificates of the valuers that the Company acquires property to the value of..... £102,801 7 2
which with the working capital in cash of 25,000 0 0

will make a total of tangible assets of £127,801 7 2
leaving, to represent the payment for goodwill and to meet the expenses of the promotion of the Company, a balance of 32,198 12 10
being about one year and three months' purchase. £160,000 0 0

Application will be made in due course for a quotation on the London Stock Exchange. Application for Shares must be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Bankers with a remittance for the amount of the deposit. Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company; of the International Trustee, Assets, and Debenture Corporation, Limited, 13, George-street, Mansion House, London, E.C.; and from the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors.

October 24th, 1891.

The Habit of Health

CIVILIZATION by Soap is only skin deep directly, but indirectly there is no limit to it.

If we think of soap as a means of cleanliness only, even then, PEARS' SOAP is a matter of course. It is the only soap that is all soap and nothing but soap—no free fat nor free alkali in it.

But what does cleanliness lead to? It leads to a wholesome body and mind; to clean thoughts; to the habit of health; to manly and womanly beauty.

PEARS' SOAP has to do with the wrinkles of age; we are forming them now. If life is a pleasure, the wrinkles will take a cheerful turn when they come; if a burden, a sad one. The soap that frees us from humors and pimples brings a life full of happiness. Wrinkles will come; let us give them a cheerful turn.

Virtue and wisdom and beauty are only the habit of happiness.

Civilization by Soap—pure soap; PEARS' SOAP, that has no alkali in it; nothing but soap—is more than skin deep.

OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 661.—SUGGESTION OF NAME FOR A LONDON THEATRE.

CRITERION (Real name and address are published below) £1 1 0
FELOOS (Real name and address are published below) £1 1 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" HOME-MADE TOY AND DOLL SHOW.

I have received several letters with reference to the Home-made Toys. My correspondents ask for information as to the kind of Toys which will be most acceptable. As I have already said, it is desired to lay down no limits in this matter. Toys of all kinds will be gratefully received, though, naturally enough, seeing what are the destinations of the playthings received, a preference must be expressed for toys that are strong enough to withstand the exceptional wear and tear they will certainly have to undergo, both in the Hospital wards and in the play-rooms of the metropolitan Workhouses. To repeat another announcement already made, scrap-books of all sizes are always in great demand, and too many of these cannot be sent in. I find it necessary to again publish the fact that there are no more dolls left, and that I am unable, therefore, to comply with the wishes of those ladies who have only made application during the past week or two. Many parcels of dolls, duly dressed, have been already returned to this Office, and I hope many more will arrive before the latest date fixed for receiving them—viz., December 9.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 662.

The Prize for the best Definition of Theosophy will be given to LEAF RULE.

PRIZE DEFINITION OF THEOSOPHY.

Spiritualism: up to date.—LEAF RULE.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 666.

It is some time since a Prize was awarded for a Child's Saying, and as there must constantly be new relays of children growing up who, doubtless, utter more or less quaint and clever things, the usual sum of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE BEST ORIGINAL QUAINT, OR CLEVER SAYING OF A CHILD ON ANY SUBJECT.

Competitors will please make their replies as brief as possible, only adding to the actual saying of the child they quote just enough to sufficiently explain the circumstances under which the remark was uttered. All answers must reach me by the morning of Monday, November 9, at the latest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of VANDERDECKEN, winner of one-half of Prize No. 659, are Arthur Meller, Esq., 14, Cornhill, E.C.

*** The real name and the address of CRITERION, winner of one-half of Prize No. 661, are Miss Nellie Northcroft, Glenroy, Surbiton Hill, Surrey.

*** The real name and the address of FELOOS, winner of one-half of Prize No. 661, are Miss Annie Randall, 3, Palmeira-avenue, Brighton.

EDITHA.—I have duly received your post-card.

FELOOS.—Many thanks for your kind suggestion.

EMILY S.—I am much obliged to you for your suggestion.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 663.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ORIGINAL ANAGRAMS ON "THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE: ITALY, AUSTRIA, AND GERMANY."

Call it a treaty? Ah! an alarmingly deep ruse in it.—Nodding Violet.

Military allies arrange a plan—they act united.—Solanidge.

In truth a gay triad! Is all really meant in peace?—Tom Nissed.

Telegram from her Majesty to the three potentates of Germany, Austria, and Italy:—"I trust again that all may really end in peace.—I. R."*—Silly Sing Song.

* Imperatrix Regina.

A dry neutrality! That's an Imperial allegiance.—Qui Hy.

Aha! an ill-united army are still trying at peace.—Difficilis.

1. Three lands are uniting—a really capital amity. 2. Rare amity! Yea, all three lands uniting! Capital! 3. Three unite again—a silly Radical party lament.—Dumnorix.

May England retain peace? Ay, till truth is a liar!—I. B. B.

Ah! I may train, still I'll try and guarantee peace. (The word train is, of course, in allusion to the large number of trained soldiers maiatained by all these Powers.)—Falstaff.

1. Peace is thy aim, at any rate till anger'd ruin all. 2. Peace, I read, thy aim till an angry State ruin all.—Malignant.

Tiger rule—it hardly maintains any peace at all.—Sinona.

Aha, peace trust and amity really reign in it all.—J. W. Tickel.

A race allied. All reap a strength. Amity in unity.—Wild Thymes.

Is it real peace? Yah, all in name—drat it—ugly rant.—Robt. G. Blunt.

A tie, a "manicle," duly restraining all party hate.—Svonok.

A real cheating mystery until read. A plain tail.—Foy.

Armies unite and call in play, Hail! great Treaty!—Deva.

1. 'Tis all a tyrannical league! It may ripen hatred. 2. A tyrannical league. It may ripen a hatred still.—La Plata.

All grant their aim is really at unity and peace.—D'Arcy.

Rally in tyrants, and hail it a trim peace league!—Jerry.

It 'll greatly ensure peace, and, ah! many rail at it.—The Gardener.

1. It hardly maintain a really true, lasting peace. 2. As all rightly united, try maintain a real peace.—Cato.

Aid ally. Rare strength in unity. Aim all at peace.—Siriol.

1. Call it rather an Imperial Anti-Dynasty League. 2. Rather, an all-Imperial Titanic Dynasty League. 3. An ample dynastic guarantee, literally i' th' air. 4. A try at an Imperial Land League this, certainly. 5. Certainly that is an Imperial Land League—a try. 6. A tyrannical Imperial Land League, this treaty.—Mavis.

1. An arrant military league that slily din peace. 2. This—a peace treaty uniting all—rallied an army. 3. I tell again that nullity, peace, arrayed in arms. 4. That treaty lulled liars in an imaginary peace.—Violet Grove.

1. A unity in three great lands. I call it a palmy era. 2. I call it a palmy era—a unity in three great lands.—Cæsar's Corner.

Ally, I prithee, against a mad, cruel, alien tyrant.—Imara.

Pray all real men unite, aye, alien tact aids right.—Dora.

—1. Ah! Imperial and Regal allies ye attract unity. 2. Yah! alliance imperil neutrality? Strange data.—Outsider.

1. They are triune against all peril and calamity. 2. Thy arrangement, as triunely allied, capital, A 1. 3. A really capital ideal arrangement this unity.—Gemini.

Martial allegiance has partly retained unity.—A. L. Sellor.

A reality! gallant, military, heads turn in peace.—Heathfield.

A head regal trinity truly maintains all peace.—Terrapin.

1. All rightly maintain a treaty and peace is rule. 2. Amity at peace, unity at danger—all sharer in ill. 3. Peace and rule rightly is a treaty all maintain.—Hoang-Ho.

At this peace all rally, retaining a united army.—A. L. Sellar.

1. Ærial Spirit! 'lay alarm, teach gentle Unity. 2. Yet three allies uniting Alarma Paralytic.*—Editha.

* Turkey.

In real peace, laugh at lands in military treaty.—D'Artagnan.

1. A treaty planned in Reich.† It really aims at Gaul. 2. A laid treaty, uniting three "pals." A nice army! 3. A party idea. Cut it, Englishmen! Train a *real* ally. 4. Three in a party. Let Gaul decry it as an ill mania. 5. Britannia *loqr.*: Gaul in restraint? Capital! They earn my leal aid. 6. A party get an idea,—all air it. Leal men cry, "Shun it!" 7. May peace restain it, allay hatred, uniting all. 8. May it arrest all hatred, gain all unity in peace. 9. May peace run in its train till age allay hatred. 10 A "peace-retainer" mighty in all art as in all "duty."—Wahrheit.

† The German Empire.

1. A rare treaty is, all in all, unity, peace, and might. 2. Is, all in all, a rare treaty—unity, peace, and might. 3. It is an unparalleled treaty in a race almighty. 4. Unity shall maintain peace till age dare tarry. 5. Trinity in unity. A great peace shall deal alarm. 6. A trinity in unity had all large realms at peace. 7. Great trinity and unity. All realms hail a peace.—L. I. C.

That real peace mainly irritated sunny Gallia.—Eboracum.

1. A united military plan. 2. A great cheat, really sin.—Eclipse.

1. Am really a capital idea, real strength in unity. 2. A capital idea, they ain't really uniting realms.—Knarf.

1. A peace? a lying art, in all this armed neutrality! 2. All an empty truce, allies in air, a gay death train. 3. Really a truth! tardy allies maintaining peace! 4. Till irate tyranny disarm, laugh in a late peace. 5. Eh? neutrality disarming at any price! All a tale.—M. S.

1. Military allies! At Gaul, and then tarry in peace. 2. La! Large military lands unite in a cheap treaty. 3. Latterly they are in a camp allied, against ruin. 4. Annul a tied military treaty, all sharing peace. 5. Lately they remain rallied. A 'pact against ruin. 6. They aim alliance 'gainst red ruin. A paltry tale! 7. They are all placid, in lame treaty against ruin.—Fin de Siècle.

1. Gaul! it daily threatens peace; army all in train. 2. Play. Act I. Three lands array in militant league. 3. A tyrant league in air that rapidly menaces ill. 4. Three lands array league; I plant it in calamity.—Excelsior.

1. 'Tis really a mad plan. Treaty? Ruin! A cheating lie! 2. Lie! An idle threat! A lying measure! Lur! I can't pity! 3. Tut! Him a idle, lying, ricata (rickety) plan! Last, ne'er a year! 4. Tact? A daring lie! Let men, ah! you all, pray its ruin.—E. N. S.

1. Capital! Let their unanimity allay era's danger! 2. They duly arrange an armistice—*i.e.*, all plan at it. 3. May ideal peace tint, rule in, this gallant array. 4. Era attracted really pleasing unanimity. Hail! 5. Capital three! Let unanimity allay danger's air.—Wraith.

Aid three real Graces—all aptly maintain unity.—Sinona.

A limited treaty; a cheery plan; a run against ill.—Zep.

In truth ye all lip a martial decree against any.—Nep.

Giant parties allied! Yea, then I can truly alarm.—Pince-nez.

Rise again certainly that unparalleled amity!—Traddles.

Aria: "I pray let me ally. Sure, can't I hit at England."—Russo.

Salisbury (*loquitur*): "May I gaily place this land in a neutral retreat?"—Collis.

1. Ay! call I this a permanent treaty? Alluring idea! 2. I dare call it a martial plan. Seeing any hurt yet?—Margana.

France *loquitur*: "Ye tarry. Maintain peace till I, hated Gaul, snarl."—Bowzer.

'Suredly art all hail, peace maintaining treaty.—Don Carlos.

Ay, Sir, all that dare run in little peace may gain.—Dualwor.

A giant star; they are an empirically united all.—J. H.

Their nautical age plans ill many a dire treaty.—Sydenhurst.

1. Ay! martial leagued: still peace ran in thy train. (A suggested apostrophe to the Triple Alliance after its dissolution.) 2. A military leaguer all peace stand in thy train. (A suggested apostrophe to each of the Powers forming the Triple Alliance.)—Severn-side.

May a unity entail all strength—a clear ripe aid.—E. T.

A cute military leader hails planning a treaty.—Laburnum.

1. Three giant military lands unite—call a pay era. 2. Rally—unite. A giant military plant. Heed a scare.—Esperanza.

And it's a real fine ally, maintains peace rightly.—Naomi Tighe.

Lean mia pia Gallia, yet nail tyrant, Deutscher.—Georges Lisle.

Allied, gallant hearts tarry in unity; aim, peace.—A. L. Sellar.

Leal aid, truly train,
English army, peace attain. King Cole.

1. Armies unity all are glad. 2. Ah! plan it nice art yet.—Grainer.

1. A thrice pleasing unanimity. Ay, let all read "art"! 2. Alarming tale! They all act, are in unity. Despair! 3. Alarming tales! They act in unity, are all repaid!—Guelder Rose.

1. Rally! I shall urge peace treaty, and maintain it. 2. All rue, and rally, aiming at peace in this treaty. 3. I laud lying arret.* "Shall maintain peace treaty." 4. If any attain arret. Peace duly reigns. All hail it.—R. THUR.

* Arret, the decision of a court or council.

1. Then let Gaul ally Spain meet array in Adriatic. 2. Let Gaul place an army in Adria; the treaty is nil.—Scroggins.

1. List! Ally, guard treaty in peace, annihilate—arm! 2. Hear allied party, maintain trusty allegiance. 3. United great allies, pray try annihilate a calm!—Hoblimra.

1. Ye laud arrangement etc., ah! I lay, it is an ill trap. 2. Let each party in it say: "La, let men arraign, I laud." 3. Let each party in it say: "Let men arraign, la, I laud." 4. A princely marriage, lately attain'd; naileth us. 5. Ye laud arrangement; ah! in it I trace ills at play. 6. Ye a' laud ill arrangement; ah! it partly incites a'. 7. Ye a' laud arrangement; ah! it partly incites a' ill.—Nacnud.

1. Earthly trinity said grant man peace, alleluia. 2. In peace hail! May latent artillery grant us aid! 3. Had ally let artillery rust maintaining peace? 4. An uneasy time in arcadia? Really light prattle!—Soudanese.

1. Pity that trial; and I see a regal ally can ruin me. 2. Ah! taunt, nay, pity it; realms allied in regal care. 3. "Grand, yea triumphant allies." I cry, in a late tale.—Georgina.

1. A great hap,—rear realms tacitly allied in unity. 2. Peace all hail! Great realms! A trinity and unity! 3. Peace, amity all hail! rear lands! Great trinity!—Incruditus.

1. All maintain unity (dear care) lest a prey alight. 2. All hail great treaty! unity in races made plain. 3. All hail great peace treaty! unity in races made. 4. At thy game, prince.* Real art. I unite. I allay lands.—Incognita.

* Bismarck.

1. Teach fallen alien man; try rapacity in greed. 2. Fealty in all glad peace; merry care in that inn. 3. Three clean, tidy, great men can in all play fair. 4. All fair trade, great plenty, in many licence, ah! 5. Three tried men playing fair can lay ten a call. 6. They are crying if called plain; late mean rant.—Woodhurst.

Hail Gallia! Triune prayer can settle amity.—Editha.

I strangely anticipate rain, ma. Heed ultra-ally.—Foy.

A saintly allegiance rarely attained triumph.—A. L. Sellar.

Shall ye remain ill at unity at a great price?—Editha.

Gaul, ye earn my drastic hate. Anti-Latin pill era.—Peregrinator.

Amy, three allies are uniting; call it a party.—Editha.

Tarry! a united peace remains, hail it gallantly—A. L. Sellar.

A rare delight, sir, peace; all manly attain unity—A. L. Sellar.

A peace shall unite a trinity; arm it largely.—Editha.

1. A military league certainly, and at their plans. 2. They are really an united trias till a campaign. 3. A general calamity, a ruin pit, daily threatens. 4. All, than admit peace a rarity, ensue it angrily 5. Hail! England's capital, tiny army! A real true tie. 6. Ay, a criminal treaty—*i.e.*, England shall tear it up.—H. A. L. S.

1. Three A 1 lunatics aim really at England; pray it! 2. Three lunatics really armed again at play in it (*i.e.*, the Continent). 3. May real peace rule again in this land; try a tilt.—Jig.

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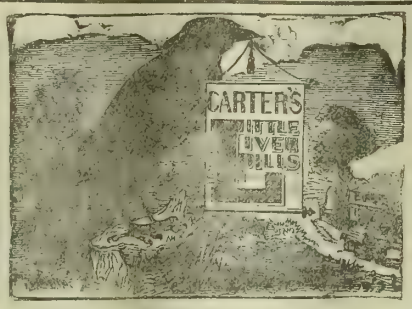

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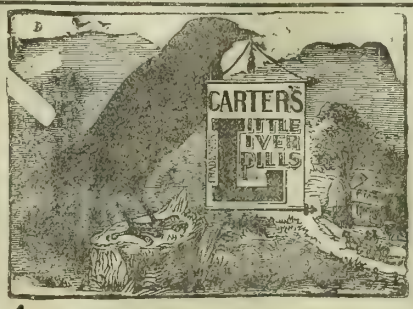

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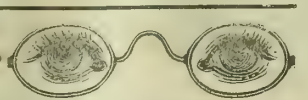

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

I INSERT below some verses which have been sent to me as a contribution to the Toy Fund by "R. M.," who believes that, if printed in Truth, they will help to bring in more money than he could himself afford to give. The verses are headed The Toy Fund—An Appeal, and are as follows:—

WANTED!

NOTES, GOLD, SILVER, AND COPPER!

Notes.

Diamonds sparkle on velvet trays,
And your purse is open to buy;
But what if an angel stay your hand
With the sound of a sick-child's sigh?
Ah! think of the children weak and wan,
How few, at the most, their joys;
Then leave the jewels unbought awhile,
And send us your notes for Toys.
And to you shall come as your rich reward
The echo of infant mirth—
The laughter of merry girls and boys—
The sweetest music on earth!

Gold.

On every side of you pretty things
In shop windows find a place;
Rare china and pictures, costly furs,
And pieces of dainty lace.
But selfish pleasures at best fleet fast,
Whereas if you send your gold
To brighten with sunshine hours of gloom,
You will purchase delight untold;
And every day of the coming year
It will cause you a pleasure new
To know that a cloud from many a life
Has been lifted, thanks to you.

Silver.

The spray of flowers you see for sale,
The sparkling wine you drink;
The stall at the play and the fine cigar—
Stay just one moment, and think.
Why not forgo these delights to-night?—
'Tis only for once in a way—
And send the silver that they'd have cost
For toys upon Christmas-day?
The costliest flowers but fade and die,
And wine is a mixed delight;
You can go to the play some other day,
Stay, and smoke your pipe to-night.

Copper.

And if you've no silver or gold to spare,
Yet, still for the children's sake,
We have an appeal to make to you—
Your pence we will gladly take.
One drink the less, or one walk the more,
Instead of the usual ride,
Will enable some hapless workhouse child
To enjoy a glad Yuletide.
And small though the sum may be you send
To the Fund for which we plead,
You will learn what a wealth of joy it brings
To have done a kindly deed.

R. M.'s verses put the case so clearly that very few comments of my own are needed. I must say, however, that I emphatically endorse his metrical appeal. Putting the matter into plain prose, it simply comes to this: The date is now November 5; in something less than six weeks the Toy Show will be held; and before that time, if the happy anticipations of some 24,000 children are to be realised, it will be necessary for me to receive, in round figures, £1,000. Up to to-day, the sum I actually have received is £136. 13s. 6d. A very elementary arithmetical process, then, will show what amount I have to ask the readers of Truth and their friends still to contribute. I really do not think I need say any more.

But it may be well to repeat here that, as it has been arranged to hold the Toy Show at the Polytechnic, in Regent-street, on December 16 and 17, it is absolutely necessary that all parcels of dressed dolls intended to be included in the exhibition should reach Truth Office by Wednesday, December 9. If the parcels can be sent in at an earlier date, so much the better.

I have received the following amounts towards the Toy Fund:—

Sylvia and Jessop Shield, £5; A Girl in a Blue Habit, 2s. 6d. Pam, £1. 5s.; Mrs. Frederick Weldon, £2. 2s.; J. P. M., £1. 1s.; Miss Isabel M. Butter, £5; A. C. Barclay, £5; Byron L. Ronald, £2. 2s.

The Queen's "indisposition," about which so much noise was raised last week, was purely imaginative, as her Majesty has been in the best possible health ever since her arrival at Balmoral. The Queen was somewhat out of sorts during the latter part of her stay at Osborne, but that was entirely caused by the relaxing air of the Isle of Wight, which has never really suited her Majesty, who likes a bracing atmosphere, and so do all her family. The Prince of Wales was immensely benefited by his month's stay on Deeside this autumn.

All last week the Prince of Wales was at Newmarket, and he had another day's partridge-driving at Six Mile Bottom with the Duke of Cambridge. H.R.H. went on Friday to visit Lord and Lady Brooke at Easton Lodge, Essex, when the party included the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

The Prince was to have kept his birthday next Monday at Sandringham, and a large shooting party was to have been entertained at the Hall, including the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Clarence, Prince George, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife. The fire on Sunday will, however, probably cause the Prince to alter his plans; and, if so, he will most likely be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Fife during next week at Castle Rising Hall, which place is near enough to Sandringham to allow of the Royal preserves being shot over by a party staying there.

H.R.H. and the Princess, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and other members of the Royal family, are expected to be present at the wedding of Prince Henry Pless and Miss Cornwallis West, which is to take place in Westminster Abbey on the afternoon of Tuesday, December 8.

The Princess of Wales has commissioned Mr. Halst, the well-known Danish artist, to paint for her a large picture representing the entrance to the harbour at Copenhagen, with the Russian Imperial Yacht, *Polar Star*, the British Royal Yacht *Osborne*, and the Danish Royal Yacht *Danebrog* in the foreground, while the English Church is to appear behind. A similar picture has also been ordered by the Emperor of Russia.

The King and Queen of Denmark and the Princess of Wales and the Princesses Victoria and Maud are to pass a couple of days at Vienna when on their homeward journey from Russia, and they are expected to arrive at Gmunden about the 25th, on a short visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. The Prince of Wales will probably go to Paris to meet the Princess, who will make a brief stay there on her way to England from Gmunden.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been staying for a few days at Longford Castle, Wiltshire, on a visit to Lord and Lady Radnor, who had a large house party to meet them.

Princess Christian and her daughter, Princess Victoria, have left Balmoral after a stay of seven weeks, and they are now on a visit to the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburghe at Broxmouth Park, Haddingtonshire, and will return to Windsor for the winter to-morrow.

The Crown Prince of Roumania (Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen) is expected to arrive in England about the end of this month, and he will be the guest of the Queen at Windsor Castle, of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, and of the Duke of Edinburgh at Devonport, during his stay in this country.

Prince Henry of Battenberg is going to Germany for about three weeks, on a visit to his relatives at Darmstadt, when the Court returns to Windsor.

The Duke of Cambridge, General Owen Williams, Captain Machell, and Captain FitzGeorge had a day's shooting with Mr. H. M'Calmont at Cheveley Park on Friday last. The day's bag included over a thousand pheasants and a great quantity of ground game, the greater part of which was distributed among London hospitals.

I mentioned recently that a representation had been made to Lord Salisbury in favour of appointing a Liberal-Unionist to the lucrative and easy office of Vice-Chamberlain, which Lord Dartmouth must vacate before the meeting of Parliament. I have since heard that the Prime Minister has suggested that Lord Wolmer would be an excellent man for the place, and no doubt it is a paramount recommendation in the eyes of Lord Salisbury that this candidate is his own son-in-law. What a roaring and braying will be heard at the Carlton if this post is given to Lord Wolmer, or, indeed, to any other Unionist; but I really do not see why the hay should not be fairly divided between all the herd. These poor Liberal-Unionists make speeches reviling us, and vote obediently on all Government issues. Why, then, should they not have their share of the provender?

The Duke of Clarence and Prince George of Wales returned to Dublin early last week from Wexford. Prince George, during his short visit to Ireland, has been a most indefatigable sight-seer, and is, no doubt, qualified to instruct many of his older august relatives on subjects connected with the country. After their visit to Lord and Lady Carew the Princes visited Lord and Lady Powerscourt at Enniskerry, a party of the local gentry being invited to meet them. On Friday, before leaving for England by the Irish mail, they were entertained at dinner in the St. George Yacht Club by Lord Ashbourne. In the afternoon, having lunched at Glasnevin House with Colonel Lindsey, the Duke of Clarence and Prince George paid a visit to the cemetery at Glasnevin, where the grave of Mr. Parnell is daily visited by crowds.

On Wednesday evening Lord and Lady Wolseley entertained the Duke of Clarence and Prince George at dinner at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham. After dinner a select dance was given, half the large hall forming the ball-room, whilst supper was laid out at small tables in the other half. Prettily arranged sofas, plants, and screens divided the two sections of the room. Dancing, in which the Princes took a vigorous part, was kept up

For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 964 in the present issue.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 963.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see page 965.

to a late hour, the "pas de quatre," an evident royal favourite, appearing twice upon the programme. Many pretty dresses were worn, the younger ladies being chiefly in white. The men wore mess dress, that of the rifle regiments being somewhat comically suggestive of overgrown schoolboys in Eton jackets. Lord and Lady Wolseley's departure from the usual modern fashion of leaving the guests to take care of themselves, and their exertions to make the evening pleasant, had most agreeable results, which may inspire others to do likewise.

Mr Balfour arrived in Dublin on Monday evening, and stayed with Sir J. West and Lady Ridgeway at their residence in the Phœnix Park. During the week he made no public appearance in Dublin, his farewells being conducted with the strictest privacy. Rightly or wrongly, there is a general impression in Ireland that Mr. Balfour suffers no poignant regret at severing his connection with the country. On neither side was there liking that begets liking.

Mr. Gladstone is to be the guest of Mr. Rendel, M.P., during the early part of his stay on the Continent, at Valescure, near St. Raphael. Mr. Rendel has hired the Villa Magali, which is the finest in the place, for the season. Mr. Gladstone will afterwards visit Genoa and Pisa, before going to Florence, where he is to stay for several weeks.

Lord Rosebery, who left Mentmore in the early part of last week on a visit to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, is now staying at Dalmeny, it being his first return there since the death of Lady Rosebery.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland will entertain a large party at Welbeck Abbey during the last week of this month for the Rufford Hunt Ball, which is to take place there, in the underground ball-room, on the 23rd. Lord and Lady Manners and Lord Savile will have parties for the function at Thoresby Park and Rufford Abbey respectively.

Lord Carrington, who has been residing at Wycombe Abbey since his return from the Cape, is to visit his Lincolnshire estate next week, and during his stay in the county he will address Liberal meetings at Spalding and other places.

Lord and Lady Cadogan's party at Culford Hall, Suffolk, for the County Ball at Bury, includes the Duke of Clarence and Prince George, who are to proceed on Saturday to Sandringham.

Somebody sends me the journal of a Yorkshire hydropathic establishment, with an account in it of a ball recently given. If the chronicler may be trusted, this must have been a decidedly "smart function." It is recorded that "good humour and courtesy seemed the order of the night," and that many of the ladies' dresses "were *new*, and all of them clean;" while, concerning the coiffures, we are told that "a few would have been visibly improved by an application of the hairdresser's art.' To an outsider all this is certainly rather amusing reading, but, I should imagine, less so to the parties who were present.

Lord and Lady Sefton will entertain a large party next week during Liverpool races at Croxteth Hall, Lancashire. Lord Sefton, who has been shooting lately on his North Lancashire estate, will have his annual battues at Croxteth early in December.

During the early part of next week Lord and Lady Zetland are to entertain a large shooting-party at Aske Hall, Yorkshire, where they have been staying during the last month, and on Monday, the 16th, they return to Dublin for the winter.

Lord and Lady Londonderry have a large shooting-party staying with them this week at Wynyard Park, their place near Stockton-on-Tees, including the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Lord and Lady Zetland.

Mr. Abraham Logan, of Hassington Mains, Berwickshire, who died last week, had long been known as one of the largest and most successful agriculturists in Great Britain. He descended from an ancient Border family, which had fallen into difficulties, and his father commenced life as a small farmer. Both father and son were shrewd and far-sighted in all business transactions, and by hard work, sagacious management, and economical living, the small farm became a large one, which was finally purchased by Mr. Abraham Logan, and he subsequently bought five other properties in the county, from Lord Tweeddale and other owners. Mr. Logan was one of the largest occupiers of land in the country, for, in addition to his own extensive possessions, he rented no fewer than six large farms in Berwickshire and Roxburghshire, from the Duke of Roxburghe, Lord Home, and Sir George Douglas, respectively.

Lady Cloncurry's death has caused great regret in Irish Society, of which, since her marriage, she was a very popular member. Her illness began somewhat suddenly, in the summer, at Lyons, the family residence in Kildare, when a large party of visitors were staying there. This year has been a melancholy one in Kildare, an unusual number of deaths having taken place amongst the leading families of the county.

Mr. Yerkes, a New York merchant, recently erected a marble tomb, which had cost £10,000, over the grave of a relative in the Greenwood Cemetery of that city. Mr. Yerkes has just lost an action for £800, and, having presumably experienced reverses, his victorious opponents can find no property to attach except the tomb—which they have therefore seized, and it is to be removed and sold by public auction unless their claim is settled.

It is all very well persons throwing doubt on Lord Randolph's account of his experiences with lions in South Africa, and asserting that a tame old lion had been brought within his ken, and that the yellow things he saw from his tree in the distance were cows. I know that there are not only lions but bears in the path of African travellers, for I have read all about this in the "Story of an African Farm," where the terrible adventure of Bonaparte Blenkins and a nephew of the Duke of Wellington with bears is graphically recounted. If a relative of one of our two greatest military heroes was attacked by bears, why should not a relative of the other hero be attacked by lions? Here is the account:—

There, stretching out under a bush, was nothing less than the nose of a bear. The Duke of Wellington's nephew was up a tree like a shot; I stood quietly on the ground, as cool as I am at this moment, loaded my gun, and climbed up the tree.

"How many are there?" he said.

"Four," said I.

"How many are there now?" he said.

"Eight," said I.

"How many are there now?" said he.

"Ten," I said; and down went his gun.

"Wellington," I said, "we're dead men now!"

"Bonaparte, my old fellow," said he, "my hand trembles so."

By this time the bears were sitting in a circle all round the tree. Yes (said Bonaparte, impressively), a regular exact circle. The marks of their tails were left in the snow, and I measured it afterwards; a drawing-master couldn't have done it better. It was that saved me. They came on systematically, one by one. All the rest sat on their tails and waited. The first fellow came up, and I shot him; the second fellow—I shot him; the third—I shot him. At last the tenth came; he was the biggest of all—the leader, you may say.

"Wellington," I said, "give me your hand. My fingers are stiff with the cold; there is only one bullet left. I shall miss him. While he is eating me, you, dear friend, get down, and take your gun, and live: live to remember the man who gave his life for you." By that time the bear was at me. I felt his paw on my trousers.

"Oh, Bonaparte! Bonaparte!" said the Duke of Wellington's nephew. But I took my gun, and put the muzzle to the bear's ear—over he fell—dead.

Is not this very similar? The only thing which I do not quite make out in the battle of the lions with Lord Randolph and "Lee" is, which of them was Bonaparte, and which was Wellington. It is remarkable, however, that whereas in the bear fight, the heroes were Bonaparte and Wellington, in the lion fight, they were Churchill and Lee—the latter probably a nephew of the Confederate Leader.

One of the Cape papers publishes a cartoon of Lord Randolph Churchill in the likeness of a candlestick with a flaming beacon stuck on the top of his head. It is said to be a truthful representation of a French statuette found in a shop at the Cape. The only fault I find with it is that Lord Randolph's light, instead of being set upon an English candlestick, is at present somewhat hidden under an African bushel.

The best score made this year in a Scotch deer-forest is that of Lord Burton and his friends at Glenquoich, Inverness-shire. They killed 105 stags, all of which were got by fair stalking, as Lord Burton does not allow driving.

The architect of the new Grand Hotel at Newmarket is Mr. Caine, of Mecklenburgh-square, not Mr. Clarence Hailey, as it was accidentally given in last week's TRUTH.

Several months ago I called attention to the melancholy condition into which the historic Palace of Linlithgow has been allowed to fall, and I am therefore pleased to hear that last week it was visited by Lord Lothian, Mr. Cochran-Patrick, and some officials of the Office of Works, who made a careful inspection of the buildings. It may be hoped that the Government will take the matter in hand without further delay.

I hear that Lord Lorne's monograph on Lord Palmerston is to contain some personal reminiscences by the Duke of Argyll. The Queen has allowed her son-in-law to peruse a portion of the correspondence which passed between herself and Prince Albert respectively and Lord Palmerston, and which is preserved in the private library at Buckingham Palace, where there is quite a complete collection of the political papers and correspondence of the present reign. If Lord Lorne makes a good use of the valuable materials which have been placed at his disposal his book ought to be interesting.

I gather from the *Granta*, a University journal which is published at Cambridge, that Miss Maude Millett, who for the last few years has periodically played at the Cambridge Theatre, has become the idol of the undergraduates, and has entirely obliterated the Greek controversy. She is described in glowing terms as "the prettiest, the most natural, and the most 'wholesomely English' of living *ingénues*, her acting being always thoroughly refined, and her manner and her bearing that of a lady." Be this as it may, it has become the fashion amongst the undergraduates to be in love with her, and her benefit last week appears to have been a floral orgie of adoration.

Cavalleria Rusticana is not Italian for yeomanry, as seems to be supposed. It means "rustic chivalry."

On Tuesday in last week the Governors of the Henry Smith School—an important Grammar School at Hartlepool—assembled to elect a head-master. Among the 100 candidates were many men of experience and high reputation, including five Cambridge Wranglers, one of them a fourth, and the other a sixth. The whole of these were passed over in favour of Mr. F. H. R. Alderson, a Cambridge passman only twenty-three years of age. So far as I can make out, and incredible as it may appear, this youth's chief qualification for the appointment lies in his being a crack football-player, whose services were keenly desired for the local team. The truth seems to be that the whole football interest in the place, which includes, of course, the publicans and many potent wirepullers, had been moving heaven and earth to secure Mr. Alderson's election. The announcement of the result was received

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with a huge demonstration of delight, and one of the local papers thus comments on it:—

All doubts are now set at rest as to the club to be permanently honoured by having command of the services of the crack centre, and the old Hartlepool Club—good old lucky Rovers—will include in her ranks the man who so ably captained the English fifteen in all the international matches of the season 1890-91.

Whether there is any means of rectifying this disgraceful and shameless abuse of patronage, I do not know; but assuredly no stone ought to be left unturned with the view of doing so.

A writer in *Granta* has been made indignant by discovering that the undergraduate of the day has taken to drinking tea after dinner instead of wine. This may be a novel practice at Cambridge, but it is nearly seventy years old at Oxford, where "the Oriel teapot" was a standing joke in the University when the Rev. Thomas Mozley came up in 1825. About that period Newman and Froude induced most of the other Fellows of Oriel to give up wine in the common room after dinner, and tea was substituted; but the innovation did not work well, and had to be discontinued, for it was found to be exceedingly inconvenient when strangers were present, as was frequently the case. Mr. Mozley relates that, in consequence of the preference for tea to wine at Oriel, "wherever I went, when I passed the wine, I was asked whether I would not prefer some tea, much to the amusement of the table."

Cambridge University has emphatically declined even to inquire into the question of compulsory Greek. I never expected that it would be otherwise. Those to whom the matter was referred consist of a few men who really know Greek, and who consider that, in comparison with such knowledge, all else is vanity; and of many men who once possessed a smattering of it, which they have forgotten, but who deem that the acquisition of this smattering has stamped them as English gentlemen. For the University to be asked to cease to make a smattering of Greek a preliminary step to a degree was, therefore, much like asking a noble caste to declare that ancient birth should not be an element of nobility. The Universities are national property, and reform in them must come from without. The decision is ludicrous in its folly. A colloquial knowledge of any one modern language is far more useful than the profoundest knowledge of Greek—*a fortiori*, it is more useful than an ability to conjugate the verb τύπτω. But, so wedded are these modern Grecians to their silly wares, that they do not even condescend to teach Greek as it was spoken, but from generation to generation pronounce it in a fashion of their own, which would have been unintelligible to Homer.

I would go further than the proposed Grace went. I would abolish compulsory Latin in the entrance examination, and I would allow any person to become a University student if he could correctly read and write English, leaving him during his University career to devote himself to any branch of learning; and if he were found at the close of the career to possess that branch thoroughly, I would confer on him a degree in it. At the same time, I would have a list of subjects, in two-thirds of which a student would be required to pass, if he wished to be given what may be termed a general University degree. We are often told that the study of Greek fits a man to learn with facility and accuracy other languages. As a matter of fact, however, very few Englishmen who have wasted years over Greek can speak any foreign language.

Speaking generally, a University Don abroad is a pitiable sight. He knows neither German nor Italian, and even when he professes to know French, he has only to risk a few phrases in that language to show conclusively that he does not. In a few years, he forgets his Greek entirely, and would find it difficult to read an easy Latin book without a crib. I remember the late Mr. Bernal Osborne once saying in the House of Commons, after he had made a Latin quotation: "For the benefit of the moneyed classes around me I will translate it." He might with equal force have said, "For the benefit of the majority of those who have learnt Latin, I will translate it." Once, the late Mr. Peter Rylands hazarded a long Latin quotation in the House. I got up after him, when I said:—"My honourable friend evidently knows dead languages: I will, therefore, reply to his arguments in Greek—a language, no doubt, familiar to him." Then I recited about the only line in the "Iliad" that I knew. No one (Mr. Gladstone was absent) liked to admit that he did not understand my Greek, and, consequently, accepted the fact that I had replied conclusively to Mr. Rylands's arguments. So much for the knowledge of the dead languages possessed by the members of the august assembly at Westminster.

I have received from "One of the Boys in the Carriage" a letter, comprising four folios of closely-written MS., in reply to the complaint in TRUTH of the 22nd ult, respecting the conduct of certain Oxford undergraduates at Paddington station. It is a pity that young fellows should be allowed to waste their time in this way. I cannot possibly publish the letter *in extenso;* but I think that I shall have done all that justice requires when I say that it appears to have a facetious intention, that it denies that any discourtesy was shown towards the gentleman who was put into the carriage, and throws the whole blame upon the Railway Company. If it be the case that there was only one first-class smoking-carriage in the train on this occasion, I agree that the Company are greatly to blame, and I commend the following remarks to their attention:—

It is the habit of the Great Western Railway Company on the occasion of the commencement or end of term to devote its best energies to the discomfort of the undergraduates. The carriages, especially the first and third, are scandalously overcrowded, for

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the Company knows that we are bound to go up and down every term, and we are, therefore, powerless in their hands. On two occasions within the last year I have been one of nine candidates for seats in one "first smoking," and that in a so-called fast train.

The fine old hall of Lincoln College, Oxford, has been thoroughly restored during the recent vacation, with the result that beautiful oak rafters have been uncovered, which have been concealed for more than two centuries by lath and plaster.

But the most important work of the autumn has been the completion of the reredos in the chapel of the New College, which has been well carried out under the direction of Mr. Pearson. The design is to represent the different orders enumerated in the *Te Deum*, and it has been beautifully accomplished.

Very great interest has been excited at Oxford by the announcement that the Rev. Charles Gore, Principal of the Pusey House, and editor of "Lux Mundi," intends shortly to deliver two courses of lectures to members of the University; the one on the main points of Christian belief, and the other on the Epistle to the Hebrews.

The promotion of Canon Paget to the Deanery of Christ Church will vacate the Regius Professorship of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, with Canonry of Christ Church annexed, which is worth about £1,300 a year, with residence. Canon Paget was appointed to this Chair by Mr. Gladstone early in 1885, in succession to the present Bishop of Lincoln.

A stained-glass window has just been placed in the nave of Canterbury Cathedral, as a memorial of Dean Stanley, who was for several years one of the residentiary canons of Canterbury.

I called attention some time ago to the fact that much dissatisfaction had been excited in Norwich by a scandalous scheme of the Dean and Chapter to cover certain gardens in the Close with buildings, in order to increase their already ample income. At the last meeting of the Norwich Corporation a letter was read from the Chapter Clerk, who stated that the Dean and Canons declined to receive a deputation to protest against the scheme, and that they requested that the "suggestions" of the Council should be forwarded in writing. The Chapter Clerk's letter was significantly shuffling in its tone, and, as the leading Tory journal in Norwich remarks, "the question was begged entirely" by him, and it truly adds that "it is a little strange that the capitular body should be unapproachable by the members of so ancient a Corporation as that of this city." The desperate fatuity of the proposal to build villas in the Close (apart from other objections to the scheme) is proved by the fact that there are just now more than a thousand houses of this class standing empty in Norwich.

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster

The appointment, by Bishop Thorold, of Canon Poole, who has been for twenty-two years Vicar of Ryde, to the easier and more valuable living of West Meon, has caused much satisfaction in the diocese of Winchester, which has been notorious for Episcopal jobbery and nepotism for more than a hundred years. This appointment is taken as a sign that the old system, under which only the relatives and friends of the Bishop of the diocese could hope for good preferment, is finally over, and that the claims of the working clergy will be carefully remembered by their diocesan.

Archdeacon Farrar is the Canon in Residence at Westminster Abbey during this month, and he will preach on Sunday afternoon. The special Sunday-evening services in the choir are to commence on the 29th, and they will be continued until Christmas.

Professor Charteris, of Edinburgh, is to be the Moderator of next year's General Assembly. Professor Charteris, who holds the Chair of Biblical Criticism in Edinburgh University, is one of the Queen's Chaplains in Scotland. He is a fine preacher, and a man of great learning.

The parishioners of St. Jude's, South Kensington, are reported to have subscribed upwards of £10,000 as a parting gift to Dr. Forrest, whose income, it is announced, will be diminished by £400 a year through his acceptance of the Deanery of Worcester. Dr. Forrest's parishioners have thus made good the deficiency, as the £10,000 testimonial is to be invested for his use. I cannot see, however, that Dr. Forrest's case was a hard one, even without this parochial present, for his income at Worcester will be £1,450, with residence; and most assuredly his yoke will be easy and his burden will be light, as are those of all Deans, whose "duty," as was once remarked by a Cathedral reformer, is the nearest possible approach to doing nothing whatever. The Apostles would not have regarded an ecclesiastic with £1,450 a year and a free house as a worthy and deserving object for sympathy and alms.

The office of organist at the Savoy Chapel Royal has become vacant by the resignation of Mr. Frost, who has held it for many years. The post is in the gift of the Duke of Rutland, in right of his office as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, but the appointment is made by him subject to the Queen's approval.

A scheme is on foot for the union of the Rectory of Allhallows, Lombard-street, and the other benefices attached to it, with the Rectory of St. Edmund the King, Lombard-street. Most of these schemes are jobs, as I have frequently pointed out. The purpose of the job now in contemplation is, so far as I can learn, to enable Canon Rawlinson, Rector of Allhallows, Lombard-street, to retire with a life pension in the shape of a substantial portion of the £1,775 per annum which the living is worth; while the balance is handed over to Canon Benham, Rector of St. Edmund the King, who is henceorth to be Rector of the united parishes. There is to

be a vestry meeting of Allhallows parish to-morrow (Thursday) night to consider the scheme, and I trust that this view of it will receive forcible expression.

A reader at Dursley, "knowing that I am ever willing to ventilate any matters tending in this direction," sends me a copy of a letter addressed to a local paper by the Rev. William Muncaster, the subject being the Romanising tendencies of the local Established clergy. My esteemed correspondent is mistaken. There is no subject on which I am more painfully shy of expressing an opinion. My sincere hope is that my fellow-citizens will decide for themselves whether it is expedient or not to confess their sins, and to receive "priestly absolution," without reference to my views on the matter.

An edifying correspondence is published in the *Chester Chronicle*, in which a Mr. Thomas Lightfoot tackles the Rev. Arthur French, Curate at Kelsall, for having declared in the pulpit that the Church of England was the only safe road to Heaven, and that to attend a Dissenting Chapel was deadly sin. Mr. Lightfoot pointed out that as some of his family went to church, while others went to chapel, this doctrine was calculated to breed spiritual pride in his household, besides having other undesirable consequences. The Curate's answer was a request to his correspondent, to call and "talk it over." Mr. Lightfoot replied that his business engagements prevented this, and suggested that the Curate should call on him and talk it over. To this he got no reply, and there the matter ends. It would have an excellent effect, I think, if every cleric who airs, in the pulpit, the same pernicious views about "the deadly sin of schism" were tackled and cornered in the same style.

An interesting collection might be made of offensive and insulting letters written by clergymen absolutely without provocation. Here is a contribution towards such a collection. It is written in answer to a postcard informing the reverend writer that a knife-cleaner had been forwarded to him, and hoping that it would give satisfaction. The firm to whom it is addressed carry on business at Ripon, and the two junior partners are twenty-six and twenty-four years of age, the senior partner being the father of one of them:—

The Vicarage, Skipton Bridge, Thirsk, October 30.

To Messrs. Parkinson and Wigglesworth.

Your ill-directed, and free, familiar post-card is before me. I object to be called "Dear Sir" by a couple of boys, and I wish my proper address to be given on the face of the post-card. I have not yet gone in for either religious or any other equality. I return your P.-C. for inspection.

I did not order a knife-cleaner to be sent here. I wished to have one, and should have called in to see which was the best, prices, &c.

The article has not been delivered yet, and it may be you will have to get it back again.

I do not approve of this way you have had of passing off your goods—happy-go-lucky. J. A. O. OXLEE.

According to a Bristol newspaper, an edifying dispute has arisen between the Rector and one of the churchwardens of "a Somerset village under the Mendips." The churchwarden objects to the holding of a harvest thanksgiving service on the ground that he, like some of his neighbours, has had his crops spoilt by the rain; the clergyman, on the other hand, considers that there is still much to be thankful for—"even if we have to look for it chiefly to the grand harvest on the other side of the Atlantic"—and so he has fixed a date for the thanksgiving. My sympathy is with the churchwarden. If I were a farmer myself, I don't think any clergyman would persuade me to be thankful for the ruin of my crops, even though Americans might benefit by my misfortune.

With reference to the crusade of the Sabbatarian fanatics against Sunday entertainments, it will interest the working men of Bradford and others, who may be attacked by John Gritton, D.D., and his Society, to hear that there is a very simple means of evading the idiotic Act of the 23rd George III., referred to in last week's TRUTH. I am assured that, where the admission to the hall or concert-room is free, a charge may be made for reserved seats without incurring the penalties of the statute, and that this is done every Sunday at the lectures and concerts of the Sunday Society in Shoreditch Town-hall, The Horns, Kennington, and Myddelton Hall, Islington. The Sunday League has been, I understand, attacked by the Lord's Day Observance Society, and defeated on this very point. *Verb. sap.*

The site proposed to be rented by the Salvation Army has remained vacant for twenty years. This proves there is a difficulty in getting a tenant. The City Lands Committee ask £12,000 per annum for the site, but if they had taken £6,000 per annum twenty years ago, they would have done better than standing out for so large a sum, as money nearly doubles at 3 per cent. in twenty years. The offer of the Salvation Army is £10,000 per annum, and looking at the matter in its financial aspect, the Lands Committee would be wise to accept it. As the Army offers to spend £100,000 on the building, it would improve the look of the Embankment. The opposition of the City seems, therefore, to me to be based upon a disapproval of the Salvation Army, a matter which in no way concerns them as trustees of City moneys.

I am asked to say that the Westminster Needlework Society will carry on their work of meeting to make clothes through the winter months every Thursday afternoon, at 3 p.m., in a room at the Westminster Town-hall, under their President, Mrs. Langston. The society is a most useful one—its object being to give warm clothing to the deserving poor in Westminster, irrespective of creed or religious distinctions. Last winter 745 garments were given away amongst 145 families. Those who are not prepared to work might do worse than to send either clothes or a subscription to Mrs. Langston, 65, Warwick-square, S.W.

I am asked to state that an evening concert on behalf of the London Throat Hospital, Great Portland-street, will be given at 78, Harley-street, on November 30, by the kind permission of Mrs. Woakes. Mr. Wilhelm Ganz has undertaken the musical direction.

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured

My attention has been called to a case in which a subaltern on the attached list of the Army Service Corps has been brought in as a Captain on the permanent list over the heads of thirty-two lieutenants, thirteen of whom have served their term of probationary service. I referred a few weeks back to the slowness of promotion among the subalterns of the attached list. I do not know whether the elevation of the officer above mentioned has been in any way prompted by my remarks, but if it has, I think it right to say that it is not at all what I meant.

An Indian Staff Corps officer calls my attention to the following passage in the last issue of the *Homeward Mail* :—

> We see that the gentlemen who are guiding the movement state that the intention is to ask Mr. H. S. King, M.P., to take the matter up. Mr. King has as yet made no pledge to advocate the case, though he has expressed his readiness to give the alleged grievances of the Indian Staff Corps his best consideration.

"To my personal knowledge," says my correspondent, "Mr. H. S. King was consulted in this matter *last year*. If in the course of twelve months he has arrived at nothing more definite than an expression of readiness to give the matter his best consideration, what prospect do you think there is of his giving any practical support to the movement before the expiration of the present century?" I really think that this question should have been addressed to the Editor of the *Homeward Mail*, whose means of ascertaining the views and intentions of Mr. H. S. King are very much superior to my own.

As I partly expected, I have received two or three letters from Sergeants on Militia permanent staff, including one from my original informant, in reply to the letter of a pensioner Colour-Sergeant, which I published last week. My correspondents appear to take the pensioner's imputations upon them a little too seriously. I think I have published all that justice to them requires when I mention that two of them state that all the Sergeants in their respective battalions have seen foreign service, while in one of these, the whole of the Sergeants, and in the other 56 per cent. of them, wear war medals. That ought, at any rate, to dispose of the charge of "depot-loafing." I really must ask, however, not only Militia Sergeants, but military readers of all ranks, to cut their communications a little shorter if they expect me to deal with them. From my experience in this direction, I should think that the art of précis-writing might be taught in the Army with advantage.

I am told—though I can hardly believe it—that the feelings of the Cameron Highlanders have been much hurt by the story respecting that regiment and Mr. Cameron of Lochiel told in last week's TRUTH. The story was on the face of it rather of the *ben trovato* order, and if I had imagined that any one would take it seriously, I should not have published it without previous verification. As it is, I think I ought to state that I am assured by a Cameronian that Mr. Cameron of Lochiel has never once been a guest at the regimental mess, and that there really are numerous "Camerons" in the regiment, though, perhaps, I had better not give the exact number.

The Hampshire and Isle of Wight Artillery Militia can only muster about 400, instead of 880, which is their nominal strength, so the War Office has decided that the corps, which has hitherto consisted of two brigades, is to be amalgamated. The Militia Artillery does not appear to be a popular branch of the auxiliary services, and it would be interesting to learn why it is so much out of favour.

On Saturday Professor Elgar vacated his office as Director of Dockyards. The decided opinion of all competent and disinterested experts is that this post is a useless superfluity, and that it ought to be abolished. I hear, however, that the Admiralty have decided to continue it, although no appointment has yet been made. Parliament will have something to say about the folly of wasting nearly £2,000 a year in maintaining a perfectly useless office.

I have no desire to relieve any coroner's jury of their functions, but it seems to me that the killing of a fisherman by a shot from H.M.S. *Plucky* can only amount to culpable homicide in an aggravated degree. It remains for the proper authority to determine who is the guilty party; but I should myself be disposed to think that the principal in the crime is somebody in much higher authority than the officers or crew of the *Plucky*, and that the latter can only be properly punished as accessories. To begin with, it seems a monstrous thing that practice with big guns should be carried on at all in such a crowded neighbourhood, when there are miles of deserted water where it could be done without risk. If, however, shooting must be done almost within hail of Plymouth breakwater, every possible precaution should be taken to avoid accident by laying down strict regulations, by supplying officers with range-finders, and by posting boats to warn passing vessels. As might be expected where the British Admiralty is concerned, neither these nor any other precautions appear to have been taken in the present instance.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of Fleet-Paymaster Forrest, late of the *Serapis*, to the much-coveted post of Fleet-Paymaster of the Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*. There has been a furious competition for this desirable berth, and all kinds of strings were pulled, and every sort of interest was exerted on behalf of several officers whose respective friends considered that their claims were more worthy of recognition than those of any competitor. The successful candidate was a dark horse, as is often the case on these occasions.

Lord George Hamilton addressed a Tory meeting at Edinburgh on Friday, and announced, in the course of his harangue, that, "every day the intelligence, the education, and the wealth of the country are gravitating towards the principles of the Primrose League." This is

vastly fine, but, according to the annual report of the principal Scottish Habitation of the League, which was submitted at Edinburgh on Friday, the Scottish branch is in debt nearly £100, and there is immense difficulty in collecting the tribute. The principle most in favour with the knights and dames in Scotland appears to be that of non-payment of obligations, and they, at least, do show some slight glimmering of intelligence when they decide to keep their "tribute" in their own pockets, instead of dispatching it to the Primrose-League officials.

Meanwhile, Lord George Hamilton will find plenty of occupation when he reaches the Admiralty, without concerning himself with the fantastical aberrations and the shabby shufflings of Primrose Leaguers. Last week the *Vulcan* made another trial run at Portsmouth, and her boilers were proved to be a hopeless failure; and the *Blake*, which was to have developed 20,000 horse power, has attained only 13,000. Then he will have to consider the senseless and hazardous experiment at Portsmouth by which one of the best torpedo-boats in the Navy has been ruined, and how the wanton destruction of such a valuable vessel is to be excused in Parliament it will be interesting to discover. The cost of this useless, stupid, and most dangerous experiment is estimated at £10,000.

The editor of the *South Wales Star* asks me to favour him with my opinion as to the desirability of making a knowledge of Welsh a necessary qualification for legal and other public appointments in the Welsh-speaking parts of Wales. I may as well say publicly that it seems to me a political axiom that a Judge, or Magistrate, or other official who has dealings with Welsh-speaking people, ought to be able to understand and converse with the people in their own language. I hold that not only County-court Judges and Magistrates, but also the Judges who go the Welsh circuits, ought to know Welsh; and I think that, if it be their wish, the people of Wales would be justified in requiring that the proceedings of all Courts held in Wales should be in the vulgar tongue.

I think that the verdict in the action brought by Signor Ciampi against the *Daily Telegraph* ought to have been for the defendants. A theatrical artist, whether singer or actor, invites criticism. He should not complain of it if it goes against him. A singer is a relative term. A man may sing better than a buffalo, and yet not sing well enough to sing Masetto to an audience that has paid to hear the performance. "Not a singer," the expression complained of by Signor Ciampi, is evidently a relative phrase. Mr. Joseph Bennett, the musical critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, was invited to express his public opinion upon the relative excellence of Signor Ciampi's voice. He is a trained critic, and judging the Signor's voice by the standard of excellence which he deemed a reasonable one at the Royal Italian Opera, he pronounced an adverse verdict, but in so courteous a manner that Signor Randegger said that he regarded it as complimentary. What was Mr. Bennett to do? Was he to say that the voice was good when he did not think so? Was he in writing his criticism on the opera to avoid all mention of Signor Ciampi? And because he did neither of these absurdities, the *Daily Telegraph* is to have the pleasure of paying a heavy bill of costs. This, I confess, seems to me contrary to the most elementary notion of fair play.

I last week recorded the fact that a charge of cruelty against Mr. Booth, a veterinary surgeon, arising out of the killing of a mare on Llandudno race-course, had been dismissed by the Magistrates, and I remarked that "doubtless the Bench were right in thinking there was no intentional cruelty." My remarks upon this case had already gone to press when I received the following letter:—

Llandudno, October 27, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—In an issue of TRUTH a few weeks ago serious reflections were cast upon a veterinary surgeon (named Booth) practising in this neighbourhood, the paragraph in question alleging that there had been unnecessary cruelty and carelessness in the killing of a horse on Mr. Booth's part, that he used a small penknife, and that the horse took about fifty-five minutes in dying, &c., &c. I beg to inform you the paragraph in question is a gross misrepresentation, and damaging to my client's reputation. The matter has been the subject of a full inquiry at the instance of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the police-court here, where it was clearly proved the animal was only twenty-five minutes in dying, that its main arteries had been severed, not with a penknife, but a proper instrument used for the purpose, and in a manner taught and practised in every veterinary college in the kingdom That Professor Williams of the New Veterinary College, Edinburgh, and Mr. Greaves, of Manchester, late President of the Royal Veterinary College, both gave it as their opinion from the evidence that the animal had a practically painless death, and had been killed in a humane and scientific manner. Further, the Bench dismissed the case, and were unanimously of opinion that there had been no cruelty. Unless you express regret through your paper, and publish these facts in explanation, and pay Mr. Booth's costs of £1. 1s., I am instructed to take proceedings for libel. In case you refuse to do this I shall be obliged by you referring me to your solicitors.—Without prejudice, yours truly,

W. D. HENDERSON.

It is singular that a solicitor should address to me a letter of this nature without first ascertaining what I actually did say. If Mr. W. D. Henderson will turn to TRUTH of October 8, in which the paragraph to which he refers appears, he will find (1) that there is no mention of the use of a "penknife," or any other instrument; (2) that the time which the animal remained dying was given not as "about fifty-five minutes," but "about three-quarters of an hour"; (3) that there was no allegation "that there had been unnecessary cruelty and carelessness on Mr. Booth's part," nor even the remotest suggestion of anything of the kind. Mr. Henderson now states that the time occupied in killing the horse should have been twenty-five minutes, and not three-quarters of an hour. This correction I gladly make. As, however, Mr. Henderson does not point out any other inaccuracy in the paragraph, which he complains of as "grossly misleading," and as this one correction does not in the least affect the opinion which I expressed, I have clearly nothing to "express regret" for. The opinion which I expressed was this:—

> It seems extraordinary that the owner could not have waited a few minutes until a gun, or some other means of despatching the animal promptly, could be obtained, and equally extraordinary that, after the attempt to cut her throat, no method of putting an end to her sufferings could have been suggested.

Whether the time occupied was twenty-five minutes or forty-five, these facts remain, to my mind, equally

"extraordinary." Professor Williams, and Mr. Greaves, and the whole College of Veterinary Surgeons may be of opinion that twenty-five minutes is the right and proper time to take in killing a horse; but, as an unscientific man, I take the liberty of holding the unscientific opinion that the job might be done by unscientific means in five-and-twenty seconds. That I should pay one guinea to Mr. Booth or any one else for expressing this opinion, is a preposterous suggestion, as Mr. Henderson will doubtless see upon reflection.

As I have frequently felt bound to condemn in very plain language the severity of sentences passed by Mr. W. H. Higgin, Q.C., at Salford Hundred Quarter Sessions, it is all the more pleasant to be able, for once in a way, to express my hearty agreement with him. A man who had been previously convicted told Mr. Higgin last week that he had tried to earn an honest living, but that he was under police supervision, and the police "hounded him from his work." Mr. Higgin thereupon proceeded to condemn the system of police supervision, remarking that the police were not the people to be entrusted with an enormous power of that kind. The police, of course, do not always—perhaps not even generally—abuse their power, but cases are constantly coming to light in which they have done so, and even if it be only one convict in a dozen who is "hounded from his work," that is one too many. It is a pity, therefore, that Judges and Magistrates are so ready to add terms of police supervision to their sentences.

An inquest was held last week on the body of James Choules. He was an employé of the Midland and South-Western Railway. He went on duty at 4.50 a.m. on October 15, and at 3.15 a.m. on October 16 he was occupied in shunting at Weyhill Station, when one of the trucks struck him and he was killed. Mr. W. E. N. Browne, Coroner for North Wilts and Director of the M. and S.-W. Railway, was called as a witness. His evidence is instructive, as showing the views of a gentleman who is at once a Coroner and a Railway Director in respect to the number of hours during which a railway employé may be worked without injury to his health:—

> Choules was strong and healthy. Other servants were doing equal work. He had waited for an hour at one station during the day, and was not actively engaged then. I do not think that twenty-four hours of continuous duty would impair James Choules' mental or physical powers, so as to make him less capable of recognising the danger of passing between the trucks.

The jury, however, thought otherwise, and found that, "the condition to which deceased was reduced by working so great a number of hours made him unfit to properly carry out his duties." This view would, I should think, be that of every one who is not a railway director. If Mr. W. E. N. Browne would move trucks and do such-like work for twenty-four hours, with an interval of not being actively engaged for one of the twenty-four hours, he would be mentally a greater ass than he seems by his evidence to be now, whilst physically he would be a broken-down ass. To employ a man for so many hours on a railway in duties where care and watchfulness are needed to ensure him from escape from the danger of moving trains is, if not actual murder, unjustifiable homicide; and it is full time that Companies that make their money by a Parliamentary monopoly should be prevented by Parliament from practising such white slavery. I have always been against a hard-and-fast eight hours' limitation for two reasons, (1) because I do not think that it could be carried out in all trades without a reduction in wages or a reduction in output; (2) because I do not think that in all trades the artizans themselves desire the State to enforce the limitation. But twenty-four consecutive hours on a railroad is a very different matter. The State not only has a right to forbid by law railroad-employés being over-worked in this atrocious fashion, but it fails in its duty when it does not prevent it.

In Jersey, justice is administrated in a strange way. A person was recently brought up before Judge Vaudin on a charge of obtaining goods under false pretences. The Judge discharged the accused person, observing that the complainants should not have allowed themselves to be swindled by him.

An instance occurred at the Wilts Quarter Sessions which shows the value of gamekeepers' evidence. Two men were indicted for assaulting the keepers of Mr. Butt Miller. The keepers were positive as to their identity. An alibi—and a strong one—was put in, but they were found guilty. On this, their Counsel stated that the real culprits were prepared to give themselves up rather than that innocent men should suffer. The Chairman accordingly granted an arrest of judgment, the prisoners being bound over in £5 each to come up for judgment at the January Quarter Sessions. If the culprits do give themselves up, and if they are not like the two men, clearly the keepers should be indicted for perjury.

If one may judge from some painful proceedings at Southwark Police-court last week, it is not necessary for the paid official of a "Public Morals Council" to be himself a person of exemplary morality. Alfred Bartlett, who was convicted by Mr. Fenwick of falsely representing himself to be a detective with intent to deceive, had been employed by the National Vigilance Society for several months, after which he was engaged by the "Public Morals Council" of Northampton. Bartlett failed ignominiously in his attempt to purify Northampton, (a place, I need hardly say, which needs as little purifying as does the lily need paint), having been dismissed from his situation for attempting to obtain drink during prohibited hours. It is to be hoped that the vagabond will now begin to purify himself before he again begins to concern himself about the morals of other people.

The Whitehaven Magistrates gave a most unsatisfactory decision in a cruelty case on Thursday. Two cart-horses belonging to a firm of Workington con-

ELECTRIC LIGHT WITHOUT GLARE.—The new Patent Bead Ray Diffuser, the only possible means of preventing glare without decreasing the light, will fit on any existing electric lamp. Reduced price, 5s. each.—RASHLEIGH PHIPPS & DAWSON, 53, Berners-street, W. Ivory Switches a specialty.

tractors were shipped at Whitehaven for conveyance to Ramsay, Isle of Man, in the steamer *Ellen Vannin*. The weather was rough, and, slings not being used to keep the horses up, both fell, and when the vessel arrived at Ramsay the unfortunate animals were lying down, "bleeding from wounds all over them," and so shockingly had they been knocked about that in each case the injuries received on the voyage proved fatal. The defence of the captain and mate of the steamer was that the men in charge of the horses were warned not to ship them, but persisted in doing so, stating that even if they died the owners had plenty of money to buy more. The muddle-headed Magistrates seem to have regarded this as relieving the officers of the steamer of responsibility, for they dismissed the case, and the atrocious cruelty to which these horses were subjected goes unpunished!!

Not the least singular feature about the magisterial aberrations brought under my notice is the frequency with which the great unpaid, after expressing a just and reasonable opinion on the merits of a case, straightway proceed to stultify themselves by failing to act up to it. There was a striking example of this at the Nottingham Shire Hall the other day. Thomas Smith, plumber, was convicted of cruelty to a dog, which he left in a stable without food or water until it had literally starved to death. The Chairman of the Bench, Mr. T. I. Birkin, with great common-sense, declared that "a man who would do such a thing deserved to go to prison." Just so. But, then, why, in the name of justice, did Mr. Birkin and his colleagues fine Smith £5 instead of sentencing him to a month's hard labour?

The greatest inconvenience was caused at the Wilts Quarter Sessions, held last week at Marlborough, by the Court sitting till so late an hour on the first day that jurymen and other parties who had come from long distances were detained till the last train, and did not reach their homes till close on midnight; notwithstanding which, they were required to be in Court at 9.30 on the following morning, which necessitated leaving Swindon by a train at 7 a.m. The reason for these arrangements was that the Chairman, the Marquis of Bath, had an engagement to open a new Local Board office at Swindon in the afternoon of the second day. It is fortunate that nothing worse than inconvenience was caused, for two important witnesses who had missed the early train were absent when the Court opened, and, at the risk of a grave miscarriage of justice, the Chairman insisted upon going on. Luckily, the absentees arrived in time to give evidence, but their expenses were disallowed, which to a couple of working men was itself a grievous injustice. If a Local Board office can only be opened by a Chairman of Quarter Sessions, why was not some other day fixed for the ceremony?

I have received the following letter from one of the Leigh Magistrates:—

SIR,—During the last few weeks you have devoted several paragraphs to what I hope you will pardon me for describing as somewhat petulant criticism of the action of the Leigh Bench of Magistrates in a gun licence case. I was chairman of the Court on the occasion, and I beg leave to say that your account of the case is to some extent inaccurate and misleading. Your sneer at the "Tory" Bench is absurd. We were three in number, and the gentleman on my right, who fully concurred with the decision, is one of the leaders of the Liberal party in the district.

The defendant, when first spoken to by the officer of Revenue, said that he was the farmer. He afterwards admitted that he was not, and that neither he nor his father had a licence. The officers treated him with great consideration, warned him of his mistake, explained to him the law, and, during the next few weeks, several times desired him to comply with its requirements. This he refused to do, telling them he cared nothing about the law. His persistent contumacy led to proceedings, and, if the sentence is unjust, the responsibility does not rest with us. We are administrators of the law, not legislators.—Your obedient servant,

F. W. DELAMERE BOUTH.

Now, I always feel bound to give prominence to any answer which a Magistrate may make to a criticism in TRUTH; but in this instance the answer is so wide of the point that I can hardly believe that Mr. Bouth has read my remarks. I have referred to this case on two occasions. The first was on October 1, and it was only on that occasion that I made the slightest allusion to "the action of the Leigh Bench of Magistrates." I have looked again at my remarks, and I cannot see that Mr. Bouth indicates a single point in which it is "inaccurate" or "misleading." On the contrary, it tallies in every material point, including the warning given by the Inland Revenue authorities, with his present statement. Apart from the description of them as "Tories" (which I cheerfully withdraw), my only criticism on the Magistrates was that, in view of the fact that the defendant and his father appeared to believe honestly that they had the law on their side, the fine of £5 was excessive. This opinion I still hold. My one subsequent reference to the case since October 1 was on October 22, in answer to an explanation of the law on this point given in the *Law Journal*. All that I did then was to point out that the law, as there stated, was a foolish law, and I never suggested that the Magistrates had any responsibility for it. How this can be described as "somewhat petulant criticism" I do not know.

I gladly publish the following letter from Mr. Courtenay Fooks respecting his passage of arms with Mr. Gathorne-Hardy. From one point of view it strengthens Mr. Fooks's position; for, though it might have been the more heroic course to jump up and "lecture" the chairman "off his own bat," so to speak, it was, on the other hand, a more orderly and, perhaps, a more telling proceeding to introduce what he had to say in the course of his own address in a subsequent case to the same jury. Any way, the incident, as Mr. Fooks now depicts it, puts Mr. Gathorne-Hardy in a worse light than before, as it now appears that what this Quarter-Sessions autocrat resented was not a rebuke levelled at himself, but merely a remark made by counsel in the legitimate discharge of his duty:—

2, Brick-court, Temple, E.C.

SIR,—In your observations in the edition of TRUTH dated 29th inst., I am made to appear as having addressed a remonstrance to the Hon. Mr. J. S. Gathorne-Hardy in respect of his statement to a jury at the last West Kent Quarter Sessions at Maidstone, upon the conclusion of the trial of a case in which he acted as chairman.

I have no observation to make on your remarks beyond this, that

THE IMPERIAL, EAST CLIFF, BOURNEMOUTH.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth. Also THE BELLE VUE and PIER HOTEL, opposite the Pier, Bournemouth.—CHAS. A. REINGPACH General Manager, late of the Bath Hotel, Bournemouth

the time at which I did venture to comment in terms on the Chairman's views as expressed by him in Court on the verdict of acquittal by the jury, was *not at the conclusion of such case, in which I was not professionally concerned*, but in my address for the defence *to the same jury* in a *subsequent* case where a man was charged with felony.—Believe me, yours truly,

COURTENAY C. S. FOOKS.

A week or two back a woman named Perriam was sentenced at Exmouth to two months' imprisonment for neglecting one of her children. This child has since died, but there remain three other children, two of whom are in charge of a grandmother, and one in that of an officer of the S.P.C.C. With the consent of all parties—including the father of the children, who is abroad—an application was made last week to the Woodbury Magistrates for an order transferring all the children to the custody of a well-known charitable lady in the neighbourhood. It then appeared, however, that the Cruelty to Children Act only authorises orders dealing with children in respect of whom the prosecution takes place, so that the order desired could not be made. Unless the Woodbury Magistrates have discovered a mare's-nest, this hole in the Act ought to be mended without delay.

Some further explanation is certainly required of the collapse of the prosecution of Mr. Clement Allen, which occurred at the Central Criminal Court a week or so ago. Allen pleaded guilty to forging the name of Mrs. Baxter, wife of the Rev. Mr. Baxter, of Drayton Park. Mrs. Baxter was the Treasurer of the "Gospel Mission Union." Allen was the Secretary of the same concern. The prisoner was bound over and released, on the representation of his counsel, Mr. Gill, that he would be sent to Canada, and that the prosecutor would assist him thither. Mr. Gill added at the same time:—

> The case was one more of a question of account than theft, but a very long inquiry would have resulted from trying the case, out of which no one would have got very much credit.

No exception appears to have been taken to this remarkable observation by counsel for the other side. I certainly think, therefore, that the friends of "the Gospel Mission Union" are entitled to know whether that institution would have shared in the discredit which would have resulted from the investigation of a charge of fraud by the Treasurer against the Secretary.

To Connah's Quay, North Wales, belongs the distinction of being the very latest place to enforce the notorious Lord's Day Act of his pious Majesty Charles II. At the Petty Sessions, on Thursday, two small shopkeepers, both women, were summoned for Sunday trading, and a police-inspector deposed that in one shop he found a couple of young men drinking ginger-beer and a boy eating sweets; at the other shop there were ten young men eating ice-creams and drinking ginger-beer, while another was smoking—yes, "smoking as though he had been in a public-house." After this proof of the perfectly appalling depravity which exists at Connah's Quay on the Sabbath, the Magistrates—Messrs. T. Bate and J. Wilkinson—felt "obliged," so the former said, to fine the defendants one shilling each. For the hundredth time I ask, how much longer shall this iniquitous system of Sabbatarian persecution under an infamous statute be allowed to continue?

Not many months back I had a little controversy with the Rev. Samuel Cotton, Rector of Carogh, co. Kildare, respecting the published balance-sheets of the Carogh Orphanage. It may be within the recollection of some of my readers that this reverend gentleman wrote a letter, in reply to my criticism, excusing the manifest and manifold inaccuracies in his accounts by the plea that they were printer's errors, due to the report being printed by the orphans. His reverence now stands committed for trial on charges of cruelty of the most revolting description, the evidence against him showing that the children under his care had been starved and neglected until they were in a condition too shocking for detailed description. Mr. Cotton may have some answer to these charges. I hope that he has, and that it may be of a more convincing character than his answer to my criticisms of his balance-sheet. I would, however, advise all those who are in the habit of subscribing to charitable enterprises of which they know no more than Mr. Cotton's subscribers knew about his, to watch the further progress of this case very carefully.

A gentleman writes to say that he was recently visiting a prison in company with a visiting Magistrate. A prisoner, who stated that he could not read, asked to be lent a picture-book, but he was told that if he could not read he could have no sort of book, the plea for this being that he might use the backs of the pictures to communicate with others. But how could he do this? Presumably, if he could not read, he could not write.

In last week's TRUTH I criticised a sentence of a year's imprisonment and three whippings of twelve lashes imposed by Mr. Digby Seymour at Newcastle Quarter Sessions as out of proportion to the offence of "merely insulting a female." I think it right to say that from a letter since published in a Newcastle paper it appears that the offence was more than "merely insulting." The prisoner had been guilty of indecent behaviour of the most disgusting kind, and was an old offender in this respect, besides having been convicted of indecent assault. It was after a fourth conviction for indecency that the Magistrates committed him to be dealt with at Sessions, and I certainly think that in ordering him a good dose of the lash the Recorder was adopting the most suitable and promising corrective. It ought to be added that this is the first time that Mr. Digby Seymour has ordered the lash in the thirty-eight years of his Recordership.

Manchester is more fortunate in its police than London In the former city Messrs. Watson, Broome, & Evans have been prosecuted for promoting an illegal lottery in the form of a "prize competition." In London not only

PFUNGST FRERES' EXTRA QUALITY CHAMPAGNES.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. PFUNGST & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

THE TOWER FURNISHING COY., Ltd., supply goods on hire direct from manufacturers. One, two, or three years' credit, without security. Choice 100 wholesale houses.—Address, Secretary, 48, Gt. Tower-st. E.C.

"prize competitions," but swindles of a much more pronounced character, are run under the noses of the police all the year round. I have just received, for instance, from readers in different parts of the country a budget of letters of the usual character sent out by the man Ernest Day, of 439, Old Kent-road. In one of these he offers no less than four "ancient antique" curiosities relating to "the noble family of Cavendish," of which he professes to have come into possession through the death of his mother. Why is this man not had up as he ought to have been months ago, for attempting to obtain money by false pretences?

The three prize-competition promoters at Manchester got off on the ground that the competition was "only a joke." Seeing that the prizes for distribution are stated to have been provided, which seems to indicate an intention of carrying the "joke" to the furthest limit which any one could go to in earnest, I am at a loss to understand this decision. For that, however, the Manchester Magistrates, not the Manchester police, are responsible. The competition was to find the correct answer to the problem—"If a brick weighs three pounds and half a brick, what will be the weight of a brick and a half?" If this competition, which involves a considerable arithmetical effort, can be brought within the legal definition of a lottery, so, *a fortiori*, can the ordinary "counting" or "word-forming" competition—especially when one of the terms is that the prize will go to the first successful answer received. I trust that the police all over the country will now look into this matter seriously.

A far more ambitious operator, however, than either Ernest Day or any competition promoter is Mr. "Charles Wells, C.E." A fortnight ago I hazarded the opinion that the recent advertisement offering a return of £30,000 per month for an investment of £6,000, was the work of this rascal, with whose *modus operandi* most readers of TRUTH must by this time be familiar. It turns out that I was right. Several persons who have had the curiosity to answer the advertisement, send me Wells's replies. All are in identical terms, and actually promise that the amount of profits reaped (which, after a week, will be divided daily) will "far exceed" the fabulous sum named in the advertisement. If it is worth while for a detective to hunt down an "astrologer" who advertises for shillings, why is this Wells left free to defraud the public year after year?

A curious coincidence has been brought to my notice in connection with the literary labours of one Captain McVeigh, of 25, Queen-street, Dumfries, who is about to produce an "historical and genealogical" work on "The Families of Scotland." A few weeks back a gentleman, whose father's will had recently been published, received a letter from Captain McVeigh, informing him that his late father had bespoken a copy of the Captain's work, and asking where the book should be sent? The recipient of this letter replied that if a written order from his father could be produced he would take the book; but nothing more has been heard of Captain McVeigh. The surprising thing is, however, that a few months earlier a letter to precisely the same effect was addressed by Captain McVeigh to a young Peer, whose father had recently died. In this case the young Peer had reason to know that at the date which the Captain had mentioned his father could not possibly have ordered the book. Captain McVeigh appears to have been unfortunate in losing his patrons prematurely, and I should strongly advise him to at once obtain written orders from those who survive, so that, in the event of further deaths, executors may have no opportunity of questioning his claims.

Unconscious humour is often a feature of provincial journals, but I do not remember a more ludicrous display in that direction than the following passage from the *Maryport News*. One Mr. Alfred Hine, a local worthy, has just been elevated by the favour of Lord Halsbury to the giddy rank of "J.P." Apropos to this the *Maryport News* records that he has been "the recipient of quite a plethora of honours lately":—

> Last week we chronicled his receipt of a handsomely-bound illuminated address from the Sunday School teachers at Grasslot, over whom he had presided for some fifteen years, and our report had hardly appeared, we understand, ere he received a communication from the International Society of Literature, Science, and Art, informing him that by a special resolution of the Society he had been elected a Fellow, which means he is entitled to the letters F.S.L. after his name. J.P., C.C., F.S.L. certainly make an imposing display, and none, we are sure, will grudge Mr. Hine the honour they imply.

Well, at any rate, no one who has read the recent exposure of this International Society in TRUTH will grudge the worthy Hine his latest distinction. I think, however, that if this simple gentleman, and his equally simple friend in the local press, will turn up some of my recent remarks on Morgan, Stedman, and Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart., they will rather grudge this distinguished "Society" its last two guineas.

Mr. E. Braddon, Agent-General for Tasmania, whose name appears on Morgan & Stedman's circulars, requests me to state that he has never taken up the "fellowship" of the "International Society of Literature, Science, and Art" which was offered to him, and that he has no intention of doing so. Mr. Braddon has also addressed to Stedman a letter forbidding the use of his name in future.

Several readers of TRUTH have asked my opinion about the following advertisement, which has appeared lately in the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, *Black and White*, and other papers:—

> A woman of title, moving in the first society, will receive a young lady into her house as a friend. Terms, £2,000 per annum. Any introduction of such will be handsomely acknowledged.—Patrician, 13,720, &c.

This advertisement, I understand, emanates indirectly from the widow of a Baronet, who is, I am assured,

CHOICE OLD HIGHLAND WHISKIES. Age 7, 10, 15, and 25 years in wood. Price per doz., 48s., 60s., 72s., and 120s. An eminent medical authority, in recommending the moderate use of Whisky, states that on no account should Whisky be used unless it is well matured. Detailed list on application to MOREL BROS., COBBETT, & SON, Limited, 210 & 211, Piccadilly; 18 & 19, Pall Mall; 143, Regent-street. Whisky Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

THE ELECTROPATHIC AND ZANDER INSTITUTE, 52, Oxford-street, London, W., is open daily for the treatment and cure of disease by Electricity, Massage, &c. Consultations free of charge.

n a position to offer the social advantages which the advertisement implies. I should not, therefore, feel justified in warning any would-be débutante, or her parents, against dealing with this latter-day "Patrician," if they think any amount of "the first society" worth board and lodging at £2,000 a year. But I feel fully justified in warning the Patrician herself that this is a very risky game, that her proceedings are not unknown, and that if she should come to terms with any young lady "friend," as the result of this advertisement, she will not be much longer "moving in the first society."

Here is another advertisement which has been exercising a good many of my readers :—

SOLID SILVER-MOUNTED CUTLERY.—Christian Lady, distressed for money, offers Complete Service—12 large, 12 small, also meat and game carvers and steel (29 pieces)—a presentation; cost £8. 5s., accept 55s. Approval, paid both ways anywhere.—LADY, Kilkenzie, Enmore-park, South Norwood.

Variations on this advertisement have appeared in several papers. In one case, instead of a "Christian Lady," the advertiser is "a clergyman's wife," and she is to be found "care of Rev. E. D. Bartlett," at the same address. "Kilkenzie" is a large, well-furnished house, with a billiard-room, stables, and coach-house. It is let furnished to the present occupiers, who took possession at the beginning of the summer. Visitors who arrive in answer to the advertisements—and there appear to be many—are received by a spectacled gentleman in clerical dress, whom I take to be "the Rev. E. D. Bartlett." The "Christian Lady" is, I think, generally out. The goods which the Rev. E. D. Bartlett offers for sale in her absence bear every appearance of having come straight from the maker. I hope that I shall not do his reverence an injustice if I assume that he is a dealer, who finds that certain articles can be disposed of to more advantage in this way than by setting up a shop.

"A young and beautiful orphan lady, educated, musical, great traveller, speaking French, German, and Italian, good horsewoman, possessing private income of £1,000 per annum, besides a sum of £3,000 at command, and elegant country residence and town house," has lately been notifying, in the *Globe* and elsewhere, her anxiety "to correspond with a gentleman of kind and loving disposition and good status." In case I number among my readers any gentlemen whose "kind and loving disposition" (coupled with a weakness for young and beautiful orphans with £1,000 a year) is more pronounced than their brains, I may save the waste of a few postage-stamps by stating that the only person who appears to desire to correspond in this case is one R. Charlesworth. R. Charlesworth runs the *Matrimonial Post* of Bristol, and his first object is a registration fee (according to scale) paid in advance.

A very singular letter, with Dr. Forbes Winslow's name attached to it, appeared in the *Star* a few days ago. Upon the face of this document, and a circular appended to it, it would seem that Dr. Winslow holds the position of consulting physician in England to an asylum in Belgium where English subjects, alleged to be "dypsomaniacs," can be received and incarcerated for an unknown period upon Dr. Winslow's certificate. This obliging medico, it appears, will also "arrange for the removal of the case," which I take to mean, if it means anything, that having certified somebody in England to be a "dipsomaniac," Dr. Winslow will undertake, in the ordinary course of business, to "remove" the dipsomaniac, and convey him or her to the Belgian mad-house, in defiance of Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus, and the British Constitution generally. That this extraordinary statement should have gone for a week without contradiction or explanation, seems to me a matter calling for further notice.

I came across the following paradox in a Spanish newspaper the other day, and, anomalous though the assertion sounds, a little consideration will suffice to show that it is well within the bounds of possibility. Two women, each with a child in her arms, meet two men. One of the women remarked to the other:—"Here come our fathers, the husbands of our mothers; our own husbands, and the fathers of our children."

A letter which appears in a Preston paper throws some useful light on the way in which public opinion is manufactured for the purpose of setting local authorities in motion. The Lancashire County Council spent about £200 last session in opposing a Bill of the Fylde Water Company, asking for powers to divert some of the water of the River Calder. This action was taken on the strength of a memorial from inhabitants of the district, a resolution of one of the Boards of Guardians, and a report of the Council's Medical Officer. One of the directors of the Water Company now asserts that the Medical Officer of the County Council had visited the district, pressed his views on the inhabitants, and suggested the drafting of the memorial, and he, too, had suggested to the clerk the resolution which the Board of Guardians passed. As regards the Medical Officer's own report, the director states that a week after it was presented he himself took this officer over an important part of the watershed which he had not visited, and the circumstances of which entirely upset the conclusions of his report. The value of the memorial of the inhabitants is further shown by the fact that, this same director having called them together and explained his view of the case, they at once addressed a fresh memorial to the County Council, withdrawing their previous memorial. On such grounds was an expenditure of £200 incurred, and for no result, for the opposition naturally proved futile.

When the Local Government Act of 1888 is overhauled, as it will have to be after the General Election, it will be desirable that some change should be made in regard to the licensing duties of the London County Council. In saying this, I am not in any way influenced by the frantic howlings raised by the

CADBURY'S COCOA.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health.*

FOR THROAT IRRITATION and COUGH, EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES will always be found effective. Sold only in boxes, 7½d., or tins, 1/1½d., labelled "James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

Times and the publican interest at the recent refusal of two licences to East-end dancing saloons. It is evident that the Licensing Committee were in no way to blame, though they have been blamed, for refusing licences after the tenant had been required to spend money on structural alterations. The fault rests solely with the law, which prevented the application for a licence being considered at the same time as the question of structural arrangements, and the Committee did all they could to mitigate the operation of the law by warning the tenant of the state of the case, and giving him a pretty strong hint that his renewal was doubtful.

The Committee have also been abused because some of them instructed counsel to support their decision against the appeal to the full Council. Here, again, the fault seems to lie with the legal arrangements. Unless some one supported the Committee's decisions, the appeal to the Council would be an *ex parte* proceeding, with the additional disadvantage that the appellant might strengthen his case by adducing new evidence. In preference to themselves stepping down into the arena, as it were, to defend their decision, the Committee entrusted the case to counsel. I cannot say that I think they were wise, but their action was far more injurious to themselves than to the appellant. The one solid complaint against the decision is that notice of the most important piece of evidence against him was withheld from the applicant until the very last stage of the case. This, I gather from Mr. Fardell's explanation to the Council, was, originally, a pure oversight. But the oversight having been committed, the evidence ought not to have been used, or else the hearing should have been adjourned to give the applicant an opportunity of replying. The fault here, however, rests with the whole Council, and upon no particular party in it.

It is an awkward and unjust arrangement that the question of structural requirements should be decided several months before that of the licence. But the most inconvenient arrangement of all is the way in which the functions of witness, prosecutor, and judge are muddled up in the persons of Committeemen and Councillors. This necessarily gives the proceedings an unjudicial air, and affords interested parties a peg on which to hang abuse of the whole Council. The Council, in short, is placed in a false position, and that members themselves feel this is shown by the suggestion of one of the Licensing Committee in the *Times*, that their judicial functions should be transferred to the senior Magistrate at Bow-street. The Council, as the supreme administrative authority, certainly ought to have a voice in licensing matters, but it should be confined, I think, to presenting a case, on which some independent judicial authority should decide.

The Church Stretton Board of Guardians have directed the attention of the sanitary inspector to the state of some almshouses in the centre of the town. It is a scandal that this was not done long ago, for, according to the report of a medical officer, the sanitary conditions of the dwellings are as bad as they can be, making them quite unfit for human habitation. The occupants are described as "old people and idiots," all in receipt of out-door relief; and an old man who was dying in one room had to have his bed moved so that he might escape the downpour of water. These wretched hovels, it is interesting to learn, are under the control of the Rector and Churchwardens.

In the list of the results of the Municipal elections, the *Times* devotes sixty-eight lines to Birmingham, which leads me to the conclusion that the "Unionist" cause has not received the triumph which it anticipated. Looking at the figures, it would seem that the Conservative wing of the Party has gained at the expense of the Liberal-Unionist wing, for the twenty-eight Liberal-Unionists have become twenty-six, and the fourteen Conservatives have become nineteen. This proves that, even in Birmingham, those Liberal-Unionists who have not returned to the Liberal fold are gradually becoming absorbed in the Tory army.

A gentleman who has just travelled from the North sends me a growl upon a very old grievance. He reaches York at 3.30 a.m., and is allowed ten minutes for refreshments, five of which are occupied in going to and from the refreshment-room. He wishes to take a cup of coffee to his wife, and is compelled to pay a deposit of one shilling before he can take the cup out of the room. There is, of course, no time to return the cup, which he has to leave with a porter, and sacrifice his shilling, bringing the cost of the cup of coffee up to eighteenpence. This, as I have said, is a very old grievance, and it ought to have been remedied long ago. Why do not the great Railway Companies, while spending thousands of pounds in comforting their customers with upholstery and decorations make some arrangement—costing nothing at all—by which glass and crockery, and other articles borrowed at refreshment-rooms *en route*, can be delivered up at the journey's end?

I want to know why smokers should be regarded as Pariahs by railroad directors? On those lines, where there are lavatories attached to carriages, the word "smoking" is generally put on carriages without these accommodations, though why should smoking exclude the idea of hand-washing? So, too, where there are drawing-room cars, the non-smokers have comfortable arm-chairs, and at the end of the car is a den devoted to smokers. Surely it would be possible to have a partition across the car, and give one half to smokers and the other half to non-smokers.

Railroad directors never appear to me to understand the requirements of passengers. They spend too much money in adornment of their cars, but ignore comfort. The carriage of the future should be a drawing-room or American long car; or it should be a car such as has been adopted in Austria, with a series of compartments communicating with each other by a corridor. Nothing

HOUSE DRAINAGE.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

is easier than to build such carriages. Width is secured by building the car well over the steps, and affording ingress by the end of it, instead of by the door of each compartment. The waste of money by English car designers, and the poor results which they attain, make me really despair of British common-sense.

I hear that Sir Edward Watkin regards the success of his coal-borings at Folkestone as so assured that very shortly a plan will be forthcoming to work the South-Eastern beds and to supply all South-Eastern railroads from them. We may, therefore, look forward to Kent being before long converted into a new Lancashire. The purity of the air will suffer, and nature will look less beauteous. On the other hand, a vast population will find good wages, for coal means industrial enterprise in all its varied phases.

A provincial postmaster, who has been making mental notes on this subject for years, tells me that the alleged disappearance of wedding-cake in transit through the post is purely a delusion. He explains the phenomenon thus:—

A small piece of cake is put into a box too large for it. Consequently, it gets smashed to fragments when the bags are taken in and out of the train by apparatus, or it may rattle about in the ordinary course of transit until it is crumbled to pieces. It then gradually works through minute holes or cracks. The boxes are usually all the same size, and, if there are a large number to be filled, the sender tries to save the cake and the postage by putting a very small piece in each.

We live and learn. Who would have supposed, unless he heard it on authority, that you can shake up a box half-full of wedding-cake until the contents, which are not usually of exactly a volatile character to start with, dissolve into dust, and disappear through the pores of the cardboard?

I am glad to find that there is no truth in the statement that the great Blowitz is going to sever his connection with the *Times*. If his retirement would not exactly eclipse the gaiety of nations, it would eclipse the gaiety of the *Times* columns. Since Alexandre Dumas, never was there a man with so prolific an imagination. His imaginary conversations with eminent men; the imaginary letters that eminent men write to him; his unconscious humour in asking the *Times* readers to believe that he is the axis on which the universe turns; his reflections and his remarks are so mirth-provoking, that I, for one, protest against his getting rid of the *Times* or the *Times* getting rid of him. In this age of facts and figures; of wearisome books and still more wearisome explanations by their authors, why and how they wrote them; of the analysis of the mind of one ass by another ass; we really could not afford to lose Blowitz.

Bishop Tucker may be correct in saying that bloodshed will ensue in Uganda if Sir William Mackinnon's Company withdraws from that country. But that the presence of the Company there does cause bloodshed is certain, for the very newspapers that contained the Bishop's speech also contained a telegram announcing that Captain Lugard, who commands the armed force of the Company, had "inflicted a severe defeat upon the rebels." Why rebels? Against whom had they rebelled? Against the Company? And, if so, how did they become the Company's subjects? Nothing to me is more detestable than these philanthropic Companies that penetrate into Africa on the plea of selling goods to the Africans and converting them to Christianity, and then slaughter as rebels all those who decline to submit to their sway. Between them and the Spanish adventurers who overran Peru and Mexico in the name of religion, I can see no difference. And this Company actually wants us to guarantee several hundred thousands of pounds per annum, in order to enable it to civilise Uganda by sending goods there which are to be sold for the profit of its shareholders, and soldiers who are to shoot down "rebels"! A proposal to spend £20,000 on a survey of the route Mr. Goschen declared last Session was a non-contentious vote. He found himself, however, mistaken.

A leading journal at Sydney thus comments upon the recent elections in New South Wales:—

Duty calls, as in the Balaclava death-ride. Silence reigns for a moment, as if invoking supernatural courage. Death is defeated, the enemy confronted, and victory crowns heroic honour. From such a retrospect, there is nothing to be wondered at that Messrs. Garrison and Clarke have scored a two-to-one victory against the anointed Goliah of the Parkes Government, clad in all the gorgeous panoply of Government patronage, and a forty-mile railway, like a rainbow, in his hand.

The following story is, to say the least of it interesting:—

A Mr. Henry Davis having been convicted of forgery and sentenced to ten years hard labour was later on pardoned by the Governor of Tennessee, in compliance with a petition for his pardon which had been signed by the jury who tried him, and by several of the principal residents in the State. The Governor, having ordered the liberation of Davis, was so kind as to supply him with an outfit of money and clothes, but no sooner had Davis departed into another State than it was discovered that he had himself forged the petition and all the signatures which were appended to it.

Lord Salisbury is apparently so much engrossed with foreign affairs that he does not find time to read the speeches of even his leading colleagues, nor does he deem it necessary to require that his private secretary shall keep him acquainted with their sentiments. He has just written a letter in which he denies Mr. Broadhurst's statement that the Government carried free education on account of their apprehension that when the Liberals return to power they would pass a similar measure which would not be so favourable to Church schools. Lord Salisbury is singularly unfortunate in this contradiction; for Mr. Broadhurst has exactly repeated the sentiments which Mr. Goschen expressed upon the subject, and this, as every one knows, was the real reason which induced the Tories to accept the Government Bill.

It would seem that there is a rampant Tory warrior of the name of Troyte, commander of a troop of the 1st Devon Yeomanry, who has taken the field in Devonshire in behalf of Toryism. As often happens with warriors on the electoral war-path, he is utterly reckless in his statements, which, to judge from the following, are impudent falsehoods. With regard to the first, I should be glad to know on what grounds he asserts that I am an atheist, and next time he makes the assertion I will trouble some Liberal present to ask the question. I scoffed at a Church maintained out of funds belonging to a nation; at Mr. Jesse Collings; and at publicans banding themselves together to resist reform because reformers decline to allow above £100,000,000 of the taxpayers'

money to be expended in giving brewers and publicans compensation for what the law says they do not possess, and possibly this Colonel Troyte deems an Established Church, a pot-house, and Mr. Jesse Collings "good and holy."

As for Mr. Stern, the Liberal candidate, the evidence that he does not know the difference between a turnip and a mangold is, I should fancy, not forthcoming, whilst in regard to the cider, I would point out to this silly Colonel that Napoleon (presumably as great a soldier as he is), suggested that a glass of port into which Sir Hudson Lowe had looked should be thrown away, as it had been poisoned by Sir Hudson's shadow having fallen on it. Mr. Stern, it would seem, drank the glass of cider, and if it made him sick (although I do not quite see the point of the story politically), this was possibly due to Colonel Troyte having offered it to him.

Speaking at a Conservative dinner at Bampton on last evening, Col. Troyte (Huntsham Court), the Chairman, said in proposing the Clergy that he was sorry to see professed ministers of religion in North Devon supporting atheists in their attempt to get a young man into Parliament. The young man in question attended a Bible Christian tea meeting in the afternoon, and in the evening went and heard Mr. Labouchere scoff at all that was good and holy and all that they believed "in that way," and applauded him. He (Col. Troyte) was sorry to see this action backed up by many members of religion in North Devon—(a voice: Hypocrites). He (Col. Troyte) believed they were. They must be one or the other.

At Bampton last evening Sir Wm. Walrond said he fully believed that the Tiverton Division would be contested at the next election by the Radicals, but he was equally convinced that the electors would send the Radical candidate empty away. Col. Troyte said the late Liberal candidate for the Tiverton Division (Mr. Stern) did not know a mangold from a turnip, and was once made sick by a glass of cider he (Colonel Troyte) offered him.

I confess that I feel gratified in thinking that my humble efforts in behalf of the Liberal candidate in the South Molton Division have so stirred the Tory bile that, in alluding to them, Tories condescend to falsehood. This pleases me, for if ever a Tory or a Liberal Unionist were to approve of one single word uttered by me in a political speech I should feel ashamed of myself.

I insert with pleasure the following letter which I have received from an Italian friend. My observations, although against Italian affairs and against Italian policy, were not against Italy. The Marquis Rudini very likely will announce a surplus, but between announcing one and having one there is a difference. As for paying the construction of railways out of revenue, this is impossible; for Italy has already a floating debt of nearly forty millions of pounds sterling, the greater portion of which is due to Railway and other such Companies. The reason why Italy is so heavily taxed that her industries are crushed, and that, nevertheless, she cannot make two ends meet, is that she will insist upon spending too much money on her armaments. She builds too many ships, and she has an army of 260,000 men, which is utterly in excess of all legitimate requirements. All this is the result of her having been fooled by Bismarck into joining the Triple Alliance, and persisting in this folly. This alliance is avowedly aimed against Russia and France, neither of which countries has the remotest idea of attacking Italy. By this Triple Treaty Italy is bound to come to the aid of either Austria or Germany if attacked by either France or Russia. If she does this, she must not expect any sympathy from us. Lord Salisbury may have pledged himself to aid Italy in maintaining the *status quo* in the Mediterranean—probably he has, as he denies it. But this pledge in no way binds us; and as his Lordship will, before many months are over, cease to be Prime Minister, he will only be able to fulfil his personal pledge by sending the footmen of Hatfield House to swell the ranks of the Italian Army. So far as the Liberals are concerned, they will not defend Italy if attacked by France in consequence of an Italian Army coming to the aid of Germany. I shall, however, be curious to read what the Marquis Rudini says in respect to the Salisbury pledges, in view of the fact that Lord Salisbury categorically denied the existence of any such pledges.

Rome, October 21, 1891.

Although I have not seen TRUTH since my absence from London, I am told that it contained some days ago a strong article against Italian affairs in general, and Italian politics in particular.

That French newspapers should attack Italy may, to a certain point, be explained. But that, without a reason in the world, English journals should do the same, is a thing I cannot understand, and what is more extraordinary is that these attacks should be made precisely at this moment, when Italy has ceased to be terrorised by a Premier who, although an old and sincere patriot, rashly compromised with his Imperial ideas the peace of Europe and the financial conditions of the country.

The Marquis of Rudini will explain the Ministerial programme in a public speech which he will deliver at Milan on Sunday, November 8. The idea of speaking at a banquet where only staunch adherents are likely to intervene has been abandoned, and the Premier will, following the example of English statesmen and politicians, speak in a public theatre. His speech will demonstrate the full importance of the change which has taken place in Italian foreign, national, and financial policy since the defeat of Signor Crispi. Although Italy is faithful to the Triple Alliance, and is resolved to proceed hand in hand with Great Britain in all questions concerning the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, she has successfully succeeded in calming the apprehensions of Russia and France; and Germany and Austria, earnestly desirous that the peace of Europe should be maintained, have congratulated this country on the tact and ability displayed in effecting with dignity and satisfactory results a rapprochement with France and Russia. In order to secure the permanent and positive consolidation of Italian finance, it was at first indispensable to remove all danger of international complications. The restoration of Italian finance implied a considerable reduction in the Army estimates, and this could not be effected so long as there existed the shadow of a doubt of an international conflict. The important retrenchments effected in the Army and Navy Estimates are a clear proof that King Humbert's Government entertains no serious fear of immediate complications.

This certainty has enabled the Marquis of Rudini and his colleagues to dedicate themselves during the past month with exemplary assiduity to examining every single item of the different Budgets, and introducing economies to the amount of seventy and more millions of francs. The Marquis of Rudini will be able to announce in his speech at Milan that, thanks to the valid co-operation of his colleagues, and chiefly of the Minister of the Treasury, Chev. Luzzatti, the Budget for 1892-93 will show a positive surplus; and that the new State railways voted by Parliament will be constructed with sums included in the regular Budget, and not one penny of new railway bonds will be issued.

There was a good deal which was very sensible in the remarks of Mr. Courtney last Thursday at Bodmin in respect to our occupation of Egypt, and which, consequently, will hardly meet with the approval of the philanthropic loanmongers who wish us to remain there indefinitely in order to secure interest being paid on the scandalous loans issued by Messrs. Frühling and Goschen and other such firms. But there was one strange remark in Mr. Courtney's speech. He insisted that we had

WINTER SEASON, 1891.—How can last year's Sealskin Jacket be made to do duty as a fashionable garment for the Winter, 1891? Take it to The International Fur Store, either 163 or 198, Regent-street, where special attention is given to remodelling these most useful garments. Perfect fit, great attention, and moderate charges may be relied upon. The only addresses of The International Fur Store are 163 and 198, Regent-street, London, W.

acquired certain special rights in which France had no share, because she refused to join us in "military operations." These "operations" took the form of bombarding and burning Alexandria. But surely Mr. Courtney knows that the French fleet was precluded from joining us in those "operations," because the French Constitution does not permit any such "operations" to be undertaken without the approval of the French Chambers having first been obtained. Such action on the part of the French Admiral was *ultra vires*, and had our Constitution contained the same provisions, it would have been *ultra vires* on the part of the English Admiral. I remember talking on this subject with Mr. John Bright just after the bombardment, and his dwelling upon this very difference. I said to him: "It is all very well your resigning afterwards, but surely, if you will forgive me for saying so, it would have been more to the point had you resigned when the Cabinet permitted this atrocity." His reply was that the Cabinet had never consented, and that our Admiral had acted on his own responsibility. This I take it was the true explanation of the matter. The approval was *ex post facto*, and the sin of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet was that its members were weak enough to approve of what many of them disapproved. I should have cashiered the Admiral. The Cabinet made him a Peer and gave him a present of £40,000.

In respect to Egypt, it must be remembered that intervention unquestionably was forced upon us by the moneymongers, with the one single object of securing to them interest upon bogus advances to the Egyptians, and that these same moneymongers will stick at no lie, no misrepresentation, and no nefarious crime, in order to keep their hold on the Egyptian fleshpots. These worthies reverse the Scriptural dictum, and hold that it is better that a whole nation should suffer rather than that one Shylock should lose one farthing of his cent. per cent.

Mr. Chamberlain has written to the *Times* claiming the right to change his mind. No one questions this right. But he has up to now asserted that he has not changed his mind, but that the Liberal Party has done this, leaving him faithful amongst the faithless. At Sunderland, Mr. Chamberlain said that Mr. Gladstone, if returned to power, would make an awful mess of things; and, as a proof of this, he asserted that he had made an awful mess of things from 1880 to 1885. On this, Mr. Morley suggested that Mr. Chamberlain was jointly responsible for all that had occurred from 1880 to 1885, as he was a member of the Cabinet during that period, and that it was not proper under these circumstances for him to make such observations. This Mr. Chamberlain terms "shrill invective," and he meets it by saying that he wanted to resign, but did not do so because of the "national interests involved in connection with the Franchise Bill." But in 1885, Mr. Chamberlain asked the electors to place power again in the hands of Mr. Gladstone, and when they did this, he himself again accepted office under Mr. Gladstone, only withdrawing when he did not find himself in accord with him on Irish matters. Is it not clear, therefore, that Mr. Chamberlain did not at that time consider Mr. Gladstone unfit for power, because he had made a "mess of it," irrespective of his Irish policy, and that this opinion has only invaded his mind since he joined the Tory ranks? His present position is, not that he declines to support the Liberals, because of their Irish policy, but because experience has proved to him that the country is better off under Lord Salisbury than it would be under Mr. Gladstone. Well, this is a view open to any one to adopt, but the man who does adopt it cannot legitimately call himself a Liberal; and it is open to all to wonder that a gentleman who used to complain that Mr. Gladstone did not go far enough in Liberalism now finds salvation under the wing of Lord Salisbury, who, to do him justice, never has pretended to be a Liberal.

The Tories assumed that the charges made by the *Times* against Mr. Parnell were true, because when published they were not met by an action for libel against that journal. I did not myself hold much to this doctrine of constructive guilt. But last week the *Speaker* accused Mr. Chamberlain of having betrayed the secrets of the Cabinet. I shall not myself consider that the allegation is true if Mr. Chamberlain does not prove its falsity in a court of justice. But what say the Tories? Is there one code in these matters for Irishmen and another for Englishmen?

What humbugs these Irish "loyalists" are! In remote villages they give Fenians money to keep up the faction fight; in Cork they surround Mr. Dillon's carriage with mounted constabulary to "protect" him, in spite of his protests, in order to create the impression that the "Castle" is on his side.

It will be said, perhaps, that I am easily amused, but I must confess it—I am amused more than I can express at the Tory newspapers, from the *Times* to gutter journals of the Party like the *St. James's Gazette*, inditing article after article in defence of Mr. Chamberlain against the attacks of Mr. Morley. And yet these very journals a few years ago proved to their own satisfaction, that Mr. Chamberlain was a braggart, petty, parochial, pernicious, and predatory. The moral is: "Cringe to the aristocracy and curse Mr. Gladstone, and you are the noblest of the noble; attack the aristocracy and bless Mr. Gladstone, and you are the basest of the base." Fortunately, these journals are not possessed of the power of the Roman Magistrates in the early years of the Christian era, otherwise Liberals would be treated to the short formula, "Recant, or burn." I wonder, however, that they do not perceive that Mr. Chamberlain requires so much defending, that on the *qui s'excuse s'accuse* dictum a little tells against him.

The *Times* may be regarded as the official organ of the New Unionist Party, and consequently it is bound to take up the cudgels for any member of that Party that is attacked, however distasteful the task may be; and, as

nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of the Party are Tories, it is difficult to suppose that they are exactly pleased at the condescending airs of a patron which Mr. Chamberlain assumes to them. Indeed, to judge (if I may be allowed to use Mr. Chamberlain's own words in respect to the Liberals and Mr. Gladstone) by the freedom which they exercise in regard to him in their private conversations, they must have some difficulty in appreciating his utterances in a "sufficiently reverential spirit." As for the *St. James's Gazette*, even Mr. Chamberlain can hardly be proud of being lauded to the skies by that organ of its editor's opinions. Having failed to be enlisted by Prince Bismarck in the ranks of the German reptile Press, it seeks to qualify as a Tory reptile. It abuses Liberals because it fancies that this is likely to pay, and would bless them if this were likely to prove more remunerative. Of it the remark of Charles I. to the man who spat upon him on his way to execution holds good, "Poor wretch! for a crown he would do the same to one of his masters."

I observe that, in view of the coming General Election, the Tory leaders are dropping the word Tory, and the Liberal-Unionist leaders are docking the first word from the composite term by which they have up to now been pleased to be known. All are "Unionists" pure and simple. By all means; but instead of reviling us for having a programme, I wish that the new Party would be good enough to favour us with theirs. One says one thing, another says another thing, but beyond the united opinion that they are collectively the best and the wisest of the human race, and that we are the stupidest and the most pernicious, I fail entirely to see much unity in their views. For instance, speaking last week, Mr. Courtney professed to be in favour of an alteration in the registration laws. But are we to understand that he is speaking for his Party, or only professing a pious opinion of his own?

So, again, as regards Welsh Disestablishment; Mr. Chamberlain recently made a speech in Wales, in which he said that he was in favour of Disestablishment. Whom does this bind? Does it even bind Mr. Chamberlain to vote for it in the next Parliament?

These Unionists go about complaining that we vary our views according to our audiences, and that we are agreed upon nothing. This is exactly the reproach that holds good against the "Unionists." We have put forward a programme to which we bind ourselves. The answer is, that we do not believe in our own programme (though how our opponents can look into our minds I cannot well perceive) and that the "Unionists" will prevent us from giving effect to it if we do believe in it. This is intelligible; but, then, leading members of the Unionist Party should not proclaim that they are in favour of this or that plank of our programme, but opposed to it collectively. Let them get up a programme binding on all of them, then the country will at least know what they are doing in voting for "Unionists."

SCRUTATOR.

THE "INCIDENT" IN THE GUARDS.

ALTHOUGH the military authorities are always very ready to flourish the rules which forbid communications to the Press, no sooner had my last week's statements respecting the display of insubordination in the Grenadier Guards been published, than one of the Press Agencies was favoured with a communication from head-quarters giving the official version of the incident. This statement, although it obviously corroborated mine in every material particular, was at once pounced upon by the Tory Press as a contradiction of what had appeared in TRUTH. It is not necessary for me to deal with it now, however, for by the courtesy of an officer of the Guards holding an important office at Whitehall, I have myself received the official version from head-quarters, revised and corrected up to date. The account which I gave last week was derived from the men and the non-commissioned officers. I stated this expressly. I am now happy to supplement it by that of the authorities. If there are any material discrepancies, the public will form its own opinion, and may, at the same time, decide for itself whether I am, as one Tory Editor kindly puts it, "wrong again," or, as I shall take the liberty of contending, "right again."

I am informed by my Horse Guards authority that the men of No. 1 Company did, as I said, complain of their rations to the picket officer. The particular matter of complaint was that there was too much bone. The picket officer dismissed the complaint, and ordered the men to eat their rations. He reported the matter to Lieut. Cotton, who was not, as I stated, the picket officer, but the officer in charge of the company. Lieut. Cotton, on hearing the state of the case, went to the barrack-room, and found that the men had not eaten their dinners, but had left them intact. This I should myself have been inclined to regard as insubordination. Opinions at the Horse Guards, however, seem to be somewhat nebulous on the point. Lieut. Cotton addressed to the men some remarks conveying disapproval, and went downstairs into the barrack square. While he was there, an arm bearing a tray, but attached to an invisible body, was seen to obtrude itself from an upper window and shoot the rejected rations into the square. Efforts were at once made to discover the body attached to the offending arm, but without success. The Corporal of the company was then placed under arrest, not, however, because anything in the nature of insubordination had taken place, but for failing to see, as he should have done, that the rejected messing was cleared away. The other Corporals of the company were ordered confinement to barracks; but in their case also, not because there had been insubordination, but because they had failed to properly impress upon the men the duty of eating their rations—bone and all, I suppose—when ordered to eat them. I trust that I have stated this distinction accurately; but if I have failed to do so it is due entirely to the difficult character of the subject, and not for want of the best intentions on my part. The men themselves, I

am told, were not confined to barracks. So be it. I am bound however, in justice to myself, to state that every man whom I caused to be interviewed, and there were a dozen or more, stated expressly that they had been confined to barracks. It is possible, I suppose, that they may be under a misapprehension on that point, but how the mistake could arise I cannot conjecture.

It therefore appears that in the following particulars my account derived from the men is at variance with the account furnished to me from the Horse Guards:—(1) That Lieut. Cotton appeared on the scene, not in the character of picket officer, but officer in charge of the company; (2) that the rations were not thrown out of window by a combined movement of the men, but were first collected in a tray, and then thrown out of one window by one man—or, to speak by the card—by an arm attached to an invisible body (after all, it might have been the arm of a Mahatma, just as well as that of a Guardsman); (3) that not all the Corporals were placed under arrest, but one was put under arrest and the remainder confined to barracks; (4) that the rest of the men were not, as they allege, confined to barracks. It may suit the hirelings of the Tory Press, more anxious to prove that TRUTH is "wrong again" than to furnish their readers with accurate information, to treat this official version as a contradiction of my statements; but I venture to think that every independent reader will perceive at once that what discrepancy exists, is merely that conflict as to details which is usually found between different witnesses of the same transaction, and that in the essentials of the story there is no discrepancy at all. Those essentials I take to be that the men were ordered by an officer to eat their meat, that they refused to eat their meat, and that the meat was subsequently thrown out of window in the presence of the officer in charge of the company. Where the commanding officers and the Horse Guards authorities are really at issue with TRUTH is on a very different point—namely, the significance of this occurrence. In my simplicity, I took it to be "insubordination." At the Horse Guards I find it is not so regarded, but merely as a "foolish" or "boyish freak." I am only a civilian. It is not for me to set up my authority against the Horse Guards itself upon the question what constitutes insubordination—more especially when I am assured, as I am on the same authority, that the use of this term has caused great pain to—of all people—the rank and file of the regiment. I have no alternative, therefore, but to admit that "insubordination" was the wrong word.

I am told that I have made too much of this "incident." If we are really to take it that what occurred was not in the nature of insubordination, I should be disposed to admit that too. But whose fault is it? Let me invite particular attention, please, to this question. I have been told (at the Horse Guards) that it was my duty before publishing any statement on the subject to ask for an explanation at head-quarters. Something to the same effect appeared in the official report which has been communicated to the press. If that report emanated from Colonel Ricardo, I can only say that I am astounded that he should have made it. I not only appreciated the duty of verifying my original information by inquiry at head-quarters, but I discharged that duty to the letter. Let me repeat what I said on that subject last week: I sent a representative to Windsor with instructions not only to inquire among the men but to communicate with the officer in command. My representative went to the adjutant in the presence of the commanding officer. He told him that he came from the Editor of TRUTH, that I had received certain information, and desired to have the explanation of the Commanding Officer before publishing it. The Adjutant turned to Colonel Ricardo, and said, "We have not received any report about this, have we?" Colonel Ricardo replied with a Burleigh nod, and the Adjutant interpreted that nod to my representative as signifying "No." He also informed him that the authorities did not care what went into the papers. In other words, I perform my duty of applying to head-quarters for information, and with what result? That I am met first with an absolute assurance that an occurrence which is now admitted did not occur, and secondly with a declaration that the officers of a regiment do not care what appears in a newspaper respecting the regiment, whereas, as it now appears, they do care. I therefore publish the facts as I have got them, and then I am told that I ought to have obtained the official version first, and that I have unduly magnified the occurrence. My reply is that if the original incident has received more importance than it deserved—I am far from myself saying that it has—Colonel Ricardo and his Adjutant have only themselves to thank. What view may be taken in Whitehall of the attitude of the Regimental authorities, I do not know. But I take the liberty of telling military authorities generally, whether at Whitehall or at Windsor, that as long as the Press, when endeavouring to obtain legitimate information on matters of public importance, is met with snubs and evasion, the authorities alone will be to blame if a false impression is conveyed to the public mind. If that lesson has been learned from recent events at Windsor—as I have some hope it has—Tommy Atkins will not have pitched his dinner out of window in vain.

BENEDICTO BENEDICATUR.

God save Lord Dudley! I agree with the Town Council of Kidderminster. Lord Dudley has deserved well of his country. Lord Dudley has placed England under an obligation.

In the year 1867, with infinite condescension, he was born, and now—twenty-four years afterwards—he has deigned to be married. In the meantime he has done nothing—no, nothing whatever—to tarnish or obscure the glitter of those two eminently respectable exploits. When I think of all the evil things which a young man in his position might have done, I stand astonished at his self-restraint. He might (as in the case of so many peers) have been a card-sharper, or a co-respondent, or a Chairman of Quarter Sessions. He might have 'verted to Rome. He might (at least, I think he might, with a good tutor) have learned German and written against Christianity. He has done none of these villanies. He has said nothing, read nothing, written nothing which the wise

might regret. In his twenty-fourth year he stands before us, *Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.* He is rich, to be sure, but he can't help that. He did not make a single penny that he possesses. By no fair mind can his wealth be imputed as blame to him, and—riches apart—he is just such a lad—young, fairly presentable, and without a stain on his character—as the late Mr. Baron Martin would have liked to engage as a footman. That learned judge, as all the world knows, never would engage a servant who had not come out of a racing stable. He attached the highest possible importance to the moral qualities which he believed to be acquired under the strict discipline of these healthy establishments. In these wholesome institutions Lord Dudley has passed pretty nearly the whole of the golden morning of his life. He is, therefore, in a state of primitive and almost Arcadian innocence. I understand that it is almost impossible to find him without a straw somewhere about him—in his mouth, his gaiters, his heels. What wonder that he is admired and worshipped in Kidderminster! The British public is a large-hearted public. It loves many things warmly, but one thing ecstatically. It loves its Bible, its beer, its "injured husbands," but, above all, it loves a lord. I don't know whether there is at present extant any one who is at once a lord and an "injured husband." If such a prodigy should ever arise, his popularity would be tremendous. Lord Dudley is only a lord (a rich lord, to be sure), but that is quite enough for Kidderminster, for Britain, for the empire upon which the sun never sets. He is a lord—he is rich. He has been born (so have we); he has been married (so have some of us). How delightful to see the great unbend! Let us admire, let us cheer, this great rich lord who has stooped to be born, and married, just like one of us; let us worship the ground he walks on, let us make him a wedding present. This is how the people of Kidderminster reason. This is as it should be. Personally, indeed, I am an enemy of the House of Lords as an institution. I am in favour of taking from Lords the power of doing harm in their legislative capacity. But I quite acknowledge the amount of innocent, and thoroughly English, happiness which they diffuse around them in their private character, and, sometimes, in those moments of depression to which every man is occasionally subject, I question the wisdom of the political course upon which I am embarked. The consequences which flow from the most apparently righteous as from the most trivial acts, are so infinite, so incalculable. Sometimes, especially if I happen to have been reading Swift, I find myself putting the question, "Who shall say what might be the far-reaching results of the sudden and total abolition of the Peerage? It might blight the joy of countless peaceful villages. It might dry up the sources of British patriotism and valour. It might injuriously affect the Arts, the breed of foxhounds (a peer is usually painted with a foxhound), and the Army and Navy. It might (God knows the thing is conceivable) be not wholly without danger to the Jockey Club."

Such thoughts as these are enough to give a man pause, however conscious he may be of the rectitude of his own motives. Happily such thoughts do not disturb the peaceful simplicity of Kidderminster. To Kidderminster it has never occurred that lords will ever cease. Kidderminster, happy Kidderminster, looks not beyond the present. It sees before it Lord Dudley—a lord, and rich. This is quite enough for Kidderminster. It prostrates itself before him in a grovel of tremulous delight, licks the black of his boots, and getting up refreshed, votes him a wedding present—not wholly without opposition, however. Even Kidderminster, blessed, simple place that it is, is not wholly pre-Adamite. Kidderminster, in the interests of carpet-making, has produced a Mr. Rowe. And now I come to what I have been aiming at all along—perhaps in a somewhat blundering and inartistic fashion. I don't care a penny piece for Lord Dudley. Mr. Rowe is the man for my money. Lord Dudley is merely the shoeing-horn which I have made use of to draw on Mr. Rowe. Mr. Rowe is a very remarkable man, and he has made a very remarkable proposal, rejected, indeed, by the Kidderminster Town Council, but still in the highest degree remarkable, and destined, I feel sure, to revolutionise the whole system of wedding-presents. Mr. Rowe's idea was that the wedding-present, though voted now, should not actually be conferred for five years, to give the donors an opportunity of seeing how Lord Dudley went on. This is indeed a happy thought, and one fated to be pregnant. It was voted down at Kidderminster. But it will come up again. It has a great future before it. When I read Mr. Rowe's speech I thought to myself, I should like to know Mr. Rowe. He has made (unless I very much mistake) in the near future a very substantial addition to my income. Hundreds of other men must have felt as I did. Hundreds of men must now be yearning to know Mr. Rowe of Kidderminster, to shake him by the hand, and thank him for a suggestion which is safe to catch on, and save a deal of thought, and care, and worry, to say nothing of hard cash, to all persons with young friends who won't take *Punch's* advice, but will marry, and expect a present when they do. In future how simple, how easy, how painless will be the letter of congratulation.

DEAR BOB,—Delighted to hear of your engagement. Congratulate you most heartily, I am sure. Congratulate the lady also. Don't think I ever met her, but am sure she is all you say. Have voted you a silver boot-jack, to be transferred to you in five years if all goes well.—Yours, ————.

A lady's letter would, of course, be somewhat as follows:—

DEAREST DARLING OLIVIA,—Your news is too utterly charming, too bewildering. I am so, *so very* happy. I long to see you. I drove at once to Flash & Glitters, and chose for you such a lovely bracelet. I hope you will like it. Pearls and diamonds, my dear, and, oh! *such a perfectly* LOVELY pattern, and my name is to be engraved in the inside. It will be yours in five years if you are a good girl. ————.

And so on for some sixteen pages, and crossed. In time, of course, Mr. Rowe's plan will be extended to other presents—to all presents, in fact. Paterfamilias will say to young hopeful, "Look here, Tom, you're a good boy, glad to see you home again. How you have grown, to be sure! Consider yourself tipped, my dear

CHINA AND GLASS.—Messrs. GOODE, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

boy. It shall be yours at the end of the holidays, if all goes well."

Then, in the case of servants in country-houses, game-keepers, and such like. What a comfort to be able to say, "Brown, my man, I have not forgotten you. I have put you down for a sovereign. You shall have it in five years if I hear a good account of you." Upon my word, when I ponder upon this new system of Mr. Rowe's, and work it out into all its windings and turns, I feel as if somebody had left me a fortune. And in the case of funerals too—God bless my soul, just think of its extension to funerals! No wreath until—well, not for five years. Just a line to sorrowing friends to say that a handsome wreath has been selected to be delivered later on. Why, I know many a man who will be able to take an extra month's holiday every year merely upon what he will save in this way upon funerals. And to think that we owe all this to Mr. Rowe, of Kidderminster, and indirectly to Lord Dudley. I am afraid—nay, I am sure, for though it is hardly just, yet such is the way of the world—Lord Dudley and not Mr. Rowe will get the credit of it. Mr. Rowe will in time be utterly forgotten, like the men who really did invent steam, and the mariner's compass, and gunpowder, and feeding-bottles, and all the other beneficent contrivances of which other men have got the credit. The system will be known as the Lord-Dudley System of Deferred Presents. It will have an immense vogue. It will go round the world. It will bless generations yet unborn. It will be an inestimable blessing to all persons with fixed incomes. It will preserve free from wrinkles, to a much later period of life than is now possible, the foreheads of all maiden ladies living on annuities. It will enable Government to reduce the salaries of the permanent Civil Service. Christmas, with its boxes, will be no longer a terror, nor Easter with its eggs, nor birthdays, nor holidays. Even in church we shall be easier in our feelings and with minds more attuned to sacred things. Round will come the plate, to be sure, as now—but what then? We shall proceed upon the system of deferred payments. All through life the Dudley deferred system will prevail, and so I end as I began, with "God save Lord Dudley," an aspiration which I feel sure will be echoed by every one of my readers.

SCHOOL-BOYS AND SCHOOL-BULLIES.

I promised to give at the earliest opportunity a few hints for improving the moral tone of the *Britannia*. Now, the *Britannia* case presents some very bad features, which may be unique. I hope they are. But in point of principle there is nothing worse the matter with the *Britannia* than there is with—at a mild estimate—one in every three of the public schools of England. For the purpose, therefore, of making my remarks more generally useful, and at the same time more readily intelligible, I will explain my views as to the right and wrong way of dealing with boys in any school, whether afloat or on shore

For my part, although I have seen a considerable number of men and cities, yet I have never seen or heard of (or met anybody who has seen or heard of) but two kinds of public schools; and as short names, if not always complimentary, are always convenient, I will call one of them the "Jesuit" and the other the "Gaol-bird." The "Jesuit" school is not at all necessarily a Roman Catholic establishment. It is simply a school presided over by men who, very possibly detesting everything else connected with Popery, have, nevertheless, on the principle *Fas est ab hoste doceri*, had the sense to take a leaf out of the Jesuit's book in regard to education. This Jesuit idea of school life is that a boy at school should, as far as possible, be in the same position as he will afterwards be in as a man in the world, that is to say, the position not of a wild beast in an African jungle, free to do what he pleases, but of a human being in a civilised country living under the eye of the law. The Jesuits, in fact, police their schools; that is what it comes to. This policing is called by people who don't like it (*i.e.*, don't like the trouble of enforcing it), "espionage," and other ugly names. Well, call it what you please, as a matter of fact, it amounts to no more than that ordinary care which a commonly decent, and commonly sensible father exercises in his own house. Such a man does not demean himself in any way, he is not a spy lurking round corners, or peeping into rooms, and over balusters. But, practically speaking, he knows all that goes on within the four walls of his house. If he does not, then he is neither a commonly decent nor a commonly sensible man, but a fool, or a knave, or both. Not long ago a boy was killed by gross bullying in the corridors of one of the London schools, and the head-master had the effrontery to declare to the Coroner's jury that he "did not profess to know what went on in the corridors." What would be thought of a father of a family who "did not profess to know" anything that went on outside his own study? So much then, for the Jesuit system. It means simply reasonable supervision, aided, of course, by rationally-constructed school-buildings, large rooms, no holes and corners, not many locks and keys, the massing of boys for study as well as for play—living in the light of day, in fact. Now, neither a boy nor a man does much harm, nor has much harm done to him, so long as he lives in the light of day, and the consequence is that although, of course, many boys who leave Jesuit schools become bad men afterwards, yet they get no harm while they stay at school. They leave as good as they came, and, moreover, if they do not come pretty reasonably good, they do not stay long. The father gets a letter to say that the boy "is doing no good at school and had better be removed." If he asks for particulars he gets them, not otherwise.

Now, for the other system of Public School Education—the "Gaol-bird" system. The Gaol-bird system is simplicity itself. The head-master draws his salary, attends to the teaching of Greek and Latin, and shuts his eyes firmly, deliberately, conscientiously, "like an English gentleman," as he would say himself, to everything else that is going on around him. All his subordinates follow his example, and shut their eyes firmly, too. I declare I know of no crime short of actual murder which may not be committed with almost absolute impunity in an ordinary

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public school. Boys won't tell, won't "sneak," as they say. It is their point of honour. The master's point of honour is to know nothing. The curious result is that whereas the beggar child outside the school is comparatively safe under the bull's-eye of the policeman, the "young gentleman" inside is precisely in the position of a boy who has tumbled into the bear-pit at the Zoological Gardens. If the bears are good-natured, he is all right. If they are ill-tempered, why he is rather in a fix. Surely it stands to reason that the public schools ought to be policed by some one. There is ample evidence in countless Blue Books, in the minds of countless parents, in the recollections of countless boys now grown into men, that the schools badly want policing. If the masters are too genteel to do the policing, why not call on the county or the borough to supply a few constables? Surely it is not too much to ask that a public school should be as safe and as innocent as—well, I don't ask for ideal perfection—say the street or the park?

What has all this to do with the *Britannia?* Everything. To prove this, let me refer to the words of the naval officer whose account of the state of things existing on board this training-ship I printed on October 8:—

> This does not, as a rule, take place on board the ship, where the youngsters are, comparatively speaking, at ease, being separated from their seniors as far as possible. But the cadets are landed *en masse* for several hours daily, during which time the authorities cease to exercise any check over bullying, and then it is that all forms of fagging are practised without interference.

In other words, while the boys are on board the ship, they are under the eye of their masters, and law and order are preserved. When they go on shore, there is no supervision over them. Anarchy consequently supervenes, and the weaker fall a prey to the stronger. The truth of what I have been expounding in theory is thus exemplified in practice.

I hope that my readers will not consider it an insult to their intelligence if I add that in all this I am not advocating the mollycoddling of boys, or the reduction of public schools to the level of dame's schools. I find, however, that it is necessary to guard against every form of distortion and misrepresentation when expressing an opinion which it is anybody's interest to discredit. Let me, therefore, explain, first, that I am fully aware that one of the most important things a boy has to learn at school is to fight his own battles; secondly, that I have not the slightest intention of casting any imputation on the time-honoured system of "fagging" as it exists in the public schools properly so-called. Between that system and the so-called "fagging" perpetrated on board the *Britannia*, I can see—*pace* sundry distinguished co respondents of the *Times*—no more connection than I see between an English Trade Unionist and a nigger on a cotton plantation in the pre-Abolition era. What I make bold to contend is this, that for a bigger boy to rob a smaller boy by force or fraud, to coerce him into dishonesty, lying, or vice, or to subject him to bodily torture or mental misery for the mere love of oppression and tyranny, cannot by any possibility be an essential part of the education of an English gentleman, or an honest citizen, but must result in nothing but demoralisation to the older boy and the younger. I contend further that wherever smaller boys are left at the mercy of bigger by reason of the absence of adequate supervision and control, evils of this nature will necessarily follow. To exercise such supervision and control is, therefore, the duty of every schoolmaster, whether he be a Naval Captain or a Church of England clergyman.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE late Madame Bartholdi, who died last week, was no ordinary person, and on her ninetieth birthday she looked so full of life, and beamed so with mental vigour and heartiness that I wonder she did not live to a hundred. She was left a widow early, and devoted herself to the education of her sons and the stewardship of their paternal properties, which under her management were increased to fortunes. Though so well endowed with the money-making faculty, she was a person of a generous disposition, and given to hospitality. In youth she was reputed the handsomest girl in Alsace. As an old woman she was more than handsome. The pure outlines remained, and the fire of the kindest, quickest, and most lambent pair of eyes imaginable was never quenched so long as life remained. The son must have had her in his head, as he remembered her in her younger days, when he was sketching the design of the colossal statue of "Liberty lighting the World." It was her idea that Liberty should not be *en pâte de guimauve*, but of a grave and severe aspect. Liberty was the best of all conditions, she used to say, for those who were severe upon themselves, and the worst for the self-indulgent. One never saw a trace of self-righteous harshness in the old lady. She was very indulgent towards the erring; but that grace, she said, came with the wide experience of old age. It was a source of enjoyment to her to drive to the Isle of Swans, in the Seine, and look at the reduced copy which was set up there a few years ago of the famous statue which now stands at the entrance of New York Harbour. One of her sayings was, "Do not repress badness; crowd it out with good ideas."

I wondered a short time ago, in paying a visit to Versailles, whether it would be possible ever to bring back life again to that tomb of the old French Monarchy. The inside of the Palace is little changed since 1870. But the gardens are a wilderness. Except on *grandes-eaux* days the bronze groups of gods and goddesses, nymphs and tritons, in the marble basins are high and dry. They look so ridiculous, standing on pipes that give out no water. As to the gardens of the Trianon, they are losing the character which they derived from rare coniferous trees. The absurd, but very pretty, opéra-comique village is dilapidated and weedy. Some of the cottages are, from want of thatch, nearly roofless. Water rats appear to prosper in the ponds and artificial rivers. These sagacious animals have been attracted by the fragments of food which picnic parties throw about. If they chose to combine against the visitors they might, in such force are they, keep

them out of the gardens. But, knowing on which side their bread is buttered, there is no danger of such a combination. Indeed, whenever any one sits down on a bench near the village the pond at once gets lively. One sees rats' heads emerge in all directions above the water, and the eddies show that they are all coming in one direction. After the main body of the rats effect a landing at a safe distance, a few are sent out as scouts towards the village to see whether a pic-nic basket of provisions has been brought. These *éclaireurs* run in all directions, except towards the place where the visitor is sitting, but go near enough to be able to tell their fellow-rats who have sent them whether food or ill-treatment may or may not be expected. If they are encouraged, they go back, and a greater number quit the main body, and come up near the bench. It seldom happens that all come together. A gardener tells me that he thinks the Trianon the most rat-infested place in the world. The water smells ratty. No attempt has ever been made to effect a general massacre, and for my part I do not see why there should be. Rats are scavengers of ponds and sluggish watercourses. They have some human virtues—or, rather, virtues too rare in human societies. Nothing is more touching than the way a community of rats attends to its wounded members. The Trianon gardener told me that he had remorse when he saw a score or so about a trap he had set, in which a rat was taken. Some were as if bemoaning the fate of the prisoner, and others were trying to release it. The man, instead of killing this rat, took it out of the trap, set its broken leg, tended it carefully, and then let it out. "Chaque fois que je passe par ici," he said, "tous les rats me font fête." He has also observed what Louise Michel noticed in prison—namely, that young rats show themselves respectfully dutiful to the old ones. A she-rat, with a litter on her breast, was one day killed by a terrier. The gardener saved the little ones, and left them on a rat-infested brink of the pond. They were all carried off, with a show of care and deep concern, by adults of their kind, probably to wet-nurses.

But to return to *mes moutons*. I wondered whether there was a possibility of Versailles being resuscitated. MM. Lamoureux (the orchestral leader at the Opera House), and Gailhard, one of the present lessees, are thinking of founding an opera house at Versailles in connection with a special service of trains. If the Government let them have the Palace Theatre, which is technically a supernumerary Senate House, the enterprise would prosper. The acoustic conditions of that building are exceptionally good; the Versailles and Bordeaux theatres (which were both used as Parliament Houses in 1871) were carefully planned not to strain voices—a consideration overlooked when the new Paris Opera House was being built. Twenty years ago the scheme of MM. Lamoureux and Gailhard, which is promoted by M. Constans, would not have been feasible, the Parisians were so wedded to the Boulevards from La Madeleine to the Passage Jouffroy. But since grand fashionable districts have sprung up in the (then) wildernesses of Marbœuf, the Trocadéro, and Courcelles, people now desire nothing better than to move out from the centre to the circumference, or beyond. I can fancy Versailles, with an opera house and quick cheap trains and trams, becoming to Paris what Brompton is to London. The new Opera House does not anything like suffice for the musical wants of the Parisians, whose ears have been undergoing for more than thirty years a high musical education at the popular concerts.

I have received a visit from an English friend, who has lived some time in Morocco. He speaks highly of the climate of Tangiers. According to his report, the French make headway there. I asked him "How?"

"Through their excellent teachers in the schools they have founded for French schoolmasters or schoolmistresses do know how to take possession of a young brain, and to fire it up. They have great power of lucid expression, and, while our teachers would be plodding in a mechanical way through their round of lessons, the French fill their pupils' minds in an attractive manner with the notion that the Universe pivots on France, and that French history alone is worth learning. The little Jews get wholly carried away by this teaching, and are growing up French Chauvins. There are no people more porous on the surface than the Jews, although they are so conservative of their old religious customs. Wherever there is a young French-speaking Jew in Morocco there is an agent to prepare the way for a French occupation and protectorate."

The French, as teachers, were not, before the Revolution, remarkable for that power of lucid expression to which my visitor bore testimony. What gave them the great superiority in this respect was (along with an excellent literary training), the abolition of the rod in schools under the humane influence of the eighteenth century. A teacher who is not allowed to flog—or, indeed, use any corporal means to compel a child to attend to his lessons—must learn to be lucid, try to be inspiring, and often show ingenuity in throwing baits to the idle-minded. Teachers who can thrash and pull ears, will rather do so than be at the trouble of digging into their own brains for some form or idea which will make a lesson taking. They not only have to learn what they teach, but they must read round and far beyond it.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

WE have all, dear Lady Betty, grieved over Lazarus, but few amongst us have ever yet wept for Dives. The "Bitter Cry of Outcast London" affected many, but who has considered the "Bitter Cry of Prosperous Belgravia"? If plain poverty is distressing, how far more appalling is splendid penury! The cruel problem of "How the Poor Live" is as nothing when compared to that of "How the Rich Live."

Appointing myself special commissioner, I started last week upon a round of inquiry, and I now hasten to report to you some of the most typical cases that have since been brought under my notice.

Case 16.—The Duke of X—— occupies a pretentious mansion in the neighbourhood of Belgrave-square, the family consisting of himself, his Duchess, four sons, and three daughters, with a joint income which used to be roughly estimated at £40,000 a year. From this 80 per cent. must, however, be deducted for depreciation of rents; the absolutely necessary expenditure con-

nected with the property, defaults and arrears, rates, taxes, and tithes. Charges upon the estate, jointures, interest on mortgages, and insurance premiums not only absorb the entire remaining balance, but together leave an annual deficit amounting to close upon £3,000. The Duke is therefore both a millionaire and a bankrupt. On seeking admittance the door was opened to me by three liveried servants, a prosperous-looking under-butler conducting me to the Duchess's presence, whilst I observed on every side the tangible evidences of opulence and appropriate luxury. "We are compelled," her Grace explained in the course of the interview, "to keep up appearances. Our purpose and only hope is to marry the girls to wealthy husbands, and through our influence and interest to procure, if possible, lucrative employment for the boys. Were we to break up the establishment and retire to a semi-detached villa somewhere in the suburbs, this would, of course, become improbable; and nothing then but absolute ruin would await us. Meanwhile, my servants live at the rate of £40,000 a year, whilst we ourselves have to endure the incessant tortures of abject poverty. We are compelled to live extravagantly in order ultimately to attain independence, and, whilst practically unable to afford a crust of bread for our own consumption, we are forced to provide 'eighty-four champagne and all the latest luxuries for the gratification of our numerous friends and acquaintances. To compare such poverty with the indigence of the merely destitute is utter nonsense. We are the pauper inmates of a golden workhouse, surrounded by all the pomp of prosperity, and suffering all the pangs of penury! Slaves in an ivory galley chained to a jewelled oar!"

Case 23.—Mr. and Mrs. Y. Z., having no resources whatever of their own, but being both equally disposed to live luxuriously at the expense of their neighbours, established themselves in an attractive bijou residence in the vicinity of Hans-place. Mr. Y. Z. is an indefinite "something in the City," and his pretty wife is considerably *en évidence* in the West-end. Having no private income of any sort, were they to retire to the seclusion of Peckham, Brixton, or Camberwell they could scarcely, of course, continue to subsist for even a week. Some of Mrs. Y. Z.'s opulent friends support the *ménage* directly, whilst the occasional commercial transactions of Y. Z. with others contribute indirectly towards its further maintenance. Each day almost brings its individual burden of annoyances—importuning letters, county-court summonses, writs, bailiffs, and attachment orders. Any single miscalculation might accomplish their ruin, and the Y. Z.'s perpetually live on the summit of an ever-threatening financial and social volcano.

Case 30.—Charlie Z——, a smart young officer in a crack regiment of the Guards, enjoys an allowance of some £600 a year, whilst the requirements of his *entourage* practically necessitate the annual expenditure of from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds. To marry lucratively he must live luxuriously. Interest on current promissory notes, insurance loans, and premiums, together absorb his entire original income; but, by further borrowing, and with the assistance of occasional good fortune, either at cards or on the turf, he contrives to secure sufficient ready-money to live from day to day. Bankruptcy to him not only signifies disgrace, but utter and hopeless ruin, for his education has not been of a kind to assist his earning a livelihood in any other profession than the one which he already pursues. Credit alone shields him from starvation. Upon the occasion when I interviewed Charlie Z—— he was unable to settle his dinner account at the Club, his entire store of ready-cash being required to defray the expenses of a box at the "Frivolity," his reserved hansom for the night, and such other necessary extravagances, which, to him, are the stock-in-trade by which he maintains his credit, and, through which he indirectly procures the means of subsistence.

Here, then, is an outline sketch of the "Bitter Cry of Prosperous Belgravia," and in view of the approaching winter, the continued financial depression, and the prevailing distress, I purpose at once opening a fund for the relief of the pauper-millionaires of the West-end.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff has been notified through the Foreign Office to render himself at once at his new post, and, together with Lady Wolff, leaves London for Bucharest on Monday next, accompanied by the well-wishes of his innumerable friends. Sir Henry, who will travel by easy stages, is not expected to arrive at his destination until about the 20th of the present month. Fortunately, Sir Henry Wolff has secured the use of Sir Frank Lascelles' former residence at Bucharest, and will therefore find a comfortably-furnished home awaiting him on his arrival, without having to undergo the ordeal and discomfort of hotel life.

Captain Shaw's long and valuable services to the London public have been gracefully acknowledged by the Queen in promoting him from a C.B. to a K.C.B. Some surprise has been expressed that a baronetcy was not conferred upon him; but in the official world a K.C.B. is infinitely more esteemed than the latter honour, since the one is only secured by brilliant service, whilst the other is generally acquired in return for contributions towards the funds of the party in power. A successful officer receives the K.C.B.; any successful tradesman can, if so minded, procure a baronetcy. A more affecting scene than the farewell of Sir Eyre Massey Shaw to his men on Saturday afternoon could scarcely be conceived, and it reflected equal credit on the brigade and on its late Chief Officer. Close upon 400 firemen attended. Lady Shaw was presented with a handsome ring set with diamonds and rubies, and bearing a touching inscription in the inner rim of the circle. Miss Shaw's diamond bracelet also bore a suitable legend in commemoration of the event. And so prematurely closes a useful and highly successful career, and London loses a capable and universally popular public servant.

The threatened divorce suit, implicating Madame Melba (Mrs. Charles Armstrong) and the Duc d'Orléans, will, it is said, fall through. Her husband, Mr. Armstrong, a distant cousin of Sir Hercules Robinson, was formerly engaged in sugar-planting in Mackay, Queensland. Madame Melba is a daughter of Mr. David Mitchell, a contractor in Melbourne, a very successful man, who built the Melbourne Town Hall and erected the Exhibition buildings in 1881.

Sir Lewis Molesworth has returned to England from Venice to attend to his political campaign connected with his proposed contest in Cornwall. Lady Molesworth has removed from Venice to Nice, where she will probably spend the greater portion of the present winter.

Colonel Cuthbert Larkin, Equerry to the Duke of Connaught, starts for America on the 17th instant. And, by the way, rumour has it that a well-known and exceedingly popular Colonel shortly follows in his wake to officiate as best man at an exceptionally interesting wedding. Since, however, the high contracting parties to it have as yet not officially announced their approaching alliance, discretion compels me to make no further allusion to the subject.

The marriage of Major Romilly, D.S.O. Scots Guards, to Mrs. Charles Russell Hole attracted an unusually large number of spectators to the Guards' Chapel at Wellington Barracks. Amongst others who were present were Lady Elizabeth Romilly, Lord Romilly, Mr. and Lady Arabella Romilly, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Seymour, Mrs. Pratt Barlow—mother of the bride—and Mrs. Swainson Akroyd.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge is due in a fortnight's

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SHOOTING, SPORTING, AND TRAVELLING GARMENTS are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street

time at Orwell Park, near Ipswich, formerly the residence of the late Colonel Tomline, and inherited from him by its present owner, Captain Pretyman. A party, consisting of five guns, shooting over outlying land secured here last week over six hundred brace of partridges, and as the best ground is being reserved for the Duke, he has the prospect of particularly fine sport. The recent guns included Lord Yarborough, Mr. Harold Finch-Hatton, and Mr. Edward Stanhope.

The Dowager Lady Dudley has purchased the lease of Mr. Edward Lawson's new house in Grosvenor-square.

Mrs. Abbot, who for several years past has leased Downshire House, has now bought Lord Bradford's residence in the same square, where it is hoped she will soon renew her previous hospitalities.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

A FEW weeks ago, when referring to the removal of Lord Hastings's racehorses from Newmarket to Malton, I mentioned Breach as being an animal which was certain to win a good handicap before the close of the season. The mare justified my opinion of her by her excellent running in the Cambridgeshire, for the general idea that Comedy won easily is entirely erroneous, and certainly cannot be entertained by any one who inspected her after the race. The finish was entirely confined to these two mares, and the crazy notion that Derelict was unlucky not to win is preposterous; for, even if Comedy and Breach had not been in the field, the Prince of Wales's horse would have been neither first nor second. People who are so ingenuous as to suppose that Derelict was really third best are very vastly mistaken. The fact is that the race was reduced to a match some distance from home, and, of course, there could be no object in jockeys riding out their animals hard on the chance of gaining the third place, unless special orders had been given that this was to be done. The victory of Comedy was by no means relished in any quarter, as the bookmakers did not win by her success, and the public lost very heavily. An enormous stake has gone into a few hands, and I fancy that it is exceedingly improbable that the bulk of the money will ever return to the turf. Comedy is a splendid mare, and I hope that we shall see her running in Cup races next year, for she can evidently stay. Memoir ran very well indeed, and, on the strength of her performance, the Duke of Portland came from Welbeck on Friday to see her run for the Free Handicap. She was a great favourite, but never showed in the race, and the probability is that she had been upset by her exertions on Wednesday. Blue-Green never was seen in front, and his failure was predicted by some of the best judges at Newmarket, who insisted that he had been "going off" daily since the Second October week. I warned my speculative readers to keep off Bumptious, and his performance was in exact accordance with my anticipation, as he stopped before they had gone a mile, and it may be hoped that we have now seen the last of him as a candidate for races of more than six furlongs in length. Warlaby, who had been heavily backed in a quiet way, also failed to stay the course, and he was placed fifth only because he went on before several pulling-up horses. Quartus ran very badly indeed, but he did not appear to be really fit, and I am told that he is very likely to win one of the mile handicaps at Derby or Manchester. He is sure to win whenever he is fairly slipped, but that occasion will arrive when the "class" is somewhat inferior to that of the Cambridgeshire field. Lord Zetland came all the way from Yorkshire to see Grammont run, and this horse's truly miserable display much disgusted his friends, who were very sanguine about him, although it did seem certain that Grammont must be beaten by Derelict at least, unless there had been egregious blundering in the Kingsclere trial. Rusticus ran very badly, and he was a lucky horse to win so valuable a stake as the Leicester Royal Handicap. It is just possible that he had been made worse rather than better by the "splendid gallops" which always throw beholders into paroxysms of enthusiasm. The sons of Hermit invariably run best when they are big and above themselves, as was the case with Mr. Bass's steed at Leicester. Cloudberry fell lame in the race when going well, and nothing was ever seen of Colonel North's pair. Moineau, the Belgian candidate, might as well have been kept in his stable, after having been stopped in his work for several days, for he appears to be a horse that requires plenty of galloping. Mr. Rose's pair ran miserably, and so also did Shrine, who was altogether outclassed. Buccaneer and Snaplock may be expected to distinguish themselves before the month is over, as they both ran more than respectably, and at the "back-end" meetings the "company" will not be so good as it was last Wednesday.

Patrick Blue was the object of vigorous vituperation on Thursday and Friday. Odds were freely betted on Lord Zetland's colt for the Free Handicap, in which he had only to beat Orvieto, who was giving him 15 lb., and this certainly did look a good thing. Patrick Blue, however, never had a chance with Mr. Houldsworth's horse. On Friday came the Jockey Club Cup, and, with Morion opposed only by Patrick Blue, there was some reckless plunging at the ruinous odds of 6 to 1 and 7 to 1. To the amazement of all beholders, and to the consternation of backers, Patrick Blue not only made a race with Morion, but he would have won if Lord Hartington's horse had not bumped him, the tragical result being that the winner was disqualified. This was certainly *the* sensation of the Houghton week. It is clear enough that Morion must have entirely lost his form, and that his Cesarewitch backers were all the time capering about in a fools' paradise. Lord Hartington may congratulate himself on his sagacity in having advertised Morion as a sire after his Ascot Cup victory, the result being that his subscription is full for next season at the fee of 100 gs., but, if the horse had only now been advertised, there would, after his recent form, have been no run on him at 50 gs. When Patrick Blue shows himself one day to be some 22 lb. worse than Orvieto, and this over his own course, and on the next day, running out of his distance, he discovers himself to be within a stone of Morion, the perplexed and exasperated backers may well think that the end of all things is at hand. Morion's collapse teaches the old lesson that, when a horse has once been amiss and thrown up, it is desperate fatuity to trust him again, however fit he may look, until he has been well tried.

The direful exhibition of Star in the Cambridgeshire was a shock to those who backed her on the strength of her runaway victory in the Rose Plate. I suppose the heavy going has to answer for the astounding form which Queen's Birthday and Ragimunde showed in that race.

Orme had only El Diablo to beat in the Dewhurst Plate, in which the pair showed exactly the same form as in the Middle Park Plate. I am very much disposed to think that we have now seen the best of the Duke of Westminster's colt. There was a very fine finish for the Criterion, in which Mortgage just beat St. Angelo, who had been amiss since he last ran in public. Orville was backed for a good deal of money, but he wants time, and he ought never to have been raced as a two-year-old. Lord Zetland won the Cheveley Stakes with Carmilhan, as I had anticipated would be the case, but he had not much to beat, and the Mother Superior colt, who was the best animal in the field, was giving him 15 lb. Mr. Fenwick overworks his animals dreadfully, and on Friday Vampire, who now wants a rest, never had a chance in the Houghton Stakes, for which liberal odds were recklessly betted on him.

M. Ephrussi has sold his two-year-old filly Malaga,

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about which there was a great deal of talk early in the season, to Count Lehndorff for a thousand guineas, and I suppose that she will join the Prussian Royal Stud at Graditz. Malaga is half-sister to Alicante, by The Bard, and she was entered as a yearling in a very large number of stakes, her English engagements for next season including the Two Thousand, One Thousand, Derby, Oaks, and Eclipse Stakes.

I heard last week that Mimi is not likely to stand another preparation, so she will probably go to the stud next season, and L'Abbesse de Jouarre, Memoir, and Signorina have also retired from the turf. Signorina will most likely be sent to Sheen, and L'Abbesse de Jouarre goes to Barcaldine.

It appears, from the detailed accounts of the sale of the Belmont Stud at New York, that yearling colts fetched £6,000 and £2,000 respectively, while £4,600, £2,200, and £2,000 were the prices of the three best fillies. The sale of St. Blaise for £20,000 must have somewhat startled his breeders and original owners, who parted with him for little more than an eighth of that sum. St. Blaise is now in his twelfth year, and his extraordinary success at the stud is a remarkable proof that a horse with the best running blood in his veins may do exceedingly well as a sire without his being either particularly good-looking or a flyer at racing. St. Blaise was never properly trained as a two-year-old, and he was backward when he ran about last in Galliard's Two Thousand, just a month before he was returned winner of the Derby. I use the word "returned" advisedly, because every individual who saw that race, with the important exception of the judge, was of the opinion that Highland Chief had won cleverly, a view which was fully shared by the jockeys of the first and second horses. St. Blaise was afterwards beaten for the Grand Prize by Frontin, and, as a matter of fact, he never won another race. As a four-year-old he started favourite for the City and Suburban, which was won by Quicklime; but never showed in the race; and as a five-year-old he was three times beaten before his exportation to America. It will be seen, therefore, that his performances on the turf were far from brilliant, and if St. Blaise had remained in England, and had gone to the stud in 1886, it would have been found no easy matter to fill his subscription, even at a nominal fee.

Arklow, the two-year-old brother to Ormonde, met with an accident, and could not be trained. He is an exceedingly good-looking colt, and in their early days it was a question at Eaton whether Orme or Arklow was the best yearling in the paddocks. The Duke of Westminster has now decided to send Arklow to the stud next season, and he is to be given a fine chance of distinguishing himself, for one of his mares will be Angelica, the dam of Orme.

The proposal to pay £30,000 to recover Ormonde is crack-brained, muddy-minded nonsense and rubbish. I have always regarded the exportation of Ormonde as a truly blessed event for the Turf, as the breed of horses assuredly would not have been benefited by the blood of as confirmed a roarer as ever stood on four legs—one, moreover, who had inherited the taint from his dam. Orme has always been a favourite of mine, and I have predicted his success for every race which he has won (*i.e.* every race in which he has started, except the Lancashire Plate), but it does seem to me that all the prodigious trumpeting and jargoning about his superlative excellence is decidedly premature, and it would only be common prudence to wait and see how he gets on as a three-year-old. If Orme in the course of the next six months discovers himself to be a roarer, as is very likely indeed to be the case, all these incoherent rantings about the terrible loss of Ormonde will appear exceedingly idiotic. Even if Ormonde was sound in his wind, and in all respects a thoroughly desirable horse for the stud, it might occur to these distracted addleheads that a two years' sojourn in South America, and a couple of long ocean voyages, will probably have very considerably diminished his value.

If it be true that Mr. Combe has sold Peter to Lord Rosslyn for £6,000, he has made an uncommonly good bargain, for the horse is in his sixteenth year, and he certainly has not been such a brilliant success at the stud as to justify any rational being in regarding him as being worth that sum. Last year Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone thought they had a flyer in Stop, a son of Peter, and they proceeded at once to secure some subscriptions to the horse, apprehending that his fee would be doubled after Stop's triumphant début. They had soon reason to deplore their rash impetuosity, for when Stop came to be tried again, shortly before Ascot, he did very badly, and he was beaten a long way for the New Stakes, and afterwards ran four times without winning.

Next week there is to be racing at Leicester and at Liverpool, and large fields may be expected at both meetings, but the sport is not likely to be of much general interest, and will probably be fertile in disasters to backers.

The Liverpool Cup had better be left alone until the numbers are up, and it would be ridiculous to attempt to predict the winner of such a race until some days after the appearance of the acceptances. Half the animals engaged are trained at Newmarket, and I am inclined to fancy that Buccaneer has as good a chance as any of these. It is difficult, however, to discover anything that is likely to beat Coromandel on his form of last Friday, as he will have to carry only 6 st. 13 lb. including his penalty, and he had 6 st. 5 lb. when he walked away from Memoir, Cuttlestone, and other animals which have been running well.

MAMMON.

GOSCHEN FINANCE.

I HAVE been reading through the financial discussion between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Goschen, and I have been bringing the assertions and counter-assertions to the touch-stone of various official returns. Politics aside (for politics cannot alter figures), I have come to the conclusion that Sir William is in the right and Mr. Goschen in the wrong.

The first issue is whether Mr. Goschen or Sir William paid off more of the debt during their respective terms of office. In order to arrive at a conclusion, it is necessary to understand what was the arrangement of Sir Stafford Northcote. He set aside £28,000 000 for what was called the "permanent fixed charge" for the debt. At that time (see page 9, "Debt Return," No. 243), there was little more due for interest and management of the debt than £22,000,000, although the amount appears to be £23,500,000 (column 1, page 9, "Debt Return," No. 243), because this sum included £1,500,000 (*ibid.*, column 9), which was received back again as interest on local loans that had not then been severed from the general debt. Taking, then, £22 000,000 as the true interest on the debt, and £28,000,000 as the fixed charge, the sum applicable to redemption of capital should have been £6,000,000, increasing annually as the debt diminished.

Sir Stafford Northcote never practically carried out his own scheme, but Mr. Gladstone gave complete effect to it in 1881. The sum applied in 1881 (Debt Return No. 343, p. 9, col. 2) was £6,000,000, rising to £7,000,000 in 1885, the sudden drop in 1886 being due to the total suspension of the sinking fund, in consequence of the exceptional war expenditure in the Soudan. If the Northcote scheme had been continued by Mr. Goschen on the mode in which it had been carried out from 1881 to 1885, the Capital Redemption Fund would have risen by this

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time to £8,000 000, the figures for the interest of the debt having now fallen to £20,000,000. Instead of this, in 1890, whilst there was less than £20,000,000 devoted to the total service of the debt, there was only £5,000,000 allocated to the redemption of capital.

This arose thus:—There is a popular idea that Mr. Goschen originally cut down the Sinking Fund to meet extraordinary expenditure on the Army and Navy. This is incorrect. When he came into office, he found a surplus of £775,000, which Sir William Harcourt had left him on his last Budget. So far from increasing expenditure on naval and military defences on the ground that they had come to him in a dilapidated state, Mr. Goschen boasted of having decreased them to the extent of £1,000,000, on the ground that there had been so large an expenditure on them in 1884, owing to what he called the "naval scare" of that year (*vide* Mr. Goschen's Budget speech, April 21, 1887). This being his view of the then requirements of the Army and Navy, with a surplus of £775,000 in hand, and with decreased Army and Navy estimates to the extent of £1,000,000, he proceeded to cut off £2,000,000 a year from the sinking fund, and reduced Sir Stafford Northcote's irreducible minimum of £28,000,000 to £26,000,000 at a blow. Consequently the Capital Redemption sum became £5,000,000 in 1888, as against 7,000,000 in 1885. And he justified this in 1887 (although the one thing had nothing to do with the other) on the ground (as it proved an erroneous one) that the revenue, and especially the Income-tax, had lost its elasticity. Having bagged £2 000,000 from the Northcote minimum of £28,000,000, he proceeded to rob the "permanent fixed charge" of another £1,000,000, and reduced it from £26,000,000 to £25,000,000 (*vide* Mr. Goschen's Budget Speech, April 15, 1889). The consequence of this is that, whereas the amount devoted to the service of the debt was, under Mr. Gladstone, £28,000,000, it is now under £25,000,000; and that the redemption fund is now £5,000,000, whereas it ought to be above £8,000,000.

Mr. Goschen's answer to these hard facts is that, though he has cut down the "permanent fixed charge" by £3,000,000, this vacuum has been filled up by annual surpluses, which he has devoted to redemption of debt. This explanation, however, does not hold water. The redemption of the debt depends upon two sources:—

1. The margin within the "permanent fixed charge," and this ought to be (according to Sir Stafford Northcote's plan) perpetually and automatically progressive. This is called the new Sinking Fund.

2. Occasional resources outside the fixed charges, which include surpluses. This is called the old Sinking Fund.

The first is the real, solid, and permanent provision constantly operating. The second is accidental, depending on the vicissitudes of the day. Mr. Goschen's action has been like a man who cuts down what he has pledged himself to put by in order to pay off his liabilities, and who then says that he has made this up by windfalls. But what are these windfalls? His own miscalculations, and he actually plumes himself upon having provided for filling up the deficit that he has created in the permanent provision for the liquidation of the debt, by pointing to the fact that he has always under-estimated revenue, and devote the difference between a proper estimate and an erroneous one to making up this deficit. In three years he gave away £9,000,000 of sinking-fund. His defence is that he made it up by surpluses of his own creation. But what will happen to his successors in bad times? What is happening to him now that he has no surplus? Simply this. The depletion of the Sinking-fund operates without any compensation.

As to the point at issue between him and Sir William, whether more debt was paid off in Gladstone years than in Goschen years, the respective figures were settled after elaborate discussions between them two years ago, and it is this settlement of the issue out of which Mr. Goschen is now trying to wriggle. The Debt Return, No. 343, Appendix 3, p. 21, col. 16, gives this result for the Gladstone years:—

Year ending March, 1882	£6,940,000
" " 1883	6,776,000
" " 1884	8,900,000
" " 1885	6,273,000
Total	£28,889,000

Mr. Goschen admits that the years 1886 and 1887 are to be omitted as years of exceptional expenditure. I take, therefore, the four years on which he takes his stand, and what do I find?

Year ending March, 1888	£5,225,000
" " 1889	6,428,000
" " 1890	8,200,000
" " 1891	6,437,000
Total	£26,290,000

Two facts, therefore, which Mr. Goschen cannot get over are, that (1) he has bagged £3,000,000 per annum from the Permanent Sinking Fund, and that he has up to now endeavoured to make up for this by underestimating the Revenue, and meeting this "bagging" by the difference between the Estimate and the result; (2) that even by this resource he has not made up the deficiency, and in his four years has not paid off as much of the debt as Mr. Gladstone did in his four years. He vainly tries to wriggle out of this latter fact by dragging in all sorts of figures, but he can hardly complain if he is pinned to his own returns.

Sir William Harcourt asserts that Mr. Goschen's borrowings amount in the year ending March, 1891, to all his surplus, and a trifle in excess of it. This is absolutely certain, unless Mr. Goschen repudiates his own return ("Public Expenditure and Receipts, 1891," No. 412). This demonstrates that the borrowings counterbalance the surplus. Here it is:—

PUBLIC RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE.

PUBLIC RECEIPTS.

I.—ORDINARY REVENUE		£89,489,112
II.—EXTRAORDINARY RECEIPTS:—		
Not derived from the revenue of the year—		
1. Savings on issues of prior years, applicable under Naval Defence Act, 1889:—		
(*a*) Shipbuilding and Armaments Votes	£380,189	
(*b*) Naval Defence Fund	775,571	
		1,155,760
2. Borrowed:—		
(*a*) Under Part I. (Australasian Agreement) Imperial Defence Act, 1888	243,000	
(*b*) Under Part II. (Ports and Coaling Stations) Imperial Defence Act, 1888	787,780	
(*c*) Under Naval Defence Act, 1889, for contract-built ships	696,000	
		1,726,780
Total receipts		£92,371,652

PUBLIC EXPENDITURE.

I.—ORDINARY EXPENDITURE:		
Provided for out of the Revenue of the Year.		£.
1. National Debt Services		£25,207,000
2. Other Consolidated Fund Services (exclusive of Naval Defence Fund and provision for Barracks, given below)		1,842,533
3. Army:	£	
(*a*) Supply Service (including Volunteer Grant)	17,550,023	
(*b*) Provision for Barracks (charged on Consolidated Fund)	225,000	
(*c*) Ordnance Factories	10,000	
		17,785,023
4. Navy:		
(*a*) Supply Services	14,125,358	
(*b*) Naval Defence Fund, under Naval Defence Act, 1889 (charged on Consolidated Fund)	1,428,571	
		15,553,929
5. Civil Service and Revenue Departments		27,344,370
Total Ordinary Expenditure		£87,732,855

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II.—Extraordinary Expenditure:

Not provided for out of the Revenue of the Year.

	£.	
1. Army, under Part II. (Ports and Coaling Stations), Imperial Defence Act, 1888		780,000
2. Navy:		
(*a*) Hulls, Machinery, and Armaments of Contract-built Ships under Naval Defence Act, 1889, over and above amount provided out of Naval Defence Fund (£1,428,571) and charged (as above) on Revenue of the year	1,851,760	
(*b*) Ships and Armaments for Australasian Squadron under Imperial Defence Act, 1888	243,000	
		2,094,760
Total extraordinary expenditure ...		£2,874,760
Total expenditure		£90,607,615
Balance		1,764,037
		£92,371,652

With respect to the current year, I would refer any one to the Return of Estimated Expenditure on Army and Navy (No. 196, 1891), which shows that it will be necessary to borrow this year £2,850,000; and assuredly the surplus will not amount to this sum. Far from it; there will probably be a deficit.

Mr. Goschen has, Sir William asserts, pledged future revenues. This he hardly denies. It is well, however, that the exact amount should be fixed, for this pledging is really tantamount to new loans. The pledgings are under three heads, which are explained in Mr. Goschen's Budget Speech, April 23, 1891:—

1. The Imperial Defence Act.
2. The Naval Defence Act.
3. The Barracks Act.

1. The Imperial Defence Act.—This Act granted borrowing powers for:—

1. Australian Fleet	£850,000
2. Coaling Stations, &c.	2,600,000
Total	£3,450,000

This money has been borrowed by a complicated system of annuities, and Treasury Bills, and balances, which are quite unintelligible, but the principal is to be repaid by the profit of the Suez Canal, beginning in the year 1894, when the profit is to be impounded for six or seven years to pay off the debt.

2. The Naval Defence Act.—By this, Mr. Goschen has committed the country to £20,000,000, of which £10,000,000 is for contract-built ships. To liquidate this, he has created a charge of £1,428,000 upon the Consolidated Fund for seven years.

3. The Barracks Act is, if I remember rightly, for £4,000,000, for which borrowing powers are taken, though as yet nothing has been borrowed on it.

Mr. Goschen has, therefore, committed us to the following expenditure:—

Imperial Defence Fund	£3,450,000
Contract Ships	10,000,000
Barracks	4,000,000
Total	£17,450,000

Of this amount he has himself paid but a very small proportion, and he has left the whole of the residue to be paid in the future; partly by anticipating revenue, partly by fixed charges on future taxation.

Mr. Goschen is a very able man with figures, but his ability is much that of the Chairman of an American Railway Company who wants to keep the price of his shares up by fogging the public and by persuading them that all is going on well. Like the Chairman of the Company, he scamps in order to create a bogus dividend. This can be done for a few years, but in the end it is found out. The Chairman is turned out of his office, and his successor has to spend large sums in order to put things in proper order. As a financier, Mr. Goschen must be fully aware of the utter rottenness of his finance, but he has had to show that the Tories can pay better dividends than the Liberals, and, with this object in view, he has not only laid hands on the amounts that it had been agreed to devote to the payment of past indebtedness, but he has pledged the revenues of the future. Thanks to the persistent and dogged resolution of Sir William Harcourt, he has now been brought before the bar of public opinion, when, instead of replying by clear facts, he tries to obscure matters like a cuttlefish, or reviles all those who have brought him to justice like a drunk and disorderly person in the hands of the police.

What is Mr. Goschen's reply? That to pledge future revenues is not to borrow, because no interest is paid upon the sum pledged. This is playing with words. Suppose that I order a coat of my tailor, and give him a lien on my revenue of the next year as payment for the coat, it is evident that I borrow of him the value of the coat, whether interest be charged or not. Mr. Goschen's contention is that where there is no interest there can be no borrowing. This has been true—very true—in regard to Egypt, but it is not a dictum of universal acceptance, as every one who has lent money to a friend without interest must be fully aware. What Mr. Goschen has done is this: he has borrowed of the country for the country, and the country, having borrowed from itself, has to repay itself. I go even further than this: practically he has incurred the obligation of interest, for the money thus borrowed would, if not borrowed, have gone in reduction of the debt, and, consequently, would have liberated us from paying interest on the amount of the debt paid off with it. So far, therefore, as the taxpayer is concerned, Mr. Goschen's mortgages on future revenue are loans, and loans on which the taxpayer has to pay interest.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My dear Ben,—The event of the week was the advance of the Bank rate from 3 to 4 per cent. I had predicted this movement, and it was, as I also foreshadowed, hailed with satisfaction on the Stock Exchange. So far from having a weakening effect, it improved the tone of business, as the importance of protecting the Bank's stock of gold was generally felt. Home Rails have assumed quite a buoyant tendency since, and even the New York market was hardly affected by the change in the official minimum, although Yankee operators usually anticipate disastrous consequences from a rise in the London rate. As a matter of fact, a 4 per cent. Bank rate is one with which the commercial community can work very comfortably, and the Stock Exchange, having had to pay rates almost on that basis for the last two accounts, is no worse off now.

The Collapse in Foreigners.

The one department in which the action of the Bank of England had an unfavourable effect was the Foreign market. I have repeatedly called attention to the overloaded condition of the Paris bourse, and matters have at last come to a crisis. The new Russian loan is proving a great source of trouble, causing those who have encumbered themselves with it to throw overboard other stocks. The severest fall has taken place in Spanish, Rio Tintos, and Portuguese, which have arrived at quotations of 66½, 18½, and 35¾ respectively. All these stocks have, however, troubles of their own which have aggravated their weakness. Spain is in urgent want of a large loan, and has entered into pourparlers for it with the Rothschild group. But, although the Madrid correspondents have telegraphed all manner of mendacious rumours as to the alleged success of the negotiations, these are as yet in a most unsatisfactory stage. The Spanish Government and the Bank of Spain had up to yesterday not yet realised the gravity of their position, and offered terms which were considered altogether inacceptable by the financiers. In time the would-be borrowers will probably make the necessary concessions. Portuguese finance is going from bad to worse; relief was being sought for the Portuguese Railways from the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, but unfavourable rumours have again cropped up with regard to these negotiations. Sooner or later Portugal will probably have to compound with her creditors, and those who

have followed my advice given long ago, when prices were much higher, to get out of Portuguese, have done well. Rio Tintos have suffered from the severe fall in copper, rumours of difficulties in the metal market and "Bear" operations assisting the decline. At 18½, with the dividend of 12s. to come off, Rio Tintos, however, are a dangerous "Bear," and as the big operators are holders of copper and "Bears" of Tintos, any sudden change of front on their parts would cause drastic developments. On the whole, I should rather buy than sell Rio Tintos at the price. Egyptian Unified and Turks have also been thrown overboard in Paris. Greeks have, on the other hand, shown greater steadiness, and at any time the considerable "Bear" account in these bonds might produce a recovery. Russian Fours have been as low as 93½, and are only slightly better now. On the whole, operators on this side may be congratulated upon their habitual abstention from "Bull" operations in these old-world securities, while persistent "Bears" have, in some cases, reaped a golden harvest.

Will Argentine Stocks Revive?

So many disappointments have fallen to the lot of well-wishers of the Argentine Republic, that it would be dangerous to prophesy on the point as to whether the turning-point has at last been reached. But it may be stated that, in the opinion of many men well acquainted with the position in Buenos Ayres, an important improvement is at hand, and a marked fall, which has taken place in the gold premium in Buenos Ayres—from 350 to 293—during the past week, seems to confirm this view. Several favourable influences are at present at work to produce an amelioration in the financial position in Buenos Ayres. The gold shipments to Buenos Ayres, arranged for by a combination of London financial houses, which will commence this week through the London Bank of the River Plate, might reasonably be supposed to cause a further fall in the premium. The opening of the new Banco Unico, or Bank of the Argentine nation, was to take place on November 2, and, although it entails a further issue of paper money, it will, on the other hand, provide facilities which are absolutely necessary for the revival of that confidence in the Argentine Republic the absence of which is the worst feature in the present position. It is to be hoped that political agitation will not nip the improvement, which is at present taking place, in the bud. But, barring political accidents, and provided the decline in the gold premium does not prove a mere flash in the pan, an advance in Argentine Government and Railway stocks seems on the cards, which would very probably affect the position on the Stock Exchange generally. Of Argentine Government stocks, the loan of 1886, now quoted 62, and the Funding loan at 61, receiving, as they do, interest in cash, are the most promising investments; but the other issues, which receive interest in Funding bonds, and which are at a very low level, should also improve. Cedulas would be very favourably affected by any further decline in the gold premium, the favourite speculative series being the National B, now quoted 21, and the Buenos Ayres P, quoted 9¾, both being now well above the lowest points touched. Argentine Railway stocks are already recovering. Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary have advanced to 128, Buenos Ayres and Rosario to 75, and Central Argentine are quoted 51. But I specially recall my recommendation of Buenos Ayres and Rosario Extension, 1894, shares, which are in receipt of 5 per cent. Preference interest, and are convertible into Ordinary shares at the end of 1894. They have recovered to 8 (per £10 share), at which they are a good purchase. Another very cheap stock is Cordoba Central (Central Northern Section) Five per Cent. Debenture Stock, the Funding bonds for the last interest on which are about to be sent out, at about 45. Should the gold premium further decline, the prices of such stocks would make rapid progress.

Chilians and Other South Americans.

That the most has been made of the Chilian scare by sensational newspaper correspondents and telegraph agencies is evident, while on the other hand it is undoubtedly being exploited, in approved Yankee fashion, for electioneering purposes. Although the Chilian and United States navies are not, perhaps, very unevenly matched, it may be taken for granted that the difficulty will not lead to war between the two countries, and the American politicians will, no doubt, soon assume a more dignified attitude, the present hysterical outburst being unworthy of a great nation. But the prevailing scare should be utilised for the purchase of Chilian Bonds, now quoted about 88, which will hardly see lower prices again, also of Nitrate Rails, which have reacted in sympathy to 16½, and Tarapacà Waterworks at 10. I have sufficiently explained the promising position of Nitrate Rails. On the basis of a 20 per cent. dividend, as against probable earnings of at least 25-30 per cent., the Ordinary shares at 16½ yield over 12 per cent. on the investment. Of Tarapacà Waterworks I gave full particulars in my last letter. The shares, now at par, are paying 10 per cent. dividends, with a prospect of 15 per cent. Such yields are not obtainable with reasonable safety in any other department, with the exception, perhaps, of American Brewery shares. Brazilian Bonds have declined on a further fall in the Rio exchange. The latest gold exports from Rio de Janeiro are a disquieting feature, and it is to be hoped that the printing-press for paper money in Brazil will be stopped. Mexican Bonds are hanging fire, although the finances in the country are in a healthy condition. The Mexican Railway Report conveys little comfort to the shareholders. On the other hand, Mexican Southern Railway Six per Cent. Mortgage Debentures at 84 to 86, with the Mexican Government subvention and so large a sinking fund that the Debentures will be paid off within fifteen years at 105, or earlier, at the option of the Company, at 110, are a splendid investment. Costa Rica "A" bonds at about 72, and "B" bonds at about 66 should be bought. The interest on these bonds of 5 per cent. per annum is perfectly secure, making the yield of the "B" bonds about 7½ per cent. per annum. Those interested in the Republic of Costa Rica should read a pamphlet on "Costa Rica a Home for Immigrants," compiled for the River Plate Trust, Loan, and Agency Company, by Mr. G. W. Camphuis, C.E., the Company's representative in Costa Rica, giving interesting and encouraging information on the country which offers exceptional opportunities for emigrants under a mortgage scheme elaborated by the Company.

Home Rails.

The strength of Home Rails has been remarkable during the last few days. They seem more than ever in favour with the British investor; while, on the other hand, there is considerable scarcity, especially of heavy Rails, in which the "Bears" have taken great liberties. Midlands are now quoted 162⅝; Great Western, 158¾; Brums., 171½; Berwicks, 157; thus marking a further rise for the week all round. Midlands continue to show the best traffics, and are a good investment; but I do not advise speculative purchases of any of these stocks, which seem high enough considering present prospects. The Brighton September statement was again unfavourable, as working expenses proved heavier than had been anticipated. There is now a decrease in the net balance carried forward of £15,000, which it will be difficult to reduce unless the weather should prove exceptionally favourable. The market, therefore, goes now for a dividend of 6½ per cent. in Brighton "A," on the basis of which the present price of about 147 seems fairly justified. The Great Northern and Sheffield Companies are said to be negotiating respecting the Sheffield extension to London, and somewhat premature reports concerning this matter have caused a rise in Great Northern "A" to 74, in Sheffield "A" to 36½. Yet the success of the Sheffield Extension Bill, even with the concurrence of the Great Northern, is by no means assured. Some months ago I mentioned a report, according to which the Midland Company was in negotiation with the Metropolitan District for the establishment of a station and coal depôt on the exhibition site at Earl's Court. The rumours have been revived this week with renewed force, but they appear to be premature. Yet, combined with speculative purchases they sufficed to put up Metropolitan Districts to 31½.

There were also rumours that the two Underground Railways were about to bury the hatchet, but no tangible information on this point is so far available. Dover "A" have fluctuated with Brighton "A," and at 84 are no particularly tempting purchase. Great Eastern have hardened, more in view of some scarcity of stock than on intrinsic merits, as the yield on present prices is not satisfactory. Little Chatham show dulness, the rumours of an alliance with the Midland Company having for the moment subsided. Great interest centres in the position of the Scotch stocks. I should not like to say how far the report that the Caledonian and North British Companies had approached the Glasgow and South-Western and Great North of Scotland Companies for the purpose of traffic arrangements is true, but the agreement come to between the North British and the Caledonian will in itself be far-reaching in its consequences, and its chief details will probably be communicated this week. Coras (Caledonian Deferred) at 45 and North British Deferred at 44 are a good speculative lock up. While it is hardly likely that the latter will pay a dividend for the current year, they will again be in sight of a dividend which might easily amount to 3 per cent. for the next fiscal year. When once the favourable nature of the agreement is understood both stocks will probably touch 50.

Yankee Prospects.

A combination of holidays has kept business in Yankee Rails within narrow limits during the week, but when once the State elections are over, dealings in New York and here will probably assume larger proportions. With the exception of some trouble between the "Cealers," indications are all most favourable to the future of American railroad stocks, and there can be no doubt that the boom will set in with renewed vigour whenever the big Wall-street operators, who have recently made repeated attempts to engineer a decline, give the signal. So far they have not taken anything by their efforts, and it is possible that they may go in at the present level, should they find, as is possible, that circumstances are too much for them. It is interesting to follow the history of the raids which are from time to time engineered in Wall-street. A New York contemporary now tells the tale of the recent attempt to break the market in Louisville and Nashville. A "bob-tail" Bear syndicate composed mainly of small fry stock operators and members of the Consolidated Exchange, learning that the "directors' party," who have heretofore supported this stock in the market, were about to leave New York on an extended tour of inspection over the road, conceived the brilliant idea of raiding it during their absence. They commenced operations by filling Wall-street with Bear points on the stock, selling it after the close of the exchange "on the curb" at ½ per cent. lower, and filling in the morning a column of a newspaper with a rehash of what the Company did in former times, but carefully avoiding the operations of the road in recent years. This was followed up with an attack at the opening, and by persistent selling in small lots they managed to bring about a net decline for the day of 1⅜ per cent. They do not seem, however, to have dislodged any long holdings, but, on the contrary, a careful investigation justifies the belief that the bulk of the offerings was for the account of "Bear" operators, and it is believed that these short sales have not even now been covered. The position of the Louisville and Nashville is, in fact, most promising; the Company's earnings are improving, its financial position is thoroughly secure, and at 81¼ Louisville are an excellent purchase. The money position in New York is also easy, and the last New York Bank statement shows hardly any change in the surplus reserve. Traffic returns generally continue most favourable. The gross increase of eighty-two railroads for the third week of October was nearly 10½ per cent., being the largest gain in any week this year. As regards individual lines, the Milwaukee and Atchison Companies are doing undoubtedly best of all. The September statement of the Milwaukee shows that gross earnings rose 379,000 dols., and net earnings 308,000 dols.—a splendid result. If, as is most probable, the much larger gross earnings in October work out in the same proportion, it may be said that the Ordinary stock is within the sight of a 5 per cent. dividend. Milwaukees are not dear, under the circumstances, at 78¼. The Atchison September statement is also extremely satisfactory, a gross increase of 360,000 dols., working out to 338,600 dols. net. Vice-President Reinhart of the Atchison has recently expressed himself to the effect that everything along the line of his road is in magnificent shape. A careful estimate has been made of that portion of the corn crop that will have to be moved by the Atchison. The result is that 30,000 carloads will be carried on the Company's lines during the six months beginning the latter part of November. The best feature of this is that the larger part will come from the western part of the State of Kansas and non-competitive points, which will give Atchison a long haul. The earnings of the system, in fact, continue to show better than the most sanguine expectations. Under these circumstances Atchison shares and Income bonds at present prices are very promising. The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad's statement for September is also favourable, showing a net increase of 144,000 dols., against a gross increase of 192,000 dols., and the surplus of the railway and coal enterprises for the ten months is 1,096,000 dols.—an increase of 917,000 dols. The difficulties which are reported between the "Coalers" have caused a relapse in Reading stocks, but it is evident that terms will again be made, and the Reading Company will probably get the concessions which it is trying to obtain. Under these circumstances, Readings are likely to recover sharply. Some of the weak "Bulls" of Ohio and Mississippi shares having thrown away their holdings, the quotation temporarily relapsed, but is again recovering. Those who can afford to do so should average now, as the new deal will put them much higher, and as soon as it is carried out, the shares will be nearer 30 than 25 again, just as the Preference shares will be nearer 110 than 100. Mr. Bacon, the President of the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western, is now returning to New York, and on his arrival there matters will doubtless be finally arranged. Baltimore and Ohio South-Western stocks, by the way, should be bought at their present prices of 75 for the First Income bonds and 32 for the Seconds. The question of the Erie Preference dividend will be decided within the next ten days, and it may be hoped that the directors will pay it.

Norfolk and Western Preferred.

Norfolk Prefs. have been most unaccountably neglected of late. The fact is, that English investors are not for the moment on the buying tack, and there is hardly any market for this stock in New York. But I quite agree with a correspondent, signing himself "Cowes," who sends me the following communication, that this is not the time to sell but to buy Norfolk Prefs.:—

As the stocks of this road are so largely held on this side, and as the present course of prices indicate that British investors seem inclined to dispose of their holdings (as is their wont) at the time of all others when fresh purchases should be made, I beg to furnish you with a few figures obtained from the last number of the New York *Financial Chronicle*.

The gross and net earnings from January 1 to August 31 are as follows:—

Gross.		Net.	
1891.	1890.	1891.	1890.
Dols.	Dols.	Dols.	Dols.
5,867,640	5,498,790	1,923,790	1,788,732

The gross from January 1 to the first week in October are:—

1891.	1890.
Dols.	Dols.
6,840,255	6,441,595

The gross for the first week in October (the latest return made) are:—

1891.	1890.
Dols.	Dols.
199,402	188,304

This time last year, however, the Preferred stock stood at 65, having, in May, touched 68¾. It has never been above 58 during

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the present year, and now stands at 55 with a weak market. The cotton crop is not so far below the average as to justify this. The following are the figures :—

AVERAGE OF THE COTTON CROP, OCTOBER 1.

1891.	1890.	1889.	1888.	1887.	1886.	1885.
75·7	80·0	81·5	78·9	76·5	79·3	78·0

Cotton, however, is but a small proportion of the traffic of the road. The iron and coal industry in this section is rapidly recovering from the recent depression, and several new furnaces are being put in blast. It is on its mineral traffic that the road chiefly depends. Through connection by the Scioto Valley road will be made early next year, when through rates will be made for grain traffic from Chicago, &c., to Norfolk.

Your readers may judge of these figures for themselves. In the opinion of all who know the road and what is going on there, the value of the Prefs. is much nearer 75 than its present low figure.

At the present price of 54, Norfolk and Western Prefs. yield on the investment over 5½ per cent. per annum. But there is every prospect of the Company increasing its present dividend of 3 per cent., there being features of unusual progress in its district in connection with the iron and coal industry of Virginia. An excellent traffic return for the third week of October has, moreover, brought the increase for that month so far to over 50,000 dols., which is a striking indication that the recovery to which my correspondent refers has begun.

AN UNFORTUNATE BREWERY TRIO.

My remarks of a week ago on the Detroit, Hill's Union, and Washington Breweries have brought me a number of letters from holders of such shares, who wish to be placed in communication with any one of their number who is willing to organise a movement for an investigation of the affairs of these Companies, and the taking of further action. The following letter from a correspondent seems to express the views of most of those who have written to me :—

"I read with pleasure your article in to-day's issue "An Unfortunate Brewery Trio." There certainly seems to be something radically wrong with the three breweries directed by Messrs. Seton-Karr, Rawlings, and Lambert. The Detroit Brewery collapsed before the end of the first year; the Hill Union has just passed the interim dividend on both Preference and Ordinary shares, and the Washington began with an interim dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, and gradually reduced it until it only paid 3 per cent. for the last half-year, and, moreover, the barrelage, I believe, is showing a considerable decrease every month, as compared with last year. The failure of these Breweries is certainly something more than a coincidence, and, as you suggest, points to something radically wrong in the management or promotion. I hope you will arouse the shareholders in these Breweries to take some combined action to place their property on a better footing, and under more capable management. Your plan of amalgamating the three Breweries seems a very good one, and there should be no very great difficulty in carrying it out, as for the great part the directors and shareholders in the three Companies are the same. I think thanks are due to you for bringing this subject forward, and trust you may accomplish some good. The shareholders, I hope, will see the necessity of making some move before it is too late.

The question of an amalgamation of the three Companies is an important one, and could probably be accomplished on terms of a valuation made by an independent firm of accountants, as the position of the three Companies differs. That considerable savings might be effected is evident, but at the same time the Board should also be reconstituted, as no confidence can be felt in the men who are at present at the helm.

KAFFIR AND OTHER MINES.

The improvement in the mining market, which has been hoped for so long, has not yet made its appearance, and it seems questionable whether the announcement of the October crushings of the Randt Mines, even if favourable, will set the movement going. There has, however, been an advance in some shares. The New Primrose Gold Mining shares, which I have repeatedly recommended, have advanced to 1⅞, and Nigel Gold shares, on which I published a special correspondence from Johannesberg last week, are up at 3⅛. Glencairns remain at 7s., but may receive a fillip from the October crushings. Simmer and Jack, at 3⅞ are a good purchase. This Mine is to the fore with an October crushing of 3,375 oz. from 7,451 tons. The yield of the Sheba in October was 3,190 oz. from 2,750 tons of ore crushed. But what is more important is that rich quartz has been struck in No. 15 winze. Great Gold Zone shares rose to 12s. upon the last favourable advices, when a block of shares was placed on the market, causing a temporary reaction. At their present price of 10s. they ought to be bought, as the auriferous nature of this vast property is fully proved. The circular about to be issued to the Company, containing Col. Buxton's report, fully confirms my previous statements as to the finding of rich gold-bearing reefs. The conclusion come to by the directors is, "1st. That the only quartz reef fully examined by Mr. Jones is gold bearing, and apparently rich in precious metal, and the reasonable inference to be drawn from this is that the other quartz reefs, with which this portion of the property *is seamed in all directions*, are also gold-bearing. 2nd. That the present expedition is in the hands of good and reliable men, who are doing their best for the interests of the Company." Col. Buxton's report contradicts the rumours, which had been prevalent, of a malarious climate, and confirms the assays of ore from Caloe No. 2, referred to by me, the average being 1 oz. 8 dwt. to the ton. The alluvial from the sand in the neighbouring streams was also found to "show several good-sized particles of gold at once" on being tried. It looks almost as if a new goldfield of exceptional richness and great extent had been discovered on the Great Gold Zone property. Oceana shares have remained very steady at about 4¾ to ⅞, but there is every prospect of a sharp advance as soon as the next reports come to hand from Silati River. De Beers Diamond shares have suffered from the speculative collapse in Paris, but there is every prospect of a recovery as soon as the Paris Bourse regains its equilibrium again. Amongst the Land and Exploration Companies, Bechuanaland seems at the present low price of 1¼ worthy of special attention. The sensation in the market has been the "Bear" squeeze in Silver King Mining shares. A pool seems to have been formed, and the price has been hoisted from 1¾ premium (per £1 share) to 4½ premium in the approved "Warner" fashion. I have generally no pity for ursine operators who get caught in daring operations, but it is difficult to feel sympathy with those who have laid this trap. Australian Broken Hill Consols have recovered to some extent, and are now quoted 14s. The fact that a small quantity of 12 cwt. of rich ore, containing 3 000 oz. of silver has been raised, proves that there are further treasures on the property of the Company. Silverton (Broken Hill) shares are steady at 14s. to 15s., and further favourable advices are anticipated. Indian Gold Mining shares have improved, Mysore Gold to 5 7/16; Nundydroog, which were especially firm, to 57s. xd.; Ooregum, to 2 15/16 for the Ordinary, 3⅞ for the Prefs. Mysore Nagar are firm at 9s. 6d. to 10s. Another cablegram from the resident engineer, dated Shemoga, October 29, states:—"Auriferous deposits throughout the district. Have traced reef 1,500 yards from Temple. Shall commence washing in five days." This is excellent news, and is likely to be followed by important developments. Considerable sensation has been caused by private advices, since confirmed by official telegrams from the mine of the Elmore Gold Company, according to which a rich streak has been found in the lode which is 2 in. wide and worth 40 dols. per ton. The shares, which had dropped to 3d., are up to 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. again, and will go much higher if developments continue favourable. This is a striking case of the necessity of holders of mining shares adopting *Nil desperandum* as their motto.

RUBY MINES.

I expected it Ben. When I saw that an El Dorado had been discovered in the United States, where sapphires and rubies are as plentiful as blackberries, I counted on the kindly feeling of Americans to us, and I knew, not only that the owners of the El Dorado would part with it to us (for a consideration), but that all the astute gentlemen over the Atlantic would waive their right to acquire it in our favour. So it has turned out; and last week the investing public were informed that they would be privileged to acquire an interest in the El Dorado by purchasing shares in the Sapphire and Ruby Company of Montana, Limited.

Wondrous, indeed, is the self-sacrificing spirit that actuates the present owners of this El Dorado. They are ready to part with it for the ridiculously small sum of £400,000, although the annual sale of the gems obtained from ten acres alone will, according to the prospectus, bring in over £188 000, besides which there is gold in the gravel which will "repay the whole cost of working." But I need hardly say that the shareholders are not to receive all this money, when it comes into the coffers of the Company. After 20 per cent. has been paid to the shareholders, the founders are to receive one-half of profits. So these lucky mortals—if the promises in the prospectus are verified by fact, a thing which does not always happen in respect to prospectus promises—will get about £50,000 per annum for subscribing the modest sum of £400. Happy shareholders, still more happy founders, and yet still more happy vendors! Virtue is its own reward. In this case the reward of the self-sacrificing vendors who part with this El Dorado to us will take the substantial form of £400,000. It is needless to observe that the names of the founders are advertised. They are a very aristocratic lot. There are amongst them two Dukes, four Marquises, six Earls, eleven Lords, twenty-seven Stockbrokers, and Sirs, Honourables, and Colonels innumerable—indeed, most of the founders seem to belong rather to the predatory than to the investing classes. It is curious that I have seen it nowhere mentioned that this is not the first Company that has been launched to sell American ruby properties. Some years ago a Ruby Company came out, and, if I remember rightly, the rubies were then stated to be in Colorado. It was bitterly attacked by Mr. Sampson, who was then City Editor of the *Times*, and an action for libel was brought against him. It then came out that rubies had come from Colorado, because the enterprising owner of the property had taken them there and "salted" his property with them, but that Mr. Sampson had been given bribes to puff it, and, reversing the action of Balaam, cursed what he had been called on to bless. The result of the trial, therefore, was that the Company disappeared from the City, and Mr. Sampson disappeared from the *Times* office. I am quite willing to admit that Montana contains acres of land, where rubies and sapphires are the natural product, although in other parts of the world the two are never found together; but whether they are to be found in such quantities, that the possession of these acres is worth £400 000. and that ten acres will give a return of £188,000, exclusive of the gold which bounteous Nature has kindly placed in this favoured region in sufficient quantities to pay for the extraction of the gems, is a fact which I shall not fully credit until experience has proved its accuracy.

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Jock.—With reference to the touting circulars of a firm esta blished in Paris, advising purchase of Paris bonds, and various Government Lottery bonds, some of these are not exactly rubbish, although very speculative. But you should have nothing to do with the touting firm, whose system is radically wrong, and only buy through a respectable banking firm, who would purchase through their Paris correspondents. But there is no fortune in the bonds. *T., Nice.*—An arrangement for the settlement of the loans of the Province of Buenos Ayres by means of a funding scheme has been made by Dr. V. de la Plaza, and is now under discussion by the Legislature of the Province. *Public.*—Yes, you should hold Costa Rica "A" and "B" bonds. *R. O. S.*—Certainly hold Argentine Funding bonds and Cedulas; there is a chance of a marked recovery, should the gold premium in Buenos Ayres drop further. *B. M.*—Chilian bonds are a good purchase in the present scare. *W. B., Brixton.*—I should not sell the first four Colonial bonds 1-4, but would rather sell Nos. 6 and 7, or perhaps part of No. 5.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

C. F.—I do not care for the Trust Company named by you, as it is not one of the better class. I cannot tell you anything about possible calls, but I should advise you to sell out on an improvement, which is not improbable. *T. M., Balham.*—Yes; I should say that with the more favourable turn in Argentina, London and River Plate Bank shares (2) are a good purchase. I do not care for the Bank No. 1. The Buenos Ayres Great Southern dividend has been paid. *J. D. M.*—The notice which you have received is a formal one. The United States Rolling Stock Company is being reorganised by a highly respectable Committee, and your only policy is patience. Write to the Chairman for further information. *Observer.*—Do not sell during the present scare in these Bank shares. Sell when they improve again. *Demos.*—I do not know this Corporation. Can you send me a prospectus? *Egypt (Port Said).*—Both the banks are sound, and the best plan would be to divide the investment between them. *Bobas.*—Australian Bank shares are depressed at present, in view of recent dividend disappointments. You should await a recovery and then sell, as you object to the liability. *Constant Reader, Hotel Victoria.*—No. 1 is the better of the two banks inquired about. There is nothing against them, but there is a large uncalled liability, and it is not advisable to run even a nominal risk with too large a holding. *Fusilier.*—Outside stockbrokers of a shady description. Have nothing to do with them. *Civis.*—You are quite right; high interest means bad security. Have nothing to do with any of the four so-called banks named. It would be far better to invest your money in good securities. *A. H. C.*—You have gone in too heavily for Trust stocks. They are at present in bad odour, but with a recovery in South American securities they will probably improve, when you should sell 1, 3 4. The Company, No. 2, is largely concerned in Company promoting. When that business looks up again, the shares may improve. *O. Z. R. P.*—If you sell the bank shares left to you now, you will lose heavily, but I quite agree that it is advisable to reduce your liability. You can get a good price for No 7, therefore sell. Await with Nos. 1. 2, 3. 5, 8, 9, 11, 13, 14 a recovery from the scare caused by the dividend disappointments of Australian and other banks, then sell. I do not like Nos. 10 and 12, and, although they are depreciated, I should sell them. Nos. 4 and 6 should be held for an important recovery in connection with the improvement in Argentine affairs, which does not seem far distant. *C. J. S.*—Thanks. I will give the statistics on the publication of the next statement. *W. C., Buckingham.*—1. The bank shares will probably recover, but you had better sell the 5 shares, which stand you in cheap. 2. Texas "B" are likely to improve.

Home Rails.

Inquirer, Chelsea.—You had better hold your North British Deferred now. There is every prospect of your getting your money back. Do not buy your Great Eastern back yet. They may go better temporarily, but they are too high, considering their yield *Constant Reader, Dublin.*—You may safely hold Caledonian Deferred now; they are certain to go to a higher price. *L. S.*—As a matter of choice, I should rather buy Caledonian Deferred than North British Deferred, although there is more of a "Bear" account in the latter stock.

American and Foreign Rails.

Boulanger.—No special reason for selling out San Paulo Brazilian Sterling bonds (*a*). Nothing is known yet as to a possible settlement of the debt of the City of Buenos Ayres (*b*). The Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Four per Cent. Second Mortgage bonds will get their interest in time, but I cannot tell you when. *Ubique.*—You should hold these Income bonds for some time; they are a promising investment. *Boulogne.*—1. Hold Buenos Ayres Great Southern. With a fall in the Gold premium the receipts will improve, and the wool clip and grain crop about to be moved will cause traffics to go up. 2. Hold Nos. 2 and 3, but do not buy more. If you want to buy more Argentine Government stocks, buy the loan of 1886, or the Funding loan. Mexican Central (4) Four per Cent. Gold bonds are a good security. The Debenture stock of No. 5 is a good investment. *S.*—Baltimore and Ohio Second Incomes should be held for a considerable advance. The line has good increases and reduced expenses, and will get an accession of traffic from the Ohio and Mississippi deal. *Jones.*—Yes; Denver and Ohio should be averaged. I do not care for the concern with which you are dealing. I cannot undertake to communicate by telegram or letter, nor do I take any fee. *Retreat.*—1. I think you had better hold the Indian Railway shares; they are a good and safe investment, and you might go farther and fare worse. 2. The brewery is doing well. *Corbett.*—Nitrate Rails are a good purchase. *Jumbo.*—Get out of the Harbour bonds on an improvement. There does not seem any immediate danger. *Mercantile.*—I cannot tell you when the advance will take place. It depends upon circumstances over which I have no control. *Fritz.*—I should say that Canadian Pacific Land Grant bonds and Great Eastern Preferred shares would be suitable.

Mining Shares.

Artist.—Thanks. I really cannot advise you respecting Cassel's Gold Extracting Company, Glasgow. It is, of course, a very speculative investment. The McArthur Forrest Process is doing well, as you will have seen from the correspondence referred to under "Kaffir and other Mines" at various times. *F. W.*—Hold both mining shares, you will see them at much higher prices again. I do not care for the Insurance investment. Buy Peter Schoenhofen Brewery shares. They pay high dividends (11 per cent.) and stand under par. *T. J.*—Sell Loma and Tesoro. *Investor.*—You had better sell the five mining shares, despite the recent fall. It is a pity that you did not do so before. *Poorman.*—(*a*) You might hold these for an improvement. (*b.*) Impossible to tell. (*c* and *d.*) Sell Poormans. The price is about 7s., and efforts are being made to unload shares on to the public (*e.*) Wait with buying these shares until further information is available. St. Louis Brewery Ordinary shares are a good purchase. *Zulu.*—You should accept

the present figure for Tolima "A." *J. W. B.*—No; you had better sell your Yuruari shares for what you can get.

Industrial Companies.

Yorkshire.—I know nothing to the disadvantage of the Company, but I have been unable to obtain further information from the directors lately. I am watching this matter. *Scotia.*—Hold your French Elmore shares, they will recover again. You must be prepared for these fluctuations, which have nothing to do with intrinsic merit. *Costa Rica.*—Hold Hill's Union Prefs. (1), and see remarks in last week's issue under "An Unfortunate Brewery Trio." Hold also Costa Rica Railway shares (2). *Graduate.*—All Chilian stocks are momentarily affected by the squabble between Chili and the United States. Hold Arauco Prefs., they will recover again. *G. E. W. H.*—No, Allsopp's Six per Cent. cannot be called "a safe investment," they are a speculative investment, and may turn out all right. *E. B., South Kensington.*—Electrical Construction Corporation shares are quoted in the official list under "Commercial." They are a good purchase at anything like 7 per £10 share, cum the six per cent. dividend payable very shortly, *S. E.*—The Electric Welding Company was only very partially subscribed, and there is no market for the shares. It will take a long time ere this Company can have adequate earnings. *X.*—Hold, but do not average yet. The prospects are improving, but not yet sufficiently so to warrant further purchases. I will advise you. *Ignotus.*—1. Detroit Grand Horn and Milwaukee Six per Cent. Mortgage bonds are a fair investment. I should prefer Canadian Pacific Five per Cent. First Mortgage bonds to the other bonds mentioned. 2. A good industrial investment, but the price is rather high. *A. C. L.*—1. The works of the Elmore Wire Company are in course of completion, and there seems a fair prospect before it. 2. The Ordinary shares will get no dividend for the last fiscal year, but preference interest will be paid in full. Prospects for the following year are good. *Old Sub.*—Your stockbroker must have made a mistake; these shares are quoted about 2⅛. I see no reason for selling at present. *P. C.*—You will find the reply which I have received from the secretary of Earle's Shipbuilding and Engineering Company under "Various Investments." *A. P., Greenock.*—You should hold the shares. They will recover again. I do not accept fees for replies, and the P.O. order has been returned. *Medicus.*—You want high interest and good security. Make a little Trust of American Brewery Preference and Ordinary shares, say Peter Schoenhofen, St. Louis, Bartholomay, City of Chicago. *Loser on All I Touch.*—a. You should read my remarks of last week on "An Unfortunate Brewery Trio," and hold. b. A good investment, paying excellent dividends. You have nothing to complain of. c. This Company's prospects are improving. Hold. *Asbestos.*—The Directors refuse further information at present. *Sinclair.*—I have obtained no fresh information, but shall not fail to give it as soon as received. *Alpha.*—A favourable turn in the affairs of this Company seems at hand, and, although it cannot have a retrospective effect, it will improve prospects for the next year. Hold. *Cynicht.*—I have not been able to obtain any further information from the Directors, but hope to do so shortly, when I will endeavour to answer your five questions. *Stormy.*—1. I cannot tell anything about the Ordinary dividend. Yes, the Prefs. are suitable for permanent investment. 2. Yes, but they are, of course, speculative. 3. Yes. *T. R. N. B.*—It is too much to have in one stock—particularly as there is the chance of competition. *C. W. D., Newcastle.*—Hold the shares. There is every prospect of a turn in this market, but do not buy more to average until I advise you.

Mixed Investments.

Ornum.—1. Copper Mining shares, like Mason & Barry, are at the present moment very speculative in view of the fluctuations in copper. If copper recovers the shares will go up. 2. These Brazilian Railway shares are at a high price now. *D. M.*—You are quite right. To get 4½ per cent. with safety is difficult, but your little Trust solves the question very fairly. It is a good time to buy Chilians in the momentary scare. *Canny Scot.*—1. Central Pacifics should improve with the American market generally. 2. Mere market fluctuations. They will recover again. 3. No, have nothing to do with St. Augustine. 4. Not necessarily. You should deal with a member of the Stock Exchange. *W. C., Birmingham.*—I do not think there is any fear of these men escaping their punishment, but I am afraid that the eventuality you mention is not improbable. *T. W.*—Hold the three stocks. No. 1 is a substantial Cable stock. No. 2 Brewery shares paying high dividends. No. 3 is likely to recover its position in time. *S., Paris.*—No reason to sell the Dock shares or San Paulo Debentures. As to the Brewery, there is nothing for it but to await the result of the agitation which has now begun. *Perplexed.*—Well-selected American Railroad Bonds, Chilian Bonds, and Mexican Central Railway Four per Cent. Gold Bonds would give you the interest you require. *Advice.*—The shares in the four different Companies referred to should be held. *Truth Follower.*—Yes, Electric Construction shares are a good investment. Do not buy the Meat shares yet. Mining shares are too speculative in your case. *J. J.*—1. A rise is probable later on. 2. Yes; the vendor of Peter Schoenhofen Brewery Company is bound not to start an opposition brewery during a certain time. 3. The guarantee is for three years, one still to run. 4. I cannot tell you. 5. The shares are unduly neglected. *Speculative Philosophy.*—Yes, Indianapolis Prefs. should be held. The Ordinary are quite speculative. *F., Manchester.*—I think the Brewery shares should be held. *J. B., Banham.*—I do not care much for either of these shares. Nitrate Rails are preferable.

712,000 Horned Cattle Slaughtered by Armour & Co. last year. Armour's Extract of Beef retains the true flavour of fresh beef, in a more marked degree than any similar preparation.

Various Investments.

At the request of holders of shares in Earle's Shipbuilding and Engineering Company I made inquiries from the Secretary, who writes to me as follows:—

Hull, October 29, 1891.

I am to-day in receipt of your favour of the 27th instant in reference to the affairs of the Company, and in reply I beg to say that the business the Company has been engaged upon during the past year has been of a quite satisfactory nature, and the works are still busily employed. With regard to the published price of the shares, I would say that although they stand in the lists at £26 to £26. 10s. for £45 paid, there are no shares offering for sale at that quotation, and a bid of £26. 10s. has not brought sellers into the market. There is no substantial reason for the shares being at such a price, and it can probably only be accounted for in two ways, namely, the general depression in the shipping trade and the fact that, many of the original shareholders having died, holdings have been placed on the market by executors. The balance-sheet will be issued in about a month's time.

The fact that another Victorian Loan is looming in the distance has caused depression in Colonial bonds. It seems time that this eternal borrowing should be stopped. Electric Construction Corporation shares, which were temporarily depressed by sales on account of a weak holder who was obliged to realise, should be bought at their present price of 6¾ to 7. I hear that the directors' report is to be issued in a few weeks' time and will prove very satisfactory. The present quotation is cum the annual dividend, which I again hear will be 6 per cent. This is one of the most progressive Electric Companies, and will greatly benefit by the extension of electric lighting now going on. Embreville Town shares have been dealt in to a considerable extent at 1⅛-¼. There is a great future for these shares, and any one who will lock them up for a time may, in view of the progress which is being made in the South of the United States, probably double his money. The accounts of several leading American Brewery Companies which are about to be published will, I understand, prove favourable. This is the case with the Peter Schoenhofen Company, the net profits of which are stated to be 7,000 dols. greater than last year, when they amounted to 337,000 dols. This will leave a surplus of over 100,000 dols., after paying a dividend of 11 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. Yet the latter stand at only 9½ per £10 share. The directors of the New York Breweries announce a dividend of 15s. per share, making with the interim dividend 15 per cent. for the year. While the Commercial Cable Company's capital stock has been rigged in two months from 108 to 140, the shares of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company now stand practically lower than two months ago. This is absurd, as the latter Company benefits quite as much, if not more, from the increased cable intercourse between Europe and the United States. Anglo Ordinary at 49½, Preferred at 87½, Deferred at 13 are extremely cheap, especially the latter.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

In consequence of pressure upon space, this week's Queer Story *is unavoidably postponed.*

ART NOTES.

NO doubt it will be within the memory of many of my readers that before the doom of the Cities of the Plain was pronounced it was promised that their case would be reconsidered if only ten righteous men could be discovered within their walls. This incident recurred to me as I walked through the Winter Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours last week. How would it be, I wondered, if some supreme æsthetic power, provoked at last to take stern repressive measures by the aggravating faults and failings of contemporary Art, were to pronounce a similar conditional sentence against the Institute in Piccadilly? Could the ten—not righteous men in this case, but good pictures—necessary to save the Galleries and their contents from destruction be found? I will set to work, said I to myself, and see. And so I did, catalogue in hand. By the time I had completed my circuit of the walls of the first room I found that out of 176

pictures I had marked but two. The Central Gallery yielded four more, and then, naturally growing more anxious as I approached the end of my task, I entered the last room. Its first wall was drawn blank; so was the second; on the third I came upon one picture to be added to my ominously short list; and on the fourth there was one more. And these eight were positively all. The ten saving pictures had, in fact, not been discovered, and if the supposititious sentence I have imagined had been really pronounced by a competent authority, fire by this time would have descended upon the Institute, and its place in Piccadilly would now know it no more.

It is but fair, I think, that I should particularise the eight pictures I have referred to. The two in the first room are Mr. Wimperis's "Stormy Weather on a Yorkshire Moor" (No. 54) and Mr. Arnold Helcké's "Lonely Shore" (No. 62). The four in the Central Gallery are Mrs. Marianne Stokes's "Goatherd" (No. 266), the late Mr. Thomas Collier's "Spring Morning on the Welsh Coast" (No. 312) (a remarkably clever picture, which should be especially looked for, as it is but a tiny work), Mr. E. A. Waterlow's "Bloom of Spring" (No. 348), and Mr. Adam E. Proctor's "Across the Heath" (No. 359). Then in the East Gallery there are Mr. J. L. Pickering's "Breath of Autumn" (No. 533), and Mr. Harry Van der Weyden's sea-scape (No. 598). This last-named picture, by the way, is cruelly hung. It is almost on the floor, and is surrounded by works in which tiger-skins and turkey-cocks are rampantly aggressive; but it asserts itself, in spite of all this, as a painted poem of peculiar beauty.

And now, what about the remaining 626 pictures which are to be seen at the Institute? Well, it so happened that before going to Piccadilly I had been reading Mr. W. E. H. Lecky's just-published volume of Poems, and I could not but recall that eminent author's metrical efforts as I looked at the pictures. The latter are, like Mr. Lecky's so-called "Poems," technically correct, and, like those so-called "Poems," they are also essentially commonplace and undistinguished. There is nothing egregiously bad either in the book or in the Galleries; but, on the other hand, the dull level of irritating mediocrity is well-nigh unrelieved in both. The Institute is permeated with the "pot-boiler," sometimes tolerable, often pretentious, and invariably uninteresting. And the monotony of the whole thing becomes insufferable. Many artists after attaining a certain popularity and reputation seem, in fact, to turn out their canvases with the automatic effusiveness and mechanical sameness of a penny-in-the-slot machine; and "doing" the overcrowded picture-exhibition of the period becomes a task at once wearisome and depressing.

The New-Art-men are never tired of proclaiming as a part of their shibboleth that the subject of a picture is of no account whatever. Execution with them is everything. They are quite as ready to paint an ash-pit as an Antinous; and they contend that an impressionist rendering of a gas-lamp in a fog is greatly to be preferred to a brilliantly-imaginative picture of the play-scene in "Hamlet," or, say, Venus rising from the sea. I should like these paradoxical young men to go to the Institute and see the logical outcome of their teaching. They would find there, for instance, in one picture a highly-finished study of a battered copper kettle and an ink-pot; in another, an elaborate representation of several pairs of old boots; whilst, by way of a climax it may be hoped, a third artist sends a most naturalistic portrait group of half-a-dozen Anglo-Dutch oysters! And these puerilities are hung, be it remembered, on the walls of one of the leading Art-galleries of London!

My opinion has been already expressed that the conscientious examination of the 634 paintings on the walls of the R.I. Galleries cannot but prove a tiring and depressing task. With a view, then, of relieving the tedium which is likely to be felt, let me mention a few of the pictures which, some of them from their eccentricity and some from their badness, can hardly fail to amuse. Let the visitor look out for Nos. 43, 166 (guessing what these two canvases are supposed to represent will be found a much more amusing and exhilarating pastime than Double Acrostics), 55, 65, 185, 475, 495 (in which surely the climax of mawkish sentiment has been attained), 590 (look at the boy's foot!), 448, and 626. Can the "Harry Quilter" who exhibits No. 450 be Mr. Whistler's old friend 'Arry, I wonder? If so, may I venture to hope that the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" will make a point of giving us his critical opinion of this remarkable work.

PARIS.—HÔTEL ANGLO-FRANÇAIS, 6, Rue Castiglioni, facing the Continental. First-class. Highly recommended for comfort, cuisine, moderate charges, and sanitary arrangements. Otis American lift.

MUSIC.

WE now have three operatic enterprises in competition in London, and providing that the performances be good of their sort, and that the operas announced are dramatically and musically interesting, there is no reason why we should not have half a dozen more. The public for opera—although in its modern guise it is not, perhaps, the most exalted form of musical entertainment—is, or should be, as large as the public for the drama. Of course, when in the season amusement-seekers have the choice of hearing hackneyed things like "La Traviata" or "Lucia" at a guinea a head, and Mr. Irving, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, or Mr. Hare at half that price, they naturally choose the theatre; but when once a sound repertory is built up, and the charges are reduced to the theatrical level, it will be as easy to draw people to the opera as to the drama. At any rate, the insensate fear of rivalry which successive entrepreneurs have evinced would seem to be entirely unfounded, for at all three opera-houses a large audience is even now invariably attracted, whenever the performance is worthy of it.

The latest addition to the operatic list is the Anglo-French opera at Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new theatre. Except, however, as to the language of the libretto, often, I am bound to say, painfully English, there is nothing whatever of the insular character about "La Basoche," which, although amusing and pretty enough, is as purely French as any opéra comique by Auber himself. In order, indeed, to accept "La Basoche" as a work of sense at all, a large demand upon the imagination is necessary. We have to persuade ourselves that a Princess of England could possibly mistake a mountebank young poet, dressed in the mock royal robes of the "Roi de Basoche," for the middle-aged King of France, her affianced husband. We have furthermore to imagine that a sister of Henry VIII. could be willing to masquerade with this penurious poet at a Parisian tavern and sup alone with him and sleep under the same roof, when it would have been the easiest and simplest thing in the world for her to have driven straight to the palace and learn the truth for herself. Even still more absurd is it to ask us to believe that a young girl from the Chevreux, who has married the poet Clément Marot on the sly, should be so ignorant of the guild of the Basoche, which had then flourished in Paris for upwards of two centuries, that she could possibly mistake the Carnival Roi de Basoche for the Roi de France. With these objections, which would seem to indicate that the librettist has passed the dividing line between opéra bouffe and opera itself, my growl is over. A funnier and a prettier little piece than "La Basoche" has rarely been witnessed upon the London stage. Mr. D'Oyly Carte has provided an almost kaleidoscopic series of the daintiest imaginable of pictures of Parisian life and customs in the early part of the sixteenth century, the entertainment being enlivened with plenty of humour, and relieved by unassuming but melodious and captivating music of the lighter class of opéra comique. After-dinner audiences will be delighted with the choruses of

COOKS are often called upon to provide sweet dishes of custards and blanc-manges at short notice. As a useful guide to the ready preparation of many choice dishes and delicious custards without eggs at half the cost and half the trouble, our readers should write to ALFRED BIRD & SONS, Birmingham, for a free copy of their little book entitled "Pastry and Sweets." There is nothing to pay; a post-card will bring it by return free.

students at the opening of the first and second acts, and the passepied dance by the courtiers at the commencement of the third, while it would not be difficult to predict popularity for the love song with which Mr. Ben Davies wins the chieftainship of the Basoche, the pastoral of the simple-minded shepherd maiden, and the duet in which the unsuspecting Princess makes such furious love to the Carnival King in the second act, and that capital song for the Duke in the third act. Of details of the first performance, which was announced for Tuesday, I cannot, of course, now speak.

It would not be easy to imagine a more totally different work than M. Bruneau's "Le Rêve." Both belong to the repertory of the Paris Opéra Comique, and both have been produced at that establishment within the past two years; but M. Messager is lighter than Auber, while M. Bruneau is something very like an advance upon Wagner in his most advanced mood. Nevertheless, "Le Rêve" has taught us the very important fact that opera singers are handicapped by the ridiculous collection of mediæval and other fancy costumes which form the operatic wardrobe. The singers in "Le Rêve" may not be the greatest artists in the operatic profession, but by playing in the ordinary dress of Parisian life of the present day, they have an immeasurable advantage. M. Lorrain had been unable to do much with the hackneyed rôle of the Toreador in "Carmen," but as the foster-father in "Le Rêve," in modern dress, he gives us a character-sketch without equal on the lyric stage. The performance is even in other respects quite unique. Operatic acting, as a rule, is forced and artificial, but I doubt whether even in drama has anything lately been seen more striking, more natural, and more strongly calculated to bring tears to the eyes of the audience than the great duet, in which the son calls upon his father to sink his ambition and to save the life of his betrothed, and the nineteenth-century miracle by which the good Bishop is able to raise the heroine from the bed of death. Musicians will stand aghast at some of M. Bruneau's progressions, and at the wholesale manner in which, on well-nigh every page of the score, the teaching of the schools is set at naught. But I doubt whether the public care a jot for M. Bruneau's complete indifference to forms and rules, and at any rate, despite the entire absence of set airs, duets, and regular concerted pieces which a passing generation insist are indispensable in opera, I have rarely seen an audience more completely carried away, more thoroughly interested in the fortunes of the various *dramatis personæ*. A very good deal of this must, of course, be attributed to one of M. Zola's most powerful and cleanest stories, and to a performance which put to the blush many an operatic representation given by Sir A. Harris in full season at double the price. But that M. Bruneau has managed to catch the very spirit of M. Zola's romance is almost beyond dispute. Whether he will equally succeed with a less dramatic libretto remains for the future.

At the Shaftesbury, Signor Lago is coining money with "Cavalleria Rusticana," which (including the Crystal Palace performances) was given five times last week, and is announced five times this week. Signor Lago does not appear yet to have thoroughly learned the lesson that the old-fashioned operas of the repertory are played out; but he has, at any rate, now withdrawn "Crispino," while "La Cenerentola" is not likely to be heard again. The "Flying Dutchman," essayed last week, ought, of course, not to have been produced without further preparation.

The official balance-sheet of Trinity College, London, whereat Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General, recently distributed the prizes, has just been issued. The figures are not a little instructive. It appears that out of 9,945 candidates examined last year, only 2,144 were "plucked." One of those examinations was held at Naini Tal, in India, and out of thirty-seven candidates only seven failed to pass—a fact which would tend to indicate either that the examiners were lenient, or that the standard of musical knowledge among the heathen Hindoo is far higher than it has hitherto been supposed to be. The working expenses of examinations, including all the fees to examiners, amounted to only £4,090, while the takings were £7,493, from which I gather that he who is concerned in an enterprise of this sort shares in a good thing. These examination institutions of various grades and degrees of utility are, however, now multiplying and extending at so rapid a rate as to raise the question whether the time has not arrived to place the whole affair under State control. It is estimated that upwards of £30,000 a year is now paid by pupils at middle-class schools and by private candidates for musical examinations, some of them, like that of Trinity College, doubtless, a fair examination, while others are not. The profits, it will be seen, are enormous, and it seems high time that the duties should be undertaken by Government, whose certificate (with or without the initial appendages to the candidates' names, which appears to be so powerful a bait) would, at any rate, bear the stamp of a recognised authority. The Education Department already assumes the duty of examining children in music in elementary schools, and a development and enlargement of the machinery already at hand would bring in a handsome income to the country, and would furnish parents and those interested in the education of the young with a musical test of a quite unexceptionable character.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We have just returned from the private view at the Galleries of the Society of Water-colours in Piccadilly, where we saw some interesting people, and many who were the reverse. The prevalence of black this season, in dress and headgear, made the rooms sombre, and is likely to do so on all occasions of afternoon gatherings. A few exceptions were brilliantly striking. A pretty young artist looked dainty in a black skirt, grey silk bodice, and a very becoming grey hat. A magnificent set of sables walked about with some one, probably, inside them, but who the inhabitant was I cannot tell you, for I could not get past her furs to look for her. I fear I was "cracking" a commandment, as the little girl said when she appropriated a doll, but feeling too wicked for endurance, immediately put it back again.

The boas are too funny for anything. A rather tall, pale woman wore what looked like a dishevelled black turkey round her neck. It was ineffable. The feathers waved up and down about her face and threatened to bury her. Why is it that all the short-necked women take to boas?

The fashionable short trains are very much in the way at crowded private views. Men are so completely out of the habit of considering them now, owing to their having been so long out of fashion, that they tread upon them calmly until pulled up by almost upsetting the lady. Poor men! They get into dreadful trouble in this way through no fault of their own. How cross we should feel with them if they put long trailing flounces on to the hems of their overcoats for us to trip over. Our trains have quite as little sense in them.

I suppose there will never be any sumptuary laws in England again; but I confess that I should like to have an edict promulgated forbidding the sort of caricature of humanity that is produced when a woman of great height wears a very small bonnet, and buries half her face in a barn-door boa.

We met several acquaintances there for the first time since their return to town, and all of them were grumbling about the weather they had had, with one sole exception, a bright-eyed, blonde-haired, pleasant-faced

Be careful what you eat. Do not be poisoned by using Baking Powder adulterated with alum. Insist on having BORWICK'S, which is pure and wholesome, and the best that money can buy.

DRESS AND HABIT MAKERS.—Messrs. JOHN REDFERN & SONS have now on view in their Show Rooms, Conduit-street and New Bond-street, a collection of original designs of outdoor Gowns, Coats, Wraps, and Hats, especially prepared for the "WINTER SEASON."

woman, who had been to Bayreuth. I think the great majority of people are apt to forget the fine days they have had, and not only to remember, but to multiply, the wet and gloomy ones.

It was so very cold when we came out of the Institute that we went straightway into the new Jaeger shop in Piccadilly and invested in warm garments. I have, on former occasions, descanted to you of their underwear, but on this occasion we were practically interested in underskirts, of which they have several kinds, all soft and luxuriously warm. Their striped woollen petticoats are delightfully light of weight as compared with the usual article. Shawls, some in tartan checks, others striped, and all of pure wool, are deliciously soft. One of the attendants good-naturedly had one weighed for me. Though a large-sized shawl, its weight was only a pound.

Some of the stockings are made with a separate apartment for each toe. This is said to be a preventive and a cure for corns, which are caused by the rubbing of the skin against that of the neighbouring toe. Others have only a separate place for the great toe, the others clubbing together. The shoes and boots are beautiful. I fell in love with a pair of dark Russia leather with putty-coloured cloth tops. They were for a man, though. The idea of the Jaeger boots is to have ventilation, which is managed by a small hole in the back of the heel, which admits the air; several smaller holes allow it egress, each footstep acting as a pump to force it out.

Men's shirts, called Taffetas, are in wool so fine that they look precisely like good cambric. A very cosy dressing-gown of thick Jaeger blanketing stood on a stand, and as we were admiring its warmth and coziness, we were told that they will soon have ladies' dressing-gowns in a similar but rather lighter fabric.

We asked to see a pair of Jaeger sheets. You know, they have all the bedding in pure wool, even sheets and pillow-cases. The material for these is the finest, softest, and whitest cashmere. I should want to make my sheets up into a teagown if they were like this. I feel sure I should.

My dear, I am sorry to have misled you about Lilla and the Folkestone boat. The *Mary Beatrice* landed her passengers at the latter place all right, and when I understood Lilla to say that they had been taken on to Dover and landed there, she really said that they feared they would have to go on to Dover to be landed, in consequence of the really awful gale. The boats are splendid ones, as was proved in the case of the *Mary Beatrice* by the fact that, notwithstanding the raging elements, she made the passage in an hour and forty minutes, only half an hour over the usual time.

The other morning I heard a small but vivid shriek from Maud's room. She had found a blackbeetle in her shoe. The wretched thing wriggled when Maud slipped in her foot, and she says the sensation was simply horrible. For some considerable time to come she will carefully survey the interior of her chaussure before venturing into it, and you would be amused to see her scattering Keating's Powder with a will into all her boots and shoes every night.

Mrs. Moloney eats cockroaches, and they are making her sadly thin. I wish you could tell me of some means of weaning a cat from such unwholesome diet. My theory is that she hunts the things for pure sport, and then eats them as the tidiest way of disposing of them.

We had the sweeps in the kitchen this morning. Their visits are one of the trials of domestic life. On the previous evening we begin to perceive on Sarah's face what Disraeli delightfully called "a tumult of the brow"—splendid euphemism for frown—and this "tumult" lasts until every smallest vestige of soot has been cleaned away. I asked her once why chimneys could not be cleaned from the top, thus getting the soot outside the house instead of delivering it wholesale into the rooms? "Miss Madge," she replied, "I couldn't ha' believed you had so little sense." But I still think it would be delightful, though I am convinced of the impracticability of such a plan. The laws of gravitation forbid it.

We were awakened in the bleak dawn by the shrill jödelling of the sweep. I suppose his falsetto notes are a consequence of soot in his throat, forbidding the passage of sonorous tones. Or does he fancy himself a chimney, and, therefore, play the topmost notes of his vocal range? Vain to try to get to sleep again and finish the comfortable morning doze. Not only are his tappings within the chimney disturbing, but Tim, our terrier, and Mrs. Moloney, our cat, invariably come up to our rooms on such occasions, either with the idea of making a protest against the queer doings downstairs, or else in search of an explanation of them. We were descanting on the subject to Mrs. Fourstars, and complaining of the frequency of the sweeps' visits, when she at once recommended us to go and see a new kitchen range called the "Epicure," and constructed without flues, consequently needing the chimney swept but once a year. We told Sarah about it; but she was, as usual, incredulous. "No flues? Then where's the smoke a-goin' to? There can't be a fire without smoke." However, we started off to the address Mrs. Fourstars gave us and there interviewed "The Epicure," and literally bowed down and worshipped it. Not only are there no flues, but the meat is roasted, not baked, the air being kept in circulation round it by an ingenious contrivance which passes a limited quantity of cold air into the roaster, and circulates it, when heated, round the meat, which is exposed to the action of a coal fire within the roaster. There is no steam and consequently no smell. This admission of cold air would not do for baking pastry, so a pastry-oven is provided, with a place beneath it for putting the joint inside when cooked to keep it hot while the gravy, sauces, &c., are being made and the vegetables dished. Below the roaster is a comfortable little cell for heating plates and dishes.

And the meat or poultry bastes itself. This seems impossible, but it is managed by inserting above the roasting joint a small vessel in which the dripping, lard, or butter is placed. This vessel has three funnels underneath it, which are suspended above the joint. Each funnel is pinched rather closely in with the finger, so that the grease for basting drips very slowly from it upon the joint or bird. The "Epicure" can be adapted to gas cooking. We are going to persuade the pater to get us one, and are hopeful of success, for they are by no means costly.

You know the discussions that are always going on about Mrs. Glasse's famous though fictional recipe, beginning "First catch your hare." Well, dear, I am in a position to give you the recipe word for word, having seen it in the original volume, thanks to the courtesy of Mrs. Marshall, of the Mortimer-street School of Cookery, who possesses a copy. The title-page is interesting. It sets forth: "The Art of Cookery, Made Plain and Easy, which far exceeds anything of the kind ever yet published. By a Lady. Printed for the author, and sold at Mrs. Ashburn's, a China Shop, the corner of Fleet-Ditch. MDCCXLVII." Here is the recipe itself. Circumstances have immortalised it. It is to be found on page 6—

TO ROAST A HARE.

Take your hare when it is cased and make a pudding. Take a ¼ lb. of suet, and as much crumbs of bread, a little parsley shred fine, and about as much thyme as will lie on a sixpence, when shred, an anchovy shred small, a very little pepper and salt, some nutmeg, 2 eggs, a little lemon peel. Mix all these together and put it into the hare. Sew it up, spit it, and lay it to the fire, which must be a good one. Your dripping-pan must be very clean and nice. Put 2 quarts of milk and ½ lb. butter into the pan, keep

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basting it all the while it is roasting with the butter and milk till the whole is used, and your hare will be done enough. You may mix the liver in the pudding if you like it. You must first parboil it, and then chop it fine.

It seems odd to call the stuffing "pudding," does it not?

I am told that this is a delicious dish for breakfast, and that it does not take long to cook if the gravy is made on the previous day. I have not yet tried it myself, being of the opinion that raw oysters are too nice to cook. As they are dear this winter we do not have them often:—

Put an ounce of butter into a stew-pan, then throw in a dozen oysters, the same number of picked and peeled mushrooms, a dust of pepper, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, three cloves, the picked leaves of a sprig of lemon thyme, and a dust of flour. Stir all round for one minute in the pan, then take them up, put an oyster and a mushroom alternately on a silver skewer, which should hold about four. Dip them into heated butter, screen with fine bread-crumbs, and grill over a clear fire for a few minutes. Serve them on the skewers on strips of thin brown toast, and pour this sauce over them:—Put into the pan a gill of good gravy and a pinch of browning salt; thicken it with a teaspoonful of cornflour, pour it over the oysters, and serve up very hot. Garnish with slices of lemon, with the grilled soft roe of a bloater laid on each slice.

The following may prove a little variety in cold meat cookery:—

Mince the remains of any cold mutton, veal, or lamb very small, add a chopped onion, and pepper and salt. Mix all together with a little rich gravy, and a squeeze of lemon juice. Put the mixture into scallop shells, nearly filling them, and cover with potatoes that have been mashed with cream. Scatter small pieces of buttel on top, brown them in the oven before the fire, or with a salar mander. Send them to table in the shells laid on an ornamenta-paper, and decorated with plenty of parsley.

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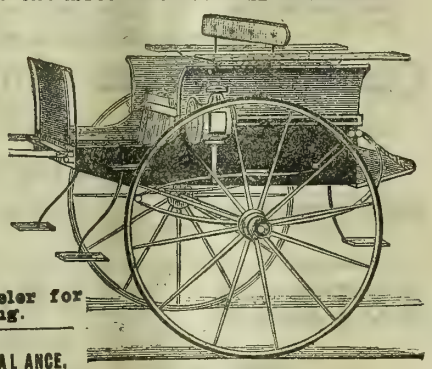

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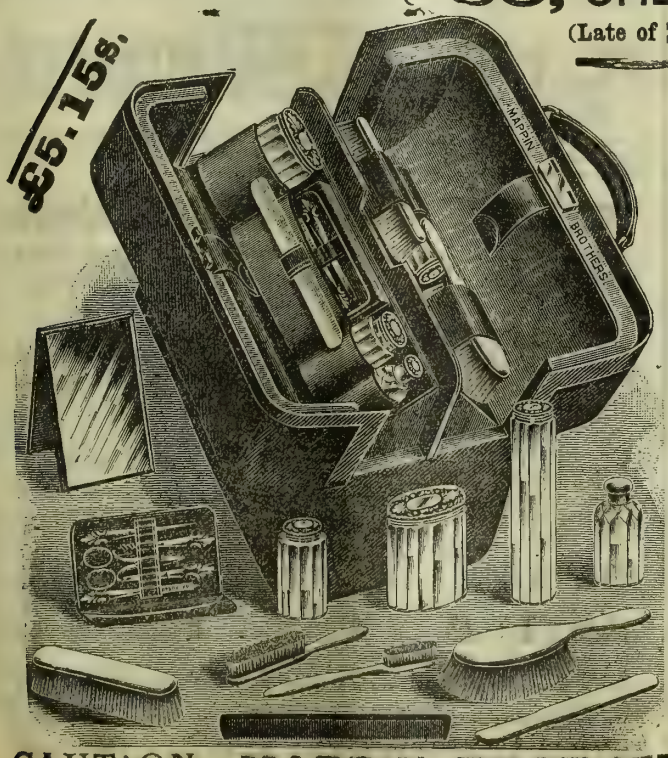

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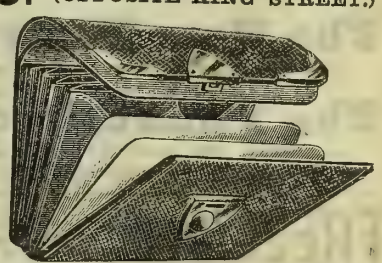

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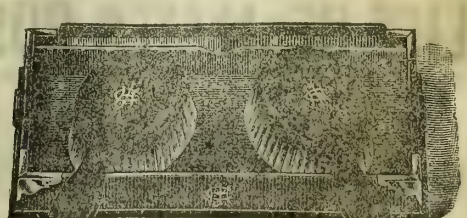

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STRAND, W.C.

CONTRIBUTIONS are EARNESTLY SOLICITED towards meeting the EXPENSES of this unendowed Hospital, and will be gratefully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Drummond, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Messrs. Martin & Co., or by the Secretary, at the Hospital.
The deficit on 31st December, 1890, was £7,550.

THE EARLSWOOD ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, Red Hill, Surrey.

628 Patients are now receiving Care and Education.
163 Candidates are Seeking Admission.
The Income is not sufficient to meet the Accounts now due, FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.
H. GERARD HOARE, Esq., J.P., Treasurer.
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BANKERS: Messrs. Hoare, 37, Fleet-street, E.C.
OFFICES: 36, King William-street, London Bridge, E.C.

THE FRIEND IN NEED.—TO GENTLEMEN.—The Managers of a Refuge in Whitechapel, which shelters 160 homeless men nightly, earnestly APPEAL for GIFTS of CAST-OFF CLOTHING.—Address, SECRETARY, 27, Kilburn Park-road, London, N.W.

TO THE CORPULENT, GOUTY, AND BILIOUS.

SPECIALLY SELECTED AND IMPORTED
STILL DRY MOSELLE WINES.

DROHNER.—A Good Light Wine with pleasant flavour... ... ... 24/-

KONIGSMOSEL.—A Superior Wine of Good Body and Bouquet 30/-

TRABENER.—A high-class Wine, from one of the choicest Moselle districts 36/-

SCHLOSS REINHAUSEN.—A very choice Wine 42/-

ELTVILLER SONNENBERG.—A full and very choice Wine of superfine character 48/-

AGRITIUS BERGER.—An excellent Wine, well matured, and highly recommended ... 54/-

ROTTLAND CABINET.—A perfect dry Moselle, the produce of one of the most famous vineyards in Germany. A connoiseur's Wine—of good body, grand flavour, & rich bouquet 66/-

ALL THESE WINES ARE GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SUGAR NOR TANNIN.

DR. YORKE-DAVIES (whose system of treating Obesity is now so well known), speaking of these Wines in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, says:—"They are specially suitable for Corpulent, Gouty, and Bilious people, in fact, such people should drink no other." *Imported only by*
ALFRED ALDOUS, 61, Hatton Garden, LONDON, E.C.

OLD SHIRTS
Refitted, New Fronts, Cuffs, and Collar-bands — Fine Irish Linen, 2s.; or very best Irish Linen, 2s. 6d. each, returned free, ready to wear. Sample New White Shirt, for Dress or ordinary wear, 2s. 9d., 3s. 9d., 4s. 9d., 5s. 9d., or 6s. 9d. Gent's best 4-fold Linen Collars, any shape, 2s. 9d. half-dozen, post free.

IRISH SOX
Hand-knit by Donegal peasantry. Warm, Durable, and Comfortable. Two pairs free, 2s. 6d. Men's Knicker Hose, two pairs free, 3s. 9d., 4s. 9d., 5s. 9d., 6s. 9d., and 7s. 9d. WOOL PANTS and VESTS are now very cheap. Price Lists and Patterns, Cambric Handkerchiefs, and all kinds of Irish Linen Goods, sent free for Household or Family use. From the cheapest to the best qualities made.
B. & E. M'HUGH & CO., LIMITED, BELFAST.

Allen & Hanburys' Castor Oil
Tasteless. Pure. Active.
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/, 1/9 & 3/.

"It is taken both by children and adults without the slightest difficulty, whilst its aperient effects are unquestionable. It possesses all the advantages claimed for it."—*Lancet.*

HOTELS.

THE ALBANY HOTEL, HASTINGS (Robertson-terrace), Facing the Sea due South. FINEST POSITION on the WHOLE SEA FRONT. Splendid Views. Recommended by Medical men as the best situation for a Winter Residence. Enlarged, Re-modelled, and superbly Furnished throughout. Lofty Apartments; new handsome Drawing, Dining, and Billiard rooms; Reading and Writing, Smoking and Bath-rooms. ONLY HOTEL IN HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT in EVERY ROOM. PASSENGER LIFT. Warmed in Winter. High-class Cuisine. *Table d'hôte* separate tables, 7 p.m. Moderate tariff. No charge for attendance. —C. A. SCHWABE, Manager.

THE (RESIDENTIAL) HOTEL BELGRAVIA, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.—This new eight-storied stone edifice is a "Family Suite," Hotel, at the corner of Palace-street, at the Belgravian and quiet end of Victoria-street. Has South and West aspects, warmed staircases, American elevators, electric light, certified sanitation, ventilated rooms, and every modern appliance. Its special feature (which distinguishes it from other London Hotels) is its unmatched Family Suites of few or many rooms, enclosed as flats, each with its own dressing-room, bath-room fitted with porcelain baths, &c. British servants only. High-class cuisine and exquisite table appointments. Rooms secured by telegraph.—Address, "Belgravian, London," or Telephone No. 3,083.

Est. 1818. 10 Prize Medals. **HEERING'S** Gold Medals, Paris, 1878. London, 1884.
ONLY GENUINE
COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.
PETER F. HEERING, Purveyor by Appointments to the Royal Danish and Imperial Russian Courts, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
Sold by all respectable Wine Merchants.

LAIRITZ'S CELEBRATED PINE-WOOL PRODUCTIONS.

Established 1853; Awarded 18 Medals and Diplomas.
For the Relief and Cure of
RHEUMATISM, GOUT, AND THE PREVENTION OF CHILLS.
FLANNEL AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF UNDERCLOTHING
can be had by ordering from first-class Hosiers and Drapers. Principal Retail Agents for Fabrics, E. Lodge & Co., 15, Strand, London. W.; H. Sampson, 33, Queen Victoria-street, E.C. List of Country Agents sent on application to Welch, Margetson, & Co., 16, Cheapside, London (Wholesale Depôt for Fabrics).
LAIRITZ'S Pine-Wool Wadding, Oil, Extract for Bath, &c., of all the leading Chemists.
CAUTION:—Observe the Tree Trade Mark with Signature stamped on each piece.

THE BEST WEARING FASHIONABLE **BLACK SILK.**

FAILLE INVICTA
THOROUGHLY TRIED AND RELIABLE.
REGISTERED No. 93095.
AT ALL SILK HOUSES.

WHOLESALE ONLY,
M. & L. MAKOWER & Co., 40, Old Change, E.C.

LADIES, WRITE AT ONCE TO
HENRY PEASE & CO.'S SUCCRS.
THE MILLS,
DARLINGTON,
FOR PATTERNS OF THEIR NEW
AUTUMN AND WINTER
DRESS FABRICS
SENT POST FREE ON APPROVAL TO ANY ADDRESS.
Any Length Cut at Mill Prices.
All the Latest and most Fashionable Designs, and entirely New Weavings of their World-renowned Cross-Warp Serges, Gold Medal Merinos and Cashmeres, and Rough and Ready Tweeds.
New Shades for the season in charming variety.
Any article not approved exchanged within Seven Days. All goods are warranted to be Equal to Sample. Carriage Paid on all Orders to any Railway Station in Great Britain, and to Dublin, Belfast, Limerick, Cork, and Waterford.
London Sale Room: 244, REGENT STREET (over Jeffs & Harris, the Furriers,)
Where a full range of Patterns, as well as goods in the piece, and finished Costumes, may be seen. Experienced Assistants are in attendance to take measurements and instructions for Dressmaking, and prompt execution of all orders is guaranteed.

ESTATES, AUCTIONS, &c.

ANNUAL SALE.

40 HORSES,

The property of Mr. B. CHENNELL, of the "White Hart" Hotel, NEWMARKET,
Will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, by

Messrs. W. & S. FREEMAN,

At ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane, London,

On Wednesday Next, November 11th, 1891,

At about 1.30 o'clock.

These Horses are mostly 5 and 6 years, have been regularly used throughout the Race Meetings at Newmarket, and have given every satisfaction in their work. Amongst them are some good Hunters, which can be seen over the Steeplechase Course at Newmarket prior to Sale; also well-matched Pairs and Single Stepping Harness Horses and Hacks, in first-rate condition, all of which will be sold to answer the description in Catalogue.

The Horses can be seen at Newmarket prior to the Sale, and will be on view at ALDRIDGE'S, London, Monday, November 9th. Catalogue forwarded.

W. & S. FREEMAN.

HAMPTON & SONS (of Pall Mall East),

ESTATE AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, VALUERS, and SURVEYORS, have Opened New Offices at No. 1, Cockspur-street (late Waterloo House), S.W. Monthly List of Country Houses to be Let furnished or unfurnished, and Estates for Sale, will be sent post free for three stamps. Agents for the fine Residential Flats at Whitehall-court. See following advertisement.

RESIDENTIAL FLATS, WHITEHALL COURT.

FACING THAMES EMBANKMENT, AND WHITEHALL PLACE, S.W.

These excellent Suites are fitted with every modern convenience, *e.g.*, hot and cold water, electric light and bells, visitors' and servants' lifts in operation night and day, and occupy the finest position in London, affording extensive views of the river (with the Surrey Hills in the distance) and the Embankment Gardens. They are also most conveniently and centrally situate with respect to the principal Clubs, Theatres, &c. The rooms are all finished to suit the wishes of incoming tenants, and the rentals include all rates, taxes, water supply, lighting and heating of the corridors and staircases, and the services of all the porters. The suites may be viewed at any time on application to the Superintendent, J. C. SUMMERFIELD, at the office on the premises; or to HAMPTON & SONS, Estate Agents, 1, Cockspur-street (late Waterloo House), S.W.

HYDE PARK AND PORTMAN ESTATES. — Messrs. FREDERICK A. MULLETT, BOOKER, & CO.'S Registers of the Select Furnished and Unfurnished Residences, TO BE LET and SOLD, may be inspected daily at their Auction and Estate Agency Offices, Albion House, Hyde Park-square (the corner of Albion-street), W.

RESIDENCE, with BOARD, by Kensington Palace, W.—Being the choicest offered and quite unique, should be seen. Recently redecorated and newly furnished. The stylish and luxurious appointments of a first-class hotel with the home-like comfort and quietude of a large private mansion. Spacious drawing-room, good smoking-room, five fitted bath-rooms, &c. Sanitation certified. Every room ventilated. Scrupulous cleanliness. English servants only. Excellent cuisine. Table d'hôte. Meals at separate tables or privately.—Inclusive terms posted by PROPRIETRESS. De Vere House (Residential Hotel), De Vere-gardens, Kensington-high-road, a little West of the Royal Albert Hall and Memorial. (Telephone No. 8,524.)

COLONIAL INVESTMENT, WITH OCCUPATION.—"From time to time (writes Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart, M.P.) the door opens and the way is pointed to exceptionally promising fields of enterprise. Such seems to be the case at the present time in the IRRIGATION COLONIES on the River Murray." "I have been very much pleased with Mildura."—The Earl of Hopetown (Governor of Victoria).—Address the Chief Commissioner, Australian Irrigation Colonies, 35, Queen Victoria-street, E.C. 2

MILWARDS'
NEEDLES AND NEEDLE CASES.

The Celebrated CALYX-EYED NEEDLES, which can be Threaded with Closed Eyes.

Insist on the Name "MILWARD."

Black Handle.....	5s. 6d.
Ivory Handle.....	7s. 6d.
A Pr. Ivory Handles in Russia Leather Case	21s. 0d.
Kropp's Duplex Strop	7s. 6d.
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KROPP REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND **RAZOR.**

From all Dealers. Wholesale, OSBORNE, GARRETT, & CO., London, W.

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

Exquisite Model. Perfect Comfort Guaranteed Wear.

The Y & N Patent Diagonal Seam Corset

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all the Fashionable Colours and Shades in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil; also in the New Sanitary Woollen Cloth. 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair and upwards.

CAUTION.—Every genuine Y & N Corset is stamped "Y & N Patent Diagonal Seam No. 116," in oval on the lining.

Sold by Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters in the United Kingdom & Colonies.

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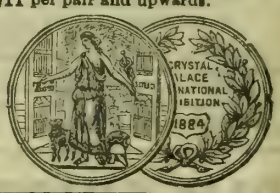

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CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS.

"It would not be possible to conceive of a more delicate and delightful perfume than the 'CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS,' which is put up by the Crown Perfumery Company, of London. It has the aroma of Spring in it, and one could use it for a lifetime and never tire of it."—*New York Observer.*

"It is the daintiest and most delicious of perfumes, and in a few months has superseded all others in the boudoirs of the *grandes dames* of London, Paris, and New York."—*The Argonaut.*

300,000 BOTTLES SOLD LAST YEAR.

MADE ONLY BY

The CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,

177, NEW BOND STREET LONDON.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" AND "FAIRY" LIGHTS, AND FOOD WARMER

Double Wicks, burn 10 hours each, in Boxes containing 6 lights and glass, 1s. per box

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.

Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each in Boxes containing 8 lights. 8½d. per box.

CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO., LIMITED.

Show Rooms: 31, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN, E.C., where all designs in "Fairy" Lamps can be seen. Retail everywhere.

CLARKE'S PYRAMID NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.

2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 9s. each.

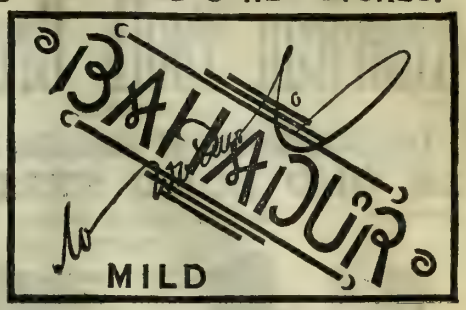
SOLD BY ALL TOBACCONISTS AND BY THE ARMY AND NAVY AND OTHER STORES.

INDIAN CIGARS.

—As supplied to CLUBS & REGIMENTAL MESSES in India and United Kingdom.

NOTED for their MILD and delicate flavour.

Wholesale of the Manufacturers, McDOWELL & Co., Madras; and 1, Gresham Buildings, Basinghall St., LONDON.



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PERMANENT PROTECTION from CHILL.

TRADE MARK.

JAEGER

PURE WOOLLEN CLOTHING

Is Chemically and Microscopically Tested for Purity in the Company's Laboratory, and is Guaranteed by this Trade Mark.

Other goods offered as "JAEGER" are spurious.

COMBINATION GARMENTS for LADIES and MEN, GIRLS and BOYS, specially convenient for Riding, &c.; SANITARY BOOTS and SHOES; CORSETS; "FEATHER-WEIGHT" HATS and CAPS; MEN'S OUTER CLOTHING, &c. &c.

Full particulars, and List of Depôts, in Jaeger Descriptive Catalogue, sent free.

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO., LTD.,

LONDON JAEGER DEPÔTS—30, Piccadilly (next to St. James' Hall); 3 & 4, Princes-st., Cavendish-sq., W. (close to Regent-circus), with Tailoring; 456, Strand (close to Trafalgar-sq.); 158, Fenchurch-st. (close to Lime-st.); 85 & 86, Cheapside (close to King-st.); 42 & 43, Fore-st. (close to Moorgate-st. Station), with Tailoring.

DATURA TATULA, for Smoking and Inhalation.

The BEST REMEDY FOR ASTHMA

Difficulty of Breathing, Hay Fever, &c.

CIGARS and CIGARETTES—Boxes, 3s., 6s., 8s., and 15s. TOBACCO—Tins, 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., and 18s. For Non-Smokers, PASTILLES and POWDER, for Burning and Inhalation, Tins, each containing a censer for burning, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s.

SAVORY & MOORE,

LONDON,

AND OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

THE "NAUTILUS" WAVE & ROCKING BATH

(PATENT).

SEASIDE AT HOME.

A TREAT never experienced before. Gives the FULLEST ILLUSION of a Sea or River Bath. Keeps the blood in ACTIVE circulation.

ABSOLUTELY no water splashing in the room. ONLY 3 pails of hot or cold water required.

STRONGLY made of tinned steel, and ARTISTICALLY enamelled.

PRICE £4. *Five Per Cent. Discount for Cash, if you mention this Paper when writing.*

"THE JERSEY" COMPANY, LIMITED, Patentees and Manufacturers, Inchbrook, near Stroud, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S PATENT TABLE KNIVES.

SAMPLES & PRICES FREE.

"Unequalled for hard wear.

Only London Addresses, { 158, OXFORD ST., W. 18, POULTRY, E.C. (*Opposite the Mansion House*),

MANUFACTORY—NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.

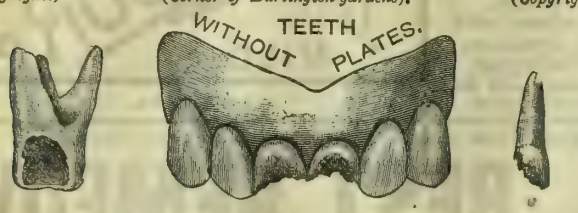
Fac-simile of Stamp on Back of every TWO YARDS of all GENUINE

CHIPPING NORTON TWEEDS

SPECIALITY FOR

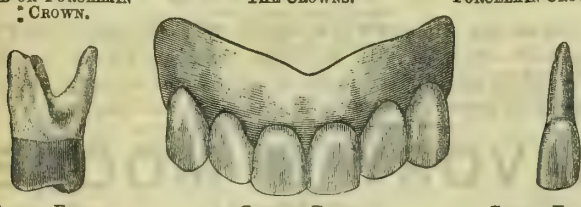
RIDING and HUNTING BREECHES, TWEED SUITS, BOYS' WEAR, and all HARDWEAR.

THE
American Tooth Crown Co.
(REGISTERED),
THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN DENTISTS,
24, OLD BOND STREET, W.
Copyright.) *(Corner of Burlington-gardens).* *(Copyright.)*



MASTICATING TOOTH. Too far decayed for filling. DECAYED TEETH. DECAYED FRONT TOOTH.

GOLD OR PORCELAIN CROWN. THE CROWNS. PORCELAIN CROWN.



CROWN FIXED. CROWNS FIXED. CROWN FIXED.

The above diagrams give an idea of the special system of Crown Work as carried out by the gentlemen operators in attendance, who are from the leading American Universities recognised by the American Dental Faculty, and are specialists in Teeth without Plates, Crown and Bridge Work, Gold Filling, &c., by which decayed teeth are permanently saved and made useful. Extractions unnecessary and everything performed painlessly. Fullest information and consultation without fee. Pamphlet on application to the Secretary.

24, OLD BOND STREET, W.
(Corner of Burlington-gardens.)

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S
White, Sound Teeth,
Healthy Gums to Old Age.
Oriental Tooth Paste.

CAUTION.—The only genuine is JEWSBURY & BROWN'S.
Pots 1/6 and 2/6. All Chemists.
60 YEARS IN USE.

DISPOSE OF THE DEAD AS NATURE DIRECTS.—"Let us take part in the fulfilment of this great law, and not by ignorance or prejudice try to retard it, for we cannot frustrate provisions which were established by the Creator to keep mankind in purity and sanity."—SIR LYON PLAYFAIR.

As Mr. HADEN says in his letters on "Earth to Earth" burial—"A body properly buried, that is to say, in such a way that the earth may have access to it, does not remain in the earth, but returns to the atmosphere. The body, in fact, literally as well as figuratively, ascends from the dead and fulfils the cycle of its pilgrimage by becoming again the source and genesis of life."

This natural system is also advocated by the Church of England Burial Reform Association, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury is and the late Archbishop of York was a president.

The PRINCE OF WALES, writing to the Secretary of the Association, says—"That he trusts the Burial Reform advocated by your Society may be speedily carried into effect, and in view of the rapidly increasing population of the Kingdom, the present system of burying the dead may be exchanged for one more in accordance with the requirements of the age and the sanitary interests of the community."

The DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, writing to the *Times*, says:—"The appalling overcrowding of the dead disclosed in the Parliamentary return recently issued, affords irresistible proof of the imperative need for fresh legislation. That in the various London cemeteries upwards of a million and a quarter have been buried in less than the last half century. That such modes of disposal of the dead is a violation of right feeling, natural laws, and Christian tradition: a ghastly dishonouring of the dead, and a flagrant imperilling of the public health."

According to the testimony of Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN and other eminent authorities, The Necropolis, Brookwood, Woking, Surrey, is the only place where the burial of the dead is properly carried out.

This Company also undertake the whole arrangement of funerals on a new, simple, and inexpensive system. They have published a pamphlet explanatory of their arrangements, which may be had gratis, on application at their Offices, 2, Lancaster-place, Strand, and 188, Westminster Bridge Road.—*Court Circular*, 3rd January, 1891.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

"CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is entirely free from any poison or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious ingredient, and is a good, safe, and useful medicine."
ALFRED SWAINE TAYLOR, M.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all Impurities, from *WHATEVER* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *CAUSE* from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 33 or 132 Stamps, by the Proprietors—THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., LINCOLN.
Ask for CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE, and do not be persuaded to take an imitation

THE FINEST TONIC

FER BRAVAIS most effective in restoring the vitality of the blood, and enabling the constitution to resist climatic influences.

FER BRAVAIS Invaluable in al cases of anæmia, influenza and general debility.

FER BRAVAIS Highly recommended for weak and debilitated children.

LANCET "*A beautiful and interesting preparation.*"
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"*It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth.*"
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS WITH DROP MEASURE.

STATE **VICHY** SPRINGS.

CELESTINS.—For Affections of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, &c.
GRANDE-GRILLE.—For Affections of the Liver, &c.
HOPITAL, HAUTERIVE, PARC, &c.

INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

VICHY-LIQUEUR.—Valuable in cases of Gout where derangement of the stomach is a prominent symptom.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over

ONE HUNDRED YEARS,

and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors.
70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

TOO FAT!!
DR. GORDON'S ELEGANT PILLS
Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to
DR. GORDON,
10, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

TOO THIN in the **BUST.** Send 3 stamps for pamphlet on sure and safe treatment, to the Manageress, PRETIOSA CARAMEL CO., Nottingham. Highest testimonials. (Quote Paper.)

WHEAT PHOSPHATES NOURISH BRAIN AND FRAME.
WHEAT PHOSPHATES STRENGTHEN BONE AND MUSCLE.
WHEAT PHOSPHATES ENRICH THE BLOOD.

"FRAME FOOD" DIET

is a Cooked WHEATEN Powder, STRENGTHENED with the "FRAME FOOD" EXTRACT of Wheat Phosphates.

"FRAME FOOD" DIET

is therefore the MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD in the WORLD for CHILDREN OF ALL AGES;
Developing BONES, TEETH, MUSCLES, BRAIN.

"FRAME FOOD" DIET

is RESTORATIVE for INVALIDS;
Can be taken and RETAINED, when all other Food is REFUSED.
Easily digested.

"FRAME FOOD" DIET

is a delicious BREAKFAST and SUPPER DISH for ADULTS;
Increases VIGOUR, Restores STRENGTH.

"FRAME FOOD" DIET

is economical.
Half an OUNCE makes a BREAKFAST-CUP;
A BREAKFAST-CUP makes a MEAL.

"FRAME FOOD" DIET

Sold by Chemists and Grocers at 1s. per 1-lb., 7d. per ½-lb., 3s. 9d. per 4-lb. Tins.

A NURSING MOTHER'S TESTIMONY.

The following letters have been received by the Frame Food Co., Ld.

"TEMPLE VUE, BEESTON HILL,
"LEEDS, August 15th, 1891.

"Sirs,—Some time ago I sent to you for a sample tin of your 'FRAME FOOD' DIET, and I now feel I ought to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking it.

"I was at the time recovering from a severe attack of INFLUENZA, and nursing a baby of four months. I felt very weak every day, and suffered so much from weakness in the back, which was attributed to the strain of nursing the baby. Since taking your Food I have lost

ENTIRELY the FEELING of WEAKNESS,

and my baby is growing a

SPLENDID, FAT, FIRM, SOLID BOY.

"I take a basinful every night, and as I have taken no other kind of nourishing food, I am sure it is that which has done me so much good. I was taking oatmeal before, but had to give it up on account of its heating properties.

"I have recommended, and shall continue to recommend, it to all my friends, as I am convinced it is the

BEST FOOD for a NURSING MOTHER.

"I am thinking of giving it to my baby when I wean him.

"I am, yours faithfully, R. E. T."

"TEMPLE VUE, BEESTON HILL,
"LEEDS, August 28th, 1891.

"Sirs,—In reply to your letter of the 25th, you are quite at liberty to publish my letter with address and initials (R. E. T.), and if at any time I can answer any letters written to me on the subject, I shall be pleased to do so, as I should like others to benefit as much as I have done.

"Yours faithfully, R. E. T."

A PROFESSIONAL NURSE'S TESTIMONY.

The following extracts are taken from two letters dated August 2nd and September 1st, 1891, received from Mrs. Lewin, South Woodford. The original letters may be seen on application to the Frame Food Co., Ld.

"I am a maternity nurse with a large connection. . . . . I can conscientiously speak of 'FRAME FOOD' DIET as being splendid for children. . . . A few weeks ago I was asked to see an insufficiently nourished child, 12 months old. I recommended 'FRAME FOOD' DIET, and the result is TRULY MARVELLOUS.

"'FRAME FOOD' DIET far excels anything I know as a milk producer in nursing mothers, increasing the quantity and improving the quality. I have just finished nursing a lady whom I have nursed on three previous occasions; each time she has had a very scanty supply of milk of inferior quality. This time I determined to try 'FRAME FOOD' DIET as gruel, and was more than satisfied with the results. She would always feel the milk come in about twenty minutes after taking 'FRAME FOOD' DIET. When I used oatmeal or any other substitute, this was not the case, nor was the baby so satisfied. I made three separate trials in this way with my patient to convince myself.

"I have also ordered it for three of my patients who suffered from poverty of blood and indigestion, and I hear the results are marvellous."

Sample 1-lb. Tin sent Carriage Free, with full particulars, for 1s. (mention this paper).

FRAME FOOD CO., LTD., LOMBARD ROAD, BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE
Is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.

Blue & gold printed label. 4711 Extract of Double Strength.
EAU DE COLOGNE
Preferred by everyone
Always highest awards. To be had of all Chemists and Stores.
Ferd. Mülhens, 4711 Cologne.
Agents: Krohn Bros & Co. Billiter Bldgs. London, E. C.

THE STOCK CONVERSION AND INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

This Company begs to direct the attention of investors to the Preferred and Deferred Stocks issued by it against London and North-Western and North-Eastern Ordinary Stocks, and which are quoted on the London and leading Provincial Stock Exchanges.

The Preferred Stocks possess security similar to that of Railway Preferential and Preferred Stocks, but yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more income, thus affording to holders of many of the former Stocks an opportunity of adding to their revenue without decreasing their security.

The Deferred Stocks, whilst returning an average income in excess of that yielded by the Railway Ordinary Stocks, against which they are issued, contrast most favourably with all other Deferred and low-priced Ordinary Railway Stocks, and afford the only opportunity to small investors of participating, by means of low-priced Stocks, in the future of these two leading railways of the country. Table showing present price and dividend, and the dividend on the average of a number of years obtainable on the Deferred Stocks, is subjoined.

Any further information with regard to these Stocks can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 12 and 13, Nicholas-lane, E.C.

DEFERRED CHARGE STOCKS.	Present Price.	Last Dividend paid.	Annual Average of Dividend on result of last 10 years.*	Returns on basis of last Dividend.	Returns on Average Dividend of 10 years
London and North-Western Ordinary Stock	27	£1 7 6	£1 7 0 %	£5 1 10	£5 0 0
North-Eastern— Ordinary Stock	40	£2 5 6†	£2 4 0 %	£5 13 9	£5 10 0

*No allowance is here made for bonuses on allotments of new Stock.

†Exclusive of bonus of 9s. 6d. per cent. from allotment of new Stock.

THE URUGUAY UNIFIED FIVE PER CENT. BONDHOLDERS' COMMITTEE have made arrangements whereby Bondholders may render effectual support to the Committee, in their endeavours to preserve their rights, by a single registration, without production of their Bonds, and on payment of a fee of One Shilling per cent, to cover actual expenses. As a Meeting of the Bondholders must shortly be held, the combined action of the Unified Five per Cent. Bondholders is absolutely essential. An important circular issued this day, with latest information and forms for registration, can be obtained from Messrs. BROWN, JANSON, & CO., Bankers to the Committee, 32, Abchurch-lane, London, or at the Offices of the Committee, 70 and 71, Bishopsgate-street Within, London, E.C.

By order, SIDNEY S. KENNEDY, Secretary.

CORNFORTH & REACHER,
Stock and Share Brokers,
4, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Monthly Investment List with Notes on Railways, Foreign Stocks, Industrial and Miscellaneous Shares and Mines—*Free on Application.*
References in every large town in England.
BANKERS—City Bank, Threadneedle-street, E.C.
Stock delivered to any London Bankers in exchange for cash.
Special attention to Investment Business.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—
CORNFORTH, LONDON.

MESSRS. H. HALFORD & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 2, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. Daily CLOSING Price List and marked report on application. Speculative accounts opened on terms to be ascertained. Special business in "Options" at CLOSE MARKET PRICES. No "DISTANCES."

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free Offices, 57 and 58 Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE Secretary.

INVALIDS' FURNITURE AND APPLIANCES.

BATH CHAIRS, from £1 10s.
Self-Propelling Chairs, £2.
ADJUSTABLE COUCHES, from £3
BED LIFT, £3 10s.

Walking Machines, £6. 6s.

BED TABLES 10/8
CARRYING CHAIR, 25/
AIR AND WATER BEDS.

PORTABLE TURKISH BATH, £2 10s.
READING MACHINES, from 17/8

Bath Chair and Spinal Carriage Combined.
PORTABLE W.C. £8.
CRUTCHES. 10s.
Largest Stock in the World.

Bassinette Perambulator, 35s.

ALFRED CARTER,
47, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C
Catalogues (223 pages) post-free. No connection with any other Firm.

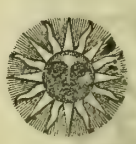
IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.
Invested Funds, £12,000,000.
The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.
C. HARDING, Manager.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.
This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.
ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, JUN., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

ACCIDENTS
AT ALL TIMES—IN ALL PLACES
INSURED AGAINST BY THE
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1849. CAPITAL £1,000,000.
64, CORNHILL, LONDON.
W. D. MASSY, A. VIAN, } Secretaries.



SUN FIRE OFFICE,
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1890,
£361,500,000.

Established 1868.
THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,
20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.
Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.
No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY,
58, Old Broad Street, London.
Capital, $3,000,000.
5 per cent. Deposits received for periods of not less than Six Months.
5 per cent. Debentures issued for a period of Five Years.
6 per cent. Freehold Mortgages. Principal and Interest guaranteed by the Company.
ATKINSON & CO., Managers for the United Kingdom.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.
UNION DEPOSIT BANK.
No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE.
Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From £30 to £5,000.
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
Interest allowed on deposits, 5, 6, and 7 per cent.
EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

THE NEW PICTORIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

Capital, £20 000, in 3,980 Ordinary Shares of £5 each and 100 Founders' Shares of £1 each. The Founders' Shares have already been allotted. The REMAINING PORTION of the ORDINARY SHARES are now offered to the Public at a premium of 5s. per Share, payable as follows: £1 per Share on application, £1. 5s. on allotment, £2 at the end of three months, and the balance as required, with two months' notice of call.

DIRECTORS.

DOUGLAS A. ONSLOW, Esq., J.P. (Chairman of the Moorgate-street and Broad-street Buildings, Limited, and of the Proprietary House and Land Corporation, Limited, Selby Lodge, Carlton-hill, N.W., Chairman.
Colonel G. Gordon Young, R.S.C.. Lucastes, Haywards Heath.
Mowbray V. Charrington, Esq., The Warren, Hever, Edenbridge.
George King, Esq. } Managing Directors.
Aubyn B. R. Trevor-Battye, Esq. }

BANKERS.

London and County Banking Company, Limited, Covent Garden.
[Applications may also be sent in to the Head Office, Lombard-street.]

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Bull & Bull, 11, New-inn, Strand, W.C.

STANDING COUNSEL.—Edward F. Spence, Esq., Middle Temple.

BROKERS.—Severs & Thomas, Stock and Share Brokers, Founder's-court, Lothbury, E.C.

AUDITOR.—Richard Warner, Esq., F.C.A., 29, New Bridge-street, E.C.

SECRETARY (*pro tem.*)—Mr. Richard Foster.

OFFICES—149, Strand, London, W.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of creating a Weekly Illustrated Newspaper at the price of Threepence.

Artists, literary men, newsagents, publishers, and others who are in a position to gauge the tendency of the public taste and requirements, express themselves most strongly in favour of this departure; urging that it is a policy dictated by the conditions of the time. They tell us that public taste has within the last few years undergone a marked alteration in character; and that the days of heavy literature have gone by. At the same time the business of the bookstalls shows that nothing is more popular at this moment than the picture paper.

In between the illustrated weekly at sixpence and the illustrated paper at a penny lies a wide field at present untouched. Many persons take in no illustrated paper at all, because some are incomplete in news and sketchy in pictures, while others are heavy and high in price.

The new paper retains the best features of the leading illustrated newspapers—their good paper, their able writings, and their clever illustrations—and thus by its original and popular character will appeal directly to the class we have described.

The public have an idea that newspapers are a good property, but probably few know how good it can be. It is possible to point to many papers whose profit exceeds 50 per cent., and to more than one illustrated paper that probably pays double that figure. The success of one or two of quite recent introduction would surprise most people. It shows that the possibilities of a paper or periodical which cleverly meets the demand of the hour are almost boundless. The "Strand Magazine," for example, has had from its very outset a circulation of some two hundred thousand.

It is a modest expectation that in a very short time the sale will at least equal that of any of the leading sixpenny illustrated papers. So great is the recent improvement in machinery and methods of reproduction that it is possible to produce a paper equal to those now sold for sixpence, at a cost for paper and printing within the trade selling price of twopence farthing per copy, leaving the advertising revenue to provide for other costs and expenses. In support of this statement it may be well to add that tenders to this effect have been received from well-known firms of printers and paper manufacturers.

But one may feel certain that its sale will soon even exceed that of these journals; for a threepenny paper touches an infinitely wider class than a sixpenny. Indeed it bids fair to become—and that very quickly—more popular as an illustrated paper than any that at present exists.

Assuming that only 40,000 copies are sold weekly, a reference to any large advertising contractor will show that on this circulation an advertisement revenue of £400 weekly may be calculated upon.

This advertisement revenue would be sufficient with the earnings from extra numbers to pay a dividend of more than 25 per cent. on a capital of £20,000. This sum is sufficient for the scheme, in view of the advantageous conditions under which it has been started. It is probable that the sale of copies will exceed 40,000, and it should be remembered that as circulation increases, advertisements increase, which would, of course, mean larger dividends.

It is obvious that it would require a very large amount of capital to launch successfully an entirely new paper on the lines indicated above. But it happened that an opportunity presented itself of starting the enterprise with a minimum of capital and risk. It may be thus explained:—

Mr. George King—the originator of this project—was the publisher of "The Pictorial World," a journal of some 12 years' standing. He is thoroughly conversant with all business details, methods of production, and general management of the paper. With a view of carrying out the project he and Mr. Trevor-Battye obtained an option for the purchase of the paper from its then proprietors, Messrs. J. and C. Robson, who, anxious to devote exclusive attention to their large printing business, which they had recently re-acquired, agreed to sell it to them on very favourable terms.

The Company thus acquired "The Pictorial World," and converted it into a threepenny paper, as a basis for the new departure, and so had no organisation or connection to build up and no expense of formation and incorporation to pay. It took over with the newspaper its premises, its stock, and, in short, all its property. Above and beyond all this it found ready-made a first-rate advertising connection, and booked advertisements to the amount of about £3,000.

Messrs. King & Trevor-Battye, the Vendors, have paid all the preliminary expenses of the formation and bringing out of the Company down to the first allotment of Shares.

The Contract for sale to the Company is one dated July 29, 1891, and made between Messrs. George King and Aubyn Bernard Rochfort Trevor-Battye, as Vendors, and Harry Ernest Wells as Trustee for the Company, which was adopted by the Company 29th September, 1891. A copy of this Contract, of the original Prospectus, of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and other documents, can be seen at the Offices of Messrs. Bull & Bull, the Company's solicitors, and all applicants shall be deemed to assent to such documents, and to have full notice of the contents thereof.

There are also certain trade arrangements and contracts in existence, the benefits and obligations of which have been taken over by the Company and the Vendors, as they provide all the preliminary expenses of the formation and bringing out of the Company, reserve to themselves the right to enter into contracts and arrangements with third parties for this purpose, and for payment to them out of the purchase money. As these contracts and arrangements may technically be contracts within the meaning of Sec. 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, applicants shall accept the above as notice thereof, and waive any fuller compliance with such section with relation thereto or otherwise.

The above is the substance of a prospectus which was issued on the 29th of September, 1891.

The question as to whether there is room for a threepenny illustrated paper seems to have since been answered by the splendid reception with which the first number of the new series and the coloured plate have met this week.

The Directors arranged to print 70,000 (a number which is probably not exceeded for home issue by any sixpenny illustrated paper), yet even this has proved altogether inadequate, as orders have already been received for nearly double the number and are still coming in.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained at the Company's Offices, and also at the Offices of the Solicitors and Brokers.

October 31st, 1891.

The Subscription Lists NOW OPEN, and will CLOSE on or before FRIDAY, at 4 o'clock, for Town and Country.

TRAMWAY IN FULL OPERATION.

Profits as from 30th May, available for a 7 months' interim Dividend on December 31st, 1891.

The South-Eastern Metropolitan Tramway Company

(Incoporated by Act of Parliament 51 & 52 Vict. cap. 186).

SHARE CAPITAL, £50,000 in 5,000 Shares of £10 each. Debenture Capital, £12,500 in Registered Debentures of £100 each, bearing interest at five per cent. from 1st July last and redeemable 1st July, 1911.

The above 5,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each are now offered to the public at par. Payable, £1 on Application, £3 on Allotment, £3 one month after Allotment, and £3 two months after Allotment. The above 125 Debentures of £100 each, payable £25 on Application, and remainder on Allotment.

DIRECTORS.

Chairman, George Sims, Esq., Dinmore House, Hamilton-terrace, N.W.
Richard James Toleman, Esq., 10, St. Augustine's-road, N.W.
H. M. Dunstan, Esq., 50, Avonmore-road, West Kensington, W.
*James Toleman, Esq., 17, Goswell-road, E.C.
*C. J. Westwood, Esq., of Joseph Westwood & Co., Limited, Napier Yard, Millwall, E.

*Will join after Allotment.

BANKERS.—The London and County Bank, Limited, Southwark, Greenwich, and Branches.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Hurrell & Mayo, 165, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

AUDITORS.—Messrs. Bewley, Crump, & Deeks, Thorners Chambers, Ingram-court, Fenchurch-street, E.C.

SECRETARY—J. G. B. Elliot, Esq.

OFFICES—3, Adelaide-place, London Bridge, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been incorporated by a Special Act of Parliament empowering the Company to construct and work the system of Tramways, in and from the royal borough of Greenwich, through the town of Lewisham to Rushey Green, Catford, in the county of Kent.

So satisfied were the Contractors as to the paying nature of the enterprise that they have constructed and equipped the line to its total length of 3 miles 545 yards (including the lineal measurement of all passing places and other double lines) and proved it a success, before offering any Shares or Debentures for public subscription. Owing to the special requirements of local authorities the construction of the line has been somewhat costly, as in many places the Company were required to pave the whole of the street from kerb to kerb, irrespective of width.

The Contractors have constructed a large and commodious depôt at the Catford terminus, and they have also equipped the line with cars of the very best description, built by the North Metropolitan Tramway Company, with the most recent improvements.

The Contractors, Messrs. Westwood & Winby, of 3, Adelaide-place, London-bridge, E.C., in consideration of the allotment to them of the Share and Debenture Capital of the Company, undertook the construction and equipment of the line and the working and maintenance up to the end of May of this year, when they handed over the line to the Company, in perfect condition and working order, allowing the Company to retain the sum of £4,000 for its future requirements. The Shares and Debentures now offered for subscription are so offered on behalf of the Contractors.

The Company have also in addition to the requirements of the Act of Parliament, constructed additional passing places by consent of the local authorities.

The anticipations of the Contractors have been fully borne out by the traffic upon the line. Since the taking over, indeed, it has far exceeded their most sanguine expectations, and warrants the Directors stating their belief that persons seeking a sound investment may rely upon a handsome dividend.

The Company have entered into a contract for 21 years, terminable by the Company by notice after years, if the Company desire to work the Tramway by mechanical power, with the well-known firm of Thomas Tilling, for horsing the cars at a fixed price of 6¼d. per mile, with a minimum daily run per car of 60 miles, thus rendering the Company independent of the price of forage and the risks of illness to the horses.

The name of Thomas Tilling as a substantial Contractor for such work is too well known in the City of London and its suburbs to require any comment.

The books of the Company, which have been examined by Messrs. Bewley, Crump, & Deeks, of Ingram-court, Fenchurch-st., E.C., Chartered Accountants, verify the following statements, viz.:—that from the 30th May last, the date on which the Company took over the line from the Contractors, up to the 13th September, 1891, they have carried 686,528 passengers with eight cars, realising £3,612 2s. 1d., in addition to this the estimated amount to be received for advertisements, during the same period, is £150.

The Shareholders will participate in the profits as from the 30th of May 1891, and may therefore look forward to an Interim Dividend within a period of two months.

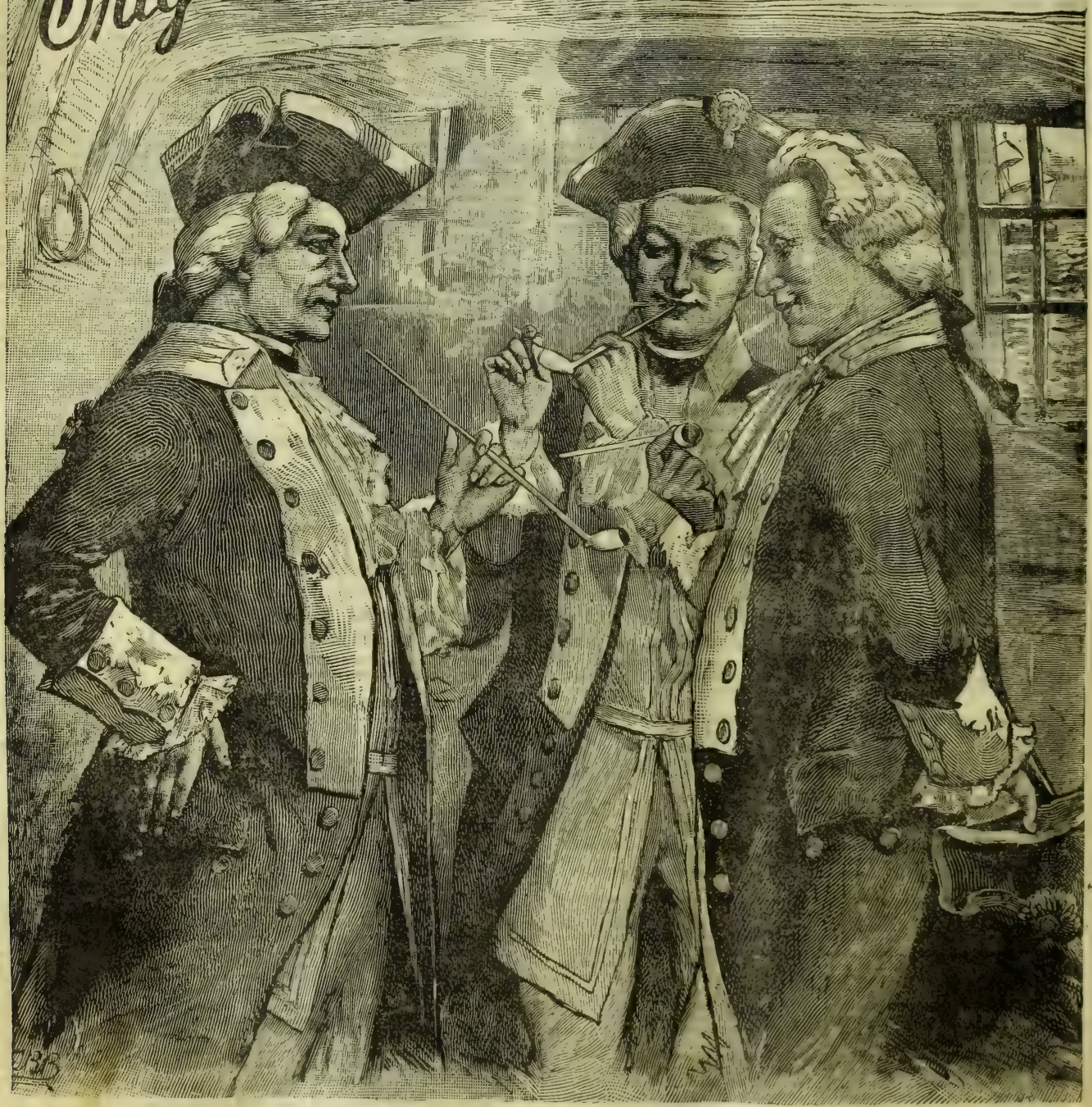
From the above statement it appears that the average takings, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, during the period named per week in respect of the eight cars that have been running, including advertisements, have been £246 6s. 2d. and the working expenses, including payments to Mr. Tilling, for the same period per week have been £164 17s. 7d., leaving therefore a weekly profit of £81 8s. 7d., or £10 3s. 7d. per car. As however the traffic has become so heavy the Directors have found it necessary to arrange for placing two more cars on the line, and in doing so anticipate an equivalent increase in their receipts.

Taking therefore the profit of the Tramway per week on the above basis at £10. 3s. 7d. per car, the profit in respect of 10 cars may be taken at £101. 15s. 10d. per week, or £5,293. 3s. 4d. per annum, which is amply sufficient after the payment of the Debenture Interest and management expenses to pay a dividend on the entire Capital of the Company of at least 8 per cent. per annum.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained from the London and County Bank at Southwark, Greenwich, or other Branches, and at the Solicitors, or Offices of the Company.

November, 1891.

Player's Original Navy Cut



Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2, 4, 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine Smoking condition.

Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and Take no other.

SMOKERS ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST IMITATIONS.

The GENUINE bears the Trade Mark, "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE," on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES, In Packets Containing 12.

OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 662.—DEFINITION OF THEOSOPHY.

LEAF RULE (Real name and address will be given next week) £2 2 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" HOME-MADE TOY AND DOLL SHOW.

On the first page of this paper will be found some verses sent in by a reader of TRUTH to serve as an appeal on behalf of the Toy Fund. I will only say here that I hope this appeal will be promptly and widely responded to. I have been asked during the past week if Home-made Dolls'-houses would be acceptable for the Toy Show? My answer is, "most certainly." Dolls'-houses are, in fact, in great request, for they serve to amuse a number of children at once. I have been asked, too, whether it would not be possible to award the prizes before the Doll Show opens, so that the successful dolls might be exhibited as such. I am sorry to say that it is absolutely impossible to do this. Very many parcels of dolls only arrive here at the very last moment, and there is scarcely time to properly arrange them all for exhibition, much more to minutely examine them with a view to making the prize awards. I suspect that but a few of my readers are aware how a long time it takes to make this examination, and what a work of peculiar difficulty it is.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 663.

The Prize of Two Guineas, for the best Anagram on the letters in the words, "The Triple Alliance: Italy, Austria, and Germany," has been divided between WAHRHEIT and LA PLATA, for the following anagrams:—

PRIZE ANAGRAMS.

May peace run in its train till age allay hatred.—Wahrheit.

A tyrannical league! It may ripen a hatred still.—La Plata.

I would, at the same time, specially commend Gemini, Dumnorix, Sinona, Mavis, Tom Nissed, Cæsar's Corner, and E. N. S.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 667.

Christmas cards, as the readers of TRUTH must many of them have noted to their great delight, are wellnigh played out. At any rate, the severity of the protracted "boom" in the much-abused fashion of sending them broadcast has been much mitigated for several years past. So far, then, so good; but the *coup de grace* has yet to be given to the Christmas card custom, and it is proposed to assist in this desirable consummation by offering the usual Prize of Two Guineas this week under the following conditions:—The Prize in question will be given to that competitor who succeeds in making

THE BEST SUGGESTION AS TO THE WAY IN WHICH THE SENDING OF CHRISTMAS CARDS CAN BE MOST SUITABLY SUPERSEDED.

This implies, of course, that something is to be suggested which shall take the place that the Christmas Card has so long occupied. I should be glad if competitors will make their suggestions as briefly as possible. All answers must reach me at the latest by the morning of Monday, November 16.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and address of DAISY (R.M.), winner of one half of Prize No. 659, are Miss Rose Meller, Rothley Villa, Macaulay-road, Clapham.

TUNBRIDGE.—I think your suggestion a very good one, and am much obliged to you for making it.

J. W. N.—Your verses arrived too late to be acknowledged last week.

COLOCYNTH.—I fear it is impossible to always carry out your suggestion. In some cases, as you may notice, it has already been acted upon.

NOMENCLATOR.—Your anagram was overlooked, I fear. Thanks for sending me a copy of it.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 664.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ORIGINAL SONGS SUITABLE FOR MUSIC.

*** The right to set any of the following Songs to music is strictly reserved.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

PATIENCE IS BEST.

Oh, there are many bonny girls in our old-fashioned town—
There's Margery, and Dorothy, and Millicent so brown,
And Sally of the golden hair, and Prudence slim and tall—
But Patience is the sweetest and the bonniest of all!

But when I talk of marrying, and say I'd like to wed,
"Ho, ho!" laughs father scornfully, and mother shakes her head;
And Granny says, "Have patience, boy! You're not yet twenty-three."
Oh, I'll have patience, granny, dear—if Patience will have me!

I have not more to offer than a loyal heart and brave—
But "Patience conquers everything," and I'm her willing slave;
And oh, how cheerfully I'll toil for her whom I adore!
For how can I lose Patience, when she's mine for evermore!

A. G. G.

THEN AND NOW.

A Duet.

(*Air.*—"What would you do love?")

He (old style).

What would'st thou say, love, had I a notion
To cross the ocean
For lands beyond;
Our meetings ended, and naught remaining
Save lone complaining
And mem'ries fond?

She (fin de siècle).

I'd say: "Adieu, love, and should another
Contrive to smother
Your present flame,
She's very welcome, for let me say, love,
That two can play, love,
That little game."

He.

What would'st thou do, love, should I, repenting,
My fault lamenting,
Return to thee;
With sighs o'erburdened, before thee kneeling
In mute appealing
For pardon free?

She.

I'd ring the bell, love, and say: "The door, John,
Take care no more, John,
This youth I see;
And if Lord Harry should chance to come, John,
Mind, I'm '*at home*,' John."
(*Aside.*) He's on with me.

Diogenes.

AFTER ALL.

Once I thought his eyes expressed it;
I am glad it is not so.
After all, if he confessed it,
I could only answer "No."
Though his voice may rather thrill me,
Though his face looks kind and true,
Love's tyrannic chains would kill me,
Fancy-freedom suits my view.
Wives are slaves compared to Misses,
Marriage duties fret and gall;
Liberty's more sweet than kisses;
Love's a failure, after all.

What is this? A rose—a letter—
Ah! he vows he loves me so.
After all, perhaps I'd better
Just reflect ere saying "No."
For his pleadings somehow thrill me,
Melt, and stir, and sway my heart,
Till I fancy it would kill me
If for ever we should part.
Chains of love—'tis sweet to bear them;
Silk and velvet cannot gall.
Then, too, *he's* the one who'll wear them.—
Love's a triumph, after all

Sir P. Felis.

When the crystal cup is swimming
With rosy fragrant wine.
When the bumper toast is brimming,
And eyes with gladness shine,
Then drain a goodly measure,
To laughter, dance, and song,
To love and all its pleasure—
And let the draught be long.
The sparkle of a maiden's eye,
The sweetness of a maiden's sigh,
All within that goblet lie—
Pray that the draught be long!

When the crystal cup lies broken
And all the songs are sung,
When the dying lights betoken
The night's no longer young;
When all the well-lov'd faces
Have left you one by one,
And only empty places
Tell of the feast that's done.
There's one bumper toast to make—
The time that's gone: the life's mistake:
The love that's lost: for old sake's sake
Drink to the race that's run!

Badda.

LIFE AFTER DEATH.

The sweet summer blossoms were fainting and pale,
The swallows were sighing and thinking of flight,
And autumn had lowered her shadowy veil,
When a little brown butterfly danced into sight.

She fluttered in ecstasy over the rose
That shone, a red star, in a twilight of green,
Still lingering—fearful of on coming woes,
Yet braver to meet them than others had been.

But the brush of her wings sweeping over the flower,
Her eager caress, came a moment too late,
The petals fell swiftly, a tremulous shower
Obeying the law of a natural fate.

But the little brown Psyche flew gaily away.
Life, ever ascending, shook Death from her wing,
A symbol of Hope for the autumn to-day,
Worth more than the fairest remembrance of spring.

New blossoms have birth in their fore-runners' prime,
The seasons revolve by immutable will;
Even Heaven-sent happiness fades in due time,
But the soul of such pleasure lives after it still.

Sola.

IN A WINDOW.

The soft west wind to the trees is sighing,
The sough of the sea is answering low,
The fleecy scud o'er the moon is flying
O'er the winking stars that come and go.
The climbing vine's to my casement clinging,
And drooping roses, heavy with rain,
Breathe forth the soul of the breeze that is flinging
The roses against my window-pane.
Drop, wind! fold thy wing;
Still, sweet sounds! though never so sweet,
Nightingale, prithee, cease to sing,
Lest I lose the fall of my dear one's feet.

Is it only the breeze to the tree-tops calling?
The measured pulse of the waves as they pass?
Only the patter of rain-drops falling
To gem the gossamer-threaded grass?
Is it only the plash of the roses swinging?
Only the thud of oars that I hear?
The faint, far sound of the fisher-lads singing—
The whispering night in my listening ear?
Sleep, wave along the shore!
Still, rebel heart, thy beat!
Rain-drops, patter and plash no more!
I list for the fall of my dear one's feet.

Sawbones.

SONGS IN THE AIR

There's always a sweet bird singing,
If only we'll hear the lay,
There's somewhere glad music ringing
On the saddest, darkest day.

Where the rosy morn is breaking,
The skylark, on soaring wing,
The chorus of song is waking,
The voice of the joyous spring.

When floats on the twilight tender
The nightingale's strain of bliss,
The rose in her summer splendour
Unfolds to the light wind's kiss.

Tho' wintry storms are sweeping
The aisles of the forest bare,
The robin, his lone watch keeping,
With melody fills the air.

Then listen! tho' life be dreary,
Tho' cheerless the way, and long,
Soft echoes, to soothe the weary,
Fall low from the angel's song.
Moonshine.

BOAT SONG.

A cutter set sail from Ardlamie,
Sing ho, for the *Ocean Wave!*
As brave a sight as eyes could see,
With her snow-white sails and blue burgee,
With its letters four, "O.U.S.C."*
Sing ho, for the *Ocean Wave!*

On board the cutter were four, all told.
Sing ho for the *Ocean Wave!*
A maiden fair, and a captain bold,
A chaplain gay, whom naught could hold,
And a boy named John, sixteen years old.
Sing ho for the *Ocean Wave!*

Did the chaplain tell his beads? Not he!
Sing ho for the *Ocean Wave!*
He shouted aloud in ecstasy,
And cried to the maiden, "Sing to me,
Oh, sing me a song of the deep blue sea!"
Sing ho for the *Ocean Wave!*

But the maiden answered not. Ah me!
Sing ho for the *Ocean Wave!*
She turned from the chaplain, wearily,
To the side of the boat which is called the lee,
And bowed her head o'er the laughing sea.
Sing ho for the *Ocean Wave!* Alpha.

* O.U.S.C., Oxford University Sailing Club.

I woo'd a maiden, proud and fair,
Whose face my life was haunting;
But she would drive me to despair,
With cruel words and taunting.
At last, I hotly press'd my court,
She looked at me demurely,
And answered me in sentence short,
"In Spring I'll tell you surely."

The Spring-time came with bud and song,
I bless'd the glad new-comer;
But, when again, I urged her long,
She whispered, "Wait till Summer."
I waited, tho' mad grief and pain,
My inmost soul were galling;
And got for answer, once again,
"When Autumn leaves are falling."

How shall I tell it? Half afraid,
In loving words and glowing,
I asked her yet again, she said,
"When Winter's winds are blowing."
Once more I waited, for I knew
She must have had a reason,
This time, she said, "I'll marry you,
When—there's *another* season."
Malignant.

UNDECIDED.

Which do I love the best, you ask,
Of the two sweet maidens who both love me?
Well, you have set me no easy task,
To answer truthfully. Let me see!
Sad was my heart, and dreary my way,
Till I met Dorothy, one April day,
She was my first love, so dear and true,
I think I must love *her* best, don't you?

First love is always the best, they say,
And so thought I—and was quite content,
Till sweet little Marjorie came my way,
Like a beam of Heaven's own sunshine sent.
With her air of disdain, and her sunny curls,
Marjorie's the sweetest of sweet little girls.
I still love the old love, but so dear is the new,
I think I must love *her* best, don't you?

I am undecided, and weak, you say,
It is certainly strange, and you mayn't believe,
That although I cannot decide to-day
If I loved one less the other would grieve.
So I love them both, and they both love me,
For Dorothy's five, and Marjorie's three,
And they are only my dear little daughters two,
So I think I may love them *both*, don't you?
Betsy.

THE STIRRUP-CUP.

What ho! for a stirrup-cup sparkling, entrancing!
Bring it forth! when the hour of departure is nigh;
There's nought like good liquor to set the blood dancing,
Give life for the journey and gladden good-bye.

It summons thy thoughts from the hand-shake of greeting,
It paints thee glad pictures of banquet and chase;
It alters "good-bye" to "our next merry meeting,"
It praises thy hostess's favour and grace.

Perhaps thou art captive in love's indecision,
Thou mournest some bright eyes thou'rt leaving behind;
Then toss down the bumper to conjure a vision—
They looked upon thee and their last look was kind.

But parting is best and thy wound cannot mend less,
Thy heart should not stay when thy body must roam;
Yet call not the wanderer homeless or friendless,
His friend is his steed, and the saddle his home.

There's nought like good liquor to set the blood dancing
With life for the journey when parting is nigh.
What ho! for a stirrup-cup sparkling, entrancing!
What ho! for a stirrup-cup! Comrade, good-bye! Twins.

BROKEN TOYS.

Sobbing as if its little heart would break,
I saw a child,
A little baby child, from slumber wake,
Yet soon it smiled:
'Twas but a passing cloud at early morn
Had dimmed its joys;
Its heaviest dream, dispelled as soon as born,
Was "Broken Toys."

I saw a woman, beautiful and young,
With grief distraught;
With fingers clenched, and nerves to tension strung,
All frenzy wrought;
She paced her chamber, like a tigress caged,
Dead her life's joys!
God help her youth, thus prematurely aged,
More "Broken Toys."

Last, by the bed of death I stood, to see
An old man lie:
Lonely and sad, the end had come, and he—
He longed to die;
Yet, to the end, clutched in his stiffening hand,
Death's counterpoise!
He held a lock of hair, his rope's last strand
Was "Broken Toys."
Infelix.

I TOLD YOU SO.

Wherever we travel, by land or by sea,
Amongst those whom we chance to meet,
We always find people who will not agree
That the views of their friends are discreet.
They prophecy this, they prognosticate that;
If adversely the winds do blow,
"I knew what would happen," they answer you pat,
"I am sure that I told you so."

What folks have said, so folks will say,
The sport of an hour, the friends of a day;
Their comfort in weal and their solace in woe
Is "I told you so, I told you so."

They've a grim satisfaction if somebody fails
To accomplish a purpose in life,
They turn inside out all the petty details,
And occasion much envy and strife.
The follies of youth, the misfortunes of age,
In a pitiless manner they show,
And they jot down an item on memory's page
When they find that your funds are low.

What folks have said, so folks will say,
The sport of an hour, the friends of a day;
They darken the weal and add weight to the woe
With "I told you so, I told you so."
Georgina.

LOVE'S ETERNITY.

Love me, Sweet, for the past, the past and all its pain,
And yield my life the freshness of flowers after rain;
For, through the haze of time, we view the vanished years,
Their sweetness in your kisses, their sadness in your tears.

Love me, Sweet, in the present, its tumult swift and strong,
And all its joyous moments that mingle into song;
For, as we face together this life of storm and stress,
New trust and strength I gather when your dear lips I press.

Love me, Sweet, in the future, its darkness and its doubt
Will have no dangers for us in mutual faith devout;
The fondest hopes I cherish, the wishes of your heart,
Will never fade or perish if we may never part.

Love, me Sweet, to the end, the end that comes to all,
When our tranquil spirits await the angels' call;
And when in Heaven's mercy we seek the sacred goal,
Then may celestial blessings still bind us soul to soul.
Orpheus.

THE FISHER'S WIFE.

The fisherman's wife she stood on the strand,
And watched him sail away;
As she waved a last adieu with her hand
He heard her gently pray.
He heard her pray—for she would not weep
Till she saw his bark no more—
"God keep my fisher from harm on the deep,
And send him safe to shore."

She prayed and wept, and the fisher was kept
Secure on the storm-tossed wave;
But she, ere he came back again, she slept
In a green and new-made grave!
None weeps for him now, but at times he seems,
When rocked in his bark by the storm,
To catch in his dreams faint shadowy gleams
Of a dear familar form.

He sees her stand on the golden sand
That is washed by a crystal sea;
And she beckons to him with a shining hand—
Ah, yes, it is surely she!
She watches for him, but she does not weep,
And he hears her pray once more
"God keep my fisher from harm on the deep
And bring him to this fair shore."
Ytrehod.

Songs have been received from Kottabos, Sir P. Felis, J. McGrigor Allan, Haroldwyn, Dilaram, Arth, Farol, Petit Poulet, Penguin, Feloos, Sea Dew, Sinona, Nomenclator, Georgina, J. E. Pettefer, Ytrehod, Malignant, Alpha, Bel Demonio, Murdoch, Rosque, D. Elcombe, G. E. M., E. N. S., R. F., A. C. C., Hittite, Medway, Dualwor, Graigola, Nougat, Madingley, Grumph, Malda, Emily Glenton, H. H., Aramis, Freak, Lost, Polonius, Hearne, Offa, Baltic, Rouge et Noir, Mrs. Buchanan, Nibs, Kathleen, A. Barry, Fez, Lola, Jessie J. Gilchrist, Dives, Felixicus, Wellington, Caco Bendi, Leah, Orpheus, Eclur, Eneksa, Heurteloup, Don Carlos, E. Stracey, Moonshine, Gaza, Gerald, Queen, Terry O'Toole, Esperanza, Wren, Jabberwock, Deer Kabel, Emily Culverhouse, St. Kilda, Chesterton, Caledon, Cube Root, F. Chopin, Sec, Ye Jacke, Twins, Irk, Georges Lisles, Lyricus, Eboracum, Alastor, Sawbones, Crosspatch, Ibsenite, D. H., Charles Felix, Scrivener, Infelix, E. S. B., Tom Nissed, Dorothea, Wandering Jew, Med. Stud., Inca, Guelder Rose, Ye Hermit, Immortal Will., E. H. Begbie, Tulip, Eshba, Texan, T. S A., Knockatagert, J. Calclough, A Father, Elf, Luci Fer, Tukes, Puppy, Lirl l, Sola, Nibs, Bolus, Offa, Enid C. L., C. M. M. Havell, Ananias, Flancham, Sportsman, Kingston, Mugwump, Bert.

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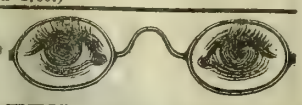

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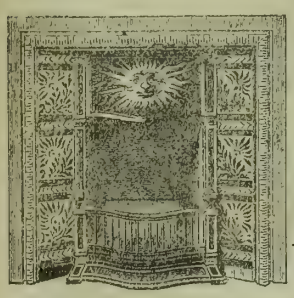

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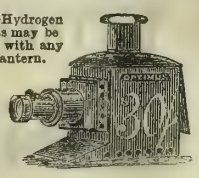

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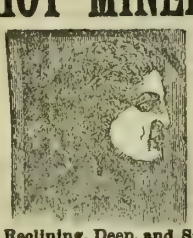

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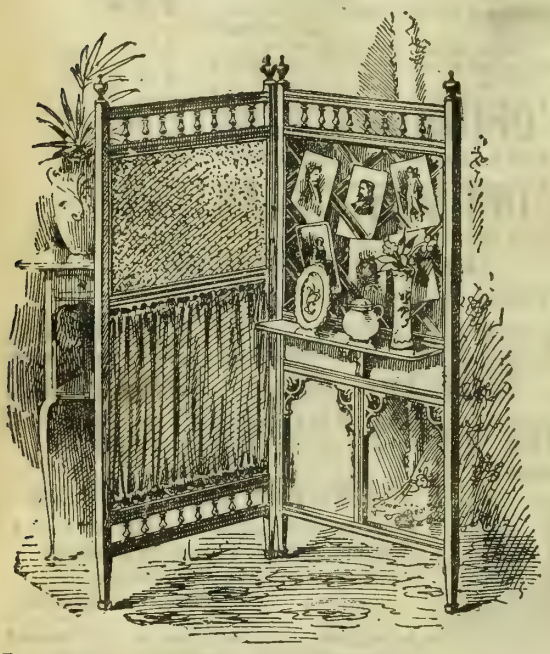

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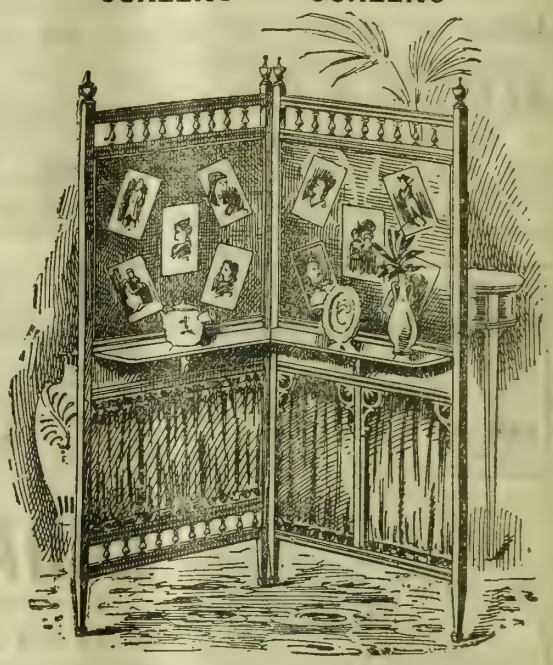

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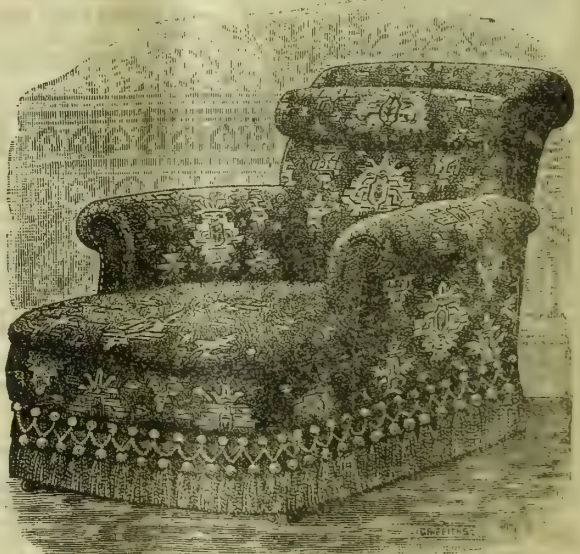

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

MAY I repeat the well-known adage, *Bis dat qui cito dat*? Time for buying the toys is now getting very short:—

L. B., £10; W. N. G., 10s.; H. Northcroft, £1. 1s.; Gladys and Karin, £1. 1s.; C. M. Y., 10s.; Anonymous, £5; Graham and Jean, 10s.; Mrs. Krell, £5; Teddie, Laurie, and Mackie, 5s.; Noel, £1; Removing, £5; C. C., £2. 2s.; O. R. D., £10; Rev. Charles J. Martyn, £2. 2s.; B. G. Boyd, £1. 1s.; Donation from Hans, £1; G. I. S. £1. 1s. (also £1. 1s. for the Russian Famine Fund); Mrs. L. Hirsch, £1. 1s.; Mrs. Campbell Clarke, £3. 3s.; Sympathy, £5; V. L., 10s.; Howard Ellis, 10s.; J. M., £1. 10s.; Lady Lucas, £2. 2s; A. R., 10s.; J. and M., 10s.; Winnie and Tim, 10s.; W. Clayton Palmer, £3. 3s; C. H. T., 5s.; Annie C., £1. 1s.; A. E., £1; D. T., £1. 1s.; C. A., £3. 3s.; A. T. C., £5; Lady Dickeson, £5. 5s.; R. Horniman, £2. 2s.; Lady Diana Huddleston, £1. 1s.; George Lewis, £5; Mrs. O. Hagan, £1. 1s.; Mrs. W. H. Low, 5s.; John Jackson, £2. 2s.; A. E. S., 2s. 6d.; F. M. B., £2. 2s.; Owen A. Ellis, 5s.; W. M., £1; E. V. Hunt, 10s.; U. S. A., £50; Jess, £5.

I have also received six scrap-books from Mrs. C. E. Pollard, a large doll's-house and fittings from Mrs. G. W. Fitzwilliam, and two scrap-books from Miss E. Ashfield.

An eminent sanitary engineer is about to proceed to Florence, in order that he may thoroughly investigate the condition of the city and the state of the drainage and water-supply arrangements, which are alleged to be still very defective, although extensive improvements have been carried out during the last eight months. If the report of this expert is satisfactory, the Queen will pass the greater part of the month of April at Lady Crawford's residence near Fiesole, the Villa Palmieri, which was occupied by her Majesty during the spring of 1888.

The Prince of Wales, who had two days' pheasant-shooting in Windsor Great Park last week with Prince Christian, went down on Saturday to Sandringham, and will stay there until Monday next, when H.R.H. returns to town. The Prince, who has a family party staying at the Hall, is engaged to visit Lord Lonsdale at Lowther Castle, Lord Dudley at Witley Court, Lord Alington at Crichel, Sir Henry James at Shoreham Place, and Baron Hirsch at his place in Norfolk, in the course of this winter.

No date has yet been fixed for the return of the Princess of Wales to England, and it is exceedingly probable that H.R.H. and the Princesses Victoria and Maud will not arrive in London before December 8. They are to accompany the Emperor and Empress of Russia from Livadia to the Caucasus, and when their visit to the Imperial Court terminates, it will take them nearly a week to travel to Vienna, and then they are to be the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at Gmunden for about a week before they proceed to Paris, where the Prince of Wales is to meet them.

I was glad to see that Messrs. Bancroft and Hare promptly repudiated the suggestion that they were in any special degree personally identified with the actors' birthday present to the Prince of Wales. The chief value of any present of this character consists in its being a spontaneous offering of the whole profession, as this undoubtedly was. In saying its "chief value," I need hardly say that I have no desire to depreciate the intrinsic worth of this particular gift. I only mean that the extrinsic value takes precedence of the intrinsic. I cannot profess to be a judge of gold cigar-boxes, having never seen but this one. I must say, however, that I was much impressed with the good taste and good workmanship of this particular box, which not only reflects great credit on the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, who designed and produced it, but shows that in the best work of this kind English manufacturers can hold their own against any in Europe.

The divorce suit Hozier *v.* Hozier in the Scotch Law Courts has come to an end, all charges being withdrawn.

The *St. James's Gazette* contained last week an announcement astounding in its mendacity. The Liberal Managers had, so said the *Gazette*, been discussing the succession to the Liberal Leadership in the Lower House on Mr. Gladstone's retirement, as the eyesight of Sir William Harcourt is in so critical a condition that, although it is hoped that it may in part be restored by an operation, it is hardly likely to recover sufficiently to enable him to assume the duties of a party leader. The Liberal "Managers" (whoever they may be) do not contemplate the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, and, consequently, they have not discussed the succession. Sir William Harcourt has suffered for some years from a slight failure of sight in one eye. The other eye is perfectly sound, no operation is contemplated, and there is no question of recovering sufficiently to assume any duties; for, so far as regards his eyesight, he is in a perfectly valid condition to assume any duties.

Such announcements show to what straits the Tories are reduced. They hope against hope that, as the country has not accepted their criticisms upon the mental shortcomings of the Liberal leaders, it will per-

haps believe assurances that they are physically unfit for public duties. One day they tell us that Mr. Gladstone is so decrepit that he will soon have to retire; the next day they publish that Sir William Harcourt is losing his eyesight. This will probably be soon followed by an announcement that Mr. Morley will have to withdraw from the House of Commons owing to deafness; to be followed in due course by a further announcement that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman is such a sufferer from paralysis, that he will soon find it impossible to take an active part in politics. I really regret to have to dispel the cheerful prognostications of political opponents; but I can assure them that Mr. Gladstone's vigour is undiminished, and that Sir William Harcourt was never in better spirits, or more full of fight and hard work, and I would venture to add, that a Cabinet composed of a decrepit Gladstone, a blind Harcourt, a deaf Morley, a paralytic Campbell-Bannerman, a leprous Fowler, a consumptive Mundella, a rheumatic Spencer, and a Rosebery preyed on internally by bacteria, would be a stronger Government than that with which we are now afflicted.

The announcement that the Duke of Clarence and Prince George would accompany Lady Cadogan's party at Culford Hall to the Suffolk County Ball at Bury St. Edmunds gave a prodigious "boom" to that function, which was not only very smart, but so desperately crowded, that it was with difficulty that dancing could be carried on. There were very large parties from most of the houses in the neighbourhood, Ickworth being an exception, and the county people mustered in great force. Many of the men were in hunting costume, but the Duke of Clarence and Prince George were in plain attire, each wearing the ribbon and star of the Garter, which their host also displayed.

A correspondent writes:—

There was a good deal of friction during the recent visit paid by the Duke of Clarence and Prince George of Wales to Lord Carew, at Castleborough. Lord Carew had asked for a meet of the fox-hounds at his place during the visit. When the field arrived and were dismounting their horses in the stable yard, a message was brought that no lunch had been provided either for gentry or servants. Later on, Prince Eddie asked a lady and gentleman of his acquaintance, with whom he was riding, to come into the house. But they were met in the hall by Lord Carew, who said to the lady "We are engaged, and cannot see any one to-day," after which hospitable remark, his lordship hopped away. All this has not tended to increase the popularity of Lord Carew in the neighbourhood.

The Prince of Wales has given a conditional promise to attend next year's Show of the Suffolk Agricultural Society, which is to be held at Bury St. Edmunds, and he is to be the guest of Lord Cadogan, at Culford Hall.

Princess Christian and her daughter, Princess Victoria, were last week the guests of the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburghe at Broxmouth Park, East Lothian, and it is very probable that the Queen will pay her Grace a flying visit at the end of next week, when on her journey from Balmoral to Windsor. The Queen was the guest of the Duchess and of the late Duke of Roxburghe at Broxmouth for a couple of days in the autumn of 1878, and nine years earlier her Majesty visited them at Floors Castle.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to be the guests of Lord Northbrook at Stratton Park, his place near Winchester, for two days during the week after next. There will be a partridge-drive one day, and the covers are to be shot on the other day.

It has been decided to make such extensive additions to Mar Lodge that it will be practically a new house, and the accommodation for guests and servants will be doubled. A new billiard-room and a new dining-room are to be built, the drawing-rooms are to be much enlarged, and the kitchens and offices are to be removed some distance to the back of the house. It is rumoured in the North that the Duke of Fife will probably sell Duff House, his place in Banffshire, which is the original seat of the family, as the Duchess does not like it, and they hardly ever go there. Duff House is one of the finest mansions in the north of Scotland, and it stands in extensive and beautifully-wooded grounds, which are intersected by the Deveron.

The decorative and other works which are carried out every autumn at Buckingham Palace and at Windsor Castle have this year been curtailed as much as possible in consequence of there having been an exceptionally large expenditure of the Civil List, which has arisen from the visit of the German Emperor and Empress and other extra expenses. This has been the most costly year for the Queen since 1855; only excepting 1887, when the Jubilee festivities ran away with an enormous amount of money.

The King and Queen of Italy, accompanied by the Prince of Naples and the Duchess D'Aosta, with her step-sons, will arrive at Palermo on Friday for the opening of the Italian National Exhibition in that town. This event takes place on Sunday next, after which the Court will remain at Palermo for another week, occupying during that time the old (and ugly) Bourbon palace at the top of the city. The Exhibition itself is on a very ambitious scale, and an ode to be sung at the opening ceremony has been composed by Signor Mascagni, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Several new hotels have recently been opened, and a correspondent now at Palermo speaks highly of the attractions of the town as a wintering place, its situation and surroundings being extremely beautiful.

Lord Romney and Major Legge are to proceed to Windsor Castle on Saturday, the 21st, as Lord and Groom in Waiting on the Queen, and they will remain on duty until December 1, when they are to be succeeded by Lord Henniker and Sir Michael Biddulph. Colonel Byng will be the Equerry-in-Waiting during the first few days of the Queen's stay at Windsor.

I hear that an enormous number of applications have been received for the sinecure office of Bath King-at-Arms, which is worth about £300 a year, and is in the gift of the Queen herself. The place has become vacant by the

For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 1022 in the present issue.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 1023.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see page 1024.

death of Lord Grey's brother, Admiral George Grey, who held this office for twenty-six years, having been appointed in 1865, through the interest of his brother, the late General Charles Grey, who was then private secretary to the Queen, and was for some time all powerful at Court.

Lord Dufferin's appointment as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports foreshadows his settlement in England when he retires from the Diplomatic Service next spring. Lord Dufferin has kept strictly to himself his views on home politics, and, if he is still a Liberal, he would make an excellent Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland when Mr Gladstone returns to office after the General Election. Lord Dufferin was a member of Mr. Gladstone's first Administration, when he held the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster for more than three years, resigning that office on his appointment to be Governor-General of Canada.

I see it stated that the Queen has permitted Baron Reuter to assume the title of Baron in England, which was granted to him by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha some years ago. There is no law in England against any one incorporating with his name any prefix that he pleases, provided that he does not use the prefix to swindle. So far as this country is concerned, Baron Reuter might have created himself a Baron, instead of getting a German Duke to do this for him. No one here would think of interfering with his amusement, and the permission of her Majesty to bear the title does not add one whit to its value, or even give him any sort of precedence. I have always wondered why Englishmen ever care to get titles conferred upon them by foreign potentates, and still more why they are ready to pay money for them.

I believe the cheapest market for these goods is Portugal. There is a convent there, and all its tenants have a right to call themselves Barons or Viscounts (I think the latter). The convent has one field. For a small consideration it can be rented, and the tenant remains the lessee until some one else wants it, when the prior tenant retires, but retains the title. In Rome the Order of the Golden Spur confers the title of Baron, and this order can be obtained for an exceedingly moderate sum. A Papal Dukedom can also be purchased. This is expensive, however, for it costs in fees, &c., about £5,000. In Italy, moreover, there are estates frequently in the market which carry a title with them.

But why, as I have said, spend money? If I were consumed with a passion for a title, I should give myself one. I have myself—being of a good-natured disposition—made a vast number of Counts. This is how it was done. I was an attaché at a foreign Court. In those days, the main business of an attaché was to *viser* and issue passports. An Englishman of my acquaintance confided to me that he wanted to be a Count. "Nothing more simple," I said; "bring me your old passport and I will exchange it for a new one, in which I will dub you Count." This I did, and when it became known, I had so many applications that I gave away three books of passports, and I must thus have made about one hundred and fifty Counts. Occasionally I meet the son of one of my Counts; from the height of his nobility he looks down on me.

Lord and Lady Londonderry had a large party last week at Wynyard Park to meet the Duke of Edinburgh, including Lord and Lady Zetland, Louise Duchess of Manchester, the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, Lord and Lady Ormonde, Lord and Lady Pembroke, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mr. James Lowther, and Mr. Chaplin. The Duchess of Edinburgh had been expected to accompany her husband on his visit to Wynyard, but she is still staying at Coburg.

A succession of house parties will be entertained by Lord and Lady Salisbury at Hatfield from the 30th until the 16th of January. Lady Salisbury will give a county ball there during the Christmas holidays.

Lord Rosslyn set a good example last week to aristocratic employers of labour generally. In honour of the birth of his daughter, he gave all the miners and workmen on his Dysart estate an excursion treat to Glasgow. He paid all the travelling expenses, and, in addition, gave each man 5s. in lieu of his half-day's pay, and each boy 2s. 6d.

A correspondent writes:—

Sir William and Lady Pink gave a splendid ball last Tuesday in the Town-hall, Portsmouth, at which about eight hundred guests were present, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught being among the company. A great number of naval and military officers were invited, all of whom came in uniform. The Duke of Connaught danced one quadrille with Lady Pink and another with Lady Alice Ashley. The Royalties stayed for about two hours, leaving at midnight, directly after supper. The Duchess wore pale blue satin, draped with chiffon, and a diamond necklace, with diamond stars in her hair. Lady Alice Ashley looked well in yellow satin, with a profusion of diamonds.

Lord and Lady Hindlip will entertain a large party at Doveridge Hall next week for Derby races, and it is possible that the Prince of Wales may be among their guests.

Lord and Lady Downe have taken Lord James Butler' house, in Rutland-square, Dublin, for the winter season They will reside there as soon as Lord Downe's health allows him to return to Ireland and resume the command of his regiment. The side of the square on which Lord James Butler's residence stands was in former days called Palace-row, from the palatial size of the houses. The

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PEPSALIA used as table salt while eating, one saltspoonful to an ordinary meal, ensures absolute digestion of the food. The *British Medical Journal* says:—"We have satisfied ourselves of the efficacy of Pepsalia."—In bottles, 1s. and 2s. each, from Chemists, or G. & G. STERN, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

ceilings of several of them are decorated with paintings by Angelica Kauffmann, who did a great deal of work in Dublin.

Mr. Stern, M.P., has taken Hengrave Hall, Lord Kenmare's fine old place near Bury St. Edmunds. Mr. Stern has acted wisely in deciding to reside in Suffolk, as a prodigious sounding of brasses and tinkling of cymbals is everywhere going forward on behalf of Lord Chelsea, who is to be the Tory candidate for the Stowmarket Division at the General Election.

Mr. Bond had made himself very popular among all classes in East Dorsetshire, as he thoroughly understood the wants of his constituents, and was most anxious to do everything in his power to satisfy them. He was an excellent type of the intelligent country gentleman, and his premature death is sincerely deplored in all parts of Dorsetshire.

Dr. Hardman, who was one of the most enthusiastic and eminent antiquaries in the West of England, and a most exemplary and popular clergyman, died on Friday at Cadbury House, Somersetshire, after a very short illness, and he will be much missed by a wide circle of friends in that county and in Gloucestershire. He was a man of most genial manners, very hospitable and charitable, and his table-talk was excellent. Dr. Hardman was altogether a fine specimen of the nearly-extinct class of squarson, as Sydney Smith defined them.

Mr. McDonald, of Keppoch, who was one of the most noted distillers in Scotland, died last week. He was the son and successor of the famous "Long John," who founded the distillery bearing that name, at the foot of Ben Nevis, on the bank of the river Lochy. Mr. McDonald, who descended from a very ancient family, had all the best characteristics of the old-fashioned Highland gentleman, while, at the same time, he was a first-rate man of business.

The family of the late Lord Portsmouth intend to place a stained-glass window to his memory in the parish church of Eggesford, where he lies buried, and which contains several interesting monuments of his ancestors.

It is announced that no biography of the late Lord Granville is likely to appear for many years to come. I fail to understand why any such work should ever appear. There has been no biography of Lord Clarendon, who was a very much more considerable personage than Lord Granville. An article in the *Edinburgh* or the *Quarterly* could easily contain all that really requires to be written about Lord Granville. Dean Burgon wrote very justly and most seasonably that

> Biography might with advantage be confined within much narrower limits than at present is customary. Very few are the men who require five hundred pages all to themselves; far fewer will bear expansion into two such volumes.

In Mr. Parke's new book on Equatorial Africa, he speaks of a plant growing in great profusion, and having an odour somewhat resembling that of musk, which when pulled up and placed close to a person keeps away mosquitoes. If the Stanley Expedition had brought home some roots or seeds of this plant instead of Emin Pasha, it would have done better service.

Why Dr. Parke should interpolate into his book twenty pages on bacteria I do not know. But I am obliged to him for doing so, for bacteria interest me much more than negroes, and his account of these inhabitants of our insides is most interesting. It is not the fault of the African traveller that his adventures should be somewhat wearisome reading. One African tribe is very like another; there is little difference between one jungle and another. The traveller tramps along, sometimes in a forest, sometimes on a plain. He varies his pleasures by one day catching a fever, the next day by being half eaten by ants, the next day by beating one of his followers for insubordination, and the next day by extracting an arrow out of the follower's flesh. Occasionally, he gets a bit of goat for dinner; occasionally, a banana; and occasionally, nothing. When he has gone for a certain distance, he returns, and what happens to him going happens to him returning. And what he gains by all this beyond writing a book, I really do not know.

The first man who traversed Central Africa did useful work. He discovered that there was nothing to discover. But, this discovery having been made, why in the name of commonsense does any one else go there? What is reserved for me before I die I do not know; but of two things I am certain. I never shall join an expedition either to the North Pole or to Central Africa. They are both such thoroughly uninteresting places to me that if I could go to them in half an hour by a penny 'bus I would not invest the penny. I am of the *homines videre et urbes* kind of traveller. I did once dwell for some time with the Red Indians; I do not think that I ever so thoroughly bored myself. I returned with the settled conviction that of all romancing humbugs Fenimore Cooper was the greatest. In my childhood, I remember weeping copiously over the tales of African Princesses who had been reduced to slavery. These daughters of dusky potentates were then the regular stock-in-trade of children's books; and the contrast between the young lady in her Royal home, and in Cuba where she was made to work by a cruel driver, and flogged half a dozen times every day, harrowed my youthful mind. The journeys of the Stanleys and the Parkes, and the many others who have visited the native homes of the Princesses, have entirely suppressed her.

Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi have just published an excellent mezzotint engraving after E. J. Poynter's "Blossoms." Mr. McCormack, who is responsible for the engraving, has done his work admirably, and has, indeed, done the fullest possible justice to the original picture.

CHOICE OLD HIGHLAND WHISKIES. Age 7, 10, 15, and 25 years in wood. Price per doz., 48s., 60s., 72s., and 120s. An eminent medical authority, in recommending the moderate use of Whisky, states that on no account should Whisky be used unless it is well matured. Detailed list on application to MOREL BROS., COBBETT, & SON, Limited, 210 & 211, Piccadilly; 18 & 19, Pall Mall; 143, Regent-street. Whisky Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

GRATEFUL and COMFORTING for BREAKFAST is EPPS'S COCOA, made with boiling water or milk. Sold by Grocers, in packets labelled "James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

An amateur dramatic performance, "under Royal and distinguished patronage," is to take place next month in the Richmond Theatre. The proceeds will be given to the Richmond and Twickenham hospitals.

In indicating last week the simple means by which Sunday concerts can be protected from the operation of the Statute 23, Geo. III., cap 49, I stated that "the Sunday League has been attacked by the Lord's Day Observance Society and *defeated* on this very point." I intended to say that the League "*defeated the attack* on this very point." That this was the sense intended was so obvious, that I do not suppose any person reading the paragraph could have failed to understand it.

I have, however, received in reference to this paragraph a letter from the Rev. John Gritton, D.D., the substance of which, after merely eliminating impertinences which I object to publish, is as follows:—

The note in TRUTH of to-day, touching the Statute 21, Geo. III., c. 49, bristles with mistakes, and may lead some pleasure-loving or greedy fellow-creature into danger. "The simple means of evading the idiotic Act of the 23rd, Geo. III.," does not evade it. It tries to dodge the Act, and that without success. The Sunday League has not been attacked by the Lord's Day Observance Society on "this very point," and has not certainly suffered defeat. . . . I shall not act on your kind information as to Shoreditch Town Hall, The Horns, and Myddelton Hall, as you may be mistaken in those cases also.

As far as I can discover, the one inaccuracy in the note, which, in Mr. Gritton's opinion, "bristles with mistakes," is the obvious slip of the pen which I have corrected above. The meaning of the rest of Mr. Gritton's contradictions I am unable to understand, unless he is quibbling with me in the pettifogging spirit, which might be expected from those who seek to shape the religious ideas of to-day by means of musty laws dug up from eighteenth-century statute-books. I have applied to the Sunday Society for information on this matter, my original statement having been furnished by an independent contributor. I learn that either the Sunday League or a society out of which it grew (is that the foundation of Mr. Gritton's contradiction?) was attacked by Mr. Gritton's society or its predecessors (I never said that it was "attacked on this point"); that judgment was given in favour of the defendants; and that one of the points on which the judgment was rested was that admission was gratuitous, although a charge was made for reserved seats. I am further told by the officers of the Sunday League that the law does stand precisely as I stated it; that the concerts of the Sunday League are protected by this means, as Mr. Gritton himself knows; and that the League will be only too delighted if Mr. Gritton will attempt to make good his words in the above letter. If, therefore, Mr. Gritton really believes that my statement of the law was inaccurate, he can vindicate his views in a much more satisfactory and practical manner than by writing letters like the above, which is far from conveying a favourable impression of his candour and straightforwardness.

I am told that it will interest many of my readers who visit the neighbourhood of Taunton for stag-hunting to hear that a movement is on foot to restore the little church of Oake. At any rate, there appears to be no reason why I should not make the fact known, as the project has already received the support of the Bishop and Dean of Wells, Archdeacon Denison, the President of the Royal Academy, and many other personages, whose names must be well known to my stag-hunting readers.

Prebendary Hannah, the Vicar of Brighton, is to be the special preacher at St. Paul's Cathedral next Sunday evening.

The Bishop of Truro intends to live at Trevethron, near Par, a place which he has purchased from the widow of Colonel Peard, and the Episcopal residence of the see at Kenwyn will be merely occupied by a Chaplain. The annoyance which Dr. Gott's new arrangement excited in the diocese has been appeased by his insinuation that he is only removing to Trevethron in order that he may have a house large enough to indulge a constant and open-handed hospitality to both Clergy and laity, and he desires to make the place in every way the centre of the Clerical life and Church work in Cornwall. This is all very laudable, and the Cornish people will appreciate the advantage of having a wealthy Bishop at Truro, and one, moreover, who is ready to spend his money. Episcopal hospitality has nearly ceased to exist, and, as a rule, a Clergyman who visits the Palace, in order to have an interview with his diocesan is, indeed, *sent empty away* by his "Father in God." The majority of modern prelates content themselves with giving an occasional garden-party, at which hundreds of guests can be entertained at very small cost. The hospitalities of Lambeth and Fulham have become miserably meagre, and, in all respects, contemptible, under the present tenancy of those palaces.

I hear that during the week which followed the announcement of the death of Prebendary Scrivener the Duke of Portland received some four hundred applications for the living of Hendon, which is worth about £800 a year, with house. Hendon was in the gift of the late Duke of Portland, but on his death the presentation passed to his sister, the Dowager Lady Howard de Walden, with the Middlesex estate.

It is not altogether creditable to the successive Prime Ministers and Lord Chancellors of the last thirty years that Prebendary Scrivener, who obtained world-wide fame as one of the most learned Biblical scholars of the age, should never have received any Crown preferment. Dr. Scrivener's valuable works on the text of the Greek Testament are held in the very highest esteem by experts, and for such a learned divine a deanery or canonry would have been the appropriate place, as he would then have found more leisure for his literary work than was afforded to him in his position as Vicar of a large parish. Dr. Scrivener was presented to the living of Hendon by the late Duke of Portland, on the recommendation of Arch-

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bishop Tait, and the only other preferment which he received was the empty honour of a prebendal stall in Exeter Cathedral, which Bishop Temple gave him.

The Bishop of London is to hold his triennial visitation in St. Paul's Cathedral during the last week of this month.

Dean Pigou has taken a house in Great George-street, Bristol, in the vicinity of the Cathedral, where he will reside until a new deanery has been built. It is expected that the Dean will go into residence at Bristol in the course of next month, and there is likely to be much "Church activity" in the city and neighbourhood during the winter, as Bishop Ellicott is coming from Gloucester to reside at Clifton for three months.

The Cathedral authorities of Worcester have capped the proceedings of the Corporation of Kidderminster, on which I commented last week. On the occasion of the home-coming of Lord Dudley and his bride, not content with a civic demonstration and a presentation in the Town-hall, and with ringing the Cathedral bells all day, the Dean and Chapter actually allowed the Cathedral tower to be illuminated with electricity at night. A correspondent suggests that this may have been done with the view of drawing the youthful Peer towards the Church. I cannot see, however, that this view is very flattering either to the youthful Peer or the Church. The idea of winning the souls of Peers by means of electricity is—to say the least—expensive.

Lord Ripon, who supports two schools upon his estate, has set an admirable example to many ecclesiastical Tories who need it badly, by making it a rule that the rooms shall always be available for the use of meetings of both political parties. At a meeting of the school managers last week, he re-affirmed his intention that this rule should be observed. It is a strange thing that Lord Ripon, who is a party politician, and at the same time has every right to do what he likes with his schools, adopts this course, while all over the country ministers of religion strain every possible point to restrict the use of schools supported by public money to one political party.

The *Church Times* vigorously inveighs against the Bristol Tories, who have afforded "another flagrant instance of the total disregard of the rule of the Church exhibited by some of the members of the political party which claims the support of Churchmen." It seems that "the breach of the Church's order" which has excited the wrath of the Ritualist organ is the Dolphin dinner on Friday next. The members of that society have chosen Friday as the most suitable day because the dinner is always held on November 13, which is the anniversary of the birth of Edward Colston, the great Bristol philanthropist.

Archbishop Maclagan has been warmly eulogised for having brought the clergy of the diocese of Lichfield into a condition of discipline which would have elicited the admiration of Bishop Wilberforce himself. It is therefore decidedly startling to read in the "Lichfield Diocesan Magazine" that on the occasion of the enthronement of Bishop Legge in the Cathedral "the want of reverence on the part of some few of the clergy was so conspicuous as to attract public notice."

The Rev. A. J. P. French, curate of Kelsall, Cheshire, sends me a letter which puts a different complexion upon the correspondence between himself and Mr. Lightfoot, one of his parishioners, referred to in last week's TRUTH. Mr. French states:—

(1) I did not air in the pulpit any views about "the deadly sin of schism." Mr. Thomas Lightfoot's version of my sermon was derived from his daughter, a girl of sixteen.

(2) Mr. Lightfoot never asked me to call on him. I did so of my own accord, and convinced him that he is labouring under a delusion.

He has apologised for publishing our correspondence.

This fairly meets my criticism. Mr. French will, however, see from the fact of his having conveyed this pernicious error to the mind of a girl of sixteen, how necessary it is to exercise extreme care in all pulpit utterances on points of doctrine.

A society has been formed in New York, with a branch in Philadelphia, to promote the suppression of church-bell ringing by law—or at least its regulation by definite legal restrictions. It will not, I trust, be long before this beneficent society has another branch in London. Many pretty things have been said and written about church bells. They may or may not be true, but it is certain that they have only been inspired in the country. Nobody ever wrote or said anything poetical or complimentary about church-bells in large towns, and most of the things that have been written and said on that branch of the subject are quite unfit for publication.

The question why men do not go to church has been debated at some length in the *Times*. I am glad to see from one of the letters that the complaint, repeatedly made in TRUTH, of the need for waiting-rooms and cloak-rooms at places of public worship has not been altogether ineffectual. One cleric, at any rate, has discovered that neither man nor woman can pray in comfort when encumbered with a wet mackintosh, or kneeling in a pool of water deposited by another sinner's umbrella. This is something, but still, only half the seed which I have dropped appears to have fallen on good ground.

Neither the *Times* itself nor any of its correspondents has grasped the great truth which I have again and again enunciated, that the consideration of all others which keeps a self-respecting man away from church is consideration for his hat. If you look at this thing historically, you will find that the falling-off in male attendance at church dates from the introduction of chimney-pot hats. If, on the other hand, you look at the philosophy of the thing, you will see at once that the two phenomena are in the relation of cause and effect. No man can pray collectedly, or lift up his soul in praise, or fix his attention on a learned discourse, with the knowledge upon him that he is making a boot-scraper of his new Lincoln &

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Bennett, or that the lady at his side has just poked her umbrella through it, or that the little boy behind is playing at football with it. Except to the man who can stand a new hat every Monday morning, Divine worship under these conditions becomes a profane mockery. Nor is a cloak-room any remedy for this difficulty. To many minds it will only aggravate the evil. As long as a man sticks to his hat he knows the worst. At any rate, he is secure against losing it. No. What is wanted is a private receptacle for each individual hat, under its owner's eye. Let the Church provide that, and men will go to church as their chimney-pot-less ancestors did—always provided, of course, that they hold the Catholic Faith, and appreciate the importance of public worship.

Yesterday the Dean of Worcester, preaching at St. Jude's, South Kensington, where he retains the stipend for six months, thus alluded to the recent controversy in the *Times* respecting the non-attendance of the masses at church :—

I am thankful to say, my dear friends, that in this church we have no complaint to make on that score, for from the first day on which this church was opened, our Sunday morning congregation has always been as large as the building could possibly contain, except when it has been larger.

The jobbing scheme alluded to in last week's TRUTH for the amalgamation of the benefices of Allhallows and St. Edmund the King, received anything but a favourable reception at the meeting of Canon Rawlinson's parishioners, and in the result a committee was appointed to consider the proposals in detail. It came out in the course of the proceedings that when three years ago Canon Rawlinson was presented to the living, which is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, it was on the understanding that he should do his best to effect an amalgamation of the parish with one of those adjoining it, the law not permitting any steps for this purpose to be taken while the benefice is vacant. In view of this revelation there will be, I should think, a general consensus of opinion in favour of the proposal of the Bishop of London to introduce a Bill which will make definite provisions respecting all future unions of City benefices. Such a Bill ought to be introduced at once, and, pending its discussion, City parishioners should place a summary veto on all schemes promoted by the interested parties.

It is believed at Oxford that Lord Salisbury will appoint either Prebendary Gibson, the well-known Principal of the Wells Theological College, or the Rev. Charles Gore, Principal of Pusey House and editor of "Lux Mundi," to the Regius Chair of Pastoral Theology and Canonry of Christ Church, which Dr. Francis Paget is to vacate at the end of this term.

I wonder that Sydney Smith's essay on "Too much Latin and Greek" has not been quoted during the recent fray at Cambridge, where English met Greeks and were ignominiously worsted. The following observations are worth being recalled to mind :—

The distinguishing abstract term, the epithet of Scholar, is reserved for him who writes on the Æolic reduplication, and is familiar with the Sylburgian method of arranging defectives in ω and μι. The feature of a young Englishman, addicted to the pursuit of knowledge—his *beau idéal* of human nature—his top and consummation of man's powers—is a knowledge of the Greek language. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws for himself are the detection of an anapæst in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Cranzius has passed over, and the never-dying Ernest failed to observe. If a young classic of this kind were to meet the greatest chemist, or the greatest mechanician, or the most profound political economist of his time, in company with the greatest Greek scholar, would the slightest comparison between them ever come across his mind? Would he ever dream that such men as Adam Smith and Lavoisier were equal in dignity of understanding to Bentley and Heyne? We are inclined to think that the feeling excited would be a good deal like that which was expressed by Dr. George about the praises of the great King of Prussia, who entertained considerable doubts whether the King, with all his victories, knew how to conjugate a Greek verb in μι.

This was written eighty years ago, and, since then, scholars outside, and even inside, the Universities have realised that there are branches of human learning as useful as a knowledge of Greek. Still, however, the Grecians are desperately struggling for at least some knowledge of Greek to be essential for a University career. Why? Sydney Smith explains it :—

To almost every Englishman up to the age of three or four and twenty, classical learning has been the great object of existence, and no man is very apt to suspect, or very much pleased to hear, that what he has done for so long a time is not worth doing. A certain sort of vanity, also, very naturally grows among men occupied in a common pursuit. Classical quotations are the watch-words of scholars, by which they distinguish themselves from the ignorant and illiterate ; and Greek and Latin are insensibly becoming almost the only talk of a cultivated mind.

Absurd, however, as is the insistence of the University of Cambridge to allow no scholar to enter its portals without knowing Greek, the rule laid down by Mr. Stanhope that no man is to become an officer in the Army without passing an examination in Latin is still more absurd. In technical knowledge of their profession, and of branches of learning which would be useful to them in their profession, our officers do not, as a rule, compare advantageously with German officers. Mr. Stanhope meets this by promulgating a decree that they must know Latin. And what is his explanation? That Latin is part of the curriculum of public schools, and that he thinks that public-school boys make the best officers. This may or may not be a correct estimate, but why should public-school-masters insist upon making their pupils fool away their time in learning what can be of no use to them in the profession into which so many aspire to enter? I wonder that the University Dons did not answer the Head-masters' protest against Greek by pointing out to them that they are so wedded to Latin themselves that (having found a pliant Secretary of War) our officers are crammed with Latin to the exclusion of military knowledge, because the public schools still insist that without Latin there is no wisdom.

In the interests of truth and historical accuracy, it seems to me a matter for regret that the Prince of Wales was not better informed respecting the recent history of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, before he delivered last Friday his panegyric upon the treasurer. Sir Sydney Waterlow, as I have freely confessed, deserves whatever credit is due to the treasurer of a public charity, who, having a surplus revenue at his disposal, diverts it from charitable uses to the formation of a miser's hoard of useless wealth.

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But even the merit of that achievement is discounted by the fact that at the same time, for want of a few thousand pounds' expenditure, evils have been allowed to develop of such magnitude as to impair the whole efficiency of the institution. It is something for a hospital to show an income of over £18,000 a year in excess of its working expenses, and £150,000 of stock in addition to rents sufficient to cover all outgoings. But it is something very different for a hospital in this position to have had (after a deadly outbreak of infectious disease) its whole interior sanitary arrangement unsparingly denounced by a Government officer, and its whole system of subterranean drainage condemned by the local sanitary authorities.

Even when the Prince of Wales was speaking, it is a fact that one block of the hospital buildings, containing eight wards, had been standing empty for five months, without any other steps being taken, in order that the cost of reconstructing its drainage, instead of being met out of the past accumulations of surplus revenue, might be defrayed by curtailing current expenses to this extent. Thus, in order to perpetuate the pernicious policy of hoarding, the sick poor within reach of the hospital have been deprived of the use of over one hundred beds for fully six times the period which the execution of the necessary work would have required.

This is an old story. A new one, imputing almost incredible negligence to some one of the Medical Staff at St. Bartholomew's, was told at the Guildhall Police-court last Wednesday. The narrator was a man named Trigg, who, was under examination on a charge of attempting to commit suicide, and his story was so extraordinary that I had better give it in his own words :—

He had been attending St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he had been treated for his eyes, which had occasioned him much suffering. One of the doctors who attended him had treated him very improperly. Some weeks ago he was given a lotion to bathe his eyes and some medicine to take. On reaching home he bathed his eyes, but no sooner had he done so than his eyes became all bloodshot and intensely painful, and all the skin on his face, where the lotion had touched it, was burnt off. He took a dose or two of the medicine, but it seemed to send him out of his mind, and he fell into the arms of a friend. He discontinued that treatment, and went to the hospital again. A different doctor on this occasion saw him, and asked him what he had been doing to himself. He explained, and produced a book given to him at the hospital, containing the name of the doctor who had previously attended to him, and the prescriptions. On the second doctor reading it he replied, "They have been trying to kill this man." The other doctor having been consulted, a fresh prescription was given to him, and some ointment for his face.

This amazing statement appears to have elicited no comment from the presiding Alderman, Sir Reginald Hanson, or any one else in court. For the credit of every medical man connected with St. Bartholomew's, it demands immediate notice, and the only notice that will save the credit of the hospital is—not an off-hand denial of the kind with which the public is too familiar—but a clear and convincing refutation, founded on a thorough investigation of Trigg's statements, by some one not interested in the result.

I have received £2 from "Fusilier" to be forwarded to the Sisters of Nazareth House.

BOURNEMOUTH.—ROYAL BATH HOTEL. The only hotel on the East Cliff. Grounds of Five Acres. 1,000 feet sea-frontage. South aspect. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited.

Last week I was told at the Horse Guards, and repeated the statement in TRUTH, that on the occasion of the recent "incident" at Windsor in connection with the throwing of the Guards' rations out of window, the Corporals, with one exception, were not put under arrest, but were confined to barracks. Upon that the following letter is addressed to me by an ex-Commanding Officer. I can only say in reply to it that I have been to Whitehall, and have obtained my information from the military fountain-head. It is not for me to decide between these high conflicting parties; but I should very much like to know whether (1) my present correspondent, ex-C.O. though he be, is at fault about the Regulations; or (2) whether the Commanding Officer at Windsor was equally at fault; or (3) whether the very fountain-head of military information is itself tainted?—

Junior United Service Club, London, S.W.,
November 4, 1891.

SIR,—Allow me to inform you that Non-Commissioned Officers cannot be subjected to a minor punishment such as confinement to barracks. Your information, therefore, must either be untrustworthy or the Officer commanding the Grenadier Guards grossly ignorant of his duties in confining the Corporals of No. 1 Company of that corps to barracks.—Yours faithfully,

EX-COMMANDING OFFICER.

I have the best reasons for entirely discrediting the persistently-circulated report that the Duke of Connaught is to succeed Sir Frederick Roberts as Commander-in-Chief in India. Such an appointment would be very unpopular, as it would be universally regarded as a job of the most gross and stupid kind, but it has never been seriously contemplated. Sir Frederick Roberts will be succeeded by either Lord Wolseley or Sir Evelyn Wood, and the selection of the latter officer would be generally approved.

The following statement has been sent to me respecting a line regiment now abroad. I give it as it reaches me, because it has special public interest, as showing the shifts and dodges to which the military authorities are reduced in order to induce men to re-engage for service with the colours. In both these cases pressure has evidently been used to induce men to prolong their service, and in both cases it is unjust, if not illegal pressure :—

A Lance-Corporal in a regiment under orders for India early in the next relief season, having nearly reached his turn on the roster for full Corporal, has just been told that he cannot get the promotion which is his due unless he extends his service with the colours. Consequently, this Lance-Corporal, who has held his present rank for two years, will, with others, on the 1st Battalion moving to India, be drafted to the 2nd Battalion at home to finish his service. The result is that he will lose his seniority and turn for pay by being placed on the roster of the 2nd Battalion as junior to all the N.C.O's there. Again, there are in the same battalion three Lance-Corporals who have been doing duty as effectives for over seventeen months, without receiving one farthing pay for the same. These men, being fully qualified for the rank of full Corporal, have also been passed over for the sole reason that they would not extend their service. Although the pay for effective rank as Lance-Corporal is not much, it is too much for a soldier to lose, and it is, in my opinion, bad policy on the part of those in authority to check men thus instead of encouraging them. It is a positive injury to these four N.C.O.'s, as they will probably all become entitled to the effective rank of full Corporal before leaving the service; but, having received no pay for effective rank, either as Lance or full Corporal, whilst serving with the colours, they will, in the event of their being called up for active service or otherwise, have to start again at the bottom of the ladder as juniors.

WINTER SEASON, 1891.—How can last year's Sealskin Jacket be made to do duty as a fashionable garment for the Winter, 1891? Take it to The International Fur Store, either 163 or 198, Regent-street, where special attention is given to remodelling these most useful garments. Perfect fit, great attention, and moderate charges may be relied upon. The only addresses of The International Fur Store are 163 and 198, Regent-street, London, W.

The following narrative comes from Rawul Pindi. A Colour-Sergeant in a certain regiment was drunk and very quarrelsome at mess. He struck a Sergeant, and was ordered to be placed under arrest. He then drew a revolver and fired three rounds at the Colour-Sergeant and men who approached him, and then beat a man, who seized him, on the head with the butt end. He was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be reduced to the ranks; but even this mild sentence was subsequently quashed. On the same day, a private, for threatening to throw a stone at a Sergeant, was sentenced to six months' hard labour. Had these two sentences come from a bench of unpaid Justices, one would attribute the disparity to mere stupidity. In the case of a court-martial it looks as if there must be worse motives at work.

When the last troopship left Ceylon, there were, I am told, many men left behind wanting only one or two days to complete their period of colour service. These men may not get another chance of returning to England for many weeks; and it may often happen in such cases that men are thus detained for months after their legal period of service has expired, strict orders being given to Commanding Officers not to return any for passages whose colour service will not have expired by the date of the departure of the troopship. I would respectfully ask Mr. Stanhope how such a proceeding can be justified? The Government can have no possible right to detain men abroad after their agreed term of service has expired, and each ship ought, therefore, to bring away all the men whose service would expire before the departure of the next.

There is a certain portion of the Upper Rock at Gibraltar, known, I believe, as the Signal Station, to which soldiers and sailors in uniform are admitted, together with their wives and families, but no one else. Why I should be expected to exercise any jurisdiction or influence over the sacred spot I do not know; but a respected citizen of Gibraltar has appealed to me to secure for him and other civilian subjects of the Queen the privilege accorded to soldiers and sailors. He says that the average Gibraltar citizen is quite as respectable as any soldier or sailor, and his wife far more respectable than a considerable number of soldiers' and sailors' wives on "the Rock." This aspect of the matter has perhaps escaped the attention of the military authorities.

Apropos to the growling of the Medical Staff in India, a combatant officer sends me an anecdote designed, I take it, to prove that the surgeons have no claim to anybody's sympathies. My correspondent having been taken suddenly ill, and desiring the surgeon to come and place him on the sick-list—he is careful to explain that he would on no account have allowed the medico to doctor him—sent a verbal message, which ultimately reached the surgeon through the Colour-Sergeant. The surgeon answered that he could not attend to a verbal message, and was as good as his word. "Imagine," says my correspondent, "an Army surgeon refusing to attend to the wounded on the battle-field until they had applied to him in writing!" This is all very well, but one black sheep does not make a black flock. Besides which, the Medical Staff may possibly retort that if you require attention and consideration, you must pay for them.

With reference to the jobbing of Indian cadetships, an Indian Cavalry officer writes to me, pointing out the peculiar fatuity of this course, if, as the jobbing politicians would be the first to maintain, we are within measurable distance of a war with Russia on the Indian frontier. My correspondent remarks:—

> The very men who hold this view are content that the Native army should be officered by gentlemen, fifteen out of every twenty of whom do not come within measurable distance of the by no means high educational standard required of their comrades in the British Service. Of all grotesque ways of rewarding our highly-paid Indian officials, there could surely be found none more absurd than that of allowing their sons to enter the Army practically without any education whatever. Many think India is not too well served by the fathers; but that she should be condemned to a continuous course of lazy and dull-witted sons to follow, is hard indeed.

A correspondent thinks that some of my military readers may be able to explain the following anomaly. Perhaps they can, but my experience is that anomalies of this kind—and official regulations are full of them—are beyond the wit of man to explain:—

> The "lodging allowance" of a regimental Captain in the Army is 2s. 3d. per diem. That for a Warrant Officer is 1s. 6d. Assuming that these rates are reasonable, is it not strange that the respective rates of "fuel and light allowance" for the same officers should be 4½d. and 9d.? One would expect that the Captain would have the 9d. and the Warrant Officer the 4½d. if the "lodging allowance" is intended, as presumably it is, to bear some relation to the outlay of the officer on house rent. But the exact reverse is the case.

The value of an "official inquiry" as a means of eliciting any information which may not be agreeable to the official mind is conspicuously illustrated by the history of the *Plucky* affair at Plymouth. It is a matter of perfect certainty that the accident which occurred the other day has been within an ace of occurring over and over again before; in fact, I should imagine as often as "target practice" has been conducted. The fishermen, who are the parties most interested, desire to adduce evidence to prove this. At the very outset, however, the Admiralty authorities rule that no evidence except as to what took place on this occasion will be admissible. What is this but to say that it is not desired to obtain the whole truth, but only a part of the truth? In such circumstances, the fishermen did perfectly right to withdraw from an inquiry which at the best could only have been an empty farce.

Here is a sample of many letters which I have received from Plymouth and the neighbourhood on this question:—

> It has been a matter of much surprise to me and most other Plymouth people that fatal accidents have not been numerous, owing to the wanton carelessness shown in gun practice outside the Breakwater at Plymouth. A gunboat steams rapidly out from Devonport, and no sooner has it arrived at a suitable distance outside the Breakwater than, without any warning, it immediately opens fire. The first intimation people quietly fishing outside get of any target practice is the sound of a shot whistling by, and there can be few, if any, people in the habit of fishing outside the Breakwater who have not at some time or other been so disturbed.
>
> For any use the small red flag flying is, it might just as well be carried in the Commander's pocket. It cannot be seen with the eye at a short distance—and scarcely can the boat, if the sea is at all lumpy.

B

Another correspondent gives me an account of the way in which many years ago firing from the Citadel at Plymouth was stopped. After many narrow escapes, a man was killed by a shot. A Coroner's jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter against Major-General Hutchinson, then commanding the Western District. The Grand Jury at Exeter Assizes, as was to be expected, threw out the Bill, but the object of the verdict was attained. The firing was stopped. There seems, unfortunately, no possibility of a Coroner's jury being able to deal with the present case, owing to neither of the bodies of the men killed having been recovered, otherwise I have no doubt that a similar verdict against the Port-Admiral would be equally effectual in this instance. But why, I would ask, are no proceedings initiated for manslaughter? What difficulty would there be in laying an information for that purpose? Were this course taken, there can be no doubt that, owing to the official practice of shifting the responsibility from one pair of shoulders to another, we should eventually see Lord George Hamilton in the dock.

Very few and very trifling are the changes which have been ordered by the Naval Uniform Committee; but this astonishing moderation is, I hear, really due to the interference of the Queen, who refused to assent to most of the recommendations, as she sensibly considered that to carry them out would involve the officers in heavy and very inconvenient expenses.

An examination is to be held next week for boys nominated for assistant clerkships in the Navy. At this examination three out of seven specified subjects have to be offered. These are the subjects, with the maximum marks for each :—

Latin	200
French	150
German	150
Electricity	150
Mathematics	200
Drawing...	150
Shorthand	150

Can anything exceed the fatuous imbecility of ranking Latin side by side with mathematics in the education of a naval clerk, and giving to this dead language 33 per cent. more value than to French or German? No wonder, as "A Father" remarks in a letter to me on the subject, that when the French officers were at Spithead no English officers could be found to discourse with them in their own language.

A naval officer, in the course of some remarks upon the *Britannia*, says :—

> In my last ship our torpedo gunner—a very clever and hard-working warrant officer—appealed for justice to the commander of the ship in a matter connected with his duties, in which he felt aggrieved, owing to the tyrannical conduct of the First Lieutenant. The answer he received was, "You shall smart for this." This was followed by a long string of memoranda for him to answer, evidently designed simply to annoy him. Finally, the gunner said, somewhat hastily, to the commander :—"If might is right, I must yield," or something to that effect, the result of which was that an entry was made against him in the ship's log for disrespect. That was all he got by his appeal.

This sort of treatment my correspondent attributes to the influence of *Britannia* training, which is precisely what I have said all along.

Under the heading "Rule Britannia at the Antipodes," I called attention in TRUTH of July 16 last to certain statements published in the *Sunday Times* of Sydney, and imputing serious abuses of authority to the commander or some other officer of H.M.S. *Ringdove*. I was careful to explain that I had no knowledge of the facts, and only referred to the charges made as calling for public denial or explanation; and I added that it would give me pleasure either to contradict the story or to give the correct version, if I could do so on good authority. I have been somewhat surprised that this challenge passed so long unnoticed, but this is explained by the absence of the *Ringdove* on a cruise in the Solomon Islands. I have now received from an authoritative source an unqualified denial of the allegations, which are characterised as "a tissue of impudent falsehoods." The charges were openly made by a member of an Australian Legislature, and the complaint was that, owing to a conflict of jurisdiction, whilst the Australians paid for their Navy, they could not investigate whether any serious abuse of authority had taken place on the part of an officer of that Navy.

A reader calls my attention to an advertisement offering "Pin-fire revolvers, 5s. 6d., and ·450 bore, 12s. 6d.," and asks me whether nothing can be done to stop the unrestricted sale of these dangerous toys, which are more likely than not, when sold at such a price, to fall into the hands of children. I was under the impression that the Inland Revenue authorities had lately been endeavouring to enforce the payment of the gun tax on persons carrying revolvers. But that is only a trifling protection at best. My opinion is that the sale of dangerous weapons ought to be placed under restrictions of a similar kind as the sale of poisons, and that the tax should be collected through the seller.

An anonymous correspondent writes to suggest that, as a matter of humanity, I ought to start a hospital or asylum for exposed swindlers. It seems to me that I cannot do a greater kindness to that class than leave them to develop the idea. A "Home for Broken-down Philanthropists," with a committee including Austin, Bradshaw, and Reuben May, W. J. Morgan for Curator, and, of course, Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart., for Chairman, ought to attract some public sympathy.

The same correspondent to whom I am indebted for this suggestion thinks that, in view of the inevitable exhaustion of the supply of swindlers, I should also do well to establish a training college, where young men of ability could be educated for this lucrative—and in most cases honourable—profession. I hasten to re-assure my correspondent. At one time I used myself to feel apprehensions about the possible failure of the output of rascals; but, on going into the matter carefully, I came to the conclusion that the supply is practically inexhaustible. Experience justifies this opinion. I may say that the crop of raw material has gone on steadily increasing, until I have now far more on hand than I can possibly deal with. My theory is that the supply of knaves is regulated by the supply of fools, and I suppose no one in his senses expects that *that* will ever be exhausted.

A story is being told in the Law Courts which, if not true, is *ben trovato*. A Judge, it would seem, wrote to a dispenser of legal patronage to protest against his appointments. The dispenser replied, "My dear ——, who is your man, and what does he want?"

It is stated by a contemporary that "the case involving Lord Barnard's claim to assume that title" is shortly coming before the House of Lords, and, if he fails to prove it, "he will forfeit his right to the possession of Raby Castle and £60,000 a year." This is a farrago of blundering nonsense. Lord Barnard's "claim" is indisputable, and is not contested by anybody. The investigation into his pedigree by the Attorney-General is a mere formality, and there is no question of his forfeiting any property whatever. The "case" is not coming before the House of Lords, as Lord Barnard's descent from the first holder of that title (which dates from 1699) is perfectly clear.

The Reekie Linn right-of-way case, which has been exciting a great commotion in Forfarshire and Perthshire, has been withdrawn from the Court of Session, as Mr. Nichol, of Craigislay, has agreed that the grounds which he had attempted to close shall be open to the public as formerly.

A barrister tells me, though the point seems to have escaped the newspaper reporters, that Mr. Justice Butt last week decided that counsel are entitled to "refreshers" after having done a day of five hours' work. I trust that this decision will soon be adopted in the Queen's Bench Division, where "refreshers" have been disallowed on taxation after fully five hours' work, with the result that the successful litigant—*experto crede*—has had to pay his counsel out of his own pocket. I do not altogether understand Sir Charles Butt's five hours' rule, unless five hours is henceforth to be regarded as the legal day. When a barrister is paid his fee on the brief he ought to be considered as booked for a whole day, and he ought not to have, either by law or etiquette, the right to ask for more until he has done a day's work—which I would fix at six hours, at the least—whether all in one day, or distributed over two or three.

His Honour Judge Abdy was trying a horse dispute at Colchester, the other day, and it appeared from the plaintiff's evidence that when he had applied to the defendant for payment, the latter told him to "go to Hell." Upon this the learned Judge remarked:—

I suppose the journey was too long (laughter). We have no express trains down there and back (laughter).

Later on, the defendant's solicitor admitted that his client had told his creditor "to go to Hades," whereupon this edifying dialogue ensued:—

His Honour: "Go to Hades!" That is a classical term. If you look at the modern translation you will find that h—— is not a word that appears in the old Greek.—Mr. Jones added that at all events the plaintiff had waited from then till now before going where the defendant told him to go.—His Honour: It was a long journey (laughter).—Mr. Jones: Perhaps he had some doubt about having a return ticket (laughter). His Honour: That depends upon the Company (laughter).

I have never yet discovered the significance or use of the judicial wig, but I think that if some of our Judges were to assume in its place a cap and bells, the most captious critic would find nothing to cavil at.

Two Manchester Magistrates, Messrs. W. O. Pooley and Roberts, gave an astounding decision in a case heard last week at the City Police-court. Some men who are on strike in the Openshaw district marched through the streets in procession, and as they passed one point a woman named Allen waved her handkerchief and shouted, "Stick up for your colours, boys!" Thereupon the police summoned Mrs. Allen under a local Act for using "offensive, insulting, or threatening behaviour," by which a breach of the peace might be occasioned. What she did and said was intended, of course, as an encouragement to the strikers, and there was not the slightest evidence to show that any one else regarded her conduct as offensive, insulting, or threatening. Nevertheless, the woman was fined one guinea and costs. I fancy Messrs. Pooley and Roberts, in acting as English J.P.'s, have mistaken their true vocation. They would have been perfect treasures to Mr. Balfour as Irish "Removables."

It is high time that some vigorous steps were taken to protect little children against the blundering stupidity of the unpaid Magistracy. Three infatuated noodles named Kerr, Thomas, and Colchester-Wemyss, sitting in petty sessions at Littledean in Gloucestershire the other day, sent a youngster of eight to gaol for a week for stealing a farthing from a schoolfellow. Surely this is a case, if ever there was one, in which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should have power to interfere.

As the law stands now, a person may steal my watch, sell it in "market overt"—*i.e.*, in a shop on the ground-floor, and I become divested of all property in my watch. An eminent light of the law once told me how to meet this condition of things. He had lost his watch, and he saw it in the window front of a pawnbroker. Entering the shop, he asked to look at the watch. It was placed in his hands, from which he transferred it to his pocket. When the pawnbroker objected, he gave his name, called in a policeman from outside who knew him, to certify to his identity, and told the pawnbroker that he must bring an action, and prove his title to the watch, if he wanted to repossess himself of it—possession being in these cases nine points of the law.

The following letter is from Mr. Browne, the director of the Midland and South-Western Junction Railway, whose evidence at the inquest upon the guard, Choules, was the subject of remark in last week's TRUTH. Mr. Browne may, as he says, regret as much as anybody the length of time for which Choules was on duty; but if that be so, he took the most extraordinary means of expressing his regret. He unequivocally attributed Choules's death to his own "recklessness," he gave his opinion that the man was not

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overworked to a dangerous degree, and his remarks have been universally interpreted as a defence of the Company in keeping this man on duty for 22½ hours at a stretch. Even now, when insisting upon his "regret," Mr. Browne qualifies the overworking of Choules as "unavoidable." I can only repeat what I said last week, that if railways cannot avoid of their own accord working their men 22½ hours per diem—Choules's, be it remembered, was no exceptional case—then they will have to be compelled to do so by force of law. It will cease to be "unavoidable" then:—

The Cottage, Chiseldon, Swindon,
November 8, 1891.

SIR,—In your paragraph on the fatal accident to James Choules, the employé on the Midland and South-Western Junction Railway who was unfortunately killed at Weyhill on the 16th ult., I am reported by you to have said, "He had waited for an hour at one station during the day, and was not actively engaged." What I did say was, "He had waited during that day four hours and five minutes, during which time he was not actively engaged."

No one regrets more than I do the unavoidable length of time he was on duty.—Yours truly,

W. E. NICOLSON BROWNE.

The Rev. Samuel Cotton, of Carogh Orphanage, has written me a letter indicating the nature of his defence to the charges on which he stands committed for trial—namely, that the fault, whatever it was, rested upon his matron or manager. As, however, this much has already appeared in the reports of the proceedings, and as Mr. Cotton admits that my remarks upon his case last week were "fair," I do not see any necessity for publishing his letter. His defence will be heard in due course by a jury, and then the public will know what to think.

Although I have heard nothing from any representative of the Girls' Friendly Society in reference to my observations in TRUTH of October 29, I have received several letters from ladies who have had personal experience of the visiting of their servants by "associates." All, I need hardly say, disapprove of the practice. One lady tells me that a "Friendly" girl who was in her service for several years was visited at two different places at which the family resided during that time, and each time without any application for the mistress's permission. I hope, therefore, that the official belief that "this is never done" is now exploded.

Particulars have been sent to me of a peculiarly impudent "ranching" swindle. Two gentlemen, one a J.P. at Aberdeen and the other a doctor at Cork, paid a heavy premium to a rancher from Alberta, Canada, who was to take three lads back with him as "pupils," and board and lodge them for a year. The rancher gave a glowing account of the resources of his property, and obtained credence on the strength of "his connection with a well-known family in Aberdeenshire." But it turned out that his statements were either false or grossly exaggerated in every material particular, and after a short sojourn the three lads found that their only chance of learning anything was to leave their "tutor," and obtain work on a genuine farm. This was, of course, precisely what the lads ought to have done in the first instance, as the Aberdeen J.P. and the Cork doctor would have known, had they read the advice which has been so frequently given on this point in TRUTH.

Attention has very properly been directed in some of the London and provincial papers to the persecution to which Mr. Avon, the Board Schoolmaster at Hersham, has been subjected by the clerical party in the district. Mr. Avon is a Nonconformist, and, apparently for this reason only, he has been thrice summoned at the instance of the Church party for assaults on the children. In two of these cases the allegations were of the most flimsy character, while in the third there was an overwhelming preponderance of evidence in favour of the defendant. In each case, however, the Kingston Magistrates have convicted and heavily fined Mr. Avon, warning him on the third conviction that on the next occasion he would be sent to prison. The animus which has prompted these prosecutions, and, for the matter of that, the convictions also, is notorious in the neighbourhood, where sympathy with Mr. Avon is strong enough to have raised a subscription, which has covered two of the penalties. Such things, however, will continue to go on as long as education in the village and justice at the Sessions are dominated by class and sectarian influences.

Notwithstanding the outcry during the last year or two respecting the abuses of the Surveyors' Branch in the Post Office, no attempt of any kind appears to have been made to reform this department. It will be, I think, the first duty of the next Radical Postmaster-General to sweep away the surveyors, root and branch. Only a month or so back, I was favoured with an interesting return, showing the number of surveyors who had been spending a month or so at attractive sea-side resorts within their districts, and all the while drawing the usual guinea a day allowed to them while actively engaged in the discharge of their onerous duties. Here, again, is an extract from a recent letter, which shows that handsome "perquisites" are still being netted out of the £60 a year allowed for clerks' accommodation:—

In one district the surveyor now lives in a house at £46 a year He accommodates his clerks in a whitewashed room at the top of this house. Thus he pays his own rent, rates, and taxes out of the official allowance for his clerks. Another surveyor rents a room of the size and character of a cock-loft, at £15 a year. The only furniture in it consists of a few dirty kitchen-tables and some rickety chairs. In this apartment seven officials, for whose accommodation the country pays £60 a year, are condemned to do their daily work.

The announcement that Mr. Charles D. Lang has been appointed Controller of the Savings Bank Department, in place of Mr. E. Compton, who "has found it necessary to retire in consequence of ill-health," covers a piece of flagitious jobbery. Mr. Lang's original introduction to the Savings Bank Department was not altogether unconnected with his services as a leading party wire-puller at Greenwich; and, so far as I can learn, he has done nothing during his connection with the Department to earn a better title than that to the promotion which he now receives. Mr. E.

COSY CORNERS! COSY CORNERS!—At Holroyd Barker's you can get a really comfortable corner divan, upholstered in cretonne, to fit any corner, for 75s.—Address is 488, Oxford-st., near Portman-st., W.

SEALSKIN JACKETS carefully re-dyed and re-made to the latest Fashions for 1891. Perfect fit guaranteed at moderate charges by BACK & Co., Practical Manufacturing Furriers, 241, Regent-street, London, W. Established 60 years.

Compton's "ill-health" appears to be a mere official fiction. I understand that he was long since selected to be offered up at the shrine of Mr. Raikes and Sir Algernon Turnor as an expiatory sacrifice for the mutiny among the Savings Bank clerks. Should the appointment of his successor provoke a further mutiny, I do not know who could feel surprised. Mr. Lang has been shamelessly jobbed over the heads of a large number of public servants, some of whom have earned a right to this place by twenty-five or thirty years' exemplary service, and a proceeding better calculated to breed demoralisation and discontent throughout a whole Department can hardly be conceived.

A letter posted at Eastbourne on a Sunday is not delivered at Birchington, in the adjoining county, till the next Tuesday morning. On remonstrating with St. Martin's-le-Grand, the addressee is informed that the letter reached Westgate in the ordinary course on Monday evening, but was not delivered till the following morning, as there is no evening delivery at the addressee's residence. If this gentleman will refer to a recent number of TRUTH, he will see that if his locality will provide itself with a clergyman or an M.P., or can even get a letter addressed to it from a Cabinet Minister's agent, an extra delivery will probably be put on. Even then, however, he may possibly not feel that, after taking twenty-four hours to carry a letter some forty miles, the Post Office has done all that it might for him.

The Vestry of Marylebone are sending out on their demand notes for rates the request "Can you spare a dispensary subscription?" This strikes me as a most indefensible proceeding, from every point of view. To begin with, it is not likely to do much good to the dispensary. A man does not generally feel in a very charitable mood when confronted with a demand for rates, and I should not think that one ratepayer in a hundred would supplement the amount of his legal obligations by a voluntary payment on his own account. The more serious objection, however, is to the rate-collecting machinery being used to obtain money for other than rate-supported objects. Where is this process to stop? We shall be asked next by the collector if we can spare a subscription to the cricket club, or to present a testimonial to the chairman of the Vestry.

I see in the *East Anglian Daily Times* that five members of the Felixstowe local board, with their surveyor, have started (I presume at the expense of the ratepayers) upon a sewer-inspecting expedition. They are to visit the sewers of Eastbourne, Winchester, Southampton, Reading, and Henley-on-Thames, and when they get home they are to settle what species of sewer will be best for Felixstowe, which at present is sweet and healthy and sewerless. Well, of course, it is very natural that the village of Felixstowe should want to have sewers. Every village nowadays is wild to have sewers, just as every hobbledehoy is wild to shave. Sewers are the mania of the day All doctors approve of them, and to a great extent live by them. Still, a plain (if unscientific) man is entitled to his opinion, and, having, I think, visited most of the towns in Great Britain and Ireland, both before they had sewers and since, my advice to any place which wants to have sewers is "Wait a bit."

Of course, I know there are certain obvious advantages in having sewers. Sewers enable (with the assistance of the Local Government Board) money to be borrowed, rates to be levied, money to be spent in salaries, and so on; still, I say, "Wait a bit." The sewage question is still in its infancy. All men's minds are turned to it. In a few years more it is to be hoped that a rational system will have been discovered and probably be made compulsory over the whole kingdom.

Up to the present time the only satisfactory system that has been devised by the art of man is the primitive system of the cart and the cesspool. If the cesspool is properly constructed, and if the cart calls often enough and at proper times, no more perfect system of sewerage has as yet been compassed by the limited (but, happily, constantly progressive) genius of man.

The one danger of this system is that it may pollute drinking-wells, but if the place in question does not get its drinking-water from wells, but from some independent source, then there is no danger whatever. Of course, there are various other ways of dealing with sewage, more scientific and more expensive. You may throw it into the sea, and poison the coast. You may cast it into your river, if you have one, and ruin your river. You may start a sewage farm, and defile the whole country-side for miles in every direction. These various plans have the advantage of causing a good deal of money to be spent, and, furthermore, give the inhabitants the opportunity of catching all the fashionable diseases. But I know of no other advantage. On the contrary, I know of a great many places which were sweet and pleasant before they had sewers, and which are anything but sweet and pleasant now.

Take the town of Ipswich, for example, quite close to Felixstowe. I would advise the Felixstowe explorers, on their return from their distant expedition, to take a look (perhaps I should say a sniff) at Ipswich. A few years ago the worst that any one could object to in Ipswich was a smell of boot leather and a flavour (bouquet, I believe, is the right word) of Mr. Jesse Collings. Nowadays, Ipswich is about the foulest-smelling place I know. Every street-corner reeks with sewage, and as for the river opposite Freston Tower I doubt if you'll find fouler water even in the lower reaches of the Thames and much the same may be said of most other places where sewers and science have been let loose upon the inhabitants.

A correspondent from Ennismore-gardens writes:—

Why are the barriers between Ennismore-gardens and Prince's-gardens not to be removed? Lord Listowel has no objection, and all of us, with one single exception, want them to be taken away.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.—Patterns are now ready and will be sent post-free of these new and fashionable Cards for Christmas (specially printed). A most complete collection, comprising many striking novelties.—PARKINS & GOTTO, Court Stationers, Oxford-st., London.

I really have no patience with the crew of æsthetical meddlers who are engaged in a crusade to hinder any except rich people going to the Lake country, and who seem now anxious that even those who do manage to get there shall lose their way. The latest exploit of these dogs-in-the-manger has been to send to the Cumberland County Council a protest against signposts in the Lake district. I have never yet seen a landscape which was not improved by a railroad, and I have never yet been in a rural district without wishing that the sign-posts were more plentiful. Take, for instance, the Tyrol. Is any one prepared to assert that the beautiful valley between Innsprück and Feldkirch has been spoilt by the railroad that has been constructed through it? The Poet Laureate and a herd of Royal Academicians have signed this protest, and they were equally against a railroad which was to penetrate into the Lake district. When the latter was to be made, they urged that it was more in accordance with the fitness of mountains that people should walk or drive in carriages in their vicinity. Now, it would seem that any one who has not money enough to hire a carriage is to wander up hill and down dale in vain attempts to reach his destination. Was there ever such selfish nonsense? Give me, I say, a railroad to get to a mountain, a railroad to get up a mountain, and a railroad to get away from a mountain when I have had enough of it. Trippers, they say, would go to the Lake district. And why should not trippers go? Probably they can enjoy the scenery just as much as Royal Academicians; more so, in fact, for they are not every moment thinking which spot might with advantage be transferred to canvas, to be plastered up on the line in the Royal Academy, and then put away in the dining-room of some Manchester millionaire, who, unlike Mahomet, insists on the mountain going to him, instead of his going to the mountain.

A bazaar in aid of the organ fund of North Parish Church has just taken place at Aberdeen, one of the attractions being a "Highland Scene," with a colossal pictorial background, representing the "Lion's Face." In the first instance this scene was designed to pictorially illustrate the right-of-way dispute at this historic spot, and the artist, acting on his instructions, introduced the broken fences and the disputants on either side. At the last minute, however, he received instructions to eliminate all these controversial incidents. The fences and the figures were accordingly painted out, and when the picture was exhibited, the path was hidden by shrubs, &c., in the foreground. This change synchronised, strange to tell, with the receipt of a subscription to the fund from the factor of Invercauld.

The following advertisement shows how the great servant-girl question is working itself out:—

Would Two Ladies, sisters or friends, care to come to small family, in Shortlands, Kent, in capacities of Cook and House-Parlourmaid; services required at once.—Apply, Knockwood, Shortlands, Kent.

The Nice correspondent of the *Times* seems for the nonce to have given up chronicling all the mythical Monte Carlo suicides that are inserted in those journals of the Riviera which are not subsidised by the Bank, and to be now hoodwinked by Mr. Wells in respect to an infallible system by means of which that gentleman has won considerable sums. Mr. Wells declines to explain this system, but it need scarcely be said that any one who sees him play might learn it. He plays, acccording to the Nice correspondent, eleven hours *per diem*, and his stakes range from 6,000 f. to 24,000 f. To meet the *refait* of the Bank, he insures all his stakes against the *refait* by the payment of 1 per cent. on their amount. There are a minimum of fifty coups played each hour, and consequently 720 in eleven hours. If the amounts staked vary from 6,000 f. to 24,000 f., the average staked on each coup would be 15,000 f. Mr. Wells, therefore, stakes in the day 10,800,000 f. One per cent. on this would be 108,000 f. An infallible system to make an even chance more or less than an even chance is a contradiction in terms. Each day that Mr. Wells, therefore, plays, he pays 108,000 f. for the privilege of sitting down at a table either to win or to lose, as luck may decide. Of course, if he plays only a few days, luck may be so much in his favour that he may win each day more than the 108,000 f. which he pays his adversary as a preliminary to the privilege of risking his money; but he has only to play for a considerable number of days for all his capital to be absorbed by the insurance. If he were to play for forty days, whether consecutively or at intervals, he would have to pay in insurance 4,320,000 f., or £172,800. He has, it would appear, invested his winnings in the shares of the bank; I should have a prejudice myself against this sort of investment; but, apart from this, I should be encouraged to make a like investment were I convinced that Mr. Wells, instead of resting satisfied with his good luck, contemplates continuing to play his "infallible system," which, practically, is tantamount to playing at pitch and toss on the understanding that he is to be paid when he wins less than he has to pay when he loses.

The following is an interesting letter from a gentleman who has just returned from visiting South Africa and Madagascar. As he went solely to see the country, and not to pick up mines or in any other way to enrich himself, his statements may be taken as correct.

Dear Sir,—As I have just returned from the Transvaal, I venture to confirm your view of Mashonaland. The pioneer police did not even get medicines, and would have died in greater numbers had it not been for the kindness and care of the natives, to whom money was of no use. Fort Salisbury is healthy, but the country is not always so generally; there are regular fever-belts, and not much is known of it. By this time there are probably some 3,000 Europeans (some Dutch) up country, and, comparatively speaking, plenty of stores. Colonel Pennefather is highly spoken of by his men, who do not, however, seem to appreciate Sir John Willoughby, and there are very conflicting accounts about his conduct to the Portuguese. Lobengula has not been well treated, and we must always bear in mind he has 35,000 fighting Matabele, who could with ease mop up the dispersed explorers.

Madagascar remains in about the same condition. The French are disliked, and apparently cannot enforce their pretence of a protectorate. There are no roads—nothing but narrow tracks—and the Malagasy say forest and fever are their generals. Sixty-seven per cent. of trade is British, and nearly the remainder Yankee; one German house. No Frenchman—and there are very few—thrives who does not draw Government pay. The Prime Minister openly says:—"It may be interesting to France that England and Germany acknowledge her claim to a protectorate, but this has no bearing on an unconquered people." (It would take 1,200 to 1,400 men to conquer the island, and then France could never make it pay.) If mining or other interests could be developed by

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Europeans, such realities would probably cause her shadowy pretensions to pale.

Unfortunately, the Hova Government, though hating the French, is too grasping, and wants 55 per cent. on all gains. There has been a great bother about some miners whom a Capt. Dawson (?) lured from Africa. They apparently have good ground of complaint against this person, and the Madagascar papers say that he played the same game in Borneo, What the whole rights of the matter are I do not profess to understand, or if anything was right, but he had to fly the capital when I was there, and came to France in the same ship I did.

Mr. Gerard Portal, at Zanzibar, is doing very good work. He is also cleaning up the town, and is conciliatory and popular, though energetic.

I had the pleasure of meeting Major Wissman, who was coming up to Egypt for some Soudanese, and then going home for rest. The German defeat was most crushing. They had harried the whole country till it rose, and but for an officer firing at an eagle, not a man of their force would have escaped. As it was, the attack was timed a little prematurely, and one company escaped —twelve officers (Europeans) were killed, and about four hundred native soldiers, with the loss of their arms, much ammunition, and some quick-firing guns to boot. Hanging all who disagree with you does not create trade. Mombassa is the only good harbour, though with much money something could be done at Dar-es-Salaam. Both Baron Redwitz and Major Wissman agreed in the main that to send out young officers dying for honours to administer regulations drawn up in Berlin does not quite do. Such an admission seems to me the dawn, perhaps, of better things; but there is no doubt if their past brutal policy continues, any trade they have will shrivel.

I have no politics, and not a penny in any ventures such as I have mentioned, but as my notes coincide so much with your views, I beg to submit them.

I read the *National Observer*, because I find it the cleverest of the Tory newspapers, and because there is no nonsense in its Toryism; it is open and unabashed. Last week it had an article on the Welsh Dissenting ministers. They are, it would seem, beggars, ignorant, mendacious, greedy, and intolerant bigots, and they have become a power in the land owing to the morbid and silly sentimentalism of the Welsh race. This is clear speaking, and it no doubt is the honest and conscientious opinion of all Tories, that the Welsh eschew alike the Church of England parson and the Tory Parliamentary candidate, because they are a contemptible race of morbid sentimentalists, led by the nose by ignorant, greedy, and mendacious pastors. Whether the sentimental flocks or the greedy shepherds will be gained over to the Tory cause by this sort of language is another matter.

The Unionists have sustained a severe defeat at Edinburgh, where they had confidently anticipated a complete triumph. The Liberal members of the City Council have been sedulously abused in every form of invective by their opponents, both in the press and on platforms, but they have all been again returned, while Mr. Treasurer Clapperton, the Tory nominee for the Lord Provostship, who is an ardent partisan, has been defeated. This Liberal victory is a very satisfactory commentary upon the insane prediction of the Tory papers, that the Unionists will gain three seats at Edinburgh when the General Election takes place. A good candidate must, however, be found to replace Mr. Childers, for Mr. MacIvor, who is the Unionist candidate, is a pleasant speaker, and personally popular.

Wondrous, indeed, are these Liberal-Unionists. Mr. Chamberlain seems now to be their Mahdi, and any missile thrown in the garden of this stone-throwing gentleman is deemed rather more criminal than sacrilege. One William Henry Bull, of Chigwell, writes to me apropos of some remarks that I made on his Mahdi in a recent speech at Bury, and which were not couched in a vein of exaggerated laudation. He has just, he says, read them to his wife and son. "If I were Mr. Chamberlain, I would knock his hat off and slap his face," said Mrs. Bull. "He must, dad, be a liar, because, having made a comparison, he goes on to say that he could not venture to make one," observed Master Bull. "Oh, my dears," replied father Bull, "you need not have any difficulty in understanding how such remarks come naturally from his mouth, because I once visited him in company with two other gentlemen. After one of us had remarked, "What vicious little eyes!" I ejaculated, "Did you ever see such a baboon's mouth!" And the father Bull concludes with a fervent prayer that I may speedily be ejected from the true Liberal Party, and an assurance that he intends to minister comfort to his Mahdi by sending him a copy of the letter. I am afraid, Bull, that I have already been ruled out of what you are pleased to call the true Liberal Party. All, therefore, that is left to you is to console yourself with a few criticisms on my arms, or my legs, or my nose, in your domestic circle, which seems, according to your account of it, to be a right merry one—thanks to your biting sarcasm to the belligerent invective of Mrs. Cow, and to the intellectual gambols of Master Calf.

Several months ago the Tory papers announced that Sir Richard Temple will retire from the representation of South Worcestershire at the dissolution, in consequence of the state of his health. TRUTH corrected this statement by asserting that Sir Richard is really retiring because he has not the slightest chance of being re-elected by his present constituents. That I was right in my view of the case is proved by the fact that Sir Richard Temple is coming forward for the Richmond division of Surrey, which is fully as onerous a constituency as South Worcestershire, but then it is supposed to be a safe Tory seat.

Much amusement has been afforded to Wiltshire Liberals by Lord Nelson's announcement that Mr. Chamberlain has accepted an invitation from Lord Pembroke to deliver a political speech at Salisbury. Six years ago these two Peers were most vigorous in their vituperative denunciations of Mr. Chamberlain, after he had delivered a strongly Radical speech at Trowbridge, in which, by the way, he described Mr. Goschen as the skeleton at the feast. Mr. Chamberlain will have to pay his footing by very fervent praise of those who were, before he recanted, the usual objects of his animadversions.

I am glad to hear that, whilst Greece has now an excellent navy, Turkey has only a few rotten hulks, which would go to the bottom if they put to sea. This leads me to hope that all the islands in the Levant will before long cease to be cursed with Turkish rule. At present, of course, Lord Salisbury would direct our fleet to interfere to maintain Turkish misrule; but, fortunately for humanity, his Lordship will not be our Foreign Minister much longer.

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KINAHAN'S LL WHISKEY. "The Cream of old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whiskey. Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's LL Whiskey. The Prize Medal, Dublin, 1865.

I expected it. Mr. Gladstone's declarations about the danger and embarrassment of our occupation of Egypt have been promptly met by a telegram from Cairo announcing that "it appears certain that the Mahdi intends to make a forward movement against Egypt." I would respectfully suggest to the flesh-potters that this Mahdi bogie is pretty well played out. We have slaughtered vast numbers of Soudanese, and we have garrisoned Cairo and Alexandria, in order to enable the Egyptian troops to slaughter vast numbers of these Soudanese, to keep up the bogie game. But we shall do this no longer. The Mahdi has not the remotest intention of attacking Egypt. What he complains of is that we and the Egyptians are perpetually attacking him and his people in their homes.

Now, I have not the slightest doubt that when the flesh-potters find that we are not to be caught by the "advance of the Mahdi," they will spend a little money in getting up a riot either in Cairo or Alexandria, and then request us to observe what would be the result of our withdrawal. Rather than allow those voracious hands of theirs to be withdrawn from the fleshpots, there is no dirty trick of which these philanthropists are not capable. And I make no question that, no matter what they may do, they will be supported by that flesh-potter, Mr. Goschen.

Will Lord Rosebery, triumphantly asks Mr. Goschen in a speech last week at Oldham, consent to the evacuation of Egypt? I really do not know, nor do I particularly care; for the foreign policy of the Liberal Party will be decided by the Party, and any one not prepared to give effect to it will not long be the Foreign Secretary of the Party. The principle of the Tory-cum-traitor Party is, that its foreign policy should be left in the hands of a nobleman, and that the Party should applaud whatever he does. The principle of the Liberal Party is that it declines to allow any one to dictate to it a policy. In this matter of Egypt Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, and the Party are agreed. Mr. Goschen, therefore, need not lay the flattering unction to his soul that if there is a Liberal majority at the next General Election the fleshpotters will have much further time given to them to increase their modest savings.

The Ministerial papers have during the last month been frequently and fervently congratulating their party upon the fact that in the South Molton election there has been a perfect understanding between the Tories and the Liberal-Unionists in that constituency. The late member they say was a Liberal-Unionist, so a candidate of the same persuasion has been brought forward to replace him, with the hearty acquiescence of the local Tories. This romance may impose upon people at a distance, but in Devonshire the true facts are well known. The Tories are reluctantly supporting the Liberal-Unionist candidate, only because they were unable to induce any eligible member of their own party to come forward. Directly after Lord Portsmouth's death the Tories made strenuous efforts to induce Sir John Shelley, of Shobrooke, to stand, and when he refused they applied to Lord Clinton's eldest son, Mr. Forbes-Trefusis, who is the heir to the great Rolle estates. It was only after these two gentlemen had declined to come forward that the Tories fell back upon the Liberal-Unionist awkward squad, and they would have scouted such a political *lusus naturæ* as Mr. Buller if a pure-bred Tory could have been secured.

Mr. Buller is a gentleman of varied experiences. He has been a lawyer, and he has been a stockbroker, and he is now in right of his wife an Irish landlord. His connection with Devonshire is that he is a far-away cousin of Sir Redvers Buller. The hope of the Unionists is that the agricultural labourers, who live far away from poll booths, will not vote. But if this hope be fulfilled, I hardly see that it will help the Unionists, for the three towns in the district are strongly Radical, and if the agricultural labourers are not bullied into voting for Mr. Buller his chance is a bad one.

The delay which has occurred in bringing off the South Molton election is a gross scandal, and it may be hoped that the law on the subject will be altered. Lord Portsmouth died on October 4, and the polling takes place on November 13. It is notorious in the West of England that it was deliberately arranged that the necessary formalities which had to be completed before the seat could be formally declared vacant should be delayed as much as possible, in order that the Ministerial candidate might have plenty of time to stump the constituency. If there had been no opposition to the return of another Liberal-Unionist or Tory, the nomination would have taken place quite a fortnight ago.

Even the extravagant military force which the last Coercion Government has found it necessary to keep in Ireland, seems to exist, like the Union which it is imported to maintain, chiefly on paper. During the Cork election one or two battalions there, each supposed to represent 800 bayonets, marched out less than 50 file, and another about 150. These two battalions are both in the First Army Corps. Their condition supplies a striking corroboration of some of the startling allegations of "Vetus" in the *Times*.

In the *Times* account of the polling at Cork it is said that, when the priests did not speak "their look conveyed their meaning to the pliable elector." I am curious to know how they did it. Given three candidates: Sarsfield, Redmond, and Flavin, how is a person to convey to another by a look that he is to vote for Flavin?

With what gusto the Tory newspapers have gloated over Mr. Healy being horsewhipped; indeed, the *Times* almost goes so far as to say that he has only got what he deserved. The real story appears to have been this: A young ruffian of the name of M'Dermott sought Mr. Healy out in the coffee-room of the Four Courts, and, after some words, drew out a small whip, with which he tried to strike him. The two then closed and wrestled, when a policeman, who had been sent for, interfered, but did not arrest M'Dermott, because Mr. Healy deemed that he was drunk. Mr. Healy then retired to the library, and betook himself to his briefs. This episode has been converted into Mr. Healy being beaten until M'Dermott was tired, a discipline that the victim received silently

and meekly. Even supposing the "tall young man of powerful build" had been able to thrash Mr. Healy, I hardly see how this would have been a thing to boast of for I make no doubt that many tall young men of powerful build could inflict injury on short lawyers who are not of powerful build. I am, therefore, surprised at Mr. John Redmond, M.P., having telegraphed from Cork to M'Dermott congratulating him on his exploit. Mr. Redmond is not of powerful build, and if politics are to be reduced to the stick argument, it appears to me that he would find himself even in a worse position than he has been at the poll.

Far be it from me to revile either Mrs. Parnell or the late Mr. Parnell on account of domestic matters. But it must be remembered that the issue in Ireland was whether, in view of the fact that the bulk of the Nonconformists in England, and the Catholics in Ireland, declined to accept Mr. Parnell's leadership on account of these matters, the Irish would be wise or foolish in preferring a Parnell leadership to the certainty of obtaining Home Rule by the majority of the electors of Great Britain declaring themselves in favour of it. Mr. Parnell and his friends persistently ignored this issue, and endeavoured to convert it into a political one. Mr. Healy was, therefore, obliged to put the issue clearly before his countrymen, and, for doing this, he has incurred, not only the reproaches of Mr. Parnell's Irish allies, but those of the English Tory allies of the Parnellites. Without wishing to infringe the *De mortuis*, I have always thought that Mr. Parnell would ave acted more chivalrously (irrespective of politics) towards Mrs. Parnell, had he withdrawn his pretensions to leadership, because he would by doing so have saved the lady's name and reputation from being dragged into the political arena. To say that this could have been avoided, so long as Mr. Parnell was clinging to the Leadership, is much like saying that Homer could have written the "Iliad" without any reference to the flitting of Mrs. Menelaus with Paris, and by starting a theory that the Trojan War arose from a political difference between Paris and Menelaus.

This was always my attitude towards Mr. Parnell after the divorce suit. Still more is it my attitude now that he is dead, and that those who did not look at matters in this practical fashion during his lifetime seek to put off Home Rule by hindering united Irish action on it, on the question, whether Mr. Parnell's red hair ought or ought not to have disqualified him for the Irish leadership. Mr. Parnell is dead, and I should think that few sane Irish Nationalists can hesitate between the party that numbers amongst its chiefs Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Healy, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and Mr. Davitt, and that which fights under the standard of Mr. Redmond, Mr. Pierce Mahony, and Sir Joseph M'Kenna.

As I understand it, the doctrine of the English Nonconformists and of the Irish Catholics is, that any person who is proved in a Court of Justice to have committed a sin, in contradistinction to a legal crime, ought not to be allowed to take a leading part in public affairs, no matter what his talents, his experience, and his past services may have been. Although I may not agree with the doctrine, it is perfectly clear. But what is still more clear is, that there are so many Nonconformists and Catholics that they can give effect to their doctrine, and ensure the defeat of any one who has been proved guilty of a sin. Such a person, consequently, is doomed to defeat if he comes forward as a candidate for office, and this being so, it is obvious that he is a bad candidate, and that the cause in which he comes forward suffers by his candidature; just as a red-haired candidate would be a bad one, if a vast number of the electors were to declare that they never would vote for a man with red hair. Were there such a feeling against red hair, I should always say "Do not let us sacrifice the cause to the man: we may or we may not ourselves object to red hair, but the selection of this red-haired man will cost us a number of votes, and possibly the election: therefore let us seek out a candidate professing the same political views, but with hair of another colour."

No one has reason to complain of any indistinctness in Lord Salisbury's declarations at the Mansion House in regard to our occupation of Egypt. He will agree to no international guarantee of neutrality. We intend to remain there until the "traditions of a better political science" have "formed themselves in that country," because "England underwent great sacrifices, shed her most precious blood, and scattered treasure freely in order to rescue Egypt." This means that by killing Egyptians at a considerable cost to the British taxpayer, we have acquired the right to rule over Egypt until doomsday I have always believed that this was the policy of Lord Salisbury in respect to Egypt; but when his Lordship goes on to prognosticate that it will continue to be the policy of any Liberal Government that succeeds him, he assumes too much. Mr. Gladstone has said that our occupation is a danger and embarrassment to the Empire; and even if this were not the case, Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals have such an unfortunate prejudice in favour of national good faith being adhered to, that they will, no doubt, see that the pledge given by us to Europe, that our occupation would be a temporary one, shall be carried out. The absurd plea that we remain in Egypt for the sake of the Egyptians is disposed of by the *Times*. Commenting upon Lord Salisbury's speech, that journal points out that we ought to "hold firmly to the great channels of our trade, and to the Imperial system which gives us the access to large masses of customers"; and this being so, no English Government "ought to withdraw its hand from a great work." The comment explains the speech. We have got into Egypt; it suits us to remain there; and no international pledge ought to hinder us from making our interests the sole rule of our conduct. So long as we can make money by violating a pledge, our solemn duty to ourselves is to violate it. Between this doctrine and that of Mr. Gladstone the country will have (*inter alia*) to decide at the next General Election. The choice is between City greed without honour and national good faith with honour.

SCRUTATOR.

CHARTERED LANDLORDISM.

IN former articles I have endeavoured to throw light upon the British South Africa Company and its territories from the point of view of the investor and the "prospector," whether miner or agriculturist. I will next invite attention to Messrs. Rhodes & Co. in the character of landlords. The conditions of "stand" occupation at Fort Salisbury have just been published, and they are of so extraordinary a character that no apology is needed for reproducing them at large:—

OCCUPATION CERTIFICATE.

1. The registered occupier shall pay, or cause to be paid, monthly, in advance, on the first day of every calendar month, to the Company, the sum of ten shillings sterling, as an occupation fee.

2. The registered occupier shall also pay to the Company the further sum of ten shillings sterling, in advance, on the first day of every calendar month to be applied to the Sanitary Board to municipal and sanitary purposes.

3. The registered occupier shall be subject to all such municipal, sanitary, or other rates, laws, and regulations, as either are or may in future be enforced by the Company or Sanitary Board, with the approval of the Company.

4. In default of the above payments, or upon the breach or infringement of any of the above conditions, the right of occupation hereby conferred may be revoked and forfeited by the Company without compensation.

5. The Company may hereafter grant freehold or quit-rent tenure of this stand, in which case it may cause the same to be sold by public auction, with an upset price; if purchased by any person other than the registered occupier, such person shall compensate the registered occupier for all improvements thereon, the value thereof to be assessed as in the Cape Colony.

6. The Company shall have the right at any time thereafter, upon giving three months' notice, to resume possession of the said stand, if required for mining or other purposes, without compensation for improvements.

7. This licence is only transferable to a transferee approved of by the Company, upon payment of a fee of five shillings.

Issued at Salisbury, this day of , 1891.

By order,
Secretary, British South Africa Company.

Fort Salisbury is designed by the directors of the Chartered Company to become the metropolis of a large district. The party, therefore, who accepts a holding on the above terms presumably intends to build upon his land, and otherwise invest capital in it for the ordinary purposes of a town holding. With this consideration in his mind, let the reader give his careful consideration to Clauses 4, 5, and 6. By the first of them the holding, with all improvements made upon it, is absolutely forfeited to the Company "in default of the above payments, or upon the breach or infringement of any of the above conditions." What does this refer to? The "above payments" are (1) the "occupation-fee" specified in Clause 1, the municipal rate specified in Clause 2, and the other rates vaguely covered by Clause 3. The "conditions" appear to be the due payment of these sums, and the due observance of all laws and regulations which the Company may make. So that the happy speculator who invests his means in an eligible building site in this City of the Future may any day find that by an accidental omission to pay his fees and rates *in advance* on the first day of the month, or by a chance breach of some vexatious, unintelligible, or frivolous by-law, his land, his house, his trade premises, and whatever else his energy and industry may have created on the spot, are all absolutely forfeited to his ground landlord—a trading corporation without soul or conscience, and with no other object in existence but to screw a profit out of its territories, by fair means or foul. A pretty look-out, truly! But this is only one clause out of three.

The next clause (No. 5) enables the Company, the same ground-landlords, at any time after the tenant has duly established himself, erected his buildings, and formed a comfortable trade connection, to put the whole premises up to auction, in order to let them at a quit-rent, or sell them as a freehold to the highest bidder. By a magnanimous concession, the happy occupier is privileged to bid at this auction, and, if he does not bid high enough, the party who outbids him will have to compensate him for his improvements at a valuation—a fiction the beauties of which may be known to some of my readers. But inasmuch as the Company will fix the reserve price, it does not appear likely that in the event of his becoming the purchaser of his own holding the occupier will have very much to congratulate himself upon. In view, however, of Clause 6, there is very little occasion for the Company to lie in wait for an opportunity of snapping a forfeiture under Clause 4, or selling the tenant his holding at the landlord's price under Clause 5; for, as a final clincher, the Company have reserved to themselves at any time the right to turn the occupier out at three months' notice, and possess themselves of his buildings, his improvements, and all the fruits of his labour without even a pretence at compensation.

It is said that eels get to like being skinned. I never heard, however, of any eel voluntarily submitting himself to the process in expectation of the pleasure to be derived from it. Neither can I conceive it possible that any human being in his right mind will voluntarily become a tenant of land under the South Africa Company on terms such as the above—terms which offer the prospect of being skinned, not once, but three times over, and each time by a different method. We say hard things of our ground-landlords at home. But the most iniquitous terms imposed upon the tenants of town holdings in England are mild and generous by comparison with these, which it is proposed to extort from the dwellers in this South African wilderness. Nothing but the ducal influence upon the Board will explain this extravagant manifestation of landlordism. Whether the circumstances of the country, combined with the fact of the Company holding an absolute monopoly, will cause any considerable number of persons to take up land on such terms, remains to be seen; but on the face of it, the policy of the directors would seem to be to kill the goose even before it has had a chance of laying an egg.

Over and above these considerations, how do Rhodes & Co. come to be in a position to dispose of "freeholds," or to give titles to any lands at all in Mashonaland? Their concession is a mining concession. The surface rights which they possess are solely those incidental to mining. Does the charter authorise the directors to dispose of lands in fee simple? If so, the title is derived not from Lobengula, though that would not be worth much, but from Lords Salisbury and Knutsford, who have precisely the same right to authorise the creation of estates in Mashonaland as I have, and not a bit more. At present

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it seems to me probable that the citizen of Fort Salisbury, who has first put up a nice block of business premises, and then bought them at auction from the Company, and has been fortunate enough to escape forfeiture or a three months' notice to surrender, may at the end of it all find himself evicted, and possibly eaten up, by Lobengula.

Since the foregoing remarks were written, the following has appeared in a daily paper:—

A South African paper announces "authoritatively" that the differences between Mr. Lippert, Mr. Tailyour, and others and the Chartered Company have been satisfactorily arranged.

This statement throws a striking light upon the attempts made by Mr. Rhodes's mouthpiece in London to discredit the concession from Lobengula to Mr. Renny-Tailyour, published in TRUTH on August 20. What has happened is, I believe, this: Notwithstanding the proclamation obtained from Sir Henry Lock quashing the Renny-Tailyour concession, and the denunciation of the document by the Chartered Company as a fraud, negotiations were very speedily opened between Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Lippert, who is Mr. Renny-Tailyour's partner and representative. A meeting ultimately took place at Cape Town between Rhodes, Rudd, and Lippert, and here the arrangement above referred to was arrived at. The chief terms of it were that the Chartered Company on their side should purchase the Renny-Tailyour concession, and that Lippert and Renny-Tailyour on their side should use their influence with Lobengula to obtain from him a supplementary concession of a larger or more definite character. When my last news left South Africa, Mr. Lippert was on his way to Lobengula's kraal in fulfilment of this agreement, and the officials of the Chartered Company were under orders to give him every assistance. The only party in this game who deserves a grain of sympathy is Lobengula himself, who hates Rhodes and the Chartered Company, and has hitherto looked upon Renny-Tailyour and his party as his only friends. What he will say or do when he discovers that Codlin is only acting in collusion with Short, and that the common object of both is to despoil him of the last remnants of his sovereign rights in his own territories, it is premature to assume. Were this Monarch, however, to "round" upon both Codlin and Short, and to choose death with honour, instead of submitting tamely to be stripped and plundered by the intrigues of rival Company promoters, he would deserve the admiration of all mankind. My advice to this worthy African potentate is not to put his name or his mark to any paper presented to him, or to trust any one who explains to him the contents of any paper. At present he has given a mining concession and nothing more. The Chartered Company has no right to one acre of land in Mashonaland. But the gold having turned out, as I anticipated, more or less of a myth, the Company is now desirous to keep up the price of its shares, and to get more money from credulous fools by insisting that Mashonaland is well fitted for English agriculturists. How then does it propose to meet the fact that it has no land to sell? By intriguing with other schemers, who are in Lobengula's confidence, for the acquisition of fresh concessions conveying rights over the surface of the soil. If, after this, any prospector feels disposed to take a grant of land from this Company on the generous terms held out to him in the above "Occupation Certificate," I can only say that he deserves the worst that can happen to him.

I append here one or two extracts from a more than usually interesting letter from Mashonaland. The writer is an old and experienced miner, who has been for the last twenty-two years in South Africa. His letter is dated "Fort Salisbury, August 16, 1891," and it therefore indicates the position and outlook in that part of the world almost as recently as any news that has yet reached England:—

After leaving Fort Tuli the road passed through a country studded with stony hills. Some appeared to be quite inaccessible. The hills were inhabited by Banyas. At the foot of these hills excellent crops of rice, &c., are grown . . . . The Lundi is a large river. Goods have to be carried over in a boat, entailing a lot of trouble. I saw a great number of graves on this river. The country is very fertile but unhealthy.

At Fort Victoria, near to the Zimbabye Ruins, the bush disappears. This Fort contains about a dozen men and two machine guns. They had four horses. One of them died whilst I was there. They could not supply me with a few pounds of meat. The nights now turned very cold. The grass is burnt off for miles, and what remained of bad quality. Dead cattle lay by the roadside, and the road was heavy sand. Hardly a bird to be seen except those feeding on the carcasses of oxen. I passed many wagons. The oxen were either dead or unable to drag their loads. In the bush part the road was dangerous from the stumps left in making the road—the trees, had been cut 12 in. and upwards from the ground—besides huge boulders. Many wagons are lying broken. Some road parties are now employed in improving the road—said to be done on account of Lord Randolph Churchill's coming.

I did not visit Fort Charter, but it is said to be even a smaller affair than Victoria.

At Tuli I was charged £6 for wagon repairs occupying a man five hours. He did not find any material. For some reason, another smith is not permitted to start.

The country after leaving Fort Victoria seemed either to be sand or a marsh, quite useless for agriculture. I am much disappointed with the country. There has been a heavy amount of sickness, and many deaths. In January, I came as far as Pelatswe, in Bechuanaland, with three men. They were tolerably well found—had a wagon. When I turned back for Mafeking they elected to go on. I recently saw the grave of one by the wayside, and a few days after seeing the grave I met another going back. He gave a sad account of their hardships; the difficulties they had in crossing the rivers; how they were all three struck down with fever. He had been twenty days in Salisbury—all the time in the hospital, for which he was charged £20.

Provisions are at famine prices: Meal, 1s. 3d. per lb.; bacon, 3s.; corned beef, in tins, 2s. 3d. per lb. I saw a common cat sold for £5, bought by one of the Chartered Company's officers. . . .

The Monarch Reef (at the Tati) is reported to be only yielding 17 dwts. per ton of quartz. The news here about gold is conflicting. People who are connected with the Chartered Company, or have a claim for sale, give glowing accounts. At any rate, nothing positive is known. No machines are at work, nor is any mine developed far enough to form an estimate of its value. Some people are going back. The dearness of provisions may partly cause this. All, however, are agreed that unless another road is found the country will be a failure. The Pungwe road is impracticable from marshes and tsetse fly. A tramway seems the alternative. Mining material is also very dear. Added to this is the heavy tax imposed by the Chartered Company. "The game is not worth the candle."

THE NEXT CHAPLAIN-GENERAL.

No further information has yet reached me [illegible] the reported resignation of Dr. Edghill. The Chaplain-General's first term of office expires, I believe, in February next, and it is possible that the reports in question may refer to his intention not to seek a renewal of his tenure. That, however, is mere conjecture. In the meantime, as I think that the hints with which I promised to favour Mr. Stanhope for his guidance in the choice of a successor to Dr. Edghill will be equally useful at any time, I publish them at once, so that he may have an opportunity of considering them carefully.

The Chaplain-General of the Forces, as Mr. Stanhope is doubtless aware, occupies a very autocratic position in regard to the clergy under his command. He says to this

man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh. At the same time, being a priest of the Established Church, and, therefore, in all probability identified with one or other of the factions into which that community is divided, he is under a strong temptation to use his absolute powers, in season and out of season, for the advancement of his own views. If he happens to be a militant Evangelical, chaplains of Ritualistic proclivities will probably find themselves very much at a discount. If, on the other hand he himself happens to be a pronounced High Churchman, the boot will be on the other leg. It has been very much on the other leg under Dr. Edghill. Let it be understood at once that I do not question the excellence of the motives of any Chaplain-General, High or Low, who follows his lights in this way. On the contrary, I look upon it as the natural result of the conscientious discharge of his duty by a cleric of extreme views entrusted with an unfettered discretion in filling up appointments. What I am concerned with is the results of this policy, which may easily be as bad as though they were the product of the most corrupt and nefarious jobbery.

Let us look, now, at the results of Dr. Edghill's conscientious efforts to officer the Army with a band of "God-given priests" after his own heart—for this I take to be the object which he has kept steadily in view during the last seven years. Before Dr. Edghill's time every chaplain on joining took his term of service abroad. Now the new leaven which it was Dr. Edghill's first desire to infuse into the service could only enter in the usual way; and this leaven was required first and chiefly at home. The Chaplain-General's first object, therefore, was to keep his chosen vessels, as they entered the service, in England, under his own eye. It was for that purpose, I take it, that the old rule regarding foreign service was suspended very early in Dr. Edghill's reign. But with what result? That the senior men have had a second term of foreign service thrown upon them without a shadow of reason for it. Hence much heartburning and discontent, which have already made their voices heard in TRUTH. On the other hand, there are now, I believe, no less than seventeen young chaplains holding agreeable appointments at home. They all date from the Edghill dispensation, and to all appearance they are all destined to be permanently exempt from foreign service. Another step, however, was necessary for the success of the Chaplain-General's policy, and that was, that the members of this body should be placed in independent positions, and would be free from control or interference on the part of men of the old school. With this view they have one by one been jobbed, as opportunity offered, into some of the most desirable berths in the service. Winchester was the first station where this process was seen, a man with only three years' service being preferred to two senior chaplains who had applied for the post. Similar appointments have occurred at other places, including Canterbury, Caterham, Wellington Barracks, Sandhurst, and, most conspicuous of all, Portsmouth, which important garrison was last year placed in charge of a young priest of only three and a-half years' service. Practically the principle of promotion by seniority seems to have fallen into abeyance throughout the service, and the principle of selection to have taken its place. Nor is this state of things merely objectionable on the ground of the injustice it inflicts upon the chaplains of the old school. When conformity to the principles of a particular sect or party is the indispensable qualification for preferment, liberty of conscience is itself imperilled. And I am bound to add, while on this point, that there are complaints of the autocratic powers of the Chaplain-General being used with this same result in other ways. I extract the following from a letter recently received from an Army chaplain upon this aspect of the question:—

> It has happened in at least one case that a conscientious refusal to adopt the Eastward position has been sufficient to debar the delinquent from future professional advantages. The machinery of the Chaplain-General's department, which is notoriously independent of any control by the Commander-in-Chief, enables pressure of a very peculiar, but very substantial, nature to be brought to bear on men without its being apparent. Surely the clergy of the Church of England in the Army are entitled to the same liberty of opinion as their brethren in civil life.

Undoubtedly they are. But the fact of their being clergy is immaterial. I am concerned with them, not *quâ* clergy, but *quâ* servants of the Crown, and my contention is that for any public servant to find himself placed under an official boycott, or to be prejudiced in his professional prospects because his religious views are not acceptable to his official superiors, is an intolerable state of affairs.

There is another aspect of this matter, which is, perhaps, the most important of all, though unfortunately it is not one on which I have the means of expressing an opinion. After all, the parties most deeply concerned in the Chaplain-General's appointment are not the chaplains, but the officers and men of the Army. What is their opinion about the new school of spiritual pastors which is being provided for them by the assiduous care of the present Chaplain-General? If the Army at large is satisfied, I freely admit that Dr. Edghill has one very cogent answer to adverse critics. Remembering, however, the ultra-Protestant feeling which has been something like a tradition of the Military and Naval Services, I shall hesitate to believe that this is the case until tangible evidence is forthcoming. And, in any case, the fact remains that the policy which has been pursued has not been pursued with the slightest idea of meeting the views of the laity in the Army, and the result would have been the same had it been ever so distasteful to them.

By this recital of facts, I have, I hope, conveyed in the most practical way possible a few of the considerations to be borne in mind in choosing a new Chaplain-General, whenever the necessity for doing so may arise. In the first place, a Chaplain-General should not be a man of extreme views. If he is associated with either of the two chief parties in the Church, he should be a man not consumed with religious zeal of the partisan type, but one who can be trusted to appreciate in a practical spirit that there is room for all parties in the Church, whether in the Army or in the civil world. I should say that the less "Churchy" he is, whether on the High or the Low side, the better he will be fitted for his post, considering the very peculiar class of men to whom he and his subordinates have to minister. But before all things

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he must understand that the authority with which he is invested is given him solely for administrative and disciplinary purposes, not in order that he may force all under his command to conform to his ecclesiastical ideals; in other words, that he is not a Sovereign Pontiff, but the chief of a public department. Other considerations, equally to the point, will follow from my previous remarks upon Dr. Edghill's career. The next Chaplain-General must be content with his official salary. If the official salary is not sufficient to procure the services of a competent officer, then this salary should be raised. The labourer is worthy of his hire. But no labourer must supplement his own hire by diverting to his own use the hire of a brother labourer—especially a brother of a lower rank and smaller income. From this it also follows that the next Chaplain-General should be endowed not only with a conspicuous share of piety, but also with a little leaven of worldly wisdom. This will enable him to avoid the appearance of scheming and jobbing in the pursuit of arrangements made solely for the aggrandisement of his salary. One more point. There is no reason, that I can see, why the posting of men to their stations, and all the other official business of the Chaplain-General's department, should not be discharged by a military or civil officer to the satisfaction of all parties. The Roman-Catholic and Presbyterian Chaplains get on very well without an ecclesiastical head to their department. As a last suggestion, then, for Mr. Stanhope, let me ask him if he can show any good reason why there should be a next Chaplain-General at all?

ROUND THE THEATRES.

I will start with a seeming paradox. The next best thing to a downright first-night success is a downright first-night failure. A clever showman soon takes advantage of this last disaster, and I am bound to say that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has proved just as clever as a theatrical showman as an author. A certain sympathy clings to the brilliant man who has failed. There is always a cabal in existence to destroy him. The house has been packed with his enemies. Somebody has been seen by some one else in the circle acting as fugleman, and working as a double-dyed conspirator. And then, of course, it is an outrage on all laws of hospitality to call a well-known and industrious author before the curtain in order to hiss and hoot at him. The diplomatic author of a failure soon turns these things to his distinct personal advantage. He can either protest against the bias of the critics or the cruelty of the public. On the second night, by some means or another, the house is crammed. The applause is uproarious. The author is called. He appears, hat in hand, makes a pretty little speech, vows that his intention is to stand or fall by his new play—and the trick is done. I compliment the author of "The Crusaders." He has done more than write a curiously clever play, he has proved that he is not only a good manager, but a 'cute showman.

Now, it is notorious that "The Crusaders" failed dismally on the first night, and it is the easiest thing in the world to account for the failure. All the talk about packed houses and cabals, and subtle determination to ruin poor Jones, is the veriest rubbish. I have seldom been a member of an audience more laudably anxious to be pleased. You will ask me how I know that? I reply that I can *feel* the temperament of an audience. There is a certain atmosphere in the playhouse which is ever a safe guide. I repeat, I can *feel* when an audience is pleased or bored as easily as I can feel an east wind when I get up in the morning. "The Crusaders" failed for two very good reasons. First, because that particular audience preferred a play to philosophy, or rather a philosophic play to playless philosophy, and, secondly, because not one half of the philosophic remarks of the erudite Mr. Henry Arthur Jones travelled one yard over the footlights. For a good half of the evening Miss Olga Brandon, Mr. Yorke Stephens, and Mr. Sant Matthews, and many more, were absolutely inaudible, and there is nothing in the world that so worries an audience anxious to catch every word as an inaudible actor or actress. The crash only came when it was discovered that Mr. Jones had written a play teeming with good character portraits but with no plot to speak of, and when, from over-rehearsal or nervousness, or some cause or another, some of the best-drawn characters in the play could not be appreciated, for the very good reason that they could not be heard! That all this is substantially true is proved by the result. Now that the important members of the company condescend to speak out, and to say the good things with which the worthy Jones has provided them, the absence of story is not so severely felt as it was at the outset. Unquestionably, this painstaking and observant gentleman is a fascinating stage heretic. People patronise him whose mouths are full of objections. I do not think I have heard a dozen people generously praise the "Dancing Girl," and yet it has proved an enormous success at the Haymarket. The author has been overwhelmed with complaints and objections. "Do this, that, or the other. Cut out your last act, it is the veriest rubbish. Bother your breakwater! We don't want to hear anything more about it." No; the complacent Jones smiles, and the public pours into Mr. Beerbohm Tree's theatre. There is nothing like controversy to stimulate stage success. Get a play well talked about and discussed; divide conversation into opposing camps to argue about "The Crusaders," and Mr. Jones can afford to smile as he pockets the reward of his ingenuity.

For my own part, I am of opinion that, with a little care, "The Crusaders" might have been made a far better play than it is. That is to say, a more telling and effective play. The initial idea is a good one, though a little strained. If the author had taken as much trouble with the characters played by Lewis Waller, Winifred Emery, and Olga Brandon, as he has with Weedon Grossmith, Henry Kemble, Sant Matthews, and Co., there would have been no doubt whatever about the success of the play, and it would have satisfied old school and new school as well. As matters stand, there is so much cleverness and originality in the work, its method is so daring, and its observation so keen, that I should not be surprised if Professor Jawle and busy-

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body little Palsam, and the lemon-coloured curate, and the odds and ends of quaint character did not succeed in correcting the weakness of the good young man who wants to reform London, and the fascinating young woman, who is perpetually on with the new love before she is off with the old, and the earnest, demi-semi Salvation lass, who only needs a poke bonnet and a tambourine, and who adores her philanthropic hero not wisely, but too well. This is certainly the kind of play that deserves a second hearing. Mr. Jones is never exactly personal in his satire, but it is easy enough to read between the lines. Some of the characters would never have been drawn if such excellent people as some of our leading philanthropists and busybodies had never existed. I scent in the air East-end missions, and General Booths, and Toynbee Halls, and all the worst features of the London County Council and its strange evangelising mission. It is a decidedly clever play, but it might have been a more compact one if the author had not neglected his story. "Oh, I hate a plot!" said one of the new school indignantly to me. But as yet the majority of the play-going public have not been educated up to the new theory of play-writing. They are still very fond of a plot, and in nine cases out of ten prefer a bad play with a story to a clever play without one.

If you desire an example of this, go straightway and see "Lord Anerley" at the St. James's Theatre. I am not at all surprised to hear that this romance appeared originally in *Le Petit Journal*. It is worthy of any half-penny miscellany. It is exactly the kind of tale that would be found tucked under a maid-servant's pillow. There is a wicked Lord in it, and a blind Earl, and a demoralised Spanish dancer, and two young men so alike that it is difficult to tell "t'other from which," and the commoner pretends to be the young Lord and marries the young Lord's destined bride, and then, when the poor frightened commoner is on the eve of being found out, and cursed by his bride and kicked out of the castle, the dear old blind Earl gets up and says that the impostor is no impostor at all, but his very own dear and beloved son—the legitimate heir to the estates, and the true Lord Anerley. Methinks we have heard something very like this before. There is a suspicion here of parental instinct that smells a son in every scampish adventurer, and the form of the legend is as old as the hills; but it goes down without a murmur, and is accepted as a dramatic revelation as "The Prodigal Son" was only yesterday. An attempt has been made to prove that the public is a very ignorant and unenlightened public because it hisses "The Crusaders" and applauds "Lord Anerley." The contention is not, however, quite fair. The performers at Mr. George Alexander's theatre not only acted well, but could all be heard on the first night, and the audience was never for one moment fogged. It may be a very old story, this adopting another man's identity—in fact, it is as old as Jacob and Esau; but, at any rate, stale as it might be, it was well told and put before the audience in a pleasant fashion. It was an old tune played on several new and well-toned fiddles. It amused the audience to see Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Arthur Bourchier digging their forks into a steaming pot of stew on a blood-red plain near Buenos Ayres. I am not so sure that they have plates in those wild regions, and imagine that the South American hunters consider that fingers were made before forks, but, unquestionably, there is interest in the scene where poor Arthur Bourchier is "knifed" in the back and falls dead at the innocent Alexander's feet, suggesting at once to the wicked Waring that Alexander should pack up his poncho and be off home to masquerade as his physical double Lord Anerley. Unfortunately, here, where the play should begin, it virtually ends, but the audience is not inclined to resent a plot that is at least intelligible, and is not bored this time with tedious eruptions of clever characters that have nothing on earth to do with the play. Poor Mr. Alexander, the interesting imposter, is very sad, it is true, but he makes love beautifully, and he makes his voice soft and alluring, and the women are one and all delighted. They have not been rubbed up the wrong way. They have been entertained. And the men, who admire Miss Marion Terry in her olive-green velvet and peach-blossom shot-satin gown, still vote that the Alexander and Terry love-scene is vastly pretty, so why should they complain? It is true that Miss Terry mainly shows her love by turning up her face, and glaring in that of Mr. Alexander. But this we know is the usual habit of intense young ladies of the present day. It is true that the blind Earl has the instinct of smell so supernaturally developed that he recognises Miss Terry's beauty by a "subtle perfume." But why not? It is true that Mr. Alexander indulges in many reflections to prove that he is justified in pretending to be the dead son of the blind Earl, and the father of the dead son's daughter, and to marry Miss Terry under false pretences. Why not start a new code of morality, if the old code is worn out? It is true that the Earl's drawing-room seems to be a sort of hotel parlour, where people come and go as they please. Why should not Earls' houses be converted into hotels? All goes smoothly, and there is nothing on earth to hiss at. Miss Gertrude Kingston, who seems destined by fate to play wicked women, is a very naughty young woman indeed, an adventuress of the first order, who loves strongly and hates fiercely, and curls her lip sarcastically and purrs craftily like a Spanish cat; but she repents and begs pardon, and departs in the odour of sanctity, so all is well. Unquestionably, the play is well acted by all concerned, and Miss Kingston's acting is as good as any that I have seen for a long time; and it must have had a soothing effect on the majority, or such patience would not have been shown to the boy-and-girl idiots who are supposed to be part and parcel of every modern play. A little of them goes a very long way. Both these plays, now that the actors and actresses in "The Crusaders" can be heard, are extremely well acted. Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. Lewis Waller, Lady Monckton, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Henry Kemble, are all seen at their best, but as to the difference between the reception of both plays it can easily be accounted for. The one has a story, and the other has not; the one has a purpose, the other has not; the one is difficult to swallow, the other is easy to comprehend. Without a doubt "The Crusaders" is the cleverer play of the two, but the question is,

Do audiences like to be lectured at or amused? Do they not prefer mild satisfaction to pungent satire? Time will show.

There are, happily, very many left outside the "cultured classes" who do not take life so very seriously at the play. Mr. William Archer and his school, if they had their way, would order out for instant execution, to be followed by drawing and quartering, any one who dared to laugh at the eccentricities of Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Miss Lottie Venne in "Godpapa." They turn up their eyes in holy horror at the bare mention of a farcical comedy. Their argument appears to be simply this, "*We* don't like farcical comedies, therefore they ought not to exist." The amusements of the metropolis would be very limited if the Archerian school ruled the land. Still, behind the back of schoolmaster Archer, the pupils manage to enjoy a good bit of fun, and cheerfully ignore the frowns and ferule of the indignant Dominie. Mr. Hawtrey is once more a bland and unblushing liar, Miss Lottie Venne is characteristically jerky, and with Mr. Charles Brookfield and Miss Annie Irish to assist them, the successor to "Jane" draws what is known as an after-dinner audience. "The Planter," recently produced by Mr. Horace Sedger, and cleverly adapted by Mr. William Yardley, is not quite so amusing a farce, and, on the whole, is not so well acted. But when Mr. Penley comes next Saturday to assist Mr. Grove a different complexion may be put on the matter. At any rate, it is a satisfaction to know that you may be allowed to laugh somehow and somewhere. After excellent tonics provided us by a Pinero and Jones, let us be thankful for these harmless dramatic sugar-plums, that are gall and wormwood to the dyspeptic dramatic critic and the superior young person who, like Mr. W. S. Gilbert's baby, is "born at an advanced age."

NOTES FROM PARIS.

COST OF LIVING IN PARIS.

I USED to answer letters from unknown compatriots asking me to be their counsellor and guide as to the best way of living and enjoying life on a small income in Paris. But they became so numerous, and were often so inconsiderate, that I had to make a rule not to do so. On this rule I only infringe in very rare cases. My correspondents occasionally were persons of sense, though in every single case they, more or less, showed that their brains were fevered with the glamour of Paris. But the general run were persons of no sense, and betrayed morbid vanity and its attendant restlessness. I had a letter, I remember, from a young lady who said she *felt* she had genius, but that it could not ripen in England, which was too matter-of-fact and unsympathetic for a person of a sensitive nature. Flowers did not bloom in dark cellars. She wanted the brightness of Paris in order to come out in her natural colours, as she felt sure she might in that lively capital. It was a hard case to be in obscurity and be conscious of having most of the qualities that make a woman famous, say, on the stage or in society. Was it possible to make one's way up to celebrity in Paris on an income of £110 a year in Consols? A photo came with the letter. I saw from it that the lady overrated herself, and that, whether she kept right or went wrong, she was sure never to win either distinction or notoriety over here. Another lady confided to me that her marriage had been a mistake. She had three children, was buried in a country parsonage with a husband to whom she could not look up, and, as she could not lead a hypocritical life, she wished to come to Paris—a city of life and liberty—to seek her fortune as a musician. If she succeeded, it would be a great gain for her children. Not long ago a British half-pay Major wrote to me from a Swiss town (whither he went, some few years ago, with a wife and five children to live for cheapness' sake) that his wife had a fancy to come and live in Paris. As she was an invalid, he wished to gratify her, were it possible to do so. She was ill of consumption, and expected soon again to be a mother. Their income was £400 a year. Was it possible on it to keep at least two servants, live in healthy lodgings in a genteel part of the city, and educate the children well? What they wanted was lodgings where the marketing and cooking would be done by the landlady, and home comforts might be obtained. I wrote to the Major to stay in Switzerland, and feel thankful for its cheapness.

The Major had no idea what two servants would have cost, and "comfortably-warmed rooms in winter," which were among his requirements. My coal, wood, coke and charcoal bill for the kitchen, one sitting-room, where the fire goes out when I go out (and I am not often in), with a fire one day in the week in the salon, comes to from 45 f. to 50 f. a month for about six months. With this I pay about 14 f. a month for a small gas-stove to heat water quickly for tea, or do any hasty cooking that may be needed at night. The servant lets the range fire out, when the kitchen is well heated, for her own comfort, because she would suffocate if she did not. I believe I am cheated in weights and measures, as I must (my floor being six stories from the cellar) buy retail, which nearly every one has to do who is not under a very heavy rent. If I bought wholesale I should have to give the key of the cellar to the servant, who would think it her duty to supply the concierge, not only with fuel but with wine. The thefts of the fuel merchant, on the whole, are the least annoying. He carries up on his back small provisions of different kind of fuel, wood and coal for open fire-places, coke for the range, and charcoal for roasting and grilling.

One can only get rooms for two servants in very costly flats. I have paid £200 rent, and had only a room for one. A fairly good servant asks from 45 f. to 50 f. a month, gets at least 3 f. a week for wine, is allowed a dozen ample linen aprons, and the washing of her underclothes and caps is paid for. One fresh from the country asks for some sort of broth at her first breakfast, and a great lump of bread. The bread-eating powers of the French servant are prodigious. She requires a meat and vegetable lunch and dinner, but hardly ever asks for a holiday. However, she would on no account sleep in the

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employer's flat, preferring the Alsatia on the sixth floor, the whole of which is a servants' quarter. Visitors are received there. The servant may receive whom she pleases in her Alsatia, about which fearful tales are told. But somehow, if one does not inquire closely into her affairs nothing is thrust upon one's notice of a shocking character. No servant in Paris would attend to five children and a delicate lady and her husband. The baby would have to be put out to nurse, or a nurse brought in. The nurse has to be waited on, set up in a uniform petted, stuffed with nutritive and dainty food, she being both a glutton and a gourmet. Her wages are very high. If she be not petted and provided with distractions, she gets home-sick, and the baby suffers. When baby cuts its first tooth she expects a gold watch or some such present. The ideal nurse is the *fille-mère* who has got rid of her own child at the foundling hospital, and has no home or husband to fret about.

Tea and sugar are drugs in London. Here they are luxuries. Even at such cheap and good places as the Indian Tea Palaces one pays five francs, six francs, and eight francs a pound for teas that would not cost above three shillings in London, but might cost ten francs or twelve francs in the neighbourhoods of the Place Vendome or Bourse. Clémenceau pays twelve francs a pound for his "family tea" in the Rue de la Paix. Sugar is fivepence a pound. I paid this evening thirty-two sous a pound for rib-beef and was asked forty-two sous for faux filet (sirloin) and fifty sous for filet, and in the Rue Montmartre—a cheap part of the town.

People ask me how do French officials live on their small salaries? In utter misery, if they have nothing but their pay. But it is very rare for them to be wholly dependent on what they can earn. A Government clerk can always find a wife with a good *dot*. They are expected to dine once a week at his parents, and as often at hers. Both families may live in the same house, when all club together for meals. I know four families all forming one, who club to keep up the Château de Maubuisson. They and the servants form a household of twenty-six. They pay the cook 100 francs a month, and allow her a sou a franc on all the grocers' and butchers' bills. These different families are offshoots from common parents, and live together without getting on each other's nerves. They understand in France better than in England to be charitable in home life, and to live and let live each a good deal as he or she pleases. I have two good friends, a pair of wealthy sisters, who are widows and highly educated and clever women. They have no children, and live together. By clubbing they can often see company at dinner and keep a carriage. Their sitting-rooms are common to both. The man-servant and cook are also, but each has her own *femme de chambre*, and a library and bed-room which the other sister never enters uninvited. She is bound to ask no questions as to what may go on there, and even not to feel curiosity. They are devoted to each other and were never known to quarrel, and have the pleasure of sociable and intimate relationship with absolute personal liberty.

I have now before me a letter to which I feel like replying, the writer being evidently of a modest disposition, and having thought well before he set pen to paper. I assume from his mode of expressing himself and from his handwriting that he must be far on in his teens, if not quite through them. The fact of being either would be a bar to entering a *lycée*, which he deems a good means for obtaining a knowledge of the French tongue. So it would be, if he could begin at the beginning. The courses at *lycées* are devised on the assumption that pupils enter at the age of nine or ten, and remain eight or nine years. Each course is a continuation of the preceding one. The boy who enters midway derives very little benefit from the teaching, and there is a limit of age for entrance. Each pupil is supposed to have a *répétiteur* for out-of-class work. He is not obliged by the rules to place himself under this kind of tutor, but practically he cannot get on without him. The *répétiteur* is expensive, and costs more than the lessons given in the classes.

The programme of a *lycée* takes for granted that the average intellect of the boys is good. The teaching is professorial in the sense of being entirely delivered from the chair. It must be followed with close attention. Boys have to make rapid notes. Their handwriting gets spoiled, but their brains are quickened. After class hours they and the *répétiteurs* or personal teachers go over the notes, and study up the subjects which are down for the ensuing lessons. This prevents the pupil being at sea when they begin. Next day the notes, in a carefully-revised form, are handed to the class professor, who takes them home, where he makes marginal notes. Subsequently he reads these notes aloud to the class, and may find in them matter for a short lesson.

The teaching in the Parisian and the provincial *lycées* is of the same quality, all the professors having gone through the same mill. Those appointed to chairs in these establishments ought to be ranked as high as Oxford or Cambridge Wranglers, as they have been specially prepared for professorship. There is a good deal of the Scotch University system in the French high school. Its teaching is first-rate, so far as it goes, and is nearly always clear, methodic, and of a taking form. Geography is one of the weakest subjects. "France first, and the rest of the world after," is the basis on which it is placed. Indeed, a French sub-prefecture is treated as of more consequence than the whole planet outside of the French boundaries. But much that is worth hearing is said of French watersheds, rivers, natural frontiers, geological conformation, zones of vegetation, and natural industries.

The most brilliant band of French literary men of our time—About, Weiss, Sarcey, Prévost Paradol, Alfred Assolant, Monsignor Perraud, Deschanel—were originally professors in country *lycées*.

Were there no limit of age to bar the entrance of minors nearly majors to French *lycées*, they could not, if ignorant of French, derive much benefit from lessons which they might hear. The person to whose letter I in a way now reply, asks whether there are "no classes as at *lycées*" which he could attend? There are institutes and institutions where outer barbarians are led to fancy

MINTON'S (Limited).—MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

all the languages of the world are taught. But I never heard of any one who passed through them having come out a polyglot. Need I say more? I think not. The schools to prepare youths for degree examinations are simply boarding-houses in connection with *lycées*, to and from which pupils are taken in private omnibuses. Board, lodging, and *répétiteurs* are contracted for at so much a year. Prize boys are chiefly attended to. I have never heard of a private school for boys having classes worth attending, unless it were a prepartory one.

The lectures at the Sorbonne and Collége de France are open to all-comers, of no matter what nationality. But a foreigner ignorant of French, or knowing it imperfectly, would not derive much benefit from them. French, let me here say, is not to be learned well unless one begins as a child, and in France.

Russians are reputed to speak French like Parisians. The language which they lisp is not French at all when learned at Moscow or St. Petersburg. Nothing is rarer than to find a Russian who thoroughly possesses French. In all the years Tourguénieff lived here he never sent anything he wrote in French to the Press until it was first revised by some member of the Viardot family. M. Viardot translated his novels into French.

The Orleanists are highly excited by the news from Brazil. Two Pretenders may be said to run a neck-and-neck race. They are both great-grandsons of Louis Philippe—one through the Princess Clémentine, and the other through the Duc de Nemours. They are the eldest son of the Crown Princess, and Pedro Augusto, eldest son of her late sister Léopoldine. Pedro Augusto is of age, and a good deal more. This might be an advantage were the fallen throne set up and he on it. But as things stand, possibly the politicians at Rio would prefer a more youthful Prince to whom they might serve as a council of regency. Pedro Louis Filipo Maria, the heir to the Crown Princess, has a club-foot. He is very tall for his age, and speaks German better than French, but does not speak the latter tongue with so pronounced a foreign accent as when he landed a couple of years ago an exile at Lisbon. The Crown Princess came into Paris about a week ago to see "Lohengrin" at the Opera. She sat in a pit-box, and seemed in better spirits than usual. Poor old Dom Pedro has had no life ever since he was dethroned. The Princesse de Joinville was particularly hard upon him, she laying upon him the blame of the revolution which dethroned him. He has been obstinate in not turning adrift his old servants. All his private property having been restored to him, he will now be able to keep them without plunging into debt. That ne'er-do-weel Prince Philip of Bourbon (Aquila), his nephew, is always at him for money, and thinks of going to Brazil to raise the Imperial flag. If there be an Imperial restoration, it will, in all probability, be in favour of the son of the Crown Prince. All the clericals are for his mother. But the politicians who took part in the Revolution would not feel comfortable were there a prospect of her coming in as Empress regnant.

Shooting, Sporting, and Travelling Garments are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

Great is the Czar; but the Rothschilds are greater. The Russian Grand Dukes *had* to break bread with Ephrussi, an Odessa Jew, and son-in-law of Baron A. de Rothschild. This act of abasement on their part (and, seeing the attitude of the Czar in regard to the Jews, it was a tremendous one) was performed by going to a shooting-party at Ephrussi's place near Melun. The little Duc and Duchesse de Morny (*née* Blanco of Venezuela) were among the company asked to meet them.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

MRS. CHENEVIX, dear Lady Betty, is a curious, eccentric little woman, whose favourite doctrine it is that all our "set" *en bloc* is predestined to eternal damnation. With this discouraging prospect in view, she strives to procure whatever enjoyment may be had now, without particular consideration either for the susceptibilities or prejudices of her neighbours. Being wealthy, warm-hearted, and slightly erratic, much is forgiven her which would never be tolerated in others. Her latest exploit, however, must, I fear, bring her into inevitable disgrace.

Having secured the services of "Professor" Pillinger—the American hypnotiser—and having, moreover, admitted me into her confidence, Mrs. Chenevix proceeded last Friday night to give a small dance to a few judiciously selected friends. The "Professor," stationing himself on the landing, surreptitiously hypnotised the guests as they came, and willed that, whilst observing all the outward forms of decorum, they should frankly reveal whatever secret thoughts each had in his mind. The result baffles description, but I forward you one or two combinations which happened particularly to amuse me:—

For instance, Bounderby, skipping eagerly up to the Duchess of Killybeggs, exclaimed: "My dear Duchess [*emphasis on the 'dear'*], how are you? And how is that insufferable imbecile, the Duke? I really am delighted [*this with unfeigned sincerity*] to be seen addressing you in public, and I earnestly trust that every single individual in this room is attentively observing the incident. By the way, how comes it that a person of your undoubted aristocratic descent should look so ridiculously like a superannuated house-keeper? Between your natural appearance and that shockingly *décolleté* dress of yours, you are, I think, quite one of the most revolting spectacles I have ever yet beheld."

The Duchess (*genially*): "Ah! Mr. Bounderby, how singularly like you all that is! Your innate vulgarity is only redeemed by the ingenuous manner in which you betray it upon the very slightest provocation. Such people as you, of course, invariably judge of things merely by their external appearances, and import into the drawing-room the native atmosphere of the pantry. However, in the appropriate rôle of unpaid man-of-all-work, you are occasionally somewhat useful, and supercilious toleration is no excessive reward for services which we ourselves are unwilling to perform, and which we cannot decently exact from our servants. Now take me downstairs, get me my cloak, call me my servant, put me in my carriage, and come to-morrow at tea-time for further orders. Good night [*cheerfully*]."

* * * * *

I then crossed the ball-room to where Bob Spinnaway was engaged in an animated conversation with our host. This was the gist of what they were saying:—

Bob: "Look here, Chenevix, old man, my firm are bringing out a new swindle—the Isle of Dogs Silver and Gold Combination Mine, Limited—the limited applying, of course, to the precious metal in the mine, not to the coin in the pockets of the investing public. Now, you really must subscribe handsomely towards the concern. That it is a colossal fraud you, as a business man, know as

well as I do; but, nevertheless, I have to earn my half commission, and, if I cannot live on my friends, I should very much like to know who on earth I am expected to live upon?"

Chenevix: "Quite so; but would it not be to the equal advantage of both of us if I handed you twenty pounds for your own use without being compelled to risk as many hundreds for the benefit of your rascally employers? But, then, this might probably shock your naturally delicate sense of honour. It is, practically, an ingenious system of polite blackmailing, for, of course, I must either submit to the extortion or be slandered throughout the town. Well, all right, but you wait, my boy [*with confidence*], and see if I do not eventually get back from you full value for my money. Now trot off and capture another victim, for I prefer to have company in my misfortune."

* * * * * *

Brislington was exhibiting his faultless collar, cuffs, and white waistcoat in the society of pretty Lady Lucy Frippe. Thinking that some amusement would certainly await me here, I cautiously sidled up beside them. I was right—this is how they entertained each other:—

Brislington (*with a commendable drawl and a scarcely repressed yawn*): "Dear me, I do wish our hostess would desert the landing for an instant, and afford me an opportunity of sneaking away unseen. I look well, Lady Lucy, don't I? I have got all my best new clothes on, and *such* pretty silk socks—but, of course, these I cannot decently show you. Mind that old vixen, your mother, asks me to dinner, for this has been my only object in dancing with you to-night, and it would be a cruel disappointment if, after undergoing the ordeal, my endeavours were not properly rewarded."

Lady Lucy (*reassuringly*): "Oh! I'll see to that. Besides, you look ornamental at the table, and know everybody, so mother is certain to ask you; but I should, personally, infinitely prefer to have a barber's block as my neighbour than a conceited, unintelligent little fop like yourself. Now, take me back to mamma, and take care in going home not to crumple your nice little new clothes, for they are the only portion of you which is even moderately tolerable. Thank you—good night."

* * * * *

I take it that the City of London contains more hard-headed, practical business men than any other equal area throughout the entire civilised world. That these eminently hard-headed men should, year after year, consent to take part in an exhibition which is little more dignified than a glorified Guy Fawkes parade or a pantomime procession, is a philosophical problem which future generations will find difficult to explain. The Mardi-Gras display in Paris is frivolous. But then it is the frivolous who take part in the exhibition. For what it is, the Mardi-Gras procession is also good, but no sober-minded person could advance that the Lord Mayor's Show, with its trumpery allegorical cars, execrable bands, and general tawdry decorations, is even on a level with this childish performance. Why, the formal entrance of Wombwell's menagerie into a provincial town is infinitely more attractive than this annual civic progress through the busy streets of the City of London.

The Lord Mayor's coachman and footmen, with their three-cornered hats carefully enveloped in oil-skin, reminded one of chandeliers wrapped up for the dull season, and certainly a Society for the Protection of Human Beings should be organised to protect the unfortunate creatures who were compelled to figure on the gimcrack cars.

The performance of "Philemon and Baucis" at the Lyric Club on Sunday night by the Covent Garden company and orchestra was a brilliant success, and well merited the enthusiastic reception which was accorded to it. Mdlle. Simonnet sang and acted admirably, and was ably supported by MM. Engel, Bouvet, and Lorrain. The pretty Lyric theatre was crowded by an appreciative audience, amongst whom were the Countess Feodora Gleichen, the Ranee of Sarawak, Lady Alfred Fitzroy, Lord Westmorland, Lord Glentworth, and Mr. Hamilton Aïdé. Thanks to Mr. Luther Munday's energetic initiative, an attractive programme has already been decided upon for the winter season.

Winter suggests the Riviera, and this, in its turn, reminds me that Captain Philip Green will this year not pay his customary visit to Cannes, and that consequently the celebrated Villa Clémentine—the finest villa in the place—is temporarily in the market. Captain and Mrs. Philip Green's absence will be regretted by many habitués of Cannes during the winter months; there can be, however, but little fear that the Villa Clémentine, with its exquisite gardens and innumerable attractions, will long remain untenanted.

Several ladies have proposed that Lord Eldon's former house in Hamilton-place, facing the Bachelors' Club, should be organised as a ladies' annexe to that institution. There is no manner of doubt that a well-promoted and well-directed ladies' club in the West-end would meet with a success now which it could not have hoped for some few years ago. I hear that certain Royal ladies have urgently prompted this new enterprise.

Some weeks ago I suggested that exhibitors of Naval pictures at the recent Exhibition at Chelsea might advantageously present them to the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital. Sir Arthur Otway has been the first to adopt this proposal, having presented the portrait of his father. The colossal bust of Nelson which figured at the Exhibition has also found its way to the same institution, it having been presented by Lord Clarence Paget.

Further honours for the War Office. Mr. Nepean, C.B., has been made a Knight. The War Office has already among its staff two K.C.B.'s and six C.B.'s, while the whole Admiralty staff (the more important of the two) possesses only three C.B.'s among them for their services to our first line of defence! The staff of the Admiralty by the way, are already beginning to shed tears over the prospect of Lord George Hamilton going to India. Sufficient for the day, &c.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY had an excellent saying about the majority of preachers—"They aim at nothing, and they hit it." It would not be possible to describe better the procedure of the Stewards of the Jockey Club in their muddling, puddling inquiry into the antecedents of Comedy. It seems to me that the whole proceedings of the Stewards were in the highest degree foolish, absurd, and discreditable. The *Sportsman* was quite right in protesting against "a fishing inquiry," which, as it truly states, was instituted "on mere suspicion."

Directly after the race the Stewards summoned Comedy's jockey into their presence, and proceeded to void the vials of their wrath upon his head. Now this sudden "carpeting" of a jockey before such a *Vehmgericht*, with its "cord-and-dagger" decrees, was an unprecedented proceeding, considering that no objection had been lodged, the Stewards being animated only by a remarkably acute spasm of virtue. Then, when the revelations of the jockey afforded no pretext for interference, the mouth of the mare was examined twice over, and her entry was investigated, and her ownership was verified. Finally, the owner and other persons connected with the animal were examined and rigorously cross-examined, but still without the result which it was apparently desired to achieve. The investigation certainly reached a singularly lame and impotent conclusion, and it is an episode which is not calculated to increase the confidence of the public

CHINA AND GLASS.—Messrs. GOODE, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

in the sagacity of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who, indeed, displayed a marvellous absence of judicial discretion throughout the business.

If the running of Comedy at Derby was thought to be equivocal, it was the duty of the Stewards of that meeting then and there to investigate the matter; but it was most assuredly both unjustifiable and unprecedented for the Stewards of the Jockey Club to rake up her performance in that race seven weeks later, after she had won the Cambridgeshire. If in-and-out running of this kind is to be investigated, there must be one weight and one measure for all owners, and an explanation should have been demanded of the Goodwood form of Ragimunde, of the Two Thousand form of Gouverneur, of the Derby form of Bumptious, and, indeed, there would be daily business for the Stewards for a year to come, as utterly inconsistent performances are to be seen at every big meeting. This egregious inquiry must have afforded much private amusement to Prince Soltykoff, as he cannot have forgotten the vituperative cackling which was heard about some of the running of Duke of Parma, after that animal had cantered away with the Cesarewitch.

The *Sportsman* is quite right in asking "Where on earth should we end if, when a race had been run and won, the winner should not have the stakes (and bets) unless it could be proved to demonstration to have been run to win on every occasion when it started?" Rule 68 is sufficiently comprehensive, for it entitles the Stewards "to disqualify for such time and for such races as they may determine, any horse which has been the subject of fraudulent practice." But if this rule is going to be interpreted as it was at Newmarket, no owner will ever be safe. It is perfectly outrageous, moreover, that the Stewards should be allowed to decide a question involving upwards of £100,000 without the owner having the advantage of legal assistance, and on evidence which is kept secret. It is high time for Jockey Club judicial inquiries to be held in public, and this is a reform which the sporting papers ought to take up, for it is a matter which concerns everybody that is in any way connected with the turf. The Jockey Club method has always been to decide, not to reason. The Stewards should remember that to satisfy the parties and the public, or at least to give them such grounds as would satisfy reasonable men, is in importance only next to giving them a right judgment. In these days the mere authority of the Jockey Club Stewards will cease to have any weight at all, if it be unaccompanied by argument and explanation. They regard themselves as omnipotent and infallible, but such a fantastical aberration as the Comedy inquiry reminds one of an angry bull charging a gate. The present Stewards mean well, of course, and everybody is convinced of the rectitude of their intentions, but their capacity is very far from being so great as to satisfy the sporting public that they are perfectly competent to act as both judge and jury, while at the same time sustaining the parts of prosecutor and cross-examiner, as was the case at Newmarket.

> Ne'er shall thy virtuous thoughts conspire
> To wrap majestic Thames in fire!
> And if that black and nitrous grain,
> Which strews the fields with thousands slain,
> Slept undiscovered yet in earth—
> Thou ne'er had caused the monstrous birth,
> Nor aided (such thy pure intention)
> That diabolical invention!

The Dowager Duchess of Montrose has sold Valauris to go to Germany. This colt is own brother to Seabreeze and to Riviera, and so high an opinion was entertained of him when he was a yearling that he was engaged in about fifty stakes. Valauris was a splendid colt, but I predicted in TRUTH that he would prove an abject failure if he were trained and raced as a two-year-old, and so it has turned out. If Valauris had been managed as judiciously as Common was he might have carried off some great stakes, but he was miserably messed about last year, and he has never won anything.

Mr. Daniel Cooper's horses have left Matthew Dawson's stables, and they will be trained by Blackwell, who has for many years been in the employment of M. Dawson, who in future is to train only for Lord Rosebery. I hear that Mons Meg, the Australian filly, which was backed to win an enormous stake for the Cesarewitch, has been turned out of training, and she will be relegated to the stud.

It is believed at Newmarket that Carthusian, who is trained by J. Cannon, will turn out to be one of the smartest hurdle-racers of the winter season.

Le Nord has gone to Stockbridge to be trained for hurdle-racing, and it is exceedingly probable that he will prove a great success. It would have been well for the gullish herd if Le Nord had never been foaled, as he has been heavily backed over and over again for important races, but was always beaten, until he went over to France last month, when he cantered away with a good stake, having started at an extreme outside price. Le Nord is probably as confirmed a rogue as there is in training.

Last week I expressed the opinion that the Cambridgeshire placings were wholly unreliable, apart from the first and second horses, and that Warlaby only finished fifth because he went on past several pulling-up animals. That my view was correct was proved by the running at Lincoln, when Warlaby, solely on the strength of his Newmarket form, was made favourite for the Great Tom Stakes, but he ran very badly, and Mr. Perkins won with Dare Devil, who showed fair form early in the season. Shrine, who ran miserably in the Cambridgeshire, in which race, as I remarked last week, she was "altogether out-classed," won the Autumn Handicap from a moderate field, and her victory made Coromandel look still better for the Liverpool Cup, inasmuch as she was among the beaten lot when the Duke of Beaufort's animal won at Newmarket by fifteen lengths.

Memoir is being kept in work at Newmarket, and she will probably start again at Manchester. She ran a great mare in the Cambridgeshire, all things considered, and there can be no doubt that her grievous exhibition on the Friday in Coromandel's race is to be accounted for through her having been upset by her severe exertions on Wednesday. Memoir's firmness in the Cambridgeshire betting was the most remarkable feature in the speculation on that race. Although the mare had not been tried, and practically nothing was known about her present form, she remained, amidst numerous rapid and revolutionary changes, as fixed as the rock against which Virgil describes the winds and the waves as beating in vain. The fact is that the speculative public believed both in the mare (as the winner of several classic stakes), and in her owner, trainer, and jockey. If Memoir does start at Manchester she is quite sure to run well, and she will be worth backing, as the Duke of Portland will not send her there unless he thinks that she has a fair chance.

I hear from Paris that Baron Rothschild is severely and most justly censured for the despicable huckstering transactions at the sale of a draft from his stud on the 31st. The late Mr. Merry left an indelible stain on his character as a sportsman by selling that grand old mare Sunbeam in her old age for a few sovereigns, and in the same way Baron Rothschild positively sold five brood mares by auction for £109! They were all animals which had been bought in England, and the youngest was nearly twenty years old. Among them were Crinon, Penitent, and My Wonder. These animals had all done good service, and surely, in their extreme old age, they might have been allowed to end their days in peace, or, if the cost of their maintenance was too great a burden for Baron Rothschild to sustain, they could have been shot. Their sale, under the circumstances, was a scandalous *bêtise*.

The Duke of Hamilton's racehorses, yearlings, brood mares, foals, and stallions are to be sold off in a few weeks, probably at Newmarket next month by Messrs. Tattersall, as he is retiring from the turf, in consequence of the very unsatisfactory state of his health. The Duke has been very unlucky of late years, and the last smart animal that he owned was Miss Jummy, who won him the Two Thousand and Oaks of 1886.

The disqualification of May Rose for the Blankney

HUNTING MEN can now Insure their Horses against Death and Disablement. Prospectuses post-free on application to the Imperial Live Stock Insurance Association, Ltd., 48, Pall-Mall, London, S.W.

Nursery at Lincoln caused great surprise and universal dissatisfaction. The case was heard in a curiously slip-slop sort of fashion, as Mr. Vyner, being the only Steward present, called in the assistance of Major Egerton, the official handicapper. It was monstrously unfair that the owner should have been refused leave to appeal to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and, indeed, there should be a right of appeal in all such cases as a matter of course. Allsopp, the rider of May Rose, was ordered to be reported to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who will do well to bear in mind that he is a very well-conducted jockey, and that there is a strong suspicion that a systematic set is being made against him by certain of his compeers. The fact is that, as the *Sporting Times* observes, "with certain jockeys we should require their evidence to be very strongly corroborated, and, if possible, by outside testimony, before we acted upon it." At Lincoln, moreover, the alleged "crossing" took place opposite the stand, and surely the authorities should have seen for themselves instead of being guided by the evidence of jockeys. There was not a single human being who saw the finish who did not regard the objection as frivolous and vexatious.

There will be racing next week at Derby and at Northampton, and large fields may be expected at both meetings. As a rule, Derby proves a veritable Moscow campaign for backers, and the racing there is particularly fertile in tragical surprises at the November meeting. There are excellent entries for the principal handicaps at Derby, and for the Chesterfield Nursery of £1,000 no fewer than seventy-two animals have been weighted. It would be preposterous to attempt any predictions until after the publication of the acceptances, but Bill certainly appears to be wonderfully well in, and if there was any justification for the manner in which Juvenal was repeatedly backed when running in really good company, he ought to have a great chance. Jessamy is well in for the Chatsworth Stakes. This mare is sure to be very near winning a good handicap, either at Derby or Manchester. Fifty-seven two-year-olds have been left in for the Doveridge Stakes of £1,000, towards which sum the owners subscribe £814. El Diablo is the best of the public lot, but he has to give 14 lb. to maidens, of which Watercress is, no doubt, considerably the smartest.

MAMMON.

A TRUST NOT A TRUST.

WHEN the Trust mania was at its height, Trusts of different qualities were formed; there were good, bad, and indifferent. Of the first there were few, of the second a fair proportion, of the latter many. To which class the London and West of England Trust and Investment Corporation, Limited, belongs, which was also hatched at the time of the Trust inflation, my readers may decide after they have perused the particulars which I am herewith placing before them. The capital of this Company is £100,000 (with power to increase) in £1 shares, of which 99,100 are Ordinary and 900 Founders' shares, for, after the manner of Trusts, the Founders' share attraction was also contained in the prospectus of the London and West of England Trust. Amongst the directors figured the Hon. Ashley Ponsonby and Lord Camoys as the ornaments, while Mr. Frederick A. Ford, director of the Lower Langlaagte Gold Mining Company, who joined the Board after allotment, was the vendor. From him the Corporation acquired, according to the prospectus, "the financial business hitherto carried on by him," and it agreed also to "continue the negotiations already pending between him and provincial financiers and others, by which (as per prospectus) it would be able to immediately take in hand the conversion into public companies of certain sound, well-established industrial and other undertakings." It had also an opportunity of acquiring, "for re-sale or otherwise, upon exceedingly moderate terms, valuable gold mining properties near Johannesburg, and also in the gold regions of India." The Corporation was also to take over the correspondents already established by Mr. Ford in Canada, India, Johannesburg, Barberton, the gold-mining centres of South Africa, &c., while at home arrangements had been entered into "for establishing agents or correspondents in almost all the great centres of industrial activity." The purchase-money for all these numerous advantages was £6,850, payable as to £5,000 in cash, as to £950 in Ordinary shares, and as to £900 in Founders' shares.

It will be seen that the Company was not a Trust Company in the proper sense of the word, but a promoting Company. The payments on the Ordinary shares were fixed at 2s. 6d. on application, 5s. on allotment, the residue by calls not exceeding 5s. per share, with at least one month's notice, if it should be found advisable to make further calls; but, said the prospectus, "it is not at present proposed to call up more than 10s. per share." The Corporation was formed in March, 1890, and 7s. 6d. per share had been called up, but a further call was recently made, and a number of the shareholders in Bristol objected to any further payments. A meeting of such shareholders was held on October 21 last, at Bristol, at which it was unanimously resolved—

That Messrs. James Dole, Humphrey, Gwynn, and Richard Coaffee be appointed a Committee for the purpose of investigating the affairs of the Company, and reporting to the Bristol shareholders thereon. That the directors be requested to give to the Committee all reasonable information required.

Mr. Ford having, in the meantime, got wind of the action taken by the shareholders, issued the following circular on the day preceding the meeting:—

London and West of England Trust and Investment Company, Limited,
Broad-street-avenue, London, E.C., October 20, 1891.

[*Private.*]

DEAR SIR OR MADAM,—It has this morning come to my knowledge that an attempt is being made to *wreck* this Corporation, and I am, therefore, requested by the Managing Director, without waiting for a formal meeting of the Board, to place one or two important facts before you. Shareholders should bear in mind that they have the following large and important interests, real and substantial, although not yet realised:—

AMERICAN MINING PROPERTY.—Commission letter duly executed and stamped for £7,500, dated July 29, 1891. This was for negotiating the sale of a mine, and we are entitled to get this commission *as soon as the Company is floated.*

SAN FRANCISCO GRANERIES. — Commission letter dated July 31, 1891, for £28,000, for negotiating sale of an enormous American property.

BREWERY.—Commission letter dated July 31, 1891, for "all above 1,560,000 dols.," say about £38,000, less certain charges.

VENEZUELA LAND.—Contract duly entered into, but as it is proposed to make this issue ourselves, it is inexpedient to state the probable profit.

COLOMBIAN SILVER MINES.—This Corporation has heavy unsettled claims against this Company, to say nothing of many other profits. Shareholders should also bear in mind that as the directors have purposely refrained from calling up capital until it could be usefully employed, there is still 12s 6d. per share for enterprising lawyers to work on. If shareholders were ill-advised enough to sacrifice their interests, liquidators would have, in compliance with the law, to call up at once every penny of the capital. Under no circumstances could this be returned; because, after the tedious settlement of all claims, if anything was left—by the lawyers—it would have to be equally divided; those who now hold Founders' and fully-paid shares receiving the same return as those who had paid up hard cash. On the one hand, therefore, the shareholders have in view a career of prosperity, with large and augmenting dividends. On the other hand is the invitation of the lawyers to "walk into their parlour." With such assets as this Corporation possesses, and with such contingent and immediate profits, prolonged litigation would be inevitable; and it is, therefore, hoped the shareholders will wisely abide by the advice of the directors, rather than hand over their interest to lawyers and litigation.—Yours obediently,

C. A. PATERSON BUTLER, Secretary.

Now, with all due deference to Mr. Ford, this circular would confirm me, if I were a shareholder in the Corporation, all the more in my resolve to bring about the liquidation of this concern. The threat conveyed in this circular that "the whole of the capital would be called up, and that under no circumstances could this be returned," does not give a satisfactory impression of the position of the Company. The circular also speaks of "large and augmenting dividends," yet the Company has been in

existence since March 30, 1890, and no dividend has been paid. What the assets may be, I do not know, but if they consist only in the various promoting contracts set forth in this precious circular, I should not give much for them. A commission letter for an American mining property contingent on the floating of the Company does not seem very promising, and commission letters on San Francisco granaries or a brewery are not in these days of depression worth the paper they are written upon, if the payment of the commission is also dependent upon the floating of Companies. Land in Venezuela may be worth money one of these days, but I feel convinced that no Venezuela Land Company would at the present time find favour with the public. The claim on the Colombian silver mines seems also of an extremely doubtful nature. The shareholders would, no doubt, be glad to know what the "many other profits" also mentioned might be. In fact, it would be interesting to know what profits the Corporation has made during the nineteen months of its existence. The commission letters set out in the circular are all of recent date. What, then, has become of the negotiations pending at the time of the formation of the concern between Mr. Ford and provincial financiers, and of all the various attractions set forth in the prospectus? The shareholders will do well to insist upon an examination of the Company's accounts by a committee of investigation, and, in case the same should prove unsatisfactory, upon immediate liquidation. Not a single shilling should be paid in further calls until the future of the concern has been fully disclosed, for if ever I saw a disquieting circular, it is that sent out by the managing director of the London and West of England Trust and Investment Corporation, Mr. Frederick A. Ford, "without waiting for a formal meeting of the board." There is such a thing as throwing good money after bad, and the shareholders owe it to themselves to find out if this is a case in point or not, before they put their hands into their pockets again.

THE MEXICAN GENERAL LAND MORTGAGE AND INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED.

I have always warned you, Ben, against having anything to do with Mexican land speculations. The country is a long way off, and it is impossible for a board of London directors to know what is going on there. An instance of this has just occurred. The Mexican General Land Mortgage and Investment Company was registered in May, 1887, with an authorised capital of £3,000,000. The first issue was for 300,000 Ordinary, and 150,000 Eight per Cent. Preference shares, and the object seems to have been to buy an estate in Mexico with cattle on it for £425,000, a portion of which amount was paid by £150,000 Debentures, and a portion by Ordinary shares. Of the £100,000 Preference shares, £32,700 were placed with the public on the issue of the Company. At the close of 1888 the cash income was £62, but it was alleged that the value of the live stock had increased, and this being treated as an asset, a dividend of 8 per cent. was paid on the Preference shares. In 1889 a further issue of about £10,000 Preference shares took place, when this increase in the value of cattle figured in the prospectus put forth for obtaining subscriptions to the issue as a net profit of £18,384. On March 16, 1891, the directors issued a report and balance-sheet. They were very flowery. The property, it was stated, which had cost £425,000, had so improved by unearned increment, that it was now valued at £697,000. According to the last valuation (1889), the stock numbered 108,894 head. It had been allowed to accumulate, and important purchases of improved stock had been made. Expenses of carrying on the business, other than those provided for on the estate, had been £15,429, but the increased value of the live-stock, together with realised assets, amounted to £19,354. Adding, therefore, the balance on profit and loss to the balance brought forward at the end of the previous year, a dividend of eight per cent. was declared on the Preferred shares, leaving £576 to be carried over to the next year's account. In the profit-and-loss account for 1889 appended to this report, the £19,354 figures as profit on one side, whilst against this on the other side is the debenture interest, £9,422, and expenses in London to the tune of several thousand pounds, including directors' and trustees' fees, £2,065; salaries in London, £1,064; travelling expenses, £1,145, &c., &c. Now, mark. This report and balance-sheet were issued, as I have said, on March 16, 1891, and this was followed by a meeting on March 24, when the Chairman, the Right Hon. John Young, D.L., said (*inter alia*): "We began the year 1889 with 92,000 head of cattle, and we have ended it within a few head of 109,000, aside from the considerable number that it has been found advisable to kill or sell. Your Board has no reason to form any different opinion of the property on the estate and of its surroundings and capabilities for profitable investment than when the original prospectus was issued. . . . We hope in the next few months to have the pleasure of meeting you all here again, and of producing the accounts for 1890, which we know are in a forward state in Mexico at the present time, and when they come they will be placed in the auditors' hands promptly, and I hope to be able to explain them as satisfactorily as these." Now, again mark. On October 24, exactly seven months after this meeting, the shareholders received a circular from the Board, in which they were vouchsafed the following information:—

> In 1890, Northern Mexico was visited by a drought of a severity never before experienced within the memory of the present generation, and for which the country generally was unprepared. The losses on all sides were great, especially in horses and cattle. Had this drought continued but a single year, the losses to this Company would have been, including the newborn, about 30,000 in number. From even this disaster, serious as it was, the Company could have recovered. But it did not stop there. The autumn rains failed, the drought continued through the winter, the spring, and the summer of the present year with such severity, that in the adjoining State of Chihuahua even the inhabitants are reported to be dying of starvation. It has now become necessary, in order to restore the financial equilibrium, to increase the working capital. . . . . The best method of effecting this end is by the reconstruction of the Company.

On November 3 an extraordinary general meeting was held. The Chairman said:—

> Our obligations at the present moment, supposing we were to pay all our indebtedness in cash, would require something like £30,000 to £35,000 to discharge. Our present manager says it will be necessary to have an outlay of some £20,000 in what I may call permanent improvements of the estate. After careful consideration, we consider that this can only be done by increasing the Debenture capital. It cannot be increased without the sanction of the First Mortgage Debenture holders, and the object of our coming before you to-day is that, under plea of liquidation, we can reconstruct the Company under these new conditions. We, therefore, think we ought to ask for power to increase the First Mortgage Debentures by £100,000, making the total £250,000 instead of £150,000. We have received from Mexico the accounts for 1890. These accounts show a loss of £17,000.

The Earl of Ashburnham vainly protested against the extraordinary discrepancies between the statement of the Chairman that day and on March 24, and urged that a Committee of investigation should be appointed. The Chairman replied that the two statements were perfectly reconcilable, and the resolution to liquidate was carried.

I share entirely in the strictures of the Earl of Ashburnham; indeed, I think that in all my experience of Companies I have never come across anything more needing investigation. What portion of the £425,000 paid by the Company for the property went to the real owner? What to the middle-man? Who was the middle-man? Every one who knows anything about ranches is aware that their monetary value is entirely dependent upon there being a constant supply of water for the cattle on them, even in dry seasons. By the latest balance-sheet published (1889), sundry creditors figure at £16,496, against which there was £4,249 cash in London; £7,027 owed by

GEORGE GREGORY & COMPANY, Stock and Share Dealers, 4, Tokenhouse-buildings, Lothbury, Bank of England, London, E.C. Telegrams "Grammarian, London"; Manager, Mr. A. Langridge. Also, London—West-End: 226, Piccadilly, W. (immediately opposite the London Pavilion). Telegrams, "Gregarious, London"; Manager, Mr. George Williams.—Brighton: Central-chambers, The Quadrant (facing Willings' Jubilee Clock Tower). Telegrams, "Gregorian, Brighton"; Manager, Mr. W. J. Nichols.—Hastings: Queen's-chambers (adjoining the Queen's Hotel), Telegrams, "Gregory, Hastings"; Manager, Mr. H. O. Scantlebury. Agencies at Leeds, Hull, and Folkestone. "Hints to Speculators" (250 pages), contains a mass of reliable information, gratis and post free.

debtors; merchandise and in stores, &c., worth £8,246. How, then, can £35,000 be owing now, even if there has been a loss on the year of £17,000? The cattle on the estate then numbered 109,000, and were valued in the balance-sheet at £54,646. They now number 77,000. The total loss, consequently, on the diminution can only be £16,000. But this does not involve the payment of any cash. Who, too, ever heard of paying a dividend on an estimate of a natural increase in cattle? still less, who ever heard of asking persons to subscribe to shares on the assertion that this increase was net profit, without any explanation of what this net profit meant? Where was the money got to pay the dividend? Was it borrowed, or was it paid out of the second issue of Preference shares? But still more wonderful is the flowery oratory of the Chairman last March. The shareholders are told now that in 1890 Northern Mexico was visited with a terrible drought. Had it only lasted one year the loss would only have amounted to 30 000 cattle. It lasted longer, and the loss was 32 000. From a loss of 30,000 the Company could have recovered. It goes into liquidation, and borrows £50.000 on account of the loss of the extra 2,000. Either the chairman knew of the loss of 30.000 cattle in March, 1891, or he did not. If he did, he had no right to conceal the fact and say that he hoped soon to produce the accounts for 1890, and to be able to explain them as satisfactorily as those on which he declared that a profit had been earned of £19,354 in 1889. If he did not know it, assuredly the "present manager" should not have left him in ignorance, and should not be entrusted with £20,000 to expend, but should be at once dismissed. In view of all that has occurred, it is self-evident that Lord Ashburnham's proposal for a committee of investigation should have been accepted by the directors, and that they, one and all, should be invited to retire from the board. Taking the facts as they stand, I should as soon think of paying the Right Hon. John Young to look after any interests that I might have in a Mexican ranche (from which may merciful Heaven preserve me) as I should in subsidising a child in arms to perform this work.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My dear Ben,—The air has been full of all kinds of rumours during the week, but, so far, I have been unable to confirm a single one of these reports, which seem rather to furnish evidence of a big "Bear" account on the Stock Exchange than of any weakness in financial circles. The fact is that London has gone through the mill through which Continental operators are now apparently passing, and the position is sounder here than it has been for many a day. English operators have wisely kept out of international securities, and have, in fact, been selling "short," if they have done anything, such stocks as Russians, Spanish, Portuguese, &c., in which the heaviest fall has taken place.

The Slump in "Foreigners."

For months past I have warned you, Ben, of the inevitable collapse which was coming in these stocks, and now you see Russian Fours down to 91⅝, Spanish to 64, Portuguese to 32½ (after having touched 32), with the possibility of a further fall in view of the overloaded condition of the Paris Bourse. The fact is that the doom of all these stocks was sealed from the moment that the new Russian loan was determined upon in Paris. The formidable hostility was thus raised of the great Jewish houses against Russian finance, and, through it, the general market in securities affected by the Paris Bourse had to suffer. It was, perhaps, not so much active opposition as passive resistance which was employed by these houses, and the interviews which have recently taken place between Baron Alphonse de Rothschild and M. Rouvier, the French Minister of Finance, are significant as showing that official intervention has been attempted. The great Jewish financiers, however, may well plead that in not participating in—or, shall I say, boycotting?—the Russian loan, they followed the principles of sound finance. Can anything more rotten be imagined than the position of Russia, which has borrowed up to the hilt, and is now visited by a failure of crops and a famine such as must crush what little financial stability there was left out of her? Why, indeed, should Russian Four per Cents. stand at anything like 92 under such circumstances? In Spain matters are in a very unsettled state. As I stated a week ago, the Spanish Government and the Bank of Spain had offered terms which were considered altogether inacceptable by the financiers, who had been applied to for a new loan. To-day matters are looking even less promising, as the negotiations have actually been interrupted for the same reason, while the Bank of Spain has had to raise its rate for advances on securities. One of these days Spain will probably furnish such security as is insisted upon by the bankers, for needs must where an unmentionable person is the driver, but, it is probable that a severe fall in Spanish bonds will precede such concessions as will enable the loan to be concluded. The inventiveness of Madrid and Paris correspondents who have announced the completion of the loan for the sixth time during the last fortnight, is, by the way, extraordinary. Rarely have so many lies been told about a transaction. Portuguese will, it is said officially, get their next coupon. Perhaps so, but that may be the last. Advices from Berlin are unfavourable, the failure of the firm of Hirschfeld & Wolff having disclosed an unexpected state of rottenness. This was a private banking firm, whose clientèle was chiefly in Court circles and amongst officers, while the firm of Friedländer & Sommerfeld, the suicide of two of whose partners is announced, had its clients chiefly amongst the middle classes. In neither case, however, are the amounts involved large, and the failures are not of international importance, however unfortunate they may prove for German depositors and in their effect on German business.

Brazil and Argentina.

The *coup d'état* in Brazil came like a bolt from the blue upon the much-tried investor in South American stocks, and even on the most favourable interpretation it is an indication of instability of the new order of things in the Republic. So far, however, no insurrectionary movements are reported, and should this state of affairs continue until the new elections for Congress in January, matters may perhaps mend again. A great deal of unsound financing has taken place in Brazil, the country having, in addition to mismanagement of the national finances and of the inflation of its paper currency, had the experience of a full-sized boom of Company-promoting. There is but one rift in the Brazilian cloud—the fact, which I have on the highest authority, that the funds in the hands of the London agents and available for the payment of the interest in the Foreign Debt are large, apart even from the million sterling of gold just arrived and on the way from Rio. Passing from Brazil to Argentina, we find that country making an attempt to struggle out of the financial quagmire. The gold premium has further fallen to 285, apparently as a consequence of the shipment of £212,000 in gold to Buenos Ayres, which will be followed next week by a further shipment of about the same amount. Further developments will be awaited with the greatest interest, and if Argentine Government and Railway stocks have not advanced further, this is chiefly due to the Brazilian upset and to the fear that the fall of the gold premium in Buenos Ayres might after all not prove permanent. Chilian bonds have remained stationary, the 1886 loan at 88½. Matters are settling down with respect to the dispute with the States, and the election of Señor Jorge Montt as President by all parties is full of promise. These bonds of the only honest South American Republic should be bought. I have received several inquiries concerning the reason of the decline in Costa Rica A and B bonds, and, having made careful inquiry, I find that it was solely due to sales by a Trust Company, that

Arthur Forbes & Co., Australian Investment, Finance, and Mining Agency, 16, Cornhill, London, E.C., and at Brisbane, Queensland, have special business in some of the best Colonial Mining Stocks, including Brilliant, Victory, Victoria, Sunburst, Broken Hill, Raub, and other prosperous concerns. Constant information by cable. Telegraphic address, "Orpharion, London."

held large blocks of both, which had been bought by the directors contrarily to the Company's articles of association. The position had, therefore, to be liquidated, hence the reaction. At the same time I am informed that the funds for the payment of the next coupon are already in hand in London.

Home Rails.

I advised you last week not to buy any of the heavy stocks speculatively, as they seemed high enough, considering present prospects. My view has been fully borne out by the course of the market during the past week, as Midlands are down again to 161, Great Western to 157⅝, Brums to 170⅝, Berwicks to 156¼, a fall of 1 to 1½ all round. The Midland, of course, is doing well, and even the last North-Western traffic was satisfactory, but prospects generally are by no means promising, and the money outlook does not favour operations in these stocks. I still hold to my view that Midlands are a good investment, but the other stocks of the heavy brigade had better be left alone for the present. Brighton "A" have fluctuated between 145½ and 147½, true to their character of fickleness. There seems a prospect of their making up some of their earlier losses, but it is too late now to expect any better result than 6½ per cent. for the year. Great Eastern improved and reacted, and at 88⅝ are quite high enough considering their yield. Chathams are dull, the adverse decision in the litigation with the South-Eastern acting as a wet blanket. The only stocks which promise some activity in the near future seem to be the "Two Macs." An agreement providing harmonious working between the Caledonian and North British has actually been concluded, and better traffics are also making their appearance. Large savings will be possible under the new arrangement, and "Coras" (Caledonian Deferred) at 44, as well as North British Deferred at the same price, deserve every attention as most promising "lock-ups."

A Yankee Intermezzo.

The New York operators have seized their opportunity to engineer a reaction, and they have succeeded temporarily, the collapse in Foreigners and the financial disaster in Boston, in the shape of the suspension of the Maverick Bank, having come to their aid. But it is evident, from latest cable advices, that the Boston disaster is localised, and that the run on Five Cent Bank being stopped, confidence is likely to return again. A whole battery of rumours was utilised by the Wall-street "Bears," but it looks almost as if they had done their worst, in which case a rebound in prices would follow. The most was apparently made of the decrease in the surplus reserve of the New York Associated Banks of 5,300,000 dols., but as it was known that about 6 millions of cash had been transferred to Boston in order to strengthen the banking establishments there, this was really discounted already. In the natural course of things, these 6 millions will return to New York as soon as the Boston local trouble is over, which seems, in fact, already the case. That half the reports which are set about in Wall-street, and which find their way to Europe, are lies, is already shown by a comparison of the tales of ten days ago, and of the statements to which we are treated now. Addison Cammack, we are told, is at present raiding stocks all round. Yet Cammack was spoken of as follows in New York (*Kiernan's News Letter*) on October 26:—"Mr. Cammack makes no secret of the fact that he is 'Bullish.' He says that Erie will sell at 50, and that the big money will be made in the low-priced shares. He is known to have been a large purchaser of the specialties to which he is particularly partial in any active times." These comparisons could be carried on *ad infinitum*. As a matter of fact it matters little what a New York operator may say publicly. His private opinions might be diametrically opposed to his public utterances, as has so often happened in the case of Jay Gould and his gang. For all the present "Bearish" talk, one fact stands out prominently, viz., that the general position of American Railroad stocks is more promising than it has been for years. Traffic increases are shown in all directions. The gross earnings of forty-seven railroads for the fourth week of October were 10,776,000 dols. against 9,737,000 a year ago. The last monthly return of the Milwaukee line shows an increase of nearly 250,000 dols., and the Atchison is doing an excellent business. An important "Bull" point, moreover, is that the Russian Government is on the point of prohibiting the export of wheat, and prices of grain are rising in all directions on this side, while the yield of the American grain crop is turning out even better than had been anticipated. Foreigners are out of the question as a "bull" operation. Home Rails are quite high enough. There is, therefore, only the Yankee department left for the speculative investor to deal in. Sooner or later, therefore, purchases will recommence here, as they will on the part of the investor in the United States. Bonds, in fact, are already in an improved demand for investment. Turning to individual stocks, we have Milwaukees and Atchison shares and income bonds, at which speculative purchases will probably leave a considerable profit within the next week or two. Louisville and Nashville, with important traffic increases; Norfolk and Western Prefs., with an increase of 58,000 dols. for October, are unduly neglected. It almost looks as if Readings had turned the corner, to judge from a slight recovery in Wall-street. I have already explained that the Reading Company is greatly strengthened financially, and the payment of the full interest on the First Income bonds, with something left towards a fund for the Seconds, is being predicted. That the Company should seek to obtain better terms in the anthracite coal pool is only natural, and whenever a settlement is come to Reading shares will move up sharply. A decline has been engineered in Eries on the report that the Preference dividend would not be paid. I do not pretend to be in the secret of the Erie directors, who have bamboozled the shareholders sufficiently in the past to discourage sanguine views on this point. It was, however, reported from Wall-street that 2¾ per cent. was bid for the expected dividend on the Preferred stock. The latest news from Cincinnati is that the recalcitrant directors of the Ohio and Mississippi have given in, and that the opposition to the reorganisation scheme has collapsed. Mr. Bacon, the President of the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western, left for New York last Wednesday, and on his arrival the deal will proceed. When holders have done throwing away their stock, or "Bears" have done raiding, these stocks will improve sharply. By the way, the First Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds of the Alabama, New Orleans, and Texas should commend themselves to investors at their present prices, and especially the Second Mortgage (B) Debentures at 41¼, which have earned 3 per cent. for this year.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

Notwithstanding excellent October crushings of the Witwatersrand mines, the Mining Market has shown a depressed tone, in sympathy with the foreign and Yankee departments. Should the latter improve, a marked recovery in mining shares would be extremely likely. The crushing of the New Primrose Gold-Mining Company (2,200 oz. from 4,820 tons) proved satisfactory, although not quite up to the September return, but the shares have advanced to 2⅛. Nigel shares touched 3⅛ at one time, but have since been quoted 3. My anticipation that the Glencairn Main Reef Gold-Mining Company would increase its output has been fully borne out by the result of the October crushing, the yield of which amounted to 800 oz. from 1,891 tons, with twenty-five stamps running; the September crushing having been only 609 oz. from 1,501 tons, with twenty stamps running. With every month more stamps will be at work, and the crushings will improve; thus, making Glencairns, which have advanced to 8s 6d., an excellent purchase. Simmer & Jack shares are steady at 3⅞ to 4.

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, E.C.—165, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—8, Haymarket, S.W.—18, Westbourne-grove, W.—Nos. 19 and 20, Railway-approach, London-bridge, S.E.—Manchester address, Bridgewater-chambers, 6, Brown-street.—Brighton address, Central-chambers, The Quadrant. No commission on speculative accounts. He buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired. Telephone No. 1,578.

The Robinson crushing proved simply phenomenal, viz, 10,019 oz. of gold, against 8,245 oz. in September. Great progress is evidently being made at the Randt in the development of the gold mines. Shareholders in the Great Gold Zone Company will now have received the circulars furnishing full particulars of Col. Buxton's report from the property. That officer, and Mr. Jones, the engineer of the Syndicate, will arrive in this country next week, and on their return the sub-Company will, doubtless, be formed. Under the circumstances it is strange that these shares have not moved more strongly upwards, the information sent home by Col. Buxton being of the most favourable description. Oceana shares have shown dulness, in sympathy with the Mining Market generally; but reports which have just come to hand from Silati River are most favourable. De Beers Diamond shares have been sold for Paris account and bought in London Australian Broken Hill Consols have reacted and improved. A well-known civil engineer, M. Ellice-Clark, has now left for Australia, at the invitation of the Australian Broken Hill and East Broken Hill Boards, in order to make a thorough examination of the properties. According to a circular issued by the directors, the Australian Broken Hill Consols Company has total assets in cash and Consols, after meeting all liabilities, of over £30,000 in addition to 440,000 fully paid shares in the East Broken Hill Consols. Silverton (Broken Hill) shares are steady at 14s. to 15s. The following cablegram has been received by the Board:—"I have carefully examined the property. Average width of lode is 4 ft. The metal-bearing part of the lode lies against foot-wall. The vein is several inches in width likely to average 500 oz. of silver per ton. Have formed very high opinion of discovery. Report by letter.—ROSEWARNE." It stated that Mr. D. D. Rosewarne, F.G.S., who made the above report, was late H.M. Inspector of Mines and Warden of Gold-fields in South Australia, and is now manager of the Kangarilla Proprietary Silver Mines (South Australia), Limited. Indian Gold Mines show steadiness, and although Ooregum Prefs. and Champion Reefs have reacted, Mysore Gold are well maintained. Mysore Nagar, too, are firm at 9s. to 10s., in anticipation of favourable advices. Elmore Gold shares are steady at the recent advance.

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

G. W.—No reason to sell Interoceanic of Mexico Debentures. The traffics are as follows:—382,106 dols. from July 1 to October 10, 29,600 for the week ended October 17, 32,900 dols. for week ended October 24, 36,500 dols. to October 31. Sales for a Trust Company are alone responsible for the reaction in Costa Rica bonds. These and Brazilians had better be held. *N. O.*—The reaction in Costa Rica bonds is solely due to sales by a Trust Company under the circumstances stated under "Brazil and Argentina."

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

T. B. A.—The Australian Land Company you speak of seems to be prosperous, and there is, doubtless, money to be made in that particular colony, but investors must run the risk generally connected with such Land Companies. *A. D. Q.*—I do not like the Bank No. 1 at all; it is badly managed, and has made heavy losses. There seems no special risk with the Colonial Banks Nos. 2-5, but I do not care for deposits with such Banks, the future stability of which it is difficult to gauge. *Preguntador.*—I should not advise deposits with the undertakings named, but rather advise you to invest in sound securities. *University College.*—I do not think well of the concern in question. *Caed mille failthe.*—The reason was competition, but a pool has now been arranged, and prospects have improved. *W. S. G.*—The Company in question has been repeatedly criticised in TRUTH. It does not perform what it promises. Have nothing to do with it.

Home Rails.

E. F.—I stated my opinion last week that heavy rails should not now be bought speculatively, and the reaction which has just taken place bears out my view. *Caledonian.*—Yes, the Deferred shares of the Caledonian and North British Companies will appreciate materially in the long run, and should be bought. *Sara.*—I am somewhat doubtful about the merits of the movement in "Sheffield A"—it is pure speculation.

American and Foreign Rails.

Acorn.—No, I should not average Union Pacifics. Hold, and sell on a moderate improvement. But you should buy Louisville, Milwaukees, or Atchisons on the present decline. *E. H. W.*—Yes, Buenos Ayres and Rosario Debentures, insured in the manner proposed, would suit your purpose. *Malacca.*—Certainly, hold the East Indian Railway stock, and I would not sacrifice the Brazilian Railway stock now. *Mansfield.*—1 These bonds should be held for a recovery, which may not be far off in sympathy with the fall in the gold premium in Buenos Ayres. I do not care much for the Bank shares, No. 2 and 3, and, although there is no immediate risk, I should advise selling out at an opportunity. No. 4 (French Rentes) are, of course, a good security. *Toronto Subscriber.*—1. I have made a rule never to recommend individual stockbrokers. 2. Norfolk and Western Prefs. give you at the present price nearly 6 per cent. on the investment. 3. No, not just yet. *Wells.*—1. The issuing house is trying to obtain a settlement from the Provincial Government. That is all that can be said at present. 2. The documents are expected daily from Buenos Ayres. 3. I do not care much for these particular bonds, for the reason stated. Baltimore and Ohio South-Western First Mortgage bonds and Louisville and Nashville First Mortgage would be preferable. *R. N.*—The decline is due to the upset in Brazil. Perhaps it would be better to await a more favourable time before selling. *W. G. M.*—Your investments Nos. 1-5 are all under a cloud, and I fancy you had better take your chance of an improvement and hold. No. 6 is a good Bank, and there is no reason to sell Nos. 7 and 8 now.

Mining Shares.

C. A. C.—The Durban Roodepoort Mine is doing fairly well, but not so well as might have been expected. *E. P.*—Even if your statement that sapphires and rubies are commonly found together in Burmah and Ceylon were correct, it would not affect the force of my criticism of the Company referred to. *Perplexed.*—The prospectus of the Montana Ruby and Sapphire Company had not yet appeared when TRUTH of October 29 was published. My criticism, therefore, appeared at the earliest possible moment. You should have immediately cancelled your application by telegraph. 1. I think not. 2. Try. 3. No, I do not think that this Company will pay. *Ceptas, Portsmouth.*—Of the Mining shares 1 to 10 mentioned by you, Nos. 5 9, and 10 can be readily bought and sold. The other shares are not very marketable here, but they appear to be fairly well thought of The Secretary of any one of the Companies could doubtless tell you the London addresses of the other concerns. *Veritas.*—Sell all five shares, No. 1-5. You will probably be able to purchase at lower prices before the close of the year. *Bon Accord.*—Sell your Sicilian Copper shares for whatever they may fetch. Do not throw good money after bad. *Goose.*—I believe that all work at the Victory (Venezuela) Mine is now stopped. The affairs of the Company are being investigated by the Board of Trade. *Hope Deferred.*—The shares in the Economic Gold Extraction Company are not dealt in on the Stock Exchange. Write to the Secretary, and see if he knows of a buyer *B. V.*—Hold No. 1; advices are favourable. No. 2 will probably recover when the state of business generally gets better. Sell Amador (3). Have I not continually warned my readers against them? 4. Hold; they will recover.

Industrial Companies.

C. R. B., Liverpool.—Thanks for Bradstreet's report, which I return. I agree with you that this Company will again achieve success. *Miss M. G O.*—I should not advise you to invest in the Company you name. It is extremely speculative, and success doubtful. *A M., Leeds.*—As soon as I obtain definite information I will inform you. *A. B. C.*—I should certainly hold the Brewery shares Nos. 1—3, nor does it seem advisable to change Nos. 1 and 3 into Preference shares. *J. F. L.*—Hammond Meat shares had better be held now, as a turn for the better is not unlikely. I do not care for the African Trust Company. Sell if you can. *W. H.*—Yes, Electric Construction Corporation shares are a good investment at their present price of about 6¾. *Justitia.*—West India and Panama Cable shares are quoted 1¼—1½, and I am afraid that prospects are not very promising. *Un malheureux.*—I have not yet been able to obtain from the directors the information for which I asked them, and I do not think that you take a correct view. *Station.*—Why not buy half Preference and half Ordinary shares of the three Companies, which are all doing well? *Heck.*—1. I note what you say about the Detroit Brewery. 2. I am afraid there is little chance for the Hansard Union Ordinary shareholders. 3. I do not advise dealing with these concerns. *E. B. P.*—If you want to sell London General Omnibus you may as well do so at once. *E. J. C.*—Nothing wrong as far as I know *Sanguisagæ.*—1. I have asked the directors for information on the present position, and will let you have it as soon as received 2. A report and balance-sheet of the Mining Company was issued. Write to the secretary for it. *Homeward Bound.*—Your investments seem to be under a cloud, but I fancy you will do best by holding *Investor, Gray's Inn.*—These Companies have taken rather a long time to reach the stage of manufacture on a large scale. Once they get so far, you will probably receive dividends.

Mixed Investments.

Anxious.—1. Affairs in Chili are settling down most satisfactorily, and you should hold Chilian bonds. The interest is quite secure. The Brazilian Railway bonds had better be held. The same applies to the Argentine and Uruguay Railway stocks, and Erie Seconds, an improvement being probable. The future of Central Borneo is somewhat doubtful. Yes; Canadian Pacific Four Per Cent. Debentures are a good permanent investment. *Veritas.*—I do not care for the South African concerns Nos. 1 and 2. It is impossible to form a complete judgment yet of No. 3. The outlook for No. 4 is sombre in view of the very bad financial position of Paraguay. *Spaniard.*—On the further fall buy more to

average. *Too Trusting.*—Sell No. 1 if you can; I have never recommended them. Hold 2 and 3. No reason to sell Nos. 4, 6, 7, 8 at present depreciated values. No 9 are good value at present price. Nos. 10, 11, and 12 had better be held. I do not care for Nos. 13 and 14. Sell on an improvement. *Scotorum.*—You had better number your investments, as I do not wish to comment by name upon the Banks in which you are interested.

Various Investments.

Nitrate Rails have improved to 17⅛, and re-acted to 16¾, but prospects remain favourable, and it is probable that traffics will show a distinct improvement shortly, as nitrate of soda is moving more freely. This circumstance, on the other hand, will not, perhaps, allow the prices of nitrate of soda to improve so rapidly as had been anticipated. I am told, in fact, that it is not improbable that the whole of the maximum output of 18 million quintals, or 820,000 tons, fixed under the Combination will probably be shipped this year. Up to October 31, 555,000 tons had been shipped, against 714,440 tons in 1890, and 695,700 tons in 1889. This leaves 265,000 tons still to be shipped in November-December. More than 820,000 tons, of course, will not be exported, and prices of nitrate of soda will, therefore, hardly fall below the level of 9s. 6d., which is the present price of October-November shipment. Electric light shares are again advancing, Brush shares being quoted, 3½; Metropolitan Electric, 10¼; Swan United, 5¼; Electric Construction, 6⅞. The block of shares of the latter Company offered by a weak holder seems now to have been absorbed by investors, and with excellent prospects and solid work this Company is likely to progress greatly in the favour of investors. Another electric Company, Woodhouse & Rawson United, Limited, have just issued their report for the past year. The balance-sheet shows a net profit of £35,103, which, with the sum of £16,336 brought forward from last year, makes a total of £51,439. After paying 8 per cent. on the Preference shares and 15 per cent. on the Ordinary shares for the year—absorbing a sum of £30,507, the directors appropriate £10,000 to reserve. The report gives evidence of satisfactory progress, and, considering the handsome dividends, the £5 shares, with £2. 10s. called up, look remarkably cheap at their present price of 2¼. The leading American Brewery Companies are doing remarkably well, and I have much pleasure in stating, at the request of a correspondent who had applied for information to the Secretary of the St. Louis Breweries, Limited, that the sales of beer show an increase of 27,813 barrels for the twelve months ending September, 1891, over the same period of 1889-90. The Secretary adds that "the lower prices of materials, which we now have every prospect of for the present year, will undoubtedly help us very much, and although we expect to make a very satisfactory showing this year, we shall hope to make a still better one in next year."—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

QUEER STORY.

AT HER CHARIOT-WHEELS.

HE was bound to her chariot-wheels; there could be no doubt about that; and bound so securely that it seemed highly improbable that he would ever break his chains.

Why will pretty married women persist in looking upon eligible bachelors as their lawful prey? And why will eligible bachelors persist in devoting themselves to pretty married women, while ignoring the claims of the British Matron's marriageable daughters? These two questions will, in all probability, never be answered to the satisfaction of the British Matron.

Mrs. Hilton was small and fair, and exquisitely pretty, with a dainty, fragile, Dresden-china prettiness. Her complexion was a perfect combination of pure white and faint rose tints; her soft, yellow hair formed an aureole of picturesque curls round her mignon face; her large blue eyes looked out from under their slightly-arched brows with an expression of childlike innocence. People said it was that innocent look that wrought such dire destruction in the ranks of the opposite sex, and perhaps they were right. Women remained totally unimpressed, but men went down before it like leaves before the wind.

Roger Branscombe was a big, broad-shouldered man, certainly not handsome—his worn, dark face was too stern and rugged, too deeply scored with marks of the world's wear and tear, for beauty—but just as certainly a man whom no one would pass by without a second look. Grave, strong, and self-contained; the very man to be taken captive by a woman of Mrs. Hilton's type.

He was a great and a clever man, and had already made his way to the foremost ranks of the battle of life, but he was not a man of the world, and he knew little or nothing of the ways of women. Being the sort of man that he was, he fell into the error of taking Madge Hilton seriously. He could not help it, that was his way; he took everything and every one quite seriously, and it did not occur to him to make an exception in Madge's case. It was perfectly natural, but a great error for all that.

It was rather a pitiful sight to see this big, earnest, abstracted man drawn hither and thither in the train of Mrs. Hilton's caprices, swayed by her ever-varying moods, finding his whole happiness in a word or a smile.

The existing state of affairs was patent to society at large. Madge Hilton never hid her light under a bushel; when she annexed a captive she delighted in binding him to her chariot-wheels and parading him before the eyes of all the world. She did not depart from her usual rule in this case.

Roger Branscombe was honestly and genuinely in love. With him love was not, as it is with so many men, a fleeting fancy, a passing whim, here to-day and gone to-morrow; but an over-mastering passion that stirred his being to its utmost depths, and held him in thrall. He could not have shaken off its influence if he would, and he would not if he could.

In his case chivalry was not only possible, it absolutely existed. With all the strength of his strong, yet simple nature, unspoiled by the unreal atmosphere of the society world, he reverenced women as the incarnation of all that is truest and purest and best in life. Perhaps this is explained by the fact that, up to the time of his meeting with Madge Hilton, his life had been entirely free from feminine influence.

When the Branscombe-Hilton affair had lasted for a whole year, people began to ask what it meant; matters were getting beyond them. Several explanatory theories were started, but the most popular one was that the key to the puzzle lay in Captain Egerton's absence. If, said the scandal-mongers, Captain Egerton had not taken it into his head that a voyage round the world was necessary to his health, Roger Branscombe would never have occupied his present position. But Roger did not know of Captain Egerton's existence, and no one felt called upon to enlighten him on the subject. There was something about him that forbade even the most inveterate of busybodies to interfere actively in his affairs.

He loved Madge Hilton, and he believed that she returned his love; if not in like degree, still honestly and genuinely. The subject had never been mooted between them, but he considered theirs an unspoken troth. The affair was conducted upon platonic principles, for he was not the man to make love to his neighbour's wife, and then sit down to that neighbour's table with an easy conscience. The lax moral code that prevails in the present day was not his code; he was emphatically not a man of the period.

"We have been friends for quite a long time now," Madge said to him one day, when they were dawdling over five o'clock tea, in her tiny yellow-hung boudoir.

He looked up quickly.

"Yes, a year."

"A whole year!" Madge laughed lightly. "Is it really so long as that? I can hardly believe it. What models of constancy you and I must be!"

A pained look crossed Roger's face.

"I don't think," he said slowly, "that a year is very long for a friendship to last—particularly a friendship like ours. Why, I always hoped it would last for a lifetime."

"A life-time!" Madge echoed, arching her dainty brows with the prettiest imaginable air of amused surprise, "how odd you are, oh! how odd you are!" She paused for a moment, contemplating him curiously, as if he were some rare specimen that had been brought for her inspection. "My dear Roger," she went on seriously, "nature made a great mistake in allowing you to be born in the present day. You don't belong to this century at all, you are a relic of the middle ages."

He looked her straight in the face.

"And why? Because I believe in constancy, and faith, and friendship."

"Well, yes, perhaps so. You see, very few people believe in those things nowadays."

"If I ceased to believe in them, I shouldn't think life worth living," said Roger, gravely. "I hope I may never lose my faith in those things, Madge."

He looked at her very wistfully, and she, remembering many things, was touched by his earnestness. Perhaps she felt a little remorseful.

With one of her impulsive childish movements, she leaned forward and laid her hand on his, smiling up at him with her sunny blue eyes.

"I hope not," she said softly.

His hand closed over hers.

"At all events," he said, "you and I will never fail one another. We shall always be friends. We understand one another too thoroughly for anything to change our friendship."

"Oh! yes," she murmured vaguely, "we shall always be friends—we understand one another."

But even as she spoke, she felt that she was further from understanding him than ever. Roger Branscombe was an enigma to her, and she did not attempt to disguise it from herself; the more she knew of him, the more he puzzled her. He made the mistake of believing that he understood her, but she was quick to grasp the fact that she was very far from understanding him.

"Your friendship is so much to me," Roger went on, dreamily. "What should I do if I lost it; but I dare not think of that. I often wonder how I existed before I knew you; when I look back to my life in those days, it seems so colourless. You have made a new man of me, Madge, and done a great deal for me; you will never know how much."

"What have I done for you?" she asked, in a puzzled tone; "no good, I'm afraid."

He looked at her with his grave smile.

"Every good. You don't know what it is to a man to have the friendship of a good and true woman; there is nothing like it to help him on in the world; nothing, that is to say, except one thing."

"And that is?"

"Can't you guess?" he asked gently. "The best thing that a man can gain is a good and true wife, the next a good and true friend. The first is denied to me, but I think I may safely say that I have the second. Ah! Madge, few women seem to realise the immense power that they have over men, for good or evil."

"My dear Roger," she said, lightly, "don't you think we have had enough of abstract subjects? You know I'm not much good at that kind of conversation, and you are getting beyond me. Let us talk of something else."

He followed her lead at once.

"Just as you like, of course. I am afraid I have a fearful knack of discussing abstract subjects, in and out of season, and it is awfully good of you to let me bore you as you do."

"Oh! but you never bore me," Madge contradicted sweetly. "At least, not often."

"Are you going to Sandown to-morrow?" Roger asked, after a slight pause.

The bright face clouded.

"No," said Madge, disconsolately, "I am not. Oh! Roger, isn't it too bad? I bought such a charming gown on purpose for this meeting, with a hat and everything to match—an awfully smart suit—and now I can't go. Jack is in a horrid temper, and won't take me, and won't let me go without him. Did you ever hear of anything so mean? Jack treats me abominably; he is systematically unkind."

But Roger was too just to agree altogether with this sweeping condemnation of Major Hilton's conduct.

"I don't know that Hilton means to be unkind to you," he said, slowly, "but things are unfortunate. He has a queer temper, and he doesn't understand you."

Roger spoke in all good faith, but once more he was mistaken; for if there was one person in the world who thoroughly understood pretty frivolous Madge Hilton, it was her husband.

"He's a regular dog in the manger," said Madge, with a pout; "he won't go himself, and so he won't let me go. It's awfully hard."

She leaned her head on her hand, and an expression of deepest gloom overspread her face. Roger thought that she was thinking of her uncongenial marriage; but in reality she was thinking of the new gown, with the hat and everything to match, in which she had hoped to dazzle the eyes of the racing world at Sandown Park on the morrow.

"It's awfully hard," she said again, in an injured tone. The corners of her pretty mouth drooped disconsolately, great tears filled her eyes, and began to course slowly down her cheeks. She stretched out her hands to Roger, with the gesture of a spoilt child asking to be comforted. "You wouldn't treat me like that, would you?" she said; "if I belonged to you, instead of to Jack, I should be much happier."

She spoke thoughtlessly, on the petulant impulse of the moment; but Roger took it all seriously, and the effect upon him was electrical. The very thought of all that those words implied fanned the flame of passion, that burnt in his heart, into a fiery furnace; and sent the blood coursing madly through his veins, at fever heat.

"Do you mean that, Madge?" he asked, and his voice was hoarse and shaken.

Madge did not answer. She had seen the look that leaped into his eyes, and felt a little afraid of the effect of her words. So she only shook her head, and sobbed pitifully.

For a moment Roger watched her in silence, then, "Stop crying, Madge," he said, in a low tone.

But Madge did not stop. She was cross and disappointed—everything seemed to be going wrong, and she felt inclined to have her cry out.

Roger slowly rose from his seat, and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder, swaying her to and fro.

"Stop crying, Madge," he repeated, huskily. "Stop! For heaven's sake, stop! If you don't, I shall kill you, or myself, or do something desperate."

Madge made an effort, and checked her tears. The situation seemed about to develop in an alarming way, and she felt that she would need all her woman's wits to cope with it.

"Do you want to send me mad?" Roger went on, passionately. "Do you think I can stand calmly by and see you cry? Don't you understand that I love you, Madge? I love you. I love you. I love you."

The situation was developing now with a vengeance. Madge had always felt instinctively that this complication would arise sooner or later; that the day would come when Roger would break through the habit of quiet reserve that usually characterised him, and that then there would be what she mentally described as "a scene." Now it had come. She pulled herself together, and determined to rise to the occasion.

"Yes, I love you," Roger said, very softly; "You know I love you; don't you, Madge?"

Madge shook her golden head.

"I know you are talking a great deal of nonsense; and that you are very foolish," she said, severely; then she looked up at him, and added in a coaxing tone, "Do be sensible, dear boy; this sort of thing won't do, you know. Let us talk of something else."

Nine men out of ten would have taken the hint, followed her lead, and adapted themselves to circumstances. Roger was the tenth man, and he did nothing of the kind. The barriers of coldness and reserve were broken down at last, the flood-gates of his heart were

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London Cs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

opened, and the tide of his passion rushed forth resistlessly.

"My little Madge," he murmured brokenly, "my own little Madge!"

Then he flung the last shred of self-restraint to the winds. He poured out the tale of his love in hurried, eager words, he told her all that had been in his heart for so many months; he took her in his arms, and drew her head down on his shoulder.

And she protested no more. She was taken by storm, dazed, and bewildered, a little frightened, and a good deal excited. His passionate words, his fervour, his imperious will, carried her away in spite of herself. Hitherto she had been master of the situation, now the tables were turned; Roger had given reins to the passion that consumed him, and she was whirled along like a leaf before the wind.

* * * * *

The next day, at five o'clock, Madge Hilton sat alone in her boudoir.

It was a most unusual thing for her to be alone at that hour, but on this occasion she had given her servants orders that she was only at home to Roger Branscombe. She expected him to come and see her, for she felt instinctively that the scene of the previous day was not by any means one to be ignored.

And Roger came.

"Ah!" she said, as she held out her hand to him, without rising from her low chair, "I felt sure you would look me up to-day, and so I am 'not at home' to the rest of the world. Come and sit down, and give an account of yourself."

As she spoke, she glanced furtively at him through her long lashes, to see if any trace of yesterday's storm still remained.

What she read in his face startled and shocked her. In those few hours he had aged ten years.

"Roger!" she exclaimed, involuntarily, "Oh! Roger, how strange you look! What has gone wrong?"

He leaned with one arm on the mantel-shelf, and looked down at her.

"Everything has gone wrong," he said, wearily; "the world is at an end, as far as I'm concerned, and—and the fact of the matter is, Madge, I've come to say good-bye."

Madge started. Was it possible that she was going to lose her slave, the captive of her bow and spear, just when she had thought that his chains were more firmly riveted than ever?

"To say good-bye!" she echoed, incredulously; "to say good-bye, Roger? What do you mean?

He was silent for a time, still looking at her with an intensely earnest gaze.

"It's no good mincing matters," he said, at last. "Truth is best. I can never come into this house again. After all I said to you yesterday, I can't eat your husband's bread and salt—there may be men who could do it, but I can't. I dare say I was a fool to let matters come to this; but I lost all self-control—I think I was mad. In fact, I have been mad all through; I can see it now. Only a madman could have believed that friendship would hold good between you and me for the rest of our lives; but I believed it. You see where that belief has led me."

Madge was silent; she did not know what to say. As a matter of fact, the state of affairs, as existing at that moment, was something altogether outside her former experience. She felt rather at a loss.

"I had such confidence in myself," Roger went on, with a short, bitter laugh, "I thought I had strength enough for both of us—and this is the end of it all."

Still Madge said nothing. She was waiting for the situation to develop a little more before she committed herself to speech.

Roger's eyes rested lingeringly upon her as she sat there—a dainty little figure in a white silk tea-gown, bordered with soft white fur. Her cheeks were faintly flushed, her blue eyes shone like stars; the flickering firelight played fitfully on her hair, bringing out glints and gleams of gold in the fluffy, loose curls. He looked and sighed, and looked again. Finally he crossed the room, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"This is the end of it all," he said again, "and the end is very bitter; but the dream was sweet while it lasted, Madge; and we didn't know it was only a dream, did we?"

She raised her eyes and looked at him.

"Is this the end? Must it be the end, Roger?"

"Yes," he answered quietly, "it must be the end." He took both her hands and lifted her to her feet, drawing her close to him, "Listen to me, Madge," he said, still holding her hands in that strong, close clasp, "and I will tell you why this must be the end. After what happened yesterday, we could never again be quite the same to one another that we have been in the past. When things are only thought it is one matter, but when they are said, it is quite another. I said words to you yesterday that I can never forget, and I don't think you are likely to forget them either. We have reached a point when we must either go back, or on. We could not go back, and we must not go on. Do you see?"

"Yes," murmured Madge.

As a matter of fact she did not see at all. The situation was fast getting beyond her, but she had no intention of owning that fact to Roger.

"We could not go back, and we must not go on," he repeated, dully. "So, you see, Madge, there is only one thing for me to do, and that is, to leave England."

She looked up quickly.

"Leave England, Roger?"

"Yes; I must put myself and you out of the way of temptation. With the sea between us, surely we shall be safe."

Madge was silent, pondering many things in her heart. Roger and his views were altogether beyond her comprehension. Presently he spoke again.

"Madge," he said, and his voice shook a little, "I have loved you very dearly, and I know you have loved me. Until yesterday, God knows, I had never said a word to you that all the world might not have heard; but still, I always felt that we understood one another. Ours was an unspoken troth."

Madge looked at him, and utter bewilderment held her silent. This extraordinary man had not only taken the affair seriously himself, but he had given her credit for taking it seriously too!

"So," he went on, "you see I must go away, more for your sake than my own." He put his hand on her head and turned her face up a little, so that he might look into her clear, childlike eyes. "Madge," he said, "don't you think I would give all I possess to ask you to go too, and defy the world with me? Do you know why I don't ask you?"

Her lips parted breathlessly. She shook her head.

"Can't you guess?"

"I suppose," she whispered, "it is because you think I should say 'no.'"

His eyes softened into infinite tenderness as they met hers.

"No, dear," he said, gently; "it is because I think you would say 'yes.' I know you love me, Madge; too well to refuse me anything; and if I asked you to go away with me, I think you would go. But I am not going to ask you to do this thing. In such a case I should have all to gain, and you all to lose. I will never gain through your loss, Madge. God knows I love you too dearly to let you throw yourself away for me. That is why I must leave you—for your own sake."

Madge gave a little gasp. She was hopelessly bewildered, and could no longer even pretend to keep pace with the state of affairs. Here was a man who honestly believed that that which he desired most in life was to be had for the asking, and yet forbore to ask, lest he should harm that which he desired.

The situation was beyond her.

* * * * * *

When Roger Branscombe threw away his life's work, just as his success was approaching its climax, and went off to South Africa for an indefinite time, the world was not slow to supply a motive for his conduct. The motive supplied was, needless to say, Madge Hilton.

And thus far the world was right, but no farther. Society inclined to the belief that Madge had given Roger

his *congé*, on account of Captain Egerton's return from abroad.

Only two people knew the truth, and of those two only one understood it.

MUSIC.

AS usual when the season is at its height, the cry has again been raised by some of the smaller fry of concert givers that their performances do not receive a full amount of attention. These people have only themselves to thank. I have more than once pointed out the folly of adding to the multitude of performances when the competition is severe, and of neglecting the time when the field is practically one open to all. It is, at any rate, certain that those sensible people who this year started their enterprises early in the autumn have made money, while others who have delayed till November attract neither cash nor notice. With the three opera-houses in full swing, and concerts, altogether apart from "club" performances and others of a semi-private nature, being given at the rate of a quarter of a hundred a week, the public have enough to interest them without being troubled about the *dii minores* of musical life. It is, no doubt, very distressing, and the parrot-cry may, of course, again be heard that native art (in the person, perhaps, of a teacher who takes part in a pianoforte trio and plays a sonata and half a dozen fugitive pieces, and in return expects a column of eulogy) is being neglected. But the fact remains that so long as the present glut of music continues, the public will express no interest whatever in commonplace things, and that the smaller folks who give performances in Central London in late autumn and at mid-summer will have little more than their labour for their pains.

Meanwhile, seeing the plethora of music in London, many concert-givers have adopted the very sensible course of taking their wares to a more appreciative market. Some artists have toured the provinces in combination, and have done remarkably well. For example, one party has included MM. Ysaye and Schönberger, and another MM. Albeñiz, Arbos and Popper, while there are several "combination troupes" of vocalists. Others, particularly certain excellent, if not exactly eminent, pianoforte recitallers who could not hope to make a concert pay in central London, have discovered that in the suburbs, the sea-coast towns, and elsewhere in the provinces, remunerative audiences can be attracted at cheap prices.

The absurdly high prices which rule in London are another and very important point. A Rubinstein or a Paderewski may get half-a-guinea for stalls, and an utterly unknown (or too well known) player therefore deems it *infra dig.* to charge less. Of course, except from a few admirers, he never receives his half-a-guinea. He will, indeed, often gladly sell half a dozen seats for a guinea; but, as a general rule, he is obliged to distribute free tickets by the hundred in order to make an audience at all. In the provinces far more rational ideas prevail. It is only in London that any attempt is made to charge these nonsensical prices. Some of the best executants, who confidently ask half-a-guinea at St. James's Hall, have, as recently as last week, been playing to threepenny and sixpenny audiences in the country, the highest price charged being two or three shillings. It is evident they do not deem cheap prices derogatory, and that they make the thing pay. That they should imagine the London public sillier than the provincials, or more sensitive to the magic of half-guinea stalls, is not the least of the many mysteries which must attach to concert management as at present carried on.

A good many people have marvelled at the extraordinary result of the libel action brought by Signor Ciampi against the *Daily Telegraph*. It was perfectly obvious that if the plaintiff was libelled at all his artistic character (for whether his voice be in its pristine vigour or not, he is, at any rate, an artist of repute) was worth a great deal more than a farthing; while if he were not damnified, the newspaper was clearly entitled to the verdict. Only those who were present in court could comprehend why so absurd a verdict was delivered. Mr. Justice Wills is doubtless an excellent authority upon commercial law, but he seems to me not to have the clearest possible way in an ordinary case in which commonsense is to be exercised of placing the issues before a jury. An example in a nutshell was afforded after the verdict was delivered, when the Judge declared stoutly that the action should never have been brought, but in the same breath said he felt a great deal of sympathy for the plaintiff. When contradictory expressions of this sort are employed, it is not surprising that the average juryman is fogged, and that a compromise verdict is eventually given. In one sense, however, the result is satisfactory. The opinion expressed by Mr. Bennett, one of the most experienced and ablest of musical critics, was, whether right or wrong, manifestly an honest one, admittedly couched in mild language and without express malice. When once it is drilled into the heads of sensitive public characters that the damage they have sustained by such a criticism is the smallest coin of the realm (with the inestimable privilege of paying their own costs), proprietors of newspapers, whom no person in his senses can believe would wilfully seek libel actions on a point of musical criticism, will not be bothered, and much well-earned money will remain in the pockets of clients instead of being passed on to the lawyers.

At the opera houses there have been no changes of special importance. I last week described "The Basoche," which I expect, after Mr. D'Oyly Carte has finished the task he proposed to undertake on Monday of cutting down the dialogue and spicing it with some extra fun, will be far more exhilarating than on the first night, when, owing partly to senseless encores, partly to the necessary delay in setting the solidly built-up scenery, the performance was not over till past midnight. On Friday "Ivanhoe" was revived, with Mr. Barton McGuckin in the titular character. The performance was good, but the audience was not a large one. Mr. Carte would do well to bring it prominently before the notice of playgoers that the high charges for stalls and Royal circle seats have been abandoned, and that the prices have been reduced to the theatrical level. This, particularly when two opera houses at cheap prices are open against him, seems to be an important point.

At Covent Garden a sort of polyglot performance of "Lohengrin" took place on Saturday, the tenor, Mr. Hedmondt singing in English, the other artists in Italian, and some of the chorus in a nondescript tongue. The result, however, was not the fault of Sir A. Harris, who, owing to an "indisposition," had suddenly to borrow a Lohengrin from the Carl Rosa troupe. The new tenor, despite the difficulties under which he laboured, made a very favourable impression. On Monday the long-promised "Les Huguenots" was performed in French, but not according to the version in which Queen Mary de Medicis, cross in hand, leads the benediction of the swords. The general performance showed great care on the part of M. Jehin, the conductor. The opera season at Covent Garden will probably close on the 21st.

The Shaftesbury season, according to present arrangements, will terminate little more than a fortnight hence—that is to say, on the 28th inst. Eventually, the present Gaiety bill will be removed thither, but as the transfer need not be effected till mid-December, it is not, I believe, improbable that the opera season will continue for a week or two longer. Mr. George Edwardes has, I learn, so far an interest in the opera, in that he takes £90 a week rent, plus some sort of share. The "Cavalleria Rusticana" is still going remarkably well, and it is again to be given five times this week.

At the Patti concert at the Albert Hall last week a now familiar scene was again enacted. La Diva was announced to sing three songs, but the public would not even be satisfied with twice that number, and after the shadow song from "Dinorah," Schubert's "Serenade," the jewel song from "Faust," the "Last Rose of Summer," Arditi's "Il Bacio," and "Rosebuds," she was obliged to sing a seventh song, the ever popular "Home, sweet Home" Her tour will be continued in England till

Friday, when the prima donna will cross over to Ireland, giving two concerts in Dublin, one in Belfast, and one at Cork, the season finally ending on the 27th inst. Madame Patti will then take a holiday at Craig-y-Nos, and will sail for the United States by the *City of Paris* on December 23.

At the Popular Concerts on Monday, for the first time, M. Ysaye led the quartet, this arrangement being the result of the continued absence of Lady Hallé. The occasion was interesting if only as showing how far a prominent violinist of the advanced Belgian school could so far subordinate his own special individuality to the necessities of quartet playing. The novelty was a pianoforte quartet by M. Fauré, an example of the modern French school.

I am asked to say that the Viennese White Band, under Herr Wurm, will during the dramatic season play at the Avenue Theatre. The arrangement has been effected in order that this capital orchestra may not be temporarily disbanded, or return to Vienna for the winter.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Lady Wilde, in her interesting and eloquent "Notes on Men, Women, and Books" (1), unconsciously supplies in her paper on "Stella and Vanessa" the want of which she complains, of an English romance on the subject of Swift's relations to these ladies. It is almost as interesting, but also almost as inaccurate, as a romance founded upon fact. But Lady Wilde's inaccuracies are slight things by the side of her perverse and paradoxical literary misjudgments. How could an author, who writes so brilliantly herself, and whose admiration of Landor is so high and just, underestimate George Eliot and overestimate Disraeli (as a novelist) so extravagantly? In her interesting extracts from the Blessington correspondence, she gives, from Jekyll, a couple of amusing anecdotes which may, perhaps, be new to you.

> We had at the bar a learned person, whose legs and arms were so long as to afford him the title of Frog Morgan. In the course of an argument he spoke "of our natural enemies the French;" and Erskine, in reply, complimented him on an expression so personally appropriate.
>
> A toady of old Lady Cork, whom she half maintains, complained to me of her treatment. "I have," she said, "a very long chin, and the barbarous Countess often shakes me by it." It seemed without remedy, as neither the paroxysm nor the chin could be shortened.

Apropos of Landor, Lady Blessington, and extravagant literary misjudgments, what is to be said of the preposterous over-estimate of Lady Blessington's silly novels, by the author of "Imaginary Conversations?" In truth, contemporary judgments are almost necessarily either inadequate or extravagant because they are contemporary: because the opportune work which takes the tide of feeling or of fashion of the moment is left high and dry at the ebb; while the work which draws deeper water, if it is not helped by the tide, is not left by it stranded. How much is purely tidal of the popularity of the men "in the swim" to-day? Mr. R. L. Stevenson is displaced upon the shelves of the circulating libraries by Mr. Rider Haggard, who, in turn, is succeeded by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

> New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
> And push them from their stools.

The worst of popularity of this fashionable and ephemeral kind is that it attaches itself more often than not to the defects of its idol, making them thereby inveterate. Certainly, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in "Life's Handicap" (2), shows no improvement in either art or form. His Guy Livingstone style of officer and of lady is as vulgar, but also, fortunately, as unlifelike, as ever; while he still mistakes strain for strength. You have, no doubt, more than once been pained at the opera to hear a vocalist, gifted with a voice of extraordinary range and power by nature, making his very strength his weakness, by shouting the loud, and screaming the high, passages. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who has literary gifts of a kindred kind, again and again so oversteps the modesty of nature, to the delight, no doubt, of "the unskilful," but to the grief of "the judicious." While Mr. Rudyard Kipling has leaped at a bound into sudden popularity, a higher artist, Mr. Hall Caine, has been winning his way slowly but surely, and securely, I think also, to fame. You must by all means read his absorbing Moorish romance, "The Scapegoat" (3), the story of a girl born deaf, dumb, and blind, restored as by a miracle to sight, speech, and hearing, and of her Jewish father upon whom a spiritual miracle of restoration, not less happy or less happily described, has been wrought. Mr. Hall Caine is a master of that most difficult of arts—the romancist's—by which, as in those circular panoramas, the distant and ideal is so cunningly painted as to be indistinguishable from the real and solid foreground you can touch with your hand. But beside, and I might almost say above, this, you have in "The Scapegoat" a picture vivid enough and horrible enough to stir Europe to another Crusade, a picture of the hideous misrule and misery of Morocco:—

> Within sight of an English port, and within hail of English ships as they pass on to our empire in the East, there is a land where the ways of life are the same to-day as they were a thousand years ago; a land wherein government is oppression, wherein law is tyranny, wherein justice is bought and sold, wherein it is a terror to be rich and a danger to be poor, wherein man may still be the slave of man, and woman is no more than a creature of lust—a reproach to Europe, a disgrace to the century, an outrage on humanity, a blight on religion! That land is Morocco!

To pass from the Jew of Mr. Hall Caine's romance to the Jew of Mr. Leonard Merrick's, "Violet Moses" (4), is to step out of the Land of Canaan into Maida-vale. I am not sure, however, that even the Jew of the Old Testament was to the profane eye a whit more spiritual than his Maida-vale representative to-day. Be this as it may, there is no people—judging by the reports of such experts as Amy Levy and Mr. Leonard Merrick—who would be less eligible on the ground of spirituality as a Holy People than the children of Israel to-day. After reading such reports and hearing of the persecution of the eastern Jews, you almost feel inclined to say of them what Artemus Ward said of the Indians:—

> Injuns is been druv nearer and nearer to the settin' sun; it's rayther rough on the settin' sun, but I confess I'm rejiced to hear it.

I ought to say that Mr. Merrick's story is not only lifelike and very clever, but also extremely interesting; and would be even more interesting but for his habit of digging up his characters every other minute to show you how they grew. A little of this analysis and demonstration would have been welcome in the "Mischief of Monica" (5), where the principal characters seem to develop by a process analogous rather to the instantaneous and complete metamorphosis of an insect than to the gradual and uniform growth of a plant. As, however, I find every lady of my acquaintance an admirer of Mrs. Walford's stories, I have no doubt that "The Mischief of Monica," which is well up to her average mark, will be a great success in the circulating libraries. Girls will doubtless enjoy "For Lassie's Sake" (6), though, personally, I did not find the story quite so attractive to me as the author's charming illustrations led me to expect. I must say its jokes are terrible; but

(1) "Notes on Men, Women, and Books." By Lady Wilde. London: Ward & Downey.
(2) "Life's Handicap: being Stories of Mine Own People." By Rudyard Kipling. London: Macmillan & Co.
(3) "The Scapegoat." A Romance. By Hall Caine. 2 Vols. London: William Heinemann.
(4) "Violet Moses." By Leonard Merrick. 3 Vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.
(5) "The Mischief of Monica." By L. B. Walford. 3 Vols. London: Longmans & Co.
(6) "For Lassie's Sake." By Eleanor Sharpin. London: John Haddon & Co.
(7) "Tim." London: Macmillan & Co.

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its pathos is simple and genuine enough, and the story is not, like "Tim" (?), too pathetic. For those, however, who love

To dabble in the fount of fictive tears,

Tim's devotion to his friend, misunderstanding with his father, and pathetic end, will be sufficiently harrowing.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely, DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Do you find it difficult to analyse the pleasure that we women feel in the sight of pretty clothes, apart from any personal application of them? I do. But being of the opinion that such analysis is rather waste of time, I leave the question in your able hands, only remarking that a beautiful gown or picturesque headgear seldom fails to rejoice the eyes of the feminine spectator, unless, indeed, the wearer should be, as sometimes happens, hopelessly inadequate to her garmenture.

We have been shopping with the Greys. Eva is going to be married to their next-door neighbour in their own county, a man with a delightful income and pleasant enough personally to be no incumbrance upon the property. He is a widower.

Here I pause—for it is a subject on which volumes could be written. Some girls have a great dislike to the idea of marrying a widower. They think that his brain and memory are so permeated with the perfections of the dear departed (her little faults all forgotten), that he would be terribly critical about a second wife. This is a *con.* To set against it is an excellent *pro.* A widower is more likely to have been weaned a little bit from the selfish ways of single-blessedness than a man who has not been married. Mothers usually spoil their sons, and train the young men's sisters to do the same. The salutary experiences of matrimonial life tend to reduce the egotism and self-conceit which are the natural consequence of this.

So, really, the ideal man to marry is a widower whose first wife has been rather unsatisfactory, and who has been generally known to be so. He cannot pretend to sigh over the lost glories of his first hymeneal enterprise, and he will be appreciative of the domestic virtues that contrast with the dear departed's lack of them.

Eva's sentiments towards her future husband may be gathered from one of her utterances to Maud and me last night—"I have always thought that the very nicest man to marry would be one who is pleasant to live with, and not very unpleasant to lose."

What *would* St. Paul have said to such revolutionary ideas?

The trousseau is to be a handsome one, and I feel sure that we make an appalling group, sitting in a consulting semicircle while delicious things are tried on and walked up and down before us. There are four of us, you know: Mrs. Grey and Eva, Maud and I. The milliners must wish at least two of us away, for how can four women be of precisely the same mind on any gown?

We saw some very pretty dresses at Mrs. Lightfoot Hicks's, in New Bond-street. Think of this, my dear, for an afternoon dress. The skirt is made perfectly plain, as they nearly all are now, and in pink bengaline striped with black satin, the width of the stripes varying a little, so that monotony is avoided. The fabric of the silk is sumptuously soft and rich. The bodice has a yoke of pink velvet in front, with a band of fine jet down the front and a diagonal one at either side. There is a folded band of the bengaline round the waist, and from the back falls a long, wide sash of the bengaline, sweeping over the demi-trained skirt. The sweet little stand-up collar has a ruff of pink chenille lightly powdered with black. The bengaline sleeves are very long and very high on the shoulders, as is now the correct thing. Another very handsome and uncommon-looking afternoon dress is in coarse black serge, with front of striped silk, in lines of blue, pink, and pale gold, alternating with wide bands of black moire. The whole falls in perfectly plain folds from the waist. The bodice has long basques, which lengthen to a point towards the front on either side. The sleeves and the whole of the front are in the striped silk, arranged in an indescribable but very becoming way. Pointed revers of the serge give special character to the bodice, bringing it into harmony with the long pointed basques, which fall below the knees in front. Eva is having her going-away gown made from this model.

A dark green cloth dress has fronts of cream-coloured satin embroidered in curved lines of colour, suggesting a Turkish design, in bright silks, with a small gold spangle here and there. Over the front falls a small green cloth cape, lined with cream satin and arranged in a graceful kind of double fold. It is bordered, as is the bodice, with fine green gimp, lighted with a slight admixture of gold and green jet. The collar and the forepart of the sleeves are in the embroidered satin, finished with the green gimp. The skirt was in the dark green cloth, made perfectly plain. A quite wonderful gown is in a new material, on which narrow tucks of black canvas edged with jet are woven in upon a ground of pale blue canvas. On the front of the skirt the line of the tucks is horizontal, while at the back, well gored, they run diagonally. The bodice has a yoke of pale blue velvet, with a band of the woven canvas below caught into a band of finely-cut black jet. The blue velvet collar is passed through open-work jet, and loops of black satin ribbon run round the skirt, the neck, the sleeves, and up one side of the skirt. Black satin ribbon forms bretelles as well. You will perceive that this is a gown on which much art and skill have been lavished. It would make a sensation at a fashionable wedding.

Among the evening dresses is a beautiful Louis XVI., made of magnificent brocade in turquoise blue, strewn with pale pink flowers. The bodice and skirt have fronts of plain blue satin, bordered with fine cream-coloured lace. The former is quite a picture, having evidently been copied from an old portrait. The lace forms a deep berthe round the shoulders, but is caught up on the top of the sleeves, falling in delicious folds, and held above by a roll of blue satin, ending in deftest small rosettes. Deep revers of satin lined with brocade begin upon the shoulder (the bodice is low), and partly conceal the fronts of the lace berthe. At the top of these revers, they are folded in a curiously picturesque fashion, which no pen could describe.

Then there is an ineffable little bodice, all drifts of lightest summer blue over hyacinth pink. It is a poem, that bodice—and your prosaic cousin feels that to describe it is beyond her powers. Lines of shaded pink hyacinth cross it here and there, and the wide belt and deep short sleeves are in widest ribbon of cream brocade. This little model cost something fabulous, I believe; but then, it was an inspiration. No doubt, the author saw it in fancy upon some lovely girl.

Eva's two little sisters are to be bridesmaids, and her two smallest brothers are to be pages. We all went accordingly to choose their garb. For the boys we selected brown velvet corduroy suits, with tussore silk shirts frilled down the front, the knee breeches fastening with pearl buttons. Their stockings and shoes were to be brown and bronze respectively. The suits we chose them from were in white corduroy cloth, a material that washes beautifully, and pale blue surah shirts; sweetly pretty for evening wear, but rather cold-looking for a winter morning, and Eva's marriage is to be somewhere in the middle of December. We were much tempted by a

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lovely little suit in fawn bengaline, with a waistcoat of pearl-coloured brocade fastening with steel buttons. With old lace jabot and cuffs this would be picturesque, but Mrs. Grey thought her boys would vote the lace and brocade "girlish" for day wear, and feel unhappy in them.

We went back to the hotel to fetch the little girls, that they might have a voice in the selection of their bride-maidenly attire, and there we found a telegram from the bridegroom to be, who is a mighty hunter of foxes: "Can't the pages wear pink?" So when we returned to the shop it was arranged that the two boys should be dressed exactly like a whip. They are to have black velvet jockey caps, pink coats, white waistcoats, and knee-breeches, with high "tops." Won't they look deliciously quaint? And the sporting colour of their little coats will make an effective contrast with the bride's dress, all creamy whiteness of satin and silk muslin.

The little girls fell in love with everything they saw, as is the wont of small cousins from the country when they see the wonders of a London shop. They particularly raved over a dress that is being sent to a juvenile Rothschild of Paris. It is in dark grey velvet over pink silk, the latter forming a blouse and sleeves, the former gathered up to the neck, the velvet covering it as far up as the shoulders. There was a grey cloth, as well, with blue velvet sleeves, and pointed yoke-piece. Mrs. Grey bought them each a winter cloak, the cosiest little garments imaginable, made of heliotrope cloth lined with checked silk, and having three capes, the longest reaching just to the waist. These coats button down the front, and are delightfully light, as well as warm. There is a slight fulness in the back, and the sleeves and neck are finished off with black Persian lamb.

It was at last decided that, for the wedding, they are to have frocks of the finest white cashmere bordered with silver galloon and with a yoke and sleeves of alternate strips of cashmere and galloon. Their long Louis XV. coats are to be in white corduroy cloth with collar and pockets bordered with beaver, large steel buttons, and lace ties. The hats are to be white felt, caught up three-cornered shape, and the edges bound with beaver. They are to wear beaver-coloured silk stockings and very high boots of Russia leather, in a pretty shade, which tones in well with the tints of the fur.

Eva has asked us to mention to all her friends that she does not want any silver or plate given to her as wedding presents. Her husband's establishment is rich in these matters, and she prefers articles for personal use. "Furs, laces, or jewels," she calmly observed. "I hope some one will give me a set of sables. I hear that that is to be the fashionable present just now." I have heard the same, but when Maud and I came to consult together about what *our* present should be, we pondered deeply over the "furs, lace, or jewels." Those things all mean large expenditure, and we are generally bankrupt at the end of each quarter. Eva took care to veto all those delightful little things in which destitute present-givers find a refuge. "I don't want paper-knives or button-hooks or umbrellas or sunshades," she said, "and I hate fans." She must have seen into my brains, for I had nearly resolved to give her a silver button-hook about half a yard long, that I had seen marked up at a very moderate price in a jeweller's window. But Eva has cut me adrift from this thrifty little intention. Can you suggest something that will appear adequate to the occasion without bearing too heavily upon our light exchequer?

This is the season of the year when girls go out "in their waists," as the Americans call it, "waist" meaning bodice in Columbian English. Girls do this chiefly because they are wearing their new autumn gowns, which fit too well and look too smart to be covered up. If you continue sufficiently youthful and frivolous to do this sort of thing, let me tell you how to manage it, without fear of a Nemesis overtaking you. Get your maid to buy four large chamois leathers, and to make you a closely-fitting bodice and sleeves of these. Drill a few holes in the leather here and there for ventilation before lining it with silk. If you wear this under your dress bodice, it will keep you as warm as an ordinary mantle.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin :—

DEAREST MADGE,—We all know that man is born, amongst other things, to labour "as the sparks fly upward." But most men believe this birthright to be theirs exclusively, and not inherited by women. How little they know of our lives, what fallacies they nourish regarding them! As if we live from day to day in idleness, ease, and abounding leisure; we whose daily round of occupations is onerous and ceaseless, as it is full of infinite variety! A man has a general kind of idea that a house takes care of itself, that servants work spontaneously (Heaven help his ignorance!), that dinners come of themselves. The happy possessor of a comfortable, well-mounted and well-regulated home, has not even the vaguest conception of the expenditure of feminine time and trouble these comforts represent. Sometime or other, I intend to take Fred with me through a day—experience is the only sound teacher; if every woman were to do the same with her own particular man, I fancy the fallacy of woman's idleness would not survive the experiment. November always specially brings this grievance to my mind, it is so essentially the month of shopping, which makes a grave addition to one's work. There is pleasure, no doubt, and in a considerable degree, mixed with the pain of getting new frocks, bonnets, mantles, &c. Against the physical fatigues of "trying on," and the mental worry of selection, must be weighed the delight of becoming the possessor of a new garment. Was there ever female heart that did not throb responsive to this joy? But when, at the very season of these "tryings on" and selections, with their enormous demand on one's time, the kitchen-range goes out of order—as it invariably does—and the gas-tubes leak, and the house-linen supply collapses, then indeed one feels the mocking bitterness of a fallacy which supposes woman's life to be given up to leisure. We all of us have enough to do, if only we do it. Whatever else may, want of occupation need not drive us into being "wild women." By the way, what is your opinion of Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Wild Women"? It occurs to me that they are only carrying out the law of demand and supply. Mrs. Linton takes no notice of the wild men—the up-to-date youths—to whom the old-fashioned ideal woman would be a weariness and an abomination. Girls, whose innocence they would have to respect; women, whose modesty and sense of propriety the language of the smoking-room would shock. What bores, what dowdies! As Mrs. Poyser says, the women are made to match the men. And not least of all, the "wild women." Who ever sees a tailor-made, cigarette-smoking, &c., woman without a perfect cloud of "followers"? As for the womanly (old style), modest, virtuous girl, of the old-fashioned type, is she not left to the solitary enjoyment of her own virtues! The poet did not want us to be too "good for human nature's daily food," neither do the wild men of our time, and their idea of daily food is much stronger than, and a good deal in advance of, the poet's.

The Lord Lieutenant and his family have not yet returned, but there is an air of preparation about the Viceregal Lodge, suggestive of an expected arrival. It is not an attractive residence at this season, the grounds around being low and damp, and the house by no means spacious. The greatest enthusiast for economy cannot accuse the British Government of wasting money on the official residences of the Irish Viceroy.

The Royal Hospital, under the new dispensation, quite throws Dublin Castle into the shade. An unusually gay Viceregal season is assumed, as a matter of course, in honour of the Duke of Clarence. Like his father, he seems fond of dancing, and does not keep up the tradition of his regiment, that "the 10th don't dance."—Yours ever, CLARE.

I have a nice American dish for you this week :—

Boil 1 lb. of mealy potatoes in their jackets. When cooked, drain, skin, and mash them with 2 oz. of butter. Add the yolks of two eggs, a gill of cream, 1 tablespoonful of white wine, a pinch of salt, the grated rind and juice of a lemon; beat and stir all well together. Lay the mixture in a shallow buttered pie-dish. Skin four lambs' kidneys, and remove the small white core. Dust over each a little pepper, and place them in the centre of the dish symmetrically, half-buried in the potatoes. Then take a dozen mushrooms, picked and skinned, the size of a five-shilling piece. Lay them round the dish on the potatoes (stalk upwards) with a small piece

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of butter and a dust of pepper in each. Set the pie in a brisk oven and bake for twenty minutes. Before sending to table, reverse the mushrooms and serve with the following vegetable.

GREEN AMERICAN CORN.—Put into an enamelled stewpan half a pint of new milk with a lump of butter the size of a walnut, a dash of nutmeg, pepper and salt to taste. When the milk is thoroughly heated, take the pods from the tins in which they were preserved, place them in the stewpan and let all boil for ten minutes. When done, lay them in a hot dish, and pour the liquor over the corn. Garnish with tufts of parsley.

Few English people have any idea what a delicious vegetable the American corn is. It can be bought, preserved in tins, either at the Stores, or in Bond-street.

You will find the following a capital "sideboard dish" to fall back upon at breakfast or lunch:—

Cut a small round of beef neatly, so that it may sit flat in the dish. Let it hang as long as the weather will permit. Bind it with tape in the shape of a fillet. Put it in a saucepan with a pint of madeira and enough water to cover it, an onion stuck with cloves, a slice of lemon-peel, a faggot of sweet herbs, and a dessertspoonful of Jamaica peppercorns. Let the meat stew gently till perfectly tender. Take it out, set it on a dish, and press it into shape with a plate and heavy weight, but do not remove the tape till cool. Strain the liquor and remove all fat. Cut a couple of parboiled carrots into thin strips, about one inch long, and stew them in the gravy with a tablespoonful of minced parsley, a few leaves of tarragon, the juice of a lemon, one ounce of isinglass, and a pinch of salt. Let all simmer for twenty minutes. Set it aside to cool. Pour the jelly into small moulds, and when set garnish the dish with them, arranging tufts of parsley between each. Preserve and strain a gill of jelly, and when nearly cool screen the meat with it.

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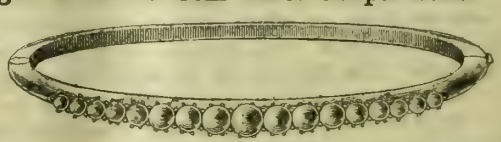
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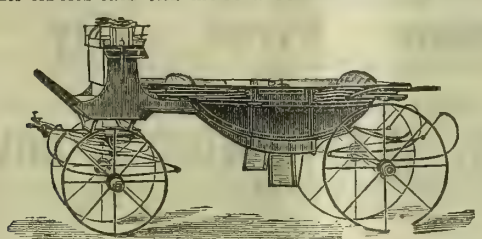

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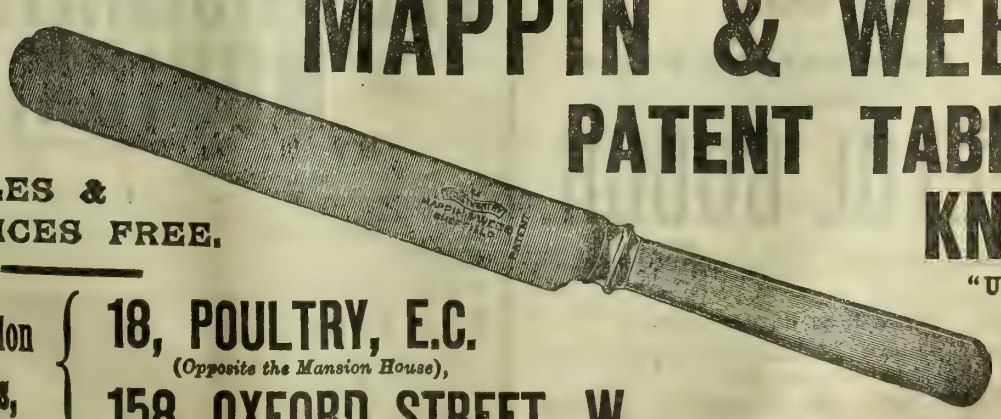

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Sold by Chemists and Grocers at 1s. per 1-lb., 7d. per ½-lb., and 3s. 9d. per 4-lb. Tins.
Sample 1 lb. Tin sent Carriage Paid, with full particulars, for 1s. (mention this paper).
FRAME FOOD CO., LTD., LOMBARD-ROAD, BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

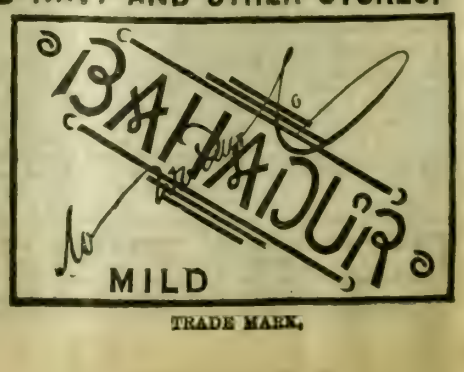
SAVE 30 PER CENT.
By ordering your
SHIRTS Direct from IRELAND
The Home of Linen Manufacture.
Taaffe & Coldwell's
Celebrated "PERFECTA"
SHIRTS, 6 *for* 33/-
Delivered FREE to any Address in the Kingdom.
Foreign Postage Extra.
A SAMPLE SHIRT Sent Post-Free for 5/6
equal to those usually sold at 7/6. Send size of Collar and Chest Measure.
Perfect in fit and appearance. Made of the most durable Longcloth and **Pure Irish Linen**, in all sizes, or to special measure or pattern. Evening Dress Shirts, extra wide fronts, 6/6. Four-fold Irish Linen Collars, extra quality, 3/9 per ½-doz. Post-free. OLD SHIRTS RE-FITTED with New Linen Fronts, Cuffs, and Neckbands, 2/3 and 2/9. Post-free.
TAAFFE & COLDWELL, Shirt Tailors, 61, Grafton Street, DUBLIN.

SOLD BY ALL TOBACCONISTS AND BY THE ARMY AND NAVY AND OTHER STORES.

INDIAN CIGARS.

—As supplied to CLUBS & REGIMENTAL MESSES in India and United Kingdom.
NOTED for their MILD and delicate flavour.

Wholesale of the Manufacturers,
McDOWELL & Co., Madras; and 1, Gresham Buildings, Basinghall St., LONDON.



TRADE MARK.

Welcome Always, Keep it Handy, Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy.

The delicious product of the famed Kent Morellas. Supplied to the Queen and the aristocracy,

"Queen's Quality" for Household Use. A valuable tonic for the sick and aged. "Sportsman's Quality" for Hunting Men, Anglers, Travellers, &c.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Ask for Grant's and don't be put off with Inferior Makes.

THOMAS GRANT & SONS, MAIDSTONE

PERMANENT PROTECTION from CHILL.

TRADE MARK.

JAEGER

PURE WOOLLEN CLOTHING

Is Chemically and Microscopically Tested for Purity in the Company's Laboratory, and is Guaranteed by this Trade Mark.

Other goods offered as "JAEGER" are spurious.

COMBINATION GARMENTS for LADIES and MEN, GIRLS and BOYS, specially convenient for Riding, &c.; SANITARY BOOTS and SHOES; CORSETS; "FEATHER-WEIGHT" HATS and CAPS; MEN'S OUTER CLOTHING, &c. &c.

Full particulars, and List of Depôts, in Jaeger Descriptive Catalogue, sent free.

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO., LTD.,

LONDON JAEGER DEPÔTS—30, Piccadilly (next to St. James' Hall); 3 & 4, Princes-st., Cavendish-sq., W. (close to Regent-circus), with Tailoring; 456, Strand (close to Trafalgar-sq.); 158, Fenchurch-st. (close to Lime-st.); 85 & 86, Cheapside (close to King-st.); 42 & 43, Fore-st. (close to Moorgate-st. Station), with Tailoring.

TOO FAT!!

DR. GORDON'S ELEGANT PILLS

Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to

DR. GORDON,
10, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

THE

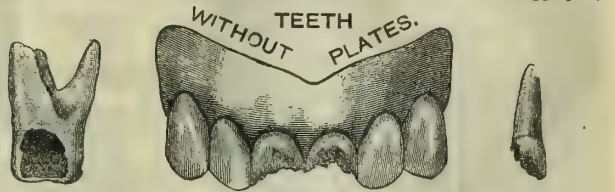
American Tooth Crown Co.

(REGISTERED),

THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN DENTISTS,

24, OLD BOND STREET, W.

(Copyright.) *(Corner of Burlington-gardens).* *(Copyright.)*



MASTICATING TOOTH. Too far decayed for filling.

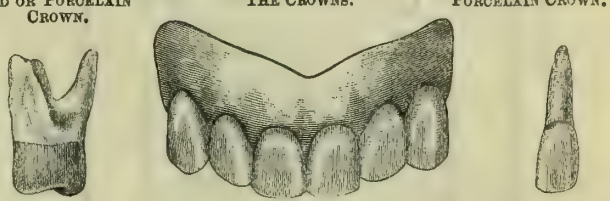
DECAYED TEETH.

DECAYED FRONT TOOTH.

GOLD OR PORCELAIN CROWN.

THE CROWNS.

PORCELAIN CROWN.



CROWN FIXED.

CROWNS FIXED.

CROWN FIXED.

The above diagrams give an idea of the special system of Crown Work as carried out by the gentlemen operators in attendance, who are from the leading American Universities recognised by the American Dental Faculty, and are specialists in Teeth without Plates, Crown and Bridge Work, Gold Filling, &c., by which decayed teeth are permanently saved and made useful. Extractions unnecessary and everything performed painlessly. Fullest information and consultation without fee. Pamphlet on application to the Secretary.

24, OLD BOND STREET, W.

(Corner of Burlington-gardens.)

By Special Royal Warrants of Appointment to Her Majesty The Queen, H.I. Majesty The Empress Frederick, H.R.H. The Princess of Wales, &c. &c.

NEW PATTERNS POST FREE.—Carriage Paid on Orders of £1 in value to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom. Goods packed for exportation. Special Rates for the Continent, India, and the Colonies. No AGENTS.

Egerton Burnett's

ANY LENGTH SOLD.

Art Fabrics

For LADIES, CHILDREN, and GENTLEMEN.

The Stock of ROYAL SERGES for the Season is in greater variety than ever.

Specially Woven from PURE WOOL for Strength and Usefulness. Unsurpassed for beauty and novelty of design, perfect finish, and admirable wearing qualities. For Travelling, Tourist, and general wear in all Climates, at all Seasons. NO AGENTS.

EGERTON BURNETT ROYAL SERGE WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

BEDROOM SUITES.

1,000 BEDROOM SUITES.

BEDROOM SUITES. 1,000 Bedroom Suites, at from 65s. 6d. to 500 guineas. These comprise a great variety of styles, many being of a very high-class and distinctive character, novel both in construction, arrangement, and combination of woods.

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DECORATIONS.

EXHIBITION OF DECORATIVE ART.—EXAMPLES OF ART DECORATIONS in Cartonpierre, Tynecastle Tapestry, Lincrusta, Japanese, and Flock Papers, Silk, Tapestry, and Japanese Embroidered Panels, Cretonne, Eastern Rugs and Mattings, Hand-painted Friezes, and Interior Woodwork.

MAPLE & CO

LIMITED,

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON,

The Largest and most Convenient

FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE WORLD.

MAPLE & CO. have a **SPECIAL DEPARTMENT** for IRON and BRASS Four-post BEDSTEADS, Cribs, and Cots, specially adapted for mosquito curtains, used in India, Australia, and the Colonies. Price for full-sized Bedsteads, varying from 25s. Shippers and Colonial Visitors are invited to inspect this varied Stock, the largest in England, before deciding elsewhere. 10,000 Bedsteads to select from.—MAPLE & CO., London, Paris, and Smyrna.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES POST FREE.

A TURKEY CARPET is, above all others, the most suitable for the dining-room, its agreeable warmth of colouring enhancing the effect of the furniture and decorations, and indicating alike the good taste and comfortable circumstances of its possessor.

INDIAN CARPETS.

5,000 IN STOCK.

TURKEY CARPETS.

5,000 IN STOCK.

INDIAN CARPETS at IMPORTERS' PRICES.—MAPLE & CO. receive all the FINEST QUALITIES of INDIAN CARPETS direct from their Agents, and sell them at importers' prices, thus saving buyers of Indian Carpets at least two intermediate profits.—MAPLE & CO., London, Paris, and Smyrna. Established 50 years.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID AND" "FAIRY" LIGHTS, AND FOOD WARMER

Double Wicks, burn 10 hours each, in Boxes containing 6 lights and glass, 1s. per box

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.

Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in boxes containing 8 lights. 8½d. per box.

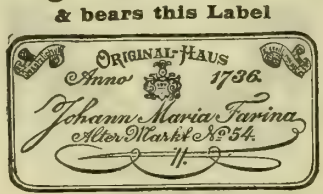
CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO., LIMITED.

Show Rooms: 31, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN, E.C., where all designs in "Fairy" Lamps can be seen. Retail everywhere.

CLARKE'S PYRAMID NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.

2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

The Best Eau de Cologne is
"Original No. 54"
& bears this Label



21 Highest Prize Medals etc.

Another DIPLOMA of HONOUR, GERMAN EXHIBITION 1891, for SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Obtainable Everywhere. General Agents for Great Britain:—
Messrs. VAN OPPEN & CO., Hackney, London, N.E.

DATURA TATULA, for Smoking and Inhalation.

The BEST REMEDY FOR ASTHMA

Difficulty of Breathing, Hay Fever, &c.

CIGARS and CIGARETTES—Boxes, 3s., 6s., 8s., and 15s. TOBACCO—Tins, 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., and 18s. For Non-Smokers. PASTILLES and POWDER, for Burning and Inhalation, Tins, each containing a censer for burning, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s.

SAVORY & MOORE,
LONDON,
AND OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE
OR PREPARED WHITE FULLERS' EARTH,

Is the only reliable and thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. It is prepared by an experienced Chemist, and under its Latin name of "Terra Cimolia" is constantly prescribed by the most eminent living Dermatologists, and was especially recommended by the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., and the late Dr. Tilbury Fox. For general use it is simply invaluable. It is the best Dusting Powder for Infants. Formerly used in the Nurseries of Her Majesty the Queen, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Teck, &c., and now extensively employed in the Nurseries of her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia, our own Royal Princesses and Duchesses, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland, the Grand Duchess Paul of Russia, the Duchess of Sparta, and most of the Aristocracy Recommended by the faculty. The eminent physician, Dr. Routh, says: "I feel I cannot too highly recommend it." "I cannot afford to be without it."—Dr. Bainbridge. A Lady writes: "Here, in India, for 'Prickly Heat,' I found it worth a guinea a teaspoonful." Post-free. Send 14 or 36 penny stamps.

Ask for "Taylor's Cimolite." See that the Trade Mark, Name, and Address are on every parcel, and do not be persuaded to take imitations.

Introduced into medical practice and prepared by
JOHN TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W

THE FINEST TONIC

FER BRAVAIS most effective in restoring the vitality of the blood, and enabling the constitution to resist climatic influences.

FER BRAVAIS Invaluable in al cases of anæmia, influenza and general debility.

FER BRAVAIS Highly recommended for weak and debilitated children.

LANCET "*A beautiful and interesting preparation.*"

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"*It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth.*"

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS WITH DROP MEASURE.

ASK FOR DR. RIDGE'S

The Perfect Food for Children and Invalids.

PATENT COOKED FOOD.

CAUTION.—All the Genuine Packets and Canisters are enclosed in White Wrappers, the words **DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD** are printed boldly thereon, so that none need be deceived or mistaken.

PREPARED AT THE ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, AND SOLD RETAIL BY ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND GROCERS THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors.
70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over

ONE HUNDRED YEARS,

and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

THE STOCK CONVERSION AND INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

This Company begs to direct the attention of investors to the Preferred and Deferred Stocks issued by it against London and North-Western and North-Eastern Ordinary Stocks, and which are quoted on the London and leading Provincial Stock Exchanges.

The Preferred Stocks possess security similar to that of Railway Preferential and Preferred Stocks, but yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more income, thus affording to holders of many of the former Stocks an opportunity of adding to their revenue without decreasing their security.

The Deferred Stocks, whilst returning an average income in excess of that yielded by the Railway Ordinary Stocks, against which they are issued, contrast most favourably with all other Deferred and low-priced Ordinary Railway Stocks, and afford the only opportunity to small investors of participating, by means of low-priced Stocks, in the future of these two leading railways of the country. Table showing present price and dividend, and the dividend on the average of a number of years obtainable on the Deferred Stocks, is subjoined.

Any further information with regard to these Stocks can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 12 and 13, Nicholas-lane, E.C.

DEFERRED CHARGE STOCKS.	Present Price.	Last Dividend paid.	Annual Average of Dividend on result of last 10 years.*	Returns on basis of last Dividend.	Returns on Average Dividend of 10 years
London and North-Western Ordinary Stock	27	£1 7 6	£1 7 0 %	£5 1 10	£5 0 0
North-Eastern— Ordinary Stock	40	£2 5 6†	£2 4 0 %	£5 13 9	£5 10 0

*No allowance is here made for bonuses on allotments of new Stock.

†Exclusive of bonus of 9s. 6d. per cent. from allotment of new Stock.

CORNFORTH & REACHER,

Stock and Share Brokers,
4, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Monthly Investment List with Notes on Railways, Foreign Stocks, Industrial and Miscellaneous Shares and Mines—*Free on Application.*

References in every large town in England.

BANKERS—City Bank, Threadneedle-street, E.C.

Stock delivered to any London Bankers in exchange for cash.

Special attention to Investment Business.

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CARLSBAD
Natural Mineral Waters and Salts

Are used in the treatment of all cases in which the cure is recommended, viz., in Chronic Gastric Catarrh, Hyperæmia of the Liver, Gall Stones, Chronic Constipation, Diabetes, Renal Calculi, Gout, and diseases of the Spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

SOLE IMPORTERS—
INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

ANGEL WHITE TOILET POWDER AND CREAM

UNRIVALLED FOR THE SKIN.

Sole Manufacturer:—Geo. G. Blackwell, Liverpool. Price, 1s., of all Chemists Post Sample, 3d. London Agents—G. Vogt & Co., 19, Laurence Pountney Lane, E.C

Blue & gold printed label. **4711** Extract of Double Strength.

EAU DE COLOGNE

Preferred by everyone

Always highest awards. To be had of all Chemists and Stores.

Ferd. Mülhens, 4711 Cologne.

Agents: Krohn Bros & Co. Billiter Bldgs. London, E.C.

UNSURPASSED FOR OVER 50 YEARS.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR

LONDON & PARIS. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803),

1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,400,000.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.

No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.

General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.

C. HARDING, Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—

Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £12,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

SUN FIRE OFFICE,

FOUNDED 1710.

THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.

SUM INSURED IN 1890,

£361,500,000.

LONDON, EDINBURGH, and GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.

LIFE—ACCIDENT.

CHIEF OFFICE:—Insurance-buildings, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.

PREMIUM INCOME.

		Increase in Four Years.
1882	£7,929	.....
1886	86,006	..... £78,077
1890	226,001	 139,995

Claims Paid (exceed) £420,000.

WILFRED A. BOWSER, Manager.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.

LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.

Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.

A. MUNKITTRICK, Jun., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.

Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.

No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

Established 1868.

THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,

20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

RESERVE FUND, £90,000.

Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.

For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY,

58, Old Broad Street, London.

Capital, $8,000,000.

5 per cent. Deposits received for periods of not less than Six Months.
5 per cent. Debentures issued for a period of Five Years.
6 per cent. Freehold Mortgages. Principal and Interest guaranteed by the Company.

ATKINSON & CO., Managers for the United Kingdom.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings,

Chancery-lane. Interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.

THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.

—Cash advanced from £10 to £2500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.
UNION DEPOSIT BANK.

No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.

[ESTABLISHED 1867.]

CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.

ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE.

Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.

From £30 to £5,000.

To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their

NOTE OF HAND ALONE.

ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.

NO SURETIES REQUIRED.

Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.

FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.

A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.

Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.

Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.

Interest allowed on deposits, 5, 6, and 7 per cent.

EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

THE

GRESHAM

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

WEST-END BRANCH—2, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

FUNDS.

Annual Income	Exceeds	£800,000
Assets	Exceed	£4,610,000
Payments to Policy-holders	Exceed	£9,250,000

Moderate Rates of Premium. Liberal Scale of Annuities. Loans granted upon Security of Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Property, Life Interests, and Reversions. Also to Corporate and other Public Bodies, upon Security of Rates, &c.

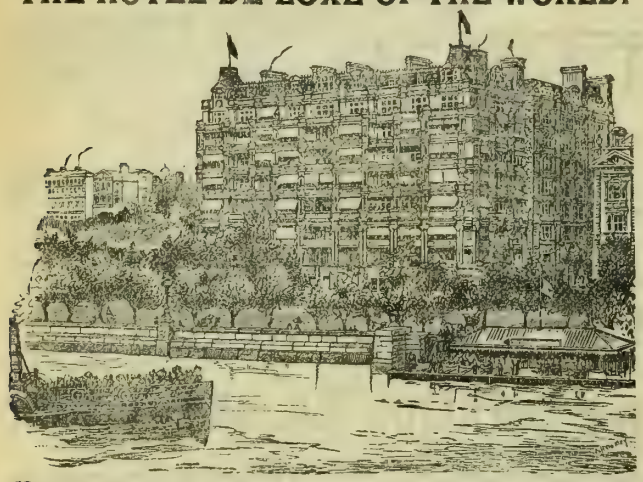
PROPOSAL FORMS, &c., to be obtained on application to the Society's Agents, or to the Head Office as above.

THOMAS G. ACKLAND, F.I.A., F.S.S., *Actuary and Manager.* JAMES H. SCOTT, *Secretary.*

SAVOY HOTEL & RESTAURANT,

Victoria Embankment, **LONDON.**

'THE HOTEL DE LUXE OF THE WORLD.'



Magnificent River and Garden View. Bedrooms, single, from 7s. 6d.; double, from 10s. 6d. Small and large suites, with bathrooms, &c., attached, from 25s. No charge for Light, Baths, and Attendance. Special tariff during winter. Shaded Electric Light everywhere. No gas. The building is absolutely fireproof.

SAVOY RESTAURANT with large terrace. The finest and only Open Air Restaurant in London Private Rooms for Dinner Parties, &c.

THE VICTORIA ROOMS. Specially adapted for Balls, Banquets, Masonic and Regimental Dinners.

Chef de Cuisine, M. ESCOFFIER. Manager, L. ECHENARD.

General Manager, C. RITZ. Proprietor of the Hotel de Provence, Cannes.

LIQUEUR OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

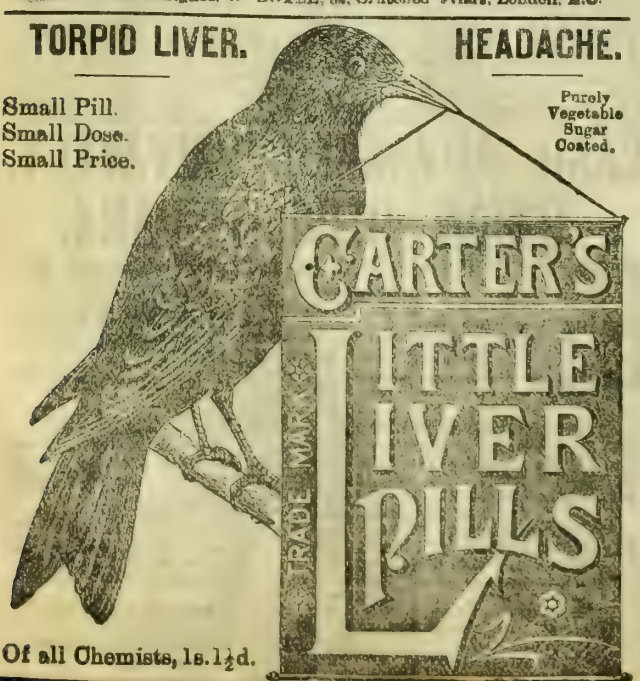
This most excellent Liqueur, the great preventive of Indigestion, and almost certain remedy for Sea-sickness, can now be had of all Wine Merchants, and at prices much lower than formerly.

Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 38, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

TORPID LIVER. HEADACHE.

Small Pill.
Small Dose.
Small Price.

Purely Vegetable Sugar Coated.



Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

Vinolia

THE CHOICEST OF CREAMS

For the Skin in Health and Disease.

For Itching, Chaps, Chilblains, Face Spots, Eczema, &c.

"For acne spots on the face, and particularly for eczema, it is undoubtedly efficacious, frequently healing eruptions and removing pimples in a few days. It relieves itching at once."—THE BABY.

"An emollient cream for the skin in eczema, rash, eruptions, &c."—LANCET.

"We are able to testify to its value."—HOSPITAL GAZETTE.

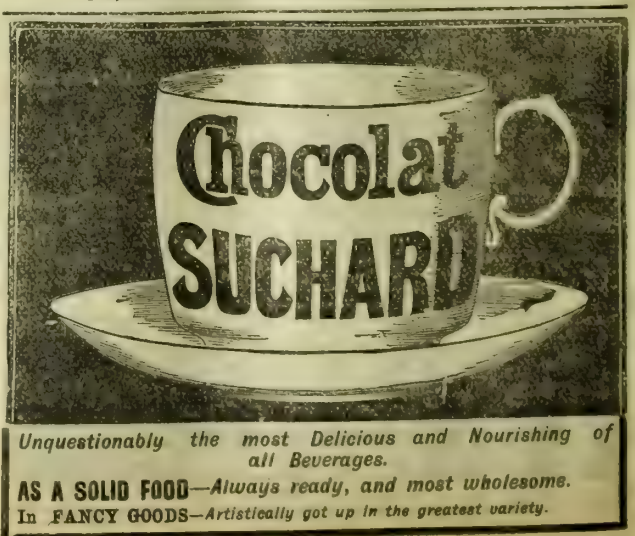
"For rough hands it is invaluable, and is as excellent in the nursery as it is for the toilet."—QUEEN.

"Vinolia" and "Vinolia" Powder, each 1s. 9d. per box; "Vinolia" Soap, PREMIER (for the masses), 4d.; Floral, 6d.; Balsamic (Medical), 8d.; Otto Toilet, 10d. and Vestal, 2s. 6d. per Tablet.

BLONDEAU et CIE., Ryland Road, London, N.W.

AMERICAN DEPÔT:

73 & 75, WATTS STREET, NEW YORK.



Unquestionably the most Delicious and Nourishing of all Beverages.

AS A SOLID FOOD—*Always ready, and most wholesome.*

In **FANCY GOODS**—*Artistically got up in the greatest variety.*

OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 663.—ORIGINAL ANAGRAMS ON "THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE: ITALY, AUSTRIA, AND GERMANY."

WAHRHEIT (Real name and address will be given next week)	£1 1 0
LA PLATA („ „ „ „)	1 1 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" HOME-MADE TOY AND DOLL SHOW.

I would remind intending competitors in the Home-made Toy Department that only about a month now remains for their efforts. All Home-made Toys, Scrap-Books, &c., intended for Exhibition at the Polytechnic Institution on December 16 and 17, should reach this office by December 9.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 668.

A Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week to that competitor who

BEST SUCCEEDS IN MAKING A RHYMING COUPLET OUT OF THE 58 LETTERS GIVEN BELOW—viz., a, a, a, a, a, a; b; d, d, d, d, d; e, e, e, e, e, e, e; f, f, f, f; g; h; i, i, i, i; m, m, m, m; n, n; o, o, o, o, o, o, o; p, p; r, r, r, r; s, s, s; t, t, t, t; u, u, u; y, y.

If possible, all the 58 letters should be used in constructing the couplet; but in case no one is able to neatly accomplish this task, the Prize will be given to that competitor who, whilst using the most of the given letters, succeeds also in making a couplet which both rhymes and conveys a sensible meaning. It may serve to encourage would-be competitors to know that the letters given above can undoubtedly be made into a rhyming couplet. All answers must be received by me on Monday morning, November 23rd, at the latest.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 664.

As I am publishing a further selection of Original Songs this week, I will not at present announce the winner of the prize in this Competition.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of LEAF RULE, winner of Prize No. 662, are Ernest A. Fuller, Esq., 10, The Circus, Greenwich-park, S.E.

ST. SWITHIN.—I will endeavour to do so before long.

M. W. M.—Your suggestion is an admirable one; many thanks for it.

JO-JO.—It was on June 10, 1883.

AMERICAN.—The next puzzle of the kind will be given early in January.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 665.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ANAGRAMS ON THE LETTERS IN THE WORDS "THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY."

*** The following Anagrams are published on the supposition that they are correct; but it has not been possible, as yet, to check them throughout.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

Hurrah! Oh, Tory leader! Bright far-off Erin lost a hot, but just, ruler.—Zealandia.

1. O! that jaunty ruler of rough Irish rabble, thrust forth for leader! 2. Hurrah! Thorough fine leader I! Just th' artful sort for Tory rabble!—R. F.

1. Oh, our hero! Truthfully just, a terror of the fat Irish land-grabber. 2. Safer for Ireland that thorough ruler by birth, jealous for truth.—Mandor.

1. A useful harrier, but for th' short run (or job) hardly altogether fit. 2. Oh, traitor Joe, duffer Harty, fribbler Goshen — all thrust out. Hurra! 3. Hurrah for us! Let th' fold be joyful. Begorra, that "rint" harrier's out (an Irish cry).—Bobus.

Faithful to his role; often just, but—bar through error—rarely hard.—E. W. S. B.

Hurrah, bulldog of Salisbury. The terror of Erin at the jar of truth.—Sinona.

NOTE.—Mr. Balfour at Bury, "We rest our case, not upon what we promised, but upon what we have done."

After a rather tough, horrid job, I burn to try thus a fresh full role.—Saxon Maid.

Though born Tory (a horrid error) he is alert. just, truthful, affable.—Nodding Violet.

Rural relation of Salisbury, Truth! hard jar therefore to hug both.—Dnalwor.

Just truth! so fair Ireland brought you hell forth for a rare berth.—Garryowen.

1. In truth, best Tory ruler for job. Hard future he hath, for all airs go. 2. Best Tory ruler for "go-for-all" hard job. In truth, sir, he hath a future. 3. In truth, best Tory ruler for "go-for-all" job. A hard future he hath, sir. 4. Best Tory ruler for hard job. In truth, a go or fall future he hath, sir. —Nacnud.

The best leader, at a hurry, for hurtful truth, or an Irish job—or golf!—Maia.

1. Hurrah! for true high-born Tory, blest orator, faithful, just leader. 2. Let faithful Tory orators hurrah for higher-born but just leader. 3 Faithful, just leader—higher orator—but (*softly*) born to err. Hurrah! - Rose Island.

Fresh horror! Rather a frightful Tory leader, thou; but so jubilant!—Silly Sing Song.

1. O! hurra! No sorry old traitor here—just, bright, truthful, affable he. 2. Hurrah! Joyous, bright, leader faith! Terror of half-turbulent sort. —Imara.

1. Far better ruler to hush rough Irish job than for artful Tory lead. 2. Further huge job for relation;* hear that for truth, Lord Salisbury. 3. Hurrah! Golfer, Irish baffler, thou art thus to turn Tory job-leader. 4. Further job for relation* of Salisbury, lead rather through truth.—Knarf.

* Nephew.

Oh fie! Horror! A. J. B., the artful Tory ruler, fast brought Ireland thus!—Buffalo.

1. Then hurra! for the rare dab at golf! thou just terror of Irish bully. 2. Then hurra! for the just terror of Irish bully!—thou rare dab at golf.—Hobbima.

1. That harsh rule, fit for hurtful bores brought rare joy to Ireland. 2. Her Irish lungs roar forth the "bloody brutal" threat of future jar. 3. Sir H. D. W—lff to Sir John G—st: "Shout hurrah! Sir John, for to flatter our grateful leader by birth." 4. Labouchere to them both: "Hurrah, justly, fool Tories. Oh, regard latent bar birth for future." H.—H. A. L. S.

A ready brother all through Erin, thou'rt just fit for fresh labour.—Malignant.

For your just labour brought Ireland forth lither, fresh at heart.—Æsculapius.

1. Real, red Tory, faithful A. J. B., our English hearts throb for you.—TRUTH. 2. To fair South get. Hurry forth, A. J. B., healer of Ireland's hurt. 3. Duel? No "hot-fool-rager" this A. J. B. Ruler of true, thrifty brats. Hurrah!—E. N. S.

1. (Pat's View) Hateful, rough, bloodthirsty, farther for, true-born jailor's heart. 2. Just arbitrator, he. But, eh! his horror of all left-hand turf-roguery.—Arten.

Hurrah! jubilant golfer. Rod of the house. Try further labor, artist.—Qui Hy.

A. J. B.'s off! Hurrah! Hurrah! Tut! Tell fair Erin's sloth Torturer. "Good-bye."—Sour Grapes.

Oh! bury error, Oh! suffer for truth. That brutal lath is Jingo leader.—Foy.

Jolly fat berth! Hurrah! thou Irish leader. Trust to Bog for rare fun.—J. B. B.

Hurrah! hurrah! for leader true to Erin, to fight justly for a last bob (meaning Ireland's last hope is Balfour).—Sailor.

1. O! A. J. B., hear truth, hear truth for others, or bury in golf a dull strife. 2. Off, sir! if Gladstone hath our troth, by our truth, A. J. B. her real ruler. 3. If A. J. B. hath truth, or rob truth of fury, hero Gladstone is real ruler.—M. S.

Our Irish brethren fully thought A. J. B. far too hard for State ruler.—D'Arcy.

Tho' a barber for Joe, thou'rt Irish gall for Randy —see ruthful TRUTH.—Murdoch.

A. t. . r B. . f. . r, that bright, joyous ruler of Ireland, t' House hath for ruler.—Pseudonym.

1. Unjust, led by fatal error, he brought to Irish that fearful horror. 2. Ah! a far-felt terror, though hardly just; but born foe to Irish ruler! 3. A rather artful head bully, for he oft brought terror on just Irish.—Wahrheit.

1. A fraud horrifies John Bull's thorough Tory; better far, real truth. 2. Thorough, just debater; further, arrant Tory; fills brief hour-halo. 3. A sad Liberal brother further this thoughtful Tory juror? No fear! 4. Oh! frail jealous brothers further retard thoughtful Tory brain.—Wraith.

1. Faith! fresh Tory job! rather fun had our Liberals or TRUTH got rute. 2. Salisbury thought A. J. B—r fit leader; hurrah, then, for our lot oft err. 3. Bar our strife far in truth, thou fresh leader all through Tory job. 4. TRUTH bet "Jo" hath fitter leader nor "Golfour." Hurrah for Salisbury.—Dora.

Ah! this effort brought a truly just hero ruler. A both'r for Ireland!—Industry.

Hath for our fair Ireland brought forth truer joy, thus real blest.—Clochette

1. A just and truthful legislator, if he be Tory; oh, bar further horror! 2. Liberal, Tory, both further on this thoughtful juror; arrears fade. 3. Liberal, Tory, fear Rads! Further this, a thoughtful juror—no bother! 4. Liberal and Tory see far; both roar "Further this thoughtful juror!" 5. Liberal and Tory, further this thoughtful brother juror! Safe oar. 6. Liberal, Tory, fear a just, thoughtful brother? Horror! Dear fun this!—Guelder Rose.

1. For that too arbitrary ruler has just found higher, fuller berth — O! 2. Thrust afar through birth or jolly fortune to aid bear fresh rule.—Esperanza.

Hail, A. J. B.! Father, ruler, of Ireland; our trust through forty bothers.—M. M. M.

Usher: Thirty to four on that Buffer, Arthur J., as Leader. Brill: Oh! Gor!!!—Ipse Dixit.

1. Roar, hurrah, brother to just but faithful Leader for English Tory. 2. Rob old Erin's both just, great, faithful Leader for the Tory. A hurrah. 3. Thus rid a fear, or all Tory fugh, that both rob Erin of her just ruler.—The School.

1. Forth! bright Arthur, just ruler for Erin; lead halt Tory house-boat. 2. Be a truthful or joyous ruler. Lead a British throng farther forth. 3. A brighter job for Erin's R— Arthur—truthfully to lead forth a house.—Bel Demonio.

1. Hurrah! hurrah! for that stilt* Erin, be joyful. Forget too bad rulers. 2. Hurrah! that bore lost! Hurrah! for joyful tidings of a better ruler. 3. Hurrah! hurrah! for this rot. Troubled Erin be joyful. Forget at last. 4. Hurrah! hurrah! for that stir.† Erin be joyful. Do forget last trouble.—Isabel.

* Stilt, elevation. † Stir (in the Cabinet).

1. Go! Hurrah for Rory! This artful jobber hateth Ireland's future lot. 2. Oh, bosh! truth, a fair golfer (fourth rater) rules jubilant Tory herd. 3. Tory rout! jabbering throats shout forth, "Hurrah! fire-full leader." 4. Ultra-Tory throats jibber hurrahs for fine or thoughtful leader.—Links.

Ah! treat, Jas. ruler; beg for hot Irish blood left; turn to fury. Hurrah!—Grainer.

1. Rather haughty, irate ruler for John Bull strode forth. A bit* for us! 2. No error!† A fat berth just offer'd our both tall, haughty Irish ruler.—Excelsior.

* Bridle. † Alluding to the dispute between the *Daily News* and *Times* respecting Mr. Balfour's appointment.

(Conserv., *loq.*): Hurrah for the terror of Ireland! (M. Gladstone): Be just, L.; 'tis but a golf toy—Hurrah!—Roman.

1. Ah! although thou'rt thus transferr'd our joy 'll be brief. Flat error! 2. Thou'rt joyful thus. Ah! thou'lt bar real grind, sorer, tho' far briefer!* 3. Ah! although thou'rt fit for transfer (err I thus?), our joy 'll be barred. 4. Thou'rt joyful thus far. Ah! errors! Thou'lt bear real, tho' brief* grind. 5. Thou'rt real joyful! Thou'lt thus ha' far sorer, barer, tho' brief* grind. 6. Though full o' joy, thou'lt roar; at brief* transfer rush; rather be rid! —La Plata.

* On account of the approaching "General Election."

1. H——l! Horror! Trust our guards! Thee, Erin, bail forth for the faulty A. J. B. 2. For far "free South" auld "Bright" hours—truth, blarney, or rot—the jail. 3. Halt! Burt, roar forth that Irish rust for Rule—joy far gone—he "blued!" 4. He "blued." Halt! Burt roar forth that Irish rust for joy—Rule far gone.—Dick.

1. He's just—yet for the horrid "rough" of Liberal born, a hurtful tartar. 2. For a horrid tartar, he's just, yet hurtful of the Liberal.—Volunteer.

Trust B. . f. . r, the faithful orator, though holy Ireland abjures error.—Given.

Just try our Leader, Irish born lot! Eh! far battle fought for—Hurrah.—Cobwebs.

Faith! hath Ierne rural golf? Hurry state-jobber lord our turf shot!—Robin.

1. Our further "rott" baleful, fair Ireland's heart throbs through joy. 2. Further baleful threats rot, our fair Ireland throbs through joy. 3. Rot, further baleful threats, our fair Ireland throbs through joy. 4. Rot, our further baleful threats—fair Ireland throbs through joy.—W. G. B.

Their treasury of our right ablest—our Lord John baffleth Arthur.—Ye Hermit.

Hurra! A. J. B. is the hero of an hour, dab golfer, hot ruler, strut flint, try!—Kit-Cat.

1. Here's to the fort bogie lad, Balfor, hurrah! Your first journal, TRUTH (54) 2. Hurrah to "Irelands utter horror"! The artful bogie boy. Hush! (49)—Enid.

1. For, trust, through that barbarous ruler of Ireland, joy flieth her. 2. Just the ruler for that barbarous Ireland; thoroughly fit for her.—Lyricus.

Hurrah, thou lathy horror, golfer A. J. B.! Ireland better off, I trust.—Nomenclator.

Hurrah, hurrah, for A. J. B. Blot out "Golfer," rush in "fittest Tory Leader."—Dilloram.

Born orator I truly be, rather fitful—though harsh—for just Leader.—L. I. C.

Ah! there aren't shuffles to jar—or drift to blur your harbour-light.—Caledon. [I mean, of course, that he has not been drifted—by a shuffle, say—to the less ungrateful post, but that he has sailed steadily to it through merit.]

1. For that horrid, silly, arrogant ruler of "House." The Rt. Hb. A. J. B. 2. A berth for A. J. B. Future ruler of "House" Hath long ratt'd Irish. 3. Thought I left Dublin sorry? Refute that error also, for hurrah! A. J. B.—Gumph.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 664.—SONGS SUITABLE FOR MUSIC.

*** I am glad to be able to find room for a further selection of Songs this week.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

STAR AND STELLA.

The sun has ceased to paint the West,
No planet shines above,
Save one, the brightest and the best—
The silver star of love.
She smiles upon her sister Earth,
Proclaiming from afar
That love is of celestial birth,
And radiant as a star.

She shone, my Stella, on our tears
When duty bade us part,
And now in weary exile cheers
My lone and longing heart.
Since all things beautiful and bright
Of thee fit symbols are,
Entranced, I view thine eyes' soft light
Reflected from love's star.

We triumph over time and space
By magic of the mind;
The whole world is our trysting-place,
And love is unconfined.
The sweetness of thy looks and voice
Mere distance cannot mar:
I see thee, hear thee, and rejoice—
My Stella and my star! Eboracum.

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."
—"Midsummer Night's Dream."

'Twas through the dingle-gate they went
At sunset-time of day,
And o'er her lovingly he bent,
With something sweet to say;
But presently it came about,
From reasons hard to find,
The lovers had a falling out,
And both had grown unkind.

As silently they strolled along
She bore an injured air;
He whistled just a snatch of song
To show he didn't care;
And while across her features played
The flush of angry light,
Beside the left-hand hedge he strayed,
And she beside the right.

But when her tears began to rise,
He crossed and took her hand;
The dewy sweetness of her eyes
Could any heart withstand?
And soon, regretful from the pain
Of tasting sorrow's cup,
They reached the dingle-gate again,
And kissed, and made it up.
Haroldwyn.

O had each sigh within this heart
A tiny echo in thy breast,
Then would thy bosom know the smart
That brings to me such great unrest.

Let not thy dear voice bid me rise,
For I must kneel whene'er we meet;
It is the soul within thine eyes
That bids me worship at thy feet.

Thou know'st not what to me thou art,
I scarce, dear girl, can tell thee now,
My love's a flame within my heart,
It came, I know not when nor how.

But this I know, that it must live
Through life's haphazard praise or blame,
And giving all it hath to give
Rise with thine own to whence it came.
Sambo.

A VILLAGE TALE.

Once a maiden met a man,
Not in ages olden;
And he woo'd as lovers can—
Everything was golden.
Many a walk at eventide,
Many a stolen kiss beside;
Many a blush, how hard to hide,
Troth, by bliss enfolden.

Now it fell upon a day—
What a day of danger;
Strephon in a field of hay
Saw a little stranger.
O! that such sad things should be,
Strephon fell upon his knee,
O! if *number one* could see,
How it would enrage her.

Now the village knows him not,
One and all they flout him.
Single is each maiden's lot,
Do they fret about him?
Should you ask, I have no doubt,
Each will say with pretty pout,
"If you mean *that* lazy lout,
I know naught about him." T. S. A.

Could you forgive, could I forget,
We might perchance be happy yet,
And bygone years of barren grain
Might ripen into love again.
Oh, what a harvest then were ours,
Could time but glean the wasted hours
We might perchance be happy yet,
Could you forgive, could I forget.

Must all the weary web of life
Be woven into strands of strife,
Can ne'er a thread of silver gleam
Across its dark and tangled seam?
Ah! no, it cannot be too late,
When hope stands trembling at the gate
Oh, love, we may be happy yet,
If you forgive, as I forget. Kottabos.

LITTLE BITS OF BLUE.

Down among the heather
Harebells bloom between;
Through the cloudy weather
Azure breaks are seen.
Listen, then, ye weary,
Learn life's lesson true—
"Not a day so dreary
But has 'bits of blue.'

For the runner failing
In the race of life,
For the soldier paling
In its weary strife,
Better are the chances,
Brighter is the view,
If some loved one's glances
Lend their "bits of blue."

Every word of healing
Spoken to the sad,
Every kindly feeling
For the heart that's glad,
Help to others given,
Friendship ever true,
These are gleams from Heaven—
Little "bits of blue." G. E. M.

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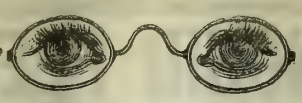

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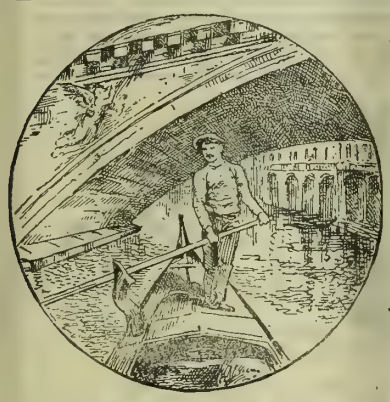

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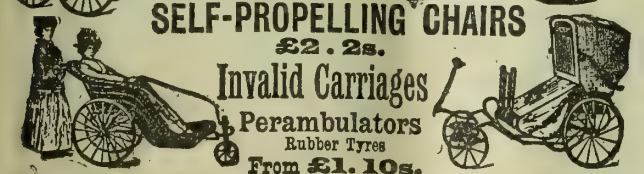

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BY THE BROOKSIDE.

Bright are the pebbles that sparkle
In the shallow and murmuring stream,
Where, in beautiful summer weather,
I've lain on its banks to dream.

And oft, with my love beside me,
In the evenings calm and cool,
I've seen her sweet face reflected
In the placid and crystal pool.

Oh, rows of gleaming pearls,
Oh, breath like a breeze from the South;
It was SOZODONT'S self that had given
Those gems to that perfect mouth.

LOVELIEST AMONG THE LOVELY

Is she who renews or preserves the beauty of her teeth with SOZODONT, confessedly the most effective preparation for them. Volumes of evidence might be adduced in support of its claims to public confidence, as a means of invigorating the teeth and rendering them pure, glistening, and spotless; and not less satisfactorily proven is its balmy influence upon the breath. Ask for SOZODONT, and accept no substitute. Price 2s. 6d.

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GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

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BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

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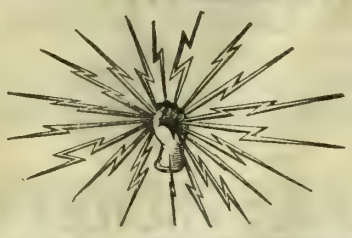
THE NEW MEDIUM MILD INDIAN CIGAR.
A most delightful weed, full of fine aroma and delicate flavour. Connoisseurs pronounce them better than Havannahs. Everyone should sample these really excellent cigars. Prices 22s. to 20s. per 100 (post-free). Samples, four for 1s. (14 stamps).

BEWLAY & CO. LTD. 49, Strand, W.C.; 74, Strand (East India House), and 143, Cheapside, London. Established 1780.

WEAK AND LANGUID FEELINGS,



NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, IMPAIRED VITALITY, BRAIN FAG, SLEEPLESSNESS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, LOSS OF APPETITE, and all Nervous, Muscular, and Organic Diseases, yield like Magic to the Marvellous Healing Properties of

HARNESS'

ELECTROPATHIC BELT.

GALVANIC AND FARADIC. BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

This genuine appliance is light and comfortable in wear, and may be relied upon to speedily and permanently invigorate the debilitated constitution, assist digestion and assimilation, give strength to every nerve and muscle of the body, and effectually prevent chills and rheumatic pains. It seems, and is, a simple remedy; but it is, nevertheless, a most reliable one; and the number of unsolicited convincing testimonials we have received from all classes of society amply prove that we do not exaggerate when we say that HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS have completely cured thousands of men and women in all parts of the world, most of whom have obtained no relief from medicine, and, in fact, had been given up by their physicians as "hopeless."

IT CURES ALL RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS.

For SCIENTIFIC PROOF

Call and see the Belts tested with the galvanometer, or write for special Pamphlet.

RHEUMATISM.

Mr. H. THURVILLE, S. Green, Bentley, Farnham, writes, March 15th, 1891, "I feel it my duty to give you a Testimonial as to your treatment in my case. After giving the Electropathic Belt a fair trial, the pains decreased gradually, and now, thanks to its use, I am free from pain, and seem as well as ever I did in my life, and am able to do my regular work without fear of the pains from which I used to suffer. I conclude with many thanks to the Medical Battery Company for the interest taken in my case, and wishing you every success."

IT CURES HYSTERIA.

DEBILITY.

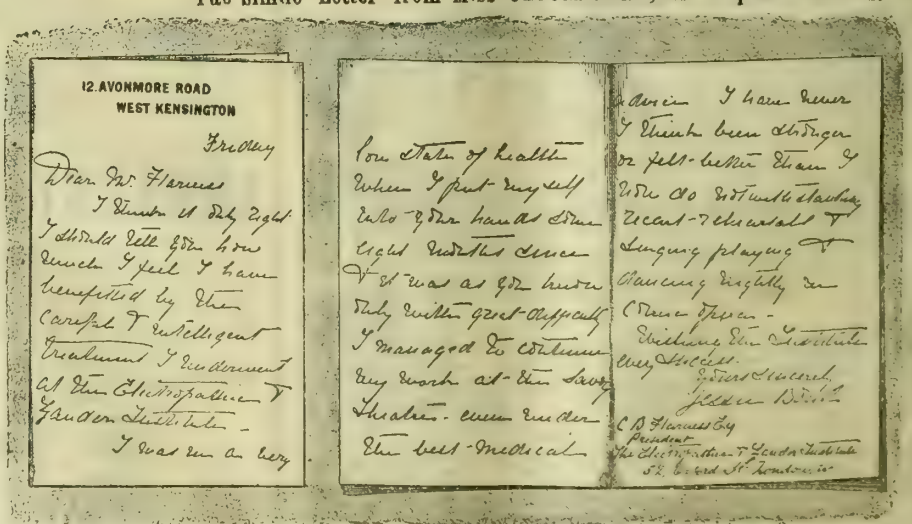
Mr. F. H. RUTLAND, Great Shelford, Cambs., writes, March 10th, 1891, "It is with a feeling of deep gratitude that I write to let you know the good your Electropathic Belt has done me. I suffered with a very bad complaint, and have been doctoring for the last twelve months, but I am very glad to say your Belt has cured me, and if I was to say I owe my life to you it would only be doing justice."

CONSULTATION — AND — PAMPHLETS FREE.

NERVOUSNESS.—Mr. DICK MCKAY, 27, Arline-street, Hackney-road, E., writes, April 4th, 1891, "My brother sent me one of your Electropathic Belts while I was performing in the provinces. I had been a sufferer from nervousness for some years, but since wearing the appliances I have been myself again, sustaining long and trying parts without feeling the least affected."

The following is a

Fac-simile Letter from Miss JESSIE BOND, the Popular Actress.



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WEST KENSINGTON

Dear Dr. Harness

I think it my right I should tell you how much I feel I have benefited by the careful & intelligent treatment & judgment of the Electropathic & Zander Institute —

I was in a very low state of health when I put myself into your hands & the light treatment once & at was as you know daily until great Appeal I managed to attend my work at the Savoy Theatre — even under the best medical

advice I have never I think been stronger or felt better than I do at present & am singing, playing, dancing nightly in Dorothy given — Thinking the Institute very useful.

Yours sincerely
Jessie Bond

C. B. Harness Esq
President
The Electropathic & Zander Institute
52 Oxford St London W

MR. C. B. HARNESS, President of the Institute, and the other officers of the Company, may be consulted Free of Charge, on all matters relating to Health and the application of Curative Electricity.

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 777. Vol. XXX. Thursday, November 19, 1891. Price Sixpence.

NOTICE.

The Fifteenth

Christmas Number of "Truth"

Will be published on

FRIDAY, the 27th of November,

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

It will be profusely illustrated by F. Carruthers Gould.

The Illustrations will include TWO FULL-PAGED and ONE DOUBLE-PAGED CARTOON, printed in colours.

1. **After the Battle. 1892.**
2. **A Coach and Three.**
3. **A Quiet Round Game (double-page).**

And FOUR DOUBLE-TINTED FULL-PAGED CARTOONS,

1. **The Renunciation of St. Joseph.**
2. **An "Enfant Prodigue."**
3. **Society's Idol, 1841.**
4. **Society's Idol, 1891.**

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

I HAVE received the following amounts towards this year's Toy Fund:—

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Guedalla, £10. 10s.; Vera Cohen, £1. 1s.; T. T., £2. 2s.; Fiddle Bow, 10s.; R. G. W., 6d.; T. K., £2; P., 2s.; Henry and Gussy, £1. 1s.; Mrs. Vagliano, £2. 2s.; Henry Smith, 10s. 6d.; A Well-wisher, Llandudno, £2; Ethel Jepherson, 5s.; Bird's Eye, £1; M. A. R., 5s.; Mary F. Ferguson, £1. 1s.; M. H. Gray, £10; Mrs. Alice L. Lawrence, £2. 2s.; H. M. L., £1; Derrick, £5. 5s.; Margaret, £2; Eric, £1; An Actress, £1; G. F. E. C., 10s.; A. C. Allen, £2. 2s.; Henrietta Taylor, £1. 1s.; Mrs. Symondson, 5s.; Chilé, 10s.; Tyne, £5; Scamp, £1; Georgiana L. Bagnell, £10 (also £3 to Mrs. Jeune's Fund); twelve dolls, each with a trunk containing a trousseau, from Nurse Fisher, of Winchester Hospital, per Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon); G. T. J. G., 10s.; Mrs. Stephens, £1. 1s.; Jack, 5s.; Kitty, 5s.; S. Snelgrove, £2. 2s.; H. M. and F. L. L., £10. 10s.; J. P., £2; Toby, 2s. 6d.

A gentleman, who appears to be a bit of a wag in his own line, sends me sixpennyworth of postage-stamps for the Toy Fund, together with the following letter, in response to the verses of "R. M." which appeared in Truth of November 5:—

Paddington, W., November 11, 1891.

The Editor of "Truth,"

Dear Sir,—I highly approve of the idea inculcated by "R. M.'s" verses, and my friends and self have decided to forego next issue of Truth, and send the 6d. to Toy Fund instead. I beg to enclose mine herewith—not on the "Dudley system of deferred presents"—and remain, yours very faithfully,

R. G. Wisemann.

As I take it that this gentleman is going to save his sixpence next week too, I can say, without any fear of his feelings being hurt by seeing my remarks, that I very deeply appreciate his self-sacrifice; for a man who, in order to raise sixpence for charity, can find absolutely no luxury to give up but his newspaper, must be, financially speaking, in very low water. I am, of course, very glad to receive even sixpences, and it is no doubt better that a sixpence should be raised at my expense than not be raised at all. But when I published "R. M.'s" appeal, I had no idea that there would be any readers of Truth in such straitened circumstances that by a whole week of self-denial they would be unable to raise more than sixpence. I may say, therefore, at once that the verses were not intended to apply in cases of this sad character.

The Queen is to arrive at Windsor Castle on Saturday morning, and her Majesty will stay there until Tuesday, December 22, when the Court is to remove to Osborne for two months.

Her Majesty is to hold a Council at Windsor early next week, and during the following week there will be an Investiture of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian Orders.

Lord Salisbury, who has not seen the Queen since the end of July, is to have an audience of her Majesty at Windsor Castle next Sunday afternoon.

Lady Antrim, who has been the Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen since the 3rd, is to be replaced next Tuesday by Lady Downe, who stays for a fortnight, and then Lady Ampthill comes on December 8.

The Queen will probably visit Coburg next year, at the beginning of May, in order that her Majesty may be present at the celebration of the golden wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha on the 3rd of that month.

It is true enough that Princess Beatrice has considerable artistic taste, and she is practically responsible for a great deal of the decorative work which has been carried out at Windsor Castle of late years. It is quite untrue, however, that she "designed the decoration of the State dining-room at Windsor," which was executed during the autumn of 1886. The room in question, which is not in any sense a "State" apartment, was redecorated from a design which was chosen by her Majesty, but the original suggestion came from the Empress Frederick.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to be the guests of the Queen at Windsor Castle from Saturday evening, December 12, until Monday, the 14th, when they will return to town, after attending the annual memorial service in the Prince Consort's Mausoleum at Frogmore.

H.R.H. is to proceed to Welbeck Abbey, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland, on Tuesday, the 15th, and he will stay there until Saturday, the 19th, when he will go to Sandringham, where the Princess and the family will already have arrived from London. There is to be a large house-party at the Hall from Monday, December 28, until Saturday, January 2, and the tenants' ball will be given on New Year's Night.

The Prince of Wales had quite a family party at Sandringham last week, consisting only of the Dukes of Clarence and Edinburgh, Dukes of Connaught and Fife, with their respective wives; Prince George, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and M. de Staal. There was shooting on three days, and the slaughter was prodigious. The Duke of Cambridge is to be at Sandringham during the week after Christmas. There is to be a large sale there of Shire horses, bred by the Prince of Wales at his Wolferton stud farm, on Tuesday, February 2.

The Duke of Edinburgh will not hold the command at Devonport for the usual period, and his resignation may be expected in the spring. The whole thing has become an intolerable bore to the Duke, who, moreover, is of course annoyed and embarrassed by the positive refusal of the Duchess to join him at Devonport. The Duke and Duchess will reside permanently in Germany after he leaves Devonport, and then he may perhaps be induced to give up Clarence House for the use of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to be the guests of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, at Goodwood, for a couple of days at the beginning of next month.

Prince Henry of Battenberg is going to the Mediterranean in January for a six weeks' cruise in his yacht, the *Sheila*, which is under orders to fit-out at Cowes. Prince Henry, who will be accompanied during his cruise by Baron von Pawel-Rammingen, the husband of Princess Frederica of Hanover, is to stay for some time at Malta, where Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg will be passing the winter, and he is also to visit Corfu.

I am sorry to hear that Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg (who is better known as Count Gleichen) is very seriously ill at his apartments in St. James's Palace, and hardly any hopes are entertained of his recovery. Prince Victor is a half-nephew of the Queen, and an uncle of the German Empress, being the youngest son of the late Princess Feodore Hohenlohe, who was the daughter of the Duchess of Kent by her first marriage with the Prince of Leiningen. Prince Victor, who was formerly in the Navy, was appointed Governor of Windsor Castle (a sinecure worth £1,200 a year) in succession to the Prince Consort.

The Empress Eugénie, who has been residing at Farnborough since her return from Scotland, intends to pass most of the winter in Egypt, and she will go up the Nile as far as the Second Cataract. The Empress is to be the guest of the Queen at Windsor Castle for a few days before her departure from England.

I see it stated in the papers that, in regard to the challenge to fight a duel, alleged to have been sent to the Duc d'Orléans by Captain Armstrong (the husband of Madame Melba), the Comte de Paris would not permit his son, as a Prince of Royal blood, to accept any cartel of the kind. It is not, I take it, usual for a young man to ask his father's permission to fight a duel; and as the Duc d'Orléans recently entered France, in defiance of the law, on the ground that his Royal birth could not exempt him from his duty to enter the French Army, it is hardly likely that he would plead Royal birth as an exemption from fighting a duel.

This trash about Royal birth is peculiarly absurd in the mouth of the Comte de Paris. His grandfather managed to acquire the throne to which his cousin was the rightful possessor according to all monarchical theory; and his great-grandfather set so little store on these theories, that he cheerfully voted that the head of his cousin, by right divine King of France, should be cut off.

The German Emperor was ill-advised in inscribing his *summa lex voluntas regis* in the book presented to him at Munich, for in Bavaria the *rex* is a lunatic shut up in an asylum. As regards his own throne, he ought to have remembered the reply to one of his predecessors, "Thank God, we have Judges in Berlin." The inscription ought rather to have been *summa injuria voluntas regis.*

Mr. Balfour's silent farewells to Dublin Castle came definitely to an end last week. The Chief Secretary's official residence in the Phœnix Park, facing the wide-stretching "Fifteen Acres," with the chain of the Dublin mountains in the background, is now being prepared—with a large expenditure of coal for airing, it is to be hoped—for Mr. Jackson. In old days the Irish Chief Secretary used to reside in Ireland, generally from November until the meeting of Parliament called him away to Parliamentary duties. It is expected that Mr. Jackson will revive the traditions of the office, including that of dispensing hospitality. The Chief Secretary also possesses an official residence in Dublin Castle, which, however, is rarely occupied, as it is by no means spacious, and not suited to the requirements of a large establishment.

I am asked to state that a series of subscription dances, in aid of the funds of the North-West London Hospital, Kentish Town-road, will be given at the Portman Rooms, on February 15 and 25, and March 9, under the patronage of Princess Christian.

For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 1076 in the present issue.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 1077.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see page 1078.

Mr. Gladstone is considering whether he will not go to Biarritz instead of to the Riviera. Should he decide for Biarritz, he will probably take up his quarters at an hotel there.

Lord Hartington will entertain several small shooting parties during the next few weeks at Hardwicke Hall, Derbyshire, and also at Chatsworth.

Great sympathy is felt for Lord Cloncurry and his family, who have had such sad experience of the old adage that "misfortunes never come singly." Miss Rose Lawless's death at Lyons, the family residence in Kildare, has cast quite a gloom over the county, the circumstance of her being accidentally drowned in the lake near the house making the occurrence specially sad. Miss Lawless was Lord Cloncurry's sister. Her eldest sister is Miss Emily Lawless, the well-known authoress. Miss Rose Lawless, who usually lived at Maretimo, near Dublin, with the Dowager Lady Cloncurry, had been staying at Lyons since her sister-in-law's death.

Lady Westminster, who died last week at the age of ninety-four, was the last link with a long-distant past. She was a sister of the second Duke of Sutherland and of the first Lord Ellesmere. She was present at the Carlton House and other fêtes which were given in 1814 to celebrate the peace, and she had many interesting stories to relate about London Society during the Regency. Lady Westminster was married in 1819, and for half a century she enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most devoted wives in England. Her affection for her husband was so engrossing a sentiment that she never was happy when he was out of her sight, and after her marriage she took to hunting solely in order that she might go out with him; and she invariably accompanied him on his Continental and country excursions. She, in fact, entirely consecrated her life to her husband, and merged her very existence in his. The consequence of this ecstasy of conjugal affection was that Lady Westminster saw very little of her children, and regarded most of them with indifference. Her elder daughters were entirely brought up by their grandmother, the Lady Westminster who brought the Wilton title and estates into the Grosvenor family.

For more than twenty years Lady Westminster was one of the greatest of the Whig dames, and she once refused the office of Mistress of the Robes. After Lord Palmerston's death she changed her political views, and in the course of a few years she became a staunch supporter of the Tories, and actively promoted their cause with both her influence and her purse. She was a very intelligent woman, with much quickness and vivacity of conversation, and some drollery in repartee. Until quite recently, she took a keen interest in all public affairs and passing events, and she was an excellent woman of business. She was decidedly imperious in her disposition, and she was given to caprices, and had a tendency to quarrels and *tracasseries*; nor was she ready to forgive any one who had offended or thwarted her, as some of her nearest relations had occasion to discover.

The late Lord Westminster's parsimony, which was notorious, was due to the fact that, until he succeeded to his titles and estates at the age of fifty, he was a very poor man, for he had to maintain a considerable establishment, and had to bring up a very large family on the exceedingly small income which was allowed to him by his father. Lord Westminster reciprocated his wife's affection, and she had great influence over him, the result of which was seen in his will; for he left her all his unsettled estates in Dorsetshire and Wiltshire for her life, with remainder to Lord Stalbridge, and nearly the whole of his personal property, which amounted to something like £800,000. These testamentary arrangements were much resented by some members of the family, and there has ever since been much speculation as to how Lady Westminster would dispose of her vast possessions.

Lord Westminster left Fonthill, his place in Wiltshire, to his widow, with remainder to their son-in-law, Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart. Lady Westminster did not care to have two country houses in the same district, so she informed Sir Michael that he could obtain immediate possession by buying her life interest. He did not want Fonthill, so he declined; whereupon her ladyship intimated her intention of shutting up the house and letting the whole place go to ruin, and of cutting down the timber. The result of this ultimatum was that Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart found himself obliged to buy out his mother-in-law.

The Liberals of Stirlingshire have sustained a great loss by the death of Mr. Russell, of Longcroft, which took place last Wednesday, after a few days' illness, from influenza. Mr. Russell had been for thirty years one of the most active, popular, and prominent Liberals in the county, and he was a very able man, and an excellent speaker. He was always a decided Radical, and had worked hard and well for his party, which will miss him greatly.

The death of Lady Lyveden, who was a most zealous supporter of the Primrose League, is a great loss to the Tories of Northamptonshire. She took a keen interest in local politics, and was the mainspring of several of the League's "habitations." Lady Lyveden was very popular in the Oundle and Thrapston districts, and her death is much lamented by all classes.

Mr. Thomas Hansard, who died last week at the age of seventy-eight, devoted his whole life to the editing of the Parliamentary records which have made his name famous throughout the world, but the reports were not very accurate. Mr. Hansard contributed admirable articles on "Printing" and "Type-founding" to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

PFUNGST FRERES' EXTRA QUALITY CHAMPAGNES.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. PFUNGST & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

Twenty per cent. saved and purity guaranteed with POWNCEBY'S Wines, Brandies, and very old Whiskies. Circular by post on application.—Address, 183, Oxford-street, W. Established 1850.

A gentleman at Ascot recently called my attention to the deplorable condition of eight broken-down horses in a grassless field adjacent to the Royal Kennels, the beasts being apparently destined for the dinners of the Royal Buckhounds. I do not know who the gentleman is, but he gave convincing proof that he is a man of a practical character by enclosing a Postal-order to defray the expenses of anybody whom I might send down to make a personal investigation. Availing myself of this liberality, I sent a gentleman down to look at the horses. I am thankful to say that by the time he arrived, five out of the eight beasts had apparently been disposed of by the hounds. From the condition of the three survivors, however, it must be assumed that those which were first taken justified the worst that I had heard about them. The horrible sights witnessed in this field are a matter of notoriety in the neighbourhood, and I trust that this notice will have the effect of calling the Master's attention to a scandal with which neither the Royal Buckhounds nor the Royal anything else ought to be connected. Horses have their rights, and one of these rights is to eat until they are eaten.

The herd of ten pure-bred buffaloes which arrived at Liverpool last week from New York were bred by a buffalo farmer in Nebraska, and are to be turned out in the park at Haggerston Castle, Mr. Leland's place in Northumberland. It is a pity they are not going to Chillingham, as it would be interesting to see how they would get on with the famous wild white cattle there.

The coaching revival is taking a firm root in France. M. Robert Lebaudy recently completed a drive of 1,400 kilomètres through Western France. The drive was accomplished with only two teams, and without a single mishap either to the coach, an English one, or horses. On the last day of his tour, M. Lebaudy drove from Orleans to Paris (115 kilomètres) in twelve hours, with only one change of horses.

So far as I understand the card-cheating case in India, it is contended by the defendant that, for the dealer at poker to deal himself cards from the middle or from the bottom of a pack, instead of from the top, is the same as making a revoke at whist. But if a dealer at whist were to deal in this fashion, it would not be regarded as a revoke. I only know what I read of this particular case. But of this I am certain: if I may hold cards in such a way that I can tell in what part of the pack the kings are to be found, and if I may deal to myself cards from top, bottom, or middle of the pack, I could win of any man.

I congratulate Lieutenant Lowry on his acquittal, and I make no doubt of its justice; but I am anxious to read the observations of the Judge Advocate-General upon the rules of poker being open to dishonest play. I should have said—and I know the game—that they are precisely the reverse. Any one who is a clever conjurer—*i.e.*, who can deceive the eye by the celerity of his manipulation—can, of course, cheat at a game of cards, whatever may be its rules, and in this sense all games of cards are "open to dishonest play," which is, perhaps, a sound reason for not playing at them for serious stakes. But if ever I take to cheating at cards, I shall do so at baccarat rather than at poker, for the latter is a game at which it is rather difficult to cheat. Considering the number of lawyers who play at cards, it is astounding what nonsense card-players talk about card-playing whenever they get an opportunity to air their eloquence on it in a wig and gown. I have often wondered whether this is genuine or the etiquette of the profession. Very possibly the President of the Indian Court of Inquiry was wise in advising the defendant to leave poker and all games of cards alone. But if I were to play at cards, and if I might select my game, it would be poker, because chance is so subordinated to legitimate skill, that it affords scope for the exercise of many faculties, which certainly cannot be said of baccarat and other such games, in which the fool and the sage are on a level.

An Italian Duke who has married an American heiress (but who, by the way, is not an Italian but a French Duke, being the eldest son of the Duc de Talleyrand, and bearing one of the ducal titles belonging to the Talleyrand family) is said to have "commenced his season's campaign" at Monte Carlo on Saturday by losing 250,000 f. I find this story much more easy to believe than that of the exploits of Mr. Wells with his system, and it is certainly deserving of equal prominence, if only for the benefit of those who have not married American heiresses, but have only their own money to lose. No doubt the "Italian Duke" has also got an infallible system. I wonder how long the fortune of the American heiress will keep it going?

I observe that an attempt has been made to raise a fuss about the expulsion of Mr. Joseph Pennell from Russia. If, however, an artist will persist in sketching and photographing after the police have warned him to desist, he cannot be surprised if he is arrested and sent out of the country. In no country would a stranger be permitted to sketch forts, and, if Mr. Pennell amuses himself in a similar way in Germany or France, he will meet with the same fate as he did in Russia.

An extraordinary discovery was made a few days ago at Wedmore, a village in Somersetshire, which is the centre of a district which has proved very rich in antiquarian deposits. A black oak chest, which a farmer had used for many years to store apples, got knocked about during the recent floods, and it was found to have a false bottom, under which lay fifty-seven silver coins of the reigns of Philip and Mary, Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., all of which are now of considerable value. The coins are supposed to have been concealed during the

CHOICE OLD HIGHLAND WHISKIES. Age 7, 10, 15, and 25 years in wood. Price per doz., 48s., 60s., 72s., and 120s. An eminent medical authority, in recommending the moderate use of Whisky, states that on no account should Whisky be used unless it is well matured. Detailed list on application to MORELL BROS., COBBETT, & SON, Limited, 210 & 211, Piccadilly; 18 & 19, Pall Mall; 143, Regent-street. Whisky Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

Civil War by some person who was subsequently killed, and who died without revealing the secret.

Although the Chicago Exhibition looks a long way off, growling is already heard among English exhibitors, or intending English exhibitors, against the Royal Commission; and I have received a very strong letter on the subject from a gentleman just returned from Chicago. This is not a very good beginning, and I hope that a timely hint on the subject will lead the Commissioners to keep a tight hand on their secretary, who, in the words of my correspondent, "may be a very good servant, but is certain to be a very bad master." I should also recommend British exhibitors to make public in good time any complaints they may have against their official representatives, instead of leaving the growling, as in the case of the Paris Exhibition, until after the mischief is done. It would be a pity if, owing to disputes with our own Commissioners, we are not well represented at Chicago, for, notwithstanding the M'Kinley tariff, our trade with the United States is enormous.

The mezzotint engraving which Mr. Thos. McLean has just published after Mr. C. Burton Barber's charming picture "Sweethearts" is bound to be popular, as not only is the subject attractive, but Mr. F. Stacpole, who is responsible for the engraving, has made the print more effective even than the original. The engraving of "Childhood," by R. Smythe, after the Greuze in the Buckingham Palace collection, which is published by Messrs. C. A. Millard & Co., is also an excellent piece of work.

I do not know any actor whose performances I witness with more pleasure than Mr. Beerbohm Tree. He has, however, succumbed, I am sorry to find, to that extraordinary mania which affects all actors. He is going to appear in "Hamlet." The piece has already been frequently performed, so often, indeed, that many people know it by heart. As a clever study of a man infirm in purpose, it has considerable merit. As an acting play, it must have been somewhat tedious even before its novelty had worn off. At present, I should infinitely prefer to see Miss Lottie Venne in a new part than the best of actors in Hamlet. But every actor has a consuming passion to appear in the part, although, to the best of my belief, no theatre-goer wants to see any actor in it—certainly not to sit through all the scenes of the play, in order to be privileged to watch what novel stage business will be introduced by a new Hamlet. Nevertheless, I make no doubt that all the gentlemen who pester the world with their views as to what Shakespeare intended, and what he did not intend, in his plays, will fasten upon the production to air their trash.

I frankly confess myself puzzled, as I think was every other witness, by the performance which I saw a few days back of Mrs. Abbott, the American lady now appearing at the Alhambra. It is certainly bewildering to see a small woman, of no physique to speak of, lift from the ground two chairs, on to which half a dozen men have been packed, by merely pressing her open hands against the frames of the chairs. Still more puzzling is it to see a similar feat performed when the hands of two well-known medical men are interposed between the hands of the lady and the frame of the chair. One of the doctors who attended the first performance given by Mrs. Abbott has written a letter, in which he says that nothing done by the lady amounted to more than a "trick" of muscular strength. I should like, however, to know more of the trick by which a woman of seven stone can resist the efforts of four men to lift her from the ground, or to hold her up in the air after she has allowed herself to be lifted. I should like to investigate the "powers" of this lady with a committee of unprejudiced searchers after truth. In hypnotism, it is evident that there may be, and that there often is, trick, for persons may easily be found, at a very small fee, to drink train-oil, and to say that they think that they are drinking champagne. But in the case of Mrs. Abbott, we have to deal with hard facts, which either are performed or are not: and if performed, can be accounted for by no known law of nature. First and foremost, however, it is necessary to prove satisfactorily the phenomena, and this can only be done by their being performed in a way which absolutely excludes the possibility of trickery. This done, it will be time to discuss them.

The following letter is from an esteemed correspondent. She is a lady of means and position, and it is desirable that her experience at the Stores should lead all to be very careful in the purchase of diamonds. The authorities at the Stores, no doubt, did their best not to be deceived, yet here is a case in which they obviously were:—

> Not long ago my husband gave me a diamond ornament which he had bought at the Army and Navy Stores for £80. The diamonds looked white and beautiful, and it never was out of my possession until I washed it, with the rest of my jewellery, with Scrubb's Household Ammonia. As I washed, two of the stones seemed to be changing their colour. This led me to wash more vigorously, when these two stones turned into yellow diamonds. I took the ornament to the Stores, when they agreed to substitute two white stones for these two yellow stones. I believe that there is some sort of process in Paris by means of which yellow diamonds can be converted into white diamonds, and remain white until washed with chemicals.

Mr. W. J. Harvey, who is a well-known antiquarian, proposes to print the Cambridge matriculation and graduate books, from the earliest existence of the University, at his own expense, if the authorities of the various colleges will grant him facilities for obtaining full and accurate information.

The friends of the late Bishop Mackarness in the diocese of Oxford have placed a silver bronze medallion to his memory in the south aisle of Christ Church Cathedral. It has been erected on the south wall, next to the memorial to the late Duke of Albany. The features of the Bishop have been admirably reproduced.

There is likely to be a vigorous opposition at Cambridge to the latest proposal of the Agricultural

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Syndicate, which is that two permanent teachers shall be appointed to direct technical education in agriculture, and that a grant of £400 a year from the University chest should be made for this purpose.

It is none too soon to protest against the terms of the draft charter of the proposed "Albert" University, a name, by the way, which must have been adopted for the express purpose of bringing this egregious institution into contempt. By this charter King's and University Colleges, as at present constituted, are incorporated with the University, and by Clause 12 of the charter of King's College, none but members of the Church of England are eligible as Governors or Members of the Council. The idea of constituting a University in London, of all places, on this basis is so preposterous that it may be hoped the appearance of the proposed charter on the table of the House of Commons will be the signal for its immediate extinction.

The question of erecting a teaching university in London appears to have drifted into a pernicious muddle. It is time that a stop was put to these peddling attempts of the various existing colleges to inflate themselves to the requisite dignity. The new university should be moulded from outside by a strong hand, independent of all existing and vested interests.

When the death of the well-known Dr. Ogilvy vacated the Regius Professorship of Pastoral Theology in 1873, a rumour got about that Mr. Gladstone intended to appoint the present Bishop of Lincoln, who was then Principal of Cuddesdon. Archbishop Tait took upon himself to write to Mr. Gladstone, protesting against the selection of so advanced a High Churchman as Dr. King, and he got properly snubbed for his pains. I hope that Lord Salisbury will now act as did Mr. Gladstone on that occasion, and that he will ignore the brayings of the fussy fanatics and bigoted pedants who are attempting to get up a clamour against the probable appointment of Mr. Gore, who is generally recognised as being the best possible man for this particular Chair, and whose selection would be very popular at Oxford.

Dean Pigou is to be installed in Bristol Cathedral on Wednesday, the 9th of December, and on the following Sunday he will preach his first sermon there, at the special evening service in the nave.

Mr. Allcroft, the patron of the valuable living of St. Jude's, South Kensington, which the Dean of Worcester is about tardily to vacate, is said to have received applications for the benefice from and on behalf of nearly every well-known Evangelical clergyman in the country. Mr. Allcroft ignored the shoals of applications and recommendations, and, having chanced to hear a good account of Mr. Eardley-Wilmot, he went down to Bath on Saturday, the 7th, to judge for himself. On Sunday Mr. Allcroft attended the morning and evening services at Walcot Park, heard the Vicar preach two sermons, and was so well pleased that after the evening sermon he requested an interview with Mr. Eardley-Wilmot in the vestry, and then and there offered him the living of St. Jude's. The new Vicar has been reared in a thoroughly Low Church atmosphere, having been beneficed successively at those Simeonite strongholds, Tunbridge Wells and Bath, and it was latterly supposed that he would ultimately be selected by the Simeon Trustees to succeed Canon Brooke as Rector of Bath.

Prebendary Eardley-Wilmot, by the way, is the cleric who, as some of my readers will doubtless remember, recently rebuked choirmen who moved from one church to another for an increase of salary, censuring such a proceeding as "utterly unworthy of association in sacred things." The practice of this preacher, like that of many others, is somewhat at variance with his preaching. Setting aside the earlier steps in his career, he now exchanges a living of £700 a year, with about 12,500 parishioners, for one of £1,000, with a parish of 2,450, and all those the richest of the rich.

How long is the Bishop of London going to defer his judgment in regard to the right to celebrate marriages in Dr. Gray's Chapel? In any case, I trust that the Press will be present when judgment is given, as the matter is one of considerable public interest.

The Archbishop of York desires to raise a fund of £20,000 to build more churches at Hull, towards which he will himself subscribe £1,000. What is wanted at Hull and other large towns is not more churches, but an increased number of active and earnest clergymen, who will induce the inhabitants to fill the existing churches.

With reference to the proposal of the Dean and Chapter of Norwich to build upon various open spaces in that city, in order to increase their revenue, Mr. Rye, a resident at Norwich, has discovered that, by a "deed of accord" between the Prior of Norwich and the civic authorities, which was executed in the sixteenth century, all the meadows between the Cathedral and the river should be maintained as "a common and void ground," where every citizen shall have liberty to walk and to enjoy himself in any manner which does not infringe the condition of "honest being."

A very curious story of "a Maryport vicar's attack on the Baptists" has come under my notice. The attack in question was published in the form of a letter in a local newspaper over the *nom de plume* "Ex-Deacon," and it was of such a character that Mr. Hine, a leading member of the Maryport Baptist Church, instructed his solicitor to demand the name of the writer. The newspaper proprietors gave up the manuscript of the letter, which purported to have come from "James Robins, Maryport." It was found, however, that there was no "James Robins" in the town, and the Rev. Edward Sampson, a clergyman of the Church of England, was suspected of being the author of the letter. Last week Mr. Sampson wrote a letter acknowledging that this was the case, and "expressing regret that Mr. Hine should feel aggrieved by a piece of harmless banter." On his own confession,

therefore, this Vicar stands convicted of having resorted to a mean and dirty trick in order to vilify another religious body. What his parishioners must think I leave my readers to judge. The Rev. R. Burn, Mr. Sampson's Curate, has shown his view of the matter by sending in his resignation.

The worst sort of clericalism appears to enjoy a unique representative in the person of the Rev. Sydenham H. A. Hervey, Vicar of Wedmore, Somersetshire. In the *Weston-super-Mare Gazette* of October 31, a letter appeared from the Rev. J. Gouldie, a Wesleyan Minister, describing the pitiable condition of the people who had suffered from the floods at Tilham Heath, and appealing for help to relieve the distress among them. In the following week, the Rev. Hervey replied with a letter to the same paper, in which he stated that the first duty of helping the people lay upon their landlords and neighbours, who, he had no doubt, would do their duty. After rebuking Mr. Gouldie for not stating how much money was required, the reverend gentleman went on to describe the other minister's letter as "a bit of meddling patronage which was not needed," and an attempt "to puff one denomination at the expense of another." The meaning of this amiable epistle obviously is that the people who ought to have done their duty have not done it, and that the Rev. Sydenham Hervey is beside himself with rage and mortification at seeing a Dissenting minister engaging in a work of public charity.

I have received from Dr. John Gritton, of the Lord's Day Observance Society, a further letter, in which he appears to traverse all the statements made in last week's TRUTH respecting his Society and the Sunday League. So be it. I do not know, and I have not professed to know, anything about this question beyond what has been stated to me by one side or the other. As, however, Dr. Gritton now states that I, not he, am "seeking to fog the matter," I will trouble him to remember what "the matter" is. I made a fortnight ago a specific statement as to the law on Sunday concerts, and the concerts of the Sunday League. Dr. Gritton denied that this was accurate, and I published his denial. He does not attempt to say what the law is. He declines to attack the Sunday League concerts. As long as he maintains that attitude, I consider that his contradictions are worth very little. Let him state what his view of the law is, or make good his denials by taking action against the Sunday League, and I shall cease to consider that he is fencing and evading the point.

The conference on Rural Reforms (Parish Councils, &c.) will be held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, on Thursday, December 10. The Committee of the National Liberal Federation will entertain the delegates at breakfast at the Holborn Restaurant on the following morning. Mr. Gladstone will attend the breakfast, and afterwards speak on Rural Reforms.

712,000 Horned Cattle Slaughtered by ARMOUR & Co. last year. ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF retains the true flavour of fresh beef, in a more marked degree than any similar preparation.

I hear from India that no less than 670 memorials addressed to the House of Commons, by members of the Staff Corps, left India by one mail last month. The Staff Corps officers appear to be under the belief, like the woman in the Gospel, that if they are to be heard at all, it will only be by their much asking, and I have no doubt that they are right in this. The agitation has evidently fluttered the official dovecots, for a few weeks back a memorandum was issued from Indian headquarters, informing the Staff Corps men that their procedure was inconsistent with the traditions of the Service. So vain and impotent an attempt to check the agitation could only have been inspired from Whitehall, and if the authorities could not see their way—as, of course, they could not—to inform the men that their proceedings were contrary to the Queen's Regulations, or otherwise irregular, they would have done better to hold their peace.

The military authorities at Aldershot would do well to keep their eye on Arthur Coulson, a corporal in the Medical Staff Corps, who gave such evidence the other day in a case which was heard at Worship-street Police Court, that Mr. Bushby described him as "a mean and reckless scoundrel," who had descended into "the lowest depths of degradation." So he refused to believe a word which the said Coulson had uttered, and rejected his whole evidence.

One or two Army doctors write to me somewhat bitterly with reference to the anecdote in disparagement of the Medical Staff which I gave in last week's TRUTH. I intimated at the time that I did not regard this anecdote as quite fair to the Medical Staff, and I have no doubt that the surgeon is right who writes to me:—

> One thing I am certain of—that, in spite of the "anecdote," the average combatant officer will freely admit that there are still many men in the Medical Staff anxious to show them attention and consideration when they are sick, whatever the pay and allowances of the Department may be.

I understand that there is a man in a regiment now quartered at Colombo who has been recommended for promotion to Lance-Sergeant by his company officer and Colour-Sergeant, but whose promotion has been vetoed by the commanding officer, for no discoverable reason except that the man is a Roman Catholic. If any other reason exists, it would be well for the commanding officer to state it, or for Mr. Stanhope to ascertain it. Nothing could be more intrinsically wrong, or more prejudicial to the popularity and efficiency of the Army, than an underhand attempt of this kind to introduce religious disabilities nto the military service.

A really honest and straightforward statement of the "advantages of the Army" would afford a curious contrast to the document at present circulated under that title. At one time and another I have supplied many

WINTER SEASON, 1891.—How can last year's Sealskin Jacket be made to do duty as a fashionable garment for the Winter, 1891? Take it to The International Fur Store, either 163 or 198, Regent-street, where special attention is given to remodelling these most useful garments. Perfect fit, great attention, and moderate charges may be relied upon. The only addresses of The International Fur Store are 163 and 198, Regent-street, London, W.

practical contributions towards a revised version on these lines. Here is yet one more, from a letter written by a Sergeant in the Guards:—

Why, Sir, is no mention made in the "Advantages of the Army" of the munificent "lodging allowance" to married men? Ought it not to be made generally known that a certain percentage of the Sergeants, rank and file, are allowed to marry, and that if they do, failing accommodation in barracks, a payment of no less than 4d. a day will be made to provide them with lodgings elsewhere? Any would-be recruit with a knowledge of the cost of living in towns, would at once imagine himself living with a wife in the sort of den which this sum would procure, and he could hardly fail to be struck by this "Advantage" of the Service.

With reference to the paragraph that appeared in the *World* of October 28, referring to the "On Dit," "that Major Gough, 9th Lancers, had been inhibited from hunting the regimental hounds while in temporary command of the regiment," the facts are, I understand, these: While occupying a similar position last year, Major Gough did hunt the hounds. On the return of Colonel Stewart Mackenzie from leave he formed the conclusion that Major Gough had neglected the men and horses of the regiment for the hounds. Accordingly, this year, when going on leave, he ordered him not to hunt them. In this he was, I think, fully justified. The 9th Lancers is undergoing the process of being raised from the lowest to the highest establishment, and is composed almost entirely of recruits and young horses. The officer in command has, therefore, quite enough to do in looking after their training without hunting a pack of hounds.

A surprising fatality attends the editor of the *Broad Arrow* in his occasional efforts to correct me on military matters—matters which I should have supposed him to know more about than I do, but for overwhelming evidence to the contrary. With an imposing display of contempt for my ignorance, he remarks this week that there is no ground for surprise at an allusion in TRUTH "to the 79th Queen's Own *Cameronian* Highlanders," after which follow a dozen lines or more of withering sarcasm. Will the editor of the *Broad Arrow* kindly inform me where he found the allusion over which he is making so merry? I am unable to discover it. On the contrary, in the only two paragraphs in which the regiment in question has recently been mentioned in TRUTH it is alluded to as "the Cameron Highlanders." In his haste to make a correction my contemporary appears to have omitted the preliminary precaution of ascertaining whether there is anything to correct.

It is true that in the paragraphs just referred to a member of the regiment in question is spoken of as a "Cameronian." Is that wrong? I ought to learn, says the *Broad Arrow*, that a Cameron and a Cameronian are no more the same "than a horse-chestnut and a chestnut-horse." Indeed. Then, how came it that for the first fourteen years of the regiment's existence the "Cameron Highlanders" were officially styled the "Cameronian Volunteers" or the "Cameronian Highlanders"? Possibly the *Broad Arrow* wiseacre has never heard that they were, but in that case I think he had better learn himself before undertaking to instruct others.

On the subject of the connection between the Clan Cameron and the Cameron Highlanders (if the *Broad Arrow* will allow me so to describe the regiment once more), "Ne Obliviscaris" writes:—

Although at the present time there happens to be no officer in the Cameron Highlanders bearing that name, I find, on reference to a history of the regiment, published two or three years back, that from the formation of the regiment (1793) down to present date, forty-six officers of the name of Cameron have held commissions in the corps. This record is, I believe, beaten in only one other regiment, namely, the old 91st Argyllshire Regiment. In that regiment, as I gather from the regimental history just published by Captain G. L. Goff, forty-nine officers of the name of Campbell have held commissions from the time it was raised (1794) to 1881. But then the Clan Campbell was a much larger clan than the Clan Cameron.

An important article on the late French grand manœuvres is contributed by M. Joseph Reinach, to the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Reinach, besides being Député of the Basses Alpes and manager of *La République Française*, is an officer of the French territorial cavalry, and is attached to the staff of General de Gallifet. The main object of his article is to show that the average age of the chief Generals is over sixty in France, as against fifty-five in Germany, and to plead for further expenditure on earlier retirement in order to "rajeunir" the command.

With reference to the case of the *Egeria* mutineers, which will be in the recollection of most of my readers, I am glad to be able to announce that John Murch, one of the two men sentenced to imprisonment, has now been released, the remainder of his sentence having been remitted; and he has asked me to express his thanks to the friends, both in Australia and England, who have been helping his wife during his imprisonment. He hopes that he will find no difficulty in obtaining employment, and, under the circumstances, I hope so too. As soon as he is in a position to support his wife and children, I will explain how I propose to deal with the balance left of the money received from the Sydney *Sunday Times* and other sources.

The sport of potting fishing craft from gunboats does not appear to be confined to the neighbourhood of Plymouth Sound. I am told that very similar fun has been enjoyed for years at Tynemouth Castle. The fishermen from Cullercoats, a village about a mile to the north of this fort, have to cross the line of fire from the fort in order to reach their fishing-ground, and a resident in the neighbourhood tells me that, so far as his observation goes, firing is never commenced until boats are seen about to come within range. "I have often stood spell-bound," he says, "at the recklessness of the shooting and the narrowness of the escapes." Representations on this subject are more likely to be effectual now than they would have been before the *Plucky* disaster. The fishermen of Cullercoats will do well, therefore, to strike while the iron is hot.

I hear that Admiral Sir John Commerell will probably be appointed Bath King-at-Arms, in the place of the late Admiral Grey. The Queen's choice rests between Sir

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John and a military officer who is a member of the Household, and the claims of the former have been warmly supported in high quarters.

The coveted post of Paymaster of the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* has again been placed at the disposal of the Queen, as Fleet-Paymaster Forrest, who was appointed less than a month ago, has resigned on receiving another and a better place. The Queen will select his successor from a list of candidates "approved" by the Admiralty.

I learn that, the boilers of the *Vulcan* having proved an utter failure, she will have to be provided with new ones, which cannot be put in without the ship being pretty well pulled to pieces. The *Vulcan* has already cost the country nearly £330,000, and it would be interesting to learn what is the official estimate of the outlay which will be necessary before she is fit for service. Who, I should like to know, is responsible for the defective boilers?

The following document is an interesting specimen of "English as she is wrote" in the Levant. Some months ago a very dirty Turk boarded the *Agamemnon* at Salonica, and presented it as his credentials for being allowed to inspect the vessel. It transpired subsequently that the Vice-Consul had obtained from the Captain permission for the gentleman to see the ship, and this was his way of notifying that fact:—

To the Flag Officer of the Navy Steamboat of War *Agamemnon.*

The 25 twenty-fifth current after noon Our Vice Consul, speaks her Commandant for a subject of H. Britanic M. the Queen of the King-dom, of England, to see, and visit the steam boat of War *agamemnon.* Moses B. Juda.

Subject of H.B.M. the Queen of the King dom of England.
Salonica 28 February 1891

Several holes in the arrangements for saving life on the coast have been revealed by the late gales. More lamentable bungling than that by which the Brighton lifeboat failed to put off to a wreck only a mile or two distant has, happily, never been witnessed in a similar emergency. Nor were all the incidents connected with the wreck of the *Benvenue* at Sandgate precisely creditable to all concerned. As the Lifeboat Institution has ordered an inquiry into the Brighton affair, it is to be hoped that the blame in that instance will eventually be fixed upon the right shoulders. In the meantime, however, I entirely concur in the opinion which has been expressed elsewhere, that it is a mistake to leave the whole live-saving service to private enterprise or voluntary effort. The Lifeboat Institution deserves the highest praise for the work that it has done in the past; but recent events show that the time has come for transferring the work to some public authority with larger powers and official responsibility.

The scheme for employing discharged or Reserve soldiers in the Post Office—the credit for which, by the way, clearly belongs to the late Mr. Raikes—is a step in the right direction, but only a step. My view is, and always has been, that every provision which circumstances permit of should be made for securing to soldiers continuous employment under Government. Were this done systematically, the attractions of the service would be immeasurably increased. Among the many "Disadvantages of the Army," I take it that the one which must weigh most heavily with any young man who looks beyond the immediate present, is the fact that seven years' service with the colours means seven years absolutely wasted, so far as his after-prospects are concerned—and perhaps more than wasted, for it is harder to make a start in life at five-and-twenty than at eighteen, and from many branches of civil employment Army Reserve men are rigidly excluded. It should be the first business of an intelligent Government to remove this disadvantage.

It is obvious, however, that the State cannot find employment for all the men who annually complete their colour-service under the present system. Even if there were room for them, the State cannot, any more than a private employer, subject itself to the liability of being suddenly deprived of many thousands of employés whenever a military emergency necessitates the calling up of the Reserves. What seems to me to be required is, that the duty of finding employment for soldiers should be delegated to local authorities, and a scheme for that purpose could be most conveniently worked out in connection with the system of territorial regiments. It ought not to be a difficult thing for every County Council and Municipal Corporation to find work for the Reserve and discharged men of the local regiment; and I can imagine no arrangement more likely to popularise the service throughout the country, and to convert the territorial system from a sham into a useful reality.

Mr. Henniker-Heaton has been dined and ovated at Sydney. Speaking at the Town Hall he announced that we should have Imperial ocean penny postage by January next, and that it would become general in less than two years, and that he was confident that it would soon be as cheap to telegraph from Sydney to London as from Edinburgh to London. This latter prophecy is somewhat *in nubibus.* But the Australian Colonies can at any time reduce the cost of telegraphing between them and us by the very simple expedient of themselves laying down a few cables, and then regulating the cost of telegraphing through them as they please.

A correspondent sends me the following account of the mode in which provincial towns are treated by the Home Office. The Guildford authorities seem to have done their best to put an end to the "black-hole" system of lodging a dozen untried prisoners, male and female, in three small cells. Every encouragement should be given to Corporations to readily spend money to put an end to gross abuses like this. The Home Office, however, appears to hold to the sound old Tory doctrine, that what was good enough for our ancestors is good enough for us:—

For some years past the Home Office, through one of H.M. Inspectors of Constabulary, has frequently complained about the inadequate cell accommodation for the Borough of Guildford and the insufficient space set apart for the official work of the police

Inns of Court Hotel, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.
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The Corporation, through the constant pressure put on them, applied to the Local Government Board for power to borrow money and to build a police-station suitable for the requirements of this rapidly-growing town. Plans were submitted and a Government Inspector six months ago held an inquiry and approved of the site and the plans generally. The authorities at Guildford were referred to the Home Office by the Local Government Board and the plans were carefully sent down to Guildford with an intimation that they should be forwarded to the Home Office. This was immediately done, but nothing more has been heard of them, although at the Government Inspection in September it was pointed out that frequently a dozen prisoners (male and female) had to be lodged in three small cells. The Mayor of Guildford has paid two visits to the Home Office and the Local Government Board, urging the necessity of proceeding at once with the building; yet no notice is taken, and the scandal of crowding untried prisoners in the foul atmosphere of these dingy cells is continually being permitted. I am informed that a few weeks ago the police-surgeon advised the immediate removal of a prisoner who was suddenly taken ill in one of these cells, where he was lodged with three others. The members of the Corporation are anxious to remove this black spot from this picturesque town, but their hands are tied by the red tapeism of the officials at the Home Office.

I suppose that Mr. Matthews cannot legally interfere with the Eastbourne Corporation in its encouragement of rowdyism on Sundays, because the law is on its side; but surely he might send a communication to the Corporation informing it that this power that it possesses was obtained by a want of care in looking into the provisions of a local Act; that, in view of the manner in which it has been abused, it is the intention of her Majesty's Solicitor-General to ask Parliament to amend the Act; and that therefore it would be desirable, under the circumstances, that the Act, so far as regards the Salvation Army, should remain in abeyance until Parliament has had an opportunity to take action in the matter.

Eastbourne is often puffed as a ducal watering-place, because the Duke of Devonshire is the Lord Paramount there. I would suggest to the Salvation Army that the Marquis of Hartington should be asked to express his views on the steps taken by the Corporation. I can hardly suppose that he approves of them, and a word from him will have more influence with the Corporation than any number of Liberal protests.

I am not myself a soldier in the Army, but, although on some matters I do not quite see things eye to eye with the Salvationists, I really know no reason why the Army should not be allowed to march through the streets of Eastbourne with drums and banjoes on Sundays. Clearly they do not interfere with the traffic, and a person must be very selfish if he cannot patiently submit to them passing by his house. Ducal Eastbourne, I suppose, regards itself as an exceptionally aristocratic place, and its inhabitants, therefore, are up in arms against the commonality coming between the wind and their nobility. They prefer that their roughs and rowdies should fight against any invasion of the town by the Army. It is a case of *summa lex summa injuria*. Not, as I have said, agreeing entirely with the Salvationists, I am still of opinion that the Army has done a great deal of good, and ought rather to be encouraged than treated in the scandalous fashion which meets with the approval of the Eastbourne Corporation.

ELECTRIC LIGHT WITHOUT GLARE.—The new Patent Bead Ray Diffuser, the only possible means of preventing glare without decreasing the light, will fit on any existing electric lamp. Reduced price, 5s. each.—RASHLEIGH PHIPPS & DAWSON, 53, Berners-street, W. Ivory Switches a specialty.

I do not approve of all the ways which the Corporation of London finds for spending its money, but no fault can possibly be found with that portion of its expenditure which has been devoted to obtaining recreation-grounds for the people in the neighbourhood of London, and to defending public rights in open spaces and waters. I hope, therefore, that the Common Council will lend a favourable ear to the petition of Mr. J. G. Layard, who has devoted himself for years to the maintenance of public angling rights in the Thames, and is now threatened with bankruptcy, in consequence of his ultimate failure in his long litigation with Mr. John Blount in the famous Mapledurham fishery case. I am strongly of opinion that the duty of maintaining all rights, or alleged rights, of this kind ought to be vested in public authorities, and the Corporation could not spend £250 in a more legitimate manner than by relieving Mr. Layard of this small portion of his costs.

All previous manifestations of Metropolitan Vestrydom appear to have been eclipsed last week at the meeting of the Chelsea Vestry, when a scene of unparalleled wrangling and disorder culminated in a free fight for possession of the chair. Mr. Wheeler, who had been in the chair, vacated it—much to his credit—in consequence of the disorder. After a show of hands, the Clerk called on Mr. Brass to take the chair. Mr. Irons disputed the right of the Clerk to do this, and proceeded to take possession of the chair himself, whereupon a Babel ensued which the reporters profess themselves unable to describe. Ultimately Mr. Hodges, who had expressed his sentiments by banging the table with a water-bottle, advanced to the chair and seized Irons by the collar. The next moment he was seen on his back, with his head over the platform. He jumped up and went again for Irons, whereupon half-a-dozen other members ran forward and seized him, and a general scrimmage took place, in the course of which the table was nearly pushed off the platform, the book-case and the books were knocked down, and the combatants received various injuries to their clothing and persons. In the end the bellicose Hodges was led away by his friends with a bad swelling on his head, and the indomitable Irons remained in possession of the chair till the Clerk declared the meeting closed. It is a singular circumstance that the London daily papers, which devote so much valuable time and space to the supposed misdeeds of the County Council, have had not a word to say on this disgraceful exhibition of what occurs when Iron meets Brass at a Vestry meeting.

Judging from the correspondence in the *Times*, there is some misapprehension as to the powers of the County Council in regard to disputes between Electric Lighting Companies and their customers. Here is the section in the Electric Lighting Orders Confirmation No. 2 Act, 1889, which deals with the matter:—

If any difference arises between any consumer and the undertakers as to whether any meter, whereby the value of the supply is ascertained (whether belonging to such consumer or the undertakers), is or is not in proper order for correctly registering such value, or as to whether such value has been correctly registered in

any case by any meter, such difference shall be determined upon the application of either party by an electric inspector, or, where the County Council are the consumers, by an inspector to be appointed by the Board of Trade, who shall determine the value which ought to have been registered, and also order by which of the parties the cost of the proceedings before him shall be paid, and the decision of such inspector shall be final and binding on all parties. Subject as aforesaid, the register of the meter shall be conclusive evidence in the absence of fraud of the value of the supply.

It was only on the 9th ult. that the Board of Trade approved of any meter, but even since then I think that it may be contended that the registration of the current that passes through the meter is not conclusive evidence, and may be met by proof that such an amount has not been used. The Electric Lighting Companies seek to account for discrepancies by a theory of leakage, which they say is caused by any dampness in the wall inside which a wire passes, when it has not been properly insulated. Admitting in a minor degree that this may be true, the consumer should be in a position to know when leakage occurs to any material amount, in order to have it remedied at once.

I see that the question of pianos for schools is being raised in view of the elections to the London School Board. I am an anti-pianist. With all respect to the youthful generation, I see no reason why I should be taxed in order that they may strum on an instrument, or that they should march to the strumming of a piano. But I go even further than this. If there were no payment involved, I should be opposed to pianos. Piano-playing is one of those things in which a little learning is a pestilential nuisance. It may please the pianist, but it is horrible to all within hearing. If nine hundred and ninety-nine young ladies who have devoted years to strumming had never been allowed to touch a piano, this would be a distinct gain to the community. If teachers must be given a musical instrument, why not an accordion or even a Jew's harp. The former costs about a shilling, and the latter a halfpenny.

Were I on the School Board I should also vote against swimming-baths. There are many better directions in which money may be spent than in teaching swimming. For very few London boys will ever find themselves under the necessity to swim. Let poor children by all means have a sound, practical education, which will be useful to them in after-life. But the coat should be cut according to the cloth. It is assuredly an utter misconception of educational requirements to turn out girls who can march to music and London boys who can swim.

Speaking generally, the entire London School Board should be replaced: if for no other reason, because nearly £50,000 has been spent in making good gross defects in building, for which no one has been punished. The schools of Bradford and Birmingham are, to say the least, as good as those of London, and yet the contributions from the rates per child stand thus:—Bradford, 9s. 2d.; Birmingham, 16s. 3½d.; London, £1. 13s. 0¾d. Some of this difference may, perhaps, be accounted for by different conditions in those towns, but not all. Bradford, it is worthy of note, gained more Government grant for efficiency than London. There can, therefore, be no doubt that the Bradford schools are not only as good as, but better than, the London schools; and yet the London schools cost more than three and a half times per head than the Bradford schools. No difference of cost of sites will ever convince me that there has not been gross mismanagement on the part of the London School Board. This is not a question of politics but of figures.

I am a Progressivist, but my Progressivism does not take the form of perpetual upward progress in the school rate because the London School Board mismanages the funds entrusted to its trusteeship. Birmingham has established evening classes. I should be glad to see them established in London. I want fair wages to be paid for fair work; but I do not want unfair contractors to be highly paid for unfair work. I object to sweaters; but does any one assert that the School Board in Bradford sweats its employés? If Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool get good teachers, I see no reason why London should not get good teachers by paying the same salaries. I go even further; I assert that every child attending a London school might, were Birmingham and Bradford finance adopted in London, get a halfpenny meal every day that the school is open (this would cost 12s. 6d. per child); that every artisan employed might receive a trade union wage; that evening schools might be opened; and that every teacher might receive a salary equal to the salaries paid in our great provincial towns, without increasing the rate by one farthing, provided that the system of finance found so successful in our great provincial towns were adopted by the London School Board.

Nothing can do more harm to the cause of good education than wasteful extravagance and exaggerations. Money for education is not showered down from heaven like manna, but comes out of the ratepayers' pockets. If the rate is out of all comparison with results, there will be a reaction which will stint what is needed in order to produce the required results. A gentleman who is standing for the Board near me proposes, I see, that all clever lads shall be sent to the University at the cost of the London ratepayers; another observes that if for free education in London £100,000,000 is wanted, the millions must be forthcoming; by which he means, I presume, that if the School Board chooses to squander this sum, the ratepayers will have to provide it. This is quite incorrect. The School Board is elected by the ratepayers, and most assuredly they would not provide the Board with £100,000,000, to be pottered, and frittered, and fooled away as the members of the Board please. If the Progressivists lose the forthcoming election, it will be due to distrust in their financial abilities, and to nonsense of this kind being uttered by some of their candidates.

The *Trades Unionist* has published a remarkable account of Widnes, the centre of the alkali manufacture, which it defines as "A Lancashire Hell." Here is a preliminary view of the place:—

Widnes consists of sixteen alkali works and a sprinkling of copper works, with a little army of 7,000 men who dance attendance on the uncouth giants day and night, and by courtesy of the giants' master, the Alkali Union, are allowed sleeping accommodation within the precincts of the straggling, devastated, forsaken-

OSLER'S CRYSTAL GLASS—CHINA—TABLE DECORATIONS—LAMPS. Patterns or illustrations free of charge.—OSLER'S, 100, Oxford-street W. Manufactory, Birmingham. Established 1807.

looking, one-storied buildings which stand for the cottage homes of England in this part of the world.

The *Trades Unionist* thus describes a specimen workman's cottage in Widnes:—

Alkali man, wife, and children. Floor spotlessly clean; fire-irons, in spite of much rubbing, tarnished in common with every bit of polished metal to be found in Widnes; damp penetrating through walls; paper beginning to fall off; outside, at back, mortar eaten quite half-way through bricks by action of gas; window-frame partially bitten away, and holes between bricks and frame. Nothing has been done since tenants came in. Gas comes in rushes from works, within twenty yards of house. Woman described her attempts to clean windows. Had to use hot water yesterday, when the wind was bringing the gas across, to clear off the hard coating formed. This, by the way, is a difficulty which faces all the housewives in Widnes, more or less. Attempts to get rubbish-pit in back yard cleared, given up as useless. Stuff overflowing and dirt issuing through cracks in brickwork from closet and trickling toward house. No drainage whatever. Middens there, and in other houses in district choked. Sanitary officer never visits.

Surely the Government could do something to put an end to this horrible state of things.

At a funeral-reform meeting at Leeds last week, under the auspices of the Church of England Association, Lady Frederick Cavendish moved a resolution calling on Englishwomen to exert themselves to secure simplicity in funerals and mourning. A similar resolution, it may be remembered, was proposed a short time back by the Duchess of Westminster. The funeral reformers are quite right to address themselves to women in this matter; for, at any rate as far as mourning is concerned, the question of reform or no reform rests primarily with women. For the same reason, however, it would be still more effectual to capture some of the autocrats behind the scenes in the millinery trade, who direct the fashions, and rule the whole female world with a rod of iron.

The Sheriffdom of Argyleshire, which is worth £700 a year, has been placed at the disposal of the Government by the resignation of Dr. Irvine. There has been such a flood of Scottish legal patronage during the last five years that all the Tory advocates who were eligible for promotion have now been provided for, and there are hardly any Liberal-Unionists left unplaced. No Government since the days of Dundas has ever been so favoured in the matter of patronage.

One John Morant, Esq., J.P., is the owner of premises at Brockenhurst, which are rented by a Mrs. Tollerfield. In consequence of the water pouring off the highway into Mrs. Tollerfield's house, and the walls being so cracked, that the wind whistled through them, the Sanitary Authority ordered Mr. Morant to put them into proper sanitary repair. Mr. Morant took no notice of this, and a second notice was sent by order of the Board. To this Morant replied as follows in a letter to the surveyor:—

I am quite surprised that you should have, on the silly complaint of an impertinent old woman, put the Public Health Act in operation against me. She will have notice to quit in consequence, as I am quite determined to put a stop, as far as I can, to these vile acts levelled against owners of property. I warn you, therefore, that if you take any complaints in future you will entail notice to quit being served upon complainant. I really gave you credit for more sense.—I am, yours faithfully, JOHN MORANT.

This egregious epistle denotes the amount of respect for the law which exists in the breast of some of its official guardians. Here is a so-called "Justice of the Peace" who does not hesitate to proclaim his intention of revenging himself by ejecting his tenants whenever the law is used on their behalf. I fear that only too many tenants are deterred from availing themselves of the benefit of the Sanitary Acts in this way; and the moral of it is that, if the law is to be effectual, it must be strong enough to protect tenants of insanitary property against the resentment of landlords like this Morant.

A Town Councillor of Annan, by name David Beattie, was last week charged, in company with his brother William, with assaulting their sister. The evidence showed that David was drunk at the time, that he used disgraceful and disgusting language, and struck his sister on the head. William co-operated by knocking the young woman down. Instead of visiting these two ruffians with exceptional severity on account of their exalted position, the Annan Magistrate imposed a fine of ten-and-sixpence. If brutality to women is not on the increase in that part of Scotland, it will not be for want of every encouragement on the part of the civic and judicial authorities.

Another deplorable example of magisterial leniency occurred a day or two back at Ipswich. A labourer came home drunk, and, picking up his little girl, dashed her to the ground, where she was found lying "in a dazed condition," and with bruises and contusions all over her body. In this case the punishment was twenty shillings or a month. Well may Mr. Waugh lament the futility of passing laws for the protection of children while Magistrates show so little appreciation of the gravity of this class of offences.

In striking contrast to the above microscopic penalties for gross assaults on women and children is the sentence imposed at Middlesbrough last week upon the printer and distributor of an electioneering handbill which did not bear the requisite imprint. So far as the printers were concerned, the omission of the imprint appeared from the evidence to have been purely accidental, the order having come in at a busy time, and having been executed without the head of the firm seeing the bill. Nevertheless, the latter gentleman was fined £20, or two months' imprisonment, while the distributor, who had also taken the "copy" to the printers, was fined £25, or three months. The second defendant, it is true, threw doubt on his own bona-fides by professing in the witness-box that he did not know from whom the bill came, and that he would have to pay for the bills himself; upon which the prosecuting solicitor suggested that there was some one in the background indemnifying the man, and appealed to the Bench to impose a fine heavy enough "to make the position of defendant's guarantor a very unenviable one." But if the Bench acted on the suggestion, as they appear to have done, the severity of the sentence strikes me as far more attributable to party feeling than to zeal for the observance of the Corrupt Practices Act.

The case of the young man Masters, who was convicted at Manchester Quarter Sessions on the most flimsy evidence of receiving stolen goods, and was sentenced to

Be careful what you eat. Do not be poisoned by using Baking Powder adulterated with alum. Insist on having BORWICK'S, which is pure and wholesome, and the best that money can buy.

PARIS.—HÔTEL ANGLO-FRANÇAIS, 6, Rue Castiglioni, facing the Continental. First-class. Highly recommended for comfort, cuisine, moderate charges, and sanitary arrangements. Otis American lift.

a year's hard labour by Mr. Higgins, Q.C., who had exhibited a most unjudicial bias against the prisoner, will be in the recollection of many of my readers. In spite of the universal indignation which this conviction and sentence provoked, the Home Secretary has refused to interfere with the sentence. It may seem a strong thing to say, but I cannot remember a single previous instance in which Mr. Matthews has more conspicuously exhibited his unfitness to exercise the appellate jurisdiction vested in him. The only hope for the unfortunate Masters now lies in a change of Government (and Home Secretary) before his term expires.

With reference to a note in TRUTH of November 5 respecting the conviction of two men for poaching at the Wilts Quarter Sessions, I have received a letter from Mr. W. J. Sloan, the solicitor for the prosecution, of which the following is the substance. As Mr. Sloan states that no reporters were present during the verdict and subsequent proceedings, I gladly make public his account of what passed. But, as he will, of course, appreciate, his facts and observations in no way affect the only observation which I made upon the case:—

The hearing lasted some three hours, and the gamekeeper's evidence was supported by that of three independent witnesses. The jury retired for twenty minutes, and on returning to Court found the prisoners guilty on the first and third counts of the indictment.

Immediately thereupon, Mr. Radcliffe (the counsel for the defence) rose and stated that the defence had known all along not only that the two prisoners were not guilty, but who the guilty persons were, and he applied to the Court to arrest judgment.

The alleged real culprits were not brought forward, nor were their names supplied, although the learned counsel for the defence stated that they had arranged to give themselves up in the event of the conviction of the prisoners then in the dock. Seeing the risk which the prisoners had voluntarily undertaken (even supposing them innocent), the chairman would, I think you will agree, have been quite justified (had the prosecution insisted) in passing sentence, and leaving it to the prisoners themselves to state their case to the Home Secretary. Mr. Butt-Miller, however, was desirous that every opportunity should be given the prisoners of clearing themselves, and Mr. Lopes (the learned counsel for the prosecution) was instructed to concur in the prisoners being released until January upon the terms stated in your paragraph.

It should, however, be borne in mind that up to the present time there is nothing except the statement made by the counsel for the defence to place in opposition to the verdict of the jury, who had not only an opportunity of hearing all the evidence, but of observing the manner in which the individual witnesses recorded their testimony. I may also add that the prosecution have never alleged that the prisoners were the only parties concerned in the affray. Indeed, three separate nets were seized of a total length of 200 yards, a fact which clearly indicates that more than three men must necessarily have been concerned.

A Gloucestershire paper reports that one John Wells was seen by a policeman to sing a comic song in the streets of Swindon and then collect money. The policeman locked him up, and the Swindon magistrates sent him to gaol for a week, the chairman telling him to consider himself "lightly let off." I have no great affection for street music, but why the streets of London should be every day perambulated with impunity by German bands, organ-grinders, harpists, fiddlers, cornet-blowers, hymn-singers, and hundreds of others (all of whom collect whatever money they can get), while to sing a comic song in the streets of Swindon is so serious a crime that a week's imprisonment is considered an utterly inadequate punishment for it, is a mystery quite past my comprehension.

Two men named Wheeler and Taylor have just been sentenced to a month's imprisonment in Guernsey for sundry offences connected with the marriage of the former, Wheeler having been convicted of falsely swearing that there was no impediment to his marriage, and of conspiring to pass off Taylor as the bride's father, while Taylor was convicted of personating the father. The case brought out some curious evidence as to the method of solemnising matrimony in Guernsey. The ceremony was performed by the Dean, who is an invalid, and, as the parties were anxious to be married in order to leave by the Jersey boat, the Dean officiated in bed at five o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Brock, the Dean's wife, appears to have conducted all the preliminary formalities, including the issue of the licence and execution of a bond, and the nurse in attendance on the Dean witnessed the ceremony. It seems that the wrong form of licence was issued by Mrs. Brock, who "did not think it of any consequence," and the licence was not endorsed, as in law it ought to have been, by the Rector of St. Peter Port. When the responsible officials acquit themselves in this fashion, irregularities on the part of the contracting parties are hardly to be wondered at; and it is to be hoped that the case will have the effect of directing the Bishop of Winchester's attention to the state of things ecclesiastical in this remote corner of his diocese.

An inquest with a very Irish air about it was held last week in Waterford. A man and a woman came to lodge in a house in that town under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Cooper. After a fortnight Cooper left, and "Mrs. Cooper" began to be affected with distressing fits of despondency. On Wednesday morning she was found dead in her bed, having been alive and well the night before. It then transpired that she was not Cooper's wife, but a girl named Hartley, from Salford. A letter from Cooper enclosing £30 arrived on the morning after her death. There was no explanation whatever of the cause of death, but the doctor stated that there were no *external* symptoms pointing to self-inflicted violence. It appears to have been suggested by some one that there ought to be a post-mortem examination, and it is difficult to understand how any one could have doubted the necessity for it. The jury, however, decided that it was unnecessary, and proceeded to return a verdict of "Found dead." Clearly, they do not consider in Waterford that the object of an inquest is to ascertain the cause of death.

Applications are continually made to me by readers of TRUTH for information respecting the trustworthiness and financial probity of the "Church Extension Association," which makes extensive appeals to the public for support for charitable work in London, and, more recently, in Manchester and other towns. I believe that much excellent work is done by this "Association," and as the work appears to be under the direction of a Sisterhood of some kind, attached to a well-known London Church, it clearly stands on a different footing from that of any single irresponsible "philanthropist." But I would suggest that it would be better if the appeals to the public indicated more clearly who and what the "Association" is, who are the parties practically responsible for the financial administration, and how all the moneys received have hitherto been applied.

CARPETS—FRENCH CLEANING, DYEING, &c.—For particulars apply to Manager, Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia, S.W.

In reply to an anonymous correspondent who forwards a communication marked "Private, Confidential, for the Public Good," with reference to an individual referred to in a recent issue of TRUTH, I must again point out that it is against my principles and practice to act upon information of this character. I shall be very glad to see the "contract" mentioned, and any other evidence available; but my correspondent must—privately, confidentially, and for the public good—let me know who he is, and give me an opportunity of communicating with him, before I do anything further in the matter.

A year or two ago I pointed out in TRUTH the unjustifiability of the charge of 3s. 6d. made by debt-collecting solicitors for the so-called "letter before action." It is disheartening to learn that, in spite of the good advice I then gave, Mr. W. T. Smith, a solicitor of Preston, when collecting a debt for a local tradesman, adds as much as 6s. to the amount of the debt, and intimates that, unless the total amount is paid to him immediately, "proceedings will be taken to compel payment thereof." I know that the legal profession is the most honourable of all professions, for its members never lose an opportunity of reminding the public of that fact. I trust, therefore, that Mr. Smith and all other solicitors entrusted with the collection of debts will refer to TRUTH of March 13, 1890, where they will see that letters like the above are equally reprehensible from a moral and a legal point of view.

According to an Official Return, which has just been published, there are four millions of orange-trees in California, and three millions of lemon-trees.

In a letter published last week respecting South Africa and Madagascar, 12,000—not 1,200—men ought to have been the estimate of the French force needed to conquer that island.

A Cape paper advertises a promising sale of Lord Randolph Churchill's effects. These include bullocks, horses, and mules, "a fine troop" of donkeys, a "travelling spider," champagnes, wines, whisky, &c., cigars, and cigarettes. The portable property is estimated altogether at eight waggon-loads, but what proportion of this is represented by the cigars and cigarettes does not appear. All these valuables were to be sacrificed "absolutely without reserve"—a grand opportunity for relic-hunters.

Reuter's agent at Cape Town telegraphs:—

A telegram has been received by the British South Africa Company from the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, respecting the discovery of extremely rich gold-fields near Fort Victoria. Other agents of the Company report that the developments of the Mazoo River are very favourable.

I anticipated that we should soon have a telegram of this character from the Hon. Cecil. It would have surprised me had it not been received in Cape Town. In the meantime I should like to know, not from Cape Town, but from the offices of the Company in London—1. What remains of the subscribed capital? 2. What the present expenses are per week? 3. How much "revenue" is obtained from the unfortunate pioneers who have entered Mashonaland? 4. How much any pioneer has made except by selling something to another pioneer since he passed the portals of the Rhodian paradise? 5. When it is the intention of the Company, or of one or other of the gang behind the Company, to ask the British public to invest a few hundred thousand pounds in the extremely rich gold-fields near Fort Victoria, which are vouched for by the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, or in the favourable developments of the Mazoo River, which are vouched for by "other agents"?

One of my readers in Natal informs me, apropos to a master and servant case recently noticed in TRUTH, that by the law of that colony a servant who refuses to perform his contract is liable to a flogging. My correspondent thinks that it is so in England also, but I can assure him that he is mistaken, and most Englishmen will be astonished to hear that such a state of things exists in any British Colony. My Natal friend goes on to suggest that if this is justice for the servant, justice equally requires that the master should be liable to flogging if he breaks his part of the contract. This suggestion I am most happy to endorse, and if the law really be as alleged, I trust that there may be found in Natal some good Radical willing to propose an amendment of the law in this direction.

It is stated that after a preliminary lunch at Highbury, Mr. Chamberlain and a few friends gave the final touches to a Bill for old-age pensions in his library. The Bill will, however, require a good many more final touches before it is likely to become law, if, indeed, it ever does become law. Some time ago Prince Bismarck inaugurated a scheme of old-age pensions. Employer and employé were obliged compulsorily to subscribe, and at the age of sixty-five the latter became entitled to a pension, based partly on the actuarial value of the amounts paid and partly on an addition from State funds. About a year ago Mr. Chamberlain brought forward this scheme as his own, but he soon found it necessary to drop the compulsory portion of it. In view of the existing claims on an artisan, I very much doubt whether many would be ready to reduce their weekly wage by buying an annuity which is to commence at sixty-five. But, apart from this, the entire plan seems to me one to save land from its obligation to maintain the necessitous poor, by making them partially pay for their own maintenance, and by partially throwing their maintenance on the whole. The State increase of the pension ought, therefore, to come, not from the Public Exchequer, but from a tax on land. I shall, however, be curious to see how Mr. Chamberlain's present friends the Parsons and Squires will respond to this view of their liabilities.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.—Patterns are now ready of these new and fashionable Cards for Christmas (specially printed), and will be sent post-free. A most complete collection, comprising many striking novelties.—PARKINS & GOTTO, Court Stationers, Oxford-st., London.

THE TOWER FURNISHING COY., Ltd., supply goods on hire direct from manufacturers. One, two, or three years' credit, without security. Choice 100 wholesale houses.—Address, Secretary, 43, Gt. Tower-st. E.C.

In order to prevent the Friendly Societies from objecting to the scheme, it is stated that it is to be carried out with their aid. Again I shall be curious to see how this is to be done. All payments of artisans will have to be invested, and the interest on them re-invested in Government securities, for the very essence of a deferred annuity scheme is that not one farthing of the money subscribed for it is either lost, or reduced, or left idle. The Friendly Societies would, therefore, have to hand over the moneys collected either to the Government or to trustees. Where, then, does their intervention come in, beyond promoting what they will regard as Government competition with themselves?

I am no great believer in any pension-for-old-age plan based upon immediate payments by the future pensioners, and the loss of all money subscribed if they do not attain the age of sixty-five. I prefer outdoor relief for the aged and the decrepit. At present, the workhouse is detested, and outdoor relief is supposed to involve some sort of stigma. I would meet this by substituting in all cases outdoor relief for the workhouse after a person has attained the age of sixty-five, and by recognising that any one alive at that age who is in need of relief should be given it, not as a charity, but as a right. In Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, I scent a crafty attempt to humbug artisans, and to curry favour with the landocracy by relieving landowners of a tax, which is, in reality, the rent for which the State allows them to underlet their land to others, and which was the condition under which they acquired it.

Mr. Henry Hobhouse, M.P., has lately been reporting himself to his constituents in East Somerset. A local correspondent tells me that this worthy dissentient has been sadly disconcerted by the proceedings of one of his constituents, named Webb. At all Mr. Hobhouse's meetings Mr. Webb contrives to obtain a prominent place. As soon as Mr. Hobhouse rises to speak, Mr. Webb also rises, pulls off his coat, turns it inside out, and sits down again. When Mr. Hobhouse has finished, Mr. Webb again rises, turns his coat right-side-out, and resumes his seat. This pantomime is said to be more effective than any form of heckling or interruption. I would strongly recommend its adoption at the meetings of constituents of the Chamberlain family.

The Tory Whips and wire-pullers have been imploring Mr. Kerans, by all that he holds sacred, to defer his resignation of his seat for Lincoln until the dissolution, as they are perfectly aware that the Liberal candidate (Mr. Crosfield) is certain to be returned for that city whenever an election takes place. Mr. Kerans delivered two most extraordinary speeches at the Mayor of Lincoln's banquet last week, in which he announced that, after recent occurrences, it would be impossible for him to stand again as Tory candidate for Lincoln, as "ridicule and insult" had been cast upon him. There has been a complete rupture between the various sections of the party at Lincoln, and, like the heathen to whom David refers, they indeed "rage furiously."

Mr. J. W. Maclure, M.P., is a Tory of the old school and he has an engaging habit of blurting out truths which more cautious members of the Party take infinite pains to conceal. In an address to his constituents in the Stretford division the other day, Mr. Maclure was good enough to confirm several of my statements as to Tory policy. For instance, I remarked last week that one Tory principle is to leave Foreign Affairs in the hands of a nobleman, and for the Party to applaud whatever he does Mr. Maclure, in referring to Foreign Affairs, corroborated this in the most straightforward manner. "In Lord Salisbury," he said, "they had a man at the helm who not only had his own way, but every man on the ship was determined to support him, to trim all sails to carry out his bidding." In that sentence, which was applauded by Mr. Maclure's supporters, we have presented, naked and unashamed, the whole theory of government as it is understood by Salisbury & Co.

Nephew Lowther having been made an Under Secretary, it is only in accordance with the Tory fitness of things that the Hon. George Curzon should be made also an Under Secretary, otherwise the aristocratic Curzons would have protested against favouritism to the equally aristocratic Lowthers. When I say that Mr. Curzon is about one-tenth as clever as he thinks himself, I am paying him a very high compliment indeed. It was my privilege to have to reply to the first speech that he made in the House of Commons. I therefore paid attention to what he was saying. It was a very superior sort of speech. The phrases were well balanced, the sarcasms were well studied. There was an exordium and a peroration; but of Parliamentary argument there was not a trace. It would have been applauded greatly at a University Debating Club. Had it not been a great speech, I should hardly have alluded to it; but I wished to be civil to a débutant, and, therefore, I tried to treat it seriously. But this was really difficult, for it was an expression of views upon the subject under discussion by a gentleman who evidently felt that he had been vouchsafed to an assembly composed of ignorant Tories and ignorant Liberals, as their guide, philosopher, and friend. I thought it a pity that the speaker should spoil the talents given to him by thus magnifying them. As I have said, Mr. Curzon is clever, and my advice to him is to carefully eschew his present mode of speaking, and to realise that he is not a divinity addressing blackbeetles when he has to explain the Indian policy of the Government.

"It would be idle to deny," &c., says the *Times* in a doleful article upon the South Molton election, and it certainly would be idle to deny either that two and two make four, or that a shifting of 2,901 votes from the "Unionists" five years ago to the Liberals to-day is not a "serious blow to the 'Unionist' Party." I take a personal satisfaction in the

For THROAT IRRITATION and COUGH, EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES will always be found effective. Sold only in boxes, 7½d., or tins, 1/1½ labelled "James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

result, for having ventured to address some wholesome remarks to a meeting of electors at South Molton, I read a few days afterwards in the *Times* that I had secured the success of the "Unionist" candidate. This estimate of my humble effort, viewed by results, hardly seems to have been quite correct. We are now, of course, told by the "Unionist" journalists that the "Unionists" never anticipated a victory. If they did not, I hardly see why they should give themselves the trouble of contesting any agricultural seat; for with 1,689 votes to the good at the last General Election, it is not likely that they could have supposed that they would be defeated.

As a matter of fact, however, they did expect to win. Here is what the intelligent Edmund said in the "Unionist" *World*, on October 14:—

> Mr. Charles Buller is personally unknown, but will most probably be elected by a large majority, as he has all the Portsmouth and Rolle influence at his back, as well as that of his own family. Sir John Shelley, of Shobrooke Park—the most popular landlord in North Devon now that Lord Portsmouth is dead—would have commanded more votes; but it was part of the compact that the Liberal-Unionists should supply the candidate; and Sir John Shelley was personally reluctant to come forward.

What distinguishes this "Unionist" party is that they invariably account for their defeats by reviling their own friends. "Lord Lymington," says the *Times*, "has not succeeded in acquiring any great share of the favour enjoyed by his father;" whilst Mr. Buller was "the stranger." Surely, however, the *Times* must be aware that Mr. Buller's cry was that he was not a stranger, but a gentleman whose family had been connected with Devonshire for centuries; whilst the relative popularity of the late Lord Portsmouth, who never was a candidate, and of the present Lord Portsmouth, who had ceased to be a candidate, could have had nothing to do with the result. Other "Unionist" journals complain of their organisation, which they say was disgracefully bad. All that I have to say to this is that, when I was down in the division, it was pervaded by organisers and emissaries from numberless Tory and Liberal-Unionist Associations. In the town of South Molton there were seven of these gentry. Too many cooks may have interfered with the broth, but cooks there were in plenty, and it struck me that the "Unionist" organisation was rather better than ours.

A correspondent writes:—

> The magnitude and the significance of the Liberal victory in the South Molton district of Devonshire can only be appreciated by people who know that county, and who are acquainted with the local politics. The Liberals had to struggle against the whole territorial influence of North Devon, and they are indebted to the ballot for their triumph. It was not only that the Rolle, Trefusis, and Shelley interest was with the Tories, for that has always been the case, but on this occasion Eggesford and Castle Hill, the two houses which were long the centres of Liberalism of the West of England, were working hard for the Unionist candidate. Every powerful "interest" in Devonshire was against Mr. Lambert, whose return is the knell which foreshadows the day of doom to landlordism in rural constituencies.

When Lord Salisbury meets Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham next week he will be justified in addressing him after the manner of Mr. Pickwick's speech to Mr. Winkle, on the ice at Dingley Dell:—"You're a humbug, sir. I will speak plainer if you wish it. An impostor, sir." The South Molton poll exposes the arrant humbug and rottenness of the Liberal-Unionist pretension. It appears that of 7,132 votes only eighty-six were those of Liberal-Unionists. In 1885, 2,924 Tory votes were given for the late Colonel Trefusis. On Friday there were 3,010 for Mr. Buller, and, as it is certain that all the Tories who could be discovered voted for him, the only practical conclusion is that in a constituency of 9,000 votes there are only eighty-six Liberal-Unionists!

I hear that the Tory managers are agitating the question whether it may not be possible to put off the General Election until 1893. "We are going," they say, "to pass a Local Government Act for Ireland next session, and it is only fair that this Act should be tested before the country is asked to decide between Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy and ours." Whether this game, which simply means giving to the Tories one more year of office, will be tried on is not certain. It is certain, however, that its possibility is now exercising the minds of the Party. It will be, therefore, necessary to have, as soon as Parliament meets, a clear understanding respecting the date of the Dissolution, and, if any intention of putting off the General Election until 1893 is foreshadowed, to meet it by drastic Parliamentary action.

One certain sign that Ministerialists are imbued with the conviction that the Tory domination is doomed is that statements are being put about by the friends of non-entities, announcing that this or that ass is to be made an hereditary legislator. I do not believe that Lord Salisbury has made any selection from the herd of Tory and Unionist asses, who want to be made Peers, but it is a very old dodge of aspirants to the glory of a peerage to get their names advertised in newspapers as certain of being amongst the select. So far as the Radicals are concerned, it is a matter of absolute indifference how many rich men, who have subscribed largely to the Tory funds, or how many silly men who, for some good reason, it is considered desirable to add to the number of hereditary legislators, are kicked upstairs. If it makes any gentleman happy to be granted a title, Heaven forbid that he should not be made happy; all that we contend for is, that, lords *in esse* and *in posse* shall henceforward be satisfied with a title, and not, because of the title, be permitted to be legislators.

The gentleman who is writing letters for the *Times* on the approaching General Election seems to be doing his work with commendable fairness. I wonder how the "Unionists" like his figures in regard to the Eastern Counties. The 44 seats are thus divided at present:—30 Conservatives, 5 Liberal-Unionists, and 9 Gladstonians. The estimate of the writer is that the 9 Gladstonians will be re-elected; that, of the 30 Conservative seats, 4 will be certainly lost, and that 10 are doubtful; and that of the 5 Liberal-Unionist seats 4 are doubtful. I suppose that even the *Times* will accept the view that we shall win one-half of the doubtfuls. On this estimate, the 35 "Unionist" seats will become 22, and the 9 Gladstonian seats will become 22. But, without imputing any strong bias to the *Times* Commissioner, I should fancy that we are likely to win more than half of the seats, where he says that the return of a "Unionist" is doubtful.

The "Unionists" do not seem to be a very united family in regard to Ireland. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Jackson propose to make the next Session an Irish one by employing it in passing an Irish Local Government Bill. The *Standard*, speaking in the name of a considerable section of the Party, protests against this course. To an unbiassed observer it certainly does seem a curious one. In five years, Mr. Balfour has not shaken the Irish in their determination to accept no final settlement other than Home Rule. The Unionists and their friends on the Press tell us every day that Home Rule is a means towards the dismemberment of the Empire, and that Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites are alike rascals whom no one can trust, and whose dream is to persecute the "loyal" minority. And yet, it is seriously proposed to give to these persecutors and rascals the same rights as are granted to English County Councils. This appears to me much like giving a weapon to an adversary in order that he may use it to secure his nefarious ends. I am a Home Ruler, therefore I have no sort of objection to urge. Far from it, I delight to think that all through Ireland the local authorities will be Home Rulers, and that each County Council will prove a Home Rule centre. But, were I not a Home Ruler, I confess that I should entertain some doubt as to the wisdom of this course; indeed, I am almost inclined to think that the Government, in adopting it, is riding for a fall. Supposing that we move as an amendment on the second reading of the Bill, that it is not satisfactory: we might vote for it, because we deem that nothing short of Home Rule is satisfactory. On the other hand, the Ulster Members and the English Tories who object to handing over, as they would say, the loyal minority to wolves, could hardly assert by their votes that they regard this as satisfactory.

I do not know whether such an amendment will be moved, for it may be that we shall prefer to allow the measure to pass in the interests of Home Rule. But if it be moved, either it will be carried, or we shall have the satisfaction of seeing the Ulster members and those English members who agree with them eating dirt, and having to pretend that they like this food.

There is a curious argument put forward in the *Times* on behalf of the House of Lords. It is that if the House of Lords is abolished, representatives chosen by the electors several years before questions under consideration arise, will be able to decide on them. There would be some force in this were the House of Lords composed of men absolutely independent of party ties: as it is, however, it is composed almost entirely of men of one party, and consequently it is only when the opposite party is in power, that an appeal to the country on any issue, not under consideration when a House of Commons is elected, takes place by the action of the Lords. Take, for instance, the Irish Land Act. The Tories obtained a majority at the last General Election by declaring that they were opposed to any settlement of the Irish Land question by the use of an Imperial guarantee. Last Session they settled—or attempted to settle—the question by giving an Imperial guarantee. Evidently the action of the Lower House was *ultra vires*, but the Upper House, being mainly composed of Tories, many of whom were likely to profit by the guarantee, simply confirmed the action of the Lower House.

Suppose that there is a majority for Home Rule in the next Parliament. The Lords say that they will throw out any Home Rule Bill, because its details were not before the electorate at the previous General Election. Is it not evident that they are likely to be biassed in their estimate of the legitimacy of this course by the fact, that they are almost all pledged to the doctrine that Home Rule means ruin to the Empire; and by the further fact that, if a re-shuffle of the cards gives the Tories a majority, this means place, salary, or honours to many of them?

It is a wonder that Tories do not see that they injure the cause of Conservatism by using the Lords as an instrument of Party. Assuming that an Upper House is desirable, it is difficult to conceive any Upper House more unfitted for the governing duty of an Upper House than the Lords. If we are to have an Upper House it should be composed of men who owe their position to election rather than to mere birth. Such a House might be brought into existence by the County Councils (throwing for purposes of election two or more into one when the county is exceptionally small), each being represented by three Senators, of whom one in three should be elected each year. Where there is a conflict between such a Senate and the Lower House, both Houses might vote together, each member of either having one vote. This I contend would be a fair Upper House, and it would prevent the possible danger of a House of Commons, if the sole Legislature, acting *ultra vires*.

I take some pride to myself that I have performed a feat which few—very few—can boast of having done. I have read through the speech of the Duke of Argyll in the *Times*! I wonder how many Liberal-Unionists can say the same. And a thoroughly Argyllian speech it is. His Grace, after first complaining that Mr. Gladstone will not make known his plan for Home Rule, proceeds to evolve from his own inner consciousness what the plan is. Having lengthily done this, he proceeds, still more lengthily, to pulverise his creation with a running comment of "wut" and sneers at Mr. Gladstone and his lieutenants, because kindly nature has not bestowed upon them that almost supernatural intelligence that she has vouchsafed to him. But "the thirty-one points" of the Duke were too much for me. I should as soon think of passing a cheerful day in trying to get at the sense of the Thirty-nine Articles, as I should in trying to understand his Grace. There is a grand, ducal ring about them which may be appreciated by Dukes, but they are caviare to us humbler mortals. I see that Mr. Heneage, M.P., was privileged to take part in the meeting where these ducal thunderbolts were launched. I doubt if even he understood them.

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The assumption of the *Times*, that a meeting composed of delegates, and addressed at portentous length by a Scotch Duke, proves that the Liberal-Unionist are not gradually losing ground, is a strange *non sequitur*. We form the conclusion that they are losing ground because we find that whenever a Liberal-Unionist is a Parliamentary candidate it is a foregone conclusion that we shall win the election. From the Tories he receives a half-hearted support, because they prefer the genuine article to the Brummagem shoddy, whilst their defection is not made up by Liberal-Unionist votes. Outside Birmingham I should fancy that there are not more than 2,000 Liberal-Unionists in the United Kingdom. Some of those who fell into this heresy have gravitated to the Tories, others have come back to us. If these 2,000 like to call themselves delegates, and to have the cost of a trip to Manchester paid for them by the Tories, this does not prove that they are representative of any persons beyond themselves. I have of late seen little wisdom in Mr. Chamberlain, but he appears to have shown considerable intelligence in sending a letter and his faithful Jesse to this meeting of "delegates," instead of sitting through its oratory.

It would seem that the German Government is picking up options of warlike stores in America in view of war. Nothing is more evident than that the Triple Allies cannot long maintain their present armaments. They will have, therefore, to use them or to disarm. They are aware that before a year is over Lord Salisbury will be unable to come to their aid, and that Mr. Gladstone will not dream of involving us in a war to aid their policy of peace by means of huge armies. The danger, therefore, is that, anticipating the fall of their friend in England, they will precipitate a struggle before that fall takes place.

When Lord George Hamilton blurted out in the House of Commons that our Navy ought to be as strong as the Navies of any two other Powers, and then forced on Parliament a vote of money to make good this most foolish boast, I took the liberty to object on two grounds:—1. "Why," I asked, "only two? Why if two not three?" 2. "Is it not clear," I said, "that this is a direct incentive to other Powers to increase their Navy to meet the increase in ours? Are we not engaging in a political game of poker which will ruin us? Each foreign Power will 'see us,' and 'go one ship better,' on which we shall have to build two fresh ships to every one built by each Power, in order that we may still be in the position of having a Navy equal to any two other Navies? Of course, I was denounced as a wretched being, unfit to be an Englishman, and ready to sacrifice the honour and security of the country to a vile and contemptible economy. But it would seem that precisely what I anticipated has occurred. The French are meeting our increased armaments by an increase in theirs, and Lord George Hamilton is now suggesting that this must be met by a further increase in ours. Does he not, however, perceive that this further increase will again lead to an increase in the French Navy, and thus oblige us to build still more ships?

We deprecate the great armaments on the Continent. Why are the Continental Armies always being augmented? One Power calls under arms a greater number of men. Its neighbour alleges this as a reason for doing the same. Each Great Power wants to be in a position to hold its own against a combination of two Great Powers against, it by having an Army numerically strong enough to fight both. This is, of course, impossible, and consequently the Continental Powers are ruining themselves in a vain attempt to give effect to a mathematical absurdity. We perceive their folly. We warn them of it. Yet, as regards the sea, we are doing precisely the same thing. Our increased naval armaments are met by an increase of the naval armaments of other Powers, and we and they have only to continue this game, inaugurated by Lord George Hamilton, for us and them to be ruined.

SCRUTATOR.

WELLS AND HIS VICTIMS.

IN consequence of a recent reference in TRUTH to an exceptionally mendacious advertisement, emanating from Mr. C. Wells, C.E, of Great Titchfield-street, I have received some further information respecting this worthy's doings within the last year or two. One of the cases thus brought to my knowledge is of a far worse character than anything that has yet been disclosed respecting Wells. His favourite trick, as long since exposed in TRUTH, has been to obtain sums of £5, or thereabouts, on the pretext of securing provisional protection for a patent which is to secure to the lender, conjointly with Wells, wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. In the instance, however, to which I am now referring, he appears to have obtained not only the preliminary £5, but a further payment of £750. For this the victim was promised a fourth share of all that the patent should bring in for fourteen years, which Wells, in a letter of the usual character, represents as likely to be a lump payment of £120,000, and subsequent royalties. The letter making this representation is in practically identical terms with others of the same character which have appeared in TRUTH. It is scarcely necessary to add that the unfortunate victim has never received a farthing for his investment, and being a man of limited means, instead of having received £30,000 down and a handsome royalty for fourteen years, he is now in the Bankruptcy Court.

I understand that an application in regard to this very case was made to a Metropolitan Magistrate, who failed to see anything unlawful in Wells's operations, and relegated the victim to his civil remedy. Seeing that Wells, in spite of repeated exposure in the Press, has been systematically carrying on frauds of this character for years, I presume that he, too, has reason to suppose that the criminal law cannot touch him. From what I know of the criminal law, I can understand that both Wells and the Magistrate are possibly right in their opinion. If so, let me ask the reader to reflect for a moment what this means. Here is a man, who is shown to have been for many years regularly engaged in the business of obtaining

money by what in ordinary, if not in legal, language is a dishonest trick, the hook being baited by means of the most outrageous and extravagant representations of profits to be received. Advertisements conveying these representations are a regular feature in certain daily papers. I called attention the other day to one such advertisement in which an income of £1,000 a day was offered for an investment of £6,000. The nature of these offers has been pointed out again and again. In the pages of TRUTH, Wells has been denounced as a cheat and an impostor, so often that I hardly like to mention his name without an apology to my readers. From first to last he has never ventured on any form of reply to the charges made against him; and he has thereby admitted to all intents and purposes that he is the swindling rascal which I have declared him to be. This, then, is the man whom we are to suppose that the criminal law cannot touch. He may bring one victim to the Bankruptcy Court, another to the workhouse, he may ruin widows and orphans, he may rob and cheat every unsuspicious fool, who thinks that because a man rents spacious premises in the West End of London, and calls himself "Civil Engineer,' he is, presumably, a respectable citizen, but the law sees nothing wrong in his proceedings. Metropolitan Magistrates do not sit to deal with rogues of this type. The "Criminal Investigation Department" cares for none of these things, though it can hound down the "Astrologer" who advertises in the same paper as Wells to cast horoscopes at six stamps apiece. Wells is, therefore, free to pursue his lucrative trade in peace and security until he has amassed a comfortable competence, when he will no doubt go into Parliament, and lend his assistance in further perfecting the admirable laws of his country. There is no difficulty in his way that I can see. Of course, if Sir Edward Bradford and his subordinates were to awaken to some sense of their duty in regard to swindlers of this calibre, some steps would be taken against Wells (and many another) which would at least show the public the scandalous deficiency of the law, and force the Government of the day to amend the law. But as long as Scotland-yard and the Home Office are what they are, so long, apparently, the greener section of the public will be left to stew in its own juice, and Wells and his fellow-practitioners will continue to feast and grow fat.

THE FLEECING OF TOMMY ATKINS.

From time to time during several years past, readers of TRUTH have had an opportunity of studying the grievances of the private soldier in regard to compulsory stoppages of his pay. Complaints have appeared over and over again respecting such charges as "barrack damages," "library subscriptions," "hospital stoppages," tailors' and shoe-makers' bills, and so on, until the average civilian, if the average civilian ever troubles his head about such matters, must have begun to wonder whether Tommy Atkins ever gets any pay at all, or whether he is the most unscrupulous romancer in the whole ranks of the public service. A piece of evidence has now come into my possession which throws most valuable light on this point. It is in the form of a cavalry trooper's monthly regimental account. The document speaks for itself, and speaks so eloquently, that it is unnecessary for me to say a word in explanation of it. The account is of recent date, and comes from a regiment now stationed in the United Kingdom:—

Dr.	£.	s.	d.
To cash payments	0	4	0
,, Thirty-one days' messing at 3½d.	0	9	0½
,, Do. do. washing at 1d.	0	2	7
,, Hair-cutting	0	0	1
,, Library	0	0	3
,, Football Club	0	0	3
,, Barrack Damages	0	0	3
,, Pipe-clay, &c.	0	0	3
,, Shoemaker's account	0	4	6
,, Tailor's account	0	10	3
,, Saddler's account	0	9	0
,, Saddle soap	0	0	2
	£2	0	7½

Cr.	£.	s.	d.
By thirty-one days' pay, at 1s. 2d.	1	16	2
,, Balance to debit	0	4	5½
	£2	0	7½

Here, then, is actually a case in which Tommy Atkins gets no pay at all, and less than no pay, he being positively in debt to the Government to the amount of 4s. 5½d. on one month's reckoning. The man who stands in this position has, I believe, only joined a few months. His account for the previous month showed a balance of only 2s. in his favour. For his two months' service, therefore, this defender of his country has nothing to show but a debt of 2s. 5½d. Nor is his outfit yet complete. As soon as he has worked his debt off, if he ever does, and received some remuneration in cash, his first care will be to buy a box in which to keep his small kit and cleaning gear. If bought of the regimental saddler this will cost him 10s. 6d.; a makeshift can be bought outside for 4s or 5s. The prospect, therefore, of the man finding himself with a shilling or two in his pocket for beer or tobacco, or any personal indulgence, is for the present extremely remote.

To comment at any length upon this case would be, I trust, a waste of words. I should feel that I was insulting my readers if I assumed that they could look upon such a state of things as anything else than a disgrace to the country at large, and more particularly to the military administrators who are immediately responsible for it. It is not merely that the man in question has to do a soldier's work and run a soldier's risks for several months in succession without a penny of pay—though that is bad enough—but the peculiar shame of it lies in the fact that he, and hundreds more in the same position, have been promised in the plainest terms pay at the rate of 5s. or 6s. a week, in addition to "free rations" and a "free kit"—words which are naturally taken to mean free food and clothing, and which, I venture to say, are intended to convey that meaning. That being the promise, to present the man, after he has served for a month, with an account in which the promised pay is more than swallowed up in charges chiefly for food, clothing, and equipments, with the result that, instead of receiving any cash, he is himself required to pay four shillings and sixpence, seems to me a fraud of the most cruel and contemptible character; and I would respectfully ask H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Edward Stanhope, the Adjutant-General, Lord Wolseley and every other official luminary connected with the Army, whether they can show any reason why those words are too strong for the facts.

Nor ought this matter to be looked at solely from the

MINTON'S (Limited).—MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

point of view of the immediate victim. What sort of service is to be expected from men who find themselves fleeced and cheated in this fashion? Who can wonder that Tommy Atkins growls and occasionally kicks, or that he escapes from the service at the first opportunity? Who can wonder that desertion goes on at the present alarming rate? What need is there for an Inspector-General of Recruiting, as recorded in TRUTH three weeks back, to go down to Aldershot in order to ascertain why the desertions in one regiment have lately amounted to 70 per cent.? Or, again, what wonder is there that it becomes more and more difficult to obtain recruits, when every man who joins has some experience more or less like the above to report to his friends and acquaintance outside the ranks? To my mind, comparing the prospect held out to the recruit in regard to pay, food, and clothing, with the reality which presents itself after a few weeks' service, the wonder is that any men but idiots and fugitives from justice can be found to enter the Army, and, still more, that, having entered it, they can be induced to stay there after they have discovered the truth. And yet there remains something more wonderful even than that—namely, that the British taxpayer, who is charged more for his third-rate Army than any of the first-class Military Powers pay for theirs, and then sees the rank-and-file dealt with in the above style, does not arise in his wrath and sack the War Office, as well as every individual officially connected with it.

THE BLACK-COATED WORKING-MAN.—III.

I have shown, in my previous articles on this subject, (1) the hardships of the clerk's lot, and (2) how far it lies within his own power to mitigate them by the simple process of adapting his life to his means, and without any substantial change in the terms of his employment. The next nut which I have to crack is the condition of those clerks—a very large number—who require something more than this before they can make their two ends meet comfortably.

To put it plainly, the clerk is in a large number of cases remorselessly sweated. Of that, I take it, there can be no doubt whatever. I have already described the case of the clerk in a London warehouse, who is at work from eight a.m. to six p.m. all the year round, with two or three hours' overtime in busy seasons. Such cases are numbered by their thousands, and not in London alone, The man I spoke of appears fairly well paid when you reckon his pay by the week; but what when you reckon it by the hour? And what of the large number of men in similar berths who even by years of this drudgery never rise above £3 or £4 a week, if as high?

The case of the young clerks in second or third-rate banks, and other business houses of the same character, is yet harder. There are, to my knowledge, young fellows in banks in the suburbs—and, for aught I know, in the City—who, after four or five years' service, are working their eight or nine hours a day, with occasional overtime, at from 18s. to 22s. per week, and that, of course, under the weight of immense responsibility and corresponding temptation. Not long since, attention was called in TRUTH to the conduct of one of the largest joint-stock banks in London, who, during a busy season, were keeping scores of clerks till ten, eleven, and twelve o'clock at night, and paying them *one shilling* for the overtime—in other words, about 2d. or 3d. per hour. These were men whose regular pay is little, if anything, above that of omnibus conductors, and considerably below that of omnibus drivers. When such terms are imposed by great commercial Companies earning their 12 or 15 per cent. dividend, what is to be expected from struggling employers lower down in the commercial scale?

For sweating in these forms the remedy is, I should have thought, obvious and simple. It is before the world every day. Its efficacy is being proved every day. And what is the name of it? Trade-unionism. The docker worked for a groat an hour, and though his day was sixteen hours long, he never got beyond the groat. He formed a union, and the groat became a tanner; moreover, in the event of his being kept at work beyond eight hours, the tanner became two groats. Thus the docker is now paid for his overtime at a rate more than double that accorded to the "gentleman" who sits on a high stool in a bank. Again, the 'bus-men and the tram-men were required to work fourteen or fifteen hours per day. They formed unions, and the day was reduced to ten or twelve hours, and without any reduction in the pay—rather the reverse. A hundred other examples of the same kind may easily be found. Speaking generally, there is no other form of skilled, and scarcely of unskilled, industry in which the workers are so completely at the mercy of their employers—compelled to take just what is offered them, and to give just what is asked of them—as are the clerks. And the reason clearly is that the clerks are without the organisation by which alone they can make a combined effort for the betterment of their own position. Again, then, I repeat the advice which I have already given to the black-coated working-man. Take off your black coat. Recognise that you are a working-man, and adopt the policy which has done so much for other working-men. Form a strong and comprehensive union. Send your delegates to the Trades Council and to the Trades Union Congress, and throw in your lot for better or worse with your fellow-soldiers in the army of labour. So long as either pride or laziness, or want of *esprit de corps*, prevent your adopting this obvious measure, so long you cannot expect outsiders to evince any very active sympathy for the hardships of your lot.

But, though trade-unionism can do a great deal, it cannot do everything. It can enable a man to obtain from his employer all that his labour is worth; but it cannot, at any rate for any length of time, compel an employer to pay for an article more than that article's commercial value. Now, it is not an impossible thing to raise the actual market value of the clerk's labour. I have consulted employers, and I find them unanimous on this point. They tell me that half the youths who offer their services are not worth their keep, small though it may be, by reason of either ignorance, stupidity, or laziness, but chiefly ignorance. The ignorance chiefly comprises arithmetic, grammar, geography, and foreign languages. I understand that it is a common thing for a lad of seventeen or eighteen, fresh from a middle-class school, to be utterly incompetent to cast up a column of figures accurately

to say nothing of working a sum in rule of three or simple interest. I am told of one perfectly authentic case, in which a youth who valued his labour at £1 per week, directed a letter to "Messrs. ——, Plymouth, Devon, Cornwall." For this state of things the remedy is clearly education; but here, unlike the preceding cases, the remedy does not lie in the clerk's hands. He cannot go back to school again, poor fellow, and be taught the rudiments of a sound commercial education. He must make the best he can of such instruments as the negligence of his parents, or the shortcomings of our educational system have equipped him with. He can, indeed, do something to see that his own children are better taught than he has been; and to this end I have already given him one useful hint, namely, that he should take his youngsters away from that pernicious suburban establishment for the sons of "gentlemen," and pack them off to the Board School. Our public elementary education may not be perfect, but, at least, I trust, the day is at hand when no child who has been through his standards will be unable to calculate the interest due on a three months' bill, or remain under the delusion that Devonshire is situated in Cornwall. Something more, however, than this is required, and that something is "technical education.' We are recognising in all directions the part which technical education will play in elevating the artisan, increasing at once the commercial value of the individual worker and the productive resources of the whole nation. As it is with the artisan, so it will be with his black-coated brother. We want technical schools where the future clerk's young ideas will be taught to shoot in the right direction, where he will be taught commercial arithmetic, book-keeping, shorthand writing, business letter writing, and, above all, the practical use of foreign languages. When that want is supplied, the clerk's wages will have been as good as raised 50 per cent.

Incidentally, another evil which afflicts the clerk will be overcome at the same time. He will be relieved from the pressure of foreign competition, which now drives down his pay and spins out his working hours. I find that on this question of foreign competition a good deal of misapprehension exists in the mind of the black-coated working-man, as it does in the minds of other working-men. Germany is the great source of this competition, and the reason why the German clerk has increased and multiplied in the City of London to the extent he has is primarily that he is better educated, that his intelligence is more supple, and that he knows three languages to the English clerk's one. This process is not confined, be it remembered, to the City of London. In Southern Europe, in the Levant, in the Americas, North and South, in the Far East, the English commercial traveller has been driven from some of his happiest hunting-grounds during the last ten or fifteen years by his German competitor. Why? In part, no doubt, owing to the better adaptation of the German goods to the market, the credit of which goes to the German employer; but largely also to the fact that the German traveller is a better man than his English competitor, his superiority consisting in a better knowledge of the language in which he is dealing and of the people he is dealing with, and a smarter business training all round. It is very much the same process which has placed so many German clerks upon stools in English counting-houses. Some of them, I am aware, come over at exceptionally low pay, for the purpose of perfecting their English and learning English business habits, with an ulterior view to competing with us in American and foreign markets. That is another matter, and one which I think could be effectually dealt with by an English Clerks' Union. What I desire for the moment to point out is that the English clerk is at present woefully handicapped by the deficiencies of his education. Start him with as good a chance, and, until I see the contrary proved, I shall expect to see him hold his own against the foreigner in the London market or any other.

On a future occasion I may have a word or two more to say on this subject, which is, as yet, far from exhausted. In the meantime, however, I hope that I have cleared away some of the fallacies and misconceptions which surround this question. To sum it up, my view is this: The clerk is essentially a working-man. The problem, how to improve his position is only a branch of the great labour question. The solution of the problem lies, primarily, with himself, and the means by which it is to be accomplished have, in every case, been shown to him by his brother working-men. Let him cease to hang on to the skirts of the privileged classes; let him have done with spurious gentility and sham respectability; let him take his proper place, drilled and disciplined, in the front ranks of the army of workers; and all the happiness that is to be got out of existence in its present stage—a good deal more than is often supposed—lies within his grasp. The long and short of it is that the black coat is the source of all his troubles.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

It is not unnatural that managers should be sometimes at fault. If it be true, and I have no reason whatever to doubt it, that "Gloriana" was offered in succession to the various first-class managements that make farcical comedy their stock-in-trade, then I fear they were somewhat too much in haste when they returned his manuscript to Mr. James Mortimer with the disappointing formula "declined with thanks." It does not at all follow that, because the "Truc d'Arthur" was not considered very first-class when it was produced in Paris, therefore "Gloriana" would be a failure in London. It all depends on the treatment, and certainly Mr. Mortimer has relatively treated his French original as well as Mr. Burnand did with "The Colonel," and as Mr. Hawtrey did "The Private Secretary" from the German. There is a wonderful accident in dramatic success, notwithstanding all the rubbish that is written about it by the "new school," as the cocksure young gentlemen call themselves. What manager, if asked off-hand, could have dreamed that "The Colonel" would have such a future, when it

CADBURY'S COCOA.—"A light, refreshing, and digestible beverage—absolutely pure Cocoa of the highest quality. The name Cadbury on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity."—*Medical Annual*

had been done to death all over England for a quarter of a century before as "The Serious Family"? Who would have dreamed that there was a gold-mine in "The Private Secretary" when it was "damned" the first night at the Prince of Wales's and lived for ever after at the Globe? The theatre is as great a lottery as the gaming-table. There is Mr. Charles Wyndham, to the delight of everybody, coming back to London to play light comedy. But he only returns with "Brighton" in his pocket—an old success, but a sure success. Nothing venture, nothing win. Suppose Mr. Charles Wyndham had not snubbed Miss Gloriana. What a part he would have made out of the man who changes clothes with his valet, after the fashion of the farces of Marivaux and Molière! The jealous Russian would have fitted Mr. George Giddens like a glove, and it was only necessary to get a comic lady who has played serious business, such as Miss Maud Hilton, who made such a success in "Cleopatra" the other day, and the trick was done. At the Comedy the new farce could have been cast with even greater ease. Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Mr. Charles Brookfield, and Miss Lottie Venne were ready and waiting for the three leading characters. But "Godpapa" was preferred, an amusing but not nearly so ingenious a comedy. But supposing "Gloriana" does not draw the public to the Globe, the wiseacres will turn round and say, "I told you so." Nonsense, if the public does not happen to patronise "Gloriana," it will be because the Globe Theatre is a little off colour and because the play might with possibilities have been cast better. It emphatically required the *cachet* of the Criterion or Comedy, where they make it their business to play farce, and where they are one and all good farce actors. "Gloriana" went very well as matters stood. I don't think the characters taken by Mr. W. H. Vernon or Miss Lydia Cowell could have been better done. But there is a something wanting. The hero and heroine did well, but they might have been very much better. Miss Florence West did not play the part of Gloriana; she played with it. She misunderstood its capabilities. We wanted mock heroics here, something in the grand style of farce. But Miss West merely tickled it with a feather and did not keep up the spirit, buoyancy, and rattle of good farce acting. Still, for all that, "Gloriana" is well worth seeing. The people who came to yawn remained to roar. I should be glad, apart from other considerations, to see Mr. James Mortimer succeed. He is an author of vast experience, a writer of great versatility, and he has borne misfortune and the ill strokes of fortune with fortitude and, like a man, without whining.

That was a very dangerous experiment when Mr. Herberte Basing introduced what is known as the "music-hall element" into an old melodrama. In Boucicault's "After Dark" there is a music-hall scene, a real music-hall represented on the stage. For this real music-hall artists were engaged, and amongst them Miss Harriett Vernon and Miss Bessie Bonehill, *cum multis aliis*. The often-despised music-hall artists played the dramatic artists off the stage. They were so good and so amusing, that no one wanted to see any more play or any more players. In fact, when the lights of the music-hall went out, and the stage was cleared, the public went out also. They were what they call "good goods." I heard the other day a very good argument, showing from a practical point of view how much more popular the music-hall or variety theatre must be than the second-class or third-class theatre. One of our leading actresses was surprised to hear that whenever her maid had an evening out she always went to the music-hall, and never to the theatre. The mistress, in a spirit of badinage, remonstrated with the girl, and naturally argued in favour of the theatre. Upon which the maid up and spoke: "Well, you see, ma'am, it's like this. If I go to the theatre, it costs me half-a-crown or three shillings *at the least*, and when I get there I may not like the play at all. Then I consider it money lost. But when I go to the music-hall, it costs me a shilling *at the most*, and, out of all the turns throughout a long evening, I *must* like something!" This was irresistible logic, and I have been thinking over the astounding statement made by a leading dramatic writer, who, in order to prove his own mental superiority, proceeds to condemn his neighbours—that writers who criticise the drama are men of inferior mental and literary calibre, and, therefore, inferior to Mr. Pater, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Augustin Barrett, and other members of any given literary mutual admiration society. I will put aside, of course, such critics of the stage and the theatre as Goethe, Diderot, Voltaire, Théophile Gautier, Jules Janin, and Dumas. Of course, they are not to be mentioned in the same week as Edmund Gosse. But, to take our times. Within the last thirty years, the drama has been reviewed by George Henry Lewes, who was not a bad writer or philosopher either; by Henry Morley, who knows someting about the drama and its history; by John Oxenford, a brilliant linguist, essayist, and accomplished scholar; by Frederick Guest Tomlins, an author of note; and even now by William Moy Thomas and J. F. Nesbit, who have written books of great mark and have English and French dramatic literature at their fingers' end; and by Joseph Knight, the learned editor of "Notes and Queries," who has reviewed and written books on general literature as well as plays for a quarter of a century, and who certainly knows as much about the history of poetry as all the Paters, and Langs, and Gosses in literary London. I wonder if the writer in the *Fortnightly Review* is sorry he spoke. He might have reflected before he did so.

THE CHAPLAIN-GENERAL.

I have received from Dr. Edghill, the Chaplain-General of the Forces, a letter in reply to certain parts of the article, "The Next Chaplain-General," in last week's TRUTH. As it is impossible for me to deal this week with the Chaplain-General's letter as fully as it requires, I defer its publication till my next issue. But I think it right to say at once that Dr. Edghill categorically denies that he has any part or responsibility in the appointment of Army Chaplains for foreign service. I may also mention that I have received sundry letters from Army Chaplains and non-commissioned officers who are singularly enthusiastic in their praises of the Chaplain-General's

work. Had these letters been in the form of a circular, with the names of all the writers appended, they could not have been more unanimous, or, I may add, less impressive. I have no doubt that Dr. Edghill has many admirers. What is more, I have no doubt that he deserves their admiration. But, with all respect to the Chaplain-General and his admirers, that is hardly the point.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

PARIS BY GASLIGHT.

THE news that M. Lozé, the Prefect of Police, had been to call upon our Imperial Russian visitor, and was kept for some time by the Grand Duke Wladimir, caused quite a flutter in the Nihilist settlements in the far south-west of Paris. It was fancied there that Prince and Prefect were putting their heads together for the purpose of getting the worst-noted of the refugees entrapped by the Russian police. The visit coincided with the news of the discovery of a widespread Russian conspiracy in Russia. But M. Lozé's object was not what had been feared. Wladimir simply wanted to see the awfully awful places of Paris. He was well acquainted with the brilliant features of the French capital, and wanted to have some direct impressions of Paris *monstrueux*. The Prefect of Police had been told of this wish, and hastened to *se mettre à la disposition de Son Altesse Impériale*. A detective up to every horror was told off to attend on the Grand Duke. His name is Rossignol, which means either a nightingale or an iron used by burglars for forcing open doors or windows. Rossignol is a ferret in human shape, and has a keen scent for criminals and criminating circumstances. He looks rather an artisan than a detective, and often passes himself off as a locksmith who has had great experience in making the kind of tools which housebreakers need. What were the horrors best worth seeing? There were lodging-houses *à la corde*. *La corde* smacked of hanging. "Il ne faut jamais parler de la corde dans la maison d'un pendu!" a proverb which was dinned into Louis Philippe's ears while the "suicide" of the Duc de Bourbon was fresh in his subjects' minds. Lodging-houses *à la corde*, however, had no connection with hangings. They were simply places where poor wretches were taken in at 2d. a night, and slept on frames resembling ladders, on which mattresses are placed. The frames are supported by two ropes held taut by machinery. At five in the morning the machine lets go first one rope and then another, and the sleeper and his bed tumble down. This was not very interesting. There were Nihilist balls at La Glacière. But as they were Russian, they would afford no novel impression. S.A.I. wanted purely Parisian impressions. The Halles at four in the morning were interesting; but those who were fond of *la grosse matinée* could not rise early. Why not go to the Cabaret du Mirliton, near the top of La Rue des Martyrs, where the old "Chat Noir" used to be? *Chansons Noires* were to be heard there every evening. What were these "black songs"? They were by Bruant, poet and singer, and about all the dens of infamy into which poverty is supposed to force human beings in this gay city. Bruant was sparkling with cleverness, though lugubrious. He was the poet of underground Paris, in which blind worms (human) crawled in multitudes, lived their short span of life in misery, and wound it up in gaol, hospital, or in suicide. Their black horizon had its streaks of brightness. Bruant was a soldier, then a clerk at a railway terminus, and, having a voice and a rhyming talent, utilised his evenings some years ago by singing and acting songs of his own composing at the Scala. He won popularity with the chiffonnier and the anarchist who wanted to suppress everything, anarchy included; he brought La Roquette and St. Lazare prisons home to his hearers. Salis coaxed him away from the Scala, and, when the founder of "Le Chat Noir" went farther into town, Bruant took his old tavern, substituting for "The Black Cat" the sign of "Le Mirliton." Well, the Grand Duke chose to see horrible Paris at Montmartre, first dropping in to that fearful place, the *Elysée* of that locality. One sees there, in all their atrocious ruffianism, the class of men against whomthe German Emperor has aimed his latest Rescript, and to put down whom in France the Minister of Justice has prepared a Bill. Wladimir has the physique and the tranquil countenance of the German chucker-out who stands, his breast adorned with all sorts of medals, at the door of a restaurant not very far from the Alhambra. If Saul had had this Grand Duke as a rival candidate for the Crown of Israel, he probably would not have been elected. Wladimir is a Behemoth in point of bulk, far more German than Russ in physiognomy, looks good-natured, and, by his towering stature, dwarfed the habitués of "Le Mirliton." Bruant might be a son of Plon-Plon or of the late Comte Walewsky. He has the Bonapartean pseudo-Greek head and *la mauvaise graisse* into which the men of the Napoleonic family were apt to fall. He wears a stagey costume which goes well with strut and declamation. The black velvet jacket is open to show a red shirt, the breeks are baggy, and lose themselves in Hessian boots. Bruant is a monologist, whose glory differs from that of Le Cadet Coquelin, but whose talent is every whit as great in another way. I cannot look upon him as a Dante, because Dante never knew how to joke. But he has the sense of the infernal aspects of human wretchedness in Paris, and seems to have gone through, his realisations are so vivid, every circle of Inferno of the poor and vicious Parisians.

I have been always for letting the dead rest, and was never more so than at the centenary celebration of Meyerbeer. It is all right for people to go alone and meditate at the tombs of the great departed ones. I even think such meditations elevating and wholesome. But I never witnessed a public celebration of a dead man's achievements without being reminded by the celebrants of grave-worms feeding on a corpse. They either wanted, as publishers, owners of copyrights, authors of future works, or as mere fussy persons anxious to obtain prominence, to prey upon the dead whom they made be-

HOUSE DRAINAGE.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

lieve they almost worshipped. Louis Philippe thought to crowd the Comte de Chambord out of French brains by fetching from St. Helena the body of Napoleon, and burying it with grand spectacular pomp on a "bank of the Seine." What crowding together of solemn humbugs have I not seen on Shakespearean anniversaries! The exceptions to the grave-worm exhibitions were popular fêtes, actively patronised by the State, to unveil the statue of some bye-gone hero, author, or artist. Nobody had a personal interest in the apotheosis, the sculptor having been paid for his statue by the country. The Meyerbeer centenary celebration at the Opera House was a fearfully flat affair. There was but one short break in the dulness—when Madame Deschamps-Jehin came on the stage in an act of "Les Huguenots" as Catherine de Médicis, a part suppressed by the Censure in Meyerbeer's time, as being of a nature to make Queens-dowager hated and despised. Jules Barbier, the librettist, wrote for the occasion a hymn to the praise and glory of Meyerbeer, which Mounet-Sully was induced to recite. It was much more to the praise and glory of the Czar and the Franco-Russian Alliance. The actor, failing to give life to the verses, tried to galvanise them. We had the overture to "Struensee" and acts from "Robert le Diable," "L'Africaine," and "Les Huguenots." They struck us as out of date, and laboriously composed. Meyerbeer's music is so often like books compiled from other books by a clever literary hack who has not the strength of wing needed to trust entirely to his own brain. Heine and Rossini did not undervalue it. And yet how it took hold of the generation to which Meyerbeer belonged. If there are now so many elderly Alices in the world, it is because "Robert le Diable" was a grand success. M. Grévy's only daughter was called after the pious Norman heroine of that opera.

The Russian Grand Dukes and their ladies had last week a painful experience of the fragility of human life. They passed Monday evening at a superlatively jolly dinner and soirée at the bachelor's den of their friend, Señor Carlos Calderon, a Jew by blood, whose back, however, was too well turned on the Jewry for the Czar to object to his being their pilot in *le monde où l'on s'amuse*. Calderon, in some respects, was a clever fellow. He knew the value of advertisement, and knew how to get into a front seat wherever he might find himself. Nobody had more skill in getting hold of a financial concession, or in getting rid of a beauty of whom he was tired. The matches he made up between men in good position and fair beings in whom he used to take an interest were endless. He was always ready to give a dowry when he made up a match. I should rate him above the late "Uncle Sam" Ward, in getting hold of prize acquaintances and catering for their amusement. He often obliged them with loans of money. Calderon was of a banking family, which had been interested in divers of the late Queen Christina's speculations, and, therefore, knew too much about them to respect her. Carlos was sent to a military school, but with a view to seeing European capitals from front seats, and of studying the financial resources of Russia, he entered diplomacy instead of looking to the army for a career.

He went to St. Petersburg at a good time for his purpose, the chief grandee of Spain, the late Duke d'Osuna, being then Ambassador of Isabella. Osuna's wife had any number of Rheingraves and Wildgraves in her pedigree, and was a remarkably fine woman. At St. Petersburg Calderon became a society gentleman and the chum of the Czarewitch and his brothers. He quitted diplomacy when Isabella fell, and pronounced for his namesake, Carlos, whom he subsequently brought into relations with Skobeleff. This is why the Russian General went to stay at the headquarters of Carlos during the last civil war, and was present at siege operations of the Carlists. The experience he there obtained was not lost when he was in Central Asia and before Plevna. What trifles serve to interlink great events! Calderon wanting a front seat at St. Petersburg led to that great crippling blow being given to the Turks. On the Monday evening on which he had his illustrious friends with him, he and they were jolly as they could be. The ladies did not object to Yvette Guilbert singing before them her most risky songs. They heard next evening that he was dead. His pace had all his life been such that although his mind remained lively, there was no vital force to signify in his body, and the anxiety for everything to be exquisite at his bachelor's dinner quite used him up. Next morning he felt a chill and numbness creeping on him, and called for a valet to rub him briskly. This not doing any good, a doctor was sent for. But he saw the *rigor mortis* in the face and a shortness of breath which it was past his power to relieve. There was a good deal of Lord Beaconsfield in this Spaniard. But Dizzy's ambition was higher, and he set less value upon money, though his novels reek with the sensuous enjoyments which money alone can buy.

Lord Lytton's illness was not a diplomatic one. The report that it was, originated in the idea that *il y a des affaires* between Lord Salisbury and M. Ribot. Lord Lytton was seriously, though not dangerously, ill from one of those internal inflammations which follow influenza. He has been brought through by a doctor with the Irish name of Prendergast.

It would be idle to ignore the triangular Melba, Armstrong, and Orleans case, the French papers being full of it, and portraits being given in the illustrated ones of the husband, the respondent, and the co. They do full justice to the former, giving him a really interesting physiognomy, and making him out a good-looking Abe Lincoln. Even *Le Soleil*, the Comte de Paris' journal, has said its say on the divorce suit. It was rather despondent, inasmuch as it ended by giving the assurance that, come what might, the Duc d'Orléans would act *en homme d'honneur*. I have asked what that meant, and whether it was a suggestion that the illustrious co-respondent would rather let judgment go by default than clear himself by showing that he never went to Brussels or Vienna after Melba, but let people fancy that he did so to hide a passion for one illustrious by her rank. I could not get a straight answer, but was reminded that advertisement is now everything to theatrical stars and to Royal Pretenders, and that

certainly the *Duc* and the *Diva* are finely advertised. I then asked whether the final phrase of *Le Soleil's* utterance might be taken as meaning that, if a divorce were obtained, the Duc would marry the Diva? *Jamais de la vie.* He could not, being French, marry legally without the consent of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, who prefer that their eldest son should have a dozen intrigues to a *mésalliance.* They look for very high matches for their children.

Melba was greatly taken up by the fine Royalist gentlemen after the papers said that the Duc d'Orléans owned himself her slave. She is a lady of off-handed manners, rather playful than grave, has a will of her own, but does not strike one as masterful. Her flow of animal spirits makes her agreeable socially. She has a deal to say for herself. All that she says arises out of the impressions of the moment, or from the talk that is going on about her. There is not much in it for an interviewer to dress up into points. Yet it is pointed, and, if not exactly original, it is not commonplace. I should say, from her countenance, that she must be at least semi-Jewish. The eye, which is small, three-cornered, quick, and perceptive, is Scotch. Her father was David Mitchell—a rather Semitic name—and her mother was a rigid Presbyterian, and brought her up in the Church of Scotland. She has shown capacity to adapt herself to changing events and circumstances. Should Mr. Armstrong win his suit, the Duc d'Orléans would not stand the worse for it in French opinion, unless the oft-repeated tale were proved that he looks so much like a valet as to take in Constans's detectives. However, he would not be the first of his name who played to perfection the part of the liveried servant. The Regent, his ancestor, had a fancy for disguising himself as one, and accepted, in the character of a valet, a kicking from one of his boon companions.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DEAR LADY BETTY,—The weekly budget of inquiries addressed to me has now so greatly increased that it is no longer possible to reply privately to each of my correspondents. I am, therefore, compelled to adopt the system employed by the various ladies' newspapers, and I trust through this medium to be enabled to give the very best possible advice at the very least possible inconvenience.

Dancing Girl.—Certainly, always select the most profitable partner. Business before marriage, pleasure afterwards. No, the "Can-Can" is seldom now danced in the very best society.

Katinka.—Use Jones' enamel, it wears well. Brown's indelible vermilion for the lips is comparatively harmless. Smith's concentrated essence of London smoke for the eye-lids, Robinson's Normandy hair and Atkinson's "Ivorine" teeth can all be highly recommended. I cannot advise you yet on the choice of a bust, as the winter fashions are not decided upon.

Wee Wyfie.—I am delighted to welcome you as a new correspondent, and I trust I shall never have to welcome you as a co-respondent.

Good Feeling.—This is not in my department.

Little Johnnie.—I quite agree with you. No self-respecting young man should ever wear other than malmaison pink or turquoise blue corsets. Stockings are more effective than socks. Always use perfume for the bath and powder for the face. If you observe these instructions conscientiously you are certain to be elected to all the best London clubs.

Charity.—There is no possible harm in stating that your neighbour has either cheated at cards, robbed the Bank of England, poisoned his parents, or committed any other conceivable crime. But do not make these observations before two persons at the same time. When there is only one person present, you can always deny them, and it is word against word.

Belinda Snooks.—Your husband has no right whatever to complain. It is practically understood, now that a woman's main purpose in marrying is to become her own mistress—the rest follows. You have every right and many wrongs. Your husband has neither the one nor the others.

True Blue.—I cannot for the moment recommend you the best religion, but you will obtain the underclothing you require at Madame McMurphy's Liliputian Warehouse, Upper Grosvenor-place.

Dunciad.—If you have irretrievably failed in everything else you might take to writing for the Press, become a financier in the City, act Shakespeare, apply for the vacant post of Chief Officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, stand for Parliament, or compete against Joachim on the violin.

Tee-Totaller.—I have no hesitation in asserting that three glasses of champagne at dinner, followed by a "chasse," two glasses of claret, and a cup of tea later on, at an evening party, and a bottle of Perrier-Jouet in the course of the subsequent ball, are too much for a young girl of eighteen. Knock off the tea.

Domestic Pet.—Your charming note has afforded me the greatest possible pleasure. If your home is not happy, you will at least be admired in Society. In order to attain popularity in the latter, there is nothing more desirable in a woman than a capacity for strong drink, perpetual smoking, and suggestive conversation, joined to gambling, horse-racing, bad language, and irreligion.

Miranda.—You really should be more careful of your parents. Remember that the man is father to the child. No, certainly not; your mother should never read doubtful French novels, and a music-hall is not the proper place for your aged father. Have you seen "Frou-Frou"? It is excellent.

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Early on Saturday afternoon the report spread like wildfire throughout Club-land that Prince George of Wales had been attacked with typhoid fever. It was not, however, officially notified till late on Sunday night, when the first bulletin was delivered to the various newspaper offices for publication on the following morning. To allay the feeling of anxiety which the intelligence would naturally arouse, the fact that the Prince of Wales had dined overnight with Mr. Christopher Sykes was announced in the same issue which gave public notification of Prince George's illness. However, so long as the Princess of Wales is not on her way back by express to attend the Prince's bedside there can be no cause for excessive anxiety. It is worth remembering that in the event of the two Princes dying without issue, the children of the Duke and Duchess of Fife would inherit on the present Prince of Wales's demise.

There is, apparently, a fashion in diseases as in other things. Last winter we were all said to be suffering from influenza. Five years ago it was peritonitis that carried off the bulk of patients. Anæmia was to have ruled supreme this season, but now that Prince George has become the prey of typhoid the betting is a hundred to one in favour of the latter malady. We shall see.

The Prince has frequently expressed his great gratification at the commemorative cartoon by Tenniel in last week's *Punch.* The caricaturist has on this occasion exercised his proverbial privilege but in the reverse direction, for the Prince is depicted as a comparative youth, and, were it not for the letterpress congratulating him on having attained the jubilee anniversary of his birth, no one would ever suspect him even of half his years.

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured

Mr. W. H. Booth, one of the most prominent manufacturers of the celebrated Nottingham lace, recently instituted an open competition in that town for garments trimmed with this article. Exhibits were contributed from every part of the world, including America, the West Indies, Spain, France, Germany, and Italy. The champion prize was eventually awarded to a baby frock trimmed entirely with Nottingham lace, which Princess Beatrice has consented to accept. By the way, both the Duke and Duchess of Portland were present at the opening of the recent chrysanthemum show here, when it was observed with pleasure that the Duchess had completely regained her former health and strength.

The Netherlands Minister and Countess de Bylandt, who have been absent for close upon three months, returned to London on Sunday morning last. Their summer excursion included a visit to Aix, Paris, and the Hague, and both, more especially the Countess, appear to have greatly benefited by the change. Whilst in the Netherlands Count and Countess de Bylandt had the honour of spending three days with the Queen at the celebrated castle of the Loo.

Colonel Yarmoloff, Military Attaché to the Russian Embassy in London, has been appointed to a command in the Baltic, and only awaits the arrival of his successor to bid good-bye to a post at which he has made so short a stay. Though the exigencies of promotion necessitate his departure, he may rely upon taking with him the good wishes of numerous English friends.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff has been on a visit to the Queen at Balmoral. He will probably leave England within very few days, travelling, together with Lady Wolff, to Bucharest by easy stages. As Mr. Gerard Lowther, who is at present Acting Chargé d'Affaires, is not expected back in Vienna till December 10, it may be inferred that Sir Henry's arrival will not be till close upon that date. Meanwhile, Mr. Arthur Vansittart, who had started on his journey previous to Sir Henry's decision to delay his departure, is in a somewhat invidious predicament, seeing that Mr. Lowther, his junior in the Service, still remains in charge of the Legation. However, the well-tried tact and good temper of both these diplomatists will, doubtless, easily extricate them with dignity from this embarrassing situation.

The graphic and interesting obituary of the late Lady Westminster, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* on Friday last, was the work of Mr. Frank Lawley. Mr. Lawley, who is a younger brother of Lord Wenlock, since he resigned the post of official secretary to Mr. Gladstone, has principally devoted his talents to press-work of various kinds. As a writer of obituaries of contemporary social and sporting celebrities, he has few equals in the field of journalism.

The marriage of Miss Catherine Spiers, daughter of Lady Home-Spiers, to the Rev. Alwyne Rice, R.N., will take place at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on Monday, the 23rd inst.

Lady Jeune will give her first winter-season dinner and reception on Saturday evening next, and the series will be continued in the two following weeks.

The officers and men of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade have further testified to their loyalty towards their late chief officer by presenting last week his son, Mr. Clarina Shaw, with a handsome silver inkstand, in recognition of the good feeling which had for so many years existed between them and his family. And, by the way, the report published in the Sunday papers, representing Sir Eyre Massey Shaw as having entered into partnership with a firm of fire-engine manufacturers, is utterly imaginative, and without the very slightest tittle of foundation whatever. Lady and Miss Shaw left London for the Continent on Monday morning. Sir Eyre Shaw does not propose for the present leaving England. He has received numerous proposals to come forward as a Parliamentary candidate at the General Election. Unfortunately he is a Conservative.

It is with deep regret that I record the death of the Rev. Rudolph Suffield, who, previous to his secession from the Catholic faith, was celebrated throughout the length and breadth of the land as the most brilliant preacher and most influential ecclesiastic of his time. His "perversion" or "conversion" in the year 1870 caused a sensation in religious circles only second to that which attended the late Cardinal Newman when he some years before transferred his allegiance to the Church of Rome. Well do I remember serving Father Suffield's last mass in the chapel of Bosworth Hall, and accompanying him on that memorable August journey when, turning his back on the little Hermitage at Husband's Bosworth, and laying aside the robes of his Order, he re-entered the ever-restless world of theological doubt and dispute. As I write, there lies before me a massive bundle of letters, in which he recounts his subsequent struggles and temptations, and I cannot but indite a few sympathetic lines to the memory of a distinguished, affectionate, and much-loved friend, and most experienced master, to whom I owe the deepest debt of gratitude.

Count Herbert Bismarck has arrived in London on a short visit.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE MUDDY-MINDED NONSENSE ABOUT ORMONDE.

HAVING expressed an opinion in TRUTH on November 5 that the proposal to bring Ormonde back to England is "crackbrained, muddy-minded, nonsense and rubbish," I read Mr. Chaplin's admirable letter to Mr. Hume-Webster with extreme satisfaction, for it is calculated to prove a decisive settler to this sinister project. The piteous attempts which have been made to reply to Mr. Chaplin's forcible letter are wholly unworthy of notice, for they have all been rambling scrambling *galimatias* of the most ridiculous and contemptible description. One melancholy harlequin, who was exhausting eulogy in his trumpetings about Common a few weeks ago, is now in a state of dangerous ecstasy about Ormonde, which has so entirely deprived him of the very moderate supply of common-sense which it pleased Providence to bestow upon him that he really writes as if roaring in a sire should be rather an additional recommendation to breeders. The writers who are so ardently anxious to see Ormonde back in England have curiously enough ignored the proceedings of the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding, which, less than three years ago, examined no fewer than thirty-three experts on the subject of hereditary diseases, and such eminent breeders, trainers, and veterinary surgeons as Mr. Matthew Dawson, Professor Brown, Mr. John Porter, Dr. George Fleming, Mr. T. H. Hutchinson, Colonel Anstruther Thompson, and Mr. John Cooper were practically agreed that roaring is an hereditary disease. It was upon the strength of their evidence that the schedule was drawn up by which roarers are disqualified from being winners of the Queen's Premiums. As a matter of fact, roaring is the first of the scheduled diseases, for any one of which stallions are excluded from the shows of the Commission. The celebrated Lord Dudley once wrote that, "if any branch of the administration was as infamously jobbed as the reviews, it would speedily fall a victim to the public indignation." One may certainly make the same assertion respecting a section of the sporting press, when it is a matter of dealing with sires, studs, or sales. A stallion which is generously advertised, a stud which has been inspected, or an approaching sale, will invariably be found to be described in a tone of uniform, excessive, and undistinguishing eulogy. It is mere drivelling for writers to quibble about the hereditary nature of Ormonde's malady, as against the evidence of the experts who appeared before the Royal Commission, to which it may be added that no consideration would induce the experienced and thoroughly-practical managers of any of the Government studs on the Continent to sanction the use of a sire who was touched in the wind, or otherwise unsound.

SHOOTING, SPORTING, AND TRAVELLING GARMENTS are now occupying special attention, at Ulster House, Conduit-street.

Of course, the main object of Mr. Hume-Webster and his partners in this scheme is to make a profitable speculation; but, even if Ormonde were back in England in time for next season, and with his subscriptions full, I do not see where the gain is to come in, unless it is hoped to discover some auriferous simpleton who will be gulled into buying the horse. Ormonde would have no two-year-olds running for him until the season of 1895, and until then he would have to depend solely upon Orme and Goldfinch, of which animals we have probably seen the best form already. There was a pregnant passage in Mr. Chaplin's letter, which I have good reason to believe was inspired by the Duke of Westminster:—"Ormonde's stock, although this is the first season they have run, have already shown symptoms of roaring." Supposing that Ormonde gets twenty-three mares for next year at 300 gs., on the strength of the elaborate fuss which has been raised about Orme, he certainly would not get through the two following years at the same outrageous fee, with nothing running to keep him before the public. Of course, the fairy tables about Ormonde's successes in South America, and his present "splendid condition," are the merest moonshine, for they are simply the hearsay assertions of interested persons. A phototype portrait of Ormonde, which has recently arrived in England, represents him, according to "Pavo," as "a coarse, massive horse, with neglected feet, and an enormous belly, like a brood mare's, such as is rarely seen on a sire of such short experience at the stud." Orme and Goldfinch are unquestionably a couple of the best two-year-olds of the season; but Ormonde's sons, Crucible and Llanthony, which cost 4,000 gs. as yearlings, have proved abject failures; nor have his fillies, out of Bayonea and Ierne respectively, so far distinguished themselves. It is notorious that Ormonde's second season at the stud (when he stood at Lord Gerard's paddocks) was a complete and ignominious failure, and his mares had to be sent to other horses. The Duke of Westminster sold Ormonde in the belief that his malady would disappear in the climate of South America; but, however sound he may seem to be at Buenos Ayres, the complaint is certain to re-appear after he has been a few weeks in England, and if Ormonde comes home he will arrive in this country at the worst possible season. He is described as "a capital traveller," and it may be hoped that he deserves that character, for his powers of endurance will be severely tested by a voyage from South America in the middle of winter, and how any practical breeder can suppose that he will be fit to go to the stud directly after his arrival it is impossible to understand. There is no scarcity of Ormonde blood in England, and, as I have already stated, his two-year-old brother Arklow is going to the stud next season. Arklow is a magnificent colt, and so far he has escaped the family complaint, but if he develops it, as will probably be the case, the Duke of Westminster intends to weed him at once.

It was a lucky day for the late Mr. John Gosden, who was a Sussex farmer, when he chanced to buy Laura, by Orlando, out of Mr. Charles Greville's famous mare, Torment, for £25. She proved a veritable gold mine, producing, in the course of a few years, Proto Martyr (who won many good races), Fraulein, Lemnos, Rotherhill, Petrarch, Laureate, and Last Link. Fraulein showed excellent form on the turf, and was a fine stayer. She was sold for a large sum to the late Mr. Stirling Crawf rd, after winning the Doncaster Cup, but has proved a direful failure at the stud. Rotherhill was highly tried as a two-year-old, but he never got over a race at Epsom on hard ground. He was the sire of St. Gatien. Petrarch, however, was the best horse ever bred by Mr. Gosden. He won the Middle Park Plate of 1875, starting at an outside price. Early in 1876, he was sold to the late Lord Dupplin and Colonel Oliphant for £10,500, and certain contingencies, which ultimately increased the price by £1,000. There was some inexplicable hugger-mugger about the Two Thousand of 1876, as Petrarch, who had been the winter favourite, was supposed to have no chance, and he started at 20 to 1, but won in a canter, to the amazement and dismay of his stable, whose money was on Kaleidoscope. Kisber walked away from Petrarch in the Derby, and he was undoubtedly the best horse of that year. At Ascot, Petrarch won the Prince of Wales's Stakes on Tuesday, and finished last of four in the race for the Biennial on Wednesday, when odds of 6 to 1 were betted on him, and, so far as I remember, he was again beaten later in the week when again a great favourite. In these latter days Petrarch's astounding form at Ascot would have led to a rigorous investigation by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and even in that period of apathy, when the authorities were torpid as dead bacon, Lord Dudley, who lost £18,000 by the horse's defeat, raised such a clamour that there was very nearly being an inquiry. Lord Dudley's tragical experiences during that week entirely cured him of plunging, and I believe that he never made another bet. It was a wonder that the poisoning of Hester, when she was favourite for the Oaks of 1870, had not sickened Lord Dudley, for he lost £10,000 over that race. Petrarch was backed for the Leger by all the clever people, but he only "just" won from Wild Tommy, a 100 to 1 outsider, which belonged to the Duke of Hamilton, Kisber, on whom odds were laid, never showing in the race. Petrarch was afterwards sold to the late Lord Lonsdale, for whom he won several races, including the Ascot Cup of 1877. He subsequently passed into the possesssion of Lord Calthorpe, to whom he still belongs, and since going to the stud he has sired such smart animals as Busybody, The Bard, Miss Jummy, and Florentine.

The racing at Leicester and at Liverpool was of very little general interest. The best thing at the former meeting was Aluminium for the November Nursery, and he started favourite, and won in a canter, a result which was to be expected, considering his light weight, and remembering the manner in which he was backed for the Criterion Nursery at Newmarket, in which race he ran second in a large and smart field. Trance was well backed, and she ran very respectably, but it was preposterous to suppose that she could give 15 lb. to Aluminium.

At Liverpool Benburb won the principal hurdle-race for the Duke of Beaufort, and he looks like making a really good steeplechase horse. The Duke won the Croxteth Cup with Simonetta, who will prove a valuable addition to his breeding stud when she has done with racing, being by St. Simon out of Ithona. Simonetta began last year with fifty engagements, only two of which did she win. Clarence compensated his owner for his Newmarket defeats by winning the Knowsley Nursery from a large field, and he started favourite, but Bonnie Gal was backed for a great deal of money, and she may very likely win a race at Manchester. In the Liverpool Leger Bracken gave Enniskillen 10 lb. and a very easy beating, a performance which affords further proof that the runners for the £6,000 handicap at Leicester were a very bad lot, as Sir Robert Jardine's horse ran well in that race.

The Liverpool Cup excited very little attention this year. The importance of this race has been considerably diminished by the establishment of the Manchester November Handicap, and both backers and layers suffered so severely over the Cambridgeshire that speculation languished. Coromandel appeared to be the pick of the Handicap on the Newmarket form, and, when it transpired that she was to be withdrawn in favour of a stable companion that was better at the weight, it did seem that the race must be over, and so it turned out, for Taylor's "thrown-in" mare, Madame d'Albany, won in a common canter. It is very unsatisfactory that a carefully kept four-year-old, with a ridiculously light weight, should win an important handicap, leaving a large field standing still. Madame d'Albany's previous form this year was certainly not calculated to inspire confidence in her capacity to win any race whatever, and if the Stewards of the Jockey Club were in as inquisitive a mood as they were at Newmarket, they might have demanded an explanation of the mare's running at Lincoln and at Manchester, which now appears to have been quite as inexplicable as was that of Comedy at Derby. It really seems as if the Manton stable could have won both the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. The mare was much favoured on Friday by the heavy state of the ground.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club have withdrawn

Allsopp's licence for the remainder of the season, and their decision will excite strong and general disapproval. I must again repeat that it is really quite monstrous that in these days a secret tribunal should have the power to deprive a man of his means of living without assigning any tangible reasons, and without publishing the evidence upon which their decision is based.

Since commencing these notes, I have read the Duke of Portland's excellent letter to the *Sportsman*, in which he takes the same view as Mr. Chaplin respecting the Ormonde controversy. There is an article, too, in the *Field* on the same subject, which is in every way most admirable, and I hope that it will be carefully read by every one who takes an interest in the question.

There will be racing next week (the last of the season) at Warwick and at Manchester, and enormous fields may be expected at both meetings. Prudent people will leave alone the Manchester November Handicap until the numbers are up.

Memoir is to run for the Derby Handicap to-morrow, the distance being a mile, and that will probably be her last race.

MAMMON.

AN INDIAN VENTURE.

ON October 29 I published a letter from Mr. W. F. Hunt, Secretary and Manager of the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Co-operative Society of India, in which he stated that the General Meeting had been fixed for November 23. "Before this," added Mr. Hunt, "the accounts and the reports will be circulated to all shareholders, and every explanation of the Society's position will be given." Yet the following notice has just been sent out by that gentleman:—

> Army, Navy, and Civil Service Co-operative Society of India, Limited.
> 49, Pall-mall, S.W., November 14, 1891.
>
> Notice, that the Annual General Meeting of shareholders would be held on November 23, at 2.30 p.m., at the Westminster Town-hall, having been sent out to the Indian shareholders on September 25, it will be legally necessary to hold a formal meeting on that day. But the only business that will be brought before the meeting will be a motion to adjourn it to December 4, before which date the report and balance-sheet for the year ending June 30 last will be in the hands of the shareholders.—By order,
> W. F. Hunt, Secretary and Manager.

Thus a further delay is caused, and important information is withheld from the shareholders. That the directors have a great deal of information in their possession is evident from the particulars which I have been able to obtain, and which I published in a recent issue. This is a most reprehensible policy of staving off the evil day.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My Dear Ben,—After a week during which Dame Rumour has been exceptionally active in all directions, we are now enabled to see a little more clearly. All the reports of failures in connection with the fortnightly settlement have come to nought, only one broker in a small way of business having been hammered. The account for the rise was shown to be greatly reduced, and "short" sales had been made on a pretty large scale. Further arrivals of gold from Brazil have helped to swell the reserve of the Bank of England, the last return of which proved much stronger than had been anticipated.

Prospects on the Stock Exchange.

Unless a very sudden change should take place, it seems probable, therefore, that we shall have cheap money to the end of the year, which is an important consideration, and should act beneficially on the maintenance of prices, of Home Rails especially. The position in the United States, on the other hand, is most promising, and while the Boston troubles are found to be localised, the chances of a renewal of the boom in Yankee Rails from the lower level, which has now been established, are better than ever. The one circumstance which has of late encouraged the "Bears" in Wall-street to raid the market in the face of large traffic increases and great prosperity throughout the country, has been the weakness of the Foreign Market. Failing a catastrophe in London, our Yankee cousins have been looking, and are probably still looking, for financial disasters on the continental bourses. There have been banking troubles in Berlin, which are now passing as of small importance, although they have doubtless caused the sales of large blocks of foreign stocks, and perhaps, too, of American Railroad stocks held in Germany and Holland. The collapse in Russians, following upon that in Portuguese and Spanish, must also have caused weakness in Paris, and the Brazilian trouble acts like a wet blanket upon all other South American securities. Yet the losses in Paris are at present falling upon broad shoulders, and so much "Bear" selling is at present in progress that a few favourable incidents may turn the markets, at least, temporarily. American Rails, Home Rails, South African Mining shares, and sound home industrial investments should, under these circumstances, receive the attention of investors.

The Foreign Smash.

No one who has read my remarks on Foreigners for any length of time can have been surprised at the smash-up in Russians, Portuguese, and Spanish which has taken place. I have been preaching the collapse of the Russian financial fabric for years, and I again told you, my dear Ben, last week that the price of 92 of Russian Fours was altogether unjustified. To-day they stand at 88. Whether a temporary rally is possible, or whether this stock will drop further at once of its sheer weight, it is impossible to say. A considerable account is open for the fall, and in such a position it is difficult to gauge possibilities. The Russian Minister of Finance seems to be at his wits' ends, and the only way in which he could create a diversion would apparently be if he were to part with some of his famous millions of gold to Western Europe. That might temporarily raise the price of the rouble and act as a support for the quotation of Russian bonds. But only for a time. Sooner or later, Russians must find a lower level than even 87 for a 4 per cent. stock. Portuguese have touched 31 during the week, Spanish 62, and they are even now little better. Of both these stocks I have unceasingly warned my readers. Portuguese have apparently suffered through the sale of a large block by the Portuguese Government in order to provide the balance of the January coupons. This again shows how little importance can be attached to official declarations from Lisbon, where the announcement was made some time ago that these funds were already in hand. With an obstinacy, which is likely to have the most direful consequences, the authorities of the Bank of Spain refuse to introduce the reforms which are being urged by foreign bankers as a condition of the renewal of the negotiations for a further loan. These are in the first instance a larger proportion of metallic reserve as compared with the note issue, and the cessation of reckless advances on Spanish Bonds at low rates of interest. This latter policy keeps the stocks in Spain to a much greater extent than the country can well digest. According to latest advices the Madrid commercial community is bringing considerable pressure to bear upon the authorities, and it is not improbable that a change may eventually take place. Greeks, Hungarians, and Italians have of late been affected by the slump. Of the latter two stocks I have never held a favourable opinion. Greeks were a good investment at the time of Tricoupis; but the management of the finances has deteriorated—not, however, to such an extent as not to permit of a marked recovery as soon as Greece puts her house in order. The

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, E.C—165, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—8, Haymarket, S.W.—18 Westbourne-grove, W.—Nos. 19 and 20, Railway-approach, London-bridge, S.E.—Manchester address, Bridgewater-chambers, 6, Brown-street.—Brighton address, Central-chambers, The Quadrant. No commission on speculative accounts. He buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired. Telephone No. 1,578.

news from Brazil continues contradictory; but it is, on the whole, unfavourable. The question is if disintegration can be avoided or not. To the numerous correspondents who are plying me with questions as to whether they should hold or sell, I must give the advice to watch the course of events closely. The chances are that facts will not prove quite so bad as sensational telegrams may represent them. I have never advocated investment in Brazilian Government stocks, and I have more than once raised a protest against certain Brazilian Railway securities. Yet I should now deprecate the wholesale throwing away of such stock as long as there is a chance of the troubles passing off. Chilian bonds are recovering upon favourable advices from that Republic. The Cabinet crisis is over, and Chilian statesmen are working in harmony. The financial position is stated by Señor Matte, the official representative of Chili in Paris, as excellent. The next Budget is expected to show a surplus, even after meeting the losses caused through the civil war. The funds for the next coupon on the Foreign Debt are already in hand, and the export duty on nitrate of soda yielded in October the large total of £300,000. A country of such resources, and with such recuperative power, may safely be trusted by her bondholders, and I hold to my opinion that Chilians of 1886, as now quoted, 88, will eventually see "par" again. The general depression in South American securities may account for the low prices of some good stocks, but will hardly afford an explanation for such a disproportion in value as is shown by the quotations of Guatemala External and Internal Bonds—the former give 4 per cent. and the latter £4. 16s. per cent. (this being the fixed gold equivalent of 6 per cent. currency as settled by contract with the Government in 1888). Yet the External are quoted about two points higher than the Internal, although both have exactly the same security, as the same committee appointed by the bondholders collects the assigned revenues direct from the merchants and remits it to the London bankers, who punctually pay each coupon. Even if the Internal Bonds rose 10 points, and so established a parity of yield, the stock would be very cheap, as the return is a good one for the most speculative venture. When it is considered that Guatemala Internals had never defaulted upon their coupon, even before the arrangements, they must be considered very cheap at 42, the more so as Martin's Bank has just received cable advices, according to which the funds for December 31 coupon have been remitted.

Italians on the Down Grade.

I hardly think that the speech of the Marquis Rudini is likely to lead any sensible person to invest in Italian Rente. It is all conceived in the "will be." There "will be" a saving of 68 million lire in the Budget of 1891-92. There "will be" a further saving of 40 million lire in the Budget of 1892-3. Consequently, the expenditure of 1892-3 "will" show a surplus of 20 millions. And then the Marquis went on to explain that this "will be" surplus "will be" reduced to one of 9 millions, "owing to a deficit of 11 millions in the movement of capital," which reduced surplus "will be" converted into a deficit of 21 millions, because the "construction of railroads cannot be delayed," but that this deficit "will" become a surplus because a series of measures "will be" proposed which "will" produce over 21 millions. Consequently, in 1892-93, Italy "will" have a surplus, even if all pensions are computed in the ordinary Budget, "a course which an abundant harvest will render possible." All this is much like saying that if Marquis Rudini's aunt is converted by some miracle in 1892-3 into a man, she "will be" his uncle. In regard to the floating debt and existing liabilities, which amount to little less than 40 million pounds sterling, he does not say a word. The entire "will be" is merely a juggle between ordinary and extraordinary Budget. The taxes have been increased by reassessment, and they have now reached such a point that they are crippling industry and commerce. Instead of reducing the excessive expenditure on the Army and Navy, which is at the root of the serious condition of Italian finance, the Marquis glories in having "a powerful fleet, a strong army, and faithful allies," and really seems to fancy that he can fool the world into the belief, that Italy can afford these ruinous luxuries, by parading a number of "will be" cheese-paring departmental economies. What financiers think of all this nonsense is shown by the fact that the price of Italian Rente has declined, is declining, and is likely still further to decline.

An Argentine Revival.

While the foreign market is in a state of decomposition, and the Brazilian upset for the moment discourages operations in South American securities generally, a quiet movement is going on in Buenos Ayres which may have far-reaching consequences. The gold premium has now fallen to 251, being a decline of 110 from the highest point touched. At the same time, private cables have been received stating that the position was more promising than it had been for some time past. Those best able to judge of the position are convinced that the turn has at last come. It is true that the members of the moribund Congress are still sitting. They do so without salary, and such disinterested devotion to their duties is interpreted by their enemies as due to a wish of many to obtain certain advantages before perhaps permanently losing their seats. The new elections, too, have yet to be got over, and the action of the Argentine Congress in making difficulties about the payment of the railway guarantees is a deplorable feature. But the fall of the gold premium indicates an improved financial position. The old liabilities of the Government in Europe, which necessitated heavy remittances during the past twelvemonth, have all been covered; the operation of the funding scheme is confining sterling remittances to Europe within comparatively narrow limits; imports from Europe have greatly decreased, while the crop movement is now commencing, large quantities of wool and grain being about to be shipped. Thus the balance of trade is distinctly turning in favour of the Argentine Republic, and the shipments of gold from London, which have begun, are affecting the gold premium to a considerable extent. If that premium continues its downward course, a marked recovery in Argentine Government and Railway stocks must follow. The 1886 Loan at 60½, the Six per Cent. Funding Loan at 98, Cedulas B at 21, Buenos Ayres P at 9¼, will, amongst others, advance sharply. The securities of the Argentine non-guaranteed Railways will improve, notably those of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern, Buenos Ayres and Rosario, and amongst these especially the extension shares, such as the Great Southern Five per Cent Prefs. and the Rosario Tucuman and 1894 extension shares. The improvement will finally also extend to the guaranteed stocks, the more so as the attitude taken up by the Argentine Congress respecting the guarantors is untenable. The further development of affairs in Argentina will be watched with great interest, as likely to affect the South American department generally.

Mexican Investments.

The event of the week in the Mexican department was the meeting of shareholders in the Mexican Railway, at which Mr. Thos. C. Sandars presided. That gentleman has distinguished himself in the past by the sombre views which he has expressed of the Company's future; and having thus prepared a soft bed to lie upon, undisturbed by the reproaches of his shareholders, he surprised his audience by talking more cheerfully. Mr. Sandars admits the severity of the competition of the Interoceanic of Mexico, which, combined with that of the Mexican Central *viâ* Tampico, is making matters decidedly unpleasant for the Vera Cruz line. Some day, as the

George Gregory & Company, Stock and Share Dealers, 1, Tokenhouse-buildings, Lothbury, Bank of England, London, E.C. Telegrams "Grammarian, London"; Manager, Mr. A. Langridge. Also, London—West-End: 226, Piccadilly, W. (immediately opposite the London Pavilion). Telegrams, "Gregarious, London"; Manager, Mr. George Williams.—Brighton: Central-chambers, The Quadrant (facing Willings' Jubilee Clock Tower). Telegrams, "Gregorian, Brighton"; Manager, Mr. W. J. Nichols.—Hastings: Queen's-chambers (adjoining the Queen's Hotel), Telegrams, "Gregory, Hastings"; Manager, Mr. H. O. Scantlebury. Agencies at Leeds, Hull, and Folkestone. "Hints to Speculators" (250 pages), contains a mass of reliable information, gratis and post free.

chairman suggests, probably an agreement will be come to, but the Mexican Railway must in any case lose a considerable portion of its traffic even though rates may be put up again. The Interoceanic traffic is gradually creeping up, although that for the week ended November 8 (33,000 dols.) was not so good as that for the previous week, which reached 36,500 dols. Yet, certain as it is of a large portion of the through traffic to the City of Mexico and with a considerable local business, this line, being very moderately capitalised, is likely to do well. Mexico, moreover, is steadily pursuing the path of steady progress and development. One of the most startling features is the advance made by the City of Mexico. The report made by Mr. Lionel Carden, British Consul, on the Federal District of Mexico for the year 1890 furnishes some valuable data on this subject. The population of the Federal District in August, 1889, was 441,481, of which 329,535 was for the city proper and 113,646 for the suburbs. According to Mr. Carden's report, the value of house property has increased very materially not only in the city proper, but also in the suburbs. From 7,875 houses, of a value of £17,405,286, in 1888, house property has risen to 8,486 houses of a value of £19,853,152 in 1890, while in the suburbs the value has risen by over 20 per cent. The revenue of the Municipal Government has grown largely, from £291,953 in 1888 to £425,252 in 1890, but the expenditure has gone up at a much smaller rate. The only loan of the city is one of £2,400,000 in Five per Cent. Sterling bonds, which was brought out in London in 1889, and the proceeds are being used for public works, especially the drainage of the valley and waterworks. Of the drainage works, Mr. Carden furnishes interesting particulars. It will be concluded within the next three years. The laying of the pipes to bring water into the city is also proceeding actively. Mr. Carden points out that the difficulty in draining the city is owing to the very small difference in level between the city and Lake Texcoco, which is the only possible outfall. This lake is at present a large depositing area for the sludge which during the dry season becomes exposed to the sun. The rapid evaporation produces gases which are wafted straight into the city, thus causing a heavy death-rate. It is hardly necessary to point out how important the work of drainage is under the circumstances. The figures of the municipal revenue, and the growing value of property as set out above, point to much progress being made, which will be increased by the improvement in the sanitary condition, and it is surprising that the Five per Cent. bonds of the City of Mexico, which, moreover, have a large sinking fund, should at present stand only at 67—68. They are some of the cheapest bonds—considering the security—amongst the much depreciated stocks of South and Central America.

Home Rails.

Home Railway securities have been relegated to the background of late. Traffics have been fairly satisfactory, but, even where there were moderate increases these do not give any promise of compensating the rise in working-expenses. The Midland Company is doing well, and the stock is steady at 161, but I do not see anything to go for speculatively in any of the heavy lines, although cheap money may give them a fillip. Great Eastern have re-acted, and, in view of the prospect of a considerably reduced dividend, they seem to be dear at their present price of 87¾. The Brighton line has had again the weather to contend against, and has, therefore, been unable to make up any of the leeway. That Brighton A have kept up at all during the recent smash in Foreigners is, however, in their favour. Heavy expenditure is, by the way, being talked of in connection with improvements at Victoria station and its approaches. Dover A have shown dulness in sympathy with Brighton A, and there seems little prospect of a revival. North British and Caledonian stocks have eased off, but in contradiction of rumours of a hitch, the statement is made that the working arrangement has been practically concluded. In the absence of any other publication of details by the Companies, this week's Parliamentary notices will probably furnish some of the particulars of the agreement.

The Yankee Outlook.

There are indications that the last reaction in Yankee Rails has prepared the way for a renewed advance. The Boston troubles have been worked for all they were worth, the New York Bank statement shows an increase of 2,500 000 dols. in cash, and the surplus reserves now amount to 9,500,000 dols., money is easy in Wall-street, and traffics are increasing in all directions. So far, the American farmers have only sold a moderate portion of their grain. The next sales which they may make will put them largely into funds, and bonds as well as stocks will benefit. The only feature which is at present working for the "Bears" is the collapse in "Foreigners." Berlin and Holland have been sacrificing such stocks as Northern Pacific Prefs., Norfolk Prefs., and Denver securities; hence the weakness in these stocks, which would otherwise be inexplicable. The two latter, being chiefly dealt in on this side, have, moreover, lacked the American support. It is not improbable that American Rails, having had their slump, may sooner or later cut themselves loose from the position on the Paris and Berlin bourses. There is a large "Bear" account in Yankee Rails in Wall-street, and a very tidy "short" position here. It would but require a determined "Bull" movement to bring about an advance of from 2 to 3 points in a few days. That an important rise will take place in due time cannot be doubted in view of the splendid prospects in the United States, and I venture to predict that a rise of from 10 to 20 points all round will take place by next February. What part of that improvement may fall to the lot of the present year, it is, of course, impossible to say. The most phenomenal traffics have, so far, occurred in the case of the Milwaukee Company, and that line bids fair to go on making excellent returns. Hence the ever-returning buoyancy of Milwaukees now quoted 78. The Atchison Company ranks next in order as to traffic increases. Taking the Atchison September figures as a basis, and after making additions for miscellaneous income of 75,000 dols., and deducting the month's proportion of charges of 665 000 dols., a balance of 708,627 dols. is shown for the Five per Cent. Income bonds. One-twelfth of the full 5 per cent. income interest is 333,333 dols., so that the road earned more than twice its income interest charge in September. In the first quarter of the current fiscal year it earned the full income interest and 381,611 dols. surplus, against a deficit of 252,681 dols. for the same quarter last year. This is a substantial improvement, which has been fully kept up in October, and which must in the end put up both the shares and the Income bonds. Whenever Wall-street begins to put up stocks again the improvement must necessarily extend to Norfolk and Western Prefs., which pay almost 6 per cent. per annum on the investment, and Denver Ordinary and Prefs. Louisville and Nashville are doing well, and are cheap at anything below 80. As to Erie, a preference dividend of 3 per cent. seems to be assured, as I anticipated. Ohio and Mississippi are recovering slowly, now that most of the weak "Bulls" have cleared out. There never was anything more insane than the fall of this stock, on the publication of what is a most favourable arrangement with the Baltimore and Ohio. I hear that Mr. Bacon, the President of the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western, has arrived on the other side, and that the deal, which he was chiefly instrumental in arranging, is about to be carried out, notwithstanding opposition on the part of certain officials, which has now been practically overcome. Then will come the exchange into the new securities, for which a market will be made, and it will be strange, indeed, if the Second Income bonds and Preference shares which will be allotted to the Ordinary shareholders will not at once aggregate at least 26 against the present price of 21. The same will be the case with the Ohio and Mississippi Preference shares, which are a bargain at their present price of 92, with a cash payment

Arthur Forbes & Co., Australian Investment, Finance and Mining Agency, 16, Cornhill, London, E.C., and at Brisbane, Queensland, have special business in some of the best Colonial Mining Stocks, including Brilliant, Victory, Victoria, Sunburst, Broken Hill, Raub, and other prosperous concerns. Constant information by cable. Telegraphic address, "Orpharion, London."

of 6 per cent. to come off, and an exchange against 140 per cent. of First Income bonds certain of their dividends. Baltimore and Ohio Second Mortgage bonds at anything like 29-30 should also be picked up, as the line is doing remarkably well. I also repeat my recommendation of the First and Second (B) Mortgage Debentures of the Alabama, New Orleans, and Texas. The shares (Texas B) are, as I have stated before, a cheap gamble at their price of ½, and it is surprising that they have not moved up more rapidly. Readings have still to contend against the dissensions amongst the "Coalers," but it would not astonish me to find that the dispute was settled very suddenly. Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunks have moved in sympathy with the Yankee market, not having sufficient stamina to advance on their own merits.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

Even crushings to the tune of 72,793 oz. for October of the Witwatersrand Mines have not sufficed to galvanise the Kaffir market into life, although at times greater strength has been shown. New Primrose are quoted at 2⅛, and Nigels at 3⅛. In the case of the former, the London agents announce that the directors have decided to increase their stamps from 50 to 100, and it is anticipated that the full number will be at work early in the new year. This means large crushings and better dividends. The October crushing of the Nigel Gold Company was 2,952 oz., while 780 oz. were obtained from the tailings. This fully bears out my previous statements on this subject. Glencairns have shown firmness at 8s. to 8s. 6d., at which they are a promising stock. The Ferreira Gold Mining Company have now also made arrangements with the McArthur-Forest Syndicate for the treatment of their tailings. The warrants for the Simmer and Jack dividends have, by the way, been sent out. A curious circumstance has happened in the shape of a relapse of Great Gold Zone shares in the face of the very favourable reports from the property. Those "in the know" are aware that the temporary relapse was owing to an option deal, and that we are now on the eve of a marked advance. Colonel Buxton and Mr. Jones, the engineer of the Syndicate, were expected on their return journey at Lisbon on the 16th inst., and further favourable tidings have been received at that port. Any one who buys these shares at present prices will make a good profit. There is no rhyme or reason in the reaction in Oceana shares, reports from Silati River being most favourable. Mr. Oliver Pegler's report on Laing's and Swiss reefs is promising, and crushing with the new mill is announced for January. Mr. Pegler has also ascertained the existence of enormous beds of banket conglomerates on the Oceana farms, Schelm and Tours, coarse gold having been obtained in both deposits. Advices just to hand state that at the Vygeboom's Drift Farm, between Silati and Latabe, the existence of soapstone has been confirmed, and a gold-bearing reef found. At the Klein Latabe farms of the Oceana Company Mr. Oliver Pegler also discovered an auriferous reef running parallel with the Birthday and Ellerton Reefs, which are at present being worked with great success by local companies. Whatever the "Bear" party may do, Oceana shares are worth picking up. My readers will remember how I gave them a very valuable hint to buy Sutherland Reef shares (of £1 each, when they were quite low down and how they advanced at one time to 1⅜. They are now again obtainable at about 1 (par), and advices from the property are so exceptionally favourable that I cannot refrain from drawing special attention to the shares. At the Sutherland shaft three leaders have been struck, assaying 22 oz. 16 dwt. and 18 oz. to the ton. In another part of the property two distinct reefs have been cut; one the "Kraal Reef," assaying at a depth of 4 ft., 1oz. 12 dwt. to the ton; another, the "New Reef," assaying at a depth of 18 ft., at which it is 4 ft. 6 in. wide, 1 oz. 12 dwt. 6 grs. per ton. According to latest mail advices, a shaft was being sunk upon this reef, which the manager advises can be traced through the whole length of the section, and which has also been cut 90 ft. east and 90 ft. west of the original trench. Thus it is shown that at least two valuable mines can be worked upon the Sutherland Reef section, and there are indications of the whole property being so extraordinarily rich in gold that a great future may be predicted for it. The last telegram respecting the Australian Broken Hill Consols received from the Managing Director resident at Broken Hill, dated November 13, 1891, is as follows:—"Incline level from 280 level west raised 5 cwt. rich ore, containing 1,000 oz. of silver, including one quarter native silver." The Maid of Erin Silver Mines continue to provide for their shareholders a handsome income. A third interim dividend of 1s. per share has been declared payable November 26. The gross yield for the week ending November 14 was 1,800 tons, of an estimated value of 30,000 dols. The shares have advanced to 1½-⅝, at which they are most promising. Indian Gold Mining shares are easier on realisations, Mysore Gold especially. Yet the news from the goldfields are favourable, and advices from Mysore Nagar, now quoted 9s.-10s., are particularly promising.

Nitrates and Araucos.

With the greatly improved commercial and financial outlook in Chili, and an important advance in the rate of exchange, the value of the various enterprises in that Republic will necessarily improve again. At the same time, a rise from 9s. to 9d. 3d., has taken place in "due" cargoes of nitrate of soda on a better demand, and on the shipment of only 112,500 tons in October, instead of 122 000 tons, as had been estimated. Although the shipments in November and December will probably bring up the total close to the maximum of 18,000,000 quintals, which has been fixed under the combination for the restriction of the output, it is evident now that the close observance of this agreement will suffice to raise the price permanently to a remunerative figure. At the present value of nitrate of soda the Nitrate Companies are making good profits, and I look for a gradual recovery in the quotations of the better class shares. Nitrate Rails are now quoted 16⅝, and are undoubtedly cheap at that. There is, however, a Chilian undertaking, the shares in which are most unduly neglected—namely, the Arauco Company. Although this Company has naturally suffered from the civil war, its recuperative power is great, and in due time dividends will fall to the lot of the shareholders. The appointment of Mr. Thackthwaite as General Manager in Chili cannot fail to have the best effect on the future of this Company. Mr. Thackthwaite was for some years manager of the Nitrate railways, the prosperity of which is in a great measure due to the excellent system introduced by him, his experience as one of the traffic-superintendents of the Great Northern Railway having proved extremely valuable. During the recent troubles in Chili, most of the copper-smelting works were shut down, consequently the consumption of Arauco coal was seriously affected. A very large trade may now be expected, and as the production is practically unlimited, substantial earnings may be anticipated. It will be remembered that in addition to the original enormous coal lands bought by the Company, and to which the railway has been made from the coast, the Company bought the "Carampangue" coal property. This purchase was made as a matter of policy, in order at once and for ever to settle certain complications which had arisen in connection with the main property of the Company. It has been erroneously stated that the rails on the line connecting the Carampangue property with the shipping port have been removed, and this false statement has been used to put down the prices of the shares. The real facts are as follows:—During the recent war a very large stock of coal had accumulated on this property, and as it is neither so saleable nor so cheaply "won" as at the mines at Colico, the original property of the Company, it was decided to temporarily discontinue mining operations there, but whenever it is thought desirable working can be again resumed. The cost of the coal at Carampangue is double that of the Colico mines. It is therefore desirable that all the available labour be concentrated on the latter. The coal at Colico is of better quality, and ultimately 300,000 tons per annum will be won therefrom. The railway, in addition to the Company's coal, carries grain and other produce to Coronel, and

the passenger traffic is very important and is I, hear, increasing substantially. The revenue of the railway about covers the service of the bonds, so that the coal income is entirely applicable to the dividends on the Ordinary and Preference Capital amounting together to £500,000. The profit on the coal has been about ten shillings per ton, but taking it at 7s. 6d. per ton, and taking the production at 300,000 tons a year, we get a revenue of £112,500, or sufficient to pay upwards of 20 per cent. on the entire share capital. The actual coal in sight is enough for twenty years at 300,000 tons a year and the fields altogether are estimated to last for 100 years at that rate of production. I cannot, of course, pledge myself as to the actual period when the Ordinary dividend will commence, but there can be no doubt that dividends are in sight, and at their present price of about 7½ per £10 share, the Ordinary shares are undoubtedly one of the cheapest "locks-up" in the market.

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

L. L. H., Clapham.—It is difficult to prophesy on the future of silver. The opinions of the best authorities are divided. I do not expect a boom, yet Rupee Paper might be held. *Devizes.*—Although it is impossible to foretell what will be the upshot of the insurrection in Brazil, I should rather feel inclined to hold your Brazilian Government and Railway stocks after this heavy fall, but it is a difficult matter to advise upon at the present moment, the news being very contradictory. *M. C.*—The Foreign market is very weak, and Greeks have rather fallen in sympathy than from any great trouble in Greek finances, which are, however, badly managed. *Central America.*—You should certainly hold your Costa Rica bonds. I have heard nothing of the other point raised. *Box and Cox.*—Same reply respecting Greeks Nos. 1 and 2 as M. C. above. The Trust Company stocks Nos. 3 and 4 are not exactly the best of their kind, but in view of the recent fall it may be preferable to await a recovery, then sell.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Sobtorum.—The two Banks, Nos. 1 and 3, are well-managed Colonial Banks, but I am not in favour of this kind of investment, as the solvency of such institutions cannot be controlled from this side. No. 2 has done badly; the management is by no means satisfactory, and I should get out. *Demos.*—I should not have anything to do with this concern. *B. B.*—The Banks, Nos. 3–6, are good Colonial and Foreign Banks. At present they seem all right, but I deprecate large holdings of such shares, as a disaster is always possible. No. 1 will have to go through some adverse times in view of the upset in Brazil. No. 2 has turned the corner, and should greatly benefit by the improvement in Buenos Ayres. I cannot advise you to sell No. 7 after the heavy drop. They will recover when the Foreign market rights itself. *Roscommon.*—I should not advise you to invest in sailing vessels. Many have made sad experiences in that kind of business. Neither do the shares in Steamship Companies offer any special advantage at present. *Dublin.*—I do not like this Bank, and if you hold the shares you should sell them. *Sirrom.*—I do not like this Finance Company at all, and should advise you to sell out at the next opportunity. *W. S.*—Yes, I still think well of that Stock, but you must look for better times. *X. X. X.*—I have never advised investment in this Trust. Sell when a good opportunity for doing so presents itself. *Stanton.*—I am afraid that the prospects of the Land Company are very doubtful. *Cathay.*—The Rock Trust Investment Company was repeatedly and severely criticised in my financial contemporaries, and it is a great pity that your friends ever had anything to do with it. I really do not see how I can help them now. *Porcelain.*—City of Mexico bonds are in an excellent position, and should be held. See remarks under "Mexican Investments." See under "An Argentine Revival" for reply to your last question. I cannot give you any comforting information about Winnipeg Waterworks.

Home Rails.

S. P.—No reason to sell North British Deferred now. They will recover further in time; but it would not be advisable to speculate upon a quick rise. *Brightonian.*—The market goes for a dividend of 6½ per cent. in Brighton "A." *S. N. O.*—If money remains cheap until January, Heavy Rails will probably be fairly maintained in price, especially Midlands.

American and Foreign Rails.

Newark.—Nitrate Rails (1) and Buenos Ayres and Rosario (2) should be held now. There seems to be a rift in the clouds of Argentine finance, and Nos. 3 and 4 had, therefore, better be held. Whatever may be the immediate fluctuations in American Rails, there is no doubt but that all your stocks, Nos. 5, 8, and 10, will improve very materially if you hold them for a month or two. No. 9 is a fair Trust Company, but circumstances are not in favour of these undertakings. *Anxious One.*—Such negotiations always take time, and will, no doubt, come right in the end. You should hold. *J. M., Belfast.*—You are unfair. The fall is quite unjustified, and there will be a sharp recovery. *Enfield, N.*—The increased traffic of the Milwaukee is owing to the large quantities of grain carried. Yes, a dividend is pretty certain if traffics continue on this scale. *Constant Reader, Bristol.*—If your broker did not follow your order he should be responsible for the difference, but your instructions to close were not definite enough. *Old Moorland.*—There is no reason why you should not invest in Grand Trunk Four per Cent. Debentures. *Pauper.*—If you have your money invested in these eight stocks your *nom de plume* is not appropriate. They are good investments, No. 3 (North-Eastern Consols) being, perhaps, somewhat fluctuating in value. *Manxman.*—There is no doubt that the Interoceanic Railway of Mexico will in a short time earn its full Preference dividend. They are a good "lock up," but, perhaps, not so suitable for your purpose. *R. J. I.*—1. Hold, and sell on a recovery of two or three points; then exchange into Atchison or Milwaukee. 2. Difficult to say. 3. Certainly, hold Araucos, and see remarks in to-day's issue. 4. Hold, they will recover. 5. Yes. 6. No. *Bell Rock.*—In due time this market will be raised again. Hold. *Ubique.*—I should advise investment in Mexican Central Four per cent. Gold bonds and in well-selected American Railroad bonds, which your stockbroker can pick out for you. Or else you can refer to my former article for a selection.

Mining Shares.

J. P., Croydon.—Your shares are a sorry lot. Sell Potosi, Sonora Mysore West and Valley. You might hold Barrett's Gold, West Argentine, Callao Bis, Glenrock, South-East Mysore for an improvement in the market, but not longer than, say, two months. Sell Chartered of South Africa at the next opportunity. Why did you not take my advice respecting the latter before? *Copper.*—The future of Mason and Barry does not appear to be good. Sell. *D. J.*—You are quite right, it would be folly to buy Booysen's Land shares. *A Constant Reader, Limerick.*—Aaron's Reef shares are at present unsaleable. *H. B. S.*—Same reply. *Senex.*—I consider that the Alexandra Estate and Gold Mining Company should be wound up, as I stated the other day.

Industrial Companies.

Max.—1. Araucos are a speculative investment, and should be bought at present price. 2 Impossible to answer your questions Nos. 3 and 4, but you should read my remarks in to-day's letter under "Nitrates and Araucos." I cannot yet obtain any information from the directors of the other Company named. *Aaron Moss.*—Hold No. 1. With regard to the Meat shares, No. 2, I should advise you not to buy yet, although matters are likely to take a more favourable turn. *M. D. H.*—You had better sell the shares in question, and act upon the advice given in my letter as regards purchases. *Welsh Rabbit.*—The comments in the circular in question are evidently dictated by interested motives. You should hold your St. Louis Brewery shares. *W. E., Pontypridd.*—1. No, I should hold now. 2. A recovery is probable, but it is difficult to say when it will occur. 3. Yes, I have an excellent opinion of Milwaukee Railroad shares, which are certain to go beyond 80 in time. *Sherborne.*—1. I fancy you will do well to hold now. No. 2 is a good property, but there is no market for the shares, and for the same reason you will have to hold Nos. 3 and No. 4 now. Hold No. 5 and sell Nos. 6 and No. 7 when an opportunity offers. *Beer.*—1. You should hold San Francisco Brewery shares; prospects are much improved. 2. Impossible to tell, but probable. 3. Hold St. Louis Brewery shares. The remarks referred to by you are of no importance. *J. H.*—I can but advise you to have patience; we live in panicky times, but the stocks will come right. *E. D. W.*—I should hold for the present. I will furnish information as soon as possible. *Matron.*—It is a bad job. I should not take either side, and let them fight it out. *G. M. C., Clarens Montreux.*—1. I have noted what you say about the Washington Brewery. You should hold the Meat shares. A turn is coming in the market. *Bacchus.*—You should hold your Emerald and Phœnix shares. *Y. J., New Swindon.*—The Ordinary shares were evidently rigged by a "Bear" squeeze, and the Company has thereby got a bad name on the Stock Exchange. Leave them alone. *F. W.*—I am afraid that Gas shares 1–2, although a sound investment, are not likely to improve in value. The competition of the electric light must tell. *R. W. G.*—The offices are at 16, Victoria-street, London, S.W. *Antrim,*—This being a local concern, it is impossible for me to obtain adequate information here, but the Debentures seem to be no catch. *Doubter.*—You must know that the Company has had heavy losses through the strikes, while the trouble does not seem quite over yet. It is doubtful if the fall in the price fully represents the position. *Douglas.*—With the rapid strides now being made by electric lighting it is not wise to remain too large a holder of Gas stocks. Why not sell part? *An Old Subscriber, Edinburgh.*—It is really difficult to say whether a recovery will come soon. It depends partly on the labour question and partly upon the next dividend about which no information is as yet available. I should prefer Bass Prefs. to the other stock named. *Rastus.*—1. Hold but do not buy yet. 2. Ditto. I will advise you when the tide has turned sufficiently to buy or average. *Hops.*—I will advise you of the declaration of the dividends. Hold. *Border Subscriber.*—There is every prospect of a sharp recovery in Elmore shares. See remarks under "Various Investments." *W. M. W.*—Yes, my opinion of French Elmore shares is as favourable as before. *Francisco.*—Yes, you should buy McIvor's patents

China and Glass.—Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

now, as they are very cheap and likely to improve materially. *E. H.*—Yes, these shares are likely to recover. See remarks in to-day's issue. *Crow's Nest.*—You should buy more McIvor shares to average. *Gwent.*—These shares are, of course, speculative. You should invest the small sum quite safely, and be satisfied with 4 per cent. *White Lead.*—Yes, buy more to average. See remarks in to-day's letter.

MIXED INVESTMENTS.

P. N.—1. Sell half your Canadian Pacifics on the next improvement, and hold the other half until the commencement of 1892. 2. I do not care for the Pahang Corporation shares. 3. No reason to sell your holding of St. Louis Brewery shares, but you might exchange half in the manner suggested by you. *Countryman.*—Hold your Argentine bonds of 1886 (1); the position is improving. You must take your own decision as to Brazilian (No. 2); I do not care for No. 3, but Atlantic Firsts (4) and Mexican Central bonds should be held. Nos. 6 and 7 are not first-class securities, but I suppose that there is no option but to hold. No. 8 may be safe enough for the present, but high interest is not generally compatible with safety. *T. O., Bath.*—If you mean the Ordinary shares of the four undertakings, these would certainly not be suitable for Trust investments. "For" is a prosperous large printing works, subject necessarily to the risks of such concerns. "Yes" is a very praiseworthy philanthropic institution, but not paying over well. "C. B." is likely to get competition. "L. S." is doing well, and is a fair industrial investment. You can get the return you want in bonds of the Australian Colonies, but these are not likely to improve in value at present. I should prefer a smaller interest in Canadians.

VARIOUS INVESTMENTS.

Holders of Gas shares are apparently getting very fidgety, and every now and then a decline is marked in these stocks. That the electric light is making giant strides just now cannot be doubted, and the Companies manufacturing material, such as the Brush, Swan United, and Electric Construction Companies are kept remarkably busy. The shares of the Electric Construction Corporation have now again advanced to 7—7¼, and, being on the eve of the declaration of the annual dividend, are likely to rise materially. The Swan United Company, by the way, has just declared a total dividend of 11 per cent. for the year ended September 30 last. Trust Companies have suffered greatly in prices in view of the Brazilian upset and of the collapse in "Foreigners." The stocks of the Companies hit in this unfortunate manner, have, by the way, never been recommended by me. A new departure in Tramways, and one of the straws showing how the wind is blowing, is the decision come to by the Glasgow Town Council to take over all the tram-lines on the termination of the lease in about two years. This is not surprising, as the Tramway Company is paying nearly 10 per cent. dividend. Brewery shares have shown general dulness, although prospects of the leading American Companies are favourable. Anglo-American Telegraph shares are advancing again after a temporary reaction and seem very promising in view of the active telegraphic intercourse now proceeding with the United States. I see, with some degree of satisfaction, that a financial contemporary, which used to hold a different opinion, has, after a visit of a representative to the Leeds works of Elmore's Patent Copper-Depositing Company, come to take a much more favourable view. The twenty-ton plant at Leeds is now reported in working order, and the English Company will now be able to obtain large profits upon that output. But the shares in the French Elmore Company are even more promising, as the whole works and plant have been devised on a much larger scale, and any one buying the French shares now is certain of a considerable profit. With regard to the McIvor Patents shares, I hold the same favourable opinion. Although some weak holders have sold, and others have made "Bear" sales, these shares are very promising, and any one buying or averaging at present prices will do well. The works will be completed in about a fortnight, and manufacture on a large scale will at once commence.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

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QUEER STORY.

JONES OF ASIA.

HE was well known on the Madras Side, was old Colonel Jones, commonly called "Jones of Asia." When he gave out at mess one night that he was about to send in his papers on the strength of that new bonus just offered by a wily Government, the regiment laughed, because they generally tried to laugh at their old C. O.'s jokes. Later on when the news spread through the Madras Presidency, his friends wagged their heads and were sorry, or else they wrote and told him it wouldn't do, and got sworn at for their pains.

When the regiment had grasped the fact, and began to talk it over, they were all of one opinion. *It wouldn't do.* The dear old chap ought to stay in India, which was practically his home, and go on grumbling at Jack Sepoy, who was nearer him in reality than wife or child, till he came in for his "off-reckonings"—or dropped. Europe and "Europe manners" were not suited to Jones of Asia. But when anybody said anything, the old chap shut them up promptly by reminding them with a happy thrill in his voice that "the Missus and kids" were in Europe waiting for him, and that they had waited long enough. Doubtless they had; yet the remark was felt to be vaguely pathetic and embarrassing.

There was one man, however—a civilian—who was made of sterner stuff than to be baulked of his duty where plain speaking was wanted; and this one bustled over to Jones's bungalow as soon as he heard the news. He never heard anything so mad in all his life; he was genuinely concerned.

The old Colonel was in his pyjamas, a whisky-and-soda on the floor by his side, a broad, happy grin on his face.

"Don't do it, Jones. Be guided by me. I know what living is at home. The bonus isn't good enough. Education rising, and the rupee falling, and an expensive family—it's simply suicidal. You don't know what you're doing, you don't indeed. You don't even know your own family you don't know anything about it."

This was all strictly true; yet Jones hated to be told he didn't know anything about anything. This fool of a fellow was always telling him that, and making out that he himself knew everything. Hadn't he spoilt many a little triumph, social and professional, by putting in his oar when it wasn't wanted? The old man owed him more than one grudge, and hated him with the concentrated intensity of a lazy nature rarely roused. He was always so blessed superior, and so fond of coming the wet blanket over you. He'd take the bonus and retire to-morrow, if it was only to spite this meddlesome ass. It was a second or two before Jones could trust himself to speak.

"It's true, I don't know my own family. Ten years is a long time, but I suppose they're my kids still, though they *are* getting on. The two eldest girls are nearly out; only want masters now to finish 'em off, the missus tells me."

"My experience is," continued Job's comforter, calmly, "that masters are simply ruination. And as for frocks, and things that come under the head of sundries—whatever they are—they cost a mint of money. Then what about 'crammers,' by-and-bye, for the boys?"

"Hang it, man! I haven't been home for over thirty years, and its ten since the missus took the last of them away!" he roared, raising himself in his chair, and putting down the empty glass on the table near, while he wiped the moisture from moustache and beard, and passed the coarse cotton handkerchief over his heated face. "Do you think they won't be glad to have me with them at any price, even if it is rather a squeeze to make both ends meet at first? The lads want a father's hand over them just now, and—why—I shouldn't know my little maids if I met 'em in the street! They'll be pleased to have their old dad to go about with; and the missus won't mind, I'll be bound."

He sank back with a happy, noisy sigh and a smile in his eyes—an absurdly young and trustful smile.

The friend cast his eye round. He still conceived it to be his duty to protest. He attempted the jovial—

"No more iced pegs and festive pipes of a morning, old

man," said he. "And good-bye to this attractive 'dizabill.' Where will you be without the faithful Abdool, and how on earth will you manage to breathe in perpetual collars and boots?"

"I don't care," replied Jones of Asia, with an air of defiance, "I tell you I'm dying to get home and see them all. I've sweated out here long enough. Let me go while there's some life in me, and, by Jove! the old horse has got a kick in him yet."

It was useless. Bildad the Shuhite took up the parable again and again, but what were mere words to a man gripped by a mortal attack of home-sickness?

"*How long will ye vex my soul and break me in pieces with words? And be it, indeed, that I have erred, mine error remaineth with myself,*" cried Jones, howbeit in homelier and more forcible language.

He had been patient and uncomplaining through five-and-thirty years of exile and perpetual grind, till now that a door of escape was unexpectedly opened to him, only a little—a very little—nearer than the main exit, and he was seized with a frenzied desire to get out and away.

But Bildad the Shuhite sat there and urged his taking a year's leave first. Maybe the bonus would not make the smaller pension sufficient for the needs of the family? It was just like Bildad, miserable comforter that he had always been, to suggest such a thing.

When he had gone, Jones sat for awhile in thought. Was there some wisdom in his friend's words? Might it be better——? then he got up and shook himself, and shouted for his bath, and sang aloud in it, for the thing was decided.

Were there not good investments for that bonus whereby it should yield a golden profit? He would not tell Bildad of his plan, nor any one. It should be a surprise for them all at home. He would see—he would see.

So old Jones of Asia, was soon in orders for Europe, and went on his way rejoicing. On board ship people laughed good-naturedly at the simple-hearted old chap, and were very ready to drink his pegs, wondering the while how the queer figure and the whole get-up would look in Bond Street. Kindly ones allowed themselves to be button-holed, and permitted him to "chortle" in his joy by the hour. Surely the voyage would never come to an end; how the young 'uns must be counting the days! To be really going home,—was it true? To be one's own master, and able to snap one's fingers at General Orders! To be loved and petted; to have the kids round him, all together, (he had never seen them all together, they had been shipped off to Europe by ones and twos), ... to think they'd be all there to close his eyes when his service in this world was done—ah! God grant him some years yet—so few English years go to a life . . . .!

He was irrationally, pathetically happy. Should he wire from Port Said to tell them to have lamb and green peas, and gooseberry-tart with cream? Fresh peas, mind you—not tinned. No? well perhaps not. But if you only knew how often he had dreamt of the time when he should eat his first English dinner with all of them round his table!

Now, there was one person on board who was not only a personal friend of Jones, but was well acquainted also with those whom the old man was pleased to call, in singularly inappropriate language, "*the Missus and kids.*" This one listened and looked on with grave misgivings.

"If only you could see the family into whose æsthetic midst that dear old chap is going to bounce so gaily, you would pity him," he remarked one day as he and two or three others sat idly watching the ungainly form of Jones of Asia rolling up and down. "What they'll say when they see him, and he shows them some of his drawing-room tricks, I'm afraid to think."

"What are they like? I do hope they'll be good to him," remarked a kindly matron coming up at that moment, to whom the Colonel had just been pouring out his happy heart.

The friend who knew the Jones family remained silent awhile, gazing sadly at the curious antics of the elephantine figure that a troop of children were at that moment pursuing. Its alpaca coat was without shape, and had evidently been submitted to the "dhobee's" tender mercies many times. The pantaloons, whose material lacked substance, bagged and flapped in the wind, or clung round the bulky limbs like limp skirts. Splay canvas shoes, and a very old and stained Terai hat, completed the costume. A straggly growth of coarse hair covered nearly all the broad expanse of crimson visage; howbeit in the small blue eyes there lingered always the smile that was so like a child's.

"Well," answered the friend, after awhile, "I don't know, I'm sure. I suppose the woman has got a heart somewhere, though I've never seen a sign of it. I hope so. As for the girls, they are wrapped up metaphorically and literally in themselves and their frocks. The boys are idle young scamps. Poor old chap, I don't envy him that first dinner! I wouldn't be there for anything—yet I *should* just like to see their faces. But not his, poor old chap! not his. They'll let him know pretty soon how little he's wanted. Better if he'd stuck to the life out there, and never come home to be disillusioned. A sad ending to five-and-thirty years of the treadmill and transportation, isn't it?"

It was June, and the ship was slipping smoothly through the Suez Canal. Jones seated himself for a moment by the side of his friend. "No more of this infernal climate for me, I hope," he chuckled, gleefully, mopping his brow.

"How did Mrs. Jones take the idea of your cutting the service, as they say you've done, all in a hurry?" asked the other, with gentle curiosity. "You remember I told you, last time I saw her, she was dead on your hanging on for your off-reckonings. Wives have a fancy for being consulted in these matters."

His big, red face clouded first, and then beamed all over.

"Don't come Bildad over me, old man. You know Bildad? All Madras knows him. A fool of a civilian who knows nothing whatever of military matters. Lord! how thankful I am to be out of reach of his eternal whine and meddling tongue. Yes, he means well, but he's managed to take the edge off every bit o' luck I've ever had. I hate the fellow. Well, I was going to say, I have a plan. My wife doesn't know it; I wouldn't write. It's a surprise I'm keeping for 'em. We've got to see how it'll work, but bless you, it will be all right."

He got up and began to walk about again, humming a gay little tune. He was too happy.

How hot it was! The small breeze made by the vessel itself, as it glided between the wide stretches of sand, was scorching. A stoker had died in the night of heat apoplexy. Wistful eyes searched the boundless desert on either side for a glimpse of the cool blue waters of the Mediterranean, and were met only by the eternal mirage—by those phantom ships and trees and lakes we know so well, that make one's brain reel sickeningly, as they dance in the quivering haze. We shut our eyes and gasp, and wish the children were not quite so cheerful, nor old gentlemen so good-natured, while the thermometer stands at 100 deg. in the shade.

Will the long, long afternoon never pass? We ought to reach Port Said at nightfall, and then—*then* shall we meet the cool breath from the West, or must we wait till we ride out at dawn upon European waters once more?

A little later on the ship pulled up at a station to let another pass, outward bound. Jones of Asia, who was always to the fore in any public function, or excitement of any kind, led a cheer for the poor things as they passed, going eastwards. He cheered and shouted louder than any one, though he couldn't wave his old hat because his hands were full of children climbing up him to see the ship go by.

"Do they miss me at home; do they miss me?
It is an assurance most dear,"

he hummed cheerfully; but there was a tear in his eye while he put the children tenderly down, and gazed after the departing exiles.

As they neared Port Said, the heat seemed to grow, if anything, more terrific. A gritty, moist closeness, apart from the sun heat settled down round the ship. The dry, sandy plain stretched behind, and approaching them the

low, wicked-looking town of Port Said hove in sight. A vague restlessness possessed everybody, while the moon, like a great golden shield, uplifted itself from the misty grey level, and promised a breathless night.

Old Jones of Asia seemed as if he never would stop walking up and down and talking in aggressively strident, cheerful tones.

"Did anybody think there'd be any letters for anybody at Port Said?"

Of course there would. The Captain happened to pass, evidently in a great hurry.—

"Oh, would the Captain tell him when the letters were likely to come on board?"

"As soon as the ship anchors the agents 'll be aboard with the mails," shouted the Captain, impatiently, over his shoulder.

A man who, had been sleeping heavily in the heat, started up. "Eh—what? What the deuce is all the row about? Oh, d——n Jones of Asia! Why can't he sit down for a bit and hold his tongue?"

Half-an-hour or so later the friend took Jones down to the saloon to have an iced peg, while they read their letters. Jones had already opened his, and was looking a little dazed. There was something in the expression of his face that the friend didn't much like.

"No bad news, I hope?" said he, glancing at the letter.

"No," answered the old Colonel, vaguely. "No. It'll be all right bless you! If it isn't—why—there's always a way out. You see," he went on with more spirit, "there's a little mistake. I ought to have got this letter before leaving Bombay, but it missed me, and came on with the mail that overtook and passed us in the Red Sea. She didn't know I was coming home for certain, you see; she can't help being glad, hang it! after ten years. Let me see." He fumbled at the sheets with shaking hands, and began to read with lips that trembled. . . . "Tom and Dick must go to a 'crammer's' this next term. . . . Girls want a bit of the season in town. Better, therefore, wait till next year, anyhow. Too many expenses just at present." He lifted appealing eyes to his friend's face.

"It's too late to go back now, isn't it? Do you think they'll mind—the girls, I mean; the little kids I love so. If I thought. . . ."

Then he rose, for his voice was husky, and pulled himself together, and with something between a grunt and a groan and a muttered remark that after all there was always a way out of it, and that perhaps old Bildad wasn't so far wrong, he disappeared into his cabin.

He had a desperate tussle with the powers of darkness that time, poor old chap, but he was a plucky old soldier, and, despite some lack of outward graces, was a gallant gentleman. Wherefore, though this little shock almost cost him a fit of apoplexy, he pulled through, and came up smiling, with visibly renewed hope, and the old courageous faith. So he hurried on from Brindisi to make acquaintance with his "kids," and unfold his cherished "plan" upon the bosom of his wife.

And many wondered whether the "plan" would work, and what he meant by "the way out of it," in the event of its proving a failure.

So Jones of Asia got home, but he never told any one of the meeting, which was to have been the crowning joy of his life. He wrote out to one or two friends that it was jolly to be in the old country once more, but that somehow he couldn't get the d——d heat or whatever it was out of his system.

He wandered up and down the streets of the seaside garrison town, where his family had settled themselves, almost always alone, and people who had known him before missed something of the child-light from his eyes. Occasionally the girls were seen with him, but then he would be brushed up, and his tie would be tied, and his hat set straight. Only upon his simple countenance there would appear a strange shrewdness as he looked at their insolent young faces, and a something akin to a sorrowful contempt as he listened to their demands for money, and always money. Then when they left him, with purses filled, on some shopping expedition bound, the old man would sigh for a life and love laid by, and a hope fallen dead.

As men are apt to do on arriving from India, who generally have a few hundreds of loose rupees to start with, he had spent lavishly at the first. The girls were given their frisk in town—how could he bear to be a drag upon them?—and he had kept himself well in the background too, because he knew that they were not very proud of him, and there were other men to the fore. After all, he was well aware that he was a "jungly-looking old cuss," and he couldn't afford to spend much money at his tailor's with big dressmaker's bills coming in. So he waited, and he spent his money on them, and he said to himself that after a little, when they had got accustomed to him, they would come to love him.

The months passed, and still the old father waited and hungered for the hugs and kisses from young arms and lips that never came. The boys went to the "crammers," and the family returned to the house at the seaside garrison town. Some dances were planned to come off in the winter, and Jones of Asia began to look somewhat anxiously at his bank-book. At last matters came to a crisis, and Jones girded his loins for the battle that he had learnt by now was inevitable.

What happened is not precisely known, but to judge by after events, Mrs. Jones must have spoken with a trenchant sincerity untempered by any amiable weakness. She made the matter plain to her husband, at any rate. What on earth was he good for but to grind out rupees, and keep his family in comfort and in the style to which his rank entitled them?

As once before, Jones of Asia now sat himself down to think. But this time he did not shout aloud in his triumph, nor yet curse Bildad the Shuhite for a fool and a killjoy.

His face worked while he turned over a few things in his despatch-box—his cheque-book, a copy of his will, and the military fund regulations. Then he took out two or three old photographs. There was one of his wife in a crinoline and chignon, as she had been years and years ago, and some later ones of little smug, yellow-faced children. These were his, his own, the "Missus and kids" that he knew. His eyes grew soft, and he put them in his breast-pocket. He took up a pen and deliberately spread a sheet of paper—

You will not see me again (he wrote), and you will be happier without me. You shall be well provided for, and so I shall do my duty, and you will get all that you want. If you would have let me speak, I could have explained, and you would have seen, I hope, that I had not intended to act altogether so selfishly as you imagined. But it was useless, and perhaps silence is better. Say good bye to all for me.

Outside the girls were wrangling on the stairs over some ball gloves that one sister had stolen from the other. They were just off to a dance. They had not even thought to bid him "Good night." The old man bent his head upon the table and upon the open letter, and dry sobs burst from his stricken heart. What was the use of living? Perhaps, when he had gone, they would care a little.

* * * * *

For some days the family, who themselves hardly realised what had happened, kept the affair as dark as possible. The husband and father had gone, and it was clear that he had made away with himself—but how? It was only when a body was found floating near the pier, and Mrs. Jones, who was as one demented, clamoured for a view of it, that the truth partly came out.

But the poor swollen body was not that of Colonel Jones, and for some time longer the family, together with a large circle of pitying friends, and a couple of local newspapers, were kept in suspense. It was a very sad and mysterious occurrence people said, and the police ought to be informed of it. Several had felt sure that poor old Jones had been decidedly queer for some time past. It was too much India, and the sudden change and the happiness, said some who knew him and had heard.

Meanwhile, the hot weather in Madras had set in,

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and the man, surnamed Bildad the Shuhite, sat sweltering over the three-days-stale daily paper with what interest he could, when suddenly he nearly jumped out of his skin.

"Bildad, old fellow," said a voice he seemed to recognise, "How are you? You were right you see. I knew nothing about it. It wouldn't work, and I've come back."

"Good God, Jones! I thought you'd retired. What the devil——" then, for he had looked into his friend's eyes—he paused.

Jones, of Asia, grasped his hand.

"I took your advice, old chap, and only went in for a year's leave," he answered, quietly, and the voice was not as the voice of the old C.O. "I had a plan,—for investing the bonus, and farming, you know,—but it fell through. Then I thought of—of—two or three ways out of it, but there was duty don't you see, and all of them to think of; so I turned tail and came back. You were right, Bildad, my friend. On with the harness again, and fat remittances to Mrs. Jones and the family till the old beast drops."

MUSIC.

IT is admitted that, despite the energy and enterprise Sir A. Harris has personally displayed, the French opera season, which closes this week, has not drawn audiences so large as was hoped, and it is, therefore, doubtful whether anybody else will for some little time again attempt the task of endeavouring to popularise serious opera in French in London. It is a curious fact that, although French singers and the best French works are welcomed at the Italian and English operas, yet that opera in French never has gained a footing here. It may be that the French tongue—more nasal than soft Italian or honest English—is not grateful to the singing voice, or that their own language accentuates the vibrato of the Gallic vocalists, or that works of the Opéra Comique repertory are unsuited to so large a house as Covent Garden, or that Englishmen have an insular objection to *petits droits*, or one of a dozen other reasons which have been advanced, may or may not be well founded. But the fact nevertheless remains, that although Sir A. Harris, at ten days' notice, was able to bring here a completer and more thoroughly rehearsed little troupe than we have heard in the metropolis for many a long year, yet the ordinary season habitués of stalls and boxes have held aloof. No better comic acting is to be witnessed on the lyric stage than that of M. Lorrain in "Philémon et Baucis," no finer scenes than that between the Bishop and his son, or the miracle in the last act of "Le Rêve," are to be witnessed even on the dramatic stage. But French opera has again not taken the town, and the artists will after this week return to Paris, where they will, of course, have a hearty welcome back. Meanwhile, during a comparatively short season, the busiest of *entrepreneurs* has mounted ten operas, two of them, which I have already named, being absolute novelties to London. From an artistic point of view, "Philémon" and "Le Rêve" have been the most satisfactory, for when the company played grand opera, such as "Lohengrin" and "Les Huguenots," comparisons with some remarkable representations given during the grand season proved inevitable.

Signor Lago has also found it advisable to reconsider certain details of his enterprise. "Der Freischütz," "Don Giovanni," and other grand operas which as recently as Thursday were announced as in active preparation, are now to be abandoned, together with (except as *levers de rideau*) the various revivals of the operas of other days; and instead, until the close of the regular season, Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" will be played every night.

The "Cavalleria Rusticana," which will be performed before the Queen in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor on Thursday next week, will be the first serious opera played at Court since the Prince Consort's death. This, however, is the result of an accident. Her Majesty, it is well known, desired to see "Ivanhoe," but difficulties as to transport of scenery (that of the burning of Torquilstone Castle, for example) proved insuperable. The "Cavalleria," on the other hand, needs little more than a "fit-up." It was at first thought that Miss MacIntyre would play Santuzza, but the Queen has preferred the Italian company, so that, according to present arrangements, the rôle of the heroine will be sustained by Signora Musiani.

At the English Opera there have likewise been some changes. "Ivanhoe," which was so recently revived, with Mr. Barton McGuckin as the representative of the hero, has now been withdrawn, and for the representation announced next Saturday, tickets will be exchanged or the money returned. "Ivanhoe" has, however, already enjoyed a longer run than any serious opera has ever before attained in any country. "The Basoche" is now to be given nightly, at any rate for the present. As to M. Bemberg's "Elaine," Miss Macintyre has been mentioned for the rôle of the Lily Maid of Astolat, which she should look to perfection. There are four acts—one in Queen Guinevere's Palace, where we have some indication of the relations between Sir Lancelot and King Arthur's Queen; the second at Astolat, where Elaine gives the token, and afterwards in the lists at Camelot, where the peerless knight bears all before him; and the third in the hermit's cell, where the Lily Maid tends the wounded warrior, and, of course, sings with him the inevitable love duet; while the fourth act contains Elaine's death scene, and the realisation of the famous picture of the funeral barge floating down the stream. Mr. Norman Salmond is to be the hermit, and Miss Meislinger, an American mezzo-soprano who has studied in Germany, will be the Queen.

It needed a so-called "Handel Festival," conducted by the Gresham Professor, at no less important a place than Westminster Abbey, and on behalf of the Royal Society of Musicians, one of the oldest and most thoroughly representative of our musical institutions, to prove that a choir existed in London incapable of giving an adequate performance of Handel's "Messiah." The music is, or ought to be, known by heart to every amateur chorister in the land, and upon such an occasion special pains should also have been taken in the matter of choice of voices and proper rehearsal to do honour to a composer whose bones lie interred within the Abbey walls. An excellent party of British soloists, including Misses Anna Williams and Hilda Wilson, Messrs. McGuckin, Watkin Mills, and Santley, did their share of the work admirably, but before another "festival" of the sort is held at Westminster, the Dean should take care that a proper choir is available. So many of our excellent metropolitan and suburban choral societies would be perfectly willing and competent to undertake the work, that a slipshod performance of this sort, in such a building, is quite inexcusable. Nobody, of course, blames Professor Bridge, one of the most amiable of conductors and most able of musicians. But his feelings while this sorry party were endeavouring to prove a negative to "His yoke is easy," must have been the reverse of enviable.

There have been no novelties at any of the concerts of the past week. Capital performances of familiar works have, however, been given at the London Symphony, Crystal Palace (where Miss Fanny Davies made her rentrée), Sarasate, Monday Popular (where M. De Munck, husband of the late Carlotta Patti, appeared as 'cellist), Musical Guild, and other concerts. Messrs. Ludwig and Whitehouse have also introduced an unfamiliar, though not, of course, novel, string quintet written by Cherubini when he was nearly an octogenarian.

M. Messager's "Fauvette," which, after a short provincial run, was produced at the Royalty on Monday, is pure opéra-bouffe, and has, therefore, little in common with the same composer's "The Basoche." Fauvette is an opera-singer, who follows her lover, an Algerian conscript, to the wars, is captured by the Arabs, and, while attempting to sing herself out of custody, inspires the love of the Arab chief. The music is of the lightest possible character, but the story furnishes an excuse for many picturesque scenes, and much humour of the provincial sort.

Several columns of the London papers have during the past week been devoted to the perennial question of

musical pitch, which was thoroughly thrashed out by Mr. A. J. Ellis in 1880. The suggestion now modestly put forward is that the War Office officials shall include in next year's estimates a charge of a quarter of a million of money to buy new military band instruments, so that our regimental bands may play not quite half a tone (a difference imperceptible to untrained ears) lower than now. This, it is said, should be done in order that certain foreign singers, who honour us by paying England occasional visits in return for British gold, shall be able to sing to the pitch to which they are accustomed abroad. They have a low pitch at the opera, but this does not satisfy them. It would, I suppose, be no argument to suggest that if these estimable artists dislike our pitch, they have the obvious alternative of remaining in their own land. It would be more to the purpose that the necessary quarter-million (I should be amused to see a War Secretary proposing such a vote in the House of Commons) might very gracefully come out of the pockets of the foreign artists who demand the lower pitch. At present many of them draw very large annual salaries in this country, and some of them, I fear, escape payment even of income-tax.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Have you made anything of the little problem which I presented to you last week? Whether or no, here is another for you. Have you ever noticed that it often runs in families not to wear well? This idea occurred to me the other day at a railway-station where Maud, Charlie, and I had to wait for twenty minutes, part of which time we employed in watching the members of a copious family who were all going south for the winter. They were of all ages, but every individual had the same curiously dilapidated look that I have been trying to describe. Not that they were actually damaged in any way, being whole of limb and sound of lung, as they proved by energetically fussing and unnecessarily loud talking; but there was a want of freshness in their aspect. They had the air of having been badly packed on some recent occasion. They did not look actually soiled, but merely suggested the question: "Are they quite clean?" Charlie said an atrocious thing of them, that they looked as if they had been pledged and had never got over it. But his idea was correct enough. They had quite a second-hand appearance. It set me thinking. One would like to avoid this kind of thing very carefully oneself. Is it the want of plenty of fresh air, think you, that causes people to wear badly? But, then, their clothes partake of the general aspect of staleness. This family was well-dressed, and had evidently command of means; but one had to look at them carefully to find out that their clothes were handsome and well-fitting. That fact did not "jump to the eyes" as it usually does. Deliberate upon this little question, Amy, darling, and let me know the result of your dear little cogitations.

Shall I venture to say anything about the weather? I fancy it were better not. Our climate has had one of its worst fits on, conducive to using unguarded expressions, and among the numerous persons to whom I know you show my delightful letters, there might be one of those who believe that to rail at the weather is to accuse Providence. You may perhaps be incredulous as to the existence of such individuals, but I have lately learned that they do exist. Can you conceive of a mind so limited as to imagine the Great Being deliberately arranging fogs and mud and cyclones for us? The magnificent breadth of scheme that leaves the forces of nature free within their limits, is all lost upon such a low intelligence as this.

Well, dear, the weather has been—intermittent, shall I say? One day fine and bright, the next wet and windy. We were so far fortunate that the days on which we had arranged to go out were favourable to such purpose. On Tuesday afternoon we found our way to the Agricultural Hall to look at the Food Exhibition there. What a vast place it is! One feels like a pigmy creeping about it. The stalls of the exhibitors all stood apart, trying to make the very most of themselves. Even then they would have been better for fifty horse-power magnifying-glasses being placed in front of them. But some were very pretty, and all were interesting. Maud and I, under the tutelage of a kindly gentleman at one of them, improved our education in the matter of pepper. Did you ever know that the only difference between black pepper and white is that the former is the outer envelope and the latter the contents? The black berries grow in clusters, and in order to produce white pepper, the outer husk is removed, the inner portion being then ground down to the necessary powder. We brought away with us a case of "pepperettes," odd-looking little cones containing pepper, the contents of which are hermetically sealed, and cannot, therefore, lose their savour or become unprofitable. By pressing a spring at the base, a small quantity is released through the perforated point. We acquired three different kinds, white, black, and cayenne, and amuse ourselves with them at lunch and dinner. Spices are done up in the same way in castor pepperettes, as they are called. They are surprisingly inexpensive, considering that the quality of the contents is guaranteed as being of the finest.

We next fell in love with a knife-cleaner, which is delightfully innocent-looking. There *are* knife-cleaners which ferociously fall upon the knives they are given to clean, and rend them asunder. But this mild, though effective, one is made of two discs of thick brown leather fixed firmly together, though not cohering. Between these a little knife-powder is scattered through a small orifice in the centre. The pressure of the leathers upon the knife is regulated by the centre screw. The operation of cleaning is remarkably rapid and effectual, both sides of the blade and the shoulder being brightened by one insertion between the leathers. This "Sun" knife-cleaner is an English invention, and is made in England by Englishmen. This ought to commend it to us in these days of foreign manufactures, when almost everything one sees bears the dispiriting legend, "Made in Germany."

We went on another fine day—Thursday, I think—to see the exhibition of antique embroideries and brocades at Howell & James's. This is the seventh annual show there, and one would think that supplies were becoming exhausted, but the contrary appears to be the case. There are lovelier things than ever this year, and in quantity there is no diminution. The needlework is as marvellous as I have described it to be on previous occasions. Conscientiousness is plainly to be read on every bit of embroidery shown, while talent and individuality are apparent on many. It is a pleasure to wander among these dear old things and ponder on the long-vanished fingers that held the needles, and the thoughts that filled the brains of the busy workers. There are thousands of small specimens ready for purchasers, some of them of very great beauty and rarity.

I send you the dear little report of the Society for the Protection of Birds, just issued. Did you ever see such a darling little balance-sheet? It is audited in the most official and businesslike manner, though it deals with the tiny amount of £7 odd. The whole thing suggests a bird's housekeeping-book and its tradesmen's accounts; the more so as the cover is just the tint of a robin's egg. Maud and I are members of the Society. Will you be one? It only costs twopence, and the conditions are that we shall wear the feathers of no bird killed for purposes of ornament only, save the ostrich, and do all we can to discourage the wanton destruction of birds.

Do you know Cash's frilling? It makes the loveliest fronts for shirts, as we discovered last summer, when frilled fronts were so fashionable. Being all ready to draw up on the cotton run through the inner edge in manufacturing it, and also ready hemmed, there is no trouble involved in putting it on. It is so strongly made

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and wears so well that Mrs. Fourstars uses miles and miles of it on her children's clothes. The red makes pretty trimmings for pinafores, especially when they are done off with little knots of red ribbon to match. Mabel trims sachets with it very prettily, and all sorts of little toilet tidies for which the poor girl finds a ready sale.

Leverets are very good just now. Try one cooked in this way :—

Stuff the leveret, lard and truss it as for roasting. Lay it in a stewpan the shape of a fish-kettle with 2 quarts of strong beef gravy, 1 quart of red wine, a lemon cut into slices, a bundle of sweet herbs, half a nutmeg, grated, 6 cloves, pepper and salt to taste. Cover the pan closely and let the leveret simmer over a slow fire till three parts done. Take it up, lay it in a pan, strew over it a few picked leaves of *green* sweet herbs finely chopped, the grated rind of half a lemon, and screen the whole with fine bread-crumbs. Set it before a good fire, and baste with butter till a light brown. While the leveret is cooking, skim and strain the liquor into a clean saucepan. When the gravy boils, draw it aside and stir in carefully the yolk of a well-beaten egg. Dish the leveret up hot, squeeze over it half a lemon larded with cayenne, stick a sprig of thyme in its mouth, pour a gill of gravy on the dish, and send the rest to table in a tureen, accompanied with a small glass of black currant jelly.

Would you like to see the menu of the Hunt breakfast as served at the meet of the Cambridgeshire hounds last week?

Canapés à la Chasseresse.
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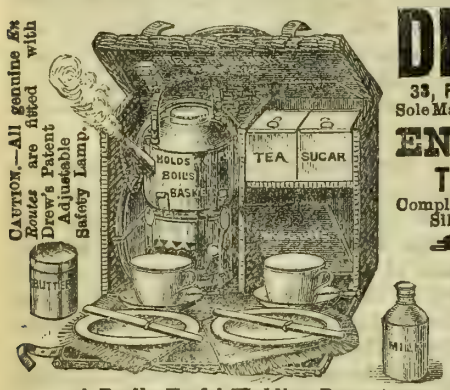

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The Rev. E. F. Shaw, F.R.A.S. (Captain Shaw's only brother), who resides at Elgin-avenue, W., is amongst the numerous men of note who have recently testified to the remarkable curative properties of Mr. Harness' celebrated Electropathic Belts. A facsimile copy of his letter to Mr. Harness may be had on application to the Medical Battery Company, Limited, whose only address is the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street (at the corner of Rathbone-place), London, W.

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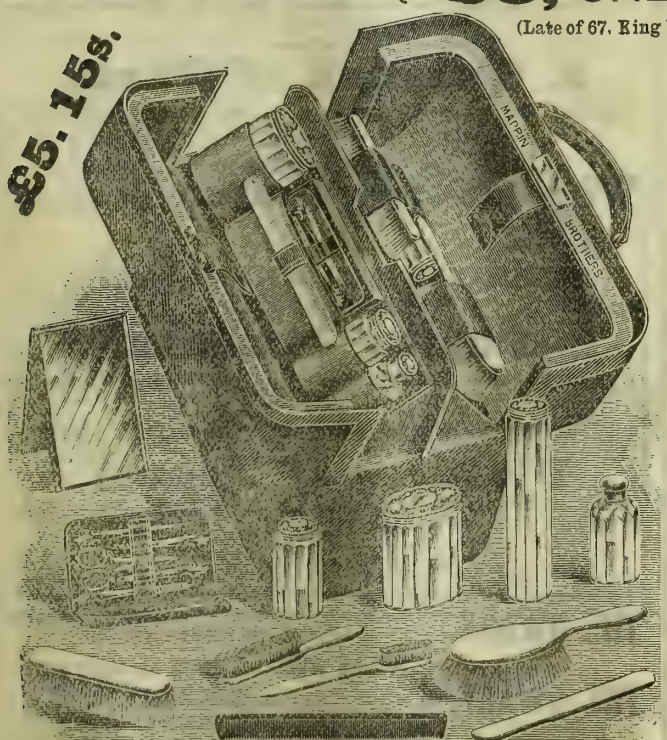

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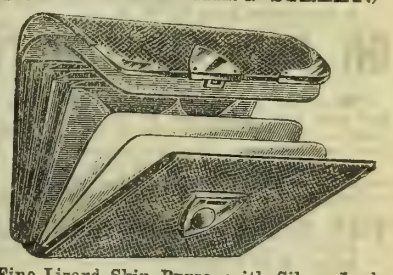

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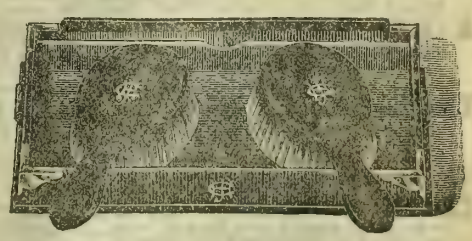

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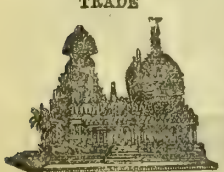

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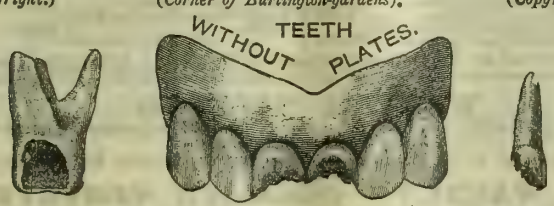

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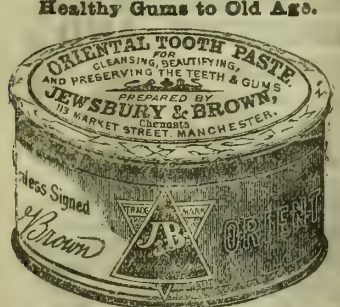

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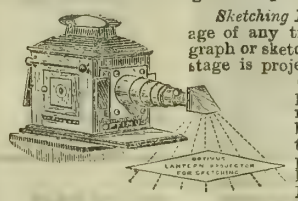

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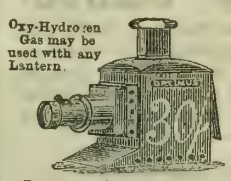

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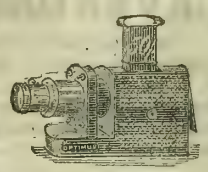

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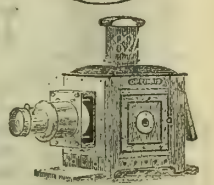

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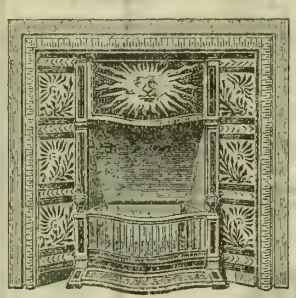

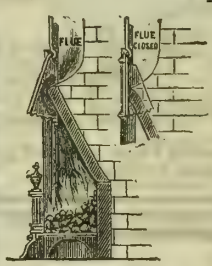

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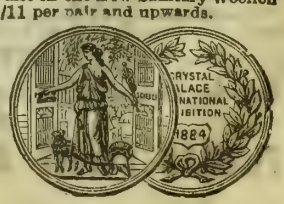

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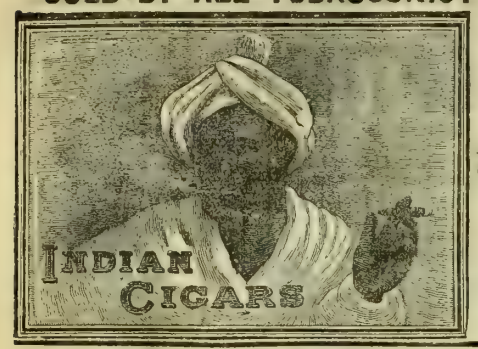

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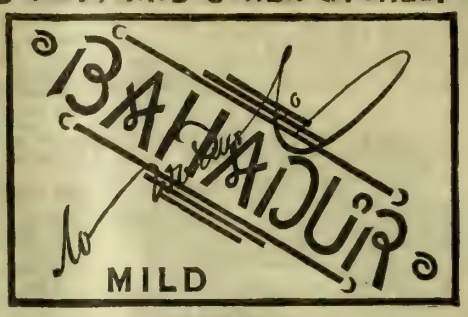

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The delightful New Smelling Salts and agreeable deodoriser, appreciated everywhere as a most refreshing luxury. By leaving the stopper out for a few moments a delightful perfume escapes, which freshens and purifies the air most enjoyably.—*Le Follet.*

Genuine only in Crown-stoppered bottles of the Sole Makers,

The CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,
177, NEW BOND STREET, W.

THE GENUINE
EAU DE BOTOT

Is the Only Dentifrice *approved* by the ACADEMY of MEDECINE of PARIS

May be obtained in Powder & Paste containing all the beautifying and preservative qualities of the liquid preparation

N.B. See each article has the Signature

EAU de BOTOT 1/6, 2/6, 5/, 15/, 30/-
PASTE 1/6, 2/6. POWDER 1/6, 2/6
FROM ALL PERFUMERS & CHEMISTS

M. J. Botot

REAL GERMAN — HOLLOW GROUND
KROPP RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRE GRINDING

Black Handle	5s. 6d.	Kropp's Duplex Strop	7s. 6d.
Ivory	7s 6d.	Kropp's Strop Paste, in Metal Case	0s. 6d.
A Pr. Ivory Handles, in Russia Leather case, complete	21s. 0d.		

FROM ALL DEALERS.

WHOLESALE: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & CO., LONDON, W.

YOUR WIFE.

How soon affection may alter if the elegant figure of early days is allowed to lose its gracefulness by neglect!
Send post card to the Manufacturer, W. PRETTY, Ipswich, for Illustrated Catalogue of
DR. WARNER'S CORALINE CORSETS.
These Corsets are far ahead of any other for durability and comfort. The Coraline, with which they are boned, is ABSOLUTELY UNBREAKABLE.
Considerably over TEN MILLION PAIRS have been sold. Price 4s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. Ask your draper for them. Refuse all others.

A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE OF "FRAME FOOD" DIET

The following letter has been received by the Frame Food Co., Ld.:—

"24, LACEY TERRACE, GRAVESEND, June 8th, 1891.

Mrs. HORSFALL begs to express her gratitude for the WONDERFUL EFFECT 'FRAME FOOD' DIET has had on her little boy, aged 7½ months. Since taking the FOOD he has literally had NO AILMENT, and has increased

Marvellously in Strength and Vigour.

For his age he is truly a wonderful advertisement of the FOOD, being able to stand by the side of a chair without other support, and since using 'FRAME FOOD' DIET he has lost entirely the white face of his very early infancy, and gained a ROSY, HEALTHY colour. Mrs. HORSFALL has recommended the DIET to many people, and everywhere it is considered MARVELLOUS. During the late epidemic of INFLUENZA it has been used by a doctor here with great success, when no other FOOD could be retained."

Sold by Chemists and Grocers at 1s. per 1-lb., 7d. per ½-lb., and 3s. 9d. per 4-lb. Tins.

Sample 1 lb. Tin sent Carriage Free, with full particulars, for 1s. (mention this paper).

FRAME FOOD CO., LTD., LOMBARD-ROAD, BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

FIRESIDE SHOPPING

A BOX OF PATTERNS *Postage Free.*

Dress Fabrics, Skirtings, Flannels, Velveteens. Some of the choicest Novelties in Tweeds ever offered—Select Colours—New Designs and Effects. High-Class Goods at Prices only possible with direct Supply.

Choice Novelties in Winter Dress Goods.

Thirty to Forty New Ranges are ready in the Fresh Colourings from 1s. per yard.

ECROYD'S SILK-WARP HENRIETTAS
and other Lovely Fabrics for Ordinary or Evening Wear Direct from the Looms.

WELLINGTON SERGES
For Laides' or Gentlemen's wear. Indestructible dye.

RICHARDSON'S NOTED HOUSEHOLD LINENS.
"SUGGESTED OUTFITS" on application. Very Special Prices. Parcels paid in United Kingdom, Cash with Order. SUPPLIED DIRECT BY
ELLWOOD BROCKBANK,
THE WAREHOUSE, SETTLE.

Welcome Always, Keep it Handy, Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy.

The delicious product of the famed Kent Morellas. Supplied to the Queen and the aristocracy,
"Queen's Quality" for Household Use. A valuable tonic for the sick and aged. "Sportsman's Quality" for Hunting Men, Anglers, Travellers, &c.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Ask for Grant's and don't be put off with Inferior Makes.

THOMAS GRANT & SONS, MAIDSTONE.

INVALIDS' FURNITURE AND APPLIANCES.

BATH CHAIRS, from £1 10s.
Self-Propelling Chairs, £2.
ADJUSTABLE COUCHES, from £3
BED LIFT, £3 10s.

Walking Machines, £8, £6.

BED TABLES 10/8
CARRYING CHAIR, 25/
AIR AND WATER BEDS.

PORTABLE TURKISH BATH, £2 10s.
READING MACHINES, from 17/8

Bath Chair and Spinal Carriage Combined.
PORTABLE W.C. £8.
CRUTCHES. 10s.
Largest Stock in the World.

Bassinette Perambulator, 35s.

ALFRED CARTER,
47, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.
Catalogues (223 pages) post free. No connection with any other Firm.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT (REGD.)

OETZMANN & CO.

67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, & 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.

(*Near Tottenham Court-road and Gower-street Station*).

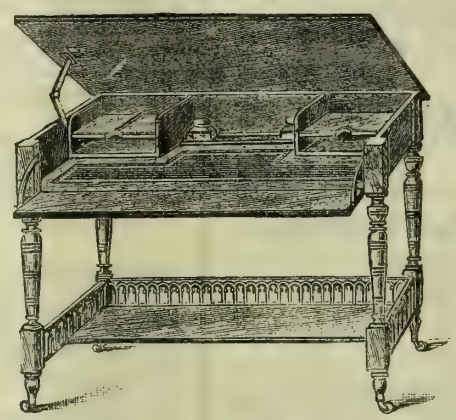
THE LARGEST PROPRIETARY FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

ELEGANT SILVER-PLATED BUTTER DISH,
With knife to match..... 8s. 9d.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, the best Furnishing Guide extant, containing "How I Furnished My House for £120," and other Articles on Artistic Furnishing, reprinted from "THE LADY," together with detailed particulars and prices of every item required in COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHING, Post free on Application.

SILVER-PLATED TEAPOT
(4 half-pints), richly engraved and fluted, 15/6.

HANDSOME INLAID WALNUT DAVENPORT.
Fitted for Stationery, and with Drawers at side, top lined leather 58/6
Inlaid Rosewood ditto, superior finish... 65/-



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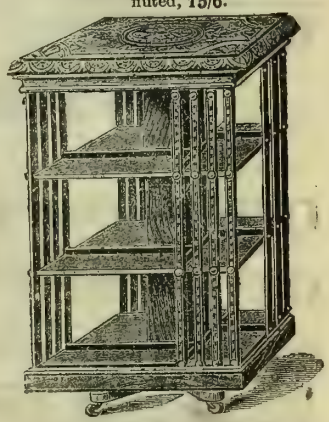
When closed forms an ordinary occasional table. Can be closed and locked with one action, and can only be opened with a key.
In solid walnut, and lined with cloth 58/6



CARVED BLACK OAK REVOLVING BOOK-CASE,
4 ft. high ..... £3 15s.

West-End Branch Offices for Decoration, House and Estate Agency, and Sanitary Engineering:
98, REGENT STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

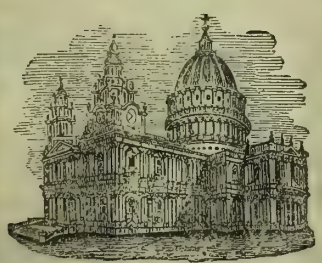
FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY!

DAKIN & COMPY.

CONTINUE TO SUPPLY THE

FINEST TEAS AND COFFEES

IMPORTED.



SPECIALITÉ TEAS, 1/6, 2/-, and 2/6.
SPECIALITÉ COFFEES, 1/4, 1/6, 1/8, 1/10.

PRICE LIST AND SAMPLES POST FREE.

No. ONE ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C.
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PATENT TABLE KNIVES.

SAMPLES & PRICES FREE.

"Unequalled for hard wear.

Only London Addresses, { 158, OXFORD ST., W.
18, POULTRY, E.C. (*Opposite the Mansion House*),

MANUFACTORY—NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.

DATURA TATULA, for Smoking and Inhalation.

The BEST REMEDY FOR ASTHMA

Difficulty of Breathing, Hay Fever, &c.

CIGARS and CIGARETTES—Boxes, 3s., 6s., 8s., and 15s. TOBACCO—Tins, 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., and 18s. For Non-Smokers, PASTILLES and POWDER, for Burning and Inhalation, Tins, each containing a censer for burning, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s.

SAVORY & MOORE,
LONDON,
AND OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

COCKLE'S
ANTIBILIOUS
PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,
FOR INDIGESTION.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S
WORLD FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE
THE GREAT
BLOOD PURIFIER.

"CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is entirely free from any poison or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious ingredient, and is a good, safe, and useful medicine."
ALFRED SWAINE TAYLOR, M.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all Impurities, from *WHATEVER* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *CAUSE* from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 33 or 132 Stamps, by the Proprietors—THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., LINCOLN.
Ask for CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE, and do not be persuaded to take an imitation

THE FINEST TONIC

FER BRAVAIS most effective in restoring the vitality of the blood, and enabling the constitution to resist climatic influences.

FER BRAVAIS Invaluable in al cases of anæmia, influenza and general debility.

FER BRAVAIS Highly recommended for weak and debilitated children.

LANCET "*A beautiful and interesting preparation.*"
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"*It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth.*"
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS WITH DROP MEASURE.

STATE VICHY SPRINGS.

CELESTINS.—For Affections of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, &c.
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INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

VICHY-LIQUEUR.—Valuable in cases of Gout where derangement of the stomach is a prominent symptom

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors.
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THE STOCK CONVERSION AND INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

This Company begs to direct the attention of investors to the Preferred and Deferred Stocks issued by it against London and North-Western and North-Eastern Ordinary Stocks, and which are quoted on the London and leading Provincial Stock Exchanges.

The Preferred Stocks possess security similar to that of Railway Preferential and Preferred Stocks, but yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more income, thus affording to holders of many of the former Stocks an opportunity of adding to their revenue without decreasing their security.

The Deferred Stocks, whilst returning an average income in excess of that yielded by the Railway Ordinary Stocks, against which they are issued, contrast most favourably with all other Deferred and low-priced Ordinary Railway Stocks, and afford the only opportunity to small investors of participating, by means of low-priced Stocks, in the future of these two leading railways of the country. Table showing present price and dividend, and the dividend on the average of a number of years obtainable on the Deferred Stocks, is subjoined.

Any further information with regard to these Stocks can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 12 and 13, Nicholas-lane, E.C.

DEFERRED CHARGE STOCKS.	Present Price.	Last Dividend paid.	Annual Average of Dividend on result of last 10 years.*	Returns on basis of last Dividend.	Returns on Average Dividend of 10 years
London and North-Western Ordinary Stock	27	£1 7 6	£1 7 0 %	£5 1 10	£5 0 0
North-Eastern— Ordinary Stock	40	£2 5 6†	£2 4 0 %	£5 13 9	£5 10 0

*No allowance is here made for bonuses on allotments of new Stock.
†Exclusive of bonus of 9s. 6d. per cent. from allotment of new Stock.

CORNFORTH & REACHER,
Stock and Share Brokers,
4, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Monthly Investment List with Notes on Railways, Foreign Stocks, Industrial and Miscellaneous Shares and Mines—*Free on Application.*
References in every large town in England.
BANKERS—City Bank, Threadneedle-street, E.C.
Stock delivered to any London Bankers in exchange for cash.
Special attention to Investment Business.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—
CORNFORTH, LONDON.

MONEY.—Householders or Lodgers desirous of obtaining immediate advances upon their Furniture or other Negotiable Security, are invited to call at the Offices of the Consolidated Company, 43, Great Tower-street, E.C., and arrange. Bills of sale and executions paid out. No fees, the full sum advanced without deduction. An old established and genuine firm.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over

ONE HUNDRED YEARS,

and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

TOO FAT!!
DR. GORDON'S ELEGANT PILLS
Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to
DR. GORDON,
10, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

TOO THIN in the BUST. Send 3 stamps for pamphlet on sure and safe treatment, to the Manageress, PRETIOSA CARAMEL CO., Nottingham. Highest testimonials. (Quote Paper.)

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE
is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.

Blue & gold printed label. 4711 Extract of Double Strength.
EAU DE COLOGNE
Preferred by everyone
Always highest awards. To be had of all Chemists and Stores.
Ferd. Mülhens, 4711 Cologne.
Agents: Krohn Bros & Co. Billiter Bldgs. London, E.C.

VACCINE DE LA BOUCHE

London Depot: WILCOX & Co, 239, Oxford St. And all principal Chemists in the United Kingdom and Continent.

THE DIVIDENDS PAID HAVE BEEN AS FOLLOWS:

For Half-year ending	Preference Shares.	Ordinary Shares.
31st Dec., 1889	8 per ct. per ann. ...	15 per ct. per ann.
30th June, 1890	8 „ „ ...	15 „ „
31st Dec., 1890	8 „ „ ...	15 „ „
31st July, 1891	8 „ „ ...	15 „ „

THE DIRECTORS OF

Woodhouse & Rawson

United, Limited,

Invite applications for the Subscription of the following Capital:—

10,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each, being the balance of 60,000 Shares. There is no present intention of calling up more than £2. 10s. per Share.

13,000 Preference Shares of £5 each, being the balance of 50,000 Shares, entitled to Preference as to capital and to 7 per cent. preferential cumulative dividend per annum, together with a further 1 per cent. in every year in which the Ordinary Shares have received a dividend of 10 per cent. or upwards, and for

£50,000 Five-and-a-Half Per Cent. 1891 Debenture Stock, being the balance of a total issue of £200,000, of which £65,500 is reserved for the repayment of a like amount of Six per Cent. Debentures outstanding. On these being paid off, which will be done by the directors as soon as possible, the Debenture Stock becomes a first charge upon the entire undertaking.

The Debenture Stock is redeemable in ten years at £105, being 5 per cent. premium, or at an earlier date (but at the same premium), if with the consent of two-thirds of the holders of the Stock. Interest is payable half-yearly, at the Company's Bankers, on the 1st February and 1st August in each year; the next payment will be on the 1st February next, calculated from the dates of payment of the instalments.

The prices of issue are—for the Ordinary Shares, 5s. per Share premium, and for the Preference Shares and Debenture Stock at par.

Payment is to be made as follows:

Ordinary Shares—On application, 10s. per Share; on allotment, 15s. per Share; on 4th January, 1892, £1 10s. per Share.

Preference Shares—On application, 10s. per Share; on allotment, £1 10s. per Share; on 4th January, 1892, £1 10s. per Share; on 4th February, 1892, £1 10s. per Share.

Debenture Stock—On application, 10 per cent.; on allotment, 30 per cent.; on 4th January, 1892, 30 per cent.; on 4th February, 1892, 30 per cent.

Any of the above instalments may be anticipated, carrying interest from date of payment.

The above is the balance authorised to be issued at the general meeting of Shareholders, held on the 9th of January last.

The steady and progressive increase of electrical work of every kind, and the prospects that there are for a Company laying itself out to take advantage of all new applications of electricity are evident. The report of the Directors to the Shareholders, just issued, the accounts of the Company to the 31st July, 1891, and a descriptive pamphlet are enclosed with the Prospectus, thus rendering it unnecessary to enlarge upon the success that the Company has attained since its formation. The Directors are able to state that the outlook for the Company continues to be of the same satisfactory character.

The Dividends paid have been as follows:

For half-year ending	Preference Shares.	Ordinary Shares.
31st Dec., 1889	8 per cent. per ann.	15 per cent. per ann.
30th June, 1890.....	8 „ „	15 „ „
31st Dec., 1890	8 „ „	15 „ „
31st July, 1891	8 „ „	15 „ „

In addition to paying the above Dividends, the Company has been able to put aside the following sums, viz.: £35,000 to the reserve fund; £1,565 to employés pension fund; £8,931 carried forward to next year's accounts.

All applications must be sent to the Bankers, or to the Secretary at the Offices of the Company.

As a going concern there are necessarily many contracts in existence, too numerous to set out, and applicants will be deemed to have notice of such contracts, and to waive their rights to further particulars thereof, whether under Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

All applications for Shares or Debenture Stock must be made by Thursday, the 19th inst.

No. 88, Queen Victoria-street, E.C., London.
November 13th, 1891.

DIRECTORS.

Sir RAWSON W. RAWSON, K.C.M.G., C.B., President of the International Statistical Society, Chairman.
The Right Hon. Sir Edward Thornton, K.C.B., Member of the Committee of Foreign Bondholders.
Samuel Pope, Esq., Q.C., Chairman of the English Association of American Bond and Shareholders.
Philip Rawson, Esq., J.P., Vice-Chairman, Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, Limited.
Sir John Stokes, K.C.B., a Vice-President Suez Canal Company.
Frederick Lawrence Rawson, Esq., M.I.E.E., M.S.E., A.M.I.C.E., Managing Director.

SOLICITORS—Messrs. Budd, Johnsons, & Jecks, 24, Austinfriars, London, E.C.; Messrs. Rowley, Page & Rowley, 2, Clarence-buildings, Booth-street, Manchester.

AUDITORS—Messrs. Jackson, Pixley, Browning, Husey & Co., 58, Coleman-street, E.C.

SECRETARY—W. T. Stutchbury, Esq.

BANKERS—Martin's Bank, Limited, 68, Lombard-street, London. E.C.; Lloyd's Bank, Limited, West Kensington, W.; London and County Bank, Limited, High-road, Chiswick, W.; Birmingham District and Counties Banking Company, Limited, Burslem; Messrs. Cunliffes, Brooks & Co., Manchester; Halifax Commercial Banking Company, Limited, Bradford.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.
Invested Funds, £12,000,000.
The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited. No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.
C. HARDING, Manager.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.
This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.
ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, Jun., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

SUN FIRE OFFICE,
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1890,
£361,500,000.

ACCIDENTS
AT ALL TIMES—IN ALL PLACES
INSURED AGAINST BY THE
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1849. CAPITAL £1,000,000.
64, CORNHILL, LONDON.
W. D. MASSY, A. VIAN, Secretaries.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.
No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

Established 1868.
THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,
20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.
Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY,
58, Old Broad Street, London.
Capital, $3,000,000.
5 per cent. Deposits received for periods of not less than Six Months.
5 per cent. Debentures issued for a period of Five Years.
6 per cent. Freehold Mortgages. Principal and Interest guaranteed by the Company.
ATKINSON & CO., Managers for the United Kingdom.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.
UNION DEPOSIT BANK.
No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE.
Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From £30 to £5,000.
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
Interest allowed on deposits, 5, 6, and 7 per cent.
EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

Player's Navy Cut

Original

Sold only in 1-*ounce Packets, and* 2, 4, 8-*ounce, and* 1-*lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine Smoking condition.*

Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and Take no other.

SMOKERS ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST IMITATIONS.

The GENUINE bears the Trade Mark, "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE," on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES, In Packets Containing 12.

OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eleven days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on the morning of the second Monday succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14, letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" HOME-MADE TOY AND DOLL SHOW.

The parcels of dressed Dolls are coming in satisfactorily. I would, however, again remind those competitors who are either dressing Dolls or devising Home-made Toys, &c., that THE "TRUTH" TOY AND DOLL SHOW will be held in less than a month from now. It will interest many of my readers to hear that Dolls are to be sent from Malta, New York, Johannesburg, Bombay, China, and other distant places. The Show promises, in fact, to be one of exceptional interest.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 665.

The Prize in this competion will be awarded next week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 669.

The Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE ORIGINAL CONUNDRUM OF A TOPICAL CHARACTER.

I would ask competitors, in all cases, to send in the answers with their riddles, and to write them in such a way that they can be detached, if necessary, from the riddle itself. It will be interesting, I think, to give the conundrums a topical flavour, and thus make them refer more or less directly to some current event. All riddles with their answers must reach me by the morning of Monday, November 30, at the latest.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 664.

The Prize for the Best Original Song is awarded to A. G. G. I have not space to reprint this Prize Song, which will be found on page 973 of TRUTH for November 5.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The read name and the address of LA PLATA, winner of a half of Prize No. 663, are G. H. Davey, Esq., 4, Geraldine Villas, East Sheen, S.W.

*** The real name and the address of WAHRHEIT, winner of a half of Prize No. 663, are J. J. James, Esq., Northmarston, Winslow, Bucks.

*** The real name and address of MONACHUS, winner of one half of TRUTH Prize No. 660, are the Rev. K. H. Barnes, care of Captain Barnes, St. Catherine's, Horndean, Hants. I am desired by the Rev. K. H. Barnes to hand over his Prize-cheque to the HOME FOR LADIES mentioned in TRUTH for October 8.

RUBENAL.—I must apologise for the exceptional delay, which has been unavoidable. The matter is now nearly settled, however, and I hope that your patience will not be tried much longer.

F. G.—Your Anagrams on Mr. Balfour's name, which arrived too late t be published last week I will print now: True orator for Irish rabble, hurrah to thy just rule of the land.

CEPTAIN.—By all means use the same *nom de plume*.

WAHRHEIT.—When Competition 671 comes on, you will be again eligible as a competitor.

LA PLATA.—The coincidence you mention is indeed a curious one.

SCLANIDGE.—Your anagrams on Mr. Balfour's name, which were accidentally omitted last week, I now append:—1. Hurrah! forget not that A. J. B. has left Irish trouble for our dry rule. 2. Trust A. J. B., our leader, hurrah! for half-forgotten thy Irish trouble. 3. Hurrah! forget thy horrid trouble, for thou art jubilant, fearless.—Sclanidge.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 666.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

CHILDREN'S QUAINT SAYINGS.

A tiny girl of two-and-a-half years, when nurse fetched her to be dressed for dinner, exclaimed: "Oh, dear! there is no yest for the 'icked."—Chatte.

A little girl having been told by her aunt that she must apologise for a rude remark, she refused for some time, and then said: "I am sorry, Auntie Bertha, that I was rude to you;" adding, naïvely, "I'm afraid I'm not speaking the truth."—Oracle.

Little girl, sadly contemplating empty skin of large gooseberry she has just eaten: "Ichabod, the glory is departed."—Spero.

Bishop A.: "Well, Bobby, what was the sermon about?" Bobby, aged five: "Well, father, you ought to know, you preached it."—Eileen Ray.

A little niece of my own on one occasion, when she was about three years of age, made her way into the kitchen when the cook was in the intricate business of skinning a hare. The child watched her with the gravest interest, without saying a word; but at the end of the operation heaved a deep sigh, and said: "Can 'oo put his fock on 'gain, cook."—Sigma.

It was proposed that a certain very small boy should have his portrait painted. He was greatly distressed, saying, between his sobs, "Oh, father, I don't want to always hang up on the wall!"—Guelder Rose.

One day, after giving an object-lesson on volcanoes, the governess asked my little brother, a child of eight, what name was applied to a mountain which brought forth fire from its mouth. "Why, a spit-fire, of course," was his answer.—Mac.

A boy of five, after having been checked to no purpose by his mother for teasing her when she was busy, was thus addressed:—"My dear little boy, if you loved mother, you would try and please her by doing what you are told." Whereupon replied the boy:—"Mother, I'm trying to please God; I can't please everybody."—Roy.

Little girl of seven, being asked why she ate her tart all round the edge first, and consequently got her fingers covered with jam, answered reproachfully:—"Meg, don't you know, duty first and pleasure afterwards."—Rich Man.

Tootums (aged three), seeing cook plucking a goose:—"Nurse, is Mary undressing the goose to give him his bath?"—Pat.

1. Little girl to her nurse, who has told her the story of Adam and Eve's dismissal from the Garden of Eden: "I suppose they were both sent away without a character." 2. A girl on hearing of the raising to life of the widow's son, thought it over quietly, and eventually remarked: "I presume they had to pay for the grave all the same?"—Aliter.

Nursery governess: "Now, my dears, this is the first damson-pudding of the season, and you should always wish when you eat something for the first time. Let us see! What are you going to wish, Harry?" Harry: "More damsons in the next pudding."—Silly Sing Song.

Mother (reprovingly to little girl just ready to go for a walk): Dolly, that hole was not in your glove this morning." Dolly (promptly) "Where was it, then?"—Joan.

1. Sydney (on his first introduction to a centipede, and in wonder at its numerous legs): "And what does he say after right leg and left leg, mother?" 2. A little boy goes to see the skating on the Serpentine. He is learning to read, and when he sees a notice-board warning people off the thinly-frozen parts he exclaims: "Look, mother, they say not-ice, and it is ice everywhere, because people are skating on it!"—Cockatoo.

A little girl of six who complained of being left alone in the dark after she was in bed, was told by her mother that she need not be afraid, as God was with her, although there was no light. Whereupon the child replied: "Mother, dear, I'd much rather you took God away and left the candle."—Herbs.

The animism which pervades the minds of children was curiously illustrated by a boy of six, on a Thames steamboat last summer, when, on hearing the sound produced, as the landing-stage was driven against the piles, he asked, "What did it say?"—Mesarthim.

Little girl (to new governess): "I know *prenez garde* means not before the children. Mamma always says it to papa when he is going to say something at dinner she doesn't want us to hear."—Pseudonym.

On my return from India, I took my boy, aged six, to Baker-street by the Underground railway. On reaching our destination, he inquired, in an awed voice, "Mother, is this Hell station?" He had never heard of the railway, and had vague ideas that "Hell" was somewhere underground.—A. M. A.

During the recent war in Chile, all the English residents of one of the ports, while it was being bombarded, had to take refuge in a large underground store house; and when the firing was at its height—fighting going on in the street above, and the shells continually whirring through the air—a small boy of five, in an abject state of fear, lifted up his head from his mother's shoulder, and said, "I'll never sing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' any more"—that being a favourite hymn of his. An amusing

incident in connection with the same bombardment. Some children who had been through it, after their arrival in England, attended a service, when the Bishop was preaching to a lot of children, and he touched on the subject of war. He said he did not suppose any of those present had seen anything of war, when one little girl jumped up and said, "Yes, I have: I've been bombarded." Great excitement, and she had to be promptly pulled down.—Gungo.

A child of three-and-a-half had been taught by his mother a text in the morning: "Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." At night, at the end of his prayers, he, unasked, repeated the text in the following form: "Wash my heart, O God, and hang it out to dry."—Grumph.

A little girl, whose attention was called to the fact that she had forgotten to say grace before beginning her meal, shut her eyes, meekly, and said: "Excuse me, Amen."—Emsand.

A little girl, on being asked by her mother whether she was not glad to hear that an old friend of whom she was very fond, had recovered from a dangerous illness, replied: "Yes, of course, I'm glad, but still I'm sorry for God not to have his own way sometimes."—G.

A child, as a Sunday lesson, had repeated to her the parable of the Good Samaritan, and her teacher then strongly impressed the cruel conduct of the Levite. Afterwards, to see if the child had attended to the lesson, the teacher asked her: "Now, my dear, what have you to say about that Levite?" "Well," was the reply, "I don't know if he was so bad as you make out. P'haps he might have had to catch the last train for Jerusalem."—Peter.

Little Minnie, aged four, had never seen the sea. She was taken to Aberystwith, and after gazing in amazement at the foaming mass of water, exclaimed, in great excitement, "Oh, mother, look at the soap-suds! What a lot of washing they must do in heaven!"—Mischief.

1. Little boy, aged four: "Oh, mummy, will they let me beat my drum in heaven, instead of playing the harp, it's so much easier?" 2. At a Sunday-school: "Now tell me what is a husbandman?" Boy (from the slums): "I know, teacher; a man what beats a woman." 3. Provident uncle, with intention: "You see I know when I've had enough." Nephew, aged five, gravely, after a pause: "And I know when I haven't."—Icknield.

"There's an orange in the cupboard, with a little tree on it" (after peeping in the sideboard and seeing a pineapple for the first time).—Faz.

Constance, aged three-and-a-half. Her mother having forgotten to do something for her which she had promised, said: "Oh! darling, I forgot it; wasn't it naughty of me?" Constance replied, consolingly: "Oh no! mother dear! not naughty, only stupid!"—Daffodil.

A child in the habit of reading advertisements, after saying her prayers, added: "Oh, God, make me pure, absolutely pure, like Cadbury's cocoa."—Mabrooka.

(Mamma, explaining to her little girl, aged five, that everything she does and says is written down in a large book in heaven.) L. G. asks: "Are all the naughty things, too?" Mamma: "Yes, dear." L. G. (pensively): "Then I think I'll take a piece of indiarubber with me."—Aramis.

After going through the serpent-house at Zoological Gardens. Child: "But, papa! why do they wrap them up in oilcloth?—Chubby.

Tommy, who has listened with breathless interest to the story of Daniel in the den of lions, and how the wicked men who had accused him were punished, "I is so glad those poor lions got their breakfast at last."—Eneksa.

The following quaint question was asked by my little niece, aged six years: "When shall I have holes made in my head for the hairpins to go in?"—Betty.

Little girl, reading the chapter in Genesis recounting the Fall, comes to the curse pronounced upon the Serpent: "On thy belly shalt thou go." "What!" exclaims the child, "did he go on his back before?"—Darby.

"Mother," said a child of six years, "do you think when I go to heaven, that if I am a good little girl and play all morning with the angels, I may have some fun in the afternoon and play with the devil?"—Moslem.

This was the quaint saying of a little girl between six and seven years of age. She walked into the dining-room at her home and took an orange out of the cupboard in the sideboard, not knowing any one was in the room to see her, and then went out. Shortly afterwards she returned and put the orange back in the cupboard, and exclaimed, "Sold again, Satan!" A lady was sitting in the room partly concealed by the window-curtains, and saw and heard what took place.—Cornwallis.

Little boy (whose mother has previously warned him to make no remarks to coloured visitor), "Oh! do you know my brother blacks his face sometimes."—Birch.

Mother: "Dick, you are a naughty boy for throwing that stone at cook's head, you must say at once you are sorry!" Dick: "But I'm not, mother, I had six shots at her before I could hit her."—Crosspatch.

Child: "Mother, what is God's christian name?" Mother: "My dear, he has no christian name, He is God Almighty?" Child: "On, then, I shall call him 'Alfred.'"—Rimbo.

Diminutive nurse-maid: "I have a great mind to whip you, Master Tommy." Master Tommy: "I know; I know. Pa says little people often have great minds."—Viresco.

In trying to explain the story of "Daniel in the den of lions" to a young child, I forgot my painful piety through the following ludicrous remark from the child: "Oh, yes; papa showed me Daniel. He's a black man and wears white clothes." He had been to the menagerie.—Murdoch.

Emily at early dinner just after Sunday school. Mother: "Why are you not taking any salt, Emmie? Emmie: "'Cause I don't want to eat a bit of Mrs. Lot."—Enid.

Lady having spoken to her two grandchildren, aged six and five years, about the souls of people who are good going up to heaven, the elder boy later on says to his nurse: "Caroline, grandmamma says when people die their soles go to heaven, do their *heels* go too?"—Captain.

Once Tommy was silent at the request of his elders for many weary minutes, and when he could no longer contain himself, he was told that silence was golden. "Yes," quoth he, "but you know we want change sometimes."—Quatix.

My two little girls—Mildred then aged four years ten months, and Gwendolen aged two years and four months—came down to dessert one Sunday, and were each given a piece of Drystem ginger, a tin of which a friend had just sent us from China. Gwendolen, after taking one bite, quietly put the rest of her piece on the side of her plate, and the elder girl, noticing this, and having finished her own, said in an insinuating manner to the little sister: "Don't you want that piece of ginger, Gwennie dear?" whereupon Gwendolen indignantly replied, "Of course me do—waiting till it get cold!" Eboracum.

I was asking a little girl riddles, and I said, "Why do you go to bed?" and she replied, "Because I am *put*.—C. F. Reid.

Mamma to nurse: "I think we might get these hats dyed." Little girl (five years, just bedded): "But won't they go right up to Heaven?"—Danehill.

Little Dorothy (to old wooden horse which she insists on taking to bed with her every night): "You dear old love, I am a good mind to call you my sweetest nightmare!"—Mothola.

Mother (reading from Bible): "Ask, and it shall be given you; Seek, and ye shall find; Knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth." Small child (aged six, interrupting with deep sigh): "Ah! that was in *those* days, not in these!"—Jerry.

Bobby, a three-year-old, was given a penny one Sunday, by his mother, to put into the offertory. When the box was handed to him he dropped in his penny, and, looking up in his mother's face, said audibly: "Muvver, what do you tink will come out, tocolate or callamels?"—Malignant.

Governess, to small boy (ætat six): "Now, George, what are seven times nine?" No answer. Governess: "Come, you told me right yesterday." George (sharply): "Well, it's what I told you it was yesterday."—Lancastrian.

Tommy, on his sixth birthday, is given a new pocket-knife and a piece of wood to whittle, and is left, with strict injunctions not to cut himself. Presently wails are heard proceeding from Tommy. In rushes his mother, and finds him with a great cut in his finger. "Why, Tommy, you naughty boy," says she, "you've cut yourself." "No, mother, I haven't," sobs Tommy; "but, do you know, it's very odd, the wood's bleeding."—Soapy Sponge.

A lady friend, conspicuous for her colossal and unwieldy proportions, was ushered into the room where I and my little daughter, aged five, were sitting at luncheon. By way of apologising for her intrusion, my lady friend said: "Oh dear! I fear I am a disturbing element." My little girl, anxious to do the very polite and put our visitor at her ease, turned to me and said: "I am sure, mother, Miss Jones is *not* a disturbing *elephant*." (Consternation!!).—Marie.

My little girl, aged three years and a-half, was pretending to read a story (while I was brushing her hair) to me. She had named one or two characters—Willie and Johnny, &c.—but needed another name for yet another person; so she paused, and I heard her say in an undertone, "*Hallowed* be thy name," and then in a louder tone, "Yes, that shall be his name;" and she went on with her imaginary story, calling this person *Hallowed!* I made no comment, but was amused at her way of getting a name.—F. H. M. Gordon.

A gentleman asking my little boy, aged five years, if he loved his Bible, received the following unexpected reply: "Oh, yes! It is the most bloodthirsty book I know except the 'Last of the Mohicans.'"—Brer Rabbit.

Little boy, tired of his mother's religious instruction: "Whose book did you say that was, mother?" Mother: "God's book, dear." L. B.: "Well, then, I wish you would send it back to Him."—A. D. R.

1. Jack, aged five, at dinner.—Mother: "Jack, do keep your hands still. You should see cousin Kate, she never moves at meals." Jack: "Then, what's she do when herself itches?" 2. Mother teaching Jack the miracle of the man who took up his bed and walked.—Jack: "Was it a spring mattress, like Daddy's?"—Grip.

The head of a family gave out that all the members of his household were to give up some pleasure during Lent, as a penance. A boy, aged five, was asked what he would do without. After grave consideration, he replied: "I think I will give up going to church."—Brenelein.

Father (to eldest daughter Edith, aged four): "Be quiet, teasing your brother and sister so. I've a very good mind to give you no pudding." Edith: "I call that a very bad mind."—E. C.

Jack, aged four, who has gone with his mother to call, and been invited to stay to dinner.—Hostess: "I am so sorry, Mrs. Evans, we have only 'hash,' but you see I am making no stranger of you." Jack (who dislikes hash, and is fond of good things): "Oh! mother dear, do let us go home to-day, and come again another day for Mrs. Roberts to make strangers of us."—Wylde.

Edward (aged nine): "I am tired of saying my prayers; so shall not say them to-night." His mother said: "God likes little boys to say their prayers." Edward answered: "I spoke to him about it last night, and he said, 'Oh! pray do not mention it.'"—Kidden.

1. A lady, who had been ill in bed for some days, said to her little five-year-old boy: "Jack, what would you have done if I had died?" "I would have got oo stuffed, and put in ze drawing-room." 2. Sara: "Mama, was Jesus born on Christmas-day, and is that his birthday?" "Yes," said her mother. "Then do the angels all give Him a present that day?"—Ailsa.

Small Child (in big country place for first time): "Aunty, who is that man?" Aunty: "That is the yard-man, who feeds and looks after all animals." Small Child: "Aunty, is he Noah?"—C. H. G. T.

? Harold (aged four) received a penny, and was asked what he should do with it: "I shall go into a far, far country and spend it in riotous living."—Never Say Die.

Small girl of five, showing younger brothers "Pilgrim's Progress," comes to picture of Faithful at the stake, and, in the corner, chariot and horses are depicted—the little ones express their anxiety as to Faithful and the fate awaiting him. Small Girl replies: "Oh! he's alright, they've sent a fly for him."—Hitherto.

A Father was talking to his small boy, and said: "Can't you understand? Why, Will, you are half a fool." The youngster, looking up slyly, responded: "Are you the other half?"—Arten.

1. Molly (five years old): "I don't like Mr. Smith." Mother: "Hush, dear; if you were a nice, good little girl, you would like every one, Molly: "Would I? If I weren't would I wouldn't?" 2. Children walking through churchyard.—Molly: "It is only their bodies that are put in the graves, you know." Eric (four): "Yes; their *heads* is in heaven."—Rodel.

The greatest delight of my two little girls, aged six and eight respectively, is to pay me a visit in my bed in the morning, when there is always a scramble for the favourite position in my right arm. Lucy, the youngest, rarely secures this privilege, but one morning she succeeded, and now Ethel tried to dislodge her by every means short of exposing herself to a reprimand from me. Patient Lucy quietly submitted to the attacks, while Ethel became more and more aggressive, and, at last, dug her feet viciously into the region of her sister's ribs. When even this stratagem of sub-blanket-ian warfare failed to shake either baby's temper or position, Ethel burst out sobbing: "Mama, Lucy always kicks me with her stomach against my feet!"—Etzebatt.

A little girl was at a party where there was a conjuror. She presently declared that she knew how he did his tricks, but refused to tell the other children, who became very angry, and appealed to the lady of the house. Upon her requesting to be told how he did them, the infant calmly replied: "He did them very nicely."—J. Fitz-Vulture.

A little five-year-old of my acquaintance interviewed his mother the other day upon the subject of angels having wings, and, on being told that there was reason to believe that they were so equipped, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! how funny they must look when asleep *roosting like turkeys*." One day when about to undergo corporal punishment for one of his misdemeanours he pleaded in arrest of judgment that he had heard papa say that he was against all violence, and the proper way to settle all disputes was by *ar-ar-bitation!*—Baritone.

On leaving a church, to which my boy (aged six) had gone for the first time, I asked for his opinion of the service. He said: "I liked the band, but didn't care for the man who took the words."—Percy Vere.

Mabel, aged five, to her grandmother: "Grandma, I dream't last night I saw the angels and God in the middle, and God said to the angels, 'Bless my soul, what a beautiful child that Mabel is.'" Upon which she was whipped by her grandmother.—Yorick.

A little relative of mine was lying playing on the bed. He picked up his handkerchief between his toes, and said: "That's not a feat of arms, but a feat of feet."—Ducie.

1. Teaching a little class of children the value of time, it's past, present, and future, I said, after explaining the past and future: "And what do you call the time now?" All the little heads turned to the clock, and then called out: "Twenty minutes to twelve, teacher." 2. To the same little class I was teaching the children to be careful in all their doings, and said: "You cannot, you know, undo to day what you did yesterday," when a little one exclaimed, "Oh, teacher, I can. I undid this morning all the stocking foot I knitted yesterday."—Emily Culverhouse.

Small American Child: "Say, Mr. N., you are too fresh, you want salting."—Cayenne.

"Mama," said a little five-year-old girl after reading a chapter of the Old Testament, "I don't think Solomon could have been so rich, after all." "Why not, my dear?" "Why, I think if he had been so rich, he would have had a bed to himself, but it says in the Bible that he slept with his fathers."—Ytrehod.

A lady tried to cultivate a taste for celery in her children, who seemed to have an intense dislike for the same. The season of Lent approaching, the clergyman urged his congregation to forego some luxury and have the money to give away for some special charity. The mother turning to her children, asked them what they could, or would, give up for this good purpose? The eldest girl, who really disliked the vegetable the most, smartly answered: "She would like to give up celery."—Effie.

The Plagues of Egypt were being explained to a class of small children. Small boy: "And was it a very big hailstorm, and did it come down the chimneys?" Teacher: "Yes, I suppose it did." Small boy: "Then why did they not shut the registers?"—Ninover.

Little Ida, crying because her pet donkey, Pepa, had died suddenly—Little Mary: "Don't cry, Ida! Pepa has gone to Heaven." Ida: "Donkeys don't go to Heaven." "Mary: "Horses do! for Elijah was taken there by them."—Ella.

Fred (a very small boy), being told that he must not have his "bricks" to play with on Sunday, says: "Oh, mama! if you'll only let me have them, I'll promise to build nothing but a church."—Cæsar's Corner.

Jessie (aged four) has been pretty well drilled in the use of the aspirate. One day, after a long walk, she remarked: "Mamma, I want to go 'ome. I'm too tired to say home.—Nunc Dimittis.

Old lady, bothered by fidgety child: "Dear me, what a pickle you are." Small child: "If I'm a pickle you're the vinegar."—Perfectly True.

*** As I have a large number of "Children's Sayings" still on hand, I propose to publish a second collection of them as soon as possible.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

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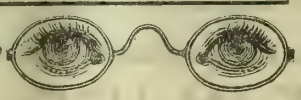

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 778. Vol. XXX. Thursday, November 26, 1891. Price Sixpence.

"Truth" Christmas Number.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

I HAVE already announced that consignments of dolls for the Truth Show are on their way from Johannesburg and New York; and now there has arrived, ex-S.S. *Mahia*, a box of dolls dressed in correct Chinese costumes from Shanghai. This box and its contents were insured by its sender, Mrs. R. W. Little, for £2, which sum was, in case of the loss of the dolls by shipwreck or otherwise, to be added to the Truth Toy Fund. There is reason to believe, too, that India and Australia will both be represented on December 16 and 17, at the Polytechnic; and, speaking generally, of the success of the coming Doll Show there can be "no possible doubt whatever."

But I am not at present able to speak with equal confidence about the Truth Toy Fund. The money has so far come in with a tardiness which would be alarming were not my apprehensions checked by the experience of the twelve past years. On each occasion the amount required for the purchase of the toys has always been received in the end; and I am certainly not going to suppose that it will not be forthcoming this year. But, on the other hand, time is passing rapidly away; and many thousands of toys have yet to be bought if the Christmas distribution is to take place in its usual completeness. Meanwhile, the tendency of prices in the toy market is to rise as Christmas comes nearer, and if Noah's arks, and wooden horses, and dolls' tea-sets are to be purchased on the most favourable terms, now is the time to buy them. On this subject I speak with the authority of an expert.

On the Puzzle pages of this week's Truth will be found a number of suggestions as to the ways in which the sending of Christmas Cards can be most suitably superseded. I almost wish that I had entered for this competition myself. My suggestion would certainly have been that the money hitherto so uselessly spent in the widespread diffusion of cards which most people grumble at sending, and which few really care to receive, should be remitted to this office as subscriptions to the Truth Toy Fund. As it is now too late for me to forward this suggestion to the Puzzle Editor for publication amongst his "specimens good and otherwise," I cannot, I think, do better than print it here. If this idea "catches on," I shall be ready to publish the names of the "no Christmas Card" people.

There is one more point I wish to specially impress on the ladies who are so kindly dressing dolls for our Truth Show, and that is as to the time for sending them back to this office. At the latest they should reach here by Wednesday, December 9, but ladies who may have finished their work at an earlier date would render great assistance by returning the dolls at their earliest convenience. The work of unpacking, examining, labelling, and arranging upwards of four thousand dolls is so very protracted that it would be almost impossible to do it thoroughly if none of them arrived until the 9th prox. Fortunately, however, many parcels have already come to hand, and it is hoped that many more will be received during the next week.

I have received the following amounts towards this year's Toy Fund:—

Captain R. L. Appleyard, £5. 5s.; J. Bennedick, 10s.; Sybel, Ida, Muriel, Hermione, and Granville, 10s.; Miss E. Margaret Houghton, £2. 2s; Mrs. Baldock, £5; A. B. C., £3. 3s.; C. G. A. D., £10. 10s.; Geo. Bolton, £1. 1s.; Sunderland's Indoor Tailors, 5s.; Robt. Kaye Gray, £10; C. T. A., £1. 1s.; J. Balfour Cockburn, 5s.; R. G., £2.; "Gerald," 10s.; "M. E. R," £2. 2s.; J. B. S., £1. 1s.; G. T. P., £5; J. C. G., £1. 1s.; Fred. Ford, £5; M. and F. W., 10s.; J. H. Wayne, 5s.; S. B. Bancroft, £2. 2s; Charlie Beattie, £2. 2s.; "M. I. D." £1. 1s.; "M. C. H," 2s.; "J. H. L.," £5; "S. C. C.," £2. 2s.; M E T., £1; George, Dollie, Irene, Marcus, and Alicia, £1; Miss Marler and Friend, 10s.; "J. C. C.," £1. I have also received a large dressed doll from Mrs. Rita Behrand, two dozen rattles and balls from a "Lover of Babies;" forty-two picture and story books from Irene and Helen Ralli; scrap-album and dressed doll from Miss M. B. Potter; one scrap-book, Miss Jessup; one box wool balls, "E. C. G."

The Queen is to leave Windsor Castle for Osborne on Tuesday, December 22, and her Majesty's family-party during the Christmas holidays will include the Duke and

Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg.

It is announced that the Queen's Courier ("who has arranged her Majesty's journeys for thirty years") has been staying at Mentone, from which fact it has been hastily concluded that the Queen intends to reside at the Cap Martin Hotel, "during the whole of the month of March." Now the Queen's "director of continental journeys" was Mr. Kanné, who died about three years ago, and the appointment has never been filled up. It is possible that the courier who has managed the Queen's last three journeys abroad may have been at Mentone; but, as he is frequently engaged by other persons, it by no means follows that he has a mission to engage a temporary residence for her Majesty. It seems to me that this flood of paragraphs about the Queen's intention to visit Cap Martin, is simply an elaborate puffing of Mentone generally, and the new hotel in particular. As to the Queen being there during the whole of March, the only detail yet settled about her Majesty's Continental trip is that she will not leave England until March 29. The Queen proposes to reside for about three weeks at either Florence, Aix-les-Bains, or some place on the Italian Riviera, but nothing is likely to be really decided for the next two months. The Queen is to return home through Germany, and her absence from England will extend over nearly six weeks.

I hear that, since the Queen's visit to Grasse, hotel charges have been so raised that the place is almost empty. With the greatest respect to her Majesty, I do not see why a person should pay heavily for accommodation in a town where her Majesty resided a year ago, and this seems to be the opinion of visitors to the Riviera. Grasse, indeed, is about the last place in the Riviera where I should care to reside.

Last week several of the daily papers announced, on the authority of "a Windsor correspondent," that the Queen is now in such vigorous health that she has been walking about lately at Balmoral without using the stick which she usually carried. How "a Windsor correspondent" could possess any special information about the Queen's proceedings when the Court was at Balmoral it was not easy to understand. As a matter of fact, however, so far from the Queen having been walking about without her stick, she has not lately been able to walk, owing to an attack of rheumatism, and, for the first time, her farewell visits to the farmers and cottagers on the Royal estate were made last week in a pony chair. The rheumatism is supposed to have been the result of a slight cold which the Queen caught about a fortnight ago, when she took a long drive into Mar Forest, and up Glen Derry, and the carriage was imprudently kept open long after dark. Otherwise the Queen has been in excellent health during the last three months.

The memorial service which is to be held in the Prince Consort's mausoleum at Frogmore on the morning of Monday, December 14, is to be conducted by the Bishop of Rochester and the Dean of Windsor, and the anthems and hymns will be sung by the boys of the choir of St. George's Chapel, without accompaniment, under the direction of Mr. Walter Parratt, the organist. All the Queen's children and grandchildren who are in England and able to attend will be present at this service.

General Lynedoch-Gardiner and Colonel Carington are to be the Equerries-in-Waiting on the Queen from next Tuesday until the day of her Majesty's departure for Osborne.

Lord Henniker, who has not been at Court this year, having been so fortunate as to escape both his previous waits, goes to Windsor Castle next Tuesday as Lord-in-Waiting on the Queen, in succession to Lord Romney, and he stays for a fortnight, Lord Elphinstone having to replace him on December 15. Sir Michael Biddulph is to be Groom-in-Waiting from Tuesday next until the 15th.

A few weeks ago I pointed out that in these days, when pluralities are out of fashion, it is quite wrong that Sir Michael Biddulph, who receives £334 as Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, an appointment which involves about three weeks duty in the year, should also hold the office of Keeper of the Regalia, which is an absolute sinecure, with a salary of £350 a year, and the use of an excellent furnished house. There are many distinguished officers who would be delighted to hold one of these places, and it is very hard upon such candidates for employment that they should both be in the hands of one man, simply because he is a Court favourite. I hear that a Ministerial representation has been made to the Queen on the subject, and if Sir Michael Biddulph is ultimately allowed to retain both appointments, there will be a distinct understanding that no such arrangement is to be again made.

Last Wednesday the *Times* announced that the Prince of Wales "is in excellent health, although he has not this year gone to the Continent to take a course of the waters as usual." This nonsense was complacently copied by the evening papers. Of course, the Prince of Wales did go to Homburg, "as usual," and he took "the waters" there for the customary period of three weeks.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who was last week the guest of Lord Morley at Saltram, is shortly to pay a visit to Lord and Lady St. Germans at Port Eliot, when there will be a small shooting party to meet him.

Next week the Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess Victoria are to be the guests of M. and Madame de Falbe at Luton Hoo Park, Bedfordshire, where a dance will be given in their honour, and later on they will proceed into Rutlandshire, on a visit to Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby at Normanton Park.

The Duke of Clarence was last week the guest of Captain Byng at Sherborne Lodge, Gloucestershire, a place which the Dowager Lady Strafford has rented for a term of years, and there was a shooting-party to meet him. It was funny to find the *Standard* announcing on Friday that the Duke is this week to stay at Escrick Park, Yorkshire, "on a visit to Lord Wenlock," who has been

at Madras for nearly a year past. The Duke is the guest of Mr. Menzies, who has rented Escrick for five years.

The Grand Duke of Hesse will shortly leave Darmstadt for Malta, on a visit to his eldest daughter, Princess Louis of Battenberg. The Grand Duke's health is not in a satisfactory state, and he will probably pass the winter in the Mediterranean.

Emperor William has been doing some foolish things lately, of which little has been heard in England. Nothing could be more ill-judged than for his Majesty to applaud loudly and incessantly a dreadfully dull play which was given the other night at the Court Theatre, by his express orders, because it was full of hits at the Socialists and their theories and aspirations. The Emperor's applause was the more remarked, because the piece was received in utter silence by the audience.

The Duke of Cleveland's Garter, which has been vacant three months, has not yet been filled up, and it was only last week that Lord Salisbury could make up his mind to select a successor to Lord Minto in the Order of the Thistle. The choice of Lord Crawford, has met with general approval. He sat for Wigan in the Parliament of 1874 as a Tory, but is not known as a political partisan, nor has he taken any active part in public life. Lord Crawford is a very learned and highly accomplished man, and one of the cleverest astronomers of the day. He devotes himself entirely to literary and scientific pursuits, and has done much good work as a trustee of the British Museum. If, therefore, the wearing of a metal thistle and a ribbon across his breast in any way makes him a happier man, there seems no reason why he should not be gratified.

Sir John Gorst is a decided economist, and at the Treasury he will find a very wide field for his exertions in that direction, and earnest supporters in Sir Herbert Maxwell and Sir Reginald Welby. I hope that this triumvirate will succeed in quashing the profligate and idiotic proposal, which is now being strongly urged in high quarters, that in future the collars of Knights of the Order of St. Michael and St. George shall be manufactured of pure gold, a change which would involve a considerable annual waste of the public money. It would be as absurd to insist that their dogs should be given golden collars.

The Duke of Cambridge, who was last week the guest of Mr. Fenwick, at Hunstanton Lodge, Norfolk, is this week staying with M. and Madame de Falbe, at Luton Hoo Park, Bedfordshire.

Lord Hartington, who has been staying since Saturday at Holker Hall, Lancashire, with the Duke of Devonshire, is about to entertain a party for cover-shooting at Chatsworth.

The Duke and Duchess of Rutland, who have settled at Belvoir for the winter, will entertain numerous visitors there during the next two months, and it is probable that Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg will be their guests for three days about the middle of January. The Duke of Rutland is to accompany the Queen to the Continent at the end of March as Minister in Attendance.

Sir George Wombwell received a party for pheasant-shooting last week at Newburgh Priory, including Prince Francis of Teck, Lord Dartrey, and Lord Feversham and Lady Ulrica Duncombe.

I was amused to read in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Wednesday last, "a nice little story about Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill," which was described as having been taken from "a South African paper," which, however, had stolen it from TRUTH, as it appeared in this journal about three months ago.

Lord Downe, the Colonel of the 18th Hussars, who has been seriously ill for several weeks at Danby Lodge, Yorkshire, from typhoid fever, is now progressing favourably towards recovery. It is supposed that Lord Downe contracted the fever at Dublin.

I am sorry to hear that Lord Lytton is not likely to be in better health for a long time, the stories of his speedy recovery notwithstanding. It is probable that a new appointment to the Embassy at Paris will have to be made shortly.

Captain Robert Lawley had been for some time in failing health, but his sudden death has been a great shock to his large circle of friends, by whom he will be long sincerely lamented. Captain Lawley was formerly a prominent and popular figure in sporting circles, and he was known in Yorkshire for many years as being one of the best and hardest riders among the followers of the Bramham Moor and York and Ainsty packs.

The death of Mr. Gundry, of The Hyde, has excited deep and universal sorrow in the Bridport district of Dorsetshire, and he will be a serious loss to the Tories, for he was the most popular, active, and influential Liberal-Unionist in that division of the county. Mr. Gundry was an enthusiastic Liberal until the split of 1886. He took a prominent part in local and county business, and he was widely known for his munificent charities and his generous kindness to the poor. He was for several years Master of the Cattistock Hunt, having been reluctantly induced to accept that position at the earnest and nearly unanimous wish of the members.

Lord Eldon's large house at the corner of Hamilton-place and Piccadilly, which is for sale, was purchased by his great-grandfather, the Chancellor, who, in 1820, on hearing that the adjoining house was to be taken for Queen Caroline, informed Lord Liverpool that if any such arrangement was made he would at once resign, and thereby produce a Ministerial crisis which must prove fatal to the Administration. Lord Eldon died in this house.

I hear that Ardachie, General Hastings Fraser's place, near Fort Augustus, will shortly come into the market. The grouse moor, which is a good one, extends to some

2,000 acres; the house is above the average of Highland shooting lodges, and there is a small farm attached. The Frasers of Ardachie are a junior branch of the Lovat family, and the place has been in their possession for upwards of three hundred years.

A very remarkable letter, written in September, 1866, to Mr. Delane by the then Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, is to be sold this week in a collection of autographs. The letter states that the Emperor had been warned by MacMahon that the French Army was not in a condition to contend with that of Prussia; and it gives curious particulars about the critical state of his Majesty's health, and refers to the quarrels between the Emperor and Prince Napoleon, and to his unpopularity. The writer appears to have received minute details respecting the war between Austria and Prussia, and he asserts that Prince Bismarck "said that he felt that the whole fate of Prussia was staked on the issue at Sadowa." Had he seen the battle lost it was his intention to throw himself into the mêlée, and find an honourable death.

What next? Shakespeare wrote some sonnets to a fair, girl-like youth. It does not signify to man, woman or child who this youth may have been. Not so, however, think the crew who are always seeking to puff themselves into notoriety as "students of Shakspere," and they write, argue, and discuss the question who the youth was. In Shakespeare's day there was a youth named William Herbert. Lord Pembroke has recently acquired a portrait of William Herbert. We are now solemnly informed that Mr. Thomas Tyler and Dr. F. J. Furnivall have made a pilgrimage to Wilton to see the portrait. "Both are delighted, and they think it evidence conclusive in favour of the delicate girlishness of young William Herbert," as "it represents a man who in youth must have been fair." What, then, more clear? The dark William Herbert of the portrait is dark owing to age and varnish. Having thus conclusively proved that the picture is a dark portrait of a fair youth, is it not abundantly evident that, as Shakespeare's friend is described by him as fair, that friend must have been William Herbert, it being a well-known fact that there is only one fair youth in a generation?

The performances of Mrs. Abbott are still exercising the minds of newspaper editors and newspaper correspondents. It is more probable that they are due to trickery than to some new and hitherto unknown force in nature. The most curious thing about the discussion seems to be that no two persons are agreed as to what the lady does. The *Star* vouchsafed an explanation of the levitation and non-levitation of Mrs. Abbott. If, said the *Star*, she holds her arms close to her side, she can be lifted; if she holds them either forward or backward (and two illustrations were given), she cannot be lifted, because under such conditions no one can be by a person grasping her arms. Well, I tested this on a lady, and found it absolutely inconsistent with fact. The lady was lifted easily by grasping her arms when placed in the way that the *Star* asserts that the thing is impossible. As to the lifting off the ground of the chair with the six men on it: one day the *Star* declared that the chair was not lifted off the ground; the next day it explained the trick by which it was lifted.

I am no great believer in a committee selected by an audience. Such selections are no guarantee of bona fides. I am myself an inquirer, and my inquiring spirit has led to the exposure of many mystic wonder-workers. Will Mrs. Abbott submit her feats to a committee of six, myself being one, and the five others being men of fair minds appointed by me? If we find that she does what she pretends to do, and without muscular effort, she shall have a certificate to that effect; if she does not do what she pretends without muscular effort, the verdict will go against her. As I understand it—1. No one can lift her by her naked arms. 2. She lifts a chair with six men on it from the ground without muscular effort, and without any trickery. If she lifts the chair, I presume that she can keep it off the ground for a certain number of seconds, so that there shall be no dispute as to whether it is lifted. With regard to the muscular effort, we will have some eminent M.D., who shall have his hand on her arm whilst the feat is being performed.

Mr. H. A. Jones complains of there being a contract at the Avenue Theatre, which includes the right to sell programmes at sixpence each, and that he has vainly offered to compound with the contractor, who asks the sum of £10 per night for giving up this right. I think that if he and the public were to work together they might bring the contractor to reason. Presumably, this contract brings in £10 per night. Mr. Jones might give a programme to every one booking a seat in advance, and he might place in the stalls, dress circle, &c., large parade bills of the programme. The public might, on its side, simply refuse to buy programmes. They very often do not want them, and the sixpence is charged for being shown into the seat, the idea being that it looks stingy not to fee the usher. To get £10 per night 400 programmes have to be sold; but the programmes cost 10s., and the ushers have to be paid. Of these there must be certainly six, and each is, I suppose, paid 2s. Adding, therefore, outgoings, 444 programmes have to be sold—*i.e.*, by an outlay of 22s. the contractor gets a profit of £10.

But Mr. Jones says that the refreshment contract is also taken up by some one. Here, too, there is need for reform. A Lord Chamberlain's licence carries with it the right to an Excise licence, and probably a speculator pays the owner of the theatre for this Excise licence about £50 per week. I see no more reason why a person cannot sit through a play without consuming spirituous liquor than why he cannot sit through a sermon. The temperance advocates ought, therefore, to interfere to

For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 1134 in the present issue.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 1135.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see page 1133.

PEPSALIA used as table salt while eating, one saltspoonful to an ordinary meal, ensures absolute digestion of the food. The *British Medical Journal* says:—"We have satisfied ourselves of the efficacy of Pepsalia."—In bottles, 1s. and 2s. each, from Chemists, or G. & G. STERN, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

hinder the granting of this Excise licence, and the non-temperance people should insist that, if it be granted, a very large sum should be paid for it.

I gladly comply with a request that I will assist in making known the formation of the "Theatrical Ladies' Guild." This organisation has been started by Mrs. Charles Carson in order to raise funds for the purpose of giving help, in times of domestic trouble and distress, to women of all kinds connected with the stage, including chorus-women, "extras," dressers and cleaners, and all who have been engaged on salaries about the theatres. The idea is an excellent one, and as there is no profession so prompt as the stage to respond when the hat is passed round for a good object, the success of the "Guild" ought to be assured.

Concerning "A Little Black Baby Boy." An advertisement on this subject has been appearing very freely in some of the papers, and has brought a large number of inquiries to TRUTH Office. The advertisement was signed by Mr. Joseph Peters, the Treasurer, and Mr. Courthope Todd, the Secretary of the Theatrical Mission, Henrietta-street, and appealed for support for the infant in question, whose father had been killed in the exercise of his profession as a wire-rope dancer. The Little Black Baby Boy is undoubtedly in the Orphanage of the Mission, and there is no reason to doubt that his account of himself is accurate, nor that he will be well looked after for the £13 a year which is asked for on his behalf. But in view of various communications addressed to me on the subject, I think it would materially further the collection of the £13 a year if Messrs. Peters and Todd would tell me how much they have now received, what has been done with it, and how much they have spent in advertising.

Reading the account of his father, in the "Early Years of Frederick the Great," I came to the conclusion that it ought to be studied by shareholders in Limited Liability Companies. This father would have made an ideal director. He never allowed himself to be humbugged. His business, he said, was to create *ein Plus*, and his principle was "I do not intend to receive accounts and papers instead of cash." How indignant this man would have waxed at Mr. Goschen's lengthy explanations of *ein Plus* on accounts and papers, and a cash minus. I do not make the slightest doubt that, after having severely beaten him, he would have hanged him.

Some months ago, Mr. G. A. Sala, in his "Echoes of the Week," contested my assertion that the beautiful Queen Louisa of Prussia had a sore neck which considerably militated against her beauty. What do I find in the "Memoirs of General Marbot," vol. 1, p. 280? He was sent with a letter from Napoleon to the King of Prussia, and as he passed several weeks in Berlin awaiting the answer, he was presented to the Queen, and took part in all the Court festivities:—

La Reine était vraiment très belle: une seule chose la défrait; elle portait toujours une grosse cravate, afin, disait-on, de cacher un goitre assez prononcé, qui, à force d'être tourmenté par les médecins, s'était ouvert, et répandait une matière purulente, surtout quand cette princesse dansait.

The late Dr. Luard's library was always supposed to be one of the best private collections at Cambridge, but his books did not realise high prices at Sotheby's last week. The depreciation in the value of rare editions of the classics was proved by the sale of a very fine copy of the famous Sheldon Press edition of Hesiod for only £9. 10s., whereas at the dispersal of the Duke of Grafton's library a similar copy fetched £105. A copy of the first edition of Homer, which was in Lord Jersey's library, and for which £35 was paid at his sale in 1885, realised £54, a remarkable price considering that two years ago Dr. Luard had bought it for £13!

The Committee of the British School at Athens have offered a scholarship to the University of Oxford, the holder of which will be required to reside at Athens for not less than three months during the approaching winter and spring, and while there he must conform to the rules of the school. The emolument is to be provided out of the Newton Testimonial Fund.

A gentleman sends me the following cutting from the *Oxford Review* with such a slashing attack on this result of University education that I feel the extract must deserve such prominence as I can give it:—

Wanted,—A secretary, to write letters, if possible shorthand. State terms daily for about three hours.—Apply to Lord Beauchamp, Christ Church, Oxford.

Of course, Lord Beauchamp does not mean that he wants somebody to state terms daily for about three hours; but it might have assisted the unemployed, if he had stated more clearly what he does mean.

The first piece of Crown patronage which has fallen to Mr. Balfour is the valuable living of Nuneaton, which is worth £1,300 a year, with house, and which has become vacant by the resignation of Canon Bellairs.

The Duke of Newcastle has started at Worksop a branch of the Order of Cowley Fathers, who are to be quartered in the Old Priory, a thirteenth-century building, which is about to be restored at a cost of nearly £3,000, in order that it may be converted into a modern monastery. The Duke has also made over to the Fathers the advowson of Worksop Priory Church.

Canon Newbolt, who succeeded to Dr. Liddon's stall in St. Paul's, is to be in residence during December, and he will occupy the Cathedral pulpit on Sunday afternoons throughout the month. Canon Newbolt is a very eloquent and impressive preacher, and his sermons draw large congregations.

The Vestry of Allhallows, Lombard-street, have, I rejoice to see, refused their assent to the union of this benefice with that of St. Edmund the King. They give a number of good reasons for their refusal, the most cogent of which is that the site of St. Edmund's, with its valuable frontage in the very centre of the City, is worth far more than that of Allhallows, so that if either church is

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to go (the object ostensibly in view being to erect a new church in the suburbs), it would be best to remove St. Edmund's. That one or other should go, is beyond question. But the point is, that this result must be carried out without a division of the spoil among the clerical and other private parties concerned. The ground is now cleared for the Bill which the Bishop of London has promised to introduce for the regulation of all these amalgamation schemes.

Bishop Selwyn has been obliged to resign the See of Melanesia, which he has held for fourteen years, in consequence of the failure of his health. Bishop Selwyn has worked hard and well in New Zealand, and it may be hoped that his strong claims for high preferment will not be overlooked by Lord Salisbury, who could not do better than appoint him to the vacant deanery of Chichester.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Prodigal Son" will be performed at St. Andrew's, Ashley-place, S.W., on Monday next (November 30), the dedication festival of that church. There will be a full orchestra and a largely-increased choir, and the sermon will be preached by Canon Scott Holland. I am asked to state that admission will be by tickets, which can be obtained by sending a stamped envelope to the sacristan at the church.

There were altogether about three hundred candidates for the office of organist at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, and the appointment of Dr. Creser, of Leeds, will meet with general approval. He is a successful composer and a very fine player, and under his rule the musical services in the famous parish church of Leeds have reached a high standard of excellence, and are unsurpassed by those of scarcely a single cathedral in the country. The selected candidates went through a serie of trials, at which certain very eminent organists officiated as judges. The appointment is in the gift of the Queen herself, and every kind of Court interest was brought to bear on behalf of certain candidates, a vacancy of this description being a pie into which all sorts and conditions of people think that they may dip their fingers. One of the unsuccessful candidates was warmly recommended by certain members of the Royal Family.

Bishop Barry, who has been doing duty in Devonshire during the last two months for the Bishop of Exeter, who is away in Japan, will return next Monday to Windsor, as he is to be the Canon in Residence at St. George's Chapel during December. Bishop Barry has been working very hard in Devonshire, having been daily engaged in confirmations and other routine work, and he has visited all parts of the county. The Bishop's vigorous and practical sermons and addresses present a striking contrast to the twaddling dissertations of the Diocesan, whose intellectual feebleness is the more noticed in consequence of his having succeeded two such eminently "strong" prelates as Bishops Phillpotts and Temple.

The preachers at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, during December will be: 6th, the Sub-Dean; 13th, the Rev. Lord Charles Fitzroy, Rector of Euston; 20th, the Hon. and Rev. Canon Phipps; 27th, the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck, Minor Canon of Westminster. On Christmas Day the Sub-Dean is to preach, and service will commence at eleven o'clock.

I hear that judgment in the Ker-Gray Chapel case is to be given before December 8. It is full time that it should be given.

A highly gratifying interchange of brotherly amenities between Church and Nonconformity has been going on at Bath in connection with a mission which the Church has been holding there. Dissenting ministers have even gone so far as to pray publicly for the success of the mission. This unwonted cordiality has, however, been somewhat damped by the discovery of a form for "Self-examination" circulated by the clergy in connection with the mission. By this form the penitent is invited to ask himself, "Have I sinned in any of the following ways?" And way No. 7 is "By attending places of worship other than the Church of England." When I last heard from Bath the Dissenting ministers were no longer praying for the mission.

The English church of All Saints, at Leipsic, has just been seized by the Town Council for breach of certain clauses in the contract under which it was erected; the breach being, as far as I can learn, the non-completion of the building as agreed. Together with the church, all the furniture and effects have been seized, and the Chaplain ejected. The incident looks anything but creditable to the powers having jurisdiction over the English Church on the Continent. The statement is made in an English paper published at Dresden that the Leipsic church was primarily a German speculation, designed to attract English residents to the town and students to the Conservatorium; and it is suggested that the forfeiture is a piece of sharp practice on the part of the German promoters. But it appears that a large amount of English money has been sunk in the building, and that the breach of contract on which the forfeiture has been exacted has been continuing since 1887. Under these circumstances some explanation is certainly due from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and also from the Bishop of London. It is stated by the Chaplain that on the first demand being made upon him for possession, he telegraphed to the S.P.G. and received no answer for four days.

It would seem that the Guernsey marriage case was even worse than my statement about it last week. Wheeler and Taylor had four months' imprisonment, not one month as I stated, half the term with hard labour, the other half in solitary confinement, with a diet of bread and water, in addition to having been more than a month in gaol awaiting trial. The Dean of Guernsey, who performed the ceremony, is in his dotage, and his wife is the Dean. No perjury was committed, because no oath was administered, nor did the man passing as the father of the bride sign the father's name. The man, indeed, is half simple, having had two sunstrokes. The offence of this

man and of the bridegroom was venial in comparison with that of the Dean. He did not administer the proper oath, the licence granted was irregular, and the service was mutilated. The only reason for not punishing him is that his mental condition is such that, when his evidence was taken, he remembered absolutely nothing of the occurrence. His Deanery and his living are Crown appointments, he therefore can hold them as long as he pleases; but he holds the office of Surrogate or Commissioner from the Bishop of Winchester, and it might be well that his Lordship should look into this case, with a view of considering whether his Surrogate should not be called upon to resign this position.

Dr. Gritton, of the Lord's Day Observance Society, has favoured me with yet another letter, and also with a copy of the statute of 49 George III., directed against Sunday entertainments. For this I am obliged, but I had seen the statute before, and it appeared to me, and still so appears, consistent with the statement which I published, that it does not apply to entertainments where money is not taken at the doors, or by the sale of tickets of admission. Whether this point has or has not been legally decided Dr. Gritton does not tell me. He also writes:—

> You seem aggrieved because I do not at your bidding commence proceedings against the Sunday League. That, sir, is a matter for ourselves to determine. It will not be done on your suggestion. I may remind you that the commander of an army would not be wise to attack when, and where, and in the manner suggested by the enemy.

So far from feeling "aggrieved" at this, I should have rejoiced at it, as an admission that Dr. Gritton does not think it safe to attack the League at present. But immediately after the receipt of this letter, I read in the papers that Dr. Gritton's Society is actually commencing proceedings against the League. The above passage is therefore quite pointless. I do not think, after this, that I need trouble my readers further with Dr. Gritton's lucubrations.

The bazaar at Edinburgh for the Police and the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has proved an enormous financial success, there being a surplus, after paying expenses, of about £8,000. But, though successful as a monetary transaction, it has resulted in a considerable amount of bickering and animosity. It seems that the stall-holders, most of whom received their goods from the public to be sold for the special objects of that particular bazaar, have considered it their province to determine that most of the goods which remained unsold should be transferred to whatever other bazaar each stall-holder happened to be interested in. The result is that a great deal of public indignation has been aroused against what is held to be a breach of trust. This is not surprising, for surely goods which have been sent for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should not be transferred to some other bazaar without the sanction of the original donors.

I am asked to state that a sale of work on behalf of the Hospital for Hip Diseases (Queen-square) will take place at Trebovir House, Trebovir-road, South Kensington, on December 18 and 19, the work having been done by the children of Trebovir House School.

An interesting letter has reached me from a distinguished Artillery officer on the subject of the increased pay of the Garrison Artillery. Since August 1 last, the pay of officers of the dismounted branch has been raised; and my correspondent's contention is that the pay of Field-Artillery officers should be raised also, seeing that they have the graver responsibilities and the more arduous duties of the two. It is unfair, he says, that officers of the same rank and regiment, quartered it may be at the same station, should draw different rates of pay—especially if these different rates vary, as my correspondent affirms they do, inversely as the duties and responsibilities of the officers concerned. He cites as an instance the relative positions of two Lieutenant-Colonels at Woolwich, one of whom commands a Field-Artillery Depot, the other being a Garrison Artillery Lieutenant-Colonel in command of the District-Staff. The former has under his command some 750 men, 200 horses, and twelve guns; the latter—at a higher rate of pay—exercises purely clerical authority over a crowd of servants, bandsmen, grooms, waiters, and cow-keepers, and such-like waifs and strays of the garrison.

While I am far from approving of the half-hearted reforms lately introduced into the Royal Artillery, I cannot endorse my correspondent's views in this matter. It must not be forgotten that until the pay of the Garrison Artillery was raised, it was difficult to obtain officers for it, and that the increase was granted solely for the purpose of increasing the efficiency—by improving the position—of the despised branch. I understand that the effect of this manœuvre has proved to be even greater than was expected, and that the supply of Garrison Artillery officers now exceeds the demand. No sane man will contentedly do an unpalatable duty on the same terms as an agreeable one; and it is beyond dispute that Field Artillery duties are much more to the taste of the bulk of Artillery officers than are those of the Garrison Artillery; hence the enhancement of wages in the less-popular branch.

Nor is the instance cited by my correspondent quite a fair one. A Senior Garrison Artillery officer has, as a rule, under his command a fort bristling with heavy guns and crammed with complex machinery—a responsibility surely not less than that of the Commander of two or three Field Batteries. It is, of course, a scandal that such a command as that of the District Staff at Woolwich should exist; but this has little to do with the point at issue, and probably the Horse Guards' Authorities find it convenient to have in their gift some such billet.

The real grievance of the senior Field Artillery officers seems to have escaped my correspondent, viz., that only those who have served in the Horse Artillery are likely to be selected for Field Artillery commands. This has not yet become very apparent to outsiders, but it is well

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known that the Horse Guards' authorities are strongly prejudiced in favour of such Field Artillery Lieutenant-Colonels as have had "jackets" as Majors, and this means practically the ousting of the Field Artilleryman pure and simple from the highest commands in his own branch. The only remedy for this abuse is a reform which has often been advocated in TRUTH, viz., the total separation of the Horse Artillery from the other branches of the regiment.

The *Broad Arrow* having, as I showed last week, been at great pains to correct a statement in TRUTH which had never been made there, this week blunders still deeper into the mire in the attempt to effect a retreat. I suggested last week that the writer who was so mightily perturbed at my having spoken of a Cameron Highlander as a Cameronian, was ignorant of the fact that the Cameron Highlanders were known for the first fourteen years of the regiment's existence as the Cameronian Volunteers and the Cameronian Highlanders. In this conjecture I was right, as will be seen from the following extract from the current number of the *Broad Arrow*:—

"*The Broad Arrow* wiseacre" is perfectly well aware that the Cameron Highlanders were at first called the "Cameronian Volunteers," but he is not aware that they bore that title for fourteen years, for the simple reason that he can prove that it is not the case. Perhaps our contemporary will be content to know that the history of the regiment, which was published by the officers in 1887, says that the 79th was officially inspected and passed by Lieut.-General Leslie on January 3, 1794—less than six months after it was raised, and that it then received the designation of the "79th Cameron Highlanders."

"Our contemporary" is far from being "content to know" anything of the kind. I am content with nothing less than the fountain-head in a matter of this sort. My statement of last week was made on the authority of the "Army List." The Cameron Highlanders, I take it, were first raised in the latter part of 1793. The Regiment first appears in the "Army List" dated January 10, 1794, as the "Seventy-ninth Regiment of Foot," or "Cameronian Volunteers." It so remains till Feb. 1, 1805. The title "Cameronian Volunteers" was then altered to "Cameronian Highlanders." It so appears in the "Army List" in 1806. And not till the "Army List" of January 10, 1807, that is to say in the fourteenth year of the regiment's existence, is it designated by the present title of "Cameron Highlanders." How in the face of this the *Broad Arrow* "can prove that it is not the case" that the regiment bore the names I gave, I am at a loss to imagine; but some better proof will have to be adduced than a regimental history which is utterly at variance with official documents. The *Broad Arrow* scribe mentions that he has "for years worn the kilt and the tartan of the clan." So it might have been supposed, for no one but a Cameron clansman could possibly have supposed that to call a Cameron a Cameronian would be an error of the slightest consequence in the eyes of any one outside the clan Cameron. And this worthy Cameron, who has to be instructed by a poor London journalist in the history of the Cameron Regiment, has the assurance to conclude with a warning to me against "rushing into print." We may have mistaken our vocations, but, with submission, I really think that this warrior would do better to stick to the sword, and leave me the pen.

A triumph of War Office muddling has been accomplished in connection with the official programme of infantry movements for the current year. Under the schemes issued in February and in September, the West Kent Regiment was to go from Shorncliffe to Dublin, the Inniskilling Fusiliers, from Portsmouth, were to go to Shorncliffe, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, from Pembroke Dock, to Portsmouth, and the Connaught Rangers, from Aden, to Pembroke. (Note, by the way, the admirable observance of the territorial idea in all these arrangements.) However, November having arrived, the movement of the first two regiments is countermanded, at the cost of considerable inconvenience to many officers who have made their plans, and the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry are now to go from Pembroke to Dublin. This complete change of programme is credibly attributed to the gentleman at the War Office who looks after these things having discovered at the eleventh hour that the West Kent have already completed a turn in Ireland since their last return from foreign service.

Why is it that an infantry Quartermaster-Sergeant only receives 4s. a day, while a Colour-Sergeant receives 3s. a day pay, plus 1s. a day "allowance" for keeping the books? Keeping the books is a regular part of a Colour-Sergeant's duty, and, except in name, every Colour-Sergeant is really receiving 4s. a day, the same pay as his superior officer. This question may be coupled with that which has previously been asked in TRUTH, as to why a Quartermaster-Sergeant should not, like an O.R. Sergeant or a Staff Clerk, or almost any N.C.O., get a periodical rise in pay? These questions have a very practical bearing, for the scale of Quartermasters' remuneration strongly suggests that it is fixed with reference to perquisites, which thereby receive a sort of indirect official recognition—a most pernicious system.

An Indian officer, home on leave, brought to my notice the other day a case in which he appears to have been officially victimised beyond all precedent. His pay in India is Rs.451. 16a. 5p. per month. The Government rate of exchange is 1s. 6d. He ought, therefore, to be credited with £33. 15s. per month. Instead of that, he finds that the amount paid to his bankers in London is £21. 18s. 9d. for a month of thirty days, and £22. 13s. 5d. for thirty-one days. The loss to Indian Government officers at the official rates is bad enough, but here some £11 or £12 per month appears to be clean confiscated, to say nothing of the officer being also mulcted in the English income-tax I should like to hear what defence even the most hide-bound Treasury official can offer for this proceeding.

The question was recently asked by a correspondent of an Indian paper whether a man sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of Rs.2,000, or in default of payment an additional year's imprisonment, remains liable to pay the fine after he has made default and served the extra year's imprisonment. Strange as it may

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appear, a writer in a subsequent issue of the same paper answer this question in the affirmative, stating confidently not only that the law is clearly to this effect, but that he knows a case in which a man who has served his term of imprisonment in default of payment of a fine, was subsequently distrained upon and sold up to satisfy the penalty. I have always been under the impression that the Indian Penal Code was a monument of wise and scientific jurisprudence; but if this statement of the law is accurate, the Code certainly contains one radical defect.

News has reached me from Calcutta that a detachment of Royal Engineers with some Indian coolies are being sent to Mombassa to make railway surveys for the East Africa Company. Even assuming, as I do, that the Company will pay for the services of the Engineers, such a proceeding is in every way most objectionable, and calls for a prompt and energetic protest. The East Africa Company can have no difficulty in obtaining in the open market civil engineers fully competent for this work. To lend soldiers for the purpose is simply to insert the thin end of the wedge, at the other end of which is the pledging of the Imperial resources for the defence of the Company's territories. The incident is, like the proposal to subsidise the railway, evidence of the covert understanding between Ministers and the East African directorate, and such an understanding can lead to nothing but mischief.

The Indian Government has exhibited an abnormal degree of official meanness in dealing with the claims of the family of the late Mr. Melville, of the Indian Telegraph Service, who was killed in the Manipur outbreak. This compensation has been fixed at a pension of £100 a year to Mrs. Melville and £18 a year for the education of each of her two sons, until they reach the age of eighteen. Mr. Melville was a civilian, and in no way called upon to incur such risks as those to which, by the fault of the Indian Government, he was exposed in Manipur without a warning of any kind. He was himself entitled at the time of his death to a retiring pension of £400 a year, which would have increased next year to £500. In view of these facts, the inadequacy of the compensation given to the two children, who have been deprived of all benefits both in their father's pay and pension, is little short of a scandal. If they had a right to compensation at all, which is admitted, they had a right to at least enough to maintain them until they are able to shift for themselves.

How many more times must the buildings at Woolwich Academy be officially condemned before Mr. Stanhope will bring his mind (if that is the correct name for it), to bear upon this long-standing scandal? Last year, after several previous reports to the same effect, the Board who annually inspect the two colleges at Woolwich and Sandhurst pronounced the accommodation for cadets at Woolwich to be such as no servant would put up with. This year the Board are "unanimously of opinion that fitting accommodation should be provided." The condemnation is not limited to the cadets' rooms, but extends to the bathing arrangements, and, in regard to a swimming-bath lately constructed, which will not hold water, the Board urge that the matter "should be attended to without a single day's delay." Mr. Stanhope obtained from Parliament a credit of four millions for barrack improvements. What excuse, then, can there be for his neglect to move in this matter, which requires at the most but the expenditure of a few thousands?

The list of candidates for the Entrance Examination which commences to-day (Wednesday) furnishes striking evidence of the advantage to a candidate of being jobbed into the Army without competition. Upwards of 1,400 candidates are competing for 121 cadetships, and out of these 121 probably some fifteen on the India Staff corps have already been disposed of. There are, therefore, about fourteen candidates for every vacancy, and some 1,300 candidates are fore-doomed to rejection.

Sir Evelyn Wood has rendered another valuable and practical service to the Army. He recently succeeded in obtaining from the Railway Companies the concession of reduced fares for all soldiers going on furlough, and now he has gained the same boon from the Steamboat Companies, which have consented to issue tickets to such passengers at the ordinary single fare, which will be available both ways.

Having dealt with the ration and beer supplies at Aldershot, Sir Evelyn has now got the milk question in hand, and is taking measures with a view to the troops and their families obtaining the pure and unadulterated article of the best quality.

A military correspondent, writing on the slackness of discipline in the Army, laments the weakness of authority in the Corporals, and points out that this is due to their intimate association with the men they are supposed to command. "How," he asks, "is a Corporal to maintain his proper distance from the private when he lives in the same room, messes at the same table, and sleeps with privates within 3 ft. of him on either side?" The force of this will be obvious to everybody. The difficulty of devising a remedy, I presume, lies in the necessity of having some one exercising some degree of authority among the men both at mess and in their dormitories. My correspondent does not propose any solution of this difficulty. I, therefore, venture to suggest that subalterns should dine and sleep with their men. They would, no doubt, be able to "keep their distance," and the arrangement would, therefore, be highly conducive to discipline as well as agreeable to all parties.

Among a number of officers and Civil servants recently travelling home from India by a P. and O. steamer were some thirty in the second-class saloon. Much irritation was caused among the latter towards the close of the voyage by the circulation of a statement that a well-

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known General Officer, travelling first-class, had publicly expressed his opinion at table that it was a very discreditable thing for such a large number of officers to be travelling second-class. If such a remark was made, it was as wrong-headed as it was impertinent; for nothing can be more to the credit of an Indian officer than that he should boldly defy the stupid social or service traditions which require men to live, either on board ship or anywhere else, in a style which they cannot afford. The following passage from a letter from an officer shows the proper and healthy feeling in this matter—a feeling which I am glad to see is spreading:—

I think, Sir, you will agree that officers on leave, and paying their own expenses, have a right to travel how they please, and that it is a monstrous thing that any superior in rank should take on himself to control or criticise their private arrangements. As a married man, with children to educate in England, I could not afford to come home to England every two or three years if I did not economise in such matters as travelling second class. A similar attempt was made, as you know, some months ago, by the G.O.C. Bombay, in a circular letter—an act of bare-faced impertinence, which happily fell flat, as it deserved.

A sad case of what appears to be determined persecution of a meritorious public servant has just been brought to my notice. Mr. John H. Hefferman was, I understand, in 1887 instrumental in procuring the issue of an order under which certain dockyard appointments were to be held in future for three years, instead of five as theretofore. At that time Mr. Hefferman had himself been for some time waiting for a vacancy, and shortly afterwards he succeeded to the Chief-Inspectorship of Machinery at Portsmouth. When, however, his own three years expired (in November, 1890), Mr. Hefferman was not allowed to get the benefit of his own reform, but remained in his Chief Inspectorship on the plea that he was engaged on "the revision of Naval Store accounts." Eleven months more elapsed, and again Mr. Hefferman's retirement was heartlessly deferred, this time on the ground that he was occupied with "the re-organisation of the Steam Reserve." This treatment is peculiarly hard on a gentleman who was in his day so anxious to expedite the retirement of his seniors, and much sympathy, I need not say, is felt for Mr. Hefferman among those who are waiting to step into his shoes.

The *Law Times*, in denouncing Lord Halsbury's abuse of his legal patronage, apropos to the appointment of Judge Beresford, makes the suggestion that all these appointments should be vested in a Board of Legal Patronage, independent of Party. The suggestion deserves further notice. It would be too much to hope that any scheme of this kind would eliminate jobbery altogether. *Cæteris paribus*, the man with influential connections is always bound to have the advantage over the man with none. But the institution of a Patronage Board would fairly well ensure that appointments would be limited to competent men, and, after all, that is the only practical consideration. So long as men are competent for their work, it is a matter of indifference to the public whether they are Tories or Radicals, peers' relatives or tradesmen's sons.

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In the O'Shea-Wood case, the Wood family seek to set aside the five last wills made by the late Mrs. Wood. If they do this, the property will follow the dispositions of a previous will, by which Mrs. Parnell will get about £36,000. If the last will is not set aside, a further complication will ensue; for, whilst by the marriage settlement between Captain and Mrs. O'Shea all moneys subsequently inherited by either go into the settlement, Mrs. Wood has expressly stated in her last will that the money which she leaves her niece is to belong personally to her; and Sir Horace Davey has given an opinion, that this overrules the stipulation in the marriage settlement. In any case, however, Captain O'Shea will benefit, for as the divorce was pronounced against Mrs. O'Shea, and as Mrs. Wood died before the divorce, he and his children will be awarded by the Court a considerable amount of the money.

Lord Stafford and the Dukes of Westminster and Fife, as curators of his two sons, have just lodged "answers" in the Court of Session to the Duke of Sutherland's petition for leave to disentail portions of the Reay and Dunrobin estates. The answers are to the effect that it would be "extremely injurious, and indeed disastrous" to the estates and to the interests of the heirs if the properties in question were disentailed and sold, and any such proceeding "would cause ruthless and unnecessary injury" to the estates and to the interests of the respondents therein. There is likely to be a prolonged and expensive litigation if the petition is not withdrawn. The Duke of Sutherland has retained the Lord Advocate (Sir Charles Pearson), while Mr. Asher represents Lord Stafford, and the Dean of Faculty (Mr. Balfour) leads for the Dukes of Westminster and Fife, who respectively represent Lord Alistair Gower and Lord Gower.

The law is wonderful in its inconsistencies to all those who are not professionally engaged in making money by it. A boy who plays pitch-and-toss with another in a street is punished as guilty of a heinous crime. A nobleman who bets on a racecourse with a gentleman whose profession it is to bet, is a person who takes an intelligent interest in a manly sport. Last week we had in the Law Courts a series of treatises upon the right to recover bets. I gather from them that if A bets with B, he cannot recover; but that if A instructs B to bet for him with C, then B can recover from A. This legal subtlety worked out as follows in the case before the Court. A called at an office kept by B, and instructed him to back certain horses for him. B is a bookmaker himself and a commission agent. But in the same house with B is C, a bookmaker. When a client came to B he called through a telephone to C to bet, and then became able to sue A for the money. I, therefore, commend to all commission-agents and bookmakers the following very simple mode of evading the law. Let each take a separate office in the same house. When a client comes to A, let B make the bet; when a client comes to B let A make the bet. Then A and B can each recover from the client of the other, if he does not pay in the event of his losing.

I am not raising the question about the morals of betting. My own impression is that, if two persons, each with a pound in his pocket, like to wager whether both pounds shall find their way into one pocket, this is a private matter with which the State has no concern. Were I the parent of a child of tender years, I should object to his playing at pitch-and-toss, just as I should object to his dirtying his best frock by making mud pies when arrayed in it. Were I the law, I should not interfere with either of these pastimes. The law, rightly or wrongly (rightly, I think), prohibits public betting offices. Yet the law permits money to be recovered which has been lost owing to bets ordered to be made in a public betting office. Can anything, I ask be more absurd? The law, moreover, allows men to bet on a racecourse, and claps into prison lads who bet in the streets, possibly because their means do not allow them to attend races. Can anything be more invidiously unjust?

When a howl was raised against the Prince of Wales for playing at baccarat I did not join in it, because I could not see the difference between a person owning racehorses and backing them and playing baccarat. The horses and the cards were but instruments in order to create a chance on which to wager. Why, then, approve of the horse wagers, and regard the card wagers as almost criminal? What was the difference? I could see none.

I referred last week to the monstrous fine imposed at Middlesbrough on Mr. George Hood for the issue of an election hand-bill from his office without the imprint of the firm. The fine has since been met by a local subscription. This circumstance appears to me to strongly bear out the view I expressed, that so excessive a penalty must have been inspired far more by political spite than by zeal for the regularity of election proceedings.

By the way, there is a Stipendiary Magistrate at Middlesbrough. This gentleman receives £800 a year in order to supply the town with justice of a somewhat better quality than the article dispensed by the average J.P. On this critical occasion, however, when his presence would seem to have been specially desirable, the Stipendiary was absent. What is the explanation of this?

Mr. S. R. Groom, the Mayor of Harwich, and his colleague on the Bench, Mr. R. S. Barnes, have earned themselves a distinguished place in the records of Magisterial folly and incompetence. On Wednesday last three boys were charged before them with "assaulting" a little girl named Sleep. The boys were aged respectively nine years, twelve years, and "going on for fifteen." Here is Sleep's account of what they did. It must be understood that another girl was walking with her at the time and her mother was walking six yards in front:—

David Smith (the nine years old boy) first spoke to her; he said he was going to put something that he had on a piece of slate on "Mrs. Vincent's —— house." He held up a piece of slate and she saw something on it, but she did not know then what it was. He then went closer to her and wiped the slate on her back. The other boy, Daniel Hughes (the fourteen years old), then came up to her. He had a piece of slate in his hand, which appeared as though it had something on it, and, without saying anything to her, he wiped the piece of slate on her arm, and said, "Let's put it on the —— girl Sleep," and he then did so, and he then tried to put it (the filth) in her mouth. The boy Hare (the twelve years old) then came up, and he also had a piece of slate in his hand which had something on it, and he attempted to put it in her mouth. He touched her hat. She put up her hand to keep him off. He then threw the slate down and ran away.

In the course of the hearing the Mayor observed that "he had never heard such a case before in his life," adding subsequently that "it was one of the most disgraceful cases he had ever heard of." Ultimately, the facts having been proved substantially as stated above, the worthy Groom, remarking that he deplored the depravity of these boys, sentenced all three of them to fourteen days' hard labour. There are decisions which, *ipso facto*, proclaim a Magistrate to be utterly incapable of weighing the relative gravity of offences, and hopelessly unfit for the exercise of any judicial office, and this is one of them. I can only say of it what the Mayor himself said—it is one of the most disgraceful cases I ever heard of.

I cannot say whether it is too late for anything to be done for these children—especially little Smith, who screamed and clung to his mother when sentenced, and had to be torn away from her by a policeman and carried off, vainly calling on his mother. But I feel very strongly that when it comes to committing a child of nine, or even twelve, years old to hard labour for mere "larking"—however offensive and reprehensible in itself—it is time for all who interest themselves in the welfare of children to take some decisive action. Provincial Magistrates have again and again shown themselves utterly unfit to be trusted with any jurisdiction over children—incapable of appreciating at what point mere childish "naughtiness" begins to have a criminal character, and hopelessly blind to the disastrous results of committing children of tender years to prison. Their powers ought to be limited, and I say again that I think the matter calls for the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Children need protection quite as much against the folly of dunderheaded Magistrates as against the brutality of unnatural parents and guardians.

John Wise, the young sailor who pushed his comrade over a cliff near Weymouth, because "he wanted to be hanged," is, no doubt, a lunatic, and when he is tried at the Dorsetshire Assizes he will, of course, be sentenced to be imprisoned, "during her Majesty's pleasure." This is a pleasant prospect for the taxpayers, who may count upon having to maintain John Wise in his comfortable seclusion for the next fifty years at least.

By an error which I very much regret, Mr. Higgin, Q.C., was alluded to in last week's TRUTH as the Judge who sentenced Mr. Masters, at Manchester. It should have been Mr. West, Q.C., the Recorder, whose name has been so often mentioned in connection with this case, that I trust every reader will at once have detected the error for himself. Mr. Higgin, Q.C., is well-known for his exertions in favour of short sentences, and for the general soundness of his views, and in the case of Mr. Masters he was one of the signatories of the memorial addressed to the Home Secretary.

The Liverpool Stipendiary, Mr. Stewart, made a very laudable declaration last week, when he said that "he would not have men beating their wives, even if they were bad ones." In the case which called forth this remark it was proved that a man rushed at his wife in the street, struck her about the head, knocked her down, and kicked her several times about the body before a policeman could interfere. Yet Mr. Stewart simply fined the ruffian £2 and costs. If he wishes, as he says, to put down brutality of this kind, he will have to inflict far more drastic punishment than that.

Such ill-judged lenity as is constantly displayed in cruelty cases is still one of the most incomprehensible features of Justices' Justice. The other day, for instance, Robert Rushton, a farmer, was convicted, at the Warrington County Petty Sessions, of ill-treating a cow. The wretched animal was found in a field in an emaciated condition, "nothing but a skeleton," for, owing to the fracture or dislocation of a limb, it could not move to gather any food. The defendant admitted that it had been injured two months previously, and that he had not taken it any food. Yet all the Bench did was to impose the ridiculously-inadequate penalty of 10s. and costs.

The precise line where folly merges into lunacy, or when a fool ceases to be responsible for his actions, cannot well be laid down. Mrs. Leutner was charged before Sir Peter Edlin with shop-lifting, and she pleaded guilty to the charge, on which Dr. Forbes Winslow certified to her being a lunatic, and it was stated that she had had fits. Now, when I read the utter nonsense that Dr. Forbes Winslow wrote about Mrs. Maybrick's evidence, I felt that the only reason for not putting him at once in an asylum was that his lunacy was not dangerous. Here, then, we have a lady packed off to an asylum on a certificate of a gentleman whom I regard as a lunatic. And I really believe that my opinion in such matters is precisely as good as that of Dr. Forbes Winslow. Between all mad doctors and mad men, I never have perceived much difference.

A truly edifying pair of railway prosecutions took place the other day at Marylebone Police-court. The defendant in the first was one Henry V. D'Esterre, who had given up on arrival at Willesden Junction a ticket from Dublin to London, apparently issued on February 10. Henry V. D'Esterre, it appears, is a gentleman of property, and on a statement being communicated by his counsel (Mr. Poland) to the prosecuting counsel (Mr. Grain), and by Mr. Grain to the Company, the latter came to the conclusion that "the defendant's position was such that he could not have had a desire to defraud the Company by avoiding payment." Mr. Grain, for the prosecution, having recited these facts, and stated that "the defendant wished to contribute £5. 5s. towards one of the benevolent institutions of the Company," the Magistrate (Mr. Cooke) observed that there was no objection to the summons being withdrawn, and withdrawn it was. It would be interesting, I think, to all parties to know more definitely what is the precise position in society which renders a man, even in the eyes of the Company's officials, incapable even of a desire to defraud a Railway Company.

How different is the attitude both of Railway Companies and Magistrates towards parties who have not this conclusive guarantee for their moral character, was shown in the very next case. The defendant here was a clerk, and a season ticket-holder, and he had travelled beyond the distance covered by his ticket. He was quickly found by Mr. Cooke to have committed "an ingenious fraud," and was fined 30s. and costs. Railway Companies may discriminate as they please between passengers who travel without taking tickets; but that a Magistrate should give his assent to the doctrine that a passenger of property, who is willing to pay a forfeit to a benevolent institution, stands on a different footing in a criminal court from a mere clerk, is in the highest degree scandalous.

I have always great pleasure in recording the failure of a prosecution for Sunday trading; and there was a very curious one at Dudley last week. A man who had been summoned for selling tobacco on a Sunday stated that, though the door of his shop was partly open, the shutters were kept up. Thereupon the Magistrate's Clerk advised that the offence must be "publicly showing or exposing for sale," and that there was nothing illegal in mere selling on a Sunday; and the Bench dismissed the case. If this interpretation of the law is correct, shopkeepers who desired to carry on their trade on a Sunday could do so in defiance of all the Sabbatarian bigots. Unfortunately, however, there are many Magistrates' Clerks and Magistrates who have held, and who will hold again, that selling, even with shutters up, on the Lord's Day is an offence against the Act of Charles II. It would, however be interesting to test what the law on the point really is.

The usurers' tout of Jermyn-street, who styles himself "D. Jay," has for some reason best known to himself commenced a campaign among the medical profession. Jay is apparently unaware of the extent to which doctors read TRUTH, and it will, therefore, be of interest to him to know that I have received several dozen of his circulars from different members of the medical profession within the last week or two. I see that Jay has taken the last hint I gave him and withdrawn the rook, his family crest, from his note-paper. If he will take another hint from me, he will curtail his expenditure on stationery yet further.

I observe that another death has occurred under chloroform. The victim's name was Clifford Taylor, "a mariner," says the report, and he died at the Ipswich Hospital, on Friday, the 20th. He was given "two drachms of chloroform, which is a small dose, but a

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severe struggling fit occurred just before he went under. His struggles, however, suddenly ceased. He became "cyanotic" (black in the face I suppose they mean), "and his heart's action stopped. Artificial respiration was tried, but death had taken place." Now, I want to know why did Clifford Taylor's heart's action stop under chloroform? It had no business to. There is no scientific fact more clearly established than that chloroform does not affect the heart. So far as the heart is concerned it is as harmless as new milk. It only paralyses the pectoral muscles. All you have got to do when the patient begins to look fishy (cyanotic) under chloroform, is to keep up artificial respiration, and he will be all right. So long as a man has a kitchen bellows in his house, and a trustworthy girl to blow it into his windpipe, he may take chloroform all day long.

This was clearly proved (and trumpeted to the universe) only the other day by the black but benevolent Prince (I forget his name, but it does not touch the point) who, being outside the jurisdiction of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, summoned to his court the medicine men of Europe and placed all his subjects and all their domestic (and even the wild) animals at their disposal. Since the world began science never had such a field-day, or such a free hand. It rioted in experiments of the most interesting character. All the fauna, and I believe some of the flora of that sable potentate's dominions were put under chloroform. From the boa-constrictor in the jungle to the beggar-man at the Palace-gates, there was not a living thing in the whole country that science was not free to catch and chloroform. Science took full advantage of its opportunities and came to a certain conclusion—chloroform does not affect the heart, only the respiratory muscles. Keep up artificial respiration, and nobody will die under chloroform.

And yet people seem to go on dying under chloroform. I am sorry for this, because I fear it will shake people's confidence in their doctor. Hitherto our faith in medicine has stood firm. The dreadful German criticism has spared it. There has been no anti-medical Strauss, or Renan, or Darwin. We have believed in our doctor with a touching, childlike faith, which nothing has been able to shake. When doctors differed (if two meet they always come to blows) about influenza or cholera we did not mind; we followed the treatment of the doctor who happened to be our doctor, and got well or died on his principles. But now here is a point—the only point I think (except toothache, in which the universal prescription is "have it out") upon which doctors do not differ—"Chloroform does not affect the heart," and yet here are Englishmen's hearts giving way under it, on an average, I think, about once a week.

In time, I fear, people of no character will begin to ask, "Do doctors really know anything about anything that goes on inside us?" To be sure the question is not one of much practical importance, because whether the doctor knows anything or not, you are bound to call him in, because if you do not, there will be no getting buried without a Coroner's inquest, an incident always to be avoided, if possible, in a respectable family—unless, of course, you happen to be a Duke or a Gaiety chorus-girl.

I desire to commend the state of Bath Workhouse to the immediate and careful attention of the Local Government Board. There has for a long time been constant illness among the unfortunate inmates of the establishment, and the Guardians, having tardily and reluctantly authorised a thorough survey of sanitary arrangements, a truly astounding report has just been presented to them by the expert who examined the place. No fewer than forty-seven distinct recommendations are made in order to remedy defects and carry out indispensable improvements. It is stated that the Workhouse could not be in a worse condition if it drained into a series of cesspools, and it seems that the sanitary arrangements of the sick wards were quite as bad as are those in other parts of the establishment. That so scandalous a state of things should have been allowed to exist reflects the utmost discredit upon the local authorities, who must be a truly muddy-minded lot of dullards, or they would understand that it is most injurious for any watering-place and health resort to obtain a character for defective sanitation.

Another attempt was made at the meeting of the Edinburgh Town Council last week to reduce the shameful waste of ratepayers' money by deputations. During the last Session of Parliament three deputations came to London, one consisting of nineteen members, another of sixteen, and the third of twelve. As the Lord Provost receives £3. 3s. per day, and the other members £2. 2s. per day each, for personal expenses, with £6. 10s. each for railway fares, it may be taken for granted that when they get to London they are in no hurry to return. The very modest proposal made to the Council was that the allowance for expenses should be reduced by one guinea per day. But two Bailies argued that it would be inconsistent with the "honour and dignity" of the city to give the Lord Provost the "beggarly pittance" of £2. 2s., and other members £1. 1s., a day, and the motion for the reduction was negatived. It is clear that the Town Council may be trusted not to let the "dignity" of Edinburgh suffer so long as it can be maintained by free trips to London; but how about the "honour"? London is a large place, and whether a Lord Provost has a big room or a little room at an hotel, and whether he dines à la carte expensively, or partakes modestly of a dinner at a fixed price, pass absolutely unnoticed.

A storm of sectarian bigotry and spite has been aroused in Stockport by the fact that the members of the Corporation attended the Mayor in a state visit to the Unitarian Chapel (he being a member of that denomination) on his first Sunday in office. It being a well-recognised custom in the town that the Mayor shall make his state visit to

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his accustomed place of worship, it might have been thought that even the Church of England clergy would have accepted the proceeding as a matter of no religious significance. The Rev. Arthur Symons, however, took upon himself to deliver a public protest in his pulpit against it; while another reverend personage, named Galloway, had the assurance to write to a Town Councillor urging him not to attend the service, by which course, he says, the Corporation have "seemed to show" that they regard the fundamental dogma of Christianity as an open question. By the same brainless reasoning, a Jewish or Moslem British subject who, as a matter of courtesy or official duty, attends any ceremony or service in an English church, thereby "seems to show" that he doubts the truth of his own religion. There is, I believe, no other religious community outside the Church of England from the lips of whose ministers it would be possible to hear twaddle at once so childish and so offensive.

The Hove Commissioners, I am told, have under consideration a project for appointing a man and his wife and daughter care-takers of the Public Library at a salary of 7s. 6d. per week between them. If this be considered a suitable wage for three persons in a wealthy and prosperous place like Hove, it would be interesting to know the remuneration of caretakers in public offices in districts like Bethnal Green or West Ham.

One of the earliest questions put to Sir James Fergusson when he appears in Parliament as Postmaster-General ought to have reference to the extraordinary system of keeping important appointments in London vacant. I have repeatedly called attention to this matter. I am now informed that the cost of extra duty in order to work the posts thus vacant has amounted, for two years past, to several hundred pounds per month. This is an amazing statement, but I have it from the Post-office. Can it be denied?

One Edward Holmes, of Birmingham, wrote to Mr. Gladstone on November 5 to inquire, among other things, whether he "approved the teaching of the Bible in London according to the syllabus of the London School Board." Having received no answer, he sent, on November 14, a telegram, "reply paid," repeating the question. The answer was: "Regret I cannot send a reply.—Gladstone." Thereupon Holmes writes a long and cordial letter thanking Mr. Gladstone "for your prompt reply," and proceeding thus:—

> Now, I think that I have fair grounds, to judge from your reply, that you approve of Bible teaching, but, for reasons known only to yourself, you decline to state so definitely in your reply to me. In case I have drawn wrong conclusions you will, I am sure, kindly correct me.

Finally, Holmes puts the finishing touch to his impudence by sending all these documents to the papers as "correspondence and telegrams that have passed between the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone and myself." Holmes is therefore of opinion that if A writes letters to B which B does not answer, a correspondence has passed between them. He also thinks, apparently, that if he asks a man whether he approves, let us say, of wife-beating or infanticide, and is refused an answer, he has "fair grounds" for inferring that his victim approves of these crimes. Mr. Gladstone's courtesy and forbearance have been often enough abused by strangers desirous of advertising themselves, but E. Holmes, of Birmingham, may be congratulated on having beaten the record.

"Are you, then, in favour of Diggle?" writes a correspondent, *à propos* of some observation of mine in TRUTH last week on the London School Board. No, I am not. What I want to see on the Board are intelligent men, who take good care that we get twenty shillings for every pound expended of our money, and I am no believer in pianos or in swimming-baths. These sort of things may not cost very much, but they put the backs of the ratepayers up, for money can be spent more usefully. I believe that both Parties on the School Board waste money. What I complain of in respect to my Party, is that they really seem to be under the impression that the money question is not an important one; whereas, to my thinking, economy is just as important as efficiency. The ratepayers elect the Board, and they pay the bill. in theory, it may be very well to say that money is no object. As a matter of fact, the ratepayers do not take this view, and they (with some justice) are under the impression that their money is an object, and is extravagantly expended. If this feeling grows, the result will be that they will refuse to pay enough for efficiency, and education in London will suffer. Unquestionably, after making due allowance for higher price of sites, education costs more in London than in our great provincial towns, and, yet I contend, education in these towns is just as good—indeed, in some better—than it is in London. Our School Board Mantalinis have a sort of "the-halfpenny-be-demned" way about them, only with them it is "the £1,000 be demned," which may be very grand, but is at the same time expensive.

One of the first duties of the next Parliament will be to insist that Church schools, which are so largely supported by the State grants, shall be open to the meetings of all political parties. The St. Paul's School, Ramsbottom, contains the largest room in the town, and the local Liberals applied for the use of it on the occasion of Earl Spencer's visit this week. The application, however, was refused by Mr. H. Heys, the "surviving trustee" of the school, though the room has been constantly used for Tory meetings, and Mr. Heys himself, as Ruling Councillor, has presided at Primrose League gatherings there. Political bigots of the Heys type must be taught that the days for this kind of boycotting have passed away.

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The following Fable has been sent to me by a correspondent who, having unearthed it from a source he does not mention, suggests that it will be found apropos to a lately reported account of a recently-formed Defence Association and its Most Noble President:—

THE BEASTS OF BURDEN AND THE LION.

The Beasts of Burden, put upon with increased severity on every hand, at last determined, like the proverbial worm, to turn. So they decided to form a Defence Association. Then the question arose who should preside over this league of the be-whipped and the be-rated—especially the latter. "Well," exclaimed a young but already jaded Ass, "I propose that we apply to that most noble quadruped, the King of the Forest, to help us in our dilemma. And a number of other Beasts of Burden, also Asses evidently, promptly fell in with the proposal, quite oblivious of the fact that many of their friends and relations had had their bones picked clean by the very Lion whose aid they now proposed to invite. A deputation accordingly waited on the noble quadruped in question, who acceded to its request with an alacrity which, in beasts of ordinary sagacity, should at once have induced suspicion. And almost before the deputation was out of earshot the Lion chuckled to himself so loudly that another beast of prey who was passing looked in and exclaimed, "Ah, brother landlord—brother Leo, I mean—what is the joke?" "Joke?" returned the Lion, "why the Beasts of Burden have asked *me* to be President of the Defence Association they have just formed." "And you have consented?" "Of course, I have. As I shall eventually have the eating-up of a number of them when their leases—I mean when their lives—fall in, it is obviously my interest to see they are kept as tender and as plump as possible till I am ready for them." And then the Lion and his friend chuckled in unison till the forest rang again. *Moral.*—When the Lion lies down with the Ass, the latter is usually inside him—or soon will be!

A practical-looking scheme for improving the lot of cabmen—at present about as bad as it well could be—is formulated by Mr. F. J. Crowest in the current number of the *Westminster Review*. The main idea is to form a society on the lines of a building society, by means of which every member may in time become the owner of his own cab, horses, and harness, the society having also an eye incidentally to improving London cabs, as well as London cabmen, and reducing fares, so that it will have claims on the support of the public as well as "the profession." If Mr. Crowest's figures may be trusted, a membership of 2,500 at 6d. a day will be sufficient to ensure the success of the scheme, and as there are 15,000 licensed drivers in London, it certainly ought not to be impossible to enlist 2,500.

Messrs. Scrubb & Co. write to say that my tale of a lady having washed her diamonds with Scrubb's household ammonia, when two of the apparently white diamonds became yellow stones, has created a distrust of their preparation. It ought to create just the contrary effect, for the preparation cleansed the diamonds, and led to the discovery of the real nature of the stones.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.—Patterns are now ready of these new and fashionable Cards for Christmas (specially printed), and will be sent post-free. A most complete collection, comprising many striking novelties.—PARKINS & GOTTO, Court Stationers, Oxford-st., London.

The Chester Farmers' Club passed on Saturday a resolution in favour of federating all the farmers' clubs of the kingdom by means of a central club, to which each local club shall subscribe. The object in view is to promote common action by farmers on all matters, political and otherwise, affecting their interests. Undoubtedly there is ample room for such a federation, and every one who has at heart the interests of agriculture, as distinguished from the interests of landlordism, will wish success to the movement. A combination of farmers, unlike combinations of other producers, is nothing of which the consuming section of the public need feel any alarm. The foreign agriculturist is our security against that.

Lord Randolph Churchill's last letter from Mashonaland bears out all that I have said about the Rhodian Empire. If, he says, Mashonaland is rich, another route than from Cape Colony will have to be established, for the character of the country to be traversed, and its climatic and hygienic conditions, offer insuperable objections to commercial enterprise from the base of Cape Colony or the Transvaal. Agricultural enterprise would be attended with danger, disaster, and catastrophe, for during the rainy season the Colonists have to fight with malaria, and at all periods of the year the mortality amongst horses and mules is about ninety-five per cent. With these views of the territory publicly expressed by the Pioneering Randolph, I am not surprised that the shares of the Chartered Company have gone down, notwithstanding the assurances of Mr. Rhodes that gold exists in his realm.

The late Mr. Tilden was singularly unfortunate in losing the Presidency of the United States through a trifling irregularity, and his ill-luck seems to have pursued him to the grave, for his will has just been upset by the American Court, with the result that there is an end of the free library by which he had hoped to keep his name alive. Mr. Tilden, who appears to have himself drawn out his will, had added a superfluous clause to his voluminous instructions, which clause has been held to invalidate the whole document. The result is that the whole of his enormous fortune goes to his nephews and nieces, who will receive exactly ten times the amount which he had bequeathed to them. This case affords another warning against the folly of amateur will-making when complicated trusts have to be arranged for.

I really must congratulate Mr. Goschen on his speech on "Imagination." It was a most interesting and most able one, full of thought, and evidence of much and varied reading. It is in no spirit of detraction that I would point out to him that, if imagination plays a

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considerable part in journalism, Chancellors of the Exchequer are also sometimes a little—just a little—imaginative in regard to surpluses.

Mr. Gladstone is next week to address a meeting of delegates on the views of the Liberal Party respecting agricultural villages. I would advise those interested in this matter to get and to read through "Our Villages," a collection of letters written by a *Daily News* Commissioner, for I believe that the Tories themselves admit that the letters give a true report of the existing state of things in villages.

Oh, no! Mr. Hastings is not seeking the Chiltern Hundreds, as the *Times* suggests, "on account of declining health," and the fact that, in order that he should no longer be member for East Worcestershire, a Stewardship of one of H.M. Manors has to be conferred upon him, shows that this absurd mode, by which alone an M.P. can cease to be one, is neither a practical nor very creditable arrangement.

Electors of Manchester must be on the look-out. Mr. J. W. Maclure recently stated that the Tories "would have to fight like niggers," and that "he was prepared to dye his hair and blacken his face so that the return of Lord Emlyn might be secured." I should like to see my jovial friend, Mr. Maclure, in his war-paint, but how this is to help the return of Lord Emlyn I fail to understand.

I am afraid that Lord Portsmouth will fall into still greater disfavour with the "Unionists." The pleasant habit of these sorry humbugs is, whenever they have an election, to account for their defeat by explaining that it is due to the action of some particular "Unionist," who is chucked over with as little remorse as was Jonah by the Joppa captain. Lord Portsmouth, they explained, is an odious personage—so odious, indeed, that the South Molton constituency, in defeating Mr. Buller, were only showing a most legitimate detestation of his predecessor, who had actually been so carried away by his generally evil disposition, as to have allowed the registration and all other party organisations to go by default.

As for Lord Portsmouth personally, he has always seemed to me a pleasant enough sort of person. This, however, is, of course, a matter of opinion. In regard, however, to the registration and the organisation, he writes to the West of England newspapers to explain that he kept up the registration and the organisation out of his own pocket, and his agent writes in confirmation of this. But worse still remains. This noble Jonah, in his letter, tells all his tenants that they may vote precisely as they please, and informs all his servants and his employés that it will be the worse for them if he catches them canvassing his tenants. It only remains for his Lordship to shake the dust of Unionism off his own shoes, and to come back to the Liberal Party. Whatever may be said of our politics, there is nothing of the Joppa captain against us. If we lose an election, we do not look round for a Jonah.

East Dorset is a Tory stronghold. Lordly landlords are plentiful. There are numbers of military men on half-pay who have settled there, and the out-voters (Tory almost to a man) are being well looked after Mr. Arthur Balfour being one of them. Lord Alington, the father of the Tory candidate, is himself popular. The division is full of Primrose Habitations, and the Dames are going about urging the voters to sign cards pledging them to vote for the Tory, and telling them that that these cards are to be filed, so that it will be known how each person votes. Every nerve is being strained to prevent a Liberal victory, for defeat will lead numerous Tory candidates elsewhere to reconsider their position. Left to themselves, there is a considerable Liberal majority; but if cajolery, bullying, and other such devices can convert this into a Tory majority, this will be done. The fight is between Mr. Glyn and the people, and Mr. Sturt and the combined aristocracy and snobocracy.

If Mr. Illingworth and Mr. Ben Tillett stand in West Bradford, and Mr. Caine and Mr. Blatchford stand in East Bradford, the result will be that East and West will return Tories at the General Election. Something ought to be done to prevent this. Mr. Illingworth is an excellent M.P., and does good service in Parliament. His exclusion would be a calamity. I, of course, do not know the ins and outs of Bradford politics. But it seems to me that the question might be settled on the give-and-take principle. Mr. Illingworth might stand alone as the Radical candidate in West Bradford, and a Labour candidate might stand alone as the Radical candidate in East Bradford.

I am entirely opposed to the Socialist notion of the State undertaking all industrial enterprise, for I believe that national workshops would soon become establishments where some men would have large salaries for superintending others, and many men would get large wages for shirking work, whilst a few would work hard. But I could not help thinking what used to occur in Genoa when that city was a Republic, as I was reading a letter to the *Times* of Mr. Hyndman, recommending the establishment of State Bakeries. In Genoa, the Doge and Senate claimed the monopoly of flour and bread. All flour was converted into bread in a huge bakery, which was a fort. Whenever the people sought to overturn the existing oligarchical Government, they were met by the Government closing the bakery, and thus starving them back into submission.

Socialists are a very well-meaning sort of persons, who see the gross inequalities that exist in the matter of

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wealth, and wish to remedy them. Their plan, however, is only suited to an impossible state of things, where every man would do his duty. If we had State workshops instead of individual enterprise, the result would be that schemers, knowing very little of the practical side of the business, would manage to get themselves appointed superintendents, and we should have a vast number of workmen, sure of a good salary for pottering over work during a limited number of hours each day, doing as much in a week as an honest artisan now does in a day, and doing that work badly. If I am alive when the millennium comes, and we have all become angelic, I am by no means sure that I shall not become a Socialist. As it is, I am not one, for I am perfectly certain that the theory would break down in practice.

My idea of a Government is that it should interfere as little as possible with individual liberty. Its primary object is to hinder one man stealing from another man, or taking the law in his own hands when he feels aggrieved. To this should be superadded sanitary regulations, which prevent human beings being herded in styes unfit for pigs; the free education of children; and some sort of provision for the veterans of the army of labour when they are worn out, and can work no longer. Speaking very generally, all else should be the result of individual energy and of men in each particular department of toil, banding themselves together to take care that they get full value for their toil. Democracy, as I understand it, is to make the government that of the people, instead of that of a number of superior personages who, on the plea of birth or wealth or greater intelligence, look rather to their own interests and the interests of the class to which they belong, than to the interests of the community.

There has been a good deal of boasting about the *Corvée* in Egypt being abolished. In "Egypt, No. 3," pp. 3 and 38, it is stated, "In 1890 there was no *Corvée* in Egypt;" "the *Corvée* has been totally abolished." But what do I find in the Report of the Inspector-General of Irrigation, Cairo, 1891, p. 51, in describing the difficulty in maintaining the embankments in 1890? "Notwithstanding the Nile *Corvée* in Upper Egypt;" "In the Delta the Nile *Corvée* is far more efficient." What I want to know is this, Is the *Corvée* abolished or is it not? Am I to believe the statement in the Report on Egypt, No. 3, which was presented to the House of Commons, or am I to believe the Report of the Inspector-General of Irrigation, Cairo, 1891? The two Reports absolutely contradict each other.

We have a larger fleet in the Levant than has ever been the case in time of peace. If Russia were to concentrate an immense army on the German eastern frontier, and France on the German western frontier, and, at the same time, the rulers of the two respective countries were to make speeches declaring that never was the European peace more assured, we should judge their real estimate of the situation rather by their acts than by their words. Is it, therefore, surprising that many do the same in regard to the words and acts of Lord Salisbury?

The *Saturday Review* of last Saturday sets forth the real Tory creed in regard to Tory promises. Here it is: It would be *ultra vires* for any Government to pledge itself to give Ireland local government before the country is fit to receive it; therefore, although the Government has pledged itself to pass an Irish Local Government Bill in the Session of 1892, it is not bound to fulfil the pledge, as Ireland is not fit to receive the gift. This is the argument for violating the pledge. It is not, however, the reason why it should be violated. I give the reason in the words of the *Saturday Review*. "It is an adventure which may quite conceivably end in disaster for the Government, and in a dissolution precipitated under conditions the least favourable for the cause of the Union; while, even if this result of it is escaped, it is sure to be fruitful of Parliamentary entanglement." After this argument and reason, assuredly any one would be a fool who trusts to a Tory pledge. I cannot say that I have been so foolish myself.

When Talleyrand was stopped by a tradesman, who asked him when his account was to be settled, the only reply that he received was "You are very inquisitive." As inquisitive, but with less justification, are the Duke of Argyll and the herd of Tories and Liberal-Unionists in regard to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure. The Duke has now published a letter in the *Times*, explaining that he only asks for principles and not details, and that the number of Irish members who are to sit in the Imperial Parliament is a principle and not a detail. It is essentially the latter, for surely the Duke can hardly assert that, whether there be fifty, or fifty-three, is a principle. When Mr. Gladstone brought forward his measure in 1886 the Liberal-Unionists declared that one of their main objections to it was that Ireland was not to be represented in the Imperial Parliament. No sooner, however, did Mr. Gladstone agree that Ireland should be represented on Imperial issues, than the Unionists veered round, and declared that this was impossible, thus proving the utter *mala fides* of their previous contention. I do not know what will occur, but in view of the obstructive opposition to Home Rule announced in the event of the country declaring in favour of it, I should fancy that it would be sound tactics to carry Home Rule pure and simple without touching the Irish representation at Westminster, and, having done this, subsequently to deal with the representation.

Are life, liberty, and property to be in the hands of the Irish? asks the Duke. As Irish life, liberty, and property are alone concerned, I think that it would be far more reasonable that they should be, than in the hands of a responsible gentleman hailing from Leeds, and a herd of half-pay Captains, styled Magistrates, and of Policemen and Royal Constables, acting under him. I would refer the Duke to the relation of the States Government in America to the Federal Government at Washington. *Mutatis mutandis*, this ought to be the relation of Ireland to the Imperial Government.

Cosy Corners! Cosy Corners!—At Holroyd Barker's you can get a really comfortable corner divan, upholstered in cretonne, to fit any corner, for 75s.—Address is 488, Oxford-st., near Portman-st., W.

With all respect to Mrs. Parnell, she is acting most foolishly in regard to the Irish fund in Paris. This money was subscribed in America and Ireland for certain specific objects. It was lodged with Messrs. Monro in the names of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Egan, and Mr. Biggar. On Mr. Egan withdrawing from Europe, it is re-lodged in the names of Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, and McCarthy. Mr. Biggar died, and his heirs not opposing, it was lodged in the names of Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Parnell. It would seem that a trust was not created by the French law, consequently as the deposit was in the individual names of these two gentlemen, it is contended that Mrs. Parnell inherits the position of her late husband, and in that capacity she has notified Messrs. Monro not to part with the money. But assuredly she ought to have acted as did the heirs of Mr. Biggar, and, instead of meddling in the matter, have left it at the disposal of his successor, Mr. McCarthy. No one can contend that it was ever intended, either by the depositors, or by the subscribers, that the fund should be directly or indirectly under the control of an English Miss Wood, who was married to Captain O'Shea, or that, owing to an attempt on her part to exercise this control, it should remain shut up indefinitely in a Paris bank. I am not, therefore, surprised at the irritation in Ireland and in America which the action of Mrs. Parnell has caused—all the more in view of the occurrences which led to her having control, and to their unfortunate consequences.

SCRUTATOR.

THE CHAPLAIN-GENERAL.

THE following is the letter from the Rev. Dr. Edghill, the nature of which I indicated in last week's TRUTH, and which I will now deal with according to my promise :—

SIR,—With reference to your adverse criticisms of myself personally, and of the Chaplains I have recommended for appointment, as well as of the discretion I have shown in stationing them, I simply wish to say, without in any way admitting the truth of the facts on which such criticism is based, that in all I have done I have had the cordial and continued support of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, and of each Secretary of State under whom I have served.

Further, I accept with great pleasure your own suggestion, and confidently leave my vindication in the hands of the Officers, Non.-Com. Officers, and men of the Army. They are the proper judges of their Chaplain-General and of their Chaplains, for they alone know their work and worth.

But there is one statement in your article which I feel, for the credit of the Department, I *am* called upon officially to contradict; I mean that relating to foreign service.

Chaplains are sent abroad according to a roster just as all other Departmental officers are. This roster was drawn up by the recognised War Office Committee. I had nothing whatever to do with it. It applies to Roman Catholic and Presbyterian Chaplains as well as to Church of England ones. Each Chaplain on being commissioned is placed at the bottom of the roster, and takes his turn of foreign service in regular order. Four of the Chaplains I have appointed are already on foreign service.

The only change I have made is to insist that this roster shall be open for the inspection of Chaplains at all times. Such unfairness as your informant imputes is as impossible as it would be hateful to me.—Yours truly, J. C. EDGHILL, Chaplain-General.

The first paragraph of this letter, as Dr. Edghill must be aware, counts for very little. It goes without saying that Dr. Edghill has had the approval of the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State, or he would not now be the Chaplain-General. But criticism of his administration of his office is in no way answered by the fact that the ultimate responsibility for his acts rests, as in the case of any other subordinate officer, with the official head of the department. The substantial point of Dr. Edghill's letter—if it has a substantial point—is the passage relating to the foreign service roster. Let us look at this.

What is the allegation which Dr. Edghill purports to meet? I will repeat it verbatim as it appeared in TRUTH (November 12):—

Before Dr. Edghill's time, every Chaplain on joining took his term of service abroad. Now the new leaven which it was Dr. Edghill's first desire to infuse into the Service could only enter in the usual way; and this leaven was required first and chiefly at home. The Chaplain-General's first object, therefore, was to keep his chosen vessels, as they entered the Service, in England, under his own eye. It was for this purpose, I take it, that the old rule regarding foreign service was suspended very early in Dr. Edghill's reign. But with what result? That the service men have had a second term of foreign service thrown upon them without a shadow of reason for it. . . . . On the other hand, there are now, I believe, seventeen young Chaplains holding agreeable appointments at home.

These are the statements which in his own words Dr. Edghill feels (and the feeling does him great credit) "he is called upon officially to contradict." But does he contradict them? I do not understand him to do anything of the kind. Is it denied that the old rules in regard to the foreign service of newly-commissioned Chaplains have been altered under Dr. Edghill's *régime?* Is it denied that as the result of this a second term of foreign service has been imposed upon men who would not otherwise have been liable to it? Is it denied that the home berths are filled, as I stated, by the very juniors of the Service? I do not read Dr. Edghill's letter so, and, what is more, I am bound not to read it so, for the facts as I stated them are beyond contradiction. Instead of giving a categorical denial to the substance of my remarks, Dr. Edghill declares that he has nothing to do with the drawing up of the Foreign Service roster. Does Dr. Edghill mean to say that a Committee sits at the War Office and puts men down for foreign service at its own sweet will, without any reference to the Chaplain-General, or to any views or regulations which he has enunciated? I decline to believe that such a state of things exists, until I see it explicitly stated by responsible authority. At present, all the information which I can obtain from military and official sources negatives such a suggestion. But if Dr. Edghill's statement does not mean this, what is his repudiation of responsibility for the roster worth? There was not a reference in my article to the Foreign Service roster. I stated certain facts in regard to the apportionment of home and foreign service, which have come into existence under Dr. Edghill's régime, and which imply grievous injustice. If these facts are not denied by the Chaplain-General, the Foreign roster smells to me uncommonly like a red herring. I take it that the roster is drawn up in accordance with certain well-understood rules, and that these rules would never be in existence without the approval of the Chaplain-General. That is quite enough to justify my observations. The real state of the case according to my information, is this:—Dr. Edghill, on coming into office, introduced an entirely new system of foreign service, one of its cardinal features being that no Chaplain was to serve abroad until he had completed five years' service at home. This period is dated, not from appointment, but from commission, and as a Chaplain is frequently not commissioned for a year or more, sometimes

even as much as two years, from the date of his appointment on probation, it is quite on the cards that, under Dr. Edghill's system, he may not become liable for foreign service until six or seven years from his appointment. That explains the state of things to which I called attention in the passage from my last article quoted above. What other explanation can be given which will relieve the Chaplain-General of responsibility for it, I am still at a loss to understand. Nor do I understand why he should seek to evade responsibility for it; since I am told on competent authority that he has openly expressed the view that a Chaplain is not fit to be trusted on foreign service until he has had five years' experience. Even, therefore, if Dr. Edghill still maintains that he has had no part in planning the present system, he has endorsed it with his approval. And I venture to say that it is a system self-evidently foolish and wrong, the fact obviously being that the difficult posts which demand age and experience are to be found, not in small colonial stations, but in the large garrison towns of the United Kingdom. I referred in my last article to the case of Portsmouth. What, I would ask, is to be thought of the administrative policy which places a station of this magnitude and responsibility in the care of a young cleric of three and a half years' service, while the same youth is deemed of insufficient experience to take spiritual command at a place like Barbados, with a garrison about 300 strong? The thing is, on the face of it, preposterous. It may be added that another equally flagrant case is to be found at the Curragh, which important station is in charge of a youthful Chaplain of eighteen months' service, who actually has a probationer under him!

Whilst on this point, let me ask Dr. Edghill if there is not a mistake about his statement that "four of the Chaplains I have appointed are already on foreign service." I have gone over the list carefully, and I am only able to discover one Chaplain of whom this can be said. I find four Chaplains on foreign service whom Dr. Edghill has *commissioned*, but three of these were appointed by his predecessor. Dr. Edghill, it will be remembered, is now within three months of the completion of his first seven years of office. That one Chaplain appointed under him and three others commissioned by him should now have completed their five years' commissioned service at home and have gone abroad, is in no way inconsistent with what I have said as to the rules respecting foreign service.

But there is another matter which I have unearthed in the course of my investigations into the recent apportionment of home and foreign service. There appear to have been several cases in which the rotation of foreign service prescribed by the roster, which "the recognised War Office Committee" settles, has been varied in the most irregular manner. In a case which occurred about five years ago a Chaplain, instead of going on foreign service in his turn, was posted to Netley Hospital, and it was explained in excuse for the appointment that the quarters at Netley were so bad that service there ought in equity to be reckoned as foreign service. It appears to have been so reckoned. It is true that the Chaplain in question did, while at Netley, exchange with a Chaplain at Malta; but he did this on the usual terms of receiving a handsome premium for the exchange, and on the termination of his substitute service at Malta he returned to England, and has never since been abroad. So far as I can learn, neither in previous nor subsequent cases has service at Netley been thus favoured. The warmest champion of the Chaplain-General can hardly deny that this case calls for explanation. The allegation respecting the quarters at Netley is either honest or the reverse. If it is honest, this amazing condition of things at Netley demands the immediate attention of the Government. If otherwise, something else demands an equal measure of attention. I make no imputation upon the Chaplain who got the benefit of this arrangement—a gentleman with a more than professional reputation. No man is to be blamed for taking what he can get. But very heavy blame rests upon those by whose favour it was got in this instance, whether the party be the Chaplain-General or "the recognised War Office Committee," which is concerned with the Foreign Service roster.

There are other analogous cases. In one of them a Chaplain exchanges for the usual substantial consideration, and so avoids his turn of foreign service. When the turn comes of the man with whom he has exchanged, and whose place he ought henceforward, according to all the rules of the Army, to fill, he has been promoted into the higher division, which is exempt from foreign service, and he thus evades foreign service altogether. In another case, a Chaplain, possessed of considerable private means, exchanged in the same way, but, for some reason unknown, when his turn came to take his substitute's place, he did not go out, and a third Chaplain was sent instead. This particular man, so far as I can learn, never has been abroad to this day. These nefarious transactions point unmistakably to jobbery, and to jobbery of a most objectionable type, for in every case of this kind, where a man dodges his share of foreign service, some less-favoured individual has to supply his place. Who may be primarily responsible for these iniquities, I make no attempt to say; but, in my view of it, I cannot see on what plea the Chaplain-General can be acquitted of a share in the blame, unless it be that he is a mere cipher in his own department. The least that duty to his subordinates requires of him is that he should put his foot down firmly, and refuse on any terms to be a party to such proceedings.

I have now dealt with every point raised by my last article, and the Chaplain-General's reply. But, as my readers are well aware, these are, after all, only by-points What was the original ground of complaint in TRUTH against the Chaplain-General? What was the point which I have hammered at for a month or two without any attempt at a reply? The question of the Tower Chaplaincy, and nothing else. And what is the answer to TRUTH on that point? Why, it appeared a fortnight ago in the daily press, and is, I think, as

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eloquent and conclusive an answer in my favour as could by any possibility have been penned:—

> The Chaplain-General, at his own request, has been relieved of the Chaplaincy of the Tower of London, the work of which he finds himself unable to perform efficiently together with his other duties; but he retains the office of Chaplain-General, which he fills with so much advantage to the public service.

I do not wish to be hypercritical. The above paragraph appears to me only susceptible of one construction—that the Chaplain-General tacitly admits the justice of the criticism of TRUTH, and honourably withdraws from a position which he cannot defend. In the face of such a magnanimous act, I feel reluctant to comment upon a mere matter of form; but I must say, if only as a hint to Dr. Edghill himself, that no man has more need to be on his guard against his friends. This paragraph was obviously inspired by the friendliest sentiments; but a more unfortunate suggestion than that the resignation is due to Dr. Edghill having discovered himself to be unable to perform the duties of the office, the most maladroit friend could not have offered. It is notorious that from the first day he took it till the last, Dr. Edghill has never attempted to perform any of the duties, modest though they are, of the Tower Chaplaincy. For a long time the work was assigned to a probationer, whose position there was justified by the plea that he was being trained under the Chaplain-General's own eye—though if that were so, the result can hardly be taken as a high testimonial to Dr. Edghill's educational methods. After the mysterious disappearance of this favoured youth, the duty was transferred to Mr. Newman, and it was the very essence of my complaint against the entire piece of jobbery, that Mr. Newman was withdrawn from his legitimate duties in order to do the work for which the Chaplain-General received the pay. A more misleading suggestion, therefore, than that Dr. Edghill resigned this chaplaincy because he found the work too heavy, rather than in deference to the protest raised in TRUTH, could not have been put forward.

Precisely of a piece with this act of perverse friendship are the letters to which I alluded last week as having reached me from various stations, and more particularly Aldershot. Fortunately, I am naturally of a charitable disposition. I do not, therefore, assume, as a more cynical editor might have done, that the various Chaplains who pour into my ear their praises of their chief have any thought of propitiating the dispenser of loaves and fishes; or that the pious Sergeants and Quartermasters who seek to convince me of the spiritual benefits they have received, have had anything like a "tip" passed to them; still less a suggestion as to the form of words most suitable to the occasion. I merely look upon these effusions as the efforts of amiable, muddle-headed Christians, who have not arrived at the faintest conception of the true bearing of my complaints against Dr. Edghill. They go into my waste-paper basket, accordingly, without prejudice. Let me remind the Chaplain-General and his impulsive champions what the point really is. From beginning to end of these articles I have said not a word which reflects upon Dr. Edghill's religious work. I have spoken of him, not as a priest, but as the chief of a public department. I am concerned, not with his spiritual graces, but with his personal emoluments and his exercise of patronage. Neither have I made any imputations upon the abilities, qualifications, or popularity of the new men with whom he has officered his department—still less upon their religious teaching and practice. Heaven forbid! The one and only question now left—that of "the Chaplain-General's perquisites" having been eliminated by the renunciation of the Tower Chaplaincy—is whether in the process of reforming the *personnel* of the department, grave injustice has not been inflicted upon many old and well-tried public servants. I see good reason to believe that it has, and I am strengthened in that view by the fact that not a word has been said in answer to my observations which in any way touches this point. And if my view be correct, even though Dr. Edghill had filled all the Home Chaplaincies with angels from Heaven, there is here a just grievance, which demands the attention of the Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief.

A MUSICAL JOB.

Although no one will, of course, for a moment suppose that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was anything but an innocent party to the transaction, yet it is a curious fact that the chief, and, indeed, almost the only, official business done under the chairmanship of Mr. Goschen as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University last Friday was the perpetration of a job of a sort of which even a Tory Vestryman might almost be proud. Some few months ago I referred to the vacancy in the Chair of Music at Edinburgh University, and pointed out that the University Court proposed a few days afterwards to commit the self-evident absurdity of electing a new Reid Professor of Music while the duties and emoluments of the office were still under the consideration of the Universities Commission. That timely exposé stopped the business for a period, because the musical societies, musicians, and music-lovers of Scotland closed up their ranks, and a chorus of protests compelled the authorities to postpone the election. It has since been carried over from time to time, while the whole question was being threshed out by the body appointed by Parliament. The Universities Commission eventually issued an absurd draft Ordinance, placing the control of the Faculty of Music in lay hands—possibly of Professors of Astronomy and Materia Medica, thus leaving the Professor of Music in a minority of one in his own faculty. The storm of derison with which this nonsensical Ordinance was received caused the Universities Commission to reopen the question, and they have officially notified that objections to the draft may be deposited any time before December 20. Until then, nobody can possibly have the remotest idea what the new Professor is to be expected to do; that is to say, whether he will merely have to deliver a series of mild lectures upon facts borrowed from the musical dictionaries, or to examine candidates for degrees, or to teach, and generally whether his office is to be a well-paid sham or a power in musical

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affairs in Scotland. Under these circumstances, although the election of Reid Professor has from month to month been upon the agenda paper, yet the question has, as a matter of course, been postponed. Indeed, until it was known what is to be expected of the new Professor, many eminent British musicians have wisely refrained from putting down their names as candidates. Last Friday, however, a special meeting, which should have been upon mere formal business, was held, only a dozen gentlemen besides Mr. Goschen attending, and only four of them being Professors of the University. Little beyond applications for "recognition," intimation of gifts of books, and similarly unimportant details was expected to be done at the meeting, and even the reporters do not seem to have been present, for the account printed in the *Scotsman* bears the ominous qualification "communicated." According to this official version, however, the list of candidates was "taken as read," Mr. Goschen asked whether any member of the Court was prepared to propose any candidate for election, somebody, whose name is not given, was found to be prepared, somebody else seconded, and before very long Herr Friedrich Niecks, of Düsseldorff, was elected to the richest chair of music in these Isles. I, of course, assume that Mr. Goschen's part in this extraordinary exploit was purely ministerial, and do not for an instant pretend that he personally knew anything about the subject of music or musical professorships; an innocence which, I doubt not, was equally shared by the four other Professors present—*i.e.*, the occupants respectively of the chairs of Greek, Church History, Chemistry, and Anatomy. Nor do I, of course, wish to say anything save in praise of Herr Niecks, who is a German teacher and writer of repute, and who, besides being an organist and choir conductor, and the author of a biography of Chopin and of a work comically enough entitled, "The Flat, Sharp, and Natural," is said to have been a student at Leipsic University of Logic, Philosophy, Psychology, History, Literature, Fine Arts, and Æsthetics. But unless he adds to his extremely wide qualifications that of a prophet, it is impossible for him to know what duties he may be called upon to perform; and if those duties eventually prove to be uncongenial to him, he will be perfectly within his rights to demand compensation on resignation of work which very possibly he never dreamed of undertaking. The Edinburgh treatment of the Reid trust will not, I fear, tempt other pious donors to bequeath money in aid of music. General Reid, in 1838, left £70,000 for the founding of a Chair of Music, the balance, if any, over to be devoted to the general purposes of the University. The balance, however, was dealt with first, the bulk of the money was blithely appropriated by the University authorities, and nearly forty years ago the EdinburghTown Council were obliged to proceed at law to compel the Dons to carry out the trust. Even now barely a third of the income left by General Reid is devoted to the Chair of Music, and the University Court seem to have done pretty well all that it was in the power of folly to effect, to render any reform of the professorship impracticable. It is, however, clearly the duty of the Universities Commission to ignore the election, and to proceed with the settlement of the duties of the office as though no appointment had yet been made.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE "AGENT DE MŒURS" AT WORK.

THAT arrest which has so scandalised Paris of a modiste's forewoman, bearing the pretty and exotic name of Mercedes Fernandez, was, indeed, an untoward event. The moral of it is that one of her age and sex had better walk with an escort of immoral men than go quietly and decently unaccompanied. Mercedes is twenty-four, but could pass for twenty. She earns £12 a month wages, 2 per cent. on the net profits of a business worth £7,000 a year, and is boarded. I felt like interviewing her, and succeeded in doing so. Though she had a scar and bruise on her upper lip, I found her at once pretty and interesting, with grace of manner and a nice address and ladylike style. She is a Spaniard, who came young to Paris, was apprenticed to a milliner here, and having invention, taste, and the nimblest fingers imaginable, is now making the handsome income I have mentioned. Dining at her employer's, she goes home late in the evening. Her father and mother are old, and why should she trouble them by asking them to come and escort her to their lodgings in the north side of the town? She was working up lace, ribbons, velvet, and feathers into a coquettish little bonnet when I entered her workroom, and she had ten girls under her. As the bonnet took form, it became amazingly daring, and still kept elegant and *distingué*. Indeed, it was in its way a little poem, whimsical and clever. As it was being made (out of the maker's head), one little effect suggested another. A pin or a stitch fixed each one. It was a pleasure to see how the nervous, delicate fingers, every sinew of which was in close connection with a brainy head, managed the materials. A bonnet was then begun for an elderly lady, of whom there was a photo on the table. It represented her as having a fine head—womanly, yet strong, with grey, wavy hair, and the remains of what must have been a Clytie contour when she was young. A *coiffure*, slightly majestic, and imbued with autumnal sentiment, sprang up under the nimble fingers. It was not heavy or complicated, and had a cachet of great distinction. The photo was glanced at as pins and needles were manipulated. "Tiens!" said the milliner, holding up her creation; "je pense que cela se marierai bien avec cette belle tête."

Perhaps you may have seen the story of the adventure which I came to hear about in the papers. If you did not, read what follows:—Mdlle. Fernandez was going home as usual by the Rue Châteaudun. She saw three flaunting women and Alphonses making a stampede, but did not know why. Then a couple of iron hands seized her by one arm and then another pair took the other. She thought that they must belong to forward fellows, and

MINTON'S (Limited).—MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London. 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

tried to shake them off. "Oh, you rebel, you do, you minx!" said an aggressor, and gave her a blow with his fist in the mouth, badly hurting her upper lip. A crowd gathered. She was hurried, or rather carried, rapidly along, and before she knew where she was she found herself in a big police guard-room, with about twenty excited women for her companions. She got excited too, and cried and implored and offered twenty, forty, or sixty francs to any policeman who would telephone to her employer what had happened, and where she was. She was jeered at and warned not to expose herself to a charge of trying to bribe agents of authority in the discharge of their functions. The black van then came round, and she was thrust into it with as many other women as there were seats. It rattled over the stones of Paris, and in no time they were shot into a lock-up at the Préfecture of Police, known as La Permanence, and already nearly filled with prisoners, netted also as "gay" characters. Hysteria reigned in the den. One nervous woman, it was found, was enough to convulse most of the others. Some resented the white-sheep attitude of the young milliner, and then got sorry and became sobbingly penitent. One sang a song—she being a poetess—about the Czarina, whose dresses she had helped to make. There was just light enough for them to see each other dimly. The place was filthy, and they were to remain there until next day, when, after being sifted by M. Goron, a Magistrate was to be faced.

M. Goron is a man of experience. He at once saw that the lady-like milliner was what she represented herself to be, and released her with apologies. The agent—a clumsy Alsatian—who seized her, was dismissed, and four of his colleagues punished. The Spanish Embassy asks for other satisfaction, and probably will get it.

People wonder at so few arrests of the kind taking place. They are more frequent than is generally supposed, but are hushed up, the victim too often fearing to let her *mésaventure* be known. Some five or six years ago the wife—a Countess—of a well-known member of the Corps Diplomatique here, spent a night at La Permanence. She was looking into a shop window of the Rue de la Paix. A gentleman came up, stood beside her, and hummed an air out of tune. The tunelessness of his voice caused her to turn round and stare at him for a moment. He straightway accused her of ogling him, and ordered two policemen hanging about to seize her. Fear of her name getting out kept her from telling who she was when a crowd gathered, and as she was much excited, this reticence was thought to prove a guilty conscience. She informed the sifting inspector next day, in confidence, of her identity, and he confidentially sent for her husband, who thought it better to make no noise.

Céline Montaland, the beautiful actress, was also one evening taken to La Permanence as she was going home through the Palais Royal. The police guardian of good morals saw in her a lady who was looking amiably at every one, and who showed herself pleased when she noticed in the shop-mirrors the passers-by turning to look after her.

A *rafle* is conducted like a *chasse aux rats* in the sewers of Paris, and may be described figuratively as a trawl-net operation, the trawlers being police of the guardians-of-good-morals, or *agents de mœurs*, class. The French give nice names to spades. When the thoroughfare in which the *rafle* is to be made is selected, its issues are closed and a column of police, headed by the guardians of good morals, drive to its end all the flaunting—and sometimes, other—ladies who may be about. When they are all at bay they are seized upon. The Magistrate sends them to St. Lazare, giving light sentences if privately informed that that prison is *complète* or full. Those imprisoned generally go from bad to worse, and fall down to the dens in the neighbourhood of the Jardin des Plantes.

Everton Pariente, the boulevardier who knew everybody, though nobody had the slightest idea who he was, turns out to have been a gentleman who placed his experience as a gambler at the service of the Préfet de Police and the Department of Public Safety. He thus became a kind of universal inspector of gaming-tables in France and (*en mission pour fournir des renseignements*) of those of Belgium. It is now believed that he extended his protection to professional gamblers when they made it worth his while. We further learn that, notwithstanding his wish for Catholic obsequies, he was a Semite. There are some Americans who got into the highest English Society by first going to Athens, which is a small place with an accessible Court, and getting in with the King and Queen of Greece. Carlos Calderon went to Russia, and obtained his "open sesame" from the Duc d'Osuna. A defunct Pole, who was everything for several years at Marlborough House, went to the German Spas, at one of which, Wiesbaden, he was kept some time in durance by a hotel-keeper for a score he had run up. Pariente went to Cuba and Hayti. The former island is a nursery of Creole beauties, who turn heads everywhere they show themselves when they come to Europe, and often make brilliant matches. The Haytians are good-natured negroes. But their Ministers to Foreign Courts *can* give an adventurer good introductions in European capitals. Being, if very unscrupulous, a clever fellow, Pariente set up a factory in Hayti of gaming cards, and got a contract to supply the French Treasury, which has a card monopoly. When he sold his business he came to France, became a member of different circles, the friend of nearly every one, and then went and revealed the trade tricks of his successor to the French Government. The cards supplied from the West Indies were marked. The corners of eights and nines, for instance, were not *quite* so angular as those of others. One had to feel them (and to have in feeling a fine sense of touch) to be aware of this. The ace of hearts sloped very slightly inward on the left side, facing the player. Prefects were instructed to be attentive to Pariente, to give him social prestige. He became influential enough to get concessions, and to be courted by great financists. This adventurer was a proof that brains go further, when one knows how to use them, than rank and wealth.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKEY. "The Cream of old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whiskey. Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's LL Whiskey. The Prize Medal, Dublin, 1865.

His desire for Catholic obsequies is thus explained He was engaged when he was poor to a beautiful mulatto, who was an artlessly pious Catholic. They adored each other. Her belief in a world beyond the skies was strong, but it would not be a blissful one to her if she had no hope when she might go there of being joined by Pariente. She was taken with a mortal illness before there was time for her to get married, and she exacted a promise from Pariente that he would be baptised and buried in the only true Church. I dare say he was a sceptic. But when he found himself dying the remembrance of her affected him deeply, and he took means to have her injunction carried out.

Spaniards who want to keep their names well before the world come to Paris to get married, it being one of the best advertising places that there is. Madrid has no echo, and one gets lost in London unless one is something tremendously big. The Escandon-Montellano wedding was, doubtless for advertisement' sake, solemnised here in the chapel of the Convent of the Sacred Heart. If it took place in Spain, Lombardy, or Belgium, which, logically, it should have done, the bridegroom being son of the Duke and Duchess of Fernan-Nuñez (or rather of the Duchess and the Duke, the latter being ducal in his wife's right), who have estates worth altogether £20,000 a year in the three countries, and none in France. As the chapel is small the company had to be very select, and any number of Mexicans who expected to be asked were excluded. The bride's name is associated with Mexican railways, and she has money enough to be thought a catch for the second son of the Duke and Duchess aforesaid, who not many years ago were Spanish Ambassador and Ambassadress here. They are connected with the Empress Eugénie, and the wedding was honoured with the presence of Queen Isabella and her daughter, Eulalia, who had armchairs within the chancel, and were ushered in with all the marks of respect due to their high rank. The one recognised people in all directions with little nods and motions of her fan, and the other with languid, but really gracious, smiles. Gentlemen were dressed, with two exceptions, as they would have been at an English fashionable wedding. The exceptions were the Duke of Sesto and the bridegroom, the Duke of Montellano, Marquis of Moncoyo. They both were in uniforms, wore their Chamberlain's insignia, and Sesto the Collar of the Golden Fleece and the Grand Cross of Charles III. It was hard to realise that the latter once upon a time was the greatest lady-killer in Spain, and that at the same time the Empress Eugénie and Queen Isabella and the late Duchess of Alba were equally desirous of pleasing him, the first for the sake of making a brilliant match, and the other two illustrious ladies *pour ses beaux yeux*. He and his wife (the late Duc de Morny's widow) were sponsors [at this Escandon-Montellano wedding.

Admitting style—the now fashionable style—the bride was beautifully dressed. Still, I thought her semi-Creole graces marred by the stiff, long-waisted, high-shouldered, pigeon-breasted corsage, and, in imagination, disrobed her of her gown, the long-flounced underskirt which threw out the train, and even pushed profanity so far as to get rid of her corset. I then (still in fancy, of course), dressed her in a skimp, well-fitting, but not waist-squeezing garment of soft sheeny silk, shaped like a chemise, and short enough to show the ankles. This done, I wound round her, in Indian style, a wide piece of white mousseline-de-soie embroidered at the edge and five or six yards long. It formed natural draperies; a kind of mantle and a veil, and gave the wearer a refined and statuesque air. The veil part was held in place with a row of pearls, ending in two large pearl-headed pins, and strings of pearls encircled her neck (of which a peep was afforded) and arms. After realising in the mind's eye this toilet it was so painful to have to see the one worn before the altar.

The Nuncio, of course, officiated, the wedding being a grand occasion for the pomps and vanities to come into play. He is not at home in French, and has, in speaking, the turgid ecclesiastical style. In eulogising the forbears of bride and bridegroom, he talked like an epitaph. The Pope sent his blessing, and the poor were not forgotten.

I don't think French enthusiasm for Russia will bear the test of further issues of Russian loans on better terms for the borrower than the lender. We are not to fancy, because the last one was covered so many times, that the syndicate which issued it would be glad to repeat its operation. M. de Giers is not the man to fall into Wolsey's I-and-the-King impropriety. He is in bad health; he is suffering from the disease which tormented Strafford and killed the late Emperor of the French; and he never cared much for the laudation of crowds. It was more to his taste when here to be quietly rather than brilliantly entertained, and he was as unobtrusive as circumstances admitted. This line is to say "I am nothing but the mouthpiece of my Imperial master: I never take a step without consulting him, and all the more as the time in which we live is one of rapid change. I listen to what every one competent to speak to me on French and European affairs can tell me, so as to keep him well informed; but my doing so does not bind him. I have taken his instructions on many points, and they will remain good so long as the situation under which they were given is unchanged." M. de Giers personally is the last man in Europe to wish for a war. His hands, as it is, are too full for his strength, and he strikes one as being weary. They say that Baron Mohrenheim wants to be ripe for the post of Chancellor against the present titular retires, and that hence his feverish activity in bringing about the Franco-Russ *entente*. His success keeps his name well before the Czar's eyes. Being, above all others, a *persona grata* at the Court of Denmark, he is also one at the Court of St. Petersburg. All kinds of anecdotes have been invented to prove the Czar's a love match. It was at first one of political convenience, and was brought about owing to Baron Mohrenheim's address when he was Minister at Copenhagen. The Czar's musical tastes, which keep him at home, and the Nihilists, in terror of whom he and his whole family live, have made it a union of affection.

PARIS.—HÔTEL ANGLO-FRANÇAIS, 6, Rue Castiglioni, facing the Continental. First-class. Highly recommended for comfort, cuisine, moderate charges, and sanitary arrangements. Otis American lift.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

ENCOURAGED, dear Lady Betty, by the partial success of their son Benedict, the Bounderbys have recently commenced a determined attack upon Society. Having rented Chilbury for the autumn months, they have been entertaining here with truly Brummagem Baronial splendour. But if hospitality in these degenerate days is seldom prompted by disinterestedness, it is now equally seldom acknowledged with gratitude:—

Mrs. Bounderby is not in intelligent touch with our Society. She lacks that delicate sense of the fitness of things which is partly intuitive and partly to be acquired through long experience of social customs and events. How far this deficiency has interfered with the success of her late hospitalities may be inferred from the following extract of a letter which I have received from Bertha Tiverton:—

". . . . Qu'allais-je faire dans cette galère? Would you ever believe it that I should have been beguiled in my old age into spending the inside of a week with those abominable Bounderbys? Talk of ignorance of social perspective! Why I have never even dreamt of so outrageous an exhibition as awaited me here! Had the curator of the London 'Zoo.' turned the lions, reptiles, monkeys, and parrots, and all the wild birds, beasts, and fishes together loose in the same den no more appalling a result could have been achieved! The very first glance round the room revealed to me the latent horrors of the situation! . . . Conceive any woman being so criminally ignorant as to assign to Presteigne the task of escorting Lady Glenfield to dinner—and she his cast-off wife *en premières noces!* They have never been together in the same room since the day when they proclaimed their matrimonial grievances in the crowded Divorce Court. 'Lord Talgarth,' cried the hostess across the table, 'I forget if you know your neighbour, Miss Desford?' This *gaucherie* produced a sensible flutter, for Mary Desford and he had been engaged for months, and, according to all accounts, Talgarth behaved anything but creditably in breaking-off the match. But these incidents were mere harmless *contretemps* compared with what the ignorant hostess had provided for our embarrassment. Mrs. Bounderby evidently confuses the terms celebrity and notoriety; for, given a title or a familiar name, and she at once concludes that their bearer must possess some social importance. This is the only explanation I can offer for her having resuscitated Carlton Colville, who, since his escapade at cards some six years ago, has, of course, been as good as dead—dead, that is, to all his former friends. His entrance into the room caused a quite theatrical effect, which, as you may imagine, was further intensified when La Bounderby innocently exclaimed, 'Now mind, Colonel, after dinner you are to amuse us with some of your wonderful tricks with cards.' I really thought I should have collapsed under the terrible ordeal. Theydon Boyce, the artist, and Settrington, who is stone deaf, both smiled approval in blissful unconsciousness of the outrage. I really could not but feel sympathy for poor Carlton, whose confusion was most cruel to witness.

"I am not an ungrateful woman, nor am I yet a spiteful one, but the agonies of the visit fully justify my eternal wrath. I shall cut the Bounderbys dead whenever we next may meet. Still, it must in common fairness be admitted that if we voluntarily accept the ostentatious and self-interested hospitality of such people, we have mainly ourselves to blame for the consequences. Everything connected with the Bounderby establishment impressed me with a sense of aggravated newness, and even the vulgar Bounderby baby possessed a smug, ready-money expression that aroused my antipathy. Several of the party manufactured excuses and left prematurely, though I and 'Long' Stanton persevered to the bitter end—he being desirous of propitiating the host so as to secure his business on the Stock Exchange—and I, as I had nowhere else to go to. . . ."

This is all very well, and *voilà comment on écrit l'histoire*. Nevertheless, the official announcement in to-day's *Morning Post* seems to furnish another and more plausible explanation:—

"A marriage is arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mr. Benedict Howard Hapsburg Bounderby, eldest son of Mr. John Bounderby, and the Hon. Bertha Emmeline Tiverton, eldest daughter of the late Lord Kilnhurst, and sister to the present Peer."

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Of course, the regrettable illness of Prince George of Wales monopolises attention at present in London, and probably elsewhere. Unfortunately, it is more than doubtful if the daily bulletins issued concerning the progress of his malady can be implicitly relied upon, for there is no doubt whatever that at one period of last week they did not quite accurately represent the true state of his case. The impression gains ground that Prince George was first inoculated with the typhoid germ when lunching at the Royal Barracks in Dublin, and the Liffey oysters provided for him there are being blamed for the result. This week is the critical period, and its progress will be watched with sympathetic anxiety by all throughout the country, however advanced and pronounced may be their political principles.

It is nevertheless a grievous pity that many should convert this opportunity into a medium for personal advertisement, and it is to be hoped that the now daily list of inquirers at Marlborough House, published in the various newspapers, will either be curtailed or entirely suppressed. That the Prince of Wales's private friends and certain prominent members of the official world should record their sympathy by inscribing their names on the Marlborough House book is only proper. That fussy and pretentious nobodies should utilise the occasion to enhance their own reputations by pretending to be *en intimité* with Marlborough House is despicable. If the Prince's illness only continues long enough we may soon, I suppose, expect to see all the Chicago and Louisville population hurrying over to inscribe their names for purposes of self-glorification.

If it be true that, notwithstanding the authorised denial which has appeared, the Prince will nevertheless join Madame de Falbe's party at Luton Hoo this week, it will materially allay the public anxiety with regard to Prince George's condition.

To most people it matters really very little whether the "Georgia Magnet" possesses magnetic power, or whether she trades on her knowledge of dynamics. Whether it be a trick or not, the performance causes just sufficient mild surprise to be exceptionally entertaining. When recently at Sandringham, the "Little Magnet" astonished the party by lifting Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar—no feather-weight—by the skin of his cheeks, performing this feat with no exertion to herself, and no pain to Prince Edward. Further than this, she undoubtedly lifted a chair on which were seated Prince Edward, Mr. Christopher Sykes, and two other guests.

The late Duke of Cleveland's will may, it is said, lead to awkward complications, as the terms, it is reported, requires Lord Barnard, before inheriting his share of the estate, to prove his right to his present title. The difficulty lies in this, that Lord Barnard is descended from Morgan, of Bilby Hall, by his third wife, Catherine Brooks, sister to his second wife, Sarah Brooks. The problem hinges on the vexed question of the deceased wife's sister's enactment. A similar embarrassment affecting the succession of a living Duke was, I believe, overcome by a private Act of Parliament; but I greatly doubt whether the House of Commons will agree to any Bill relieving a Peer from a bastardy law—so long as the Peers insist on maintaining it in the case of all who are not Peers.

The Duke of Norfolk, who has happily recovered from his recent indisposition, has rented, for the winter, Mrs. Leo Schuster's house, Cannizaro, at Wimbledon. Mrs. Schuster herself intends this year wintering at Torquay, instead of on the Continent, as is her usual custom.

By the way, some of our countrymen having complained of the pornographic literature offered for sale at the railway bookstalls in Brussels, the Government have revoked all licences, and at the present moment every railway bookstall throughout Belgium is closed. Mighty indeed is the cry of English purists—but are we really more moral than our neighbours, or only more hypocritical?

Of the Wilson-Churchill marriage on Saturday little that is new and true remains to be said, though much that was new and not true has been recorded. The postal authorities were probably at fault. The bride's dress and Watteau train were quite admirable, but the chef-d'œuvre of her costume was a lisse veil, woven expressly for the occasion from a design by Mrs. Mason, and sewn with pearls. Lace veils for weddings, it would appear, have gone out of fashion. Given time enough, perhaps the brides themselves will go out of fashion too, and, as somebody observed on Saturday, "How pleasant weddings would be, were it not for the ceremony!"

Lord Onslow's resignation of his office of Governor of New Zealand has caused not the slightest surprise whatever to his personal friends; for amongst these it was well known that when he accepted the appointment he never intended completing the regulation term of office. His having officially presented his infant child to the Maori chiefs was a breach of etiquette; for though a Colonial Governor represents Royalty, his family do not share his Royal rank. But this trivial incident had nothing whatever to do with his premature retirement.

Mr. W. H. Haggard, British Minister at Quito, starts today (Wednesday) for his post. Mr. Haggard, who is a brother of Mr. Rider Haggard, who has distinguished himself in the world of letters, has also maintained the reputation of his family for cleverness in his own career, and it is a pity that the exigencies of the Diplomatic Service should necessitate his temporary retirement to so distant and unimportant a mission. Apropos of the Haggard family, Captain Andrew Haggard, another brother, has just published a Christmas tale, "Leslie's Fate," which is sure to meet with exceptional success. The illustrations, by Miss Evelyn Stuart Hardy, are particularly good.

Books and pamphlets naturally suggest each other. A recent achievement of the latter kind by a well-known lady has caused equal surprise and sensation, and further proves that letter-writing is a dangerous occupation.

The Duke of St. Albans will open on December 17 the collection of original drawings for book-illustrations, including a large number of interesting sketches by Stothard, which Mr. Felix Joseph has presented to the Nottingham Art Gallery and Museum.—Believe me, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

SOMEBODY or other has offered to bet an even ten thousand on Orme for the Derby, with a run given. This proposal is eulogised as "plucky"; but, considering that simpletons have been found to take two to one about Orme's chance, without any conditions whatever, a bookmaker would have shown himself to be a mooncalf of the most besotted description by accepting the offer. It must be remembered that such an owner as the Duke of Westminster would never dream of starting a horse for such a race as the Derby unless the animal was fit and well, to which it may be added that in the by no means improbable event of Orme turning out next spring to be inferior to La Flêche, he would almost certainly be withdrawn, in accordance with the policy which the Duke pursued when he scratched Shotover for the Oaks after she had won the Derby, solely because of her inferiority at home to Geheimniss. Under the circumstances, the offer to bet evens on Orme, with a run, has reason, as the French say, and would be very much better business than such fatuous transactions as the acceptance of two to one without any condition whatever.

A nonsensical paragraph has been going round the papers about the Duke of Portland's recent racing experiences, it being stated therein that he has had so bad a year that he will hardly clear his expenses. As a matter of fact, the winnings of the Duke's horses will not do more than pay his forfeits, putting aside training and racing expenses. It would have been well for the Duke if he had sold his yearlings in Donovan's season, when the prestige of his stud was at the flood-tide, as they have done no good for him, and his stud has been entirely out of form, and really seems to be played out to a considerable extent. It is a pity that the Duke persists in sending Mowerina, who is the best mare in his stud, to St. Simon, instead of patronising Galopin, to whom she foaled Donovan. The Duke of Portland has a splendid lot of yearlings, but it remains to be seen whether they will be smart at racing. Kilmarnock, who is brother to Ayrshire, and Raeburn, who is brother to Semolina (and to the worthless Koorali!), ought to do well if there is anything in running blood, and so also should the filly by St. Simon out of Miss Middlewick, the filly by St. Simon out of Rattlewings (sister to Galliard), and the filly by Minting out of Dodona (by Springfield out of Wheel of Fortune). The collapse of St. Serf and the very disappointing performances of Memoir destroyed the Duke's chances of a remunerative season; but I pointed out early in the year that he would have to depend mainly on his two-year-olds, and their failure has been complete and ignominious, excepting only in the case of The Smew and Katherine II., and they have not won a large sum. If the Duke has any grandly-bred two-year-olds for sale this winter he had better send them to New York, instead of disposing of them at Newmarket. Last year he sold the two-year-old Simon Magus, by St. Simon out of Wheel of Fortune, at Newmarket for 250 gs., and the animal was taken over to New York, and there disposed of by public auction for 2,000 gs. Simon Magus was splendidly bred, but he was by no means good-looking, and on the turf he had been a contemptible failure, he being found to be so hopelessly bad when tried that it was never thought worth while to start him for any race. He had between forty and fifty engagements, so he must have been a costly possession to his owner. How any rational being could have been gulled into giving 2,000 gs. for such a beast it is impossible to understand, but presumably the purchaser was some simpleton whose infantile ingenuousness had been imposed upon by the flagrant puffs which appear in the American papers. The sale at New York for 2,500 gs. of the worthless Rossington, by Doncaster out of Lily Agnes (dam of Ormonde), was an equally astounding transaction. This animal was bred by the Duke of Westminster in 1881, and, being a very good-looking yearling, he was entered in thirty-threes takes, not one of which engagements did he win. Rossington never ran in his breeder's colours, for, after he had twice been beaten in trials, the Duke gave him to Porter, who started him twice without success, and then sold him to W. Stevens, and after his ignominious two-year-old career, his name appeared no more in the *Calendar*. It would be interesting to know by what process of hocus-pocus any one fit to be at large can have been induced to pay 2,500 gs. for such a horse.

Seventeen of "Mr. Abington's" horses in training will be sold at Newmarket next month by Messrs. Tattersall, as he contemplates a considerable reduction in his stud, which has been dreadfully out of form this year. I observe in the *Calendar* that "Mr. Abington" intends to weed his three-year-old, The Weever, by Galopin out of Spinaway. It is really most wonderful that, although Spinaway has been sent every season to the most fashionable sires, yet since she foaled Busybody in 1881, she has never produced anything that could win a race, nor has her famous daughter as yet distinguished herself at the stud.

Bendigo's first lot of two-year-olds have failed ignominiously, and I am not surprised that Mr. Chaplin has declined to keep him at Blankney. Bendigo goes to R. Peck's stud at Howbury, and his fee remains at 100 gs., at which he certainly does not now appear to be a catch. Surefoot, who has been relegated to the stud, also stands at Howbury, at the fee of 100 gs., and I shall be dis-

appointed if Mr. Merry's horse does not prove to be a great success as a sire. Sheen is full for next year at 100 gs., and for 1892 at 150 gs, which is surely an unprecedented state of affairs with an untried horse. Gold is also full for next year at 100 gs.; and so are Wisdom and Tristan, each horse being priced at 250 gs.

A number of stakes at Newmarket close on Tuesday next, some of which failed to fill on November 3, and which are now reopened with altered conditions. For next year there are the Fitzwilliam, Dullingham, and Challenge Plates; and the St. Leger and the Derby for 1893.

Lord Dudley's broodmares, nine in number (two with foals) are to be sold at Newmarket on the 16th. The broodmares, foals, and yearlings of the late Lord Portsmouth will be sold on the same day.

One result of the wretched and very unwholesome weather which has prevailed during the autumn is that there is a great deal of sickness in the training stables at Newmarket and elsewhere, and many valuable yearlings, which have been suffering from lung complaints, are tolerably certain to discover themselves as roarers before many months have passed away.

Baron Rothschild's yearlings, which were a grand lot, have been very bad indeed, and a splendid filly by Tristan out of Hauteur (own sister to Haute Saône) is not now likely to be of any use for racing purposes.

Matthew Dawson will, after all, continue to train Mr. Fenwick's horses, and it is hoped that Mimi, whose forelegs had become very groggy, will stand another preparation. I dare say that we shall be having Mimi a good favourite for the City and Suburban if she stands training.

Memoir was sent on from Derby to Welbeck after her defeat last Thursday, and she is to join the Duke of Portland's stud. This mare must have been thoroughly wound up on the day of the Cambridgeshire, and she, no doubt, began to go off directly after the race, as she ran a great mare in it, while her subsequent performances have been dolefully bad.

I should fancy that it would pay any "public" breeder to send over a commission to Paris to buy the filly foal by Retreat out of Poetess (dam of Plaisanterie), which is to be sold there shortly. A filly with so conjuring a pedigree would fetch at least 3,000 gs. at next year's sales, judging from recent prices.

The Duke of Westminster's sale of Ormonde has been commented upon in certain egregious quarters with a harsh disingenuousness amounting to misrepresentation and malevolence. The letters of the Duke and of Lord Gerard are calculated entirely to pulverise these petty, coarse, and uncandid strictures, which were manifestly based upon the most intense ignorance of the circumstances of the case. It would be a very much more rational speculation to let Ormonde remain in South America, and instead to buy his foal out of Philosophy, a Hermit mare, which was tried in 1885 to be greatly superior to The Bard, but she trained off after her two-year-old career, and won nothing except the Yorkshire Oaks. The *Sporting Times* is mistaken in stating that Philosophy ran second for the Oaks of 1886, as she was unplaced in that race, which was won by Miss Jummy.

There was very good racing at Derby, but, although the fields were generally large, yet they were hardly up to the recent average of this meeting. The £1,000 Nursery was won for the Duke of Hamilton by Bouthillier, who has been one of the most useful two-year-olds of the season; but he was very lucky to beat Exhalation, another of Alec Taylor's carefully kept good things, that had been quietly backed to win a large stake. The Duke had a great favourite for the Doveridge Stake in Bellefontaine, who ran well over this course in September, and about whom there was a deal of chattering at Newmarket during the October meeting, when he was a general tip for every Maiden Plate. Bellefontaine, however, had no chance with The Smew, who was giving him 8 lb., and the Duke of Portland's filly won in a trot. Aluminium was favourite for the Friary Nursery, but he failed to follow up his Leicester victory, and was beaten very easily by Apostate, over whom a great deal of money was lost when he was defeated in a mile race at Newmarket, the fact being that he is very smart at five furlongs, but of no use whatever over a longer distance. There were twenty starters for the Chatsworth Plate, Simonetta, the Liverpool winner, being much fancied, although Scotch Earl and Noverre were the absolute favourites when the flag fell. It will not surprise me if Colonel Montague's horse wins a T.Y.C. race at Manchester. The Gloamin won very cleverly, and there were several really smart animals in the field, but one would suppose from the market that Ratton, Tostig, and De Beers were not fancied. There were twenty-two runners for the Osmaston Nursery, the favourite being Exhalation, who never showed in front, being in all probability unable to stay a mile. Bar-le-Duc, who was heavily backed, won easily from Clarence, who ran in really good form, with his 10 lb. penalty, for the Liverpool victory, as he was giving the winner 2 stone. The sensation of the meeting was the run-away victory of Warlaby in the Derby Handicap, for which Memoir was favourite, and how this form is to be reconciled with his abject collapse at Lincoln, only a fortnight before, it is wholly impossible to conjecture. He was running here in much better company, and over precisely the same distance. I cannot suppose that Warlaby is an arrant rogue.

How people could be so emphatically asinine as to back Alicante for the Manchester Handicap I cannot understand, for it ought to have become clear that she has considerably deteriorated during the last year, and she had quite enough weight, while the distance was too far for her. Alicante, after having been freely supported, was scratched on Saturday, and her withdrawal is a good thing for the speculative herd, who appear to be infatuated about M. Ephrussi's mare. There will be a large field on Saturday, and the betting is sure to be very heavy. Alec Taylor has five left in, and his selected one will be a good favourite, but Lily of Lumley appears to be a great public fancy. I shall predict the success of Peacebearer, and am told that the German mare, Rosedale, is expected to run well.

MAMMON.

LONDON AND WEST OF ENGLAND TRUST.

I AM glad to see that the shareholders in the London and West of England Trust and Investment Corporation, to which I referred a few weeks ago (TRUTH, November 12), have taken energetic action, and although they were temporarily foiled at the extraordinary general meeting held on the 16th inst., at the offices of the Company, Broad-street-avenue, London, I have no doubt that they will carry their point. It appears from the proceedings that Mr. Ford and his co-directors have a curious aversion to publicity. Not only did they object to the presence of the reporter of the *Financial News*, but Mr. Ford also admitted that he did not give information respecting the Company's offers to the Bristol Committee, because solicitors were present, when they came to see him. With regard to the Columbian Concession Mines, he did not consider it desirable to give fuller information, and merely stated that, "with regard to this property and Messrs. Hall, he was advised favourably, and by no means thought that they (the Trust Corporation) would be left out in the cold." Yet this Concession was incorporated with another Company launched last week, and Mr. John W. Hall, the Chairman of that concern (the Bristol Silver and Lead Company, Limited), writes to me as follows:—

First Avenue Hotel, Holborn, W.C.,
November 16.

As there is some misapprehension with regard to the above Company, I take the liberty of calling your attention to my letter in the *Financial News* of this morning, and of informing you that my Company has no connection with the Columbian Government Silver Concession Company (Limited) nor with the London West of England Trust Company (Limited), nor with any other Company.

When the resolution to wind up the Company was put, nine voted against and six for it. A poll being demanded,

the following result was obtained: For winding-up, 2,359; against, 1,456. The Chairman then declared the resolution lost, as it was not carried by the required three-fourths majority. Mr. Gwynn, however, entered a protest against a proxy-paper signed by John Robinson, who was credited with a large number of votes, the shares being allotted on November 4 last. Here, again, mystery was the order of the day, the Chairman (the Hon. Ashley Ponsonby) stating that the shares were given in payment for certain purposes of the Company "which it was not then advantageous to disclose." Who may John Robinson be, who has so lately acquired so many votes, and what are the "certain purposes" which the directors do not wish to disclose? It is evident that this mystery must be cleared up. As these votes turned the scale, matters cannot be left in the present position. To judge from the extraordinary desire for secrecy on the part of the directors, from the exclusion of the Press, from the shifty way in which questions were answered and information was withheld, there is something radically wrong, and the sooner the concern is wound up the better will it be for the shareholders.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My dear Ben,—When I told you a week ago that so much "Bear" selling in foreigners was in progress that a few favourable incidents might turn the market, at least temporarily, I spoke prophetically. The favourable incidents in the shape of large purchases of the rouble in Berlin by the Russian Government, a resumption of buying in Paris, and the announcement that the Bank of Spain would already now pay under discount the January coupon on the External Debt came about, and operators for the fall took fright, with the result of a regular old-fashioned "Bear" squeeze, which took up prices of Russians from 86½ to 91½, and of Spanish from 62 to 64½, all other foreign stocks sympathising, although quotations have eased off a little since.

What Next?

The question is, what will happen next? The promulgation of the Imperial ukase prohibiting the export of wheat from Russia has momentarily encouraged the ursine party again, but it looks almost as if the squeeze was not quite over yet, and the Russian Government is making heroic efforts by purchases on the Bourses of its own stock, and by official financial statements, to support the market. Under these circumstances, another warm corner for the "Bears" is quite on the cards, now that the London settlement and the liquidations of the end of the month are at hand. It may be taken for granted that the weak "Bear" element has been eliminated, but strong and persistent operators for the fall are undoubtedly still heavily committed, and it is hardly likely that the "Bulls" will not avail themselves of their advantage to the utmost. The course of Spanish bonds will depend greatly upon the result of the Ministerial crisis. Should this lead to the adoption of a more prudent financial policy, such as would meet with the approval of the eminent Foreign bankers whose negotiations with the Spanish Government and the Bank of Spain were recently broken off, there might be another chance for Spanish finance. Do not misunderstand me, Ben. I am now speaking of the immediate future, and I am discussing the Foreign position chiefly from the point of view of its influence upon the markets generally. I should not advise you to go in for "Bull" operations in any Foreign stocks, least of all in Italian, Portuguese, or even of Turks, Egyptians, &c. I cannot help fancying that, with poor crops on the Continent and the heavy losses which must have been made, inter-Bourse securities must fall permanently to a lower level. But another strong rally is quite possible first, and the subsequent decline will probably be very gradual. The "Bear" squeeze has at all events prevented what at one time threatened to grow into a general collapse in Paris. There is no more talk of serious difficulties; and there should, therefore, now be plain sailing for the rest of the markets. The last return of the Bank of England showed a considerable increase of strength, and dear money is no longer to be feared. The American market is reviving now that Continental troubles are no longer apprehended, while the prohibition of the export of wheat from Russia adds another to the many favourable features in the Yankee position. Under all which circumstances a recovery all round, including the mining and miscellaneous markets, would seem to be fully justified.

Stock Exchange Poetry.

And now, my dear Ben, I cannot refrain from enlivening the prose of my letter for once by a few verses, which my friend David has sent me.

A Low Bellow.

"Bears" the "Bulls" are sorely baiting
Somewhere near the City slums;
Wearily the "Bulls" are waiting
For a turn that never comes.
Chilis and Brazils still dwindle,
Argentinas droop each day;
I'm of age, though; what a swindle!
Infants haven't got to pay.

Turks, Home Rails, and even Trusts, Sir,
Feel the epidemic flop.
I'm reduced to lunch on crusts, Sir!
Soon my clothes I'll have to pop.
Yankees looked like going better—
Once in Egypt there was corn—
Dash it! Sacr-r-r-r-é! Donnerwetter!
Would I were my youngest-born!

Portuguese, Italians, Prussians—
One and all have got the pip.
Go and sell a "Bear" of Russians
Is the universal tip.
Spanish Fours are worth a try at,
Says a chum and bosom friend.
I wonder what the brutes will buy at
When the scare comes to an end?

Golden Leaves and Golden Feathers
Fly about the Mining Marts;
Yankee Girls try coy comethers,
Though but meretricious tarts.
By St. George and St. Augustine
Crœsus soon would get a fall,
If he put the slightest trust in
Cables from the Rand at all.

Visions of a lovely maiden
In my restless dreams arise.
With a looking-glass she's laden;
Truth is written in her eyes.
Last night, to my senses weary,
As per usual came the maid.
Answer paid—I wired a query
Answer came—"Sit tight!" it said.

The poet has pictured humorously, but truly, the "Bear" mania which held possession of the Stock Exchange, of the Bourses, and, to some extent, of the public during the last few weeks. You, Ben, and your friends cannot complain that you have not had fair warning of the Foreign collapse that was coming. But I also gave you timely notice of the turn which was to be expected, and I have, I trust, prevented a good many from throwing away good stocks in a panic.

Home Rails.

The only startling change in this department has been a sudden break in Brighton "A" to 143 (from which they recovered to 143¾), upon some large option deals, accompanied by rumours that application had been made to Parliament by the Company for further capital powers, and that an issue of something like 2 millions sterling was intended. This report has since been officially contradicted, and I have reason for stating that, although the shareholders may probably be asked to sanction an issue of new capital for improvements at Victoria Station and certain small extensions, the existing powers of the Company are sufficient for the purpose, and the amount will not exceed £500,000, to be spread

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over a considerable period. The recent option deals foreshadow active speculation, and possibly a further attempt to depress the price, a blind tip having, moreover, been put about foreshadowing a fall of 10 points. But, with a dividend of 6, if not 6½ per cent., to come off in January, I do not see how this "Bear" tip can well come off, unless very large blocks of stock were to be delivered. Business in the stocks of the heavy lines has been on a small scale, and has been confined chiefly to small investment purchases, as the "Bear" party seem to fight shy of further commitments in the face of considerable scarcity of stock. The Midland Company is in the best position amongst these lines, and for investment purposes the Ordinary Stock, now quoted about 161, is the most tempting. Dover "A" are stated to have been bougbt by a large outside stockbroker, but they fell back with Brighton "A," and I really cannot see anything to put them better for the present. Reports of Hull and Barnsley flirtations with the North-Eastern, have again been used to put this stock up, but the public fight rather shy of this old game. Great Eastern at 87⅞ are quite dear enough on their merits. Caledonian and North British stocks have suffered to some extent from bearish comments, but the higher level of the Deferred stocks of both lines has been fairly maintained, and although no important developments are looked for in the near future, it is probable that the new year will bring a further recovery.

A Recovery in Yankees.

The view which I expressed last week that the last reaction in Yankee Rails had prepared the way for a renewed advance has been promptly borne out by events. With the recovery in Foreign stocks, which has removed the impression prevailing hitherto in the States that a great collapse was imminent in Paris and Berlin, the New York market has gathered greater strength, and under the lead of Vanderbilt stocks prices have moved up again. New York Central have risen as much as 4¼, from 114 to 118¼, and there has been a strong demand for Milwaukees, Atchison, and Eries, which are 2 higher for the week, Louisville and Atchison Income bonds having gained 1½, Ontario and Reading 1, Wabash "B" Debentures 2. The continued excellent traffic returns of the Milwaukee Company (the increase for the second week of November amounting to 140,000 dols.) place these shares in the first rank, and promise a very important and well-sustained advance, the more so as the prohibition of the export of wheat in Russia supplies a further "Bull" point for all the Granger lines. The large increase in gross earnings of the Milwaukee Company in October has caused inquiry as to the probable increase in the net earnings for the same month, the total gross for which was 3,476,650 dols. In September the operating expenses were only 57½ per cent. of the gross earnings. Allowing 60 per cent. of gross for operating in October, the net earnings on that basis would be 1,390,660 dols., and, with the net for July, August, and September, would make the total net for the four months to October 31, 4,100,742 dols. The four months' proportion of fixed charges amounts to 2,412,416 dols., leaving a surplus of 1,688,326 dols. The same proportion of the 7 per cent. dividend on the 22,198,900 dols. Preferred stock calls for 517,972 dols., leaving a balance of 1,170,354 dols. applicable to the Common stock, or equal to 2 54-100 per cent. on the 46,000,000 dols. common for the four months. It is this splendid result for the first four months of its present fiscal year, and the prospectively large earnings which the extraordinary crops must give the road, which is putting up the price of the stock, and is likely to hoist it a good deal higher. I have so repeatedly expressed my favourable opinion of Atchison prospects that I need not dilate on this point any further. The line is greatly benefited by the grain crops, and both the shares and the Income bonds ought to be bought. Eries are again in special favour, and have recovered to 31. Apart from the partial resumption of the Preference dividend, the prospects for the current year are excellent, and the "Bulls" of the stock in New York talk of 35 as the price of the Ordinary in the near future. The Louisville and Nashville is fully maintaining its earnings, the net traffic showing enough increase, considering the extensions of the line, that the 5 per cent. dividend on the larger capital is fully secured. This stock, as well as Norfolk Prefs. and Denver Ordinary and Prefs., has been largely sold during the recent slump by provincial and Continental holders, and I should not be surprised, if a good demand at the present low level were to advance quotations materially. Louisville at 80, and Norfolk Prefs. at 51½, yield nearly 6 per cent. on the investment, and both lines are prosperous and progressive. Readings, too, are likely to improve again, as the scare about the trouble amongst the "Coalers" has been greatly overdone. With the improving tone of the Yankee market, such stocks as Baltimore and Ohio Second Income bonds, which have been thrown away by weak holders, should also promptly recover, and cheap gambles such as Texas "B" should attract speculation. Grand Trunks and Canadian Pacifics have fluctuated of late entirely with the Yankee market.

The Ohio and Mississippi Meeting.

In view of a letter from New York, which recently appeared in the *Times*, from an opponent to the Ohio and Mississippi deal with the Baltimore and Ohio Company, and to which exaggerated importance appears to have been attributed, it is interesting to learn that the attempt of the opposition has been frustrated. The attempt, which was made at the annual meeting of shareholders in Cincinnati, in October, to upset the validity of the Brown-Shipley proxy, which represents two-thirds of the capital stock of the Ohio and Mississippi Company, resulted in an adjournment of the meeting for a month. At this adjourned meeting, held last Thursday, however, all objections of the opposing party were overruled by the inspectors of election, and the three new directors were elected. It may as well be stated that the opposition of some of those who formerly occupied leading positions in the affairs of the Ohio and Mississippi Company may be traced to a desire on their part to benefit the "Big Four" Company. It is, in fact, stated that the interests of the Ohio and Mississippi have also in the past been sacrificed to those of the "Big Four," and it was quite time that a stop was put to this. In conclusion, I fully confirm my view, that the value of Ohio and Mississippi Ordinary and Preference shares is far above the present price, and that a strong recovery may be anticipated.

South American Investments.

The South American department is for the present the Cinderella of the markets. The Brazilian muddle, following upon the Argentine collapse, has caused increased depression, the spasm in inter-Bourse securities giving the finishing touch. Matters do not look promising in Rio Grande do Sul, but there has been a disposition during the last few days to buy Brazilian Government stocks at the lower level, and a further fall has been prevented. Brazilian Railway stocks have been thrown over by holders, but here also it would be well not to give way to panic. Argentine Government stocks have shown some dulness on a rebound of the gold premium in Buenos Ayres to 269, a movement apparently due to agitation in connection with the election of a new President. Politics are for the present the bugbear of the position in Argentina. Mexican Sixes and Internals, after a further reaction, are improving again. Costa Rica bonds, too, have shown some strength, and there has been a slight recovery in Uruguay bonds on the statement that the documents in connection with the settlement of the debt under the Ellauri scheme had arrived and that in the teeth of all the protests of Committees the scheme is to proceed. Chilian bonds are firmer. With the funds for

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the next coupon already in hand (Messrs. Rothschild having received the full amount on Monday) and the unanimous election of Admiral Montt as President, the value of these bonds is likely to improve materially.

Guatemala Internal Bonds.

Since I pointed out last week the relative advantage of Guatemala Internal over the External bonds, some controversy has arisen with regard to the relative action of the sinking fund. But so far from the sinking fund arrangements of the Internal Debt being less favourable, they are actually more so. It is true that the Internal bonds are redeemable at 80 and the External at 100, but the rate of redemption of the Internal is 1 per cent. per annum, and of the External ½ per cent., so that to every £100 drawn of the External bonds £200 of the Internal will be drawn. Thus the chances of the Internal holders are much greater. Here we have, therefore, the Internal bonds at 42 yielding 11½ per cent. to the investor, as against a yield of 9 per cent. of the External at 44. I may say that the Congress of Guatemala passed a law in August, 1887, to resume payment of interest on the External loan, but that the interest on the Internal loan has always been paid, although it was sometimes in arrears for several months. The External loan of the Republic amounts to £920,000, the Internal to 6,400,000 dols., the total annual interest-charge being £98,450. As the revenue of the country is about £900,000, the proportion of the interest-payment is relatively small. Moreover, as security for the payment of the interest, a special tax is levied on imports amounting to about 30 per cent. of the Maritime Customs, and a Committee elected by the bondholders collects the dues direct from the importers of goods, the amount being ample in the current year. I have stated that the funds for the December 31 coupon have already been remitted to Martin's Bank, the coupon on the Internal bonds being paid quarterly, that on the External half-yearly. A year ago the price of those bonds was 55, on July 1, 1890, it was 70. Yet all this time the interest has been most faithfully paid. Guatemala Internal bonds at 42 or 43 are, under these circumstances, one of the cheapest stocks amongst the many depreciated South or Central American securities, and ought to stand at least at 50.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

South African Gold Mines and Land Companies have suffered to a considerable extent in sympathy with the pronounced slump in Foreigners. With a heavy fall in Rio Tintos, which receded as low as 16¼ xd, and a reaction in De Beers, there was not much inclination for purchases of "Kaffirs," and some of the dealers did their best to engineer a scare in Oceanas and Rand Mines. Now that Rio Tintos are up again to 17¾ xd, equal to 18⅜ cum. div., and that De Beers are firmer, there is a stronger tone. My Johannesburg correspondent writes that the market showed some weakness on the failure of a local Trust Company, which had been indulging in some fantastic vagaries of speculation. He considers it, however, as more than probable that this concern will pay its debts in full, and in any case the effects are purely local and unimportant. A fine opportunity, however, was afforded to the "Bears" to get out of a tight place, and advantage was taken in Johannesburg with a view, my correspondent is inclined to think, to a further upward movement. This view is accompanied by the receipt of some considerable buying orders for specialties from South Africa. My favourites, New Primrose and Nigels, have been well maintained. With regard to the Glencairn, I learn that the crushings are proving most favourable, and there has been a large order in the market here for some days which is said to be for Johannesburg account, no shares being obtainable below 8s. 6d. Great Gold Zone shares should be bought as long as they are obtainable at anything like the present price, as important developments are about to take place. Some of the dealers have attempted to take liberties with Oceana shares, but the position is so favourable in every respect that they will not be able to keep the shares down for any length of time. The general depression has prevented a further recovery in Sutherland Reef shares, but on that property also the position is, as I stated a week ago, so favourable, that an improvement in the present price of £1 per share is only a question of time. Elmore Gold shares have touched 1s. again on private advices, which are stated to be of a most favourable nature, but the secret of which is apparently very well kept. The following extract from the *De Lamar Nugget* indicates the possibilities which may be in store for these neglected shares:—

> Accounts from Rocky Bar indicate that the Elmore Mine, formerly the Alturas, is in it again for another era of prosperity. In sinking a winze they have encountered the rich ore shoot deeper than the former workings, and reliable reports say it is very much richer than any before found, and that the vein, three feet wide, will run 40 dols. per ton, or more than double that in the worked-out shoot. As the cost of mining and milling this free gold ore does not exceed 4 dols. per ton, another boom in that stock will be liable to send it away up again. It was down last week to 9d. per share, and every effort was made by the knowing ones on this side to keep the strike a secret until the men here could load up. More than 30,000 shares were purchased in London on cable orders from this side, and the lucky ones are chuckling, for they expect it to go back to 30s. once more.

The Maid of Erin Silver Mines have again a favourable weekly output to report, the gross yield for the week ended November 21 being 1,400 tons, of an estimated value of 25,000 dols. These shares will be quoted ex the third dividend of 1s. per share this account, making 15 per cent. dividend paid for the first six months. I hear that very favourable advices have come to hand from the Mosman Mine, a considerable quantity of shares having been taken off the market by special cable orders from the other side. These shares are cheap at their price of 8s.-8s. 6d. With regard to the recent fall in Mysore Gold shares, I hear that the failure of a Liverpool operator threw a large block of shares on to the market at an unfavourable moment. The dealers who are "Bears" of the shares, made the most of this incident and circulated rumours, that the "ends" of the mine were getting poorer, and by this means they succeeded in pulling down the price to 4¾, but as soon as *bonâ-fide* purchasers made their appearance, the quotation speedily improved, and is now 5¼. I am told that no information of an unfavourable character has been received from the mine by the London managers. I do not look for much improvement in Goldfields of Mysore yet awhile. It must not be forgotten that the Company has already disposed of the most marketable blocks of land, but other sales will probably be made later on. The Nundydroog Mine is opening out very well, and it appears wise to hold the shares at present figures. Mysore Nagar shares remain promising, and should be picked up. I have received the following communication from a correspondent who signs himself, "A Poor Shareholder":—

> Can you call attention to the very neglectful way the directors of the Kaiser Gold Mining Company, Ltd. (Lord Gifford, chairman), are treating their unfortunate shareholders? I was induced to subscribe for 100 shares by Lord Gifford's name and by a statement in the prospectus that, if the mine was not found to bear out the representations of the vendor, the shareholders' money was to be returned in six months' time. This was in the autumn of 1888.
>
> The mine was found to be "salted," but the money has not been returned to the shareholders. At a meeting of shareholders in 1889 they were urged not to take legal proceedings against the directors by a promise that the directors would proceed against the vendor in the U.S. law courts. No further meeting has been summoned, and no notices have been issued to the shareholders. I sometimes think I must be the only surviving shareholder, as no one stirs in the matter.
>
> Perhaps a word from you will bring enlightenment to a
>
> Poor Shareholder.

I should like to know what the directors—the Right Hon. Lord Gifford, V.C., Mr. A. J. Lambert, Mr. A. P. Matheson, and the Hon. Horace A. W. Tabor—have to say in this matter.

Two "Charters Towers" Mines.

You will recollect, Ben, that I explained to you the other day that the "Golden Gates" against which I warned your friends were the Golden Gate Alluvial Mines of California, and not the Golden Gate Mining Company of Charters Towers, Queensland. As a matter of fact, the Golden Gates (California) have fully justified my warning,

and are now down to 4s.—4s. 6d. As several of your friends ask my opinion of the Charters Towers Golden Gates, it may be as well to give a few particulars. These Queensland Mines are Colonial Companies, and are all formed with small capitals. The shares are partly paid up, but the Companies are registered under the "No Liability" Act of the Colony, which provides against a holder, whether by original allotment or by transfer, having to pay any calls in respect thereof, or any contributions to the debts and liabilities of the Company, and such person is not liable to be sued for any such calls or contributions, but shall not be entitled to a dividend upon any share upon which a call is due and unpaid. The position is, therefore, this: that while a holder will pay his calls and receive his dividends in good times, he need not pay up in bad times. The Golden Gate Mining Company has been re-registered under this Act. The capital of £12,000 was at first divided into 24,000 shares of 10s. each, but now consists of 48,000 shares of 5s. each, 3s. 3d. paid up. This Mine has an area of twenty-five acres on the main line of reef at Charters Towers, adjoining the well-known Sunburst Mine, and working in the same rich shoot. The Mine is fully developed, and crushings are on a large scale. The following are the recent crushings and dividends paid:—

1891.						Share.
June 13,	750 tons for	875 ozs. gold,	value £3,100 ..	Dividend 1s.		per 24,000
July 3,	780 ,,	1,169 ,,	,, £4,100 ..	,, 1s.		,,
,, 25,	344 ,,	832 ,,	,, £2,900 ..	,, 1s.		,,
Aug. 15,	610 ,,	1,417 ,,	,, £5,000 ..	,, 2s. 6d.		,,
,, 28,	100 ,,	250 ,,				
Sept. 2,	206 ,,	585 ,,				
,, 11,	Grindings	113 ,,				
,, 15,	280 ,,	605 ,,				
	586 ,,	1,553 ,,	,, £5,800 ..	,, 1s.		per 48,000
Sept. 29,	299 ,,	711 ,,				
Oct. 13,	268 ,,	774 ,,				
	567 ,,	1,485 ,,	,, £5,570 ..	,, 1s. 9d.		per 48,000
Oct. 26,	300 ,,	562 ,,				
Nov. 11,	300 ,,	647 ,,				
	600 ,,	1,209 ,,	,, £4,540 ..	,, 1s.		per 48,000

During the preceding six months, ended May 26, the crushings aggregated 6,306 tons, yielding 6,263 oz. of gold. The present price of the shares is somewhere about 35-36s., and on the basis of the dividends hitherto paid, they yield a return of 30 to 40 per cent. on the investment.

The Sunburst Gold Mining Company, of Charters Towers, Queensland, above referred to, possesses a property of twenty-five acres on the same line of reef. The capital is only £24,000, in 48,000 shares of 10s., of which 2s. 6d. per share is paid up. There is also in this case no liability as to the remainder. The work of development having been completed and the reef reached in November, 1890, regular crushings have continued ever since, the list of which is as follows:—

1890.	Stone.	Gold.	Value.	s. d.		Dividend.
Nov. 27...	130 tons ...	713 oz. ...	£2,700 ...	0 6	per share ...	£1,200
Dec. 20...	184 ,, ...	1,180 ,, ...	4,100 ...	0 6	,, ...	1,200
1891.						
Jan. 14...	240 ,, ...	780 ,, ...	2,900 ...	0 6	,, ...	1,200
Feb. 28...	490 ,, ...	1,810 ,, ...	6,300 ...	1 0	,, ...	2,400
	(Here followed a pause while erecting machinery.)					
May 22...	360 tons ...	1,136 oz. ...	£3,980 ...	0 6	per share ...	£1,200
June 6...	250 ,, ...	1,080 ,, ...	£3,600 ...	1 0	,, ...	£2,400
,, 20...	250 ,, ...	946 ,, ...	£3,400 ...	1 0	,, ...	£2,400
July 6...	240 ,, ...	871 ,, ...	£3,050 ...	1 0	,, ...	£2,400
,, 20...	343 ,, ...	1,373 ,, ...	£4,600 ...	1 0	,, ...	£2,400
Aug. 1...	262 ,, ...	1,108 ,, ...	£3,900 ...	1 6	,, ...	£3,600
,, 15...	250 ,, ...	1,139 ,, ...	£4,000 ...	1 0	,, ...	£2,400
Oct. 10...	360 ,, ...	541 ,, ...	£1,982			
Nov. 13...	416 ,, ...	740 ,, ...	£2,800			

It will be seen that during September and October crushing was stopped, owing to a thorough overhauling of the mine and machinery; but crushing has now recommenced, and cable advices state that the ore put through from the last crushings comprised specially poor stone, classed as "odds and ends," which had accumulated in the mine, and had to be got rid of in order that the rich ore might be more easily got at. It is stated that in about a week's time the battery will start on a large body of ore similar to the rich quartz which gave such handsome returns of late, and that regular dividends may henceforth be anticipated. The price of these shares is about 37s. 6d., and on the basis of present dividends they also yield on the investment 30-40 per cent. per annum. Granted the uncertainties of mining, it may yet be said that being so moderately capitalised, paying frequent dividends, and being, apparently, on a very rich reef, these Mines are full of promise, and compare favourably with many concerns which are capitalised on the extravagant scale of English promotion, and yield only fitful and uncertain dividends. It is also stated that arrangements are being made to transfer the offices of both Companies to London in January, so that the transfers and the payment of dividends will be greatly facilitated. Under these circumstances we are likely to hear a good deal of the Golden Gate (Charters Towers) and Sunburst Mines.

The French Elmore Company.

The following explanation should remove a false impression which has obtained currency in the market respecting the French Elmore Company. The French Elmore shares fell to 2 to 2⅛, owing to a report that the Company was about to accept an offer from French capitalists to buy 60,000 shares at £2 per share. I have ascertained that there is absolutely no truth in this rumour, and that, however flattered the Company might be by the idea of French investors being interested in the Company, the price the directors are looking for when the time comes for making the issue of the balance of the capital that has been reserved for issue when the works at Dives (where the French works are) are completed—and it will not be issued before—is nearer £4 than £2 per share, and that it will be made only to shareholders on the books at the time af issue, to whom it will represent a substantial dividend. An injudicious consultation by the Board with a few leading shareholders, at which one ubiquitous member of the Stock Exchange was present, led to the dissemination of the report, which has no basis or truth, and a speedy rally of the shares is looked for. I hear that the works at Dives, near Havre, will be completed about the 15th of next month, and that a steamer from Southampton to Havre, connecting with a special train from thence, will be run to Dives to enable all the shareholders holding over 100 French Elmore shares to see the extent and magnitude of these important works, and from all I can hear there never has been a better time for buying French shares than at this moment. That a further issue of capital may be necessary is by no means surprising when it is considered that the Company will have an output of 100 tons per month, and that the stock of copper which will have to be kept will probably amount to £50,000 or more.

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various investors:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Pauper Homo.—Greeks have become somewhat unpopular, and are being attacked in the German Press. The finances of the country are not under such good management as they were under Tricoupis, but the position may improve again. *Beta.*—Turkish Defence may recover further in sympathy with the Foreign rally, but I doubt if they will touch your price again. *Trustee.*—Yes, the stocks in question are good investments, with the exception, perhaps, of Victoria, that colony being again on the borrowing tack. *East India.*—A funding scheme for the Buenos Ayres Provincial Loans has been arranged by Dr. V. de la Plaza with the issuing houses here, but the legislature of the Province most unaccountably delays sanctioning it. *J. W. W.*—1. I do not care much for Turks or Egyptians. 2. A fair way of investing, but no catch. 3. Yes, hold Costa Rica Railway First Debentures. 4. I do not care for Mexican Railway stocks of any kind. The line is on the down grade. 5. Yes. 6. I have not heard lately. 7. Yes, Argentine 1886 bonds are a good investment at present price. 9. It seems advisable to await the course of events. *P. (Madras).*—1. No reason to sell New Zealand bonds. 2. Macahé and Campos bonds have fallen on the upset in Brazil. 3. An Italian security on which I should not like to express an opinion. 4. Yes, if you do not object to the very large uncalled liability (£20 per share and £60 per share reserve liability). *Verax.*—I am afraid your suggestion is just a little too sweeping and impracticable.

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, E.C.—165, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—8, Haymarket, S.W.—18, Westbourne-grove, W.—Nos. 19 and 20, Railway-approach, London-bridge, S.E.—Manchester address, Bridgewater-chambers, 6, Brown-street.—Brighton address, Central-chambers, The Quadrant. No commission on speculative accounts. He buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired. Telephone No. 1,578.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

R. S.—The discretionary order form sent by you as drawn up by Percy Barclay & Co., stock and share dealers, of 110, Cannon-street, leaves the client entirely in the power of that firm, as he has to "leave the selection of the stock entirely to them, authorises P. B. & Co. to close the account when, in their opinion, sufficient profit has been obtained, and agrees that they shall deduct 10 per cent. of such profit for any risk or trouble they may incur." It is a blind deal. Of course P. B. & Co. do not guarantee a profit, and they can, therefore, with the greatest ease stick to the deposit. *Inquirer.*—1. Yes; if you can afford it, average. 2. Ditto. 3. The report of the Peruvian Corporation is promising, and the Debentures are a good investment. No. 4 is no catch. *B. F.*—I do not like this Trust Company, but should think it would be preferable not to realise at present depressed quotations. *H., Bishop Auckland.*—1. I have never taken a favourable view of the field open to this concern. 2. Some of the directors are respectable. 3. The reason is partly the general depression of similar stocks. *Duchess.*—Your Grace does not enclose name or address, in token of good faith. There has been a heavy fall in these Trust stocks, of which I do not, moreover, approve much; but prices are likely to rally, and it would be hardly advisable to sell out at the present low point. *A. J. F.*—In view of the past history of the bank which used to be allied to this concern, I do not consider it advisable to renew the debentures (1) or keep the shares (2). Why do you not invest in gilt-edged American Railroad bonds, which will yield you 4 per cent.? Then there are Canadian Pacific Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Land Grant bonds, guaranteed by the Dominion of Canada, at 97½; Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds, at 75. *W. G. C.*—No reason to sell Trustee and Executors shares at present price. *Carlisle.*—I do not care for the Trust Company, but should await a recovery, and then sell. Western of Buenos Ayres Debentures should be held, and there is no reason to sell Melbourne Harbour Debentures now, although I should not have selected them for investment. *Continuous.*—This is a question for a solicitor, whom you had better consult.

Home Rails.

Oakland.—You must tell me under which Trust Act you have to invest. You can get 4 per cent. only in Ordinary stock. *P. O. N.*—Brighton "A" are being thrown about by speculators, but the rumours of a new capital issue are greatly exaggerated. *Inquirer (Dublin).*—I should not sell Caledonian Deferred now. *H. A. D.*—I really cannot see the drift of your question. The broker seems to have acted in your interest.

American and Foreign Rails.

F. B.—The 1894 extension shares of the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Company are Preference shares, and receive the interest before the Ordinary shares get anything, but there is no other guarantee. *Miserimus.*—American Railway stocks are advancing strongly, and Baltimore and Ohio Income bonds will recover with that market. *Vera Cruz.*—The low prices of Mexican Sixes, Mexican Internal, and Mexican City bonds are the investors' opportunity, and are due to the general depression of South and Central American securities. Yes, the American bonds mentioned, Baltimore and Ohio Five per Cent. Gold bonds, Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Four and a-Half per Cent. Gold bonds, Lehigh Valley First Mortgages Four and a-Half per Cent. Gold and Pennsylvania First Mortgage Four and a-Half per Cent. Gold bonds are gilt edged. I should prefer a and d. *S. M. F.*—Yes, the fall in Rio Janeiro and Northern (Princ do Grao Para Div) is entirely due to the unsettled state of Brazil. *Plym.*—You seem to have bought your Rosario Extension shares when they were already quoted xd. *Gresham.*—Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Income bonds will recover with the rest of the American market, which is bound for much higher prices. Hold. *Hallamshire.*—Spanish railways are under a cloud, through the doubtful prospects of Spanish finance. *C. T. A.*—These shares show weakness in sympathy with South American stocks generally. There is no reason to sell, nor is any dividend due yet. The pamphlet is to be obtained of Waterlow & Sons, London-wall. *Imogene.*—Yes, Mexican Sixes and Internals are a good purchase, and are already recovering. The Inter-Oceanic Railway will, no doubt, eventually pay the full Preference dividend. *B. G.*—No, I should not advise you to add to your holding of San Paulo stock and of Brazilian Four-and-a-Half per Cent. of 1888 until the course of events in Brazil can be judged of more clearly. *In Difficulties.*—I quite agree with you that the Argentines are treating the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway very badly by withholding the guarantee, but there is nothing for it but patience. The directors are, I believe, doing their best to obtain a settlement. *H. R.*—Yes, I still hold the same view of Ohio and Mississippi shares. They are now recovering. *B. W. J.*—Certainly hold Eries. They have jumped up to your figure again in a few days, and look like going higher. Norfolk Prefs. should be held, and, if you can, you should buy more to average. I do not care for the Cattle Ranch. *Salmon.*—Ohio and Missisippi shares have been dragged down with the rest of the market. They are now reeovering, and should be held. When the deal with the Baltimore and Ohio is carried out, they will be many points higher. See remarks in to-day's issue. *Anilus.*—Yes; the English Association of American Bond and Shareholders is absolutely reliable. There is nothing to be said against the majority of your list of investments, Nos. 1 to 10. No. 6 is, of course, speculative, and it may take longer to earn dividends than was predicted. The American Railroad bonds are certain to appreciate in the near future. I do not care for No. 7.

Mining Shares.

K. M.—Nos. 1 and 2 are a good lock-up gamble, such as you seem to desire, but I do not care for Nos. 3-6, least of all for No. 3. Elmore Gold, now about 1s., should be suitable. *H. L., Grantham.*—It is a pity that you do not read my remarks more carefully. I have repeatedly advised selling Golden Gate Alluvial (California) shares, and do so still, although the price is now much lower. *Richmond.*—The progress of the Pahang Corporation is not satisfactory, and it looks as if internal dissensions were likely to break out. *Bertram.*—See remarks under "Kaffir and Other Mines" respecting Mysore and other Indian Mines about which you inquire. *South Wales.*—Sooner or later the rich lode will probably be struck again. Hold. *M. E. C.*—If you had read my remarks at once, and withdrawn your application for Sapphire and Ruby Mine shares by telegraph, you would have saved your money. Now you can only get out of the shares by proving misrepresentation, and that is a long and costly job. *W. H.*—Give the Sapphire and Ruby Company of Montana a wide berth. You do not appear to have seen my remarks on the same. I do not advise you to employ the concern to which you refer. *Stanton.*—If you hold Great Gold Zone you will make money. You may safely buy more to average. Prospects are excellent. *Stuart.*—If you read my letter regularly you must know that I have been advising the sale of Golden Gate Alluvial (California) shares for some time. *T. C. B.*—Your list (No. 1-8) is, on the whole, a poor one. Do not put too much money into highly speculative mining ventures. You should hold No. 8, and, for a few months longer, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, but sell Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7. *South African.*—I hear a good account of the Stanhope property and its prospects. But you take an extreme view. At 1½ the shares are a good venture, but the market is not a very free one.

Industrial Companies.

Jack.—1. Yes, I should keep these at present, as various negotiations are going on in connection with the Hull and Barnsley Railway. 2. No, I should not advise investment in London Trams in view of possible action of the London County Council. *Alice.*—The Brewery shares should be held, and you appear to be entitled to the dividend. I do not advise on the solvency of Stock Brokers. You have omitted to send your name and address in token of good faith. *S. R. S.*—It is a pity that you did not take my advice to sell your Salt Union shares. I still say sell! *Gosforth.*—As you have evidently a preconceived view on this concern I should be sorry to even try to convince you. I suppose that you have read the report of the meeting, and with that and the balance-sheet before you, you will be perfectly able to come to your own conclusion. *Sanguisaga.*—I have not yet got the necessary information. Why do you not write to the secretary. *Co. Antrim.*—I do not know the state of the Register, but I shall shortly deal exhaustively with this matter. *Thistle.*—Electric Construction Corporation shares, with the 6 per cent. dividend about to be announced on November 30, when the report will be issued, are a good industrial investment. *Hampstead.*—1. These Brewery shares are a fair investment, but if you wish to have a safer stock, why do you not exchange into the Prefs. instead. 2. A fair investment, apparently just turning the corner again. *Truth, Dublin.*—1. Eastman's Prefs., being cumulative, may be bought as an investment. 2. Leave Salt Union alone. 3. A good industrial investment. 4, Hold, and average when the turn comes. *A. B. C.*—Yes, San Francisco Brewery Prefs. should be held. *B. O., Manchester.*—Yes, you might average McIvor Patents. Nothing is changed in the position. *G. Del Re.*—I will make inquiries.

Mixed Investments.

B. B.—Midland Railway Ordinary stock should be a safe investment, such as you require. *The Little Burr, Rouen.*—If you want to buy Bank shares select some of our first Banks. The other stocks named are mostly small local industrial concerns, which I cannot recommend. It would be hardly advisable to go into Gas shares now that the electric light is making so much progress in London. Samuel Allsopp Prefs. are a fair purchase. Boddington's and Taylor's Eagle are good breweries. Electric Construction Corporation shares at 7, paying 6 per cent. dividend, yield over 8½ per cent. *J. R. B.*—The Provident Association of London promises a great deal more than it performs, and I advise you to have nothing to do with it. *A Belfast Lady.*—1. They should sell if they can. 2. What Mexican Corporation do you mean? 3. The last-named concern is apparently not doing well. *Diomede.*—Nothing is changed in the position of McIvor's patents. The works at Greenwich will be completed in a week or two, and manufacture on a large scale will then proceed. 2. Yes, hold Mexican Sixes. 3. Have nothing to do with the Imperial British African Corporation. The matter you mention looks very suspicious. 4. The option money is paid when the option is exercised, the option dealer generally making a charge of 1-2 per cent. or more.

Various Investments.

The report of the Primitiva Nitrate Company for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1891, which has just been issued, fully confirms the view which I have repeatedly expressed that that Company had a good deal of leeway to make up. But it is gratifying to find that this has been accomplished. The balance of profit and loss account, after carrying £5,338 to depreciation account, is £41,846, of which £40,000 is very properly to be transferred to reserve fund, against the amount withdrawn from that fund

last year. The shareholders have, of course, to go without dividends, but at the present price of 9s. 3d. to 9s. 6d. for nitrate of soda good profits are doubtless being earned in the current year, and dividends are therefore again in sight. More dealings have taken place in Arauco Ordinary shares, to which I drew attention last week, at 7¼ to 7½, and there is every chance of an improvement in view of the excellent prospects of this Company. It is curious that the quotation is still kept at 6½-7½, although there are no sellers below 7¾ and buyers at 7½. Are the dealers short of the shares? I hear that the report of the Electric Construction Corporation and the announcement of the dividend will be issued on the 30th inst. McIvor Patents have been picked up at the present low prices of 1¾, and a further recovery is expected. Anglo-American Telegraph stocks are recovering with the return of animation of the Yankee market, Anglo "A" being at present the cheapest of these stocks. The case of Stirling v. the Passburg Grains Syndicate, Limited (which was a test case), was decided last week in favour of the plaintiff. The contract is ordered to be rescinded, the name of the plaintiff removed from the register of members, and the amount of the shares held by the plaintiff (£50), with interest at 4 per cent., is to be returned to him, the defendant Syndicate to pay the cost of the action. The arrangement made by the Olcott Committee with the Virginia State Debt Commission has caused great disappointment, the terms being considered altogether inadequate. The report of the Peruvian Corporation, although not so favourable as had at one time been expected, is yet full of promise for the future, and the 1 per cent. Preference dividend now announced will, no doubt, be materially increased during the current year.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

P.S.—Tuesday.—The bloodless revolution in Rio de Janeiro, and the deposition of Dictator Fonseca, go far to prove that the Brazilians are riper for a Republican form of Government than they were supposed to be. If Rio Grande do Sul should now give in its adhesion to the new order of things, Brazilian finance would greatly benefit, and an important recovery of Brazilian stocks would be on the cards, such as would favourably react on most South American securities. According to latest accounts, the "Bear" squeeze in New Russians in Paris is by no means over yet, and it may act as a support to the foreign market for some time longer, although the stock can hardly keep up for any length of time at the present figure. Conditions in the United States favour an advance in American Rails more than ever. The American public is apparently commencing to buy, and the increasing volume of daily sales in Wall-street—275,000 shares on Friday, 172,000 on Saturday, 316,000 on Monday—seems to foreshadow important developments in view of the large account open for a fall.

QUEER STORY.

AN UNREGISTERED PATENT.

"BUT, surely, dear Mrs. de Sylva you are not absolutely forced to leave us to-morrow?"

"There is, unfortunately, not a shadow of doubt on the subject, Lord Nayve. I must leave Lucerne by the nine o'clock express to-morrow morning; I am obliged to be in Paris early on Thursday. But don't let us talk of that now; this is a perfectly divine waltz, and I really cannot consent to sit it out."

Lord Nayve rose quickly, and the next moment was whirling round with his fair partner, to the langourous strains of one of Strauss's best waltzes.

"Pretty woman, that!" said one of the onlookers, as she glided past him. "Who is she?"

"A little Canadian grass-widow. Came to Europe on business, was knocked up with the voyage, and ordered to Switzerland to recruit—that's the yarn."

"Poor little thing! She looks too frail to be running about Europe alone."

"Don't waste your pity, my good fellow! She can take care of herself—you bet. She's not such an angel as she looks."

Meantime Mrs. de Sylva, after a few turns, declaring herself tired, was led off by Lord Nayve to one of the cool nooks which are not too numerous in the big, light hall of the Schweitzerhof.

She seated herself among the palms and flowers, and Lord Nayve felt that he ought to be able to say something appropriate about nymphs and goddesses, but the right words would not come, so he just stood still and watched her, and she certainly was worth the trouble. Mrs. de Sylva was a perfect blonde. Her hair was like floss silk, soft and yellow and fluffy; her big eyes of corn-flower blue were shaded by long, dark lashes, which formed a shadow on her pale, delicate cheeks; her whole face was like a flower, exquisitely pretty and appealing. Very *petite* in figure, with the hands and feet of a child, she seemed formed for tender care and protection, and she certainly made a great effort to fulfil her mission in life.

She had been in Lucerne for three weeks, she had not a female friend in the place, and every male in the hotel was her slave! But Lord Nayve, in the first flush of his majority and emancipation, was her creature *par excellence!* This young gentleman had lately inherited his father's title, which availed him not at all, and his maternal uncle's fortune, amassed in the soap trade, which enabled him to play the part of young Crœsus with grace and effect. The fair Canadian had come, seen, and conquered him at once; morning, noon, and night he danced attendance on her whims and fancies, and they were not a few.

To him she had confided the story of her loneliness, and all but desertion by her husband, Hippolyte, whose whole life and energy were engrossed by chemical experiments, away up in the vague Canadian regions. Proud of her confidence in him, and full of tender solicitude for this exquisite creature, he had felt it his bounden duty to be her guide, philosopher, and friend, and so now, when she announced her intention of taking this sudden journey, Lord Nayve felt that it was incumbent on him to discover that all possible precautions were taken to ensure her safety and comfort.

"But, dear Mrs. de Sylva, you surely mean to break your journey at Basle, you cannot go straight through?"

"Indeed, I must; you see, but for my unfortunate illness on landing, I should have discharged the business which has brought me to Europe. As it is, I have put it off to the eleventh hour, and now it must be attended to."

"But—forgive me if I am indiscreet—is it not possible for some one to take your place, cannot you write, or——or——"

Madame de Sylva laughed softly—"Oh, no, that would not do at all! You see, it is quite a family matter, and——"

"Oh, pray pardon me, I am very sorry if——"

"Oh, there is nothing to be sorry about," she answered gently, "and there is no great secret about the matter, only I feared it might bore you."

"Bore me? Could you?"

Madame de Sylva flushed slightly under the glance which accompanied these words, and continued in her soft, childlike tones—

"I am really my husband's messenger! I have told you, have I not, that Hippolyte has a daughter by a previous marriage? No; I thought I had. I have never seen her, for years she has lived in Paris, she is an artist, at least so I am told. A little time ago she wrote to her father saying that she was going to be married, and demanding her *dot*. Hippolyte was very angry and wrote back that he would give her none; that his fortune was devoted to the cause of science and was not to be wasted on buying useless packages of white falbalas, to be tied up with blue ribbons and stared at by all her friends. Hippolyte is very strange you know," she added with a sigh.

"He is a——"

"Hush, he is my husband,"—she interrupted sweetly.

Carpets—French Cleaning, Dyeing, &c.—For particulars apply to Manager, Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia, S.W

"Well, to continue, Virginie—that is the daughter's name—cabled back, that if he would not give her the money, she would have her mother's jewels, and to this Hippolyte agreed readily enough; never considering my disappointment in parting with them, for I had always looked upon them as my own."

She looked so sad that Nayve would have liked to have rushed forth and played the Monte Cristo, showering gems and precious stones upon his divinity, but *les convenances obligent*, and he sat still, while she went on with a little deprecatory smile:—

"You will think it very foolish of me, but I cried a whole night at the prospect of losing my jewels; and at last I thought of a plan. It was evident that Virginie cared nothing for the trinkets, and it was more than likely that she would turn them into money as quickly as possible. Why should not I buy them from her? I have absolute control over my own fortune, and Hippolyte made no objection; if I thought fit to throw away a few hundreds, that was my affair; as for the journey to Europe, that was an old promise; and as I was willing to take it alone, my husband gladly let me go—in fact, I believe he was rather pleased to get rid of me!"

Nayve ground his teeth.

"And so now you are on your way to Paris?" he asked.

"Yes. I have heard from Virginie, that she expects me on Thursday at the latest, as the marriage is to take place on Monday, and she wishes everything to be settled and *en règle*; besides, in spite of everything, I think Hippolyte would wish me to be with her at such a time. I have been reproaching myself for not having gone to her sooner."

Nayve thought her devotion angelic as she raised her eyes to his.

"Of course, of course; but if you would allow me, I might accompany you. I——."

"Oh, no, dear Lord Nayve, I could not think of such a think; I shall manage quite well with Manon. Of course, it is a little unfortunate that neither of us speaks a syllable of German, and we shall be going straight through German Switzerland."

"I speak it like a native. You must let me come as your interpreter."

"I should be delighted, only——"

"Only what?" for she stopped short and blushed.

Lord Nayve bent down and spoke in a low tone, and his companion's cheeks took a deeper and more distractingly-becoming hue as she listened.

"That's what I can't understand," remarked Lady Vipère, who was passing the recess, and levelled her lorgnon at its occupants as she went.

"Understand what?" asked her companion.

"Why, how that woman manages her blushes—wonderfully artistic."

* * * * *

"And so I may come?" asked Lord Nayve, after a few moments' earnest conversation.

"Yes," whispered Mrs. de Sylva, shyly. "If you are quite sure, quite sure that it does not inconvenience you."

A glance more eloquent than one would have thought possible from the lordling's pale blue eyes answered her.

"I will go to my room now," she said, rising. "Then we start at nine to-morrow——"

The "we" made young Nayve feel giddy—

"I will see that everything is arranged and ready."

And with a bewitching little bow on her part, and a long look of admiration on his, they parted.

Lord Nayve left the drawing-room, and, ringing, gave his astonished man orders for their sudden departure.

He then threw open his window, and lounging in the balcony, puffed his cigarette smoke towards the stars, and let his thoughts wander in delicious anticipation of to-morrow's tête-à-tête.

Truly she was a pearl among women; beautiful, angelic, an ideal,—in fact, a creature to be worshipped, and yet this wretched Canadian preferred pottering about with his evil-smelling acids to converting himself into a door-mat that his sweet wife might pass over life's puddles dry-shod. Oh! if it had but been given to him to guard her; to lay his whole being at her feet! Ah well! there was to-morrow, and who knows—who knows! Perhaps—but his head whirled as the thought presented itself to his mind.

Meantime, Madame de Sylva had reached her room; she threw her flowers and her fan on an ottoman and called:

"Manon!"

"Well, Madame?" said Manon, coming from the dressing-room, the very incarnation of dainty lady's-maidism.

"It's all settled, Manon; he comes with us, and we start at nine o'clock."

"And we go to——"

"Paris; my step-daughter is to be married!"

Manon laughed.

"Madame is incomparable!"

"Is everything ready?" asked Madame de Sylva, dropping into a chair.

"Everything; the casket ready strapped; have you told him anything of the jewels?"

"Only in a general way; I thought it wiser; but they shall be given into his charge——"

"Exactly!" cried Manon, seizing her mistress's hands familiarly, while both burst into a light laugh. Next morning, as the guard slammed the door of the carriage, and the train gave its final shriek, Lord Nayve experienced a degree of beatitude seldom attained in our riper years.

Madame de Sylva was exquisitely pretty in her travelling dress, and betrayed a certain amount of blushing embarrassment most flattering to her companion.

Surrounded by wraps and travelling paraphernalia, they were quite isolated from Manon, who, huddled in a corner, seemed anxious to make up any arrears of insomnia; besides this, Madame de Sylva spoke English perfectly, while her maid was only conversant with her native French, so that, to all intents and purposes, Lord Nayve was alone with the object of his adoration.

As the day wore on, their conversation forsook the plains of platitude to soar into the heights of personal confidence.

"Ah, yes, my dear Lord Nayve, you little know what we women suffer. We dream of love and romance, and we are reduced to——"

A deep snore from Manon drowned her last words, but Lord Nayve had heard them, and, leaning forward, he caught both her hands in his:

"Mrs. de Sylva, Aimée, let me——"

"Hush, I will not listen! I dare not!"

Her evident agitation was more eloquent than the most passionate protestations, and slipping into the seat beside her, to the accompaniment of the maid's snores and the train's jostling, the ardent young lover poured forth his admiration.

A cry from Manon startled them. "The casket! the casket!" she exclaimed, sitting bolt upright amid her packages.

"Manon! what do you mean?" The maid rubbed her eyes and glanced round.

"A thousand pardons, Madame, but I was dreaming. I dreamt I had lost the jewels."

Madame smiled. "You are too nervous, Manon, the casket is safe by your side;" then, turning to Nayve, she exclaimed in English, "Poor girl, she is so anxious, she always imagines that my jewel casket will be stolen or lost."

"Are the jewels very valuable?"

"Oh no, not in your English eyes, for your ladies have such wonderful stones; they are worth about a thousand I suppose, but under the circumstances, you understand——"

"Perfectly. Will you allow me to take charge of them? You will feel happier if they are in my care, will you not, darling?" he added, in a low voice.

Accordingly, at his request Manon transferred to his keeping the neat little leather casket, and, depositing it by

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his side, he once more took up the burden of his rhapsodies.

"Paris! Paris!" A shriek from the engine, a confusion of running porters and tall lamps, and they pull up with a jerk at their destination.

A hurried collection of packages and rugs in the darkening carriage, and Manon is on the platform, while Lord Nayve, the precious casket in his hand, is helping Mdme. de Sylva to alight.

But is it that the sweet confusion of the last hour has robbed the young Englishman of his nerve? or are the dainty Aimée's heels too much for her? At any rate, she stumbles, trips, and falls forward into Nayve's arms with a low cry. Before he can collect himself Manon is pressing near him with loud lamentations.

"Madame has fainted. She is so frail, so sensitive—Monsieur should have been more careful."

A small crowd gathers, and, beside himself with alarm, Nayve lifts Madame de Sylva in his arms, and carries her to the nearest fiacre.

"You are better now, my dear one?" he murmurs, as she languidly opens her eyes, and his excuses and regrets pour themselves out in a thousand passionate phrases.

Arrived at the hotel, Aimée is still too shaken to climb the stairs unaided, and on getting to her room she sinks into a chair, and, after one quick glance exchanged with Manon, takes no further interest in the proceedings.

When the last trunk had been brought up, she roused herself.

"My dear Lord Nayve, you have been very good to me; how can I thank you?" and once more the innocent childlike eyes seek his. "I don't know what we should have done without you—Algy!"

This last word with a most bewitching hesitation.

"Aimée——"

"Hush!" she whispers, with a glance at Manon; then in a louder voice, "It was most kind of you to take charge of that jewel-case!"

Nayve gave a sudden start of recollection. What had become of it in the flurry of the scene of the station?

He turned a perplexed face to Manon.

"Yes, Manon, the casket."

"The casket? Mais, Monsieur had it!"

"But—but——"

Aimée starts up suddenly: "Oh, surely, surely, you cannot have lost sight of it!"

"I lost sight and count of everything when you fainted."

A wild scene of search ensues. Rugs and shawls and hand-bags are tossed about to no purpose. Sweetly resigned, Aimée weeps silently, while Manon rushes hither and thither and Lord Nayve summons successively porters, the concierge, and, finally, the proprietor. It is no use. No one has seen the little leather casket. Madame de Sylva's jewels are gone! and Lord Nayve tears his flaxen hair in dire despair as he realises that the fault is his.

He has been everywhere, seen everybody, done everything—all with no result. He has had to announce his failure to Aimée, who, pale and tearful, utters no reproach, but allows her anguish to express itself in every line of her exquisite déshabille.

* * * * * *

Nayve cannot sleep; his situation is intolerable; what can he do? How can he atone for his miserable carelessness? He will leave no stone unturned, he will never rest till he places the little black casket once more in her hands.

What will be Aimée's position between the miserly husband, on one hand, and the severely practical step-daughter on the other?

Poor little timid thing! From the one she can expect no help, from the other no mercy, and all through his fault, his culpable carelessness. What did she say was the value of these luckless jewels? A thousand, was it? If he only could—if he only dared. Yes, he will.

And consequently, almost before daylight, Manon is aroused by the delivery of a small sealed note, addressed to her mistress.

Madame de Sylva sits up in bed, and breaks the seal with eager haste. A little pink paper flutters out, and Manon seizes it. A cheque for £1,000!

Her mistress scans the cheque eagerly.

"Yes, it's all right. I wish I'd taken your advice, Manon, and added another nought; he'd have been good for it."

"Oh, never mind," says Manon, cheerfully; "better luck next time!"

"Yes. Now we must clear," answers Aimée, springing to her feet.

"What does he say in the note?"

"Oh, nothing! That he adores me, trembles at his audacity, hopes I shall not hate him, &c., &c. Come, we must be quick. Our train goes at 8.30. Where is *it?*"

"*It!*"

And without further ado, Manon produces from the dressing-table drawer *the* casket—a novelty of its kind, collapsing like a *Gibus*, an unpatented patent of the pair.

"A good little friend!" she says, patting it affectionately, as she buries it in the recesses of a trunk.

"A fairy casket," laughs the other; "for though it is empty, it contains a fortune!"

* * * * * *

After a weary trudge to the detective department, Lord Nayve returned to the Hotel.

"Has Madame left her room yet?" he asked of the waiter.

"Madame? the lady has left Paris, sir; they went by the 8.30 express!"

Lord Nayve did not answer. A glimmer of light pierced his love-sick brain. Gradually it grew stronger, and his lordship understood!

He knew those jewels!

ART NOTES.

I HAVE been to see Mr. Herbert Schmalz's "Return from Calvary" at Dowdeswell's Gallery, but I am not sure that any criticism of mine on this picture is expected. For the fact is that that Right Reverend Father in God, the Lord Bishop of Jerusalem, has been called in to act as a sort of art-critic in advance, and his opinions are circulated in pamphlet form amongst those who go to see the painting. Now, the Rev. G. F. Popham Blyth—for this is the Lord Bishop's shorter name—thinks that "language fails to convey what Art can suggest to its sympathisers, in the reality and pathetic interest of so truthful a representation as Mr. Schmalz's picture offers to us." I am not, I must admit, quite sure what this means, but apparently it suggests that no ordinary art-critic should be rash enough to rush in where the Rev. G. F. Popham Blyth finds it so difficult to tread. But, on second thoughts, I have resolved to make the attempt; for language will, at any rate, not fail me in placing on record my opinion that Mr. Herbert Schmalz has painted a very remarkable work. Many people will find much to admire in the admirably-posed life-sized figures of St. John, the Virgin Mother, and Mary Magdalene in the foreground; but I was more impressed with the striking weirdness of the sky, the effect of vast distance that is conveyed by the artist, and the curious sense of chilliness that is produced by the picture. It makes one instinctively shiver to sit in front of it.

The walls of the front gallery at 160, new Bond-street are occupied just now by some four-score water-colours of English Pastoral Landscape, by Mr. R. Thorne Waite. As a rule, this pleasing artist contents himself with giving us peeps at nature in her calmer and summer moods, and in this he is well-advised, for he is not quite the man, if I may so put it, to draw the whirlwind or to paint the storm. Even when, as in No. 10, he attempts to depict a rainy day his sky is too suggestive of ink smeared over a blotting-pad to be quite satisfactory. Mr. Thorne Waite, too, should, without a moment's delay, "take the pledge" against hay-carts. They occur in these drawings of his with a frequency which becomes as irritating as the persistent irruption of King Charles's head in Mr. Dick's Memorial. I counted five-and-twenty of them, which is, surely, rather too liberal an allowance of hay-carts for eighty-eight drawings. Of course, a load of hay is a very

pretty pastoral "property," but I for one should be relieved if Mr. Thorne Waite would sometimes give us a load of barley, say, or even one of swedes or mangold-wurzels instead.

Mr. Albert Bierstadt's "Last of the Buffalo" is a very fine and large work; but I cannot say that it carried conviction to my mind. In fact, as I looked at it I instinctively thought rather of "Buffalo Bill" than of the boundless prairie. And so it was in the case of the other pictures by Mr. Bierstadt which are being now exhibited at the Hanover Gallery; they are not convincing. Even when I am assured, on the authority of Mr. E. C. Stedman, that "no loyal American can fail to take a national pride" in them, I can only retort then that I am very glad that I am *not* a loyal American. I was not sorry, indeed, to leave Mr. Albert Bierstadt's theatrical art and turn to the collection of paintings by Continental artists which are also to be seen at 47, New Bond-street. There is a Daubigny, for instance (No. 34), the few square inches of which I should much prefer to a square league of such paintings as "The Last of the Buffalo." A couple of delightful landscapes by Gilbert Munger (Nos. 18 and 36) should also be seen, and there is a very characteristic drawing by Jean François Millet; to say nothing of a Eugène Isabey (No. 52)—a picture full of brilliant colour and dashing painting, though both are almost as confused as the eating is said to be in a sheep's head.

Between the Lord Mayor's coach in the Poultry, and the Mercato Vecchio at San Remo, or the valley of the Nervia, there is a great gulf fixed, but Mr. W. Logsdail has been bold enough to bridge it with his mahl-stick. It does not seem long ago since he was challenging attention at Burlington House with his aggressively realistic painting of Lord Mayor's flunkeys and City policemen life size; and it is quite a relief to find that he has since left Cheapside for the Corniche-road, and abandoned, let us hope finally, the Mansion House for Mentone and the Maritime Alps. All the sixty-eight paintings by Mr. Logsdail, now being exhibited at "The Fine Art Society's" Gallery, represent beauty spots, more or less familiar, on the Riviera. As a rule, he is successful in realising the vivid colours and sun-steeped atmosphere of this well-known strip of country; though there is certainly something wrong about the sea in Nos. 29 and 38. As painted by Mr. Logsdail, it looks more like water running swiftly over a weir than the surface of the tideless Mediterranean. The picture numbered 68 also shows that sea-painting is not one of the things he is good at.

One end of the Burlington Gallery is filled just now with a series of water-colour drawings of "Picturesque London," by Mr. C. J. Lauder, who has succeeded in investing such well-known London scenes as Fish-street Hill, the National Gallery, and the Royal Exchange, with considerable artistic charm. He is not quite so realistic in his Metropolitan sketches as Mr. Logsdail used to be; and some of his drawings are a trifle thin; but, on the other hand, he evidently knows how to make pleasing pictures of localities which, from their very familiarity, have become common-place and prosaic to us. At the other end of the same Gallery are hung a number of what Mr. Reginald Jones is pleased to call his "Facts and Fancies." One of his "Facts," displayed in a very prominent place, is a letter dated from Clarence House, St. James's, December 16, 1889, in which a Mr. P. Solovieff begs to enclose, on behalf of the Duchess of Edinburgh, a cheque on Coutts's for £50 in payment of a drawing of Mr. Jones's that her Royal and Imperial Highness had purchased from the Academy of that year. I must say that, after inspecting this sample of Mr. Jones's exhibits, I did not pursue my inspection further. Possibly had I done so, I might have come upon a framed facsimile of the cheque in question; or an illuminated copy of the receipt forwarded by the proud artist to his Royal and Imperial patroness.

Mr. Thomas McLean's exhibition at No. 7, Haymarket, is always an enjoyable one. The variety of artistic work to be seen there is in itself charming, and there are never too many pictures. The foreign element is, I think, rather stronger than usual this winter. At any rate, the most interesting picture in the show, to my mind, is by the Russian artist, Harlamoff, who bids fair to become a Muscovite Millais. His "Blowing Bubbles" (No. 25) is a brilliant piece of work. Carolus Duran should not have labelled the wanton minx he has painted in No. 23 "Ophelia;" well nigh any other name would have suited the picture better. Rosa Bonheur's picture of fallow deer in one of the leafy glades of Fontainebleau is a pleasing work enough, though it lacks the strength one used to associate with her animal painting. Mr. Peter Graham, the R.A., is strongly represented, and so is Mr. Wimperis; and admirers of poor Cecil Lawson will be interested to see a landscape sketch of his, entitled "Summer's Evening, Kent." Visitors will be sure to notice, too, several pictures by Mr. J. W. Godward, in which he shows that Mr. Alma Tadema is not the only artist who can paint white marble in close juxtaposition to a sapphire sea.

Messrs. Tooth have found room for upwards of 100 oil-paintings in their Winter Exhibition, and a very bright and cheering display they make. I cannot say that I ever cared much for Sir F. Leighton's "Kittens," and this well-known picture, to which a place of honour is accorded, does not commend itself more strongly on renewed acquaintance. The work which is likely to attract most attention, and with good reason, is "Palm Sunday Procession at Venice," by Signor Villegas. There are several brilliantly-painted pictures by F. Domingo, who has much of the brightness of colour and dash of the great Hungarian master whose artistic methods he has apparently studied. M. Bouguereau's work soon cloys on the artistic palate, and it is refreshing to turn from his academic, and I may add impossible, "Paul and Virginia" to the sturdy Dutch peasants of Josef Israels. English artists hold their own, too, in Messrs. Tooth's Galleries, for the Exhibition contains one of Mr. Seymour Lucas's best-known pictures, as well as characteristic examples of the work of Messrs. B. W. Leader, Alma Tadema, J. C. Hook, Hamilton Macallum, and E. A. Waterlow.

If the two zealous London County Councilmen who inspected Zæo's back have not already paid a visit to No. 446, Strand, I would advise them to go there without delay. And as they will probably charter a four-wheeler for the purpose, may I suggest that they offer seats to Messrs. McDougall and Lidgett, so that those eminent purists may also have a look at M. Popoff's "Phryne before her Judges." When I responded to the invitation to inspect this work of art I found myself in the presence of a white marble statue, mounted on a pedestal, which an attendant proceeded to make slowly revolve beneath a strong light for my edification. M. Popoff, who—as his name implies—is a Russian sculptor, has employed colour to a slight extent, and not with happy effect, for the result is that his "Phryne" has a somewhat meretricious air. Of course she has "nodings on," except it be her bracelets, for it was thus she appeared "before her Judges." What these Judges thought of her is well known, but I repeat that it would be especially interesting to also learn what is the opinion of Messrs. McDougall & Co. on this latest addition to the sights of London.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL *entrepreneurs* are not exceptionally distinguished for originality of ideas, and it has often been remarked as an extraordinary fact that where one shows the way a crowd are pretty certain to follow. Only recently, for example, one manager announced an autumn opera season, whereupon two others were ready to enter the lists against him. Something of this sort seems likely to happen next summer in regard to German opera. Except as to a few performances in 1884, we have had no German opera in London for nearly ten years, when, after their manner, two big troupes entered into competition with each other. Next summer, however, no fewer than four schemes are in contemplation, and two of them are very likely to come off. Sir A. Harris, who claims to have secured from the Wagner family

the sole rights in certain works, some time ago decided to give opera in German, and to do "Siegfried," and possibly "Die Walküre," with M. Van Dyck as the hero. A syndicate, with Mr. Daniel Mayer as manager, have also long since been working to the same end, and they have, it is said, secured the services of Frau Sucher, Fräulein Meilhac, Frau Staudigl, Herr Alvary, Herr Reichmann, and other leading artists from Bayreuth, as well as of a German chorus to give twenty-five representations of various Wagnerian and German serious and light operas in May and June. While German opera is in its infancy, it would seem to be to the advantage of both to coalesce, and not to attempt rivalry until each is strong enough to stand alone. This, however, it appears, is not to be, although, as I am informed, Sir A. Harris has offered to let the syndicate have the use of Drury Lane if a sum of £1,000 is deposited, the amount to be forfeited should the season from any cause not take place. It therefore seems quite possible that two German operas will in the height of the season be in competition with Franco-Italian and English opera. And after the season is over, I suppose we shall gravely be told that England is not a musical nation.

Meanwhile, Sir A. Harris's arrangements for the grand season of Franco-Italian opera are approaching completion. It has already been announced that the season will be much shorter than the one which closed last July. But the enterprising director has been assured of the support of his wealthy patrons, who mustered so strongly last year, and on Friday last, when the first allotment of certain seats took place, it was found that the whole of the boxes on the pit and grand tiers had already been applied for. Furthermore, in his speech at the close of the autumn season at Covent Garden on Saturday night, Sir A. Harris was able to announce that he had secured some of the best artists of last season, including, of course, the brothers de Reszke, MM. Maurel, and Van Dyck, and had also made engagements with several new-comers. He likewise stated that the recent season of French opéra comique was sufficiently promising to warrant the return of these excellent artists next year.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has just begun the music of a new comic opera for the Savoy, and the libretto is not by Mr. Gilbert.

Sir Charles Hallé again started a series of concerts at St. James's Hall with his Manchester orchestra last Friday, and once more the audience was small. Sir Charles must surely by this time be convinced that it is useless to try orchestral concerts in London upon the plan which copiously advertised (particularly in the Tory papers), might have proved successful years ago. The fact has been that the subscription-list is headed by the Prince of Wales; but whether people prefer their own judgment in music to that of H.R.H., or for some other reason, the stalls were scarcely more than half filled, and although the shilling seats at the back of the band were all occupied, yet there were barely thirty people in the half-crown area. Sir C. Hallé should not forget that splendid performances are given at the Crystal Palace at prices ranging from sixpence to half-a-crown, and that people will not pay half-a-guinea to listen to a band in no way superior to that at Sydenham, and to programmes which, at any rate from the point of view of novelty, are certainly inferior. If the prices were reduced, first-class vocal and instrumental soloists engaged, the hour of the performance altered from 8.30 to 8, new works performed, and the usual analytical programmes provided—in short, if Sir C. Hallé managed his London concerts in the same enterprising spirit which he shows at Manchester—things would I am sure be different. Indeed, Sir Charles will even without Royal patronage certainly have good houses for the performances announced of Berlioz's "Faust," for here he has something of special excellence to offer.

Miss Annie Lea, a pianist who made a successful London début at Princes' Hall on Thursday, is a young lady who we shall certainly hear again. In her native Northampton, after sound local instruction, she gained a high reputation, and her father then wisely sent her to finish her education under Madame Schumann at Frankfort. Under the watchful care of that eminent teacher Miss Lea has developed into a pianist of the first order of merit, and on Thursday, when a few moments of nervousness had passed, no one could have wished to hear a better performance than she gave of the "Carnaval," the reading adopted being, of course, that of the composer's widow herself. In Rubinstein's "Staccato" study, a work of a totally different character, Miss Lea appeared to be equally at home, and, indeed, her success was so far pronounced that room will, it is understood, be found for her at the Popular Concerts after Christmas.

Details of the thirty or forty concerts given during the past week cannot, of course, be published here. On Wednesday last week alone, ten concerts were announced, including the first performance at the Albert Hall of Professor Stanford's "Eden," which I sufficiently dealt with at the Birmingham Festival, the first Ballad Concert whereat the song poet, Mr. Weatherley, came forward as the composer of "The Bee and the Song," in which the old English ballad style is successfully imitated; the first performance of a new cantata, "The Legend of Eloïsa," at the Guildhall School of Music; and the début of a charming German lieder singer, Mrs. Heinrich, at a concert given by her husband. On Saturday, at the Crystal Palace, Herr Stavenhagen made his réntree in Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto, and Miss Charlotte Walker, an American dramatic soprano, made a successful début. On the same day a full-fledged pianoforte sonata (Beethoven's "Les Adieux") was, for the first time this season, heard at the Popular Concerts. Why Mr. A. Chappell does not always include a sonata in his programmes cannot be understood, for it is obvious that smaller works are less attractive. On Monday at St. James's Hall, Señor Sarasate gave a chamber concert, this being his last appearance in London till May.

The fact that the proprietor of the copyright has refused £6,000 for the English rights of performance of Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz" affords food for reflection. It is pretty certain that no one here could offer a higher price down than Mr. Horner, and, therefore, if "L'Amico Fritz" is to be heard in London at all, it will be upon the principle of a fixed sum per night or a percentage of the receipts. The publishing rights will, I believe, be vested in the house of Chappell & Co.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—A sentence I have just come across in the diary of a pious merchant—a Puritan of the Puritans—reminds me, by a not, perhaps, inexplicable association of ideas, of the arch-Puritan Cromwell's letter upon the butchery and burning alive of the garrison of Drogheda:—

> I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of this mercy belongs.

With a seemingly similar cant and callousness to human suffering, our diarist writes:—

> I feel grateful to God, who ordered all things in so great mercy

(1) "George Fife Angas: Father and Founder of South Australia." By Edwin Hodder. (London: Hodder & Stoughton.)
(2) "Alderman Cobden, of Manchester: Letters and Reminiscences of Richard Cobden." By Sir E. W. Watkin, Bart., M.P. (London: Ward, Lock, Bowden, & Co.)
(3) "Life of Gustave Doré.' By the late Blanchard Jerrold. (London W. H. Allen & Co.)
(4) "Reminiscences of Charles West Cope, R.A." By his Son, Charles Henry Cope, M.A. (London: Richard Bentley & Son.)
(5) "Backward Glances; or, Some Personal Recollections." By James Hedderwick, LL.D. (London: William Blackwood & Sons.)
(6) "George Eliot: Her Early Home." Arranged by Emily Swinnerton. Illustrated by Patty Townsend, Lilian Russell, and G. G. Kilburne, R.I. (London: Raphael Tuck & Sons.)
(7) "The Women of the French Salons." By Amelia Gere Mason. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)
(8) "The Cabinet Portrait Gallery." Reproduced from Original Photographs. By W. and D. Downey. Second Series. (London: Cassell & Co.)

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towards me in enabling me to lay the foundation of a joint-stock company during the past fortnight.

Nevertheless, the biography of "George Fife Angas, Father and Founder of South Australia"(1), is not by any means, as this extract might suggest, the life of an Australian Reuben May, but the history of a sincere, ardent, and successful evangelist and philanthropist.

Mr. Angas (says his biographer, and the biography amply bears out this summary of his achievements) was one of the fathers and founders of South Australia. He originated the South Australian Company, the Bank of South Australia, the National Provincial Bank of England, and the Union Bank of Australia; he fought the battles of the slaves in Honduras and the Mosquito Coast, and obtained an Act of Parliament for their emancipation; his foresight and shrewdness won for Great Britain the possession of New Zealand as a colony; he realised a large fortune, lost it in pure philanthropy, and, after years of poverty and distress, regained it fourfold through the reckless land purchases of an adventurer.

"The absent are always wrong," says the French proverb, and I should like to have heard this adventurer's account of the transaction for which he is stigmatised in the biography as a religious swindler; but for the rest the book seems as fair as it is well written and interesting. The very limitations of a man of Mr. Angas' narrow mental calibre helped him to success. There is a kind of courage in blinkered blindness, like that which the Constable of France in "Henry V." attributes to the English at Agincourt: "If the English had any apprehension they would run away;" while, besides, the current of energy, as in a mill-race, runs stronger in a narrower channel. I hope it is not high treason to Political Economy to suggest that much of Cobden's energy and success, as recorded in Sir E. W. Watkin's interesting Manchester biography (2) of that fine character, were due to similar mental limitations. To see only one thing—or rather only one side of one thing—is the secret of much of the decision, concentration, courage, and success of English civil, and even military, heroism. Without narrowness of this sort it would not be possible to work in the spirit of that charge which Sir Thomas Potter was wont on all occasions of importance to deliver, and which won for him from Cobden the title, "Glorious old Tom":—"It *ought* to be done! It *can* be done!! It *must* be done!!! And it *shall* be done!!!!" How, and how successfully, Cobden himself worked from this text in the matters of the incorporation of Manchester, of the founding of its Athenæum, &c., is told in this; so to say, local biography of him as effectively as his services to his country are set forth in Mr. Morley's "Life." I ought to tell you that the value of the book is enhanced greatly by portraits of its hero at different stages of his life, of his parents, and of friends; by photographs of Manchester; and by facsimiles of letters from Carlyle, Disraeli, and Dickens. I sometimes wonder if the time will ever come, which seems to be coming, when biographies like these will take the first place in popularity in the circulating libraries, usurped now by the novel. At least, the increase in the number of interesting biographies is an encouraging sign. Here, for instance, are two others which are certain to interest you; one, a posthumous biography of "Gustave Doré" (3), by Blanchard Jerrold (whose own "Life" I recently recommended to you); and the other, "Reminiscences of Charles West Cope" (4), the painter, by his son. Mr. Blanchard's "Doré" is doubled in value by its illustrations, taken chiefly from unpublished sketches from his own collection, and from those of Dr. Michel and of the Rev. Canon Harford, while the biographer's intimacy with the artist and his friends has enabled him to supply incidents and anecdotes which I do not remember to have met with before. Perhaps this curious prediction, and the more curious stress Doré laid upon it, will be new even to you:—

Long ago it was foretold that painting would bring despair into my life. I was not taller than that —— when the prediction was uttered. It has been terribly realised.

Then follows a most vivid account of his rapture upon being presented with his first paint-box; his night of sleepless excitement and impatience for the dawn, and his tantalisation when the dawn came at last to be unable to find canvas, cardboard, or panel.

But what was I to paint, and on what? As I put this question to myself, my eyes fell upon a poor chicken, well-formed, but with dirty-white plumage. Its colour was frightful. It was an error of Providence to make fowls so ugly, when they might have the tints of the parrot. I resolved to repair it at once.

Accordingly, he painted the struggling bird a vivid green, to the consternation of the whole countryside, owing to a local legend which foretold famine and pestilence upon the appearance of the prodigy of a green fowl in that region. When it was discovered that the omen was of the child's creation, an old peasant-woman said to him, in a prophetic tone:—

You have made people cry; your turn to cry will come with your painting!

As, in truth, it did; for nothing can be more striking, sudden, and instructive than the change in the spirits, and even in the character, of Doré, which came with his thwarted ambition to be a painter. I can promise you some enjoyment from Charles West Cope's "Reminiscences"—chiefly extracts from his diary and letters—if you will have the discretion to skip judiciously and extensively. I cannot think you will care very much to read how often the painter wet his feet on his fishing excursions, especially when nothing, not a cold in the head even, followed the imprudence. Many of the anecdotes, also, are absolutely without point; though now and again you meet with a witticism worth recording. This, for instance, is not a bad form of a pun which has certainly done enough duty now to be retired from service. Chorley, the musical critic and writer, who was rather bumptious, had red hair and eyelashes, a red neck-tie, and reddish leather boots; and Charles Landseer said, "Everything about Chorley was red but his books." This anecdote of Mr. Davidson, the Rector of Barnard Castle, who must have been a Scotchman, is not bad, perhaps:—

A parishioner asked him to sign a law-paper to certify that he was alive on a certain day. Mr. Davidson said he could not do it, as he had not seen him on that day. "But, sir, you see me *now*." "I can sign the paper that you are alive *now*, certainly; but as I did not see you on that date, I am not in a condition to make a statement to that effect."

Apropos of getting your feet wet, this is rather a good story from a veteran journalist's entertaining "Recollections" (5).

The editor of the *Scotchman*, while on his way to fight a duel with the editor of the *Caledonian Mercury*, was picking his steps with gingerly care along the top of a dwarf wall with marshy surroundings, when his second called out to him, "Jump, Charles, and come on! The other party is already on the ground." But Charles was not disposed to be precipitate. "What!" he cried, "jump, and get my feet all wet?"

Here, finally, is a choice for you of three beautiful books for Christmas presents. "George Eliot, Her Early Home" (6), exquisitely illustrated; "The Women of the French Salons" (7), a superbly got-up volume, adorned with admirable portraits; and "The Cabinet Portrait Gallery" (8), reproduced from most artistic photographs of celebrities by Messrs. W. and D. Downey.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Have you realised how near Christmas is to us? It is an odd thing, but no matter how sternly one keeps one's mental vision fixed upon it, it always seems to rush upon us with a pounce just at the last. The tremendous question of Christmas presents has begun to agitate the serene calm of our minds. It is so difficult to make both ends meet. I mean in this way: one end is the natural desire to give as much pleasure as possible. The other—equally natural—is not to exceed

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the bounds of prudence in the financial department. What endless tuggings and nice adjustment these need before one can make them meet comfortably and repose in union.

On the hunt for pretty little gifts, Maud and I discovered a sweetly-pretty shop in Harrington-road, close to South Kensington Underground station, called "Industry and Art." It was established last June by a kind-hearted lady for the benefit of impoverished gentlewomen. Their work, pictures and wood-carvings, are sold here, and the little tiny place is made as bright and attractive as possible. But, unfortunately, it has not been well enough known, and to the intense disappointment of the poor ladies, whose hopes ran high over the new enterprise, it is feared that "Industry and Art" must shut up shop at Christmas. In any event, they want to sell as much as possible before that date, and have many sweet little things that are suitable for Christmas presents. For instance, there is a beautiful little imitation marqueterie fire-screen, with shelves for cup and book, and a green-silk curtain hanging at the back. Both shape and colour are excellent. Many specimens of the popular pokerwork are on hand—some of them marked at very low prices. I think the unvarnished is prettier than the varnished. Do not you? Little tables that fold up are hand-painted with floral designs. There are photograph and mirror-frames in brass repoussé work. An old spindle chair, carved in oak by one of the ladies, is a thing of beauty and very cheap. A muffin-stand for the fender, in bent iron, is suggestive of cozy teas. Beautiful needlework and embroidery are lavished on afternoon tea-covers. Unambitious and inexpensive gifts, it is true; but for the wealthy givers, did I not come on the track of a real Raffaelle and a statuette sculpted by la grande Sarah? Do not the two names look very strange in this juxtaposition?

We went on to the Imperial Institute to look at the display of needlework from the Guild of that ilk. The Prince of Wales, with his usual good nature, secured the use of a basement room for the Secretary, the Hon. Mrs. Halford. This crypt-like apartment gave an Early Christian flavour to the proceedings, which would have been illusionising but for the modern dress of the people who were present. The work of the Guild goes on increasing. The number of garments sent in for distribution among the poor also goes on increasing. There are 39,046 this year, as against 36,000 last. There is nothing very special to remark about them beyond this.

We had had no idea that the Imperial Institute was growing so rapidly. It is now a tall and handsome building, with a great tower that looks as if it intended to rise ever so high. Workmen were busy everywhere. Cranes were whirling round, worked by steam, and a mysterious edifice, also impelled by steam, coolly approached us as we inquired our way of a friendly policeman. As to the mud, it was simply unspeakable, as you may imagine. A very pretty girl, with a kind and gentle face, convoyed us on our outward way, amid the gathering dusk. You will want to know what the Imperial Institute is; but I am very vague on the subject myself.

Gertrude writes from Sydney:—

DEAR MADGE,—I remember reading an article in a London paper some years ago about people asking for invitations to balls and parties. The same sort of thing goes on here. The Governor and Lady Jersey have been quite pestered with requests for invitations to Government House. They have given three balls recently, to which about 1,500 persons were invited, and of these at least a third had obtained invitations by writing and asking for them. Where is their self-respect? Have they no social conscience? Can they not see the dilemma in which they place the unfortunate Vice-Royalties who cannot refuse their requests without conveying a mortifying slight to their would-be guests?"

The Colonials have only copied our home customs in this matter, so Gertrude need not gibe at them. She is coming back next year—"from exile" she calls it, naturally enough, as all her friends are here, and she does not readily make new ones. In another part of her letter she says:—

If you should hear of any poor ladies coming out here with the idea of being governesses or companions, do all you can to dissuade them. The place is full of poor, disappointed candidates for such situations, who cannot raise the money to get back home again. There are not only English, but French, Germans, and Belgians, all well-educated, but with no market for their wares. The schools here are so good that private governesses are not much in demand, and those are preferred who were educated here, and whose whole life can be investigated without distant inquiries.

So, if you hear of any educated girls who are meditating emigration, bethink you of Gertrude's warning words.

The wedding of Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill and Mr. Wilson assembled in St. George's, Hanover-square, a large crowd of our highest and haughtiest. The Prince was present, looking cheery, despite his recent anxious watchings over his son. The bridesmaids wore a lovely shade of old pink bengaline. Their hats had crowns of old pink velvet, with sable edge and brown ostrich tips in the tone of the sable, a beautiful combination of colour. The Dowager-Duchess of Marlborough wore grey brocade, with a long-skirted bodice cut up in tabs round the basque. The skirt was made with a long train. Her bonnet was in grey velvet, trimmed with jet, ostrich feathers, and diamonds. The Duchess of Roxburghe wore a gown of pale grey blue, also with the orthodox long-skirted bodice, the yoke and sleeves of which were made of an Indian shawl material, very effective with the grey. Her beautiful little bonnet was composed of folds of the new bright shade of velvet, with brim in sapphire jewellery, and a high comb at the back of black ostrich feathers. Oddly enough, I had chanced to see this lovely little bonnet in Louise's a day or two before, and the bridesmaids' hats at the Maison Nouvelle. You see what an observing eye I am cultivating.

The Duchess of Manchester wore a very original long cloak, slightly trained at the back, and with two or three capes of alternate velvet and cloth, all in seal brown. Her hat was wide-brimmed felt, also brown, with a flat crown. Lady Randolph Churchill looked very handsome in a dark grey velvet gown with long-skirted coat to match, made loose in front. Her black satin bonnet was trimmed with white Valenciennes lace and black ostrich tips. Lady Londonderry's olive-green velvet had a deep flounce of sable. Her small cloak was also bordered with sable, and her green bonnet was becomingly trimmed with similar fur. Lady Cardross wore a perfectly delicious little bonnet, with crown of white satin and brim of sable, the head of the small animal forming part of the trimming. A very pretty hat was in red velvet or cloth, or both perhaps, with a flat, rather prominent brim, and a full crown. Two black quills and a handsome jet buckle were part of the trimming.

Have you noticed that the gore down the front of the new skirts is apt to get out of gear rather badly after a shower, or even after having been carelessly hung up? Let me warn you never to turn these dresses inside out, but, in hanging them up, to use a loop at each side of the band, and leave the front gore folded down in its own shape and line, otherwise it will wrinkle, even if made of the very best material. Mabel is the only person I know who can manage this gore well. She knows exactly how much to cut away. You will be glad to hear that she is making quite a comfortable little income by

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doing floral decorations for dinner parties, balls, and receptions. The world widens for women week by week almost.

We have just been choosing our card of Christmas greetings at Parkins & Gotto's, always an agreeable task. Among the new ones are miniature booklets, with pinked-out gilt edges, the backs tied up with chenille cord, ending in a bow and two little fluffy tassels. One of these is in a lovely shade of heliotrope; others are in white stiff paper, with a rough surface, tied up with palest green, blue, or pink. An original one has the monogram of the sender on the cover, the letters run through with a quill pen, and a scarlet scroll bearing the words of the Christmas greeting.

A small two-fold screen with sloping top, elaborately gilt, has a Watteau lady on one side, in large hoop, enormous paniers, and powdered hair, and on the other a slim and graceful maiden in clinging gown of old brocade, asking a marguerite difficult questions. The lucky horse-shoe adorns a simple little folded card. The shoe looks exactly like iron, and is battered and uneven, just like one that would be picked up, taken home, and hung on a nail by superstitious geese (of whom I am one and Maud is another). The visiting cards of husband and wife are enclosed in the pocket of a pretty card that opens diagonally across the front, the flap bearing the words, "A Hearty Christmas Greeting from ——," the cards supplying the name. One of the simplest and prettiest is oblong, and has the margin stamped out like the mount of a picture. The lettering is in brown on a sepia-tinted space in the centre. An ingenious card has a bit of ribbon folded over the corner so as to hold the two leaves together. It is held down by an official-looking seal on the upper side. A similar seal is so arranged as to hold down the flap of an envelope, which can be released without injury to the seal, and re-fastened any number of times. Our young affections, however, finally fixed themselves upon a perfectly-sweet and delightful card, something the shape of a wallet envelope, the whole front of which is strewn with very tiny blue forget-me-nots, with jewelled stems and sage-green leaves. On the flap is a diamonded crescent moon, a great star with silver rays, and the word Christmas, also diamonded.

I have had toothache all the week, and paid a visit to my delightful dentist on Friday. He told me to use Rowland's Odonto, so I pass on the "tip" to you, my cousin. We are acquainted with the gentleman's Kalydor, capital for chapped hands, but have never tried the Odonto, which Charlie always declares to be a pun-provoking name. It renders the teeth much less liable to disease and its accompanying aches and pains than they would otherwise be, so it is worth knowing about.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE,—To be any one in Society, or even to be a fit associate for the "any ones," one must go on rounds of visits. No self-respecting person stays too long at home. The mere idea has such dreadful suggestions of domesticity, of common, humdrum peace and contentment, of a quiet, perhaps even useful and occupied life. One is not "in the movement" if one does not keep perpetually moving. Fashion, like the policeman in "Bleak House," with poor Jo, decrees that we must "move on." Rest is stagnation; on we must go, rushing through life, as if we had the years of the early patriarchs to deal with, instead of that extremely short length of the web of time now apportioned to each child of man, as a lifetime. In confidence, I must tell you that I hate being fussed and hurried through life, my personal tastes—degenerate child of the century that I am—would lead me to doing the passage in a leisurely way. I have a sneaking kindness for my own home too—I may just as well complete my humiliating confessions. I am not bored to death under its rooftree. I am even—yes, let me once and for all make a clean breast of it—happy there, positively happy in the most commonplace, plainest, and uncomplex way in the world. But don't for goodness sake betray me. No doubt we all have our secret weaknesses.

We have just come back from a country visit, and shall, off and on, spend a few days at home during the next month. The men were shooting whatever it is customary to slaughter at this season—I never can bear in mind the special animals on which man preys at special times of the year. The women were doing the usual things, too; the tailor-made ones following the men as much as possible; the rest of us getting through our days' amusements as best we could. One day the wind blew a hurricane, the rain poured in torrents; we were all obliged to stay in the house, men and women; the most weather-proof and hardy feared chills, at this season, when typhoid fever so often follows them. Unhappy chance, that made us entirely dependent on each other's society for one whole, long, day—it was a very long one! We then found out what an incongruous set we were, how we bored one another! It was dull, unconscionably dull! The Spartan endurance we learn from long practice in the art of amusing ourselves, alone enabled us to get through the time. How I, for one, longed for home—in secret *bien entendu*—with its varied occupations and delicious immunity from amusements.

It may be that I am getting old and losing the talent of living. No wonder my thoughts turn in this direction after the experience of last week. Never did ruder shock more suddenly overwhelm an unsuspecting individual. Amongst our country-house party was a modern girl, the very type and essence of the new order; barely twenty, but far apart as the opposite poles from the old-fashioned "sweet and twenty." A woman of the world—of such a world! "Knowing her way around," as such creatures say of themselves. Fred thought her very diverting, of course—if the men did not encourage them these girls would never exist; from the very first I thought her odious. She spoke freely with the men, but comparatively little when women were present. "Women of the old school are so peckish," she told Fred, "one has to be careful before them, which is a bore." I knew she classed me amongst the old school; that was bad enough. But one day, on going into the billiard-room, where, I think, the men were "drawing" her, my astounded ears distinctly heard the words from her lips—"Hush! Look out! Here's the old woman!" The old woman! To think that it meant me! Can you imagine the feeling with which I realised that I was too old for a girl of twenty to talk freely before? I, who never even felt that I was getting on in life; who, up to that moment, had a general kind of idea that growing old was something which happened to every one else, but not at all to one's self personally.

The Lord-Lieutenant and his family are expected this week at the Viceregal Lodge. They will give some dinner-parties during the weeks before Christmas, and entertain small parties of visitors, the space at the Viceregal Lodge being somewhat limited. Mr. Jackson paid a flying visit to Dublin Castle, where he went through the ceremonial of being sworn in as Irish Chief Secretary. There is a general idea here that he will be more seen in Ireland than Mr. Balfour was, which, however, would not necessarily bring him very much *en évidence*. We have satisfied ourselves—the wish, no doubt, being father to the thought — that the hospitable traditions of the Chief Secretary's Lodge are to be revived, following the example of the Royal Hospital. In fact, Society is looking forward to the coming season with far more than its usual hopes. We are very indignant at any idea of associating Ireland with Prince George's fever, considering how rife typhoid is all over the kingdom at this season. Don't you think the attempts to trace the causes of fever are usually most futile and ridiculous? Like our efforts to find out where we catch cold. If drains and water give fevers, would not the women get them more than the men, which is not the case? The last thing in the world the average man drinks is plain water, but most women are water-drinkers. As for the influence of drains, are not women more subject to it, seeing that they live so much more in their homes? All of which remarks science, no doubt, would treat with withering scorn.—Yours ever, CLARE.

You will find the following a savoury way of cooking wild duck:—

Dress the ducks as for roasting. Put into each one onion stuck with three cloves, one tablespoonful of red wine, pepper and salt to taste. Set the birds before a brisk fire for thirty minutes, basting with butter only. Stew the necks and gizzards in half a pint of water, add two teaspoonfuls of Liebig, a tablespoonful of red wine, a fillet of anchovy, a blade of mace, a slice off the end of a lemon, one small clove of garlic, and a dash of cayenne pepper; boil for half an hour. Thicken with a teaspoonful of flour mixed with one tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup; strain the gravy through a fine sieve. Dish up the birds very hot, and pour the gravy over them. Garnish with hillocks of fried crumbs and tufts of parsley between. Make a narrow opening in each side of the breasts of the birds, pepper in a little cayenne and the juice of a lime.

This way of scalloping eggs makes an agreeable breakfast dish:—

Boil half a dozen new-laid eggs for ten minutes, strip off the shells, halve the eggs lengthwise, and remove the yolks without breaking the whites. Take the whole of the meat from a freshly-boiled crab, then mince it finely with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one small shalot, and the grated juice and rind of a lemon. Add to this three of the yolks and a lump of butter,

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pounded and mingled together; pepper and salt to taste. Blend all well, and fill the whites of the eggs with the mixture, heaped high. Dust over them a little coralline pepper. Lay the scallops on a dish, with tufts of watercress between each, and garnish with a wreath of the same cress.

The Turks seem to be rather fond of good things. I have just been given this recipe for Coffee Cream à la Turque. I wonder if you will like it.

Boil 1 oz. of coffee berries, twenty-five coriander seeds, half a stick of cinnamon, a small slice of Seville orange peel, and a lump of sugar, in a gill of water, for twenty minutes. Strain this into a clean saucepan, then add a pint of cream. When thoroughly heated stir into the mixture the well-beaten whites of four fresh eggs, whisking it till the liquor thickens. Pour the cream into a glass dish or small custard glasses. This is to be served with choice biscuits.

Ever, dear, your loving cousin, MADGE.

P.S.—Just back from church. Our new Vicar read himself in to-day, and we all have a mental indigestion after the Thirty-nine Articles. We listened and read them attentively, having nearly forgotten them, and our brains were so exercised by the effort that we fell asleep immediately after lunch. M.

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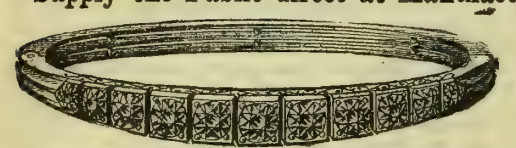
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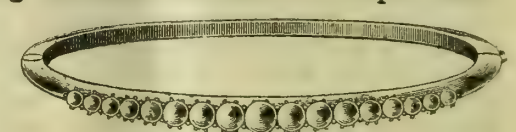
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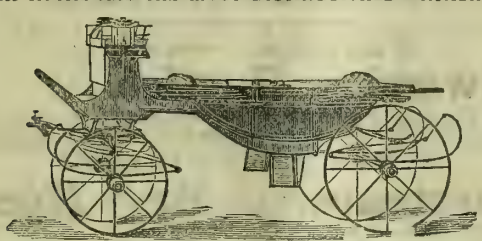

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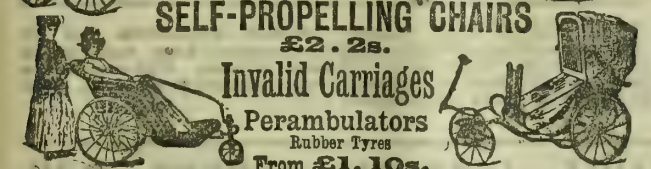

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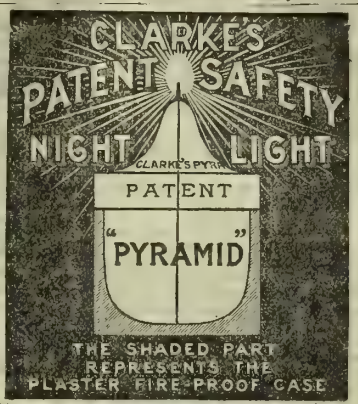

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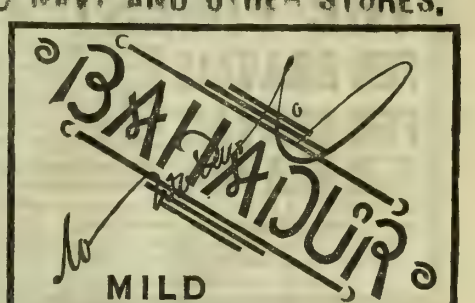

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FRAME FOOD CO., LTD., LOMBARD-ROAD, BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

DATURA TATULA, for Smoking and Inhalation.

The BEST REMEDY FOR ASTHMA

Difficulty of Breathing, Hay Fever, &c.

CIGARS and CIGARETTES—Boxes, 3s., 6s., 8s., and 15s. TOBACCO—Tins, 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., and 18s. For Non-Smokers, PASTILLES and POWDER, for Burning and Inhalation, Tins, each containing a censer for burning, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s.

SAVORY & MOORE,
LONDON,
AND OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

THE FINEST TONIC

FER BRAVAIS most effective in restoring the vitality of the blood, and enabling the constitution to resist climatic influences.

FER BRAVAIS Invaluable in al cases of anæmia, influenza and general debility.

FER BRAVAIS Highly recommended for weak and debilitated children.

LANCET "*A beautiful and interesting preparation.*"
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"*It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth.*"
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS WITH DROP MEASURE.

COCKLE'S
ANTIBILIOUS
PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over

ONE HUNDRED YEARS,

and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

THE STOCK CONVERSION AND INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

This Company begs to direct the attention of investors to the Preferred and Deferred Stocks issued by it against London and North-Western and North-Eastern Ordinary Stocks, and which are quoted on the London and leading Provincial Stock Exchanges.

The Preferred Stocks possess security similar to that of Railway Preferential and Preferred Stocks, but yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more income, thus affording to holders of many of the former Stocks an opportunity of adding to their revenue without decreasing their security.

The Deferred Stocks, whilst returning an average income in excess of that yielded by the Railway Ordinary Stocks, against which they are issued, contrast most favourably with all other Deferred and low-priced Ordinary Railway Stocks, and afford the only opportunity to small investors of participating, by means of low-priced Stocks, in the future of these two leading railways of the country. Table showing present price and dividend, and the dividend on the average of a number of years obtainable on the Deferred Stocks, is subjoined.

Any further information with regard to these Stocks can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 12 and 13, Nicholas-lane, E.C.

DEFERRED CHARGE STOCKS.	Present Price.	Last Dividend paid.	Annual Average of Dividend on result of last 10 years.*	Returns on basis of last Dividend.	Returns on Average Dividend of 10 years
London and North-Western Ordinary Stock	27	£1 7 6	£1 7 0 %	£5 1 10	£5 0 0
North-Eastern— Ordinary Stock	40	£2 5 6†	£2 4 0 %	£5 13 9	£5 10 0

*No allowance is here made for bonuses on allotments of new Stock.
†Exclusive of bonus of 9s. 6d. per cent. from allotment of new Stock.

THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY,
58, Old Broad Street, London.
Capital, $3,000,000.
5 per cent. Deposits received for periods of not less than Six Months.
5 per cent. Debentures issued for a period of Five Years.
6 per cent. Freehold Mortgages. Principal and Interest guaranteed by the Company.
ATKINSON & CO., Managers for the United Kingdom.

CORNFORTH & REACHER,
Stock and Share Brokers,
4, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Monthly Investment List with Notes on Railways, Foreign Stocks, Industrial and Miscellaneous Shares and Mines—*Free on Application.*
References in every large town in England.
BANKERS—City Bank, Threadneedle-street, E.C.
Stock delivered to any London Bankers in exchange for cash.
Special attention to Investment Business.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—
CORNFORTH, LONDON.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING. Jewellers, Stationers, &c. Illd. Guide, "How to open a Cigar Store," 5d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186 Euston-rd. [illegible] Prospectus on this other trades free. W. MYERS Mgr. 1866.

CARLSBAD
Natural Mineral Waters and Salts

Are used in the treatment of all cases in which the cure is recommended, viz., in Chronic Gastric Catarrh, Hyperæmia of the Liver, Gall Stones, Chronic Constipation, Diabetes, Renal Calculi, Gout, and diseases of the Spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

SOLE IMPORTERS—
INGRAM & ROYLE, 59, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

UNSURPASSED FOR OVER 50 YEARS.
RIMMEL'S
TOILET
VINEGAR
LONDON & PARIS. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

VACCINE DE LA BOUCHE
EAU DE SUEZ
The only Dentifrice which has solved the problem of how to preserve the Teeth, and is therefore the only Dentifrice which immediately and permanently puts a stop to Tooth-ache
COMFORTABLE AND BEAUTIFUL TEETH
London Depot: WILCOX & Co., 239, Oxford St. And all principal Chemists throughout the United Kingdom and Continent

Blue & gold printed label. 4711 Extract of Double Strength.
EAU DE COLOGNE
Preferred by everyone
Always highest awards. To be had of all Chemists and Stores.
Ferd. Mülhens, 4711 Cologne.
Agents: Krohn Bros & Co. Billiter Bldgs. London, E.C.

ISSUE of £60,000 SIX PER CENT. PREFERENCE SHARES.
Cumulative as to Dividend, and with a Preference in Capital.
The Subscription List will be Opened To-day (Monday), Nov. 23, 1891.

THE STAR BREWERY, CAMBRIDGE,
LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

SHARE CAPITAL, £120,000, divided into—

6,000 Six per Cent. Preference Shares of £10 each £60,000
Payable £1 on application, £4 on allotment, £2. 10s. on 15th January, 1892; £2. 10s. on 15th March, 1892; or the whole amount may be paid on allotment, the Shares ranking for dividend from the date of payment. The dividend on the Preference Shares will be payable half-yearly.

6,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each 60,000
All of which are taken by the Vendor in part payment of the purchase-money.

£120,000

There are no Debentures issued by the Company, but the mortgages on the various properties will amount to £100,000, at 4 per cent. per annum.

DIRECTORS.

*Charles Armstrong, Esq., The Star Brewery, Cambridge, Managing Director.
Edward Barrett, Esq., Director of the Farnham United Breweries, Limited.
F. Howard Fairtlough, Esq., Hurtmore Holt, Godalming.
Benjamin Scretton, Esq., Wisboro Towers, Billingshurst.
*Will join the Board after allotment.

Bankers—Messrs. John Mortlock & Co., Limited, Cambridge, and their London Agents; Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smiths, 1, Lombard-street, E.C.
Solicitors—London: Messrs. Nash, Field, & Withers, 12, Queen-street, E.C.
Cambridge—William Peed, Esq., 62, Sidney-street.
Brokers—Messrs. Lindow, King, & Co., 8, Drapers'-gardens, London, E.C., and Stock Exchange.
Auditors—Messrs. Mason & Son, Chartered Accountants, 61, King William-street, E.C.
Registered Offices—The Star Brewery, Cambridge.
Temporary Offices—79, Queen-street, London, E.C.
Secretary—H. H. Soward, The Star Brewery, Cambridge.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire and carry on the well-known brewing, malting, wine and spirit business, and mineral water manufactory, known as the Star Brewery, at Cambridge, and the business of the Priory Brewery, which has been recently added. There are over one hundred licensed houses included in the purchase.

The brewery, situate in the Newmarket-road, Cambridge, has been established many years. It was purchased by Mr. F. Bailey, under whose energetic management it was greatly extended and improved. In April, 1889, Mr. Bailey, after fifty years of successful trading, sold the business to Mr. Armstrong, who has since remodelled the brewery, and further extended the business.

The Priory Brewery adjoining was purchased by Mr. Armstrong in the spring of the present year, and has since been worked in conjunction with the Star Brewery.

The property acquired by the Company comprises:—

The Star Brewery and premises, with the fixed and loose plant, malt houses, stores, offices, stabling, and tap house, situate in Newmarket-road, Cambridge, covering an area of over three acres, all freehold.

The mineral water factory, plant and malting, adjoining, also freehold,

Eight dwelling houses, including Burleigh House and Eccles House and 39 cottages, producing a net annual rental of over £500. Also about 12 acres of land, all freehold or copyhold.

The Priory Brewery, situate in Newmarket-road, Cambridge, leasehold.

The horses, drays, carts, harness, casks, rolling stock, maltings, and the goodwill of the business.

57 Freehold licensed houses.
9 Copyhold licensed houses (equal to freeholds).
40 Leasehold and annual tenancies.

106

The brewery premises, containing a 35-quarter plant, are in excellent condition, and are capable of producing a largely-increased barrelage without additional outlay. On the premises there is an artesian well about 200 ft. deep, of 9-in. bore, yielding an excellent and practically inexhaustible supply of water.

The houses are in good repair, forty-nine of them are in Cambridge; they are all let to responsible tenants, and are within carting distance of the brewery.

Three-fourths of the trade of the brewery is done with the houses acquired by the Company.

The maltings are capable of steeping 12,000 quarters per annum.

Mr. Armstrong has agreed to accept the position of Managing Director for five years, at a salary, and a commission upon the profits after payment of the dividend on the Preference Shares, and the staff of the brewery will be retained, thus insuring the continuity of the present successful management of the business.

The business will be taken over as from the 15th October, 1891, the Company receiving the profits and paying interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the purchase-money from that date until completion.

The consumable stock will be taken over by the Company at cost, the Vendor retaining the book debts, which he undertakes to collect in the usual way.

The terms on which the Company is to acquire the properties have been embodied in the Contract No. 2, below mentioned, and the total amount payable by the Company under that contract (except as regards the consumable stock) is £105,000, payable as to £45,000 in cash, and as to £60,000 in paid up Ordinary Shares; and in addition, the Company takes the property subject to the mortgages for £100,000 at 4 per cent. per annum. This will leave the sum of £15,000 available for the purchase of stock and for working capital.

The books of the brewery have been audited by Messrs. Mason & Son, the well-known brewery accountants, and the following is a copy of their certificate:—

"To the Directors of the Star Brewery, Cambridge.

"We have examined the books of the Star Brewery, Cambridge, since its acquisition by Mr. Armstrong, in April, 1889, and certify that his net profits, after providing for payment of all charges, and making ample allowance for depreciation and bad and doubtful debts, but without deducting interest on the capital employed in the business, have amounted to a sum sufficient to pay the mortgage interest and the dividend on the Six-per Cent. Preference Shares, besides leaving a large surplus for the formation of a reserve fund and the payment of a substantial dividend on the Ordinary Shares.

"The profits of the Priory Brewery, recently acquired by Mr. Armstrong, have not been taken into account in this certificate.

"MASON & SON, Chartered Accountants,
"61, King William-street, London, E.C.

"31st October, 1891."

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and of the contracts, and the report of Messrs. Mason & Son, can be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

Applications for Shares should be forwarded to Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smiths, 1, Lombard-street, London, E.C., or to Messrs. John Mortlock & Co., Limited, Cambridge, accompanied by a remittance for the amount of the deposit, and, if paid by cheque, then payable to the order of the Bankers, to whom the same may be sent.

If the whole amount applied for by any applicant be not allotted, the surplus amount paid on deposit will be appropriated towards the sum due on allotment. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or at the Offices of the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors.

Dated 20th November, 1891.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £12,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.
C. HARDING, Manager.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

SUN FIRE OFFICE,
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1890,
£361,500,000.

LONDON, EDINBURGH, and GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
LIFE—ACCIDENT.
CHIEF OFFICE:—Insurance-buildings, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.
PREMIUM INCOME.

		Increase in Four Years.
1882	£7,929	
1886	86,006	£78,077
1890	226,001	139,995

Claims Paid (exceed) £420,000.
WILFRED A. BOWSER, Manager.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, JUN., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.
No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

Established 1868.
THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,
20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.
Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.
UNION DEPOSIT BANK.
No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE.
Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From £30 to £5,000.
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
Interest allowed on deposits, 5, 6, and 7 per cent.
EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

£100 REWARD

WILL BE PAID BY THE

CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL COMPANY

To any Person who contracts the increasing Epidemic,

INFLUENZA,

Colds, or any Diseases caused by taking Cold,

After having used

THE CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL

Three times daily for two weeks, according to the printed directions supplied with each Ball.

£1,000 Is deposited with the **ALLIANCE BANK, REGENT STREET,** showing our sincerity in the matter. During the last epidemic of INFLUENZA, many thousand

CARBOLIC SMOKE BALLS

were sold as preventives against this disease, and in no ascertained case was the disease contracted by those using the CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL.

Testimonials.

The MARCHIONESS DE SAIN writes from Padworth House, Reading, 13*th January*, 1890:—"The Marchioness has daily used the Smoke Ball since the commencement of the epidemic of Influenza, and has not taken the Influenza, although surrounded by those suffering from it."

A. GIBBONS, Esq., Editor of the *Lady's Pictorial*, writes from 172, Strand, W.C., 14*th February*, 1890: "During a recent sharp attack of the prevailing epidemic, I had none of the unpleasant and dangerous catarrh and bronchial symptoms. I attribute this entirely to the use of the Carbolic Smoke Ball."

The Rev. Dr CHICHESTER A. W. READE, LL.D., D.C.L., writes from Banstead Downs, Surrey, *May*, 1890: "Although all my life I have been subject to four or five heavy head and chest colds in every year, I have been perfectly free from any **cold, cough, or other chest affection** since I bought a Carbolic Smoke Ball, in October, 1889. Also, although my duties in a large public institution have brought me daily, during the recent epidemic of **Influenza**, in close contact with the disease, I have been perfectly free from any symptom, by having the Smoke Ball always handy. It has also wonderfully improved my **voice** for speaking and singing."

One CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL will last a family several months, making it the cheapest remedy in the world at the price—10s., post free.

The CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL can be refilled when empty, at a cost of 5s., post free. Send for circular of important testimonials.

Carbolic Smoke Ball Co., 27, Princes' Street, Hanover Sq., London, W.

THE COMMITTEE'S APPEAL

FOR

One Thousand Guinea Donations

BY CHRISTMAS,

IN AID OF PREVENTIVE AND RESCUE HOMES FOR

FRIENDLESS & FALLEN YOUNG WOMEN & GIRLS.

THE

LONDON FEMALE PREVENTIVE

AND

REFORMATORY INSTITUTION,

Which was Established 1857,

SUSTAINS THE FOLLOWING HOMES:—

RESCUE HOMES.	PREVENTIVE HOMES.
200, Euston-road, N.W.	7, Parson's-green, S.W.
35, Eden-grove, Holloway.	459, Holloway-road, N.
Maude-grove, S.W.	461, Holloway-road, N.
5, Parson's-green, S.W.	

Open All Night Refuge—37 Manchester-street, King's Cross.

The above provide for nearly 250 inmates.

The Committee earnestly appeal on behalf of this long-continued Mission to

FRIENDLESS, FALLEN, & HOMELESS YOUNG WOMEN & GIRLS

No suitable case is ever rejected.
13,900 have been admitted to the Homes, and
15,800 admitted to the Open All Night Refuge.

£15 Required Daily to support the Homes. Help is now urgently needed.

All Cheques or Postal Orders of large or small amounts should be crossed as shown. Lloyd's Bank. For Friendless & Fallen.

FRANCIS NICHOLLS, Esq., Senior Member of the Committee, will receive DONATIONS at his City Offices, 14, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.
Donations may be sent direct to Lloyd's Bank, 54, St. James's-street, W.
A statement of the work of the Homes sent to any address.

Central Home and Offices—200, EUSTON ROAD, N.W.

EDWARD W. THOMAS, *Secretary.*

Vinolia

THE CHOICEST OF CREAMS

For the Skin in Health and Disease.

For Itching, Chaps, Chilblains, Face Spots, Eczema, &c.

"For acne spots on the face, and particularly for eczema, it is undoubtedly efficacious, frequently healing eruptions and removing pimples in a few days. It relieves itching at once."—THE BABY.

"An emollient cream for the skin in eczema, rash, eruptions, &c."—LANCET.

"We are able to testify to its value."—HOSPITAL GAZETTE.

"For rough hands it is invaluable, and is as excellent in the nursery as it is for the toilet."—QUEEN.

"Vinolia" and "Vinolia" Powder, each 1s. 9d. per box; "Vinolia" Soap, PREMIER (for the masses), 4d.; Floral, 6d.; Balsamic (Medical), 8d.; Otto Toilet, 10d. and Vestal, 2s. 6d. per Tablet.

BLONDEAU et CIE., Hyland Road, London, N.W.

AMERICAN DEPOT:

73 & 75, WATTS STREET, NEW YORK.

OUR PUZZLES

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 664.—ORIGINAL SONG FOR MUSIC.

A. G. G. (Real name and address will be given next week) £2 2 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" HOME-MADE TOY AND DOLL SHOW.

On the first page of this number a statement will be found of the present state of affairs with regard to the "TRUTH" TOY FUND. An interesting announcement is also made as to the arrival of a case of Dolls from Shanghai for the "TRUTH" SHOW. Mrs. R. W. Little, who sends them, states that, as there are no Chinese dolls, she was obliged to use Japanese dolls, which she has dressed in correct Chinese costumes. I am glad to add that many other ladies have already sent in their parcels of dolls. The latest date for returning the dolls which have been sent out from this office is, I would repeat, December 9.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 665.

The Puzzle Editor, as I have often stated, has no politics. In selecting the best anagram, therefore, in this competition I have not at all taken into account whether it represents a Unionist or a Gladstonian view of the ex-Chief Secretary's abilities. As it happens, the one I have chosen expresses a decidedly Tory opinion of Mr. Balfour, but that, of course, has in no way influenced my decision. It has been decided to award the Prize to E. W. B. S.

PRIZE ANAGRAM ON THE WORDS "THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY":—

"Faithful to his rôle: often just, but—bar through error—rarely hard."—E. W. B. S.

I would at the same time commend the anagrams sent by R. F., Saxon Maid, Nodding Violet, Nacnud, Rose Island, Silly Sing Song, Imara, Knarf, Hobbima, Malignant, Wahrheit, Wraith, Guelder Rose, and Esperanza.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 666.

The "Children's Sayings" already published have aroused such a wide-spread interest that I shall certainly take the earliest chance of publishing a further selection from those I have still in hand. I shall not, therefore, award the Prize in this competition at present.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 670.

The usual Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE BEST DEFINITION IN AS EPIGRAMMATIC A FORM AS POSSIBLE OF CHRISTMAS.

All definitions must reach me at the latest by the morning of Monday, December 7.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. I. L.—No, the words can only be used by consent of the authors.

ARTEN.—It will be better, under the circumstances, to reprint your anagram on Mr. Balfour. It should have appeared thus: (Pat's view) "Hateful, rough, blood-thirsty, further far true-born jailor's heart."

P. H.—Many thanks for your very original suggestion, which I certainly think can be turned to account. I will tell you positively in a week or two.

ECILA.—I have safely received two "Children's Quaint Sayings" from you.

BADDA.—I regret the omission of the word "more" in the refrain of verse 2 of your original song. The line should, of course, have been printed—

"There's one more bumper toast to make."

HAROLDWYN.—Certainly; you can use your lines in any way you think fit.

P. J. ANDERSON.—Many thanks for your letter and its enclosure. I am almost afraid, however, that the suggested task is one which can scarcely be made the subject of a Puzzle competition. THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 667.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTION OF HOW THE SENDING OF CHRISTMAS CARDS CAN BE MOST SUITABLY SUPERSEDED.

1. To issue to one's friends on every February 29 [Leap Year] one's own photograph with the maxim or motto attached which the experience of the past four years may suggest. 2. Any important events in one's life during the four years may be chronicled with date on a wide margin. 3. These photographs could be mounted for preservation in albums, or they might be printed on or attached to post-cards. —Aliter.

Small silver and gold coins engraved with the date and initials or name of sender.—Roda.

A post-card bearing words of Christmas greeting would serve all purposes, and save much expense and trouble. In some cases one card could be used for the whole household.—Guelder Rose.

I would suggest the interchange of presents instead of Christmas cards, as being more useful, less perishable, and better in every way.—Wraith.

If there is a Christmas number of TRUTH, I suggest that that should take the place of the ordinary card this year by readers of TRUTH. The Christmas greeting to be conspicuously printed.—Iris.

I think, if our tradesmen were enterprising enough to display and well advertise such articles as handkerchiefs, gloves, lace, ribbon, cigars, boxes of sweets, &c., at low prices, attached to an ornamental label, "Wishing you a Merry Christmas," we should soon adopt them in preference to the hackneyed cards now in use. Or, if anything in the way of a card is desired, why do not our local photographers offer cheap views of their respective neighbourhoods? A Christmas wish might be written or printed on the back, and they would be pleasant reminders of our friends and their dwelling-places.—Eklar.

1. A pleasant letter written from friend to friend. It takes time and trouble, and so is worth much more than a perhaps hastily-posted Christmas card. 2. I do not think anything could be pleasanter at Christmas time than a pleasant letter from a friend. Would it not be worth any amount of Christmas cards?—Enid.

1. A pencil with a bevelled off end, on which the sender's name should be inscribed. 2. A box of sweetmeats. 3. One of flowers, leaves, or berries. 4. A slate or card for engagements (which might be ornamented much as Christmas cards are nowadays). 5. Photographs of oneself or one's favourite celebrities, clerical, political, theatrical, or otherwise. (The price of photographs would diminish with such an increased demand.)—Mabel.

1. Send a little view of whatever place we have visited for our summer outing. 2. Send a Christmas thought. For example: "Though we have lost the summer flowers, yet the flowers of love and kindness bloom sweetly at Christmas if tended carefully in the right soil." Or, to an old friend: "Old Christmas brings to mind that old friends are best."—Risk.

A post-card, with something clever on it.—Criterion.

A photograph of the sender, with the usual greetings; or, an original conundrum.—Baritone.

Send a sprig of holly and a spray of mistletoe,
The Xmas card is faddish, as TRUTH would have us know,
An old-time stupid custom the world will never miss,
While the holly bringeth plenty and the mistletoe a kiss. Georgina.

1. Send photos (family photos) to relatives, especially to those at a distance. 2. Send photos of house or interiors, with "At Home" so and so, to friends and acquaintances.—Sinona.

By inserting an advertisement in a daily paper in which the advertiser wishes his friends the compliments of the season, and notifies that, instead of sending any Christmas cards, he has a given a certain specified sum (say one guinea) to a seasonable charity, for instance, to the TRUTH Toy Fund.—N. E.

Instead of sending Christmas cards to each friend, to advertise in the daily papers or else in some special Christmas gazette, to be started by TRUTH, sending a general Christmas greeting to all friends. The advertisement or special paper to appear on Christmas-eve.—Asymptote.

1. The Christmas Number of TRUTH. 2. A blank cheque. 3. A couple of stalls for the pantomime at Drury Lane. 4. A well-filled hamper. 5. A chatty letter.—Bingo.

The sending of Christmas cards can be most suitably superseded by sending local daily newspapers, or the Christmas numbers of the weekly papers. The name of the sender will be easily known by the handwriting. If several copies of any one paper be received, they will be valuable for distributing among servants, villagers, or neighbours.—Sour Grapes.

The best substitute is to send an ordinary visiting card, with "Kindly greetings" written on the back. The first year would scotch the "Christmas card" nuisance, and about the third would probably kill it; after which the use of private cards would soon die out.—Haroldwyn.

The Christmas Number of TRUTH.—Yule Tide.

1. An illuminated postal order. 2. A desirable present in kind. 3. A sprig of holly with visiting card attached. 4. Felicitations by telegram or telephone.—Neewod.

℞ Magnes: sulph: $\frac{3}{1}$. Sig. Ex mane post Xmas.—Murdoch.

For Christmas cards to get a deadly thrust,
And this suggestion won't, I fondly trust,
Offend any;
Three words alone I'll venture to employ
This annual custom to at once destroy—
"Don't send any." Malignant.

By devoting what one has been in the habit of expending in the purchase of Christmas cards (plus postage) to some useful object, say, by (1) becoming annual subscriber to, or a life governor of, a hospital or charity. 2. In supplying some really necessitous family with a good square meal in honour of Christmas-day, instead of sending turkeys, &c., to already overcrowded larders. 3. In selecting the very neediest of one's relatives as the recipient, or recipients, of a monetary Christmas offering [and, so as to cause no offence, this must be done anonymously].—Treeve.

To insert the Christmas good wishes in the daily or weekly papers, either as a formal announcement, or with poetical and illustrated fancies. The insertion to be paid for as an advertisement.—M. S.

1. Carte-de-visite size photograph of the sender. 2. Send the money which would otherwise have been expended in cards and postage to the TRUTH Toy Fund.—Nodroh.

1. Instead of Christmas cards send a short note to relations and friends. 2. Rich relations to send poor relations a cheque. 3. In place of Christmas cards send a suitable book. 4. Send a box containing some useful gift for every member of the family. —Miskontil.

Send postage-stamps or postal-order to a hospital, home, or charity in the name of the friend one would have sent a Christmas card to.—Abraxes.

A short seasonable letter with the writer's photograph up to date.—Colocynth.

By three or six stamps to each friend, instead of a card, such stamps on receipt to be spent for the benefit of the poor.—Penguin.

1. Instead of a Christmas card, I would suggest a photograph, either of a friend or pet animal, or unmounted scrap photo of a place, so that in time a person would have enough to fill an album. 2. A short favourite quotation written on a plain, gilt-edged card —Chee.

1. Cheques (checks) to choke them off. 2. New Year's gifts. 3. Sixpenny telegrams with "no cards." 4. Drop the cards one year, and they will drop you the next. 5. Game or games.—Arten.

1. To the poor, a Christmas dinner, to the rich, a subscription-card to assist in giving food to the hungry. 2. By the sending of portraits, each bearing its own autograph. 3. By the sending of telegrams, with the usual greetings.—R. M. A.

I suggest that each one should send his photograph instead of a Christmas card.—Ipse Dixit.

To supersede Christmas cards, substitute a custom of sending on Christmas-eve (or earlier) a telegram worded as follows, or to like effect (preferably uniformly so):—"Accept Christmas greetings from [ ]." Note.—To friends residing abroad, the necessity at present existing of thinking to post a card days or weeks before Christmas-time would be avoided.—Standard.

Wire or telephone your good wishes to your friends.—Ye Hermit.

I suggest that each household should have one large "Christmas Card," on which should be inscribed the names of all absent friends desired to be borne in remembrance during the festive season. The card could then be displayed conspicuously amongst other Christmas decorations. These cards might be made artistic, with a different design for each year. If preserved, they would in time make an interesting display, forming a record of past friendships, and especially conducing to the sentiment of "Auld Lang Syne," with which Christmas is so intimately associated.—Nunc Dimittis.

1. Instead of the everlasting Christmas cards, our friends should send to us a small phonograph, which would greet us in their voices. (This to be confined to our nearest and dearest, and, of course, we must wait until phonographs are, as they no doubt will be, cheaper.) 2. Insert an advertisement in the paper to the effect that we desire to express our good wishes to all our friends, and, as a mark of goodwill towards them and mankind generally, have forwarded a donation to any praiseworthy charity —say, TRUTH Toy Fund.—A. C.

I am old enough to remember the invasion of the Christmas card, but I do not remember that I ever sent one, except now and then, in the company of a gift or a friendly letter. I would suggest that the custom of a gift—if it could be kept from merging

into an extravagance—or a kindly letter might be substituted. My own Christmas cards (!) are always gifts, and they are always welcome. If ever so small, I try to fit my gift to the taste or need of the recipient. Sometimes it may be only a bunch of flowers, taking sweetness or pleasant memories to the aged or the sick; or, it may be, but a little toy to a child, to whom a toy is a luxury. It is pleasant to be remembered, whether we are young or old. Personally I dislike the regulation Christmas cards, but our little ones like them; so do our servants. And the making of them gives employment to many needy people. So, if we would supersede them, we must aim at a just balance, and make our substitute at once a fair equivalent both in pleasure and profit; yet cheap, pretty, or useful, and—expressive.—E. W. S. B.

1. Just a post-card, with something of this sort ready printed on the back:—"——————, sends best wishes and Christmas greeting to ——————." This would save time, stationery, and expense, and serve just as good a purpose as picture-cards. Such post-cards to be printed by permission—if necessary—of the Postmaster-General, and sold at all post-offices, stationers, &c., at about the usual rate per dozen. 2. Illuminated visiting-cards, similarly filled in.—Med. Stud.

1. If each winter increases in damp, fogs, and general severity, nothing could be a more acceptable Christmas offering than a respirator, a pair of cork soles, or a box of cough lozenges. 2. Enclose (with your good wishes) a stamp, or two or three stamps to each of your friends, about the value of the card formerly sent. 3. A pair of warm muffatees, more or less ornamental, according to the condition of the receivers. 4. Send each of your friends a little "sixpenny bank," and put in a sixpence or two, if you can afford it. 5. Or a calendar of your own handiwork (if you are artistic), or one of the many to be had.—Cæsar's Corner.

I should suggest the sending of "Little Lucks" instead of the old Christmas cards. Horse-shoes, merry-thoughts, pigs, &c.—whatever the fashionable symbol of luck might be could figure on a host of small articles, useful and useless. They might be made in all materials, from sugar to diamonds, and to suit every purse.—Lika-joka.

Answers have been received from Yorkling, Dick, Capella, Qu'Appelle, Icknield, and H. A. L. S.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Very agreeable to take.
A LAXATIVE AND REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE for
CONSTIPATION,
HÆMORRHOIDS,
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GASTRIC AND INTESTINAL TROUBLES.
Box 2s. 6d., stamps included.
Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.
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THE NEW MEDIUM MILD INDIAN CIGAR.
A most delightful weed, full of fine aroma and delicate flavour. Connoisseurs pronounce them better than Havannahs. Everyone should sample these really excellent cigars. Prices 22s. to 20s. per 100 (post-free). Samples, four for 1s. (14 stamps).
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The Perfect Food for Children and Invalids.
PATENT COOKED FOOD.
CAUTION.—All the Genuine Packets and Canisters are enclosed in White Wrappers, the words DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD are printed boldly thereon, so that none need be deceived or mistaken.
PREPARED AT THE ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, AND SOLD RETAIL BY ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND GROCERS THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

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Keep it Handy,
Grant's Morella
Cherry Brandy.
The delicious product of the famed Kent Morellas. Supplied to the Queen and the aristocracy,
"Queen's Quality" for Household Use. A valuable tonic for the sick and aged. "Sportsman's Quality" for Hunting Men, Anglers, Travellers, &c.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Ask for Grant's and don't be put off with Inferior Makes.
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LOBECK'S PURE SOLUBLE COCOA.
Absolutely Pure, therefore Best,
AND MOST WHOLESOME. Free from Alkali, no Chemicals being used.
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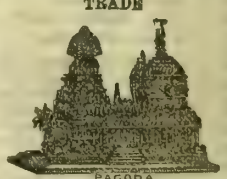
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CHOTA PAGODAS.
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As supplied to the Army and Navy Stores, and exported to all quarters of the world.
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UNRIVALLED FOR THE SKIN.
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This is NOT an optical delusion: the thing won't revolve or change position, colour, size, or shape, nor undergo any mysterious metamorphosis whatsoever; but watch it ever so little, and behold! you will have made a perfect watch, for the letters in the mystic circle spell W=A=T=E=R=B=U=R=Y which is the perfection of watches, and the most famous timekeeper in the world.

THE SHORT-WIND WATERBURY WATCHES in their new handsome Gold and Silver Cases are PERFECTION. Always the most FAMOUS TIME-KEEPERS in the World, they are now as EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL as they are MATHEMATICALLY ACCURATE.

For Gentlemen. A Splendid short-winding, keyless watch, with all the latest improvements—Compensation Balance, Duplex Escapement, &c. Stem-set, Seconds hand. Reliable, accurate, inexpensive. Best manufacture and highest finish throughout. Jewelled in six holes.

For Ladies. The daintiest and most beautiful of ladies' watches—small, and perfect in finish and design. In open face and Châtelaine styles. Jewelled throughout, Keyless, Stem-set, Dust-proof. Compensation Balance, and all the latest improvements.

The Gold Cases are guaranteed 15 years.

PRICES: Gold, 45s. to 56s.; Silver, and Oxidised Silver, 30s. to 37s. 6d.; Black Oxidised, 25s.; Nickel, 10s. 6d. to 25s.

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AS WHITE AS SNOW.

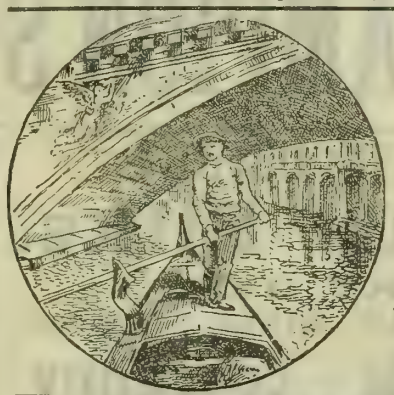
As white as the snow on the peaks of Ahimo,
Or the foam on their beautiful rivers;
As white as the stone from Carrara outblown,
When the powder the white quarry shivers;

As bright as the star in the ether afar,
When the twilight steals down from the mountain;
As bright as the beams on the breeze-dimpled streams
Of Tuscany's wonderful fountains;

Are the teeth, white and neat, bathed in SOZODONT sweet
Every day by the white hand of beauty?
While the breath seems they say like new-mown hay,
Thus SOZODONT mollifies duty.

THE FAVORITE.

The most popular American dentifrice of the day is SOZODONT. People prefer it because they have found by experience that it really does do what is claimed for it; that it is a genuine beautifier of the teeth; that it is, as its name SOZODONT signifies, a true preservative of them; that it imparts a pleasant aroma to the breath, and renders the gums rosy and healthfully firm. The favorite among dentifrices therefore is SOZODONT. Sold by Chemists, 2s. 6d.



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POSITIVE CURE FOR TORPID LIVER.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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TORPID LIVER

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. TRADE MARK.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1½d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.

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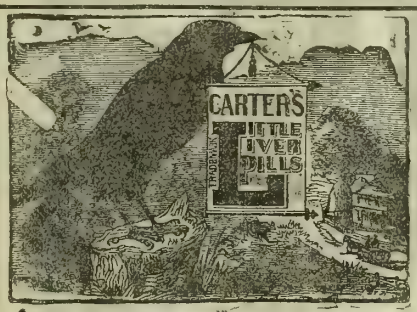

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For over 60 years in use as an Excellent Remedy for all Diseases of the Stomach and Liver; it is comforting in coldest weather, improving the system generally.

It is the only known Drug which cures that most unpleasant of all maladies, viz., HEADACHE. In cases of Gout and Indigestion it is indispensable. And in the Nursery it is invaluable. Spoken of most highly by all the Profession. Sold by all respectable Chemists, in Large-sized Bottles (the 1s. size containing nearly Double the Quantity usually sold at that price), at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. each. Also in Winchester Quarts for Dispensary and Hospital. CAUTION.—Observe the Signature of the Inventor on every Label.

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A WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR ALL

BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

SUCH AS

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 779. Vol. XXX. Thursday, December 3, 1891. Price Sixpence.

NOTICE.—The first Reprint of "Truth" Christmas Number *will be ready for Delivery on* Saturday *next.*

"Truth" Christmas Number.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

Including TWO FULL-PAGED and ONE DOUBLE-PAGED CARTOON, printed in colours, and FOUR DOUBLE-TINTED FULL-PAGED CARTOONS.

After the Battle. 1892.
A Coach and Three.
A Quiet Round Game (double-page).
The Renunciation of St. Joseph.
An "Enfant Prodigue."
Society's Idol, 1841.
Society's Idol, 1891.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

During a recent perambulation of the Children's Hospitals, a curious experience happened to me. I was engaged in a statistical inquiry at the time, having for its end the ascertaining of the number of Toys of various kinds which would be needed for the coming Christmas distribution; and at a well-known East-end Hospital I was shown, as an interesting relic, all that was left of a Truth Doll which had been in use in the ward I was visiting since the end of 1888. And as I held this maimed and tattered doll in my hands, a very strange thing happened. By some occult means—whether hypnotic, or theosophic, or magnetic, I know not—the doll began to speak. At any rate, it appeared to me to be speaking, and I am even able to reproduce what it seemed to say, not to me only, but to all Truth's readers.

And here are its very words, which I think may fitly be headed—

An Appeal from a "Truth" Doll.

I once was the dearest of dollies!
  A darling in silver and blue,
With clusters of curls that were golden,
  And cheeks like the roses in hue.
My hat was the shape most in fashion,
  Its feather was fluffy and white;
My cloak had a lining of swansdown,
  My dress was a dream of delight.

Oh, yes, I was dainty and dimpled,
  The pride, so they said, of Truth Show,
And they gave me a prize, I remember,
  But that was three long years ago.
"I was lovely!" the children all shouted,
  With gleesome and eager accord,
When three years ago they first saw me
  Unpacked in this Hospital ward.

But now, ah, poor me! how I'm altered;
  My features are battered and worn,
My white fluffy feather is missing,
  My dress is all tumbled and torn;
Of my hair but a little is left me,
  My hat is all bent and awry,
I have lost both my shoes and my stockings,
  I have only one arm and one eye!

For since I was first sent to brighten
  The lives of the little ones here,
Scores and hundreds of children have nursed me,
  And called me their darling and dear.
Scores and hundreds of poor little patients,
  Forgetting the stress of their pain,
Have kissed me with feverish kisses,
  And hugged me again and again.

I have shared the wee sufferer's pillow,
  Clasped close in her sheltering arms;
I have smoothed out pain's lines from fair foreheads;
  I have solaced the night's vague alarms;
I have watched through the dark for the dawning
  By little ones fighting for breath;
I have lightened the gloom which has gathered
  About the grim Valley of Death!

But now my long service has ended,
  My useful existence is o'er;
No more shall I soothe hours of anguish,
  I shall cheer convalescence no more;
And yet for the sake of the darlings
  Who will not again see my face,
I want to ask one little question—
  "How soon will you fill up my place?"

For still there are many must suffer
  Throughout the glad days of Yule-tide;
There still will be little hearts aching,
  And fast-falling tears to be dried;
And whilst, as you're merrily feasting,
  Delight's fairy blossoms you pull,
In Charity's name, oh, remember
  These Hospital Cots will be full!

And, oh! I would pray you remember
  That in London Workhouses, too,
There are hundreds—nay, thousands—of children
  Whose hopes are all centred in you.
There are hundreds—nay, thousands—of children
  All ready with joy to acclaim
The hampers of beautiful playthings
  That Truth trusts to send in your name.

Poor children! their lot is a hard one,
  Their lives are, at best, cold and bare;
Too oft they've no friends, no relations,
  And few are the joys that they share.

Oh, think, then, how great will their glee be
Your kindly remembrance to hail,
And what a great sorrow will crush them
If gifts, long expected, should fail.

With you, then, it rests to send sunshine
Within the dark Workhouses' walls;
With you it remains to make answer
To Charity's heart-moving calls;
And to say if the children who're waiting
With hope, sometimes clouded with fear,
Shall have, thanks to you, a Glad Christmas,
And a Bright and a Happy New Year!

* * * * *

"Truth's" Postscript.

Can there be any doubt of your answer?
Nay, Truth to no fear will confess,
For many past seasons' experience
Declare it can only be "Yes!"
Aye, wherever the children are waiting,
In Hospitals, Workhouses, too,
Time is destined to prove, and right quickly,
They have trusted, with reason, in you!

A list of further subscriptions to the Toy Fund, the total of which still falls far short of what it must amount to, if faith is to be kept with the 24,000 expectant girls and boys whose claims have been urged above, will be found below. I may mention here, too, that the coming Truth Toy Show at the Polytechnic will contain one contribution which will assuredly be unique. A parcel has just arrived, packed in a Somali basket, containing two dozen Chinese bird-whistles, which formed part of the cargo of the P. & O. steamship *Deccan*, a boat that was wrecked, it will be remembered, on Perim Island last winter. These bird-whistles, none the worse, apparently, for their immersion in the Red Sea, have been sent to me from Perim, together with a subscription for the Toy Fund, from Mrs. R. E. Prosser.

I have also received notice of the despatch of a case of most attractive dolls from Bombay. These dolls, forty-two in number, have been dressed to represent the various national types of Western India, by a party of native ladies, a fact which invests this contribution with peculiar interest, and will certainly add considerably to the significance of the coming Doll Show.

Once more let me remind all those of Truth's readers who are dressing dolls, or making toys or scrap-books, or any other articles intended for this season's Exhibition, that their parcels *must reach this Office by Wednesday, the 9th inst., at the latest.* This is really imperatively necessary, and I cannot guarantee that any dolls, &c., received after the date in question will be included in the Show at the Polytechnic on the 16th and 17th inst.

The following is the list of subscriptions to the Toy Fund received since last week:—

Mr. Shone, £2. 2s.; "S. V. P. S.," £2. 2s.; J. R. Orrid, 10s.; the Misses Dorothy and Alice Watson, 10s.; M. A. Matthews, £2; Cecil and Pat Gold, 10s. 6d.; C. F., 10s.; Charles Durant Kemp-Welch, £2. 2s.; Alice, 2s.; Edwin Portman, £5; Mrs. Edmund Tattersall, £2; J. McLaren Smith, £20; "A. B. C.", £1; F. P., £1; Mrs. Stephen Ralli, £5; Five Little Children, "L. E. R.," £5 L. P., £1; Arthur Elwes, £1. 1s.; "C. R. B." £5. 5s., A. B. and S. N., 5s.; Leo, £3. 3s.; The Ghost, £1, Grannie, £2. 2s.; Mrs. J. W. Clarke, 10s.; Mrs. Bell, £1. 1s. Midge, £2; Oliver Green, £1. 1s.; A few Friends of the Children in the City, £2. 7s. 6d.; W. Halsey, £1. 1s.; H. L., £5; Little Johnnie Pringle, £1. 1s.; A. W. Prosser, 10s.; Mrs. Russell Carew, £1. 5s.; Snipe, £2. 2s.; Two liras from Bernard and Harry, £1. 16s.; Mrs. Whittall, £2; Connie and Tom, £2. 2s.; M. and S. Chisholm, £1; H. B., 5s.; The Countess of Cardigan, Lancastre, £1; Francis Bacon, £2. 2s.; James W. Doré, £1. 1s.; Horace Farquhar, £2. 2s.; E. B. M., £5; B. P., £5; Rev. G. Willis, £2; Pappy, 5s.; Dorothy Firth, 10s.; A. Glendenning, 5s.; Eisus, 10s.; A. E. R., 10s.; T. H. Riches, £2. 2s.

In addition I have received scrap-books from "Anonymous;" a Maltese doll, from Miss B. McLeod; a box of sweets and scrap-album, from "A. B. and S. N.;" a box of balls, "Anonymous;" a packet of Christmas-cards, from "B. H.;" two dolls' chests of drawers, from Mr. H. Russell; a dressed doll, from Lady Braddon; a large box of bricks, from "Algy;" and five folding scrap-books, from "George and Katie Janson." Tom Smith has again this year presented 20,000 of his well-known crackers.

The papers announced last week that the Queen has discontinued taking breakfast at Frogmore, "owing to the dark and foggy mornings." The fact is that the Queen only breakfasts at Frogmore during her summer residence at Windsor, and it would have been a remarkable piece of imprudence if her Majesty had gone there at this season, especially considering that she has recently been suffering from rheumatism. Frogmore is certainly one of the dampest and most depressing abodes in England.

Her Majesty has given Lord Salisbury a conditional promise that she will open Parliament in person, and it is to suit her Majesty's convenience that the date of that function has been deferred until so unusually late a day as Tuesday, February 9. The Queen will come to Buckingham Palace for a couple of nights when on her way back to Windsor Castle from Osborne.

The Queen has decided to appoint Admiral Lord Frederick Kerr to the sinecure office of Bath King-at-Arms, which is worth about three hundred a year, a tolerably good remuneration for doing nothing whatever. Surely, however, Lord Frederick Kerr is not to be another pluralist, after the discussion there has been about Sir Michael Biddulph being allowed to hold two lucrative and easy posts. It is exceedingly discreditable that such outrageous jobs should continue to be perpetrated, and both Sir Michael Biddulph and Lord Frederick Kerr ought to be required to resign their Household appointment (each being a Groom-in-Waiting) before they are confirmed in their new places.

The promotion of Lord Burghley to the office of Vice-Chamberlain vacates that of Parliamentary Groom-in-Waiting, which is worth £334 a year, the average annual duty consisting of a fortnight's attendance at Court. One of the papers makes the curious statement that this functionary "has nothing to do except when the Queen opens Parliament." This is ignorant nonsense. The fact is that formerly the Grooms-in-Waiting were changed with the Ministry; but this was found by the Queen to be an inconvenient arrangement, and, after considerable

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 1188 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 1187.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 1189.

negotiation, the places of seven were made permanent, the eighth remaining a member of the Government. So far as salary and duty are concerned, the Parliamentary Groom-in-Waiting is precisely on the same footing as his colleagues.

Lord Radnor has very tardily resigned his office as Treasurer of the Household, which he ought properly to have vacated when he succeeded to his peerage two years ago. TRUTH has more than once called attention to the irregularity of Lord Radnor continuing to hold the post, which is a House of Commons place, and I am glad to find that my strictures have at last proved effectual. I stated long ago that Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox would be given the first Household place which became vacant, and this office, which is a sinecure, except so far as the Parliamentary attendance and duty are concerned, is worth £904 a year.

The unofficial post of "Queen's Reporter" has become vacant by the removal of Lord Lewisham to the House of Lords. Since George III. required Lord North to send him a nightly account of the House of Commons debates, the Sovereign has always been supplied with a special report, which has been invariably written by the Leader of the House, except during Mr. Disraeli's last two years, when the late Lord Barrington did the work; and since 1887 it was confided to Lord Lewisham, in consequence of Mr. Smith's reluctance to undertake it. There is now no reason whatever why an account of the Parliamentary debates should be compiled for the Queen by a member of the Government, inasmuch as her Majesty can read a fuller and a more accurate report in the morning papers than any amateur can send her. If, moreover, an hourly account of the proceedings is desired by the Queen, it would be far better supplied by a news agency.

The Parliamentary reports of Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone were all very bright and graphic, those of Mr. Disraeli being particularly lively, and much resembling the political passages in his earlier novels. These are all preserved in the present library at Buckingham Palace, and it may be hoped that they will some day be published, for they form a complete House of Commons' history during the present reign, of the most brilliant and interesting description.

Lady Ampthill, who has been visiting the Duke and Duchess of Bedford at Woburn Abbey, and Lord and Lady Brownlow at Ashridge Park, goes on Tuesday to Windsor Castle, as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, whom she will accompany to Osborne. Lady Ampthill stays at Court until the 22nd, when she is to be replaced by Jane, Lady Churchill, who is to go abroad with the Queen in the spring.

There were an enormous number of applicants for the vacant apartment of the late Mrs. Mayne, in Hampton Court Palace, to say nothing of the long list of "approved" candidates for free quarters there. As usual, however, the Queen has given the apartment to a complete outsider—Lady Katherine Loftus—who was recommended to her Majesty's favour from her near relationship to the late Lady Ely. This branch of the Loftus family has certainly not been neglected by the Queen; for Major Loftus, after having been for many years a Gentleman Usher, at £250 a year, became Keeper of the Regalia, at £350 a year, with a free house; and now, only a few weeks after his death, his widow obtains for her life an excellent apartment at Hampton Court.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to arrive at Welbeck, on their visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland, on Tuesday, the 15th, and they will return to town on Saturday, the 19th. There is to be cover shooting each day of the Royal visit, and a dance will be given at the Abbey on the night of Friday, the 18th.

H.R.H and the Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are expected to be present at the wedding of Prince Henry Pless and Miss Cornwallis West on Tuesday next. After the ceremony, which is to take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Mrs. Cornwallis West will receive her friends at Miss Fleetwood Wilson's house in Portman-square. Miss Fleetwood Wilson herself is wintering in Rome.

Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg are to leave Windsor on Monday next for Belvoir Castle, Leicestershire, where they will be the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland until Friday.

An announcement that the King and Queen of Denmark have invited "the English Court" to take part in the celebration of their golden wedding at Fredensborg next May, and that the Queen will probably go there, is simply the very purest of fictions. It is also utterly untrue that the Emperors Francis Joseph and William, and the King and Queen of Italy, will then visit Denmark. No invitations whatever have been sent out, and the celebration, which is to take place at Copenhagen, is to be strictly limited to the members of the Royal family of Denmark.

The late Lord Lytton was very apt in conversational repartee. But this would hardly be supposed by the instance given in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "Why are you a Tory, Lord Lytton?" asked a Liberal lady; "every fool is a Tory." "That is true," he replied; "but every ass is a Radical." I see nothing particularly clever in this. "You are a fool," says one. "Yes," replies the other; "but you are an ass." I am a Radical, and if not to see the cut of this repartee is proof of being an ass, I am also an ass.

M. Blowitz relates how the Prince of Wales "made his fairy-like tour through India under the auspices of Lord Lytton, who was then Viceroy." As a matter of fact, the

PFUNGST FRERES' EXTRA QUALITY CHAMPAGNES.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. PFUNGST & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

PEPSALIA used as table salt while eating, one saltspoonful to an ordinary meal, ensures absolute digestion of the food. The *British Medical Journal* says:—"We have satisfied ourselves of the efficacy of Pepsalia."—In bottles, 1s. and 2s. each, from Chemists, or G. & G. STERN, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

Prince left India on his return to Europe shortly before Lord Lytton's arrival at Bombay, and Lord Northbrook was the Viceroy during his tour.

I was reduced almost to despair a little while ago at seeing an announcement that the great Blowitz contemplated retirement. I feared that this wonderful man intended to turn monk and to withdraw into a monastery. I was therefore much relieved when I read an authoritative denial of the rumour. On Lord Lytton's death, he has been well up to mark. He has favoured us with an account of a dinner given by himself to Ambassadors and Statesmen; he has told us how Lord Lytton always appreciated his invaluable advice, and how, thanks to his having placed the vast stores of his experience at his Lordship's disposal, he made a very tolerable Ambassador. Even the corpse has not been safe from his intrusion. "I have never looked," he writes, "upon a dead face so impressive in its calm. It is that of a man who has done his work" (under my guidance?) "and has entered into eternity without fear." *Ite, missa est.* The souls of Statesmen who have during their lives done honour to Blowitz may—so it seems—enter eternity without fear. They have only to show a pass to the realms of bliss properly signed by this remarkable gentleman. Really, Mr. Pinero should serve up Paul Pry Blowitz in one of his sarcastic plays of "Our Times."

After many months' absence from Ireland, Lord Zetland, with Lady Zetland and his family, has returned to the Viceregal Lodge, Phœnix Park. Before the commencement of the Castle season their Excellencies intend to pay several visits in Ireland. They will stay with the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn at Baronscourt before Christmas, and later on visit Mount Stewart, where Lord and Lady Londonderry will entertain successions of visitors.

Last week the new Irish Chief Secretary was busily engaged at his office in Dublin. Initiation into the mysteries of Dublin Castle must be a curious process for any one of even average enlightenment to go through. No institution in this—nor, indeed, in any other civilised kingdom, is more strangely and wonderfully constituted. Impervious to criticism, it presents an impregnable front to modern progressive ideas. Justice, with her balance, stands over the entrance gate, and never gets further. Good old jobbery, always comfortably housed in Ireland, still holds undisputed sway in all the departments of "Dublin Castle." Not even the House of Lords, with its privileges, more outrages the common-sense and enlightenment of the age.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, who are staying at Bestwood, will probably go to Jamaica about the middle of January, on a visit to Sir Henry and Lady Blake, returning to England early in April.

I am asked to state that Mrs. Charles Yates's (Mrs. Dutton Cook) concert, on the 10th inst., will be held at Mrs. Mackay's house, 6, Carlton-house-terrace.

'Xmas, 1891.—Especial offer. Eugene Costello's Reims Champagne, vintage 1884. Special cuvée, extra quality. Cash price, 48s. per doz., carriage paid.—Apply, Edward W. Postans, 3, Rood-lane, London, E.C

I did not go to the Rufford Hunt Ball at Welbeck Abbey. Consequently when I receive from equally trustworthy sources diametrically opposite opinions on this festivity I find some difficulty in dealing with it. On the one hand, I am told, in accordance with the accounts supplied to some other papers, that the whole entertainment was perfection. On the other, I am assured that, with the exception of the music, which seems to have satisfied everybody, the ball was a monument of bad management. One lady complains of the coldness of the ballroom and corridors, and another gives me this distressing account of the supper:—

> The supper was simply execrable, consisting mainly of pork-pies, moulds of jam and rice, and other decorative objects. The soup (so-called) was cold, and no better than greasy water stirred with a meat bone. As the Duke of Portland gave the rooms and gave the lighting and flowers, the committee ought at least, with guinea tickets, to have provided decent food. But the supply of eatables was totally inadequate for the immense number present.

On the whole, I do not feel that I have missed much.

A large family party is being entertained this week by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Bowhill House, Selkirkshire, for the Hunt Ball at Kelso, which takes place to-night.

The Duke and Duchess of Leinster are settled at their residence Carton, county Kildare, for the season. The Duchess has quite recovered from her late illness. Last week she was present at a public musical function in the Royal Dublin Society, and presented certificates to the successful candidates at the previous examination. The Duchess, who was accompanied by the Duke, made a graceful little speech at the end of the ceremonial, following the newest fashion amongst women, who formerly, although their liberal gifts of speech were in all ages universally admitted, never thought of practising it in public.

The late Dr. Evans was almost the last of the old school of Oxford dons, and for forty years he had been one of the most popular men in the University. He meddled neither with secular nor with ecclesiastical politics, nor did he take any prominent part in University business, but he devoted himself entirely to the care of his own college. He was a genial, generous, hospitable, and large-minded man, a staunch friend, and an enthusiastic supporter of manly games. He was very fond of football and cricket, and he was a fine fives-player until quite recently. Dr. Evans was a man of strong common-sense, and no college, either at Oxford or at Cambridge, ever possessed a better "head." He was a really admirable specimen of the old school of University dons. He had a wonderful store of most entertaining reminiscences of Routh, Gaisford, Mansel, Ogilvy, Burgon, Pattison, Jenkyns, Hawkins, "Sam," and other Oxford celebrities, and, if he has left any journals or memoirs, they will be of the greatest interest to University men.

Lord Dalhousie's trustees have sold the famous Barry Links, near Carnoustie, to the War Office, which has granted the right of killing game on the property to a dealer at Dundee. These links include the largest rabbit warren in Scotland, and the average annual yield of game from the Barry property is about twelve thousand head.

A Wiltshire paper states that in the adjoining county of Dorset, the agent of a well-known landowner refused to let a house to a respectable young couple who were about to marry, unless he received a positive assurance that the bridegroom was a Tory.

The Georgia Magnet gave last week a private *séance* at the house of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, when she performed all her feats without any one being able to detect how they were done. The general verdict was that she counteracted force by force; but if this be the solution, it seems to me that any one else, after a little practice and after watching her, might do the same.

A correspondent writes:—

It may be a trick, but, if it is, it is a wonderful one, and you are right in saying that the *Star* has not solved it. I went to the Georgia Magnet's matinee last Saturday, and I will tell what I saw. She did the billiard-cue experiment. In this the cue broke, but she was not moved. She made four persons grasp the cue held upright, stooped down, and raised them all from the ground. There was no mistake in this. All the feet of the men were off the ground. She did raise a chair with four men on it from the ground. She did not do this by tilting it back, but put her flat hands on each side to raise it. Three men were told to hold up a chair, she passed her hand along it, and they all began to stagger about. Four men grasped her arms, which were held close to her side, and they could not move her. She stood on one foot holding a billiard cue, and four men could not move her. Three of the faces on the committee I recognised. The names of these gentlemen were Lord Kilmorey, Sir George Wombwell, and Mr. Campbell Praed. They took part in the experiments, and, if I am to judge from the redness of their faces, they used their utmost exertions. All this, as I have said, may be trick, but then how is the trick done?

Last week I read in a Scotch newspaper a good deal about Mr. Hall Caine. He has written one fairly good book, "The Deemster," and a most wearisome book, "The Scapegoat." The latter is written in a sort of Biblical style which is supposed to give it Moorish actuality. Any sane person reading it skips two pages out of three, and almost regrets that he has not skipped the third. Mr. Hall Caine explains in the Scotch newspaper that he "has had it suggested to him that it should be dramatised in an important quarter," and that he thinks that the difficulty of playing the leading part "would be but an inspiring obstacle to an accomplished actress," but that he is "hardly in a position to say more at present." After this puff mystical of his book, he goes on to explain that the generally-received reason for his contemplated visit to Russia is "a mistake," and that he is going there to "study impartially a question which is causing much interest." As to the date of this important journey, he does not think of starting "till the snow has pretty well frozen." Here is the puff preliminary of a coming book. Let him by all means write it, and, when he has done so, it will be time enough to judge it on its merits. But who does he fancy is exercising his brain to solve the question why he is going to Russia, and when he is going there? He is going, no doubt, because he thinks that a Russian novel just now will prove a success; and whether the snow freezes or melts when he does go is surely a matter interesting perhaps to him, but to no one else.

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth. Also The Belle Vue and Pier Hotel, opposite the Pier, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach General Manager, late of the Bath Hotel, Bournemouth.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley, late of the Hansard Union, and now, according to his own account, domiciled in the Bankruptcy Court, has served a writ upon me in respect, I presume, to the Christmas number of Truth. As, curiously enough, Truth was printed by the Hansard Union—and I do not quite know whether it is printed now by the Union or by Messrs. Wyman—he has included in the writ Mr. Wyman, the Registrar in Bankruptcy, Mr. C. J. Stewart, and the Chartered Accountant, Mr. John Annan. None of us contemplates fleeing the country. We shall await our doom like the Spartans at Thermopylæ. I do not think that he could have chosen four men who know more about him than the four that he has selected. As regards the libel, I do not quite perceive what it is. In the illustrations of the Christmas Number, Mr. Bottomley figures in the dignified and honourable garb of a beadle. Here is what is said in the text:—

I ask myself this question, too, whether 'twould not be better,
By stricter laws the preying ways of City sharks to fetter?
Whether 'twould not be wiser much to stop to some extent
The launching of those bubble schemes of late so prevalent?

Meanwhile, till something has been done to in a measure check
Those reckless speculations which so often end in wreck,
Surely the public ought to learn to show more common sense,
And not their money risk upon the flimsiest pretence.
The crafty spider to no end would fatal cobwebs spin,
If flies would sturdily refuse his invitation in.

But flies, of late, no sign at all of self-restraint have shown;
Into the most apparent traps they heedlessly have flown—
As when so many came to grief in that be-puffed concern
Where ignorance and bumptiousness seem to have ruled in turn;
With this result, sure from the first, though not, perhaps, intended;
The Hansard "Union," for no few, has in the Workhouse ended;
For some, alas! of those who thought their profits would be great,
Have had to seek in sore distress the Parish Workhouse gate;
Whilst others, rudely wakened from their short-lived golden dream,
Have cause to curse the day they read bold Bottomley's wild scheme.

Surely Mr. Bottomley does not imagine that modesty and wisdom ruled in the promotion of the Hansard Union; or that those who read its prospectus and took shares in the Company are now engaged in blessing Mr. Bottomley. If so, "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Therefore, "rest, rest perturbed spirit," for if "the time is out of joint," you were not "born to set it right," and a jury, I make no doubt, will, like Hamlet, "know a hawk from a hand-saw," and, after having had a "taste of your quality," will hardly say, "Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man as e'er my conversation coped withal."

I really must protest against certain statements respecting the late Mr. Laurence Oliphant, made by one J. Cumming Walters in a lecture at St. James's Hall, under the auspices of Dr. Gutteridge, presumably the late candidate for Parliament in the Strand division. According to the lecturer, Harris is a wise and noble creature, and by no means a self-seeking quack. Mr. Oliphant took the "ruins of a life" to Mr. Harris, who saved him "from a suicide's grave and utter degradation," and it "was only in his demented state that he suddenly conceived that he had been wronged," the indictment of the sainted Harris being made up by Mrs

A great attraction this Christmas, at 173, New Bond-street, will be Messrs. Charbonnell & Walker's superb show of Parisian Novelties. Their *salons* are filled with treasures of artistic excellence in every variety. They are too beautiful to describe, and as all the world should see them, we will only add that everything that is lovely and poetic in the shape of novelties will be found there.

Oliphant from "a madman's ravings." I knew Laurence Oliphant before, during, and after his Harris episode. He was not saved by Harris from utter degradation, and he was not a madman when he separated from Harris. Far from it. He was a shrewd man of the world, and the only craze about him was that he believed for a time in Harris and the nonsensical trash of that seer. So soon as this temporary craze passed, he naturally declined to have anything to do with the man, and as naturally wished to get his property out of his keeping.

In Lord Rosebery's very interesting "Life of Pitt," he does not explain a thing which I have never yet understood. How did Pitt spend his income and get into debt? During the greater part of his life, after he had come to man's estate, he was in office, and his income was about £10,000 per annum. He did not entertain, he did not gamble, he neither hunted nor shot, and yet, at the end of seventeen years of this income of £10,000 per annum, he was hopelessly in debt. That he was careless is very possible, still, considering that his income was equal to £20,000 per annum now, how in the name of wonder did he spend it? This is all the more mysterious as he appears never to have paid his tradesmen. I have often seen it stated that England ought to be proud of one of her greatest Statesmen having died poor. Neither Pitt nor England had reason to be proud of a Statesman, enjoying an ample official income, dying heavily in debt, and making the payment of his tradesmen's bills dependent on Parliament voting a sum to meet the liability.

There are many newspapers, and they consume a great deal of provender. This is why we hear so much of authors and their intentions. All this is a good advertisement to the authors, to whom it is everything to keep their personality before the public; and, presumably, it is good "copy" for the newspapers, otherwise they would not fill their columns with it. As for Mr. Kipling, I am tired of paragraphs telling me where he is, what he is going to do, what he intends to write, what he does not intend to write, what he thinks upon every conceivable matter that has absolutely nothing to do with his books, who he is going to marry, who he is not going to marry, and what his father's views are in respect to cats and monkeys. I would venture to point out to my contemporaries that it is possible to have too much of a good thing.

Undeterred by the solemn warning of Mr. Stead, that his ghost stories had better not be read by persons of morbid excitability or of excessively nervous temperament, I took up his book at the hour which is supposed to be particularly favoured by ghosts. But what did I read? Mr. Stead is a clever journalist, and he dresses up his matter well. The matter, however, is a collection of the old old tales of the experiences of Mr. A, Mr. B, and Mrs. C—with the additional fact that Mr. Stead had a premonition that he himself would be sent to prison for his Armstrong episode, and that Mr. J. Morley would get into Parliament. I, therefore, went to bed, although of nervous temperament and of morbid sensibility, with the conviction that never yet has there been any cast-iron instance of a ghost making his appearance, and with the still stronger conviction that no ghost would ever honour me with a visit, for the very sufficing reason that there are no such things as ghosts. Astral bodies, indeed!

There are a certain number of persons who, when awake, have as little control over their imagination as when asleep. They mistake their waking dreams for realities. Others accept the hallucinations of these waking dreamers as real phenomena, and argue from them and on them. I dreamt the other night that I was reading in the *Pall Mall Gazette* an account of the suicide of Mr. John Morley. I read some five columns about this suicide. He had come to the conclusion that the Liberals would not have a majority in the next Parliament. On this he purchased laudanum for a bad tooth. He drank it, and never again woke. There was a picture of his library (as usual in these cases, not like it) where he died. After the account of his suicide, there were interviews with several persons, in which they gave their view upon the effect of Mr. Morley's removal on the prospects of the Liberal Party, and biographies of his grandmother, and of two of his grand-aunts, and of his female cat.

Now, supposing that I had elected to call this a vision, and asserted that I had not been asleep: supposing also that Mr. Morley (*absit omen!*) were in a week or two to commit suicide with laudanum, this story would take a very high place in collections of "premonition stories."

When A sees something that he takes for absent B, the explanation is simple. It was given long ago by Abercrombie, for I never yet knew a time when ghost stories were not the passion of a good many silly persons. Why do I see the pen with which I now am writing? Because it is reflected on the retina of my eye, travels up the optic nerve to my brain, and there, in some mysterious and unknown way, produces the idea of a pen. Now reverse this. I think of a pen; it travels down the optic nerve, is projected from my eye, then the projected image travels back to my brain. A sensible person is conscious of this double journey, and consequently knows that the image that he sees is not really a pen; a foolish person is not.

Hypnotism is nothing more than the power to throw an hysterical person into a state analogous to sleep—in fact, it puts to sleep the controlling faculty which enables people (who are not half crazed) when awake to distinguish between what is real and what is not real.

Winter Season, 1891.—How can last year's Sealskin Jacket be made to do duty as a fashionable garment for the Winter, 1891? Take it to The International Fur Store, either 163 or 198, Regent-street, where special attention is given to remodelling these most useful garments. Perfect fit, great attention, and moderate charges may be relied upon. The only addresses of The International Fur Store are 163 and 198, Regent-street, London, W.

For Mutual Life Assurance. The Scottish Widows' Fund Society' Accumulated Funds exceed £11,000,000.—Special Notice. Assurances, to participate in the next division of profits in respect of the year ending December 31st, 1891, should be applied for *now*. Full particulars of this great Mutual Life Office may be obtained on application to London Office, 28, Cornhill, E.C. (West-end Agency, 47, Pall Mall, S.W.)

Almost invariably, however, the hypnotiser has paid "subjects" who travel about with him, and who pretend to be hypnotised, in case there should be no hysterical persons ready to hand amongst the audience.

One reason why there are so many ghost stories afloat is that one person does not like to be outdone by another. I have sometimes found myself with ghost-seers. On these occasions I have invariably beaten them in the field of romance by capping their stories. So it was when table-turning was the rage. One could not make a call without being placed in a circle with hands extended over a table. As I found that this had to be continued until the table turned, I reduced this boredom, so far as regards time, by very soon making the table turn, and followed this by rapping out replies to questions. And I suspect that, both as to ghost stories, and as to table-turning, many do as I did.

That the Dean of Oriel College, Oxford, should object to fireworks on November 5 is comprehensible, for it is not reasonable that any College should keep up an anniversary which is an unpleasant reminder to a considerable section of Englishmen. But why should not a victory at football by the undergraduates of his College be celebrated by the discharge of a few crackers in the quad? In any case, the punishment of "gating" the entire College for the rest of the term is out of all proportion with the offence; and that the Dean has meted out this punishment proves that he is more of a schoolmaster than the Head of a College.

How it carries back those who are the reverse of young to hear of the death of Dr. Balston! In the dim and distant past he was my tutor, and he was then the most popular of the Eton Doctors. He interfered very little with his pupils, corrected their bad verses and bad themes, watched over their religious instruction by having them in his pupil-room for half-an-hour every Sunday to construe the Greek Testament, and very seldom appeared in their part of the house. The result of this was that he was regarded by them as a gentleman, and it was deemed ungentlemanly to do anything that might annoy him. As regards learning, it was considered in those days somewhat low. There was a stock of ancient themes and verses, which were common property, and which were used week after week and year after year, for the stock embraced every conceivable subject, and the etiquette of idleness was fully recognised by the masters. So long as a boy told no lies, and generally behaved himself according to the code of the school, which was a fairly high one, no master meddled with him. One code law was, that a boy ought to be flogged at least once. This operation was performed publicly. If the boy winced, there were groans of horror. Once when I was there a boy fell on his knees before Dr. Hawtrey, the Head Master, and implored him not to flog him. "By all means," replied the Doctor, "if you do not like it." I remember aiding in converting that boy into a football, for the poor wretch was kicked up and down the quadrangle for half-an-hour, because he had disgraced the school by his cowardice.

Dean Liddell leaves Oxford at Christmas, and he intends to reside permanently in the neighbourhood of Ascot. The Queen is anxious to offer a peerage to him on his resigning the Deanery of Christ Church, but there is no precedent for conferring such a distinction upon an ecclesiastic. I fancy, however, that the offer might safely be made, for, at Dr. Liddell's age, he would not be likely to accept it.

If the Christ Church testimonial to Dean Liddell proves less successful than might be desired, the reason will not be far to seek. A circular was the other day addressed by Lord Beauchamp to "undergraduates and bachelor members of the House," with the curt intimation that "You are requested to fill in the accompanying sheet of paper, which will be called for on Sunday morning." A more high and mighty formula for soliciting a subscription could hardly be devised, nor one more likely to cause men to shut up their purses.

I hear that the Queen, who is decidedly Broad Church in her views, was strongly in favour of the appointment of the Rev. Charles Gore to the Regius Chair of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, to which a Canonry of Christ Church is annexed, and his selection for that office would have been very popular in the University. Lord Salisbury, however, is understood to have represented that the appointment of Mr. Gore to the particular post would be very obnoxious to a noisy and powerful section of the High Church party, who would certainly void the vials of their wrath upon the heads of the Government whenever the General Election takes place. Canon Moberly's name had never been mentioned in connection with the vacancy, but he is a very able man, and an admirable writer, and every bit as High in his Church views as his predecessor in the Chair.

There is a great deal of grumbling among the working clergy of the diocese of Manchester, in consequence of Bishop Moorhouse having just jobbed his domestic chaplain into the valuable living of Christ Church, Heaton Norris.

The Rev. William Stanhope, who died last week, was the youngest brother of the late Lord Chesterfield. He had held the family living at Holme Lacy for many years, and he was one of the best known and most popular clergymen in Herefordshire, so that his death is much regretted in that county. Mr. Stanhope was formerly a famous cricketer, and at one time he was captain of the Herefordshire Eleven.

Dress and Habit Makers.—Messrs. John Redfern & Sons have now on view in their Show Rooms, Conduit-street and New Bond-street, a collection of original designs of outdoor Gowns, Coats Wraps, and Hats, especially prepared for the "Winter Season."

Harness' Electropathic Belt is invaluable for preventing or curing the distressing symptoms of Hysteria, "Weak Back," Internal Irregularities, and all Nervous, Organic, and Rheumatic disorders. Call or write for particulars.—Only address, 52, Oxford-st., London, W.

The universally-lamented death of Bishop Harvey Goodwin has deprived the Episcopal Bench of its most sagacious and enlightened member. The late Bishop possessed a large share of the strong, shrewd common-sense for which Archbishop Magee was so eminently distinguished, and he also shared his tolerance and his wide sympathies. Dr. Goodwin was most successful as a parish priest at Cambridge, as Dean of Ely (where he did a great deal of very useful work, and where, after the lapse of twenty-two years, he is still remembered with affection and admiration), and as the active governor of a large diocese, when he encountered (but presently vanquished) many difficulties during the early years of his Episcopate, owing to his having come to the See after a thirteen years' rule by two of Lord Shaftesbury's Puritan prelates, who had striven to impress the clergy and laity with their own narrow views. Dean Close was for some years a thorn in the Bishop's flesh, owing to his obstructive indisposition to raise Carlisle to the level of other Cathedrals.

The Bishop was a man of marked individuality, strongly intellectual, with a fruitful and logical mind, and thoroughly practical, so that he had no more sympathy with fads and sentimentalities and ritual extravangances than had Archbishops Tait and Magee. He was exceedingly popular in his diocese, for he was most considerate to his clergy, who will long deplore the loss of their charitable, sympathetic, and judicious Bishop. Dr. Goodwin dispensed his patronage very fairly, and complaints and bickerings were unknown in the diocese. He was personally a most delightful man, and he exercised quite a magnetic charm over those who were often brought into contact with him. He was always famous as a *raconteur*, and his table talk was excellent.

It was a remarkable proof of the Bishop's *savoir faire* that although he differed entirely from Archbishop Thomson on many important points, and although they were both decidedly "masterful" men, yet they always remained on the most friendly terms, and for many years Dr. Goodwin exercised a great and a most beneficent influence in the Northern province.

The rectory of Bishop's Waltham, Hants, which is worth about £1,100 a year, with house, has been placed at the disposal of the Bishop of Winchester, by the death of the Rev. William Brock, who had held this living for fifty-eight years, having been presented by Bishop Sumner, in 1833. He was long known as being one of the most prominent of the numerous Evangelical clergymen who were beneficed in Hampshire by that most fortunate of prelates, against whom it will always be remembered that he never gave any preferment to Keble, who was the glory of his diocese for forty years.

I hear that nearly every Lutheran clergyman in England applied for the chaplaincy of the German Chapel Royal, although the office is one of very small emolument. It is rather absurd that the Queen should maintain this establishment out of her Civil List for the use of the German Embassy. The chapel dates from the reign of George I., whose "lady friend" from Hanover, the Duchess of Kendal, attended service in it seven times every Sunday. The building runs into the Marlborough House grounds, and the Prince of Wales has long been anxious for its demolition. It is an establishment which is not likely to be continued in the next reign.

The Bishop of London is to be the special preacher at Westminster Abbey next Sunday, at the evening service in the choir.

The Dean of Guernsey has made a partial reparation for the scandalous state of things exposed in the recent marriage case by resigning his Deanery and the office of Commissary-General, the latter of which, it appears, he has held for forty-two years. He retains, however, the Rectory of St. Pierre-du-Bois. If a man is incapacitated by notorious infirmities for the few and formal functions of a Dean, *a fortiori* is he disqualified for the position of a parish priest. I admit, however, that in thus proclaiming that, in the Church of England, no degree of senile impotence is a bar to the occupation of a comfortable living, the Very Rev. Carey Brock has every precedent and authority on his side.

On Sunday week the Mayor and Corporation of Worcester attended the Cathedral in state, and there was a civic procession numbering many hundreds of persons, and a vast congregation, which included all the notables of the city. Will it be credited that the outcome of all this pomp and fuss was an offertory of £8. 9s. 3d.?

The Bishops of Chester, St. Asaph, and Bangor will be entitled to take their seats in the House of Lords when Parliament meets, and the next vacancy on the Episcopal Bench will be filled by the Bishop of St. Albans.

A reverend personage called Clow has been lecturing in a Free Church at Aberdeen, where he gave out that, "he was himself ashamed when in devoutly Christian men's hands he saw papers like Truth and the *World*." What Edmund can have been saying that should cause this worthy meenister to blush, I cannot tell. As regards myself, I can assure the Reverend Clow that as long as Truth continues to be seen in the hands of "devoutly Christian men" my conscience will be easy. The approval of a large number of devout Christians who read Truth weighs more with me than the disapproval of one Clow, who (presumably) does not.

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is, 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

Electric Light without Glare.—The new Patent Bead Ray Diffuser, the only possible means of preventing glare without decreasing the light, will fit on any existing electric lamp. Reduced price, 5s. each.—Rashleigh Phipps & Dawson, 53, Berners-street, W. Ivory Switches a specialty.

I have been taken to task by one or two Radicals living in the neighbourhood of Wedmore, in Somerset for the remarks in TRUTH of November 19 upon a letter written to a local paper by the Rev. Sydenham Hervey, in deprecation of the appeal of a Dissenting Minister for help for the sufferers by the floods. Mr. Hervey, I am told, is that *rara avis* a thorough-going Radical Parson. That would dispose me to look upon his letter as a temporary aberration; but it does not cause me in any way to modify my opinion of the letter. As most of my readers must well know, individuals are praised or blamed in these columns quite regardless of their politics, and the weekly issue of TRUTH would have to be much reduced in dimensions if I made no remarks upon a Magistrate, or a Parson, or other public functionary until I had first ascertained whether he was a Radical or a Tory. In justice to Mr. Hervey, I think it only right to publish the following extract from one of several letters received:—

> Mr. Hervey's parish is one of the most Tory spots in the country and Liberal meetings have constantly been broken up with brutal violence. Yet Mr. Hervey is always ready to take the chair at these gatherings, although rotten eggs and other missiles will be flying like rain. He has before now had his windows broken by his angry parishioners. On one occasion he preached a manly and straightforward sermon denouncing ruffianism of this kind; but, although no allusion was made to party politics, the principal local magnates got up and walked out of church.

Without in any way modifying my opinion of the letter which Mr. Hervey was so ill-advised as to write, I admit that this gentleman cannot justly be described as a representative of "the worst sort of clericalism." Far from it.

A highly edifying prosecution was instituted last week at Stonehouse, by the Rev. Arthur Charles Jennings, Rector of Kingstanley, who charged two women with "disturbing, vexing, and troubling him" during the performance of a funeral service. It appeared that seeing the women in the churchyard, they being friends of the deceased, the reverend gentleman went up to them and ordered them to leave, which they somewhat indignantly refused to do, and that appears to have been the whole offence, the Rector justifying his action by an appeal to "a canon of the church," which says that people shall not "idle or loiter in the churchyard during the service." The motive for his proceedings, however, is pretty evident from his admission in cross-examination, after some prevarication, that one of the defendants was "what is commonly called a Dissenter." Even the Stonehouse Magistrates could not stand this, and the charge was dismissed. I cannot say that I envy the flock which has the Rev. Jennings for its shepherd.

I am informed by the Secretary of the National Sunday League that up to November 26 nothing had been heard of any proceedings by the Lord's Day Observance Society against the Sunday concerts organised by the League; neither had any proceedings been threatened up to that day. The statements in the daily papers to the contrary effect, which I referred to in last week's TRUTH, were, therefore, clearly erroneous, though it would be interesting to know how they came to be published. It may also be taken, I suppose, that Dr. Gritton, in writing to me that he did not intend to attack these concerts at my suggestion, meant, as he appeared to mean, that the concerts are perfectly legal. I trust that it is so, but I still think that a statute which renders any Sunday entertainment illegal ought to be repealed.

I have been asked to place before my readers an appeal on behalf of the Salmon's-lane Mission, Limehouse, of which Mr. J. Blair (24, Salmon's-lane) is the secretary. Many of my readers will, doubtless, remember that this mission was one of the few honest pieces of work done in connection with Walter Austin's various concerns, and in my exposure of that rascal twelve months ago I showed, among other things, that the whole work at Salmon's-lane was done by a local committee of working men quite independently—save for the use of the hall—of Austin and the funds he received. Since Austin's disappearance the same committee have carried on the mission—the work of which comprises religious services, relief, entertainments and free meals, &c., and having seen the balance-sheet and made some inquiries on the spot, I may say that the people deserve every credit for what they have done. It shows the accuracy of my estimate of Austin's frauds in regard to this Mission, that the entire cost of the work up to date, including the rent and other expenses at the hall, has only been £86. 10s. 4½d. Towards this expenditure only £11. 13s. 6d. has been received from outside subscribers. A balance of £34 odd is due to the Treasurer, and the rest has been collected on the spot. I would respectfully suggest to some of those whom I delivered from the snares of Austin, that they should show their gratitude by assisting to help this Mission out of its difficulties.

Mrs. Norton, of Wilson House, Wilson Melbourne, near Derby, writes to me as follows. I do not know Mrs. Norton personally, but so many people are overstocked with old books which serve no purpose but to harbour dust and maggots, that many of my readers may be glad to hear of an opportunity of turning them to account:—

> Would any readers of TRUTH, interested in village life, show their sympathy by sending me any books for which they have no further use, to lend in this hamlet, which has neither school, library, nor reading-room?
>
> For years I have been in the habit of taking books round from house to house, and most eagerly my visits are welcomed, but my store—a farmhouse library is seldom a large one—is about exhausted. A few fresh volumes this winter would be a priceless boon if the books were of the right sort—not sermons or preaching books, but tales, travels, adventures, or lives of celebrated men and women. If any such can be sent, I will cheerfully pay the carriage.

A reader of TRUTH asks me to place before those gentlemen who are in the habit of distributing game at Christmas the claims of engine-drivers and firemen on railways. It is a common practice for landlords to send game to the stations where they are known. Such presents are divided by the station-masters and porters, and occasionally the guards, but engine men are always left out—although they have perhaps the first claim of all to be remembered by regular passengers. This injustice is easily remedied if the donors of Christmas-boxes will take the trouble to see to it.

MR. LITCHFIELD, Antiquarian, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, W., has the largest collection of genuine specimens of Old Furniture, rare China, Bric-à-Brac, and Objets d'Art.

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A reader high in official circles at Simla takes me to task for a paragraph "which rather scorned the idea of the Duke of Connaught's succeeding Sir F. Roberts as Commander-in-Chief in India." *Quod scripsi, scripsi,* but how scorn for anything connected with Royalty can have crept into these columns I am at a loss to imagine. By way of amends for this indiscretion, I hasten to make known that, according to my present informant, there exists a strong feeling, both in Anglo-Indian and native circles, in favour of the appointment of a Royal Prince to this post. To the question, however, whether the Duke of Connaught would, irrespective of birth, make the best Commander of the Indian Army, my correspondent does not allude, this being, I presume, a matter of unimportance.

"A Sepoy Officer" sends me the following remarks, which seem to me well worth the attention of the Indian military authorities :—

Sir,—A great feeling of unrest, verging upon discontent, is pervading the native ranks of our Bengal army. Hindustani regiments do not know if they are to be disbanded or turned into caste regiments of Rajputs or Brahmins or Hindustani Mohammedans. At present these elements are generally mixed up in regiments, but kept separate in companies, and I think the present system is the best.

Purely caste regiments are a mistake. There are good men in every caste, and it is a mistake to move about native officers, non-commissioned officers, and men from one regiment to another without good excuse. There is a strong feeling of *esprit de corps* in our Hindustani regiments, and very often our men and non-commissioned and commissioned officers refuse promotion in other regiments, and prefer to stick to their own corps in which they have served ten, twenty, or even more years. But what the men object to most is leaving their own British officers, who have been with them for years on active service and in cantonments.

I see no reason for any change in the present system. As a rule there is an excellent feeling between the different castes in a regiment. The Hindoos perform the duties of Mussulmans on Mussulman holidays, and vice versâ. Above all, these changes, unless absolutely necessary, cause great expense to the State.

I know from experience that in every Sepoy's mind doubt exists as to what is to be the future of him and his regiment. That is not a good feeling for the rank-and-file of any army to have, and the sooner such doubts are terminated one way or the other, the better.

The following document should be read as an appendix to the recent article in Truth on "The Fleecing of Tommy Atkins." This is a list of the articles with which each of the 400 or so privates in the 93rd Highlanders has been required to provide himself before sailing for India; and it should serve to bring home clearly to the public mind the perfect justice of the complaints which soldiers are continually addressing to me respecting the cost of their "sea-kit." The amount of this little bill is deducted from each man's pay during the voyage. Bearing in mind that the utmost a man can get after paying his grocery ration is 8½d. per diem, it will be seen that the kit will absorb more than half of each man's pay for the five weeks he is at sea :—

	s.	d.
1 pair serge trousers	3	9
1 serge jacket...	4	0
2 cholera belts	2	9
1 kit bag	0	10
1 cap	0	5¼
1 housewife	0	5½
2 pieces of soap	0	1¼
1 cake pipe-clay	0	0¼
1 clasp-knife	0	8¼
1 tin blacking...	0	1½
1 scrubbing-brush	0	5
	13	7

Some of the items in this list are palpable absurdities and others are most extravagantly priced. What, in the name of wonder, does a battalion want to take 400 scrubbing-brushes to sea for? Why are 400 clasp-knives required—still more 400 "housewifes," one of which articles to every two or three men ought to be an ample provision? A regulation "cholera-belt" consists, I understand, of a strip of flannel and little more, and might be provided at a profit for half the price charged. At first sight it looks a reasonable thing that a Highlander going to sea should be provided with a pair of trousers (though if his country employs him, and promises him a "free kit," and orders him to go to sea, I am entirely of opinion that his country ought to find the trews); but I am told that in the usual course nearly every man in a kilted regiment possesses one or two pairs of trousers. If he does, why should he be forced to buy more?

I would ask the reader also to remember, that as soon as the soldier lands in India, he is required to provide himself with special clothing and other articles requisite in the tropics. The burden thus imposed has been the subject of bitter complaints in these columns again and again. Can anybody with these facts before him wonder that the service is unpopular, or that Tommy Atkins considers himself swindled?

One who has suffered tells me that the barrack accommodation at Malta is deplorably insufficient, as well as insanitary, and as some of the buildings, unless I am mistaken, date from the time of the Knights of St. John, the last part of this statement need surprise nobody. The Malta Knights, being a religious body, had, I suppose, no occasion to go to church, for the lack of church accommodation at present is one of the most serious grounds of complaint. I understand that Tommy Atkins is frequently compelled to attend service in the open air, where, during the performance of his devotions, he is baked in summer and frozen in winter, which must be bad for his soul as well as his body. How much of the last grant for new barracks does Mr. Stanhope propose to spend on this station?

A severe condemnation of the hospital accommodation for infectious diseases at Aldershot appeared a week or two back in the *British Medical Journal*, and I have been asked from several quarters to ventilate the matter further in Truth. I do not know how I can do this more effectually than by reproducing the observations of my medical contemporary upon the premises at present doing duty for a "hospital" in the North Camp :—

The wooden hut which serves as an infectious hospital for the women and children was, we believe, originally a school, and is, of course, structurally unsuited for its present use. A new building on an advantageous site was recommended by a committee of officers more than two years ago, but nothing has been done. The infectious cases among men are treated in huts a stone's throw from the general wards of the station hospital. The buildings are in no way fenced, and consequently no effective isolation or control can be exercised over either acute or convalescent cases of such serious diseases as typhoid, or scarlet fever, or diphtheria.

There is not a shadow of excuse for the prolongation of this long-standing scandal. A year and a half has elapsed since Mr. Stanhope was furnished with ample means for housing the soldier whether in health or sickness, and these notorious shortcomings of the chief military camp of the kingdom should have been among the first evils

grappled with. The fact that to this day not a step in that direction has been taken is indeed a striking testimony to the paralytic incompetence of our military administration.

Few persons in the employ of the British Government have been more dishonestly dealt with than the Student Interpreters in the Levant. When this service was established in 1877, it was with the distinct understanding that after completing their probationary service, the Student Interpreters were to be appointed as vacancies occurred to the Vice-Consulates and higher Consular posts. In order to ensure efficiency, which had previously been conspicuously lacking, admission was regulated by competitive examination, and so good were the prospects held out that in the earlier examinations candidates came up by the hundred for half-a-dozen vacancies, or less.

These Levant Consulates and Vice-Consulates want thoroughly overhauling. Many are in the hands of members of families who have resided for unnumbered years in the Levant, and who are Levantines rather than Englishmen.

At the present time there has been no examination since 1888. And why? Simply because, owing to the complete falsification of the promises originally held out in regard to promotion, no vacancies whatever have occurred. In other words, for the last three years, every vacancy in the higher Consular appointments in the Levant has been filled by gross jobbery, outsiders having been introduced in place of the men who, by merit and by the terms of their engagement with the Government, had an indefeasible right to promotion. This process did not, of course, begin in 1888. Fully six years ago, a man was appointed to a Consulship who had several years previously failed to pass his examination for a student interpretership. Two of the men then passed over have since, very wisely, left the service. The appointment of the late Mr. Clifford Lloyd to Erzeroum was a similar piece of injustice. In a more recent case, a man was brought from the Chinese service, and appointed to a consulate in Egypt. The truth is that the right of jobbing is looked upon at the Foreign Office as a constitutional prerogative, and it is exercised with equal disregard of the rights of public servants and the interests of the public service.

The result of the *Plucky* court-martial strikes me as highly satisfactory. I assume, of course, that the object of appointing a court-martial was, not to ascertain why the accident occurred or who was to blame, but to find plausible grounds for exonerating the officer *primâ facie* responsible. This object has been fulfilled—I will not say to perfection, because the result could hardly deceive anybody but a baby in arms and the readers of the London Tory papers—but as well as it possibly could have been fulfilled under the circumstances.

From any other point of view than this, of course, the proceedings are a grotesque farce. The blame is shifted from Lieut. Fremantle to the "atmospheric conditions." This assumes that Lieut. Fremantle was rightly and properly ignorant of "atmospheric conditions" which made all the difference between the safety and danger of the gun practice, and which (as appeared in the course of the inquiry) were perfectly familiar to those possessing "local knowledge." If this assumption be reasonable, we must further assume that in trusting the firing to an officer justifiably ignorant of these atmospheric conditions, rather than to one possessing local knowledge, the naval authorities at Plymouth were also acting quite rightly and properly. Finally, it has to be assumed that when officers not possessing local knowledge are sent out to cope with these peculiar atmospheric conditions, no attempt should be made to warn boats within range of the peril to which they are exposed. Without these assumptions, despite the finding of the court-martial, the responsibility for this shocking accident rests primarily on the authorities at Plymouth, secondly on Lieut. Fremantle and his colleagues. The important question is, however, what do the Admiralty propose to do to prevent life being lost in future owing to these atmospheric conditions, which in the ordinary course of nature, may, I suppose, be expected to return? At present, all they propose is to hold yet one more "inquiry," which will make three.

The new Australian Squadron last month showed itself to the Tasmanians, and I have, in consequence, been favoured with the following letter from a gentleman at Launceston. I have every reason to believe the writer a perfectly trustworthy witness, and his letter furnishes a fresh proof of the unfavourable impression made on the colonial mind by what is seen of life on board Queen's ships:—

> As an old colonist and a loyal Englishman, I went to have a look at the *Ringaroowa* as she lay in the Tamar. I went on board with a feeling of pride, but it was very considerably diluted on my return.
>
> There is a screw loose somewhere in the relations of officers and crew. I made a casual remark to a seaman, hoping that the men were comfortable. I was taken aback to receive the reply that he would gladly leave the ship if he could. He went on to say that the men were treated like slaves or dogs; that they were incessantly badgered and bullied and put to unnecessary work. Three of his mates were standing by. They confirmed these statements, all telling the same story. I had no time to enter into details, even had I thought it right to do so; but the men strongly conveyed to me the impression that they were speaking what they truly felt and believed; and I hope that you will keep your eye upon this ship.

I refrained the other day, pending the official inquiry, from pronouncing an opinion on the mismanagement of the Brighton lifeboat on the occasion of the wreck at Aldrington. This wassuperfluous delicacy, for the report of Captain Chetwynd conveys a more decisive condemnation of those responsible than anything I should have ventured to say. The moral of the business is obvious. A Volunteer Lifeboat Service is as inadequate to the requirements of the present day as would be a Volunteer Fire Brigade. If help is to be rendered to the shipwrecked at any point of the coast, promptly and effectually, the lifeboats and life-saving apparatus of all kinds must be placed under the Board of Trade, and the lifeboat crews must be organised and paid like any other branch of the public service.

The Government of Bombay appears to have been guilty of some very mean, and also somewhat arbitrary, proceedings in connection with the levying of income-tax upon a prize won by a Mrs. La Mache in a Hyderabad

State lottery. Mrs. La Mache, who is a lady nurse, was charged and, after an appeal, paid Rs. 519. 8a. 9p. upon the sum of Rs. 20,000 which she had had the luck to win. She then appealed to the Commissioner of the Southern Division, and in due course received a reply that, "in accordance with the opinion expressed by the Legal Remembrancer" on a previous occasion, the amount was not taxable, and the tax paid must be returned. This was on February 8 last. Application was then made to the collector for the money, and he required affidavits and other documents to be prepared. When these were duly lodged they were returned on some quibbling pretext, and in this way Mrs. La Mache's solicitors were kept at arm's length until May 7, when the collector wrote, enclosing a Government Resolution of April 24, declaring a lottery prize assessable to income-tax, in accordance with which the repayment of the money was finally refused.

Mrs. Mache has thus been mulcted in Rs. 519 by an avowed piece of *ex post facto* legislation, which the Government of Bombay passed after their own officials had ordered the repayment of the tax. This piece of legalised robbery has been endorsed by Lord Harris, and approved, on appeal, by the Governor-General in Council. I do not, myself, in the least see why Mrs. Mache should not pay income-tax on her lottery winnings, but I see every reason why a civilised Government should not deal with its subjects in this capricious and oppressive manner, and I should think that in this view I shall have the support even of Lord Cross.

A correspondent sends me the following with reference to the Indian case mentioned in last week's Truth, in which a man, having served a term of imprisonment in default of payment of a fine, was subsequently subjected to an execution to satisfy the amount in default. It would seem that the law is the same in New South Wales, and I may hear next that it is so in England. But I venture to think that neither in England, nor India, nor New South Wales will any one be found to defend such rank injustice :—

> Strange as it may seem, an analogous case to the one you mention happened at Sydney a few years ago. A prominent politician became involved in a *cause célèbre*, and was sentenced to pay a heavy fine, or, in default, one year's imprisonment. He was obstinate enough to prefer the alternative, and "served his time" unflinchingly; but, to his intense chagrin, he was subsequently compelled to pay up the amount in which he had originally been mulcted. The case, which was considered a very hard one, attracted a great deal of attention at the time, but no change has yet been made in the law in that respect, which seems almost incomprehensible.—Yours truly, John Dawson.

Many of my readers will doubtless remember certain references in Truth during last year to the crusade of Mrs. Alice Hayes against the Calcutta Leper Asylum. Mrs. Hayes has now published an interesting little book entitled "My Leper Friends," which contains not only an account of her work in Calcutta, but many facts in regard to leprosy in India which deserve to be better known. As Mrs. Hayes has instructed her publishers, Messrs. Thacker & Co., to forward all the proceeds of the sale of the book to the Leper Fund which she started in Calcutta, and which is badly in need of support, I feel no hesitation in recommending the book to the attention of my readers.

Some two years ago I was enabled to announce with pardonable satisfaction that I had reformed the Mayor's Court. Ill weeds, however, grow apace, and this is conspicuously true of the noxious abuses which flourish in the gardens of the Corporation of London. A case has just come to light in which an unfortunate debtor let judgment go against him by default in an action in the Mayor's Court for the sum of £20. On this judgment, the plaintiff's solicitor delivered a bill of costs for £29, of which £5. 19s. 6d. was for costs "out of pocket." The bill was actually taxed at £22. 3s. 4d., still in excess of the debt. The plaintiff's solicitor, making, I suppose, a virtue of necessity, consented to take £15 in settlement; but after he had paid this sum, plus £20, the amount of the judgment, the defendant arrived home to find the bailiffs in possession, and had to pay £3. 13s. more to get these gentry out of his house.

The Court of Common Council showed a gratifying sensitiveness to my last observations upon the Mayor's Court officials and attorneys. I trust that they will take notice of the opinion which I have now much pleasure in expressing, that the above proceedings form a piece of flagitious extortion the like of which could not be perpetrated in the name of justice in any other civilised country. The repetition of such abominations after the storm of two years ago shows the hopelessness of any attempt to purify mere hot-beds of corruption like the civic institutions of London. Mending is no good for them. Ending is the only policy.

Mr. Bradlaugh would have been rejoiced by the decision of the Court of Session in favour of the Crown in the Loch Larg pollution case. The Lord Justice Clerk has upheld the judgment of Lord Kyllorchy, which gave proprietary rights in estuaries to the Crown, so that the Clyde Navigation Trustees are now prevented from polluting Loch Larg by throwing solid matter into it Mr. Bradlaugh was mainly instrumental in getting up the agitation of which this very satisfactory judgment is the issue. I hear from Edinburgh that the Clyde Trustees intend to carry the case to the House of Lords.

It is always satisfactory to see the promoter of a letter-counting competition compelled to disgorge part of his plunder, however little sympathy one may have for the particular kind of gullibility upon which he so profitably works. Mr. William Peters, of Market-street, Kettering, appears to have carried on a big business in this line; for in an action tried in the Kettering County-court last week, it was stated that since March he had paid away £2,000 in prizes, whilst his turn-over had been £5,000. In one letter-counting competition, in which the prizes promised were a piano and £50 in cash, Peters represented that 273 correct lists had been received, and a successful competitor named Thompson was offered 3s. 8d. as his share of the prize-money. Thompson claimed that he was entitled to £10, and sued Peters in the County-court, where it was elicited that of the 273 successful lists said to have been sent in 200 came from

Osler's Crystal Glass—China—Table Decorations—Lamps. Patterns or illustrations free of charge.—Osler's, 100, Oxford-street, W. Manufactory, Birmingham. Established 1807.

three of the defendant's friends. Judge Snagge refused to accept Peters's unsupported word as to the sums he alleged he had paid away in prizes, and, holding that there was no proof of more than five persons having been winners, his Honour gave judgment for Thompson for £9. 16s. 4d., the balance of a fifth of the £50. If every competitor would follow Thompson's example, the letter-counting game would soon be played out.

A week or two ago, I felt it my painful duty to stigmatise as "infatuated noodles" a trio of Justices at Littledean who had sentenced a boy of eight years old to a week's imprisonment for some trumpery offence. It seems that I might almost have applied the same term to some of the local journalists, for one of them has been at great pains to point out to me that the boy in question was not convicted, as appeared in the reports, for stealing a farthing, but for assisting to torture a cat, and that the theft of the farthing was only alleged against him when his previous character was under investigation. At the same time, it was also stated by the police that "it was reported that the boy had also killed another cat." I am sorry to disturb the Gloucestershire journalist in the comfortable conviction that on hearing of this career of crime, I should at once abandon my opinion that the Littledean Justices are "three infatuated noodles." Any man who can imagine that good can possibly accrue to a child of eight, or to society at large, from sending the child to prison, I regard as an infatuated noodle, whether he be a Magistrate or a newspaper editor. And, what is more, if I were told that the eight-year-old desperado had put a stone in a blind man's hat, or set a booby-trap for his grandmother, or even made an ugly face at the parson, I should remain of the same opinion.

I do not wish, however, to be too hard upon my Gloucestershire contemporary. Every editor must remember on which side his bread is buttered, and no doubt the three noodles of Littledean are very big pots in their neighbourhood. I can easily understand that among them they might stop the circulation of quite ten or a dozen copies of the *Gloucester Journal*. If, therefore, by mild sarcasms at my expense a calamity of this magnitude can be averted, I sincerely trust that the worthy editor will continue to blaze away at me with his biggest guns to his heart's content. Only I do hope that he will be able to refrain from suggesting again that because a trio of local Magnates are in the highest degree "respected, and deservedly so, for probity and the other qualities which mark the upright man," it follows that they are not at the same time "three infatuated noodles."

What is an "odd man" in a country-house? In a case in the law-courts, which was the result of the "odd man" at Lord Northbrook's having made up to the stillroom-maid, and then having basely gone out walking with the kitchen-maid, it was stated in evidence that this "odd man" enjoyed an income of £550 per annum from tips, most of which sum, it was explained, was lost in turf speculations. If an "odd man" in Lord Northbrook's establishment has an income of £550 per annum, besides a wage of £50 per annum, what must the place of the butler be worth? If there is a vacancy in this latter post, I trust that his lordship will give me the refusal of it.

One James Burney, a collier, twenty-five years of age, was entertained so royally by Lord Lonsdale at a rent-dinner that on the way home he fell down and died. The cause of death, in the opinion of the jury, was an "overloaded stomach from food and drink;" but the doctor seemed to think that drink had most to do with it, and the jury, in view of the fact that similar disastrous consequences have previously occurred from the feast, requested Lord Lonsdale either to put a check on the drink, or to have persons who become incapable conveyed home. That is certainly the least that he ought to do; but I should think a still better course would be to abolish the rent-dinner, and apply the proceeds in reducing the rents, when those tenants who wish to drink themselves stupid could do so at their own expense.

By the way, no statistics are forthcoming as to the exact amount of food and drink which it took in this instance to kill a North-country collier twenty-five years of age. Let me urge on the Court of Aldermen and the Livery Companies the desirability of sending a Special Commission down to Whitehaven to collect further information on this point. In view of the near approach of "the festive season," such an inquiry might be of use even outside the City of London.

The man Ernest Day has now "by the death of his mother" come into possession of portraits of the Marchioness of Abercorn and Lady Grammont, and he is once more "in straitened circumstances," and anxious to dispose of the articles at an alarming sacrifice. As far as I can calculate, Day loses his mother about once a week, and every death produces or brings him in a fresh consignment of "ancient antiques" and other artistic curiosities. I am glad to see from the number of his circulars which are sent on to me that the public is fairly alive to the fraudulent character of his operations; but that only makes it a greater scandal that he should be left to pursue his operations in peace.

The "Free Portrait" swindle is now being extensively tried upon servant girls, the masters and mistresses having been, I suppose, played out. Several circulars addressed to servants have been sent to me lately by readers in different parts of the country. The circular in question emanates from "Charles Beresford," who styles himself "President" of the "Imperial Portrait Association," Folkestone, and one of my correspondents desires to know whether I know anything of this individual and his record. I only know that "Beresford" is one of the gang who have been running this trick from half-a-dozen seaside places, and that the "Fusain Portraits," which he offers "free of charge," are precisely on a level with the "Pastel Portraits," and all the other variations in the same trick. Householders would therefore do well to warn their servants against this swindle.

Toys! Toys!! Toys!!!—Parkins & Gotto, 60, Oxford-street, W. for best Toys. Every novelty, including "The Gramophone," the new Talking Machine. Indoor games all kinds. Catalogue free.

A few months ago I published a protest from an irate householder against a new advertising dodge, in the form of a post-card addressed to the master or mistress of the house, and purporting to have been written by a friend. The card in that case celebrated the merits of a new play then running. Now, the same trick is being employed to puff the Christmas number of the *Gentlewoman*. It seems to me a nuisance without any redeeming feature, and it is astonishing that anybody should be so foolish as to suppose that an advertisement can be of the slightest commercial value when its chief effect is to produce a feeling of irritation.

With reference to a statement in last week's Truth, that goods left unsold at the recent bazaar on behalf of the Police and the S.P.C.C. had been transferred to other bazaars in which the stall-holders were interested, I am informed by the Secretary of the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children that no goods were so transferred without the consent of the donors; and the Secretary further gives a general denial to the statements of an Edinburgh evening paper respecting the bazaar. I am glad to hear this, and glad to publish it; but I must say that in my opinion when a person gives money or goods for a specific purpose, the gift ought to be rigidly applied to the purpose, and the donor ought not to have imposed upon him the odium of refusing to sanction the transfer of his contributions to some other purpose, of which he possibly disapproves.

Mr. Micklethwait, of Ardsley House, Barnsley, deserves to be held up as a pattern and example to all ratepayers. The Barnsley Guardians, after inviting tenders for the supply of milk to the workhouse, and receiving offers at the rate of 8½d., 9d., 10d., and 1s. per gallon, selected the 1s. tender, which emanated from a Mr. Hyde. Mr. Micklethwait thereupon boldly wrote to the Clerk, and asked for some explanation of this extraordinary proceeding. The answer was to the effect that the Guardians want the best article they can get, and that Mr. Hyde had supplied milk for three years to the satisfaction of everybody, and they preferred him to a stranger. Then why on earth did they incur the expense of advertising, and put other people to the trouble of tendering? Mr. Micklethwait points out, in reply, that in Leeds, Sheffield, and other Unions, satisfactory milk is obtained at from 9d. to 10d. a gallon, and that the Guardians' reply means either that they unduly favoured Mr. Hyde or that they were too lazy to test the value of the milk offered by other contractors. The same remark might be made in regard to a good many workhouse contracts, but there would be much less of such jobbery or indolence if ratepayers generally kept a sharper eye on their interests.

Bumble is, I see, beginning to feel troubled again about the supply of beer to the paupers at Christmas. There was the usual discussion on the subject at the meeting of the Halifax Guardians last week, and as the result of an appeal by the Ladies' Temperance Society the inmates of the Workhouse are to be deprived of their customary allowance of beer this Christmas. I wonder if the reflection that they have deprived these unfortunate paupers of the only luxury that Christmas was to bring them will make their Christmas the happier and the merrier?

I am firmly convinced that the worst enemies of religion are the clergy. In preparation for the School Board election, the Rev. Lincoln S. Wainright addressed a circular to his "Dear People," the parishioners of St. Peter's, London Docks. In this document the first consideration put forward is "the maintenance of voluntary schools," and the next is a threat that "the reckless extravagance now being indulged in" will become "still more reckless and profuse unless such men are returned as the one I recommend to you." These views the reverend gentleman enunciates "as your Vicar" (lest, I suppose, he should be taken for a hired electioneering agent), and then signs himself "Yours in Our Lord Jesus Christ;" after which he bethinks him of a postscript to the effect that the abolition of voluntary schools would mean an addition of £500 a year to the parish rates. The most rabid infidel would find it hard to offer a worse insult to religion than this association of the office of a priest and the name of the Saviour with the vulgarest commonplaces of an electioneering handbill.

As I anticipated, the Progressives have been defeated by the Diggleites at the London School Board, and this, I think, has been due, not so much to there being a majority in favour of Church views, but because most unquestionably the School Board has not given any evidence of financial wisdom, and the Progressives by their loose utterances induced the belief that they regarded sound finance as a mere detail. In many of our great provincial towns, education is just as good (in some better) as it is in London, and yet (after allowing for increased cost of sites for schools) it costs less per child. In addition to this there is a feeling that many of the Progressives are faddists, and want to carry out their fads at the expense of the ratepayer. Be, however, the reason what it may, it is to be regretted that the Church Party has triumphed, not on account of its principles, but on account of its being supposed that they can make a pound go further than a Progressives.

To the friends of Dr. Forbes Winslow it must be a matter for sincere regret that he has not complied with my invitation to him to contradict the statements of a contemporary respecting his connection with a Belgian mad-house. According to these statements Dr. Winslow had been issuing announcements of his readiness to certify "dipsomaniacs" as fit for admission to this establishment, and also to "arrange for the removal of the case." It is suggested in the *Hospital Gazette* that, in the event of Dr. Winslow "arranging" in this way for the transportation of a British subject to a foreign lock-up, he and the others

Christmas Greetings.—Patterns are now ready of these new and fashionable Cards for Christmas (specially printed), and will be sent post-free. A most complete collection, comprising many striking novelties.—Parkins & Gotto, Court Stationers, Oxford-st., London.

712,000 Horned Cattle Slaughtered by Armour & Co. last year. Armour's Extract of Beef retains the true flavour of fresh beef, in a more marked degree than any similar preparation.

concerned in the "arrangement" would be liable to indictment for conspiracy. How this may be I cannot say, but I should hope that we all have some legal safeguards against being kidnapped at a moment's notice by Dr. Winslow's myrmidons.

By the way, the question "Where is Mrs. Weldon?" was asked in the *Star* a fortnight ago by a lady who takes an interest in lunacy matters. From her statements it would seem that Mrs. Weldon has disappeared in a very singular and unaccountable way. After a fortnight's interval an answer appears in the same paper from a gentleman, who says that Mrs. Weldon is in a hospital in France, where she is being admirably cared for by certain "good sisters," being quite broken down in health. It may be an excess of curiosity, but I confess I should like to know more of this French hospital, and of the nature of Mrs. Weldon's ailments, as well as how she got into this hospital without any of her former acquaintances knowing what had become of her. It would be no use, of course, to ask Dr. Forbes Winslow for information on these points, as I understand that the cases which he "arranges to remove" go to Belgium, not France.

A very useful little book, called "Popular Electric Lighting," has been issued by Captain Bax, the manager of the Westminster Electric Supply Association, which contains many practical hints to users of electric light. I am inclined to think that Captain Bax a little underestimates the increased cost of electricity over gas, but I suppose that he bases his views upon actual data. In an appendix, there are estimates of the cost of wiring a house, supplying fittings, and approximate cost of current. Wiring may be well done or may be ill done, and were I a shareholder in a Supply Association, I should add to this business that of wiring. It would be an advantage to the public were the Supply Association responsible for the proper wiring, and the Association would make money in this way, even if it were to do the wiring at a moderate cost; with a view to increase the number of those taking a supply.

Here is Captain Bax's estimate for a twenty-room house:—

40 lights at 35s.	£70	0	0
4 plug lights at 35s.	7	0	0
40 fittings at 10s., including shades and lamp-holders	20	0	0
	£97	0	0

Probable annual cost of current at 8d. per unit, reckoning three hours per lamp per day, £68. 2s. 8d.

Including bedrooms, I doubt if the total hours do amount to an average of three hours per lamp. It is, however, evident that if a person's bill exceeds £2 per lamp he is (supposing that the three-hour average be not exceeded) charged too much. In this estimate I ought to add that nineteen of the forty lights are 16-candle, and, therefore, cost about twice as much as the 8-candle lamps.

Whilst Statesmen are suggesting all sorts of schemes to prevent the depopulation of the rural districts, very practical measures are already in operation down in Wiltshire for securing an abundant supply of future agricultural labour. In the report of the annual meeting of the Chippenham Agricultural Association the following appear in the list of awards:—

Premiums given by his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, K.G.—To one labourer in husbandry who has continued in the same service and brought up the largest family of children now above twelve years of age without parochial relief or the smallest amount of relief, £3. 10s.

Premiums given by Mr. R. S. Holford.—To five labourers or widows of labourers, in the employ of members of the Society, who on September 1, 1891, having the largest families under sixteen years of age, being respectably brought up by their own exertions, £2 each.

Evidently, in the opinion of the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. R. S. Holford, Hodge should be encouraged in the rearing of children in the same way as his master is in the breeding of lambs and the growth of crops.

It was once said of Mr. Canning that he could not drink a cup of tea without a stratagem, and it might as truly be asserted that Mr. Andrew Carnegie cannot walk through a village without in some manner advertising himself. Mr. Carnegie's morbid craving for publicity has brought his friend and political chief, President Harrison, into serious trouble. A fourteen-gallon cask of whisky recently arrived at New York from Glasgow, which was invoiced as having been consigned by Andrew Carnegie, of Cluny Castle, Kingussie, Scotland to Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, at Washington. Mr. Carnegie had raised as much elaborate noise as possible about his gift, and the consequences to President Harrison have been grievous. The American whisky ring are abusing him vigorously for admitting foreign spirit into the White House, and thereby casting "a deliberate slur" upon the native product; while the temperance people are vituperating him for having outraged the feelings of the whole religious community, and Mr. Carnegie is abused and derided as "a tinkling cymbal," and "a foolish Galatian."

It will be seen from the following extracts that disgust with the Chartered Company is as bitter among the Company's employés as among the deluded prospectors in Mr. Rhodes's Paradise. The writer is a young fellow in the Company's military police, and his letter is dated from Hartley Hills, September 15. The passages which I have omitted describe his sufferings from fever, and the dearth of provisions in the country:—

My last to you was written in haste on the road, and the information I then gave you was, as I since find, correct. The Company discharged every man they could, and at the end of our two years we shall all have to go. C troop is broken up, thirteen being left. Eight are here and the rest are at Salisbury. A, B, and F troops have virtually been disbanded, and in my mind they are slowly turning us into a kind of civil police. We were a day at Salisbury when we were ordered out here to do duty under the Magistrate, Major Forbes. The famed Hartley Hills are only two insignificant little granite kopjes, with the Rivers Zimbo and Umfuli on either side, where there is plenty of fairly-thick bush. Judging from the look of the country I should say it would well uphold the reputation it has of being one of the worst fever places in Mashonaland. We took eleven days to get here, and had to offload eight times . . . .

Salisbury, since I last saw it, has grown into a straggling village, with butcher's shop, a billiard saloon, hotel, and ginger-pop shops, but, so far as I could see, there was no business doing and no money in the town. How we shall pull through the rainy season I do not know. At the present price of provisions it will take all one's savings to feed one, and yet it is of no use going down country. I shall stick it out and see how things go. Now the Company have done with the police, they are trying to get as much

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Mrs. Spencer Brunton and Children have left 84, Brook-street, and will be at 9, Seymour-street, Portman-square, for the winter. Will friends kindly take this notice of change of address, as time will not admit of writing to each separately.

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

as possible out of us. They actually want to make us pay for the things we were ordered to leave behind on our Manica patrol, and have taken away the ten claims they gave us in that country. We have done their work for them and can now go to the d——l. In my opinion, nothing will be done for a year or two, and then moneyed men will be wanted. At present this is no place for a man wanting work, he would starve instead.

The anniversary of the occupation of Mashonaland was celebrated by a public dinner at Salisbury, and, judging from a report of the proceedings which appears in the *Cape Argus*, Mr. Rhodes and his brother directors must have heard some very unpleasant truths on that occasion. As a sample of the prevailing spirit, I quote the following from the speech of Mr. Bird, who proposed the toast of the evening. It would be difficult to find a more striking corroboration of what I have had the pleasure of saying about the tyranny exercised by the Rhodes ring:—

Individuals were leaving in large numbers, disheartened and disgusted. He attributed it to a want of faith in the word of the Company (hear, hear). He was not against officials, but the policy of the Company. If the Company could not stand, they could and would. They were not dummies of the Company, nor damned political puppets; but they were harried and treated as if not wanted in the country at all (much cheering). . . . . He quoted the counterfoil of prospectors' licences which they signed [to the effect that obedience is undertaken without question, and disobedience incurring removal from the country], also a notice at Zimbabye. Let them have a country they could feel free in, and not a power that said, "You're a set of d——d slaves, and will be kicked out if you don't fight" (great applause). . . . . Mr. Rhodes was said to be coming. If this unbearable policy was continued—if Mr. Rhodes thought himself Czar and would trample on them—he would be greatly mistaken (cheers). The Company was the biggest factor here, but not the only one. Already it was being asked, when would the British Government step in and take over the country (great applause)?

Balaam went out on a donkey to curse, and he blessed. Lord Randolph Churchill went to the Promised Land on a mule to bless, and he curses. Here is his opinion (*Daily Graphic*, November 30) of the Rhodian Paradise:—

Where, then, I commence to ask myself, is the much-talked-of fine country of the Mashona? Where is "the Promised Land" so desperately coveted by the Boers? On the low veldt, where the soil is of extraordinary fertility, fever and horse-sickness afflict human beings and exterminate stock; on the high veldt, where neither of these evils extensively prevails, the soil is barren and worthless. . . . . Having now travelled upwards of two hundred miles through Mashonaland, I have, as yet, seen no place suitable for prosperous European settlements.

The following very extraordinary statement is sent to me by a late resident in Natal. The state of things described by my correspondent is so amazing that I find it difficult in believing that it can be really accurate. If, however, it is, we must take it that to all intents and purposes slavery still exists in Natal, and, what is more, we British taxpayers seem to be maintaining gunboats and cruisers on the African coast not for the purpose of suppressing the slave trade, but for that of diverting the cargoes of slavers to the British colonial market. It will be admitted, I assume, on all hands that such an allegation calls for denial or explanation without loss of time:—

In your paper of November 11 I saw a paragraph about masters and servants in Natal, which brought to my mind a matter which I have often wished to place before the public in England since I left that country.

Before I went to Natal, I was always under the impression that when our war-ships captured cargoes of slaves the latter were set free at once, or as soon after as possible. But such is not always the case. Captured slaves are frequently, if not always, taken on board and landed at the nearest British port—say, for argument's sake, Durban, Natal. When landed they are taken to the police station, and kept in prison till a certain day named by the local authorities. The announcements are then published, by crier and otherwise, that on such and such a day so many captured slaves will be distributed to any one requiring servants for a certain number of years. The only qualification necessary in order to obtain such servants is a position of respectability in the locality, such as belonging to some profession, or trade, or possessing independent means.

Now, suppose I require a servant. I sign a paper before the Magistrates agreeing to take so-and-so for so many years, and feed and clothe him or her; and, although I am supposed to treat such "servant" well, I can practically do very much as I like with him, short of murder. Should the unfortunate native get tired of being bullied, and run away, I simply notify the police authorities to that effect, and they send out their native police in search of the runaway, who generally takes shelter in the nearest kraal. On being captured, he is brought back to the police station, flogged, and returned to me—his master. Should my "servant" do anything I think wrong, I can also have him flogged by the police at any time.

In my humble opinion, the condition of this "servant" is still one of slavery, though, perhaps, in a mitigated form. Too often slaves captured by our men-of-war must find that they have simply jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire.

I regret to find that I, inadvertently, did an injustice last week to the memory of the late Mr. Gundry, of The Hyde, Dorset, by the remark that his death will be a great loss to the Tories. Although, in 1886, Mr. Gundry took his stand with the Liberal-Unionists, he consistently declined to vote Tory, and he subscribed to both the West Dorset and Bridport Liberal Associations up to the time of his death. Mr. Gundry's objection to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme was based solely upon the Land Purchase Bill, and it may be safely assumed, therefore, that, like the few other really honest Liberal-Unionists, he would not have prolonged the difference between himself and his former Party after seeing a more objectionable Land Bill than Mr. Gladstone's carried by the Tories.

While the Premier and the papers are filling up the vacancy in the Paris Embassy, I want to ask a harmless general question which can offend no one. It is this—Do Ambassadors earn their oats? Could not we get men to "lie abroad for the good of their country" a great deal cheaper, and would not they "lie" just as well? Or, to go one step further, might not these excellent men just as well "lie" at home and cost nothing? England has really very little, properly-speaking, diplomatic business to do, and, if she could only be persuaded not to meddle with matters which do not concern her, she would have still less.

My idea would be to amalgamate the Diplomatic with the Consular Service. I would have a representative of England at every foreign capital. He might call himself "Ambassador" or "Consul," just as his wife pleased. Or he might be Consul every morning from ten to one, and, after an hour for lunch, Ambassador every afternoon from two to four. But in any case he should discharge the duties both of Ambassador and Consul. At present the men (great or little lords, as the case may be) whom we send to feast and fiddle in foreign capitals get very large salaries. Our Paris popinjay costs us £9,000 a year. My man, my Consul in the morning and Ambassador in the afternoon, should have £1,000 a year, not a penny more; but then he would not be expected to be a popinjay, or to feast or fiddle, but only to do his work. I think you can get very good men, indeed, for a thousand a year—young men with some life and

The Rough Weather Tailors, for both ladies and gentlemen, are to be found at Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

A very handsome solid leather Portmanteau, suitable for Christmas present, to be sold cheap. Silver and ivory fittings, complete. Goes under nearly all railway seats. Worth, retail, £35. Never used. Price, £20.—Address, S. A., care of Mr. Mills, 3, Old Jewry, E.C.

vigour and power of work in them, men of from about thirty to thirty-five, the sort of man who is made manager to a tram-car or omnibus company, but perhaps a little better educated. A good Civil Service clerk, thoroughly well up (such men are to be found) in the language of the country to which he was to be sent, would be my ideal. I really think that the proper business interest of England on the Continent would be better served by men of that stamp than by the magnificent (always elderly, usually half-played-out) personages whom we now send, at preposterous salaries, to make a splash in foreign capitals, and to dine out and give balls for the honour of England.

It may be objected that great foreign statesmen would look down upon my thousand-a-year-Civil-Service-clerk Consul-Ambassador. Oh, no! By the time a man has risen to be a great statesman, whether foreign or British (unless his name happens to be Chamberlain), he has usually ceased to be a snob. He does not care a farthing what is the pay, or what is the title or dignity, of the man properly accredited to him to do business in the name of a foreign country. Never fear. The great foreign statesmen would be perfectly civil to my thousand-a-year Britisher. They might hustle him, perhaps? Well, that would depend upon the Britisher. I think I could get men for a thousand a year who would not let themselves be hustled. Manliness is not a matter of pay or position, but of constitution and character. So, likewise, are brains. I have known commercial travellers whom not even Lord Halsbury in all his glory could hustle, or Sir Charles Russell with all his acuteness confuse.

The plain truth is (if people could only be got to recognise it, but people never do notice the sun until it has been up some time), that the day of gorgeous embassies is over, that the use of gorgeous ambassadors is gone. Their use ceased really with the French Revolution. Since then the world, even in Monarchical countries, has become democratised. It was all very well to send a gorgeous personage to the Court of Louis XIV. or Louis XV. Then the fiddling and the feasting, and, generally speaking, the Lord-Mayor-show line of country was real business. Royal mistresses had to be got at, Royal favourites smoothed down. But nowadays, when Princes are only vicious privately, and when their favourites are usually persons of a low class in society, and when, moreover, Princes, even in the most so-called autocratic countries, have mighty little real influence one way or another upon the course of events, all this splash is thrown away. The day of intrigues is gone by, and so is the day of theatricals in public affairs. We no longer want intriguers or play actors for Ambassadors, but simply plain, able, honest men of business, and these, I maintain stoutly, can be got of "superior quality," quite cheap. In the name of common-sense, then, let us get them, and use them.

There remains, of course, the further question whether England has any real need of Ambassadors at all, any real interest whatever in Continental affairs, any business to have a finger in the Continental pie, or any chance of ever pulling a plum out of it. This is a question which I leave to some future philosopher. There is no use discussing it while Lord Salisbury is in office, and while our "Great Indian Empire" lies like a perpetual night-mare, caused by Welsh rabbit (I know people spell it "rare bit," but they do not know what they are talking about), eaten just before going to bed, upon the British chest. Possibly, if we were once well rid of Lord Salisbury and of India we might do without Ambassadors altogether, and live happily ever after.

The "Junior Conservative Club, Albemarle-street," appears to be reduced to more dire straits than most of the touting Tory pot-houses. Numerous circulars issued by the Secretary have been sent to me lately by people who (very justly) regard it as an insult to be asked to connect themselves with such a concern. From this document it appears that even the humble guinea a year is too much for Junior Conservatives, who are invited to avail themselves of the club privileges "at a moderate subscription." From his coyness about naming a definite figure it may be inferred, I suppose, that the proprietor of the house is ready to take anything he can get.

From some humorous remarks in the Sunderland *Echo*, I learn that the Houghton-le-Spring Division Liberal-Unionist Association, which held its annual meeting last week, has for its president Lord Durham: for the chairman of the executive council Lord Durham's chief agent: for the vice-chairman Lord Durham's head viewer: and for its secretary one of Lord Durham's clerks. Truly, a weighty and representative organisation! And yet I am told that, somehow, Liberal-Unionism doesn't seem to be making much more headway in Houghton-le-Spring than in any other localities. I wonder, now, whether the H.-L.-S. D. Liberal-Unionist Association comprises anybody else besides the above four officers; and, if so, in what relation the rest of the Association stands to the Durham interest?

I, for one, admired Mr. Balfour's address at Glasgow, and to a considerable extent I agreed with it, for I have always been a follower of the philosopher Balfour, although not of the statesman Balfour. As a statesman he is a humbug; as a philosopher, he is an anti-humbug. I see no reason to suppose that the human race will ever progress. It may, or it may not. Experience tells us that there is an ebb and flow, and the experience of the past is the only guide to the future. I confess that I am not one of those who trouble themselves greatly about what will happen in this planet in a hundred years from now. We shall all be somewhere else, and those who will be here are not yet born. The business of a reasonable man is to use his best endeavours for the progress of the generation in which he finds his lot cast, and if, when that generation disappears, it leaves the world in a better situation than it was before it appeared on the scene, it has done all that can be required of it.

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No Home Rule Bill, said Mr. Balfour at Edinburgh, is worth discussing unless it recognises and provides for the claims of Ulster. Evidently, Mr. Balfour is of opinion that the Leader of the present House of Commons has some mysterious power of veto upon discussion, both in the House and out of it. What, however, does he mean by the claims of Ulster? Ulster has sent a majority of Home Rule Members to Parliament; its claim, therefore, is for Irish Home Rule. What the precise details of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure will be I do not know. Personally, however, I have always thought that Home Rule ought to include County Government, and County Government of a far wider kind than that accorded to England in the sham County Government Act of Mr. Balfour's party. Everything that only locally affects Ireland should be decided by an Irish Parliament, with the proviso that everything which only locally affects an Irish county should be decided by the Council of that county.

Mr. Richard Power, whose death is just announced—or, rather, Dick Power, as he was universally called—was one of the most popular of the Irish Members. Under the Parnell régime he was the principal Whip of the Party. I remember talking to him about his standing by Mr. Parnell as we were going down together to the last Derby, and I gathered from him that, as Whip, he thought that this course was the most honourable. He was a good judge of a horse—for having gone into the paddock, he told me to back for a place an animal whose name I had never heard, and which was hardly in the betting, for he liked its form—and this animal was amongst the first three. Mr. Power was only married a fortnight before his death.

When I was on the war path in East Dorset, the estimate of the Liberal and Tory chances, I was told, stood thus: There were 4,000 for us, and 4,000 for the Tory. In Poole there were about 500 voters who did not seem to be strong politicians, and who, in the days when Poole and Wareham formed a borough, were understood to have been bribed by one side or the other. These worthy gentlemen could turn the election as they pleased. On my return to London I therefore reported that we should lose the election, for these 500, or a considerable portion of them, would insist upon getting something in meal or in malt, and, as we do not have recourse to these means to awaken zeal, they were not likely to get it from us. Two days before the election I read that there had been a considerable amount of drunkenness amongst these patriots. On reading this, I felt confirmed in my former estimate of the result. Things turned out precisely as I anticipated. The rural districts went heavily for us. This was counteracted by Wimborne, Wareham, and one or two other little towns giving a majority against us, and the Poole 500 clenched the Tory victory. The Church and the pot-house have been too much for us.

About a month ago, I called attention to the fact that the Birmingham Tories had entirely ignored the existence of the Liberal-Unionists when making their arrangements for last week's glorification of Lord Salisbury. It was to be a purely Tory orgie, but this did not suit Mr. Chamberlain, who, I hear, managed either to wheedle or to bully the local leader of the Tories into giving the Liberal-Unionists an adequate part in the programme. A large and influential section of the Tories are infinitely disgusted at finding that their leaders have become mere parasites of Mr. Chamberlain, and they took no part in the proceedings, and are now in a state of exceeding dissatisfaction.

Funny, indeed, were the proceedings of the "Conference of Conservative Associations" at Birmingham. They voted in favour of the maintenance of the Welsh Church; they voted against one man one vote; they voted against any alteration in the registration laws which would give artisans votes who are now deprived of the franchise owing to their having to follow their trade from place to place; they voted in favour of a duty on corn; they voted for illiterate voters being disfranchised, and being replaced by women with property; they voted for the State spending some millions in purchasing from the landowners land which is unsaleable; and they voted against Mr. Balfour's proposal to give local self-government to Ireland.

When the fry of Rankins, Tippers, Ansties, Charleys, and Bakers, and other unknown Tory minors had thus disported themselves, Lord Salisbury made a speech to them, in which he did not conceal from them that he regarded them as about the silliest fish that had ever come together, even at a Conservative conference, and made it perfectly clear to them that they might vote for what they liked, but that he was their master, and intended to remain so. To this speech they all listened submissively, and sang "For he's a jolly good fellow" at the bidding of the Home Secretary.

I have read the correspondence that has passed between Mr. Caine and Mr. Tillett, and I am surprised that the latter does not accept the proposal of the former. If Mr. Tillett and Mr. Illingworth both stand in West Bradford, the seat will very possibly be lost. If Mr. Caine and Mr. Blatchford both stand in East Bradford, the probabilities are that Mr. Caine will get in, but it is also very possible that both may be defeated. Under those circumstances Mr. Caine offers to withdraw, so that, whilst West Bradford is contested by Mr. Illingworth, a Labour candidate should be supported by the entire Liberal Party in East Bradford. As there is not the remotest chance of a Labour candidate being returned in both East and West Bradford, it seems to me that the proposal is not only to the advantage of the Liberal Party, but also of the Labour Party, all the more as the latter consists of men who are Liberals *plus* Labourites.

In one week Mr. Chamberlain has left a Party, joined a Party, and again left a Party, leaving himself suspended between two Parties like Mahommed's coffin

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between the floor and the ceiling. "I neither look for nor desire re-union," were his words at the Salisbury symposium, and a day later Mr. Balfour, alluding to this declaration, solemnly received him into Tory grace. But Mr. Chamberlain soon changed his mind. His words had, he said, been misunderstood. A Liberal he was, and a Liberal he intended to remain. He would not take a Tory post, if it was offered to him (which it was not). All that he had meant was that he would not join the Liberal party so long as it embraced Irish rebels and English nihilists. If these disturbing elements were eliminated, he saw no reason why he should not join the "moderate Liberals" that would remain. Possibly, there might be a split over Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, and, if so, he would be ready to lead any Liberals who might hoist the rebel flag.

The explanation is to be found in Mr. Chamberlain's position at Birmingham. Liberal-Unionism, he knows, will disappear with the General Election everywhere outside Birmingham. He is quite acute enough to perceive the coming doom, and is anxious, ratlike, to swim from the sinking ship. Whether he would return to the Liberal fold if he could, I do not know. But the gate is shut to him, and will only be opened when he appears before it in sackcloth and ashes, contrite and submissive. This he is not prepared to do. Perforce, therefore, he has to pass through the other gate, or to become a waif and a stray. He is anxious to enter the Tory fold, for he has so high a notion of his abilities that he thinks that, once inside, rubbing fleeces with the Tory sheep, he will soon become their leader. He, therefore, made the announcement at the Tory gathering, that he renounced us and all our works. But the Birmingham Liberals who have followed him up to now were not prepared to follow him into the Tory fold. This was explained to him. The *Birmingham Post* impressed the lesson on him. He realised, therefore, that to become a Tory in name, as well as in deed, was to lose Birmingham, and, if Birmingham deserted him, where was he? Therefore he recanted his recantation under a flood of phrases about moderate Liberals, English Nihilists, Irish rebels, and anticipations of the Liberal Party—or, rather, as he put it, the respectable portion of it separating itself from that most disreputable of men, Gladstone, in order to follow the erratic Joseph.

It really signifies very little whether he supports the Tories outside the fold, with the object, as he explains in his recantation, of betraying them on the first fitting opportunity, or whether he supports them inside the fold. The Tories do not trust him any more than we trust him. They know, as we know, that his aim is to use either one party or the other for the exigencies of his own ambition. An organ-grinder once bought a big and vicious monkey to dance to his organ. Some weeks later the man and the monkey were in the streets, but the monkey was grinding the organ and the man was dancing. This is what would happen, if Mr. Chamberlain were received into either the Liberal or the Tory Party. He would grind, and the Party would be expected to dance to his tune. If the Party did not accept this arrangement, he would do his best to smash the organ.

No one is a greater admirer than I am of Mr. Chamberlain as a speaker; but, like many people, he speaks above his ability in other things. He is always intriguing, but so grossly and clumsily, that, as an intriguer, he is a failure. He does not understand men, and is ever getting into a mess in his dealings with them, by making it too apparent that he regards them as pawns in his game. His head is full of schemes; but they are usually wild and unpractical. If his friends do not accept them as divine inspirations, he seeks to trip up his friends. No scheme that he has not originated meets with his approval, because it is not his. Mr. Morley converted Mr. Chamberlain; Mr. Schnadhorst rocked his political cradle. They have both withdrawn their fostering care from him, and the poor man flounders in the mud, getting deeper and deeper in it every day. I feel a sort of pity for him. In his own interests, therefore, I would advise him to place himself frankly in the hands of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour. As a statesman he has proved a dismal failure; as a speaker, speaking from a brief, much might be made of him. He would possibly lose his hold on Birmingham, but the Tories might find him some safe little rotten constituency that would accept him.

Mr. Chamberlain is under a perfect illusion as to the front Opposition Bench being reserved to Privy Councillors. In the days of Pitt and Fox there was one Bench for Privy Councillors, and those adhering to the Government and those opposed to it sat cheek by jowl on it. This was deemed inconvenient, and the Opposition Leaders took the Bench opposite; but there is no order of the House limiting occupancy of this Bench to Privy Councillors, or, indeed, to ex-Members of a Government. As a matter of courtesy, all who have belonged to the ex-Government are left in possession of it, because they are deemed the leading Members of the Opposition. The real title, however, to a seat is being opposed to the Government *in esse*, and expecting to be included in the Government *in posse*.

This is what Sir Erskine May says on the subject:—

> In the Commons no places are particularly allotted to Members; but it is the custom for the front bench on the right-hand of the chair to be appropriated for the members of the Administration, which is called the Treasury or Privy Councillors' Bench. The front Bench on the opposite side is also usually reserved for the leading members of the Opposition, who have served in high offices of State; but other members occasionally sit there, especially when they have any motion to offer to the House.

If, therefore, this Bench is occupied to the exclusion of Mr. Chamberlain, he will find it difficult to show the House that those on it who are not Privy Councillors must give place to him.

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At present Mr. Heneage, Sir Henry James, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Chamberlain endeavour to convert the end of the bench towards the gangway into their private property. It is amusing to watch them: if Mr. Heneage is seated, and either Lord Hartington or Mr. Chamberlain makes his appearance at the Bar, Mr. Heneage strolls out of the House, trying to look as though he had been called outside. If Sir Henry James is the occupant, he does this for Lord Hartington, but not for Mr. Chamberlain. No matter how crowded the Bench may be, Mr. Chamberlain walks to it, and squeezes himself in, to the manifest discomfort of his neighbours; indeed, so far as I have been able to make out, Sir Charles Russell is the only man on whose knees Mr. Chamberlain is afraid to perch.

SCRUTATOR.

WELLS OF MONTE CARLO.

SOME very remarkable statements appeared a week or two ago in the *Evening News and Post* concerning the gentleman named Wells, whose astonishing performances at Monte Carlo have been on several occasions chronicled in the daily press. I have myself from time to time given expression to my doubts respecting the "system" which Mr. Wells was reported to be working, and by means of which he was said to have amassed some fifty or sixty thousand pounds. Gladly would I have learned more of Mr. Wells and his operations, but by no inquiry could I discover either the gentleman himself or anybody who had ever set eyes on him, whether at Monte Carlo or in England. The *Evening News and Post* is more fortunate. Some one upon its staff has seen, or professes to have seen, Wells of Monte Carlo, and describes his personal appearance, habits, and history. And here comes the extraordinary part of the business. Wells of Monte Carlo, as described by the *Evening News and Post*, is clearly and unmistakably *my* Wells—"C. Wells, C.E."—the lying, swindling, bogus patentee whose frauds have been dealt with in TRUTH at intervals extending over the last two years, and one of whose latest performances was the subject of an article in these columns so recently as November 19. I hasten to say that I do not for a moment adopt this account of Mr. Wells of Monte Carlo. The editor of the *Evening News* was evidently unaware of the gravity of the libel which he was publishing upon this gentleman, he not being familiar, I suppose, with the reputation of Wells of Great Titchfield-street. My position is different. Knowing the latter gentleman thoroughly, I am bound to assume that a most lamentable mistake has been made by my contemporary; and that Wells of Monte Carlo, the honest gambler, and Wells of Great Titchfield-street, the fraudulent patentee, are two distinct individuals. My first object, in fact, in referring to this matter at all, is to call the attention of Wells of Monte Carlo, to the unfortunate confusion which has occurred respecting his identify, and to place at his disposal the columns of TRUTH for the purpose of vindicating his reputation.

It is necessary, however, to face the contingency of this invitation being overlooked or declined by Mr. Wells of Monte Carlo. I say this in view of the fact that something like a fortnight has elapsed since the paragraph in question appeared in the *Evening News and Post*, without any contradiction having appeared from the gentleman thus maligned, and this notwithstanding references to the matter in other papers during the interval. Though little is publicly known of Wells of Monte Carlo, it is evident that he is a gentlemen of a singularly retiring nature, only too ready to hide his brilliant light under a bushel. He made his pile at Monte Carlo in the most unobtrusive way. Though the amount of his winnings was instantly cabled all over the world, there is no reason to believe that this advertisement emanated from any other quarter than the Casino directorate, or that it was anything but distasteful to the hero of the hour. His triumph complete, Mr. Wells instantly sought the retirement of private life. He did not attempt to set the Thames on fire, or cut a figure at Marlborough House. I dare say that when he is again found, he will be taking it easy in some quiet lodging at Herne Bay, or wheeling his own perambulator round Regent's Park. One expects this sort of thing from real greatness. But that is just why I say that we must be prepared for Mr. Wells missing this present reference to him, just as he has remained in blissful ignorance of the terrible liberties that gossip has been taking with his name. In view of that possibility, I would earnestly ask any one who knows Mr. Wells's present address to communicate with the Editor of TRUTH without delay. Failing his present address, I shall be glad to hear from anybody who has ever seen him anywhere, or can tell me where he ever was to be found. It might even be of some use if I could find somebody who knows somebody else who once knew him. In a case of this kind what you want is to get a clue. I must repeat that it is a very serious case. At least a dozen solicitors whose clients have been duped by Wells, C.E., have written to me to know whether I can put them on the track of Wells of Monte Carlo. Ladies and country clergymen who have invested money in Wells's patents are making pathetic inquiries of me whether Wells has patented his "infallible system," and as to their right in that event to participate in his winnings. Others, again, denounce Wells, knowing only one, as though he had obtained their modest savings by false pretences, and then gone and made a fortune at Monte Carlo with the proceeds. These are very terrible accusations to be brought against an innocent man—and all the more so if the innocent man is, as Wells of Monte Carlo appears to be, quietly luxuriating in his newly-won wealth, all unconscious of the storm brewing over his head. Let no one think, therefore, that I have any indirect or sinister motive in endeavouring to discover Wells of Monte Carlo. It is for his own sake that this gentleman should be induced to withdraw from his present obscurity.

MINTON'S (Limited).—MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

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THE MAIDEN MALGRÉ.

During the last week or two my letter-box has exhibited a very singular phenomenon. A large number of letters have reached me, all dealing with the same subject, and all bearing evidence of having been first addressed to the Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, and secondly re-addressed to me. Far from feeling hurt, as some editors might, at this last circumstance, I take it as a compliment to my superior sagacity. I have accordingly been carefully through the whole correspondence. It is not for me to criticise the way in which any of my contemporaries perform their duties; but what the Editor of the *Chronicle* was thinking of when he rejected these contributions—if he really did reject them—in favour of some of the matter to which he has given publicity, I am at a loss to imagine. It seems to me that I have got the grain while the *Chronicle* has got the chaff. I may, of course, be mistaken, but here are one or two samples to speak for themselves:—

Constitutional Club, London, S.W., November 15, 1891.

Sir,—I have read with much amusement the correspondence in the *Daily Chronicle* on "Marriageable Women," and the reason why they don't marry. It seems to me that women want to eat their cake and have it too. Look around you, and you see on all sides women crowding into employments and professions that used to be reserved for men. They work for half or a quarter the wages that men expect. They consequently lower the standard of pay all round—even in occupations which they do not themselves take to, because the men driven out of one employment must, of course, increase the competition in others.

The women seem to think this is a very good thing for them. The cry is all for keeping up the process, and opening more employments to them. Quite recently lady doctors, lady barbers, and lady gardeners have appeared on the scene. We shall soon have lady tailors, lady dentists, and lady lawyers. Very good. I don't object. Only don't let the ladies then begin to grumble because there are no male doctors, barbers, gardeners, tailors, dentists, and lawyers left to marry them.

Take my case. I am thirty-five. I am something in the ——— Department at £250 a year—pretty high up, you see; so high, in fact, that it has taken me fifteen years to get there, and the chance of getting higher is remote. If there were no lady clerks in this department, I reckon the minimum salary paid would be about double what it is, and that the salaries all up would be raised thirty or forty per cent. If they were, I might have been married some time ago. As it is, I am not. On the whole, I don't regret it: I am very comfortable as I am. If you doubt me, come and dine here one day next week, and have a look round. But it *does* amuse me to see the women who are crowding half of us out of work, and cutting down the screws of all the rest, raising such an outcry because they can't get married nowadays. It only shows you what fools women are.—Yours truly, Benedictus.

The following letter approaches the subject from a totally different standpoint:—

The Dovecot, Streatham, Tuesday.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I saw in your paper a letter from "A Father of Eight," who seems to be puzzled because none of his girls get married, so I thought I would write and ask you to put one or two questions to him. Has he ever *tried* to get them married, I should like to know? If so, how? And what has the Mother of the same Eight done? How many *marriageable young men* do they ask to their house in the course of a month? How many dances do they give in the year? Do they every take the Eight out to any place where there is a chance of meeting *anybody worth knowing?* Do they always give their girls new frocks when they have invitations to go out, or does the Father of Eight shake his head and lock up his cheque-book, *like some fathers I know*, so that his girls have to stop at home rather than go out when they are not fit to be seen?

The reason I want you to ask this, Mr. Editor, is that I am one of five daughters, all unmarried. Our ages are sixteen to twenty-five. All my sisters are *good-looking*. I don't know whether I am, so I enclose my photograph that you may judge for yourself. [Most undoubtedly.—Ed. Truth.] If anybody were to ask why none of us get married, I should answer, how *can* we get married? There's nobody to marry us. Pa doesn't know more than two single men, and one of them *squints* and the other has red hair and is forty-seven. Just think, *forty-seven!* We scarcely ever have a party, except dinner-parties of old fogeys, some of Pa's City friends. Last winter we might have gone to lots of parties, but Pa would only give us *one new frock* each, and we had to refuse more than half our invitations. And if we do go out and meet men who are *nice*, what are we to do? We can't ask them to come and see us. Even if you were so beautiful that every man fell in love with you at first sight, you can't expect him to *propose* to you at first sight, can you? And if he never sees you again, what is the use of his falling in love with you?

The other day Pa actually complained of having such a lot of girls in the house. And what do you think he went on to say? "Why couldn't some of us get some teaching or some other work to fill up our time and help pay for our clothes?" Does he think that would help us to get married, I wonder? I don't know any governesses that ever get married, and how should they? But that's just like Pa. I can quite imagine him sitting down to write to the papers about his girls not getting married, while all the time he has never given them a chance—not a chance.

Hoping, Mr. Editor, you will excuse this *awfully* long letter, and thanking you for giving us poor girls a hearing, I remain, yours very sincerely, A Sister of Five.

It may possibly be thought that the troubles of the five damsels, whose sad case is described in the last letter, are due to their brotherless condition. In order to correct that idea, I subjoin a letter from another young lady:—

Hampstead, November 21.

Dear Sir,—I see that your correspondents are discussing the question, why middle-class girls do not marry. Permit me to say that in nine cases out of ten the fault lies with their brothers. If they choose, brothers can do more than anyone else to introduce their sisters to marrying men. How many ever do it? I should say, judging from my own experience, none.

But that isn't all, sir. It is a fact, which I also know from my own experience, that brothers often spoil their sisters' chances of getting married—either from sheer stupidity or deliberate malice. In our house we have three sisters and two brothers. If men are staying in the house, or drop in of an evening, as they sometimes do, our "boys" are never happy till they have got those men out of the drawing-room into the smoking-room. I have heard my brother Fred come into the drawing-room two or three times in the course of half-an-hour with "Now, old man, aren't you coming down to have a weed?" I assure you, sir, the "old man" didn't want to have a weed. We girls knew perfectly well what he wanted. He wanted Madoline, my second sister, and I believe it was entirely owing to Fred's stupid chaff and interference that he didn't propose to her before he was called away to New York on business. As it is, he may never see her again.

There are many brothers who never speak of their sisters to their male friends except in deprecatory terms. I know one case in which a girl's engagement—a very nice girl she was, too—was broken off entirely by the fault of her brother, who had a grudge against her because she had been rather severe on some of *his* failings.—Yours truly, Mabel.

Here, again, is another letter, which sets forth quite a different side of this complicated question:—

Sir,—If middle-class fathers really want to know how to get their daughters off their hands, I can very soon enlighten them. Let them contrive to make some provision for their girls on marriage. Are there any cases on record of a decent-looking girl with a thousand or two of her own, or a father ready to settle a hundred a year on her, being unable to find a husband? I doubt it. There are in and around London at this minute hundreds, if not thousands, of men between twenty-five and forty, earning their two or three hundred a year, who would be only too happy to marry to-morrow if they could find girls to suit them, and possessed, at the same time, of enough to furnish a house and pay for the honeymoon, and to dress themselves and the first baby upon afterwards. I could introduce you, sir, to a dozen such men to-morrow from my own acquaintance. But I defy anybody to find the girls.

When I first interviewed the gentleman whom I hope one of these days to make my father-in-law, a gentleman with four children, and living up to £1,000 or £1,200 a-year, he said to me, "She'll make you a good wife, Jackson, I am sure, and I believe you will make her a good husband. And as soon as you can show me that you are netting a clear £500 a-year, my boy, you have my consent. But, understand at once, you mustn't look for anything from me beyond the wedding-breakfast. I have always said that I never will keep my girls' husbands, and to that I stick."

That is what most middle-class fathers say, as far as I can make out, and that is the reason why middle-class daughters don't get married. It is peculiar to this country. In France, as everybody knows, the daughter's *dot* is as much a matter of course as her *trousseau*, even in the humblest families. A French father would be ashamed not to be able to give his daughter some assistance towards her start in life. Even among the upper classes in this country a girl is expected to have something, if it is only enough to dress on; while among the working-classes, the wife as often as not gives her labour to assist in keeping herself and children. It is only among the middle-classes that matrimony is supposed to be on the man's side all give and no take, and only there that you hear of so many girls being unable to find husbands. In these hard times, let me tell every would-be father-in-law, a man needs to think twice before he marries a girl with no fortune but a fine stock of expensive tastes.—Yours obediently,

A Black-Coated Working Man.

Benger's Food for Infants, Children, and Invalids. The most delicious, nutritive, and digestible. "Retained after every other Food has been rejected."—*London Medical Record.* "If every mother knew of its value no other would be used."—*Private Letter.* Retail in Tins, 1s. 6d.; 2s. 6d.; 5s.; and 10s.; everywhere.

As a final contribution to this discussion, I give the following communication from a philosopher who has kindly favoured me with his views on the subject:—

I have been reading a great deal in the papers about the "Redundant Woman" and the "Woman who has a growing disinclination for Marriage." What I want to know is, are they both the same lady? If so, it is evidently (like the existence of pain and so on) a beneficent disposition of Providence, a sort of tempering of the wind to the shorn ewe lamb. If, on the other hand, the "growing disinclination for marriage" extends beyond the redundant percentage of the female population, why then, of course, we may expect a fall in "Caucasians," who, if the "disinclination" is really "growing," will, before very long, be "played out" with a vengeance.

Now as to the really Redundant Woman, there is necessarily no hope for her, except in benighted countries addicted to the horrid practice of polygamy, which, although (by an oversight I imagine) nowhere prohibited in the Bible (and, indeed, expressly enjoined in the case of deceased husband's brothers), is so diametrically contrary to the spirit of our holy religion.

But as to the woman who, not being redundant, is afflicted with a "growing disinclination to marry," what I want to know is this: Is it a firm and adamantine disinclination, which would stand the rude test of a proposal? Or is it merely a ladylike compliance with the obvious rule of politeness, which tells us that "It is manners to wait till you are asked?"

Woman, it is obvious, may be looked at from three points of view: the view of the poet, the view of the lover, the view of the stock-breeder. The poet's point of view is, I need scarcely say, mine; but the State's point of view is, and ought to be, that of the stock-breeder. How many women who would be regarded as eligible wives from this, the State's, point of view, have a "growing," or any, disinclination for matrimony? Are there really many stout, hearty, wholesome girls who are troubled with a "disinclination to marry" if the right man comes along? I don't think so. A profound study of the subject inclines me very strongly to the conclusion that the human race is safe.

But then comes the question of the employment of the very large number of women (poor creatures, I pity them with all my heart), who, from one cause or other, don't marry, but who, nevertheless, want to live. Well, this is a very fertile subject to write upon in magazines and newspapers. But when you consider it seriously, there is only one answer. There is no way by which any woman (or man) can get bread except by taking the bread out of the mouth of somebody else. This is melancholy, no doubt. But ours is a melancholy world, a sort of "reach-me-down" "ready-made" world, as it seems to me—one of a job-lot, I should imagine. There are other worlds, we are told by astronomers, but as to whether any one of them is a more finished article we have no information.

As a matter of form, I ought, perhaps, to round off this discussion with a few observations on my own account. But what is there left to say? The correspondence in the *Daily Chronicle*, which has inspired the writers of all the above letters, grew out of a lecture by a lady of advanced views. This good woman had discovered that the ratio of unmarried women to unmarried men was about three times as high in the West-end of London as in the East. Thereupon, filled with a holy zeal on behalf of what my philosophical contributor calls the Redundant Woman, she set out to improve the lot of all that goodly company of virgins who, *ex hypothesi*, will have in the long run to earn their own living. The appropriate instruments for this end could only be in the present day a Trade Union and a Strike. But, alas, before the ball, thus set a-rolling, had taken many turns, some carping masculine critic pointed out that the excess of unmarried females at the West-end is obviously accounted for by the vast army of female servants, who, throughout a great part of London, average from three to six, or more, per house. The Redundant Woman, therefore, turns out to be nothing more, after all, than a domestic servant, and who, outside Colney Hatch, would trouble his head about *her*, still less assist her to form a Union and strike? The domestic servant is all right. The Redundant Policemen and the Redundant Butchers' and Bakers' Men will look after her.

Before, then, we rack our brains with the question, "Why don't girls marry as they used to do?" there is the preliminary question, "Don't girls marry as they used to do?" I suspect that, taking society all round, they do. There seems, however, to be evidence that just in one or two strata of middle-class society, there is an undesirable amount of involuntary spinsterhood. For this, I really think that the letters which good fortune has enabled me to publish above, provide complete remedies. In the first place, let the father who wants to see his girls married refrain from sending them into the labour market to take the bread out of the mouths of men; for, after all, it is to the men you must look for husbands. Secondly, let the fathers, and mothers, and brothers of middle-class girls recognise frankly that if the girls are to get husbands, their fathers, and mothers, and brothers are the first persons they depend on for "getting a chance." Thirdly, let the British paterfamilias open his eyes to the fact that a girl with a few hundred pounds to smooth things at the start has in these days a much better chance in the market than a much prettier or more accomplished girl without a farthing. This is not such a hard doctrine as paterfamilias may think. Let me point out to that worthy man that a very handsome dowry can be provided very easily and economically by means of an endowment policy. It only takes a very small sum per annum, paid regularly from infancy, to insure to a girl a thousand pounds at five-and-twenty. The conclusion of the whole matter seems to me to be that it is just as much the duty of parents to exert themselves to give a start in life to their daughters as to their sons. A certain expenditure of trouble, time, and money is as necessary in the one case as in the other, and girls have as good a right to expect it as boys—indeed, a better, seeing that the laws and customs of society absolutely forbid them to take any steps in this direction on their own account. Where fathers and mothers recognise this duty, and act up to it, I do not believe that the surplus daughter will long be a serious domestic difficulty.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE LATE LORD LYTTON.

YOU know how the French admire themselves as a nation. It was, therefore, coming from the mouth of one of them, a great compliment to the late Lord Lytton for him to say, "He was so thoroughly imbued with *l'esprit Français* that I always thought he would be in his true place as French Ambassador in London, and Waddington as English Ambassador in Paris. Lord Lytton had most of our good points, and, Frenchman-like, his defects were amiable—and, indeed, *les défauts de ses qualités*." There was some truth in this, though I must say I never knew a Frenchman who had his originality of humour, of manner, of diction, or was so thoroughly free from posture. This negative virtue was all the more remarkable in his case, remembering his love of approbation, which he showed in the most artless and winning way imaginable to those whom he knew well. It came out like the joy a good child feels at being

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report, in London, 2 Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster

praised for having built out of his own head a house of cards. Let nobody think this praise belittling. I mean it for genuine eulogy. A wide experience of life has taught me to realise the truth of the kingdom of Heaven being as a little child. This kingdom I should speak of as the state of a highly-cultivated adult mind which has kept the childish capacity to be happy in small, fleeting joys which spring up as we go forward, continues to receive fresh impressions, to have keen perceptions, and to feel delight when faces around us brighten with sympathising approval of our best efforts. Happily for Lord Lytton and his family, the child was not entirely crushed out of his nature by the hardening action of his diplomatic career. Its survival rendered his conversation on all kinds of small topics singularly attractive.

Taking people as I find them, I have good reason to lament the death of Lord Lytton, whom I found an underrated man. I did not expect at all to find many genuine qualities which I observed in him, quite apart from literary ability and culture. He was fond of his friends, and if he could say scarifying things of persons whom he had no reason to like, he did not do so once the feeling of annoyance which provoked him had died out. Indeed, such sayings were like the sparks forced by steel blows out of flint—very hasty, bright, and evanescent.

Lord Lytton's tête-à-tête chit-chat was to me an intellectual treat. He had a very fine mind, which only needed the discipline of hard circumstances from youth upwards to be a very great one. His father did not realise that the path of difficulty is the best one for a young man, and did too much to push him in the diplomatic profession. I often thought what a pity it was, with his natural gifts, that he did not vegetate for years on the lower rungs of the diplomatic ladder, instead of being hoisted up into brilliant posts, which condemned him to busy idleness, and an eternal round of those common-place amusements known as fashionable pleasures.

In long periods of professional stagnation he would have had time to work at literature, and, what is more, he could not have helped working, for his brain was active. The best poems of Owen Meredith are the early ones. But I am sure that they would have been only a promise splendidly fulfilled in after-life had he been under the spur of poverty and beyond the range of fashionable allurements, which, if yielded to, leave no time for severe study, and tend to sterilise genius. If he had not been a man of exceptional endowments he could not have been what I knew him to be within the last three years, when his health was bad, and he had to face professional worries, which were always serious and often grave. Lord Lytton did not know wherein his strength lay. I sometimes said to myself as he talked (not at all for the printers), "What a pity it is that you were not forced for bread to turn all this colloquial talent into plays and stories! What a fortune books written just as you speak, and with your incisive wit and strong and sharp cuts of the tongue, would bring in to you!" The style in which he talked was truly the man. His little notes to literary chums and intimate friends had the qualities I speak of, with those of grace, ease, and sparkle. The ease was, I dare say, what made him so enjoyable. It used to strike me that he did not try to show off his brilliant parts in a quiet talk, and his conversation, so far as I remember never was a monologue. Having had plenty of time for desk work, I think he elaborated too much when he was at it. The first draft was first-rate; but he did not see this, and elaborated overmuch, thus taking from the vigour and the savour of the original form. There is nothing that forces us to give out ideas in a succession of bright, and sometimes flaming thoughts, like the stress of forced hurry—that is, when we have well furnished brains. Under this strain we dig into the deepest depths of our mind, and, as it were, unconsciously. Lord Lytton was not subjected to it. Had he been so, I could imagine him going down to posterity as the English St. Simon of this *fin de siècle*.

Lord Lytton was *au fond* no respecter of rank or wealth. He made a proper bow to both, but took them really as part of the stage accessories of *la comédie humaine*. He was peculiarly organised. The brain was large, but the rest of the body might be said, like that of Camille Pelletan, to be all nervous ganglia. This made him in every sense emotional. What I wonder at is that the heart did not long ago give way, the nerves gave it such repeated shocks. Since his death I have come to understand why the cigarette was so often in his mouth. It was the antidote to hypersensibility, and kept the wear and tear on the machine from being too rapid.

Possibly Lord Lytton might, even with his peculiar organisation, have lived to a patriarchal age if he had not been sent here just when he was. He had an anxious time throughout the four years when he was at the Embassy, having been named Ambassador as the scramble for Africa was going on between England, France, Germany, and Italy. Prince Bismarck was the open enemy of Gladstone, and the hidden one of Salisbury, of whom he was also the gruff, rough, overbearing tyrant. He was always putting spokes in Lord S.'s wheels, and giving help to those foreigners or colonists who wanted to do likewise. His policy was to bring the French to forget Alsace-Lorraine by trailing before them some British Colonial red-herring. One day it was Congo, another the Niger territory, another Zanzibar, another Newfoundland, another Madagascar, and Egypt constantly for nine years. His great Guelph Fund and the doings of our new Chartered Companies afforded him good opportunities for sowing discord between France and England. The Chartered Company of South Africa was a constant thorn in the side of the Salisbury Government. Lord S., indeed, could only satisfy it by giving secret instructions to the Consuls in Madagascar not to support the British there in standing against the French on their treaty rights. Lord Lytton did not tell me this. I knew it from sources independent of him. I also knew that there would have been the quarrelling Prince Bismarck desired, had the British Ambassador been a less well-liked person here, and had less access to all kinds of people who exercised indirect

China and Glass.—Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

political influence. His agreeable ways, literary camaraderie, and attentions to the Comédie Française enabled him to render good service to his country. I should have sent, had he not hated flowers at funerals, a wreath the best I could find for his coffin. Let this stand in lieu thereof.

Lord Lytton was not a *persona grata* to certain British Grundyites resident in Paris. They objected to his seeing the actors and actresses of the Français at the Embassy, and to his giving his arm at a garden party, immediately after he had conducted Madame Carnot to and from the buffet, to an untitled literary lady whom he esteemed and was fond of. He understood the diplomatic advantages of a good table, and had one of the best chefs in Paris. His dinners were enjoyed by gourmets, and his lunches were still better. There was always at them some peppery English dish for *les amateurs*.

M. Delair has followed a good deal his wicked will in adapting the "Taming of the Shrew" for the Français. I think he was right, seeing that Coquelin wanted to make Petruchio the leading personage, and that outside of all stage tradition. "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give," you know. A French Tuesday-evening public would not like the termagant Katherina as personated by Miss Rehan, and imagined possibly to be played in the banquetting hall of some Midlands castle before a rollicking lord and his retainers, and to astound some vagrant really picked up the worse for drink. Higher learning, poetry, and rude habits kept company then in England, and Shakespeare's re-casts of Italian plays were tinged with all three. As Katherina was known to be personated by an actor, spectators used to such things were not shocked at her violent tantrums, which were more those of a male inebriate than of a lady, though the Maiden Queen herself used to fly into ungovernable rages. Coquelin made up his mind that, to turn the difficulty of bringing the "Taming of the Shrew" up (or down) to the taste of a refined Paris audience, it should brim over with the sixteenth-century Italian buffoonery and gay spirits. It was his idea that Katharina should be (figuratively speaking) tickled and teased into weariness, and then subjection, and not be beaten like a four-footed creature of a restive disposition. There might be just a hint of mental suggestion, Petruchio having clearly and strongly in his head a single notion—to tame her—and she no fixed intention of any sort. His volition would suffice to win the victory. On this point he is in agreement with the hypnotic doctors. Katharina as rendered at the Français is a spoiled, wilful girl, whimsical, violent, and a neuropath, in the habit of plaguing her good-natured father and sister because they let her. She has never felt the bit in her life, but having been mewed up as a properly-bred young lady should be, her life is to one of her temperament unendurably stagnant. She has no lawn-tennis, no rowing, no slumming, no cycling, no Lord's, no Hurlingham, no flower-shows, no bazaars, no morphine, and, in short, not one of the devices of our day for letting off the nervous fluid, which accumulates in her until it bursts out in tantrums. Tantrums are her thunderstorms. She is a fit subject for Dr. Charcot until the volition of Petruchio overbears her.

Coquelin reads Petruchio as a light-hearted, joyous, shrewd, and subtle-minded Italian. He is a gentleman, yet can be a buffoon, and is quick to conceive and execute broad practical jokes as a pantomime clown. His byplay is delightful, and backs well his diction. Of Bidel, there is nothing in his mode of taming his shrew. The slap in the face and other corporal chastisement are left out.

The curtain rising shows us the colonnade garden-front of Baptista's villa, a terrace and a view of Padua, whose white houses stand amid green trees. The Cathedral is not far off. This scenery is taken from the Palazzo Gregorio, and is a fitting background for spendidly-costumed, high-living, and wealthy Renaissance Italians. Petruchio's half-ruined *casa* in the country reveals why he has the enterprise and courage to marry and to set about taming the shrew. Her father is the richest man in Padua, and Katharina and Bianca are his co-heiresses. His ducats will more than restore the dilapidated home of Petruchio's ancestors, and bring it up to the standard of Renaissance luxury.

Edel, the designer of the costumes, went to Padua to find models in old albums in the library there. Landolff, the costumier for the ballet of "La Fée aux Chèvres," executed his water-colour sketches. Katharina's wedding-dress is splendidly sumptuous, and in the diapason of the general luxury of the *monde* at Padua. Over a sky-blue velvet skirt an old rose tunic, embroidered with birds and flowers in gold and silver, descends in a long train. Marsy, as the shrew, wears this dress, and is at ease in her *beaux atours*. Her physique lends itself to the supposition of Katharina being a neuropath, and her waist in a corsage studded with jewels might almost fit into her bracelet. She went to study Charcot's girl patients at the Salpétrière, and acquired there the knack of giving her face a drawn expression and of seeming to take no interest in anything. This absence of healthy interest always shows nerves to be out of gear. The one thing healthy about her is a head of Venetian blonde hair, which a caul network of pearls holds in place over the scalp. Elsewhere, it is a golden fleece, thick, wavy, and falling as it pleases. To sum up, Delair's adaptation of the "Taming of the Shrew" as read by Coquelin is Shakespeare *champagnisé*.

I have been applied to by a gentleman unknown to me and living in the North of Ireland, who is writing a work on the South American Indians, to know whether "M. Jonnens, who was elected in 1860 King of the Araucanians, in Patagonia, is still alive." He died some years ago, but I did not record the date. Before he departed this life he had gone through prison on the charge of selling titles.

Cooks are often called upon to provide sweet dishes of custards and blanc-manges at short notice. As a useful guide to the ready preparation of many choice dishes and delicious custards without eggs at half the cost and half the trouble, our readers should write to Alfred Bird & Sons, Birmingham, for a free copy of their little book entitled "Pastry and Sweets." There is nothing to pay; a post-card will bring it by return free.

Carpets—French Cleaning, Dyeing, &c.—For particulars apply to Manager, Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia, S.W.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DEAR LADY BETTY,—It is occasionally amusing to see ourselves as others see us. This is one of the many means we have of learning the excessive folly of our fellow-men. For this reason I forward you the following extraordinary epistle:—

"Colney Hatch.

"Dear Sir,—I notice that in your weekly letter you continually ridicule the pretensions of the *nouveaux riches* and of ambitious commercial men. In this, as in most other questions, there are two sides, and it appears to me probable that you only appreciate one of these. I am a professed 'parvenu,' and, whether rightly or wrongly, I glory in the circumstance of having myself achieved my own fortune and improved my original position. My wife and I have the honour of being acquainted with Royalty; we give frequent entertainments, and affect the society of most of the leading people in the land. A time may possibly come when I may desire to be promoted to the peerage, and, probably, I may in due course decide to marry my daughters to men of birth and position. But pray do not think that I am merely prompted in all this by the contemptible motive of associating with those of higher social standing than myself, or of posing before the world in fictitious colours. In seeking the acquaintance of people of position and influence, I am materially assisting the development of my business. Their interest is often of the very greatest use to me, whilst frequently they are enabled to give me information which is of inestimable value. Further, my connection with such leading and distinguished personages naturally increases the prestige of my firm. Surely all this comes within the limits of legitimate business?

"But if I and others like myself are to be stigmatised as vulgar, pretensious, and contemptible, pray consider how infinitely more abject is the present conduct of that aristocratic class whose cause you champion. These people eat my dinners, enjoy my hospitalities, borrow my money, and then in private laugh at us and our *bourgeois* pretensions. Were I to fail financially to-morrow, there is scarcely one out of every hundred of my fine friends who would not instantly turn his back upon me. This I know as well as you do. 'Noblesse oblige' is, I believe, the ancient motto of your class; but how do its present members give effect to it now? So long as they kept to themselves, refused to truckle to the pretensions of mere wealth, and lived up to an ideal and somewhat Quixotic standard of honour, we could not but entertain that respect for them which their conduct, principles, and prejudices commanded. When, however, we observe in them no principles, no dignity, and no self-respect whatever; when we see that they may easily be bought for dinners, dances, loans, and favours, why in the name of creation should we admit their claim for exceptional privileges?

"And, then, what is it that you understand by the term 'aristocrat'? I take it that you refer to individuals who can trace uninterrupted descent extending over some seven or eight hundred years at the very least. The advantages of such a continuous pedigree I will not discuss with you here; but may I be permitted to point out that not more than one per cent. of our modern aristocracy can legitimately trace any descent of the kind whatever? They are mostly the offspring of men precisely like myself, or of women infinitely less respectable than are my wife and my daughters.

"Recall and consider the few true gentlemen and genuine *grandes dames* that are to be met with at the present day, and you must admit that I, and others like me, invariably treat these with the greatest respect and consideration. But why should we concede the ridiculous pretensions of members of our own class who have only recently been assimilated to a higher social sphere?

"Title is not synonymous with race. It may or it may not be true that men descended from Saxon, Danish, or Norman ancestors—and, by the way, are we not all of us also thus more or less descended?—and who can retrace a successful record throughout the intervening period, are better than their fellow-men. As they have through so many generations continued to belong to the successful and dominant class, it is presumable that they possess certain hereditary instincts and qualities not necessarily inherent in us. Experience, however, has shown me that they do not thrive exceptionally well under the altered conditions of modern progress, and, I may add, that instead of attaining distinction in the official, literary, artistic, and scientific worlds, they seem generally to drift towards the bankruptcy-court or the madhouse.

"Pray forgive these frank suggestions, and believe me to be, A Professed Parvenu."

This poor man's case is evidently a very desperate one. Burn his letter, as it is most undesirable that these mischievous and unwholesome views should fall into the hands of ignorant servants.

Apart from the deep regret caused by the loss of so distinguished, accomplished, and popular a man, and the sincere sympathy felt for Lady Lytton and her family, the unexpected death of Lord Lytton in Paris last week has naturally created considerable excitement in official and diplomatic circles. No man is so great that the world cannot do without him, and no sooner does a leader amongst us die, than we forthwith commence to speculate as to who is likely to succeed him. Many names, of course, are just now being suggested in connection with the vacancy in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, but only five deserve any serious attention. These, in rotation of probability, are Lord Dufferin, Sir Philip Currie, Lord Lansdowne, Sir Francis Clare Ford, and Sir Edward Malet; and the real struggle, I am inclined to think, lies between the two that head this list. Lord Dufferin, it is said, competed with the late Lord Lytton for the post on the retirement of the late Lord Lyons, and report has it that he then felt somewhat piqued that Lord Lytton was eventually selected in his stead. If this be true, he may possibly now refuse to accept the appointment at second-hand.

Sir Philip Currie, at present Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is notoriously a special favourite of Lord Salisbury. He is peculiarly *au courant* of contemporary foreign politics, very able, wealthy, and possessed of exceptionally attractive manners. But Sir Philip is a bachelor, and this, notwithstanding the well-known examples of the late Lord Lyons and Sir Francis Clare Ford, is, and necessarily must be, a disadvantage at such a post as Paris. However, Sir Philip Currie is an ambitious man, and if he really desires the vacant Ambassadorship, only the exigencies of party politics will prevent his obtaining it.

Now these same exigencies, of course, will tell in favour of Lord Lansdowne, for if the Government foresees defeat at the forthcoming general election, it will be of considerable value to have the appointment of a new Viceroy for India in the place of Lord Lansdowne.

Sir Edward Malet is practically out of the question. He has been a great success in Berlin, where he and Lady Malet have both become most popular. With this record, and coming straight from the German Court, his appointment could not possibly be acceptable to the sensitive Parisians.

Sir Robert Morier and Sir William White need not be reckoned with, so really the only "service" man left is Sir Francis Clare Ford, and for the moment, excellent as would be his appointment, his chances are microscopic.

Practically, then, the choice lies between three "non-service" men, for even Lord Dufferin is not by profession a diplomatist. The appointment of "non-service" candidates to the higher posts is a grievous injury to those who have adopted diplomacy as a career. The early stages of the diplomatic profession are either unpaid or

Paris.—Hôtel Anglo-Français, 6, Rue Castiglioni, facing the Continental. First-class. Highly recommended for comfort, cuisine, moderate charges, and sanitary arrangements. Otis American lift.

Be careful what you eat. Do not be poisoned by using Baking Powder adulterated with alum. Insist on having Borwick's, which is pure and wholesome, and the best that money can buy.

underpaid, and its members naturally look forward to the big appointments to recoup them for the expenses incurred during the early period. And besides, when an outside nominee is given a leading appointment, this congests the natural flow of promotion, which is a serious hardship to those pressing forward in the career.

Lord Salisbury is not in sympathy with the Diplomatic Service. Lost in the sublime altitudes of *la haute politique*, he has never shown the slightest consideration for remote subordinates, and it is, under these circumstances, a wonder that he is as well served as he is. The appointment of a non-service nominee to the British Embassy in Paris might easily lead to a Diplomatic revolt, and would certainly embitter Lord Salisbury's last days at the Foreign Office.

By the way, why should the Prime Minister not offer this desirable vacancy to Lord Randolph Churchill? The bait might possibly prove effective. Possibly—but not probably.

Madame Waddington, the French Ambassadress, is not expected back in England till the 6th of next January. The Comte and Comtesse Xavier de Florian returned to London this week; and I am happy to add that Madame de Florian seems apparently quite recovered from her recent and lingering illness.

Many will learn with mixed feelings of regret and satisfaction the approaching departure of Don José de la Rica, First Secretary of the Spanish Embassy in London. The regret applies to his leaving, and the satisfaction to Señor de la Rica having been promoted to the post of Spanish Minister at Montevideo. His rise in the diplomatic service has been singularly rapid, though not more rapid than his success in various delicate transactions entirely warrants. The Marquis de Rocomora, second son of the late Ambassador of Spain in Paris, the Marquis de Molins, has been appointed to replace Señor de la Rica in London. He is married to a daughter of the Marquis of Fosneros, who was Alcalde of Madrid some years ago. His father, the Marquis de Molins, it will be remembered, was formerly Spanish Ambassador at the Court of St. James's.

The Duke of Cambridge's short sporting visit to Alderman and Mrs. Faudel Phillips, at Ball Park last week, appears to have been a great success. Over seven hundred and fifty pheasants fell in the one day's shooting to nine guns, amongst which latter were the Duke, Lord Parker, Lord Greville, and Mr. Harold Finch-Hatton.

I have just heard with regret of the death from diphtheria, at Florence, of Captain Frank Hamilton, formerly of the 5th Lancers, and son of the late Sir Robert Hamilton, and cousin of the late Sir Victor Brooke.

The almost sudden and quite unexpected death of Sir Victor Brooke, which occurred on Wednesday last, at Pau, has caused wide-spread and deep regret, for the late Sir Victor had many and much-attached friends in every part of the globe. A keen sportsman, a kind friend, and a warm-hearted, generous man, he belonged to a type which is rapidly fading away in these practical, degenerate days. A day or two previous to leaving London — some three weeks ago — for the South of France, Sir Victor was seized with a slight attack of hæmorrhage of the lungs, but his medical adviser foresaw no probable evil consequences, so apparently trivial was its nature. He will be a grievous loss both at Pau and in West-end club-land, and, indeed, wherever he was known, for Sir Victor Brooke possessed a singular charm of manner and a natural *bonhomie* which endeared him to all whose privilege it was to be acquainted with him.—Believe me, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is, 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

SPORTING NOTES.

THERE is not likely to be much Derby betting this winter, although there is every reason why the bookmakers should endeavour to stimulate speculation, after their very satisfactory experience of the last two years. Twelve months ago there was not a human being outside of the Kingsclere stable who had ever heard of Common, and, until within a very short time of the Two Thousand being run for, the animals about which the speculative herd were crazed were Peter Flower, Orvieto, Gouverneur, and Orion, which were backed in lots for the Derby for many thousands. Last year, again, Sainfoin was never thought of in connection with the Derby until about a month before the race, and his subsequent form has conclusively proved that I was perfectly right at the time in defining his Epsom victory as a fluke of the most flagrant description. It remains to be seen whether Orme will stand much training, apart from the direful possibility that he may become a roarer, but, even if all goes well with the Duke of Westminster's steed, there does not seem to me to be any affinity to reason in the crack-brained jargonings about the Derby being only a question of health for him. I have predicted the success of Orme for every race which he has won, and his high promise was mentioned in Truth when he was a yearling, so that I cannot be prejudiced in any sort of way against him, but when one comes to look closely into his form there has really been nothing in his achievements so far to justify the extravagantly high-flown panegyrics of which he has been the object. Orme has won his races easily enough, but there has never been anything of the highest class behind him, and there is no explaining away his previous collapse at Manchester. It is much to be regretted that M. E. Blanc did not start Rueil, the brother to Révérend, who is the best two-year-old in France, for the Dewhurst Plate, for then we should have discovered something really tangible about Orme, but they may possibly meet in the Two Thousand. If Orme and La Flêche had run together at Newmarket, in October, I do not fancy that really good judges would have been disposed to bet odds on the colt, and La Flêche was every bit as capable of improvement as Orme, and she appeared more likely to train on. Baron Hirsch is certain to start his mare for the Derby, but the pair may have met previously in the Newmarket Stakes, which would indeed be an exciting race if they both started, supposing that La Flêche had won the One Thousand, and Orme the Two Thousand, in which race the filly is not engaged. La Flêche is, of course, in the Oaks, but she was not entered for the Grand Prix. They are both in the Leger.

Several more letters have been printed about the Ormonde controversy, but the supporters of the speculation have added nothing that is likely to change the views of their opponents, as their dissertations are wandering and irrelevant in the extreme, and such hidebound blockheadisms are wholly unworthy of serious notice. It is fortunate for Mr. Webster and his partners (Señor Boneau and the rest, whoever they may be) that they are not domiciled in France, as their scheme could never have been undertaken in that country, where the fantasticalities and incompetencies which prevail here among breeders would be stopped by the Government. Under a law which was passed in 1865, by the advice of a council of experts, a stallion cannot be employed in France without a certificate having been obtained to state that it is sound in its wind and free from ophthalmia. This certificate, which is indispensable, can only be obtained after examination by a committee of experts, nominated by the Minister of Agriculture, and it must be renewed every year. An infringement of this law is severely punished, smart fines being inflicted, not only upon the owner of the horse, but also upon his servants and upon the owners of any mares that may have been sent to the animal. The law is admirably administered, and it cannot be evaded. During October the owner of a stallion is compelled to notify his intention of using the animal for breeding purposes to the Prefect of the Department, who causes the animal to be inspected by a committee, which consists of an Inspector-General of Haras, a well-known horse-breeder,

and a veterinary surgeon of acknowledged eminence. If, therefore, the speculators in Ormonde were living in France it will be seen that they would quickly come to dire and irretrievable disaster, and so also would their customers. Mr. Chaplin cannot do better than propose a similar law for this country, and it would be heartily supported by every one really interested in improving the breed of horses, about which speculators in stallions, who "boom" them as they would a new Company, care no more than does a hog that is munching acorns for the fate of the ancient oaks beneath which he is gorging himself.

The late Mr. Batt, who was for several years well known in sporting circles, raced his horses principally at the Yorkshire meetings. The best animal that he ever owned was Thorn, who won him the Queen's Vase at Ascot in 1873.

The *Calendar* announces that a certificate of the pedigree of the colt foal by Ormonde out of Philosophy, about which there has been such a clatter, has been lodged with Messrs. Weatherby, and I presume that the animal is to be raced in England. and it certainly ought to prove a flyer, if there is anything in running blood, and if it escapes its sire's hereditary ailment, for Philosophy was the best tried two-year-old within the experience of Robert Peck, and every one is familiar with the record of Ormonde's triumphs. The foal has been named Facundo.

The late Lady Falmouth was a frequent visitor at Newmarket when her husband's racehorses were carrying all before them, and she took a keen and most intelligent interest in the management of his stud. Lady Falmouth did not like to see the famous paddocks at Mereworth, her beautiful place in Kent, standing empty, and it was principally in order to please her that Lord Falmouth got together another breeding-stud after his great sales in 1884. Lady Falmouth had been in failing health for a long time, and she never recovered from the shock of her husband's death, as she was devotedly attached to him.

There were enormous fields last week both at Warwick and at Manchester, and, as is usual at these meetings, the bookmakers had very much the best of the business, but only a few of the races were of any general interest. Many of the tragical results were no doubt attributable to the heavy state of the ground, and some of the horses which were heavily backed have been so overdone with work, and they are now so jaded, that it is really wonderful that any rational being could expect them to win.

Burnaby, who had been talked about in connection with some of the most important handicaps of the season, was favourite for the Midland Counties Handicap; but he ran badly, and the winner turned up in Greenwich, who is now nine years old, and who has repeatedly won races over this course. Greenwich is really an extraordinary horse, for his first important victory was in the Grendon Nursery at this same meeting seven years ago. His last success was in the Warwick Welter in 1888, since which race he had been beaten fourteen times. Greenwich has done plenty of work on racecourses; but he has been quite as busy on the Newmarket training-grounds, having led work for several celebrities during the last four years, as well as having taken part in innumerable trials. There has not been so useful a horse at this age since the days of Mr. Henry Savile's Reindeer and Sir Frederick Johnstone's Historicus.

There were eighteen runners for the Lancaster Nursery at Manchester, the favourites being Syra and Carlina, neither of which was ever dangerous, and The Pyx won in a canter, being evidently well suited by the holding ground. The Worsley Nursery brought out a field of seventeen, Bruree being favourite, while most in demand was Torreador, who won easily. Wiseman, who was made favourite for the Lancaster Handicap on the strength of his Derby running, got off so badly that he was never fairly in the race, and Hiatus won in a trot for A. Taylor, who has certainly been very lucky during the last two months of the season. The great crash of the meeting was the utterly unexpected victory of Lamb's Wool in the Ellesmere Welter, for which there were two "raging" favourites—Brink and Ecuador—and the former was only beaten by the outsider by a short neck.

The manner in which Madame D'Albany was backed for the November Handicap shows how boundless must have been her owner's confidence at Liverpool, when she had a much lighter weight to carry. Even the *Times*, which is not given to be sharply critical in racing affairs, pointed out, in commenting upon the Liverpool running, that, after the distracted hurly-burly that was raised at Newmarket about Comedy's running at Derby, the Stewards of the Jockey Club could not avoid investigating some of the performances of Madame D'Albany and other horses trained at Manton, unless they were to be regarded as "respecters of persons." The notion that there should be one weight and one measure in such matters never enters into the imagination of the authorities, who in their judicial capacity are not only not guided by any fixed principles, but really are not guided by any principles whatever. Lord Durham, who was expected to infuse a new and "thorough" spirit into the proceedings of the Stewards, proves to be a mere rope of sand. Under the circumstances the defeat of Madame D'Albany on Saturday was exceedingly satisfactory, but the result must have been disastrous to backers, for she was regarded as a certainty, and was backed accordingly. Greywell was the great hope of Newmarket, but Catarina, who had been well backed, turned out in the race to be the best animal from there. Lily of Lumley was pronounced to be well in directly the weights appeared, and she had already shown her liking for this course. I predicted weeks ago that Mr. Vyner's mare would win one of the principal November handicaps, having rightly attributed her defeat in the Cesarewitch to the fact that she could not stay the distance.

Mr. Thomas Stevens, of Chilton, who died last week, was a very successful trainer in his own line, and he always had a large stable of horses. Mr. Stevens made selling-plates and small handicaps his principal object, and he won a large number of races every year, the second-class meetings being most favoured by him. When, however, Stevens fancied his animal for a big nursery, at Newmarket or elsewhere, it was sure to run well; but he rarely attempted "the great game," wisely preferring to keep in his own particular line, the winning form of which he could gauge to an ounce.

MAMMON.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE BARING ESTATE.

THE anniversary of the Baring collapse (November 15) has now passed, and the prospects of a speedy liquidation of the Baring estate are as remote as ever. It is true that no official data have been published since a rough balance-sheet was issued in June last, when seven and a-half millions were still due to the Bank of England, but it is reported that this amount has now been reduced to five millions sterling. Against this debt it may be assumed that a number of practically unmarketable securities are held, for whatever could be sold at anything like a decent figure has, no doubt, been realised. There are probably left blocks of Uruguay bonds, of City of Monte Video bonds, the 60 000 Argentine National Bank shares, which were taken over at 9, and are worth about 1, Argentine Tramway shares, Central Argentine shares, Western of Buenos Ayres debentures, Manchester Ship Canal Prefs., &c., and there is little chance of the liquidation being completed before the remaining two years of the period of three years originally fixed for it have elapsed. In the meantime, the fact that the Bank is locked up with these stocks, which may at any moment come on the market—for it is well known that Mr. Lidderdale does not lose a chance to let out some of these securities—is weighing upon the market. It is this incubus which, to a great extent, is responsible for the want of all enterprise which is

noticeable, and it is time that an end were put to this state of affairs. When the Governor of the Bank of England, in November, 1890, prevented a more general smash up by stepping into the breach, he, doubtless, took what was, under the circumstances, a wise step, for which I have given him every credit. The position has now been scaled down to more moderate dimensions, and I consider that it is in the interest of all concerned that a new departure should be made. It is within my knowledge that months ago an offer was made by responsible parties to transfer the odds and ends of the Baring collection which were then left to an Assets or Trust Company. That ought now to be done. The Bank of England ought to be relieved of the necessity of nursing this estate, so as to be able to more efficiently fulfil its duties to the community at large. I take it that the transaction was entered into on public grounds only, and not in order to benefit the Messrs. Baring, whose monstrous speculations and whose injudicious financing of the Argentine and Uruguayans will not be forgotten for many a year by the investors to whom they have caused heavy and irretrievable loss. I take it for granted, on the last public statement made by Mr. Lidderdale, that, with judicious management, there will be a surplus which it would pay an Assets Company to realise. Why not, then, at once proceed to realise the land, private houses, &c., the property of the partners which figure in the Baring statement as worth £962,350, and then form the Assets Company for the realisation of the rest, thus relieving the Bank of England, the guarantors, and the general community from an incubus which is so important a factor in the prevailing depression? The time has come when action should be taken regardless altogether from personal interests.

AN INDIAN VENTURE.

I have just received—not from the Company—a report of the Directors of the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Co-operative Society of India, which shows a lamentable state of affairs. The loss shown in the balance-sheet amounts to £5,871, but this is not all. Amongst the assets figure £5,738 for preliminary expenses, only £1,119 having been written off the original amount of £6,857. The stock is taken in the accounts as £35,182, but I should like to know on what basis this figure has been arrived at. Then there are sundry debtors, £2,067. Yet I was under the impression that, on the principle of co-operative stores, the Company did not give any credit. The expenses in London, including Directors' fees, £1,331, and £1,119 written off preliminary expenses, amount to £4,850! Then, again, as regards the financial position of the Company, there is only £1,979 in cash left in a liquid state; against which the Company owes £5,501 for current trading accounts, and £3,104 on bills payable, besides £2,500 loan from bankers. It is evident, therefore, that business cannot be carried on without a further call being made.

The question, of course, arises whether it is worth while to carry on a losing business, or whether it would not be preferable to wind the concern up before the bulk of the capital is lost. The directors state that Messrs. Jas. Finlay & Co. are prepared to resign the agency, and propose that the business of purchasing and shipping all the stores sent out to India should be carried on under the direct supervision and control of the directors by a buyer on the staff of the Society. This is precisely what I suggested in my former remarks (Truth, October 29). Messrs. Finlay also recommend that the number of directors should be reduced to three, and that their remuneration should be reduced. So Admiral Scott and the Hon. Dudley Murray are thrown overboard, and Major-General Davies, Mr. Alfred Cotterell Tupp, and Mr. John D. Tannahill are left in control of the concern. Mr. Tupp, I understand, has really for some time managed the affairs of the Company, with what success the accounts show, and the question naturally arises whether he and his co-directors are the right men in the right place. Finally, Messrs. Jas. Finlay & Co. agree to return the commission earned by them of about £1,600 (I had estimated this amount at £1,400). This is a gracious act, for which every credit should be given to Messrs. Finlay. It will be for the shareholders to satisfy themselves whether the Company should have a fresh lease of life, and the proper way to ascertain this is to appoint a committee of inspection to inquire into the present position of the concern, and to confer with the directors. If the shareholders are wise, they will adopt this measure at Friday's meeting, for the men who are now directing the concern have not been so successful in their management that their *ipse dixit* should be accepted without independent inquiry.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My Dear Ben,—As I anticipated, the settlement on the London Stock Exchange resulted in another warm corner for the "Bears," especially in Russian and Spanish, and now the French operators appear to be making preparations for serving their own countrymen alike during the Paris liquidation, which is just at hand. What may be the extent of the "Bear" account which remains, it is difficult to gauge, but operators for the fall have probably still more company than is good for them. Thus they are likely to support for some time, and against their will, a market which, without the "Bear" element, might easily have gone to pieces.

Foreigners and South Americans.

With another peaceful speech—this time from General von Caprivi—resounding through the Continent, with the courage of the "Bulls" rising after every fresh victory, and with the much-dreaded collapse on the Paris and Berlin Bourses obviated by the marked recovery in the prices of Old World securities, prospects of the markets generally have improved. The spectre of heavy gold withdrawals has also been laid, and money is easier since the publication of the last Bank Return, which shows increased strength. As we are drawing closer to the end of the year, the chances of animated markets are lessening, but it looks as if values were at least to be well maintained all round, preparatory—barring accidents—to a boom early in the year. Perhaps, too, after their severe lesson in "Foreigners," the "Bear" contingent in the other departments will not be quite so enterprising in the near future. The Russian Government has for the present emerged victorious out of the struggle with the Bourses; but it has had to take seven millions sterling of the new Three per Cents back in Paris, and has carted home two railway-van loads of rouble notes! I should say that, under these circumstances, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* The discovery of the City Editor of the *Times* that Russia was about to buy silver in London, has turned out a mare's nest. Nor can I bring myself to believe in the present level of Russian bonds in the face of the famine in that country. The only remedy will be another loan early next year, and who will lend Russia more money, except at a much lower value? Spain is trying to help herself; but even with Señor Camacho at the helm at the Bank of Spain, there is little prospect of a lasting improvement, unless the proposed internal loan should succeed. Greeks have shown greater steadiness, and some of the Turkish groups mark an important rise. There are indications, however, that South American stocks will emerge from their despondent state. The drastic dénouement in Brazil has resulted in an important rise of 9 to 10 points in Brazilian bonds, the Scrip of 1889 now standing again at 61. Should the recent rumours of renewed political ferment not be confirmed, a further marked recovery may be expected. Advices from Buenos Ayres are more favourable. The gold premium, after touching 278, is reported lower again at 270; and the wheat crop is reported as most abundant, just as the woolclip is the largest in the history of Argentina. But more gold will have to go to Buenos Ayres to assist the movement of the crops. With large exports of produce impending, the

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gold premium should materially decline. The Ellauri scheme for the conversion of the debt of Uruguay will be carried out, as I stated last week, notwithstanding the protesting committees. Chilians have advanced to 90½. That country is setting itself resolutely to work with a view to improving the currency, and a marked advance of Chilian bonds and of many Chilian industrial securities may be anticipated. Did I not tell you that Guatemala Internal bonds should be bought? Since I recommended them to you they have advanced four points, to 45, and, as they still yield 11 per cent. at this price, a further rise may be confidently looked forward to. The funds for the end of December coupon are in hand, and future payments seem to be thoroughly secured. Mexico Sixes have recovered two points, to 83. There was absolutely no reason for the previous fall. Mexican City bonds are also recovering. In reply to numerous inquiries, I can but refer my readers to my exhaustive remarks of a fortnight ago, on "Mexican Investments" (TRUTH, November 19). If some of your friends were to read my letter more carefully, they would save themselves and me a lot of trouble.

Home Rails.

The "Bears" of Brighton "A," who had become altogether rampant of late, and had attempted, by spreading false rumours and by putting about blind tips that the stock was going to 140, to cause a general slump, have been subjected to a squeeze at the settlement which they will not soon forget. It is, of course, well known that New Court and Baron Hirsch hold large blocks of Brighton "A," and the "Bears" have just found out that a long spoon is wanted to sup with such powerful financiers. The screw was turned on with such effect that the price rose to 148, and belated operators for the fall had to pay a backwardation of 1 per cent. Home Railway stocks generally have improved, there being considerable scarcity, especially amongst the heavy stocks. The Midland traffics continue most satisfactory, and, with a traffic increase of £108,000 during the first twenty-one weeks of the current half-year, which will probably rise to close upon £150,000 by the end of the year, I look for an increase upon the dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum which was fixed for the second half of 1890. It is well known that the Midland generally under-estimates its traffics to a considerable extent. The Company has, moreover, effected a considerable saving in coal, and it looks as if the extra expenditure caused by the severe weather in November and December, 1890, would be saved. Notwithstanding a moderate increase on account of interest payable on new capital, I, therefore, look for a considerable increase in net earnings. Dover "A" have moved very little, while Great Eastern seem hardly so scarce as they used to be. The dividend, moreover, will be disappointing. The Scotch stocks, on the other hand, are attracting a great deal of attention, and deservedly so. With the end of the year the comparison of traffics will be with the strike period of the previous year, and large increases may be looked for, especially in North British Deferred, which are now quoted 44, and in Caledonian Deferred (Coras), now quoted 43½. Both these stocks are a good "lock up."

The Yankee Position.

Although the market for American Rails has fluctuated a good deal during the week, there was a strong undercurrent all along, and quotations close distinctly better, a rise of 1¼ being established in Atchison and Erie, 1 in Milwaukees, Louisville, and Norfolk Prefs., and of 2¼ in Ohio and Mississippi Ordinary. In fact, had it not been for the failure of Field, Lindley, & Co. (one of the partners, E. M. Field, being a son of Mr. Cyrus W. Field), it is probable that further progress would have been made in prices. This difficulty has, however, been hanging over the market for some time, and the event ought rather to clear up the situation, the more so as the firm seems to have been on the "Bear" tack. The general position remains most favourable. The New York Bank statements show an increase in the surplus reserve of 1,559,000 dols., raising it to 14,882,000 dols., against 382,000 dols. last year. While the money position is thus assured and cash is plentiful in Wall-street, traffic returns are most satisfactory. So far as the Trunk Lines are concerned, navigation is now practically closed, and the railroads are assured of a heavier traffic than ever before at this season of the year. Instead of having traffic rushed ahead in order to save money, freight has been moving very steadily, and the Western railroads have to some extent contributed to the reduction of the tonnage carried by the water transportation routes east of Chicago. They have experienced a scarcity of equipment, and for some weeks have forced shippers to wait, and have not furnished cars for the transportation of all the grain and pork products seeking shipment prior to the closing of lake navigation. The Trunk Line roads are, therefore, assured of a steady and constant movement of traffic during the winter. It will not be a question of advancing rates or maintaining them. The roads will do the best they can to handle the business which they know will be offered at full tariff rates, and therefore they will get a steady car movement which will enable them to make a larger profit than ever on the increased tonnage. An extraordinary maize crop, estimated at 2,000,000,000 bushels is now assured, and will add to the business of the roads, although it is rather late this year. There is a curious contrast involved in the fact that the increase in railroad earnings has been proportionately greater than the improvement in the price of railroad stocks. October has proved to be the best month of the year for a great many railroads. It is a month after the harvest, and one favourable to the movement of traffic without interruption. The result is larger returns from a greater number of roads than ever before. The *Financial Chronicle's* report for October covers a mileage of 100,022 miles and 147 separate roads, which is the largest mileage ever reported for a single month, although not the largest number of roads. The increase in the gross earnings is 4,565,997 dols., or 8½ per cent., and is the largest aggregate gain shown for any month in two years. The percentage of increase, too, is larger than for any month of the year except September, when the increase was 9 per cent. on a smaller mileage. November has, so far, proved equally favourable. The gross earnings of 88 roads for the second week of November increased 10·6 per cent., and for the third week 43 roads increased 8·34 per cent. The October statement of the Milwaukee shows a net gain of 250 000 dols., and the Erie statement for the three months ended September 30 shows a net increase of 313,181 dols. Prospects of the Erie are undoubtedly most favourable, and the Wall-street "Bulls" claim that the Preferred hereafter will be a 6 per cent. dividend-payer, with a surplus for the Common. They predict that it will sell at 90, and the seconds at 115. If these stocks were to touch anything like these prices, Eries, now quoted 31, would sell in the neighbourhood of 50. Milwaukees at 79, Atchison shares at 44½, and Atchison Income Bonds at 66½ are undoubtedly ripe for a material further rise in view of the splendid traffic increases which are reported week by week. The Louisville and the Norfolk and Western are also making excellent returns, and with their respective dividends of 5 and 3 per cent. thoroughly secured, Louisville at 81 and Norfolk Prefs. at 52 are very promising. Readings, too, are spoken of very favourably. As I predicted, now that the weak "Bulls" are eliminated, Ohio and Mississippi stocks are recovering sharply. They were during the week the strongest in the list, and the Ordinary at 22⅞ are well on the way to 30 again, just as the Preferred at 92 are likely to advance to 100 very promptly. There never was any reason for the fall, and there is all the more reason for the recovery. Texas "B" are again meeting with some favour as a cheap speculation at ½ to ⅝, at which they are a promising "lock-up." When the Yankee boom comes again, as come it will,

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they will soon double or treble their price. One of the cheapest speculative investments, by the way, is Alabama, New Orleans, and Texas Second Mortgage "B" Debentures at anything like 42, as they have earned 3 per cent. for this year. Canadian Pacifics are moving but slowly; but Grand Trunks have again been taken in hand by the accession to the "Bull" party of a prominent jobber, who is credited with special information.

A Promising Chilian Investment.

Among the securities which have been adversely affected by the civil war in Chili, and which have not yet made any substantial recovery through its cessation, is the Bank of Tarapacà and London, Limited. The paid-up capital of the bank is £500,000, and it has a reserve fund of £10 000. The gross profits last year, notwithstanding the adverse circumstances under which it conducted its business, were £46 490 0s. 6d., out of which it wrote off £33 021 15s. 3d. for "loss in exchange." This question of exchange is of great moment to the Bank. The exchange on London fell to about 16d. from 23d., but it has since rebounded to the old point, and the loss written off has been fully recovered. So much so, in fact, that since the meeting held on October 20 last, an interim dividend of 2s. 6d. has been declared and paid. The Chilian Government are taking energetic steps to restore their currency to a silver basis. Gradually, therefore, the exchange may be expected to rise to 37d., and it is not improbable that before the next accounts of the Bank are published the rate may be 30d. If this be the case, we may expect a further improvement in the value of the assets on the other side of £30 000, so that it is not an extravagant presumption that the surplus at the end of the Bank's financial year may be £80 000 or £90 000. I include, of course, the year's profits in the estimate. The advance in the price of nitrate from £7. 10s. per ton to £9. 10s. is an important element, the position of the Bank's principal customers, the Nitrate Railway and the Nitrate-producing Companies, being materially improved under these circumstances. I am of opinion that £3. 5s. for the shares, which are of £10 each (with £5 paid), is marvellously cheap, and that, like Nitrate Railways, Tarapacà Waterworks, and Araucos, to which I have lately fully referred, and in which my anticipations have been amply verified, we are likely to see the Bank of Tarapacà and London shares at £5 before long, if not still higher.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

Once again there are indications of a revival in the Mining market. In fact, all the conditions for a material rise are established, if only the public would pluck up courage. At the settlement there were numerous small backwardations on Mining shares showing that the "Bears" had also been busy in this department, the dealers being all round short of stock. Should the November crushings of the Witwatersrand Mines, therefore, again prove favourable, we may look for a marked improvement in values. The strength of De Beers, which have been put up to 13½, should assist such a movement. On this Company my correspondent "Merchant" writes as follows from Kimberley:—

> The low price of De Beers shares seems much more attributable to the fluctuations and vicissitudes of the speculative market than to any hitch in the operations of the Company. Diamonds are selling freely, and the Company is in an excellent financial position. Mr. Barnato, who is as practical a digger as he is an able financier, has never yet paid so much attention to the affairs of the undertaking as he is giving it since he has been acting chairman of the company. I believe an arrangement has been made with Mr. Ward whereby the De Beers Consolidated Mines will undertake the operations at the Wesselton Mine from January 1 next. Nor do I think I am wrong in stating that the mine will be apportioned amongst some of the old Kimberley diggers who have been frozen out by the effects of amalgamation. It is more than likely that an independent valuator will be appointed, and that the diamonds will be sold on the same basis and subject to somewhat similar conditions as the débris diamonds were sold. The latter class of diamonds, by the way, are a drug in the market, the over production of small diamonds having more or less throttled the débris trade. For the information of those who are interested in the production, I may add that a parcel of Wesselton stuff will be on view for a full week from the date of receipt of my letter at the offices of the Standard Bank, 10, Clement's-lane. The diamonds are well worth seeing.

Amongst the Witwatersrand Gold Mines, Simmer and Jack are up to 4⅛, Robinson to 3⅜, New Primrose to 2⅛, Nigel to 3⅛. Oceana have also recovered ½ to 4½. There is a considerable "Bear" account in these shares, and the price may jump up at any moment. The favourable statement respecting the new Silati Railway, which will be found under "Sutherland Reefs," of course, equally benefits the Oceana. The Glencairn crushing for November is expected to show a further improvement, and the price will probably soon stand at 10s. Great Gold Zones have advanced to 10s., and it is evident, from a small backwardation which was paid last settlement, that operators for the fall have committed themselves in a manner which will prove very dangerous for them. The news from the property is most favourable, and such as to promise much higher prices. Elmore Gold shares have been dealt in at 1s. Maid of Erin Silver Mines are quoted ex dividend at 1½-¾. The gross yield for the week ended November 28 was 1,500 tons, of an estimated value of 24,500 dols. Alaska Treadwell Gold Mining shares are in request at 2¾-⅞ per £5 (25 dols.) shares. This mine is situated in Douglas Island, Alaska, and has the largest auriferous quartz lode thus far worked in the world—the lode at the main workings being 350 ft. thick. It is low grade ore, but the working expenses are very low, and profits are being made which enable regular quarterly dividends (payable through Messrs. Rothschild) being made at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the par capital. A bonus of 2 or 3 per cent. is, moreover, expected at the end of the year. This is a first-class mining investment. Mosman shares have advanced to 9s. since I referred to them last week. A good many dealings have taken place in the Charter Towers Mines, Golden Gate, and Sunburst since I drew attention to them. From the Golden Gate another crushing of 299 tons, yield 581 oz., value £2,180, is reported under date November 21. Mysore Gold shares are steady at 5¼, Mysore Nagar being dealt in at 9s. to 9s. 6d. The Glenrock Company announces the receipt of a cablegram giving the result of the first crushing on the Premier property—70 oz. from 275 tons. This is certainly discouraging, after the manner in which this mine has been spoken of by the board. The Glenrock Company moved from India to the Argentine Republic and thence to New Zealand, but shareholders are still unrewarded for their pluck, and have to face another call made by the directors this week in order to be in a position to send funds out to New Zealand. Advices from Broken Hill are more favourable. A cablegram from the Australian Broken Hill Consols, dated November 27, is to the following effect:—

> November 27.—"Incline level, from 280 level West raised 6 cwt. rich ore, containing 1,950 oz. of silver, including ¾ cwt. native silver." The following telegram has been received from the managing director of the East Broken Hill Consols, resident at Broken Hill, dated November 26:—"Cutting into cross lode number one, 150 ft. below the surface, we have struck chloride of silver and carbonate of lead."

Upon these reports Australian Broken Hill Consols rose to 13s. 6d., although they did not maintain the advance.

Sutherland Reefs.

Advices received by mail from the Sutherland Reef property, to the rich discoveries of gold reefs on which I drew attention a week or two ago, fully confirm previous favourable reports. On October 23 the east and west drives in the vertical shaft had been driven 3 ft. and 2 ft. respectively, and the leaders were found as rich as when first struck. The air-shaft had been sunk to a total depth of 116 ft., and a reef about 18 in. wide had dipped into it. Mr. Klinke, State mining engineer, had inspected the mines, and when in the drives he had a piece of the quartz knocked off, which was found to be covered with visible gold; he also picked up a piece of slate which was equally rich. He had taken both pieces with him to Pretoria to exhibit in his offices. These shares are quoted ⅞-1, and are an excellent lock-up at this price. By the same mail the Harmony Proprietary Company's manager reports the arrival of the contractors and surveyors of the new line of railway from Komati to Leydsdorp, who are well pleased with the route, and in May next will start the

construction at both ends and at several points between; they are all Englishmen, and intend pushing the work ahead. This is good news for the properties situate near this projected line, and at or near Silati River.

The Village Main Reef.

My Johannesburg correspondent, who recently drew attention to the New Primrose and Nigel shares (which have advanced materially since I first mentioned them) sends me some remarks on another Randt mine, which is little known here, and which seems worthy of attention. This is what my correspondent has to say on the subject:—

The Village Main Reef is a concern to which I may direct your attention. The capital is £110,000, but only 78,000 shares are issued, leaving 32,000 in reserve. It owns fifteen claims on the first dip of the City and Suburban and Jubilee Companies, both of which, as you know, possess exceedingly rich ground. The Village main shaft is now down about 540 ft., and the South Reef was cut at a depth of 485 ft., where it is 15 in. wide and assays 7 oz. At 530 ft. it was again intersected by a cross cut, and was found to be 18 in. wide, assaying 5 oz. On another portion of the property a bore hole was sunk, and at 507 ft. the reef was found to be 2 ft. wide, assaying 9 oz. This reef is evidently the South Reef, and the continuation of a particularly rich shoot which is found in the Jubilee Company's ground. The Company is expected to start crushing about December 1 with a 10-stamp mill, but trial crushings will take place before that date. The ore is, of course, highly pyritic at this depth, the 7-oz. reef only giving a free milling assay of 2 oz., but I look upon the pyrites difficulty as practically solved, and no great fears need be entertained on this score.

The prospects of the Village Main Reef appear, therefore, to be promising.

Ecuador's Return to Honesty.

Another Spanish American Republic, Ecuador, has compounded with its creditors, and undertaken to resume the payment of interest on its External Debt, of course on a smaller scale. At a meeting of bondholders called by the Council of Foreign Bondholders the scheme was all but unanimously adopted, and the necessary resolutions passed to carry it into effect at once. The bondholders will receive, for every £1,000 of old stock, £400 in new bonds, carrying interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. for five years, rising to 4¾ per cent. for the next five years, and to five per cent. afterwards. They will also receive for every £1,000 of old stock twelve shares of £5 each in the new National Railway of Ecuador by arrangement with the Compania de Ferro Carril y Obras Publicas de Guayaquil. These shares will be entitled to half the profits of the railway, the other half going to the Government. Taking the value of the new bonds at 50, which is a moderate level, the old stock would be worth 20, apart from the bonus in the railway shares. These are expected to be worth par, as the railway, which is partly constructed, has excellent prospects. On that basis a further bonus of 6 per cent. is provided in the old stock, raising its value to 26. It will, therefore, be seen that at the present price of 17½-18 the old Ecuador bonds are an excellent purchase. The interest on the new bonds is secured by the proceeds of a 10 per cent. additional import duty, which will be paid over fortnightly to the bondholders' agent, who will remit the account to the Council of Bondholders. With its debts thus amicably settled and its credit rising, Ecuador will no doubt make rapid progress, to which the new railway system will, of course, greatly contribute.

A Word with the Bell's Asbestos Directors.

In view of the prevailing conflicting rumours, I have for some time endeavoured to obtain official information on the position of Bell's Asbestos Company, but my readers will gather from the following communication, from the managing director of the Company, Mr. Herbert A. Bell, that I have not been successful:—

I regret that I am quite unable to furnish you with particulars with regard to this Company. I fully admit the interest that you have always taken in the affairs of this Company, but I am unable to give you any information, even privately, owing to the censure I have received from my co-directors for having given information "privately," and which information has been promptly committed to the public press, frequently with critical comments added to such information, and which comments have been more often than not mistaken by the public to have been official formation from myself.

Some of my readers, who are shareholders in the Company, have been more fortunate in obtaining at least some expression of opinion from the Company, as will be seen from the following copy of a letter received by one of their number:—

November 20, 1891.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter of 19th inst. the fall in the price of our shares is caused by the sales of shares by speculative holders being in excess of the demand for investment. During the first half of the year there was a considerable reduction in the quantity of trade done and prices obtained. The purchasers of crude asbestos found themselves unable to take delivery and pay for the supplies they had purchased in advance, and consequently this company did not realise the large profit to which by contract it is entitled. This difficulty arising out of over-production still exists, but to much less extent than in the early part of the year, and the directors believe that the realisation of the handsome profit on the contracts mentioned at the last general meeting will only be subject to delay and will not be lost. The trade in the manufactured goods of the company is steadily recovering from the depression of the first half year.—I am, yours faithfully,
(For Bell's Asbestos Co. Limited) Geo. W. Giles, Sec.

At best this is an oracular utterance, which leaves matters very much where they were. Mr. Herbert A. Bell, it will be remembered, furnished me on his return from Canada (Truth, June 18, 1891) with some interesting information on the then state of affairs, which was in every respect satisfactory. It will also be remembered that the chairman, Mr. John Bell, made the following statement at the general meeting held on February 23:—

We have made very important forward sales of the estimated surplus of crude asbestos over our own manufacturing requirements during the present year. I am under engagement to the buyers not to mention quantities or prices, but I may venture so far as to state that these sales will, with ordinary good fortune in the working, give us a very much larger profit than has ever previously been obtained from ours or any asbestos mines.

What I cannot understand is that there should be any trouble about making purchasers pay for asbestos contracted for, as seems to be hinted at in the above letter. Certainly the chairman did not consider it necessary to refer to such a contingency. Mr. John Bell foreshadowed the most favourable future for the Company in February last. He even went so far as to say: "Do this (contradict the charges of bribery and corruption) boldly and constantly, and you will soon have your dividends over 20 per cent. again." I maintain, therefore, that it is the plain duty of Mr. John Bell and of his co-directors, in view of his former statements and of all the bearish rumours which are being put about, and which have caused a further heavy fall of the shares, to make a frank and public statement with respect to the Company. The directors must be aware of the reports which are current that they had reduced their holdings to a minimum, and that some of them had operated for the fall in the stocks of their own Company. Far be it from me to believe them capable of such an utter dereliction of duty and honesty. But in view of the scare which has been created in the market for the shares, it is for them to remove this impression by an official communication to the shareholders. I have just received a copy of the following circular which has been sent out to the shareholders of the Company:—

November 27, 1891.

I beg to advise you that the Directors have thought it desirable to join in the united action of the principal Asbestos Mine owners of Canada to restrict the output of the crude material by closing their mines during the winter months. This action is not prompted by any falling off in the productiveness of your mines, or in the use of the produce thereof, but is taken solely to protect the interests of the Company by preventing over-production.—Yours truly, Geo. W. Giles, Secretary.

George Gregory & Company, Stock and Share Dealers, 4, Tokenhouse-buildings, Lothbury, Bank of England, London, E.C. Telegrams "Grammarian, London"; Manager, Mr. A. Langridge. Also, London—West-End: 226, Piccadilly, W. (immediately opposite the London Pavilion). Telegrams, "Gregarious, London"; Manager, Mr. George Williams.—Brighton: Central-chambers, The Quadrant (facing Willings' Jubilee Clock Tower). Telegrams, "Gregorian, Brighton"; Manager, Mr. W. J. Nichols.—Hastings: Queen's-chambers (adjoining the Queen's Hotel). Telegrams, "Gregory, Hastings"; Manager, Mr. H. O. Scantlebury. Agencies at Leeds, Hull, and Folkestone. "Hints to Speculators" (250 pages), contains a mass of reliable information, gratis and post free.

This extraordinary production again bears traces of that curious vagueness in which the directors of Bell's Asbestos Company, for reasons best known to themselves, seem to delight. They might have added what effect this measure was likely to have on the earnings of the Company for the present and the coming year. I have always heard that the Canadian Asbestos Mines cannot be worked in winter. I wonder if this is the last shot, and how long the shareholders will put up with this extraordinary treatment. So far the market has received this last circular as a "Bull" tip, high prices of the metal being predicted in consequence, and a greatly-increased value of the stock of asbestos held by the Company. But, having said so much, why do not the Directors say more?

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various investors:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Lottery.—You cannot buy these Lottery bonds on the London Stock Exchange, but your banker could buy them for you in Paris. Under no circumstances operate through the Paris touting firm named, as their system is bad. *Volvox.*—Mexican Government Six per Cent. bonds have fallen in sympathy with South American stocks. There is no other reason for it, this Government paying interest regularly, and the finances being in a good position. *Bells.*—1. The interest on Italian Rente is 5 per cent. *a.* No. *b.* No. *c* You had better sell on the recovery which is now taking place in Foreign stocks in view of the "Bear" squeeze. You will find my view of Italians recorded in Truth of November 19, page 1,061. 2. I should not recommend this Insurance Office. I do not like the system at all. *Wilts.*—The sole reason for the fall of City of Mexico bonds is the depression in South American stocks. You will find a full account of the present position in Truth of November 19. You may safely buy more to average. *Zürich.*—I am fully aware of the monstrous way in which the Cedula holders are being treated by the La Plata Government. The address of the Cedula Bondholders' Committee is 42, Old Broad-street, London, E.C., Mr, J. S. Ballin being chairman. *Medicus.*—There is nothing against City of Mexico bonds, as you will see from my detailed remarks in Truth, November 19, page 1,062. They have only fallen in sympathy with South American securities. Hold. *Louise.*—As the conversion of the Uruguay Debt has now been decided upon, you had better hold your bonds, they are likely to improve. The Tramway shares had better be held on the chance of an improvement. *J. C. H.*—I have stated my views of Greeks repeatedly of late. With a better administration of the country's finances this stock would rise again.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Weston.—Foreign Bank shares generally have declined. There is nothing specially against the two banks named by you, but they are, of course, speculative investments. *R. H. C.*—The subscribed capital of the Trust and Investment Corporation of South Africa is only £18,500, being 10s. on 37,000 shares of £1 each. There are no buyers of the shares, but there are sellers at about 3s. *Plymouth.* I do not like this bank. *Divorig.*—Yes; I should sell the Bank shares No. 1 at the next opportunity. I do not like Bank shares like No. 2, as it is difficult to control the business which the bank may be doing from this side, but there is no special reason to sell. No. 3. Hold for an improvement, which is probable with rising markets, then sell. No reason to sell the Dock Debentures Nos. 4 and 5. *Hubert.*—I cannot advise such an investment as you require. You had better leave the money in the P.O. Savings Bank. *J. W. W.*—As a matter of safety I should prefer the Life Offices, Nos. 1 and 2, for the annuity, and I hardly think that you can do better. *Medico.*—You should hold the shares of the Argentine Trust in question. I accept no fee.

Home Rails.

H. E. M.—Amongst Home Rails Midlands will suit your purpose. The line is doing well. Hold 1 and 2 by all means. They are likely to improve, and are good investments. Grand Trunk Prefs. (No. 3) are likely to improve, when they should be sold, as they are not satisfactory from the dividend-paying point of view. No reason to sell the Bank shares, No. 4. *P. N.*—Yes, North British Deferred are a good speculative "lock-up."

American and Foreign Rails.

Queenie.—The traffics will be published regularly after January 1. I cannot answer your question positively, but those who ought to know say that the interest on the Second Debentures is being earned. *Caledonian.*—1. I do not advise purchase even of Mexican Railway Prefs. for the present, as any continuation of bad traffics will put prices lower. At a certain level they would, of course, be a purchase. 2. Yes, Caledonian Prefs. are a good investment, and the best time to buy is now. 3. Yes, if you are prepared to hold, you might pick up Great Western of Brazil Debenture stock now. *Union Pacifics.*—A tip is at present being passed round to buy Unions, and the market is better; but affairs must be arranged with the U.S. Government first before any material rise can occur. This stock has been under a cloud ever since Jay Gould played his last tricks with the market. Norfolk and Western Prefs. are far preferable, as they pay a dividend and are honestly managed, which the Union Pacific is not. If you are a holder sell Unions at the next improvement, and buy Norfolks or Atchison instead. They will move more rapidly up. *An Old Reader.*—Pennsylvania and Ohio Firsts will, no doubt, improve with the rest of the American market. I do not care for the junior securities. *Brewer.*—Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Second Incomes have recovered to 31. Hold; they will improve. You will probably get out of your Grand Trunk First Prefs. without a loss if you hold on. *Safety.*—I would most decidedly invest the £20,000 in gilt-edged American Railroad bonds. I will give a list in next issue.

Mining Shares.

Senex.—The renewed advance in Great Gold Zones will tell you that the position is promising. Col. Buxton and Mr. Jones were delayed. *Mac.*—The Mining shares, No. 1, are no particular catch. If you are prepared to hold for some time, you might buy No. 2 (Australian Broken Hill) as a promising speculation. 3. Impossible to tell. *M. A.*—Sell East Sheba Reef, if you can do so. *H. E.*—As there is a prospect of the Mining market becoming more active, you might hold the Gold shares mentioned for a couple of months, and sell if they improve. As investments to yield 4-5 per cent. with safety, and with every prospect of the capital value improving, American Railway bonds may be recommended, such as Baltimore and Ohio South-Western First Mortgage bonds, Chicago and Milwaukee (Chicago and Lake Superior Div.) First Mortgage bonds, Norfolk and Western General Mortgage, Atchison Topeka Four per Cent. Gold bonds. *Bucolic.*—Mining shares must always be speculative. See remarks on these shares under "Kaffir and Other Mines," and form your own conclusion. *Weekly Reader.*—1. Rio Tintos are extremely speculative, but they are likely rather to improve than fall. 2. The operations of the Indian Consolidated have been very disappointing, and the last advices show no improvement. The final call of 6d. per share may be made shortly, and after that the shareholders may have to face another reconstruction. *W. A. W., Johannesburg.*—To judge from your abusive letter, you are a "Bear" of these stocks. Your insinuations are beneath contempt

Industrial Companies.

Outcast.—The St. Louis Brewery is doing well, and the fact that they are being bought here for American accounts is the best proof of good prospects. The journal in question is of no importance. The report will be issued shortly. *Melbury.*—I should not exactly pick out the Electric Light Company mentioned by you for investment. *Sussex.*—There is no doubt that the competition of the electric light will eventually interfere with profits of the Gas Companies, and I should not advise the holding of any large amount of shares in the latter. *K.*—1. Eastman's Preference being cumulative are worth buying as an investment, but you must be prepared to hold, as the dividend disappointment has to be got over first. 2. Yes. 3. You must be aware that I have recommended Electric Construction shares repeatedly. *Ignotus.*—I do not believe in these official assurances. Unfortunately, so far, the response of shareholders in the three Companies has not been general enough to permit a movement. *G. del Re.*—I cannot hear anything about the present position of the Company. Write to the secretary. *H. P. H.*—Yes, Welford's Dairy shares are a good industrial investment. *R. H.*—No reason to sell the bank shares. Yes, the Mexican City bonds and the Brewery shares will do well for your purpose. You might also buy Guatemala Internal bonds, yielding over ten per cent. *Arno.*—1. Hold De Beers for the present. 2. See remarks in to-day's letter, where the subject is specially referred to. *Kappa, Bacup, An Unfortunate Holder, Bank,* and *Serious.*—I give all the particulars which I am able to obtain in my letter of to-day. You should write to the secretary and insist upon more precise information. *North.*—I do not like this investment at all.

Mixed Investments.

A. H. L., Shrewsbury.—You should make inquiries locally. *Greenhorn.*—To invest your £1,000 with comparative safety to yield about 5 per cent. you might spread the investment over Mexican Central Four per Cent Gold bonds, Baltimore and Ohio Five per Cent. Gold bonds, Chicago and Milwaukee (Chicago and Lake Superior) First Mortgage bonds, Louisville and Nashville Six per Cent General Mortgage bonds. *Miss E. W., Limerick.*—It is a pity you did not heed my repeated warnings of Mexican Rails. Sell at the next opportunity. You might re-invest in the above-mentioned bonds if 5 per cent. satisfies you. No special reason to sell London Trams now. Electric Construction shares are a good industrial investment. Manitoba and North-Western Six per Cent. First Mortgage bonds are a good investment. *Merlin.*—No reason to sell the Tramway shares A and B at present. Australian bonds are not in favour just now. You had better sell C on a recovery. *E. H. W.*—As inspections of the Elmore Works at Leeds by the shareholders have been arranged for this week (see under "Various Investments") you should take the opportunity of running down and see and hear for yourself. I understand that you will be able to see the 20-ton plant at work. *Delta.*—No, I should not advise investment in No. 1. No. 2 are fully-paid shares of £10 now quoted 6⅞ and worth buying. No 3 a fair investment. No. 4 doubtful. I do not care for Nos. 5 and 6, Why do you not invest in American Brewery Prefs. of good Companies? *R. J. T.*—Hold No. 1 if you have patience. 2. I do not advise the purchase of Egyptian Unified or of Grand Trunks (3) at these prices. 4. I do not care for the two concerns named. Have you tried the Scottish Widows' Fund? *Greenhorn.*—Make a little trust for yourself of Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds, Midland Railway Ordinary, and gilt-edged American Railroad bonds. *Chance.*—You have gone far too much into speculative stocks with your twenty-seven investments. Why did you not heed my repeated warnings to sell Nos. 2, 5, 8, 14, 15, 20, 27? You should hold the South American stocks Nos. 26, 28, 30, 31 for

a recovery, and consult a respectable stockbroker about all the remainder and sell at least half, re-investing in several securities yielding, say, 5 per cent.

VARIOUS INVESTMENTS.

Araucos have moved strongly upwards, the Ordinary advancing to 8½ to 9, the Preference to 13½-14½ in anticipation of the early issue of a favourable directors' report. The prospects of this Company with its immense coal property are unique now that Chili is settling down to the peaceful development of its resources. With regard to Nitrate Rails, which are much firmer at 17¾, advices have been received according to which the working expenses show a great reduction, and a large sum will be available for distribution of dividends. But it is not yet settled if the dividend will exceed the rate of 20 per cent. per annum, or if the directors will prefer to carry forward a very substantial amount. There has been an improved demand for American Brewery shares, St. Louis and San Francisco advancing ¼ to ½, the shares of a number of English Breweries moving somewhat irregularly. Elmore Copper shares have advanced, the English shares to 3½, French to 2½. I understand that invitations have been issued to the shareholders in the English Elmore Company for an inspection of the works at Leeds on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday next, when I am told they will be able to see the 20 ton plant at work. Considering the extraordinary "Bear" rumours which have of late been put about, I hope that many of the shareholders will avail themselves of this opportunity of seeing with their own eyes. They will in that case, no doubt, amply confirm the remarks which I have from time to time made. The time is also approaching when the shareholders in the MacIvor Patents will have a similar opportunity to inspect their works at Northfleet in full swing. With respect to some curious rumours which have been dished up in a contemporary, that this Company had not placed its capital, and had got no Stock Exchange quotation, I may state that not only are the shares officially quoted, but that all the shares offered have been applied for, the Company has got its full work-capital, and that there is not, and never has been, any intention to create a further issue.—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

In consequence of great pressure upon space, this week's QUEER STORY *is unavoidably postponed.*

MUSIC.

SIGNOR LAGO finished his regular season at the Shaftesbury Theatre on Saturday, but, as I ventured to prophesy a short time ago, he has been able to make terms with Mr. Edwardes by which he is at liberty to prolong the representations of Italian opera for another week, and possibly also for a fortnight. Indeed, were it not for the fact that the Gaiety company have to be transferred to the Shaftesbury in the middle of this month, the opera season could successfully be made to run beyond the new year. The result is, doubtless, a triumph for Italian opera. The late Mr. F. Gye at Covent Garden, and the late Mr. Jarrett at Her Majesty's, were in the habit of ransacking England and the Continent at their leisure, and discovering for their coming season the best available talent from all countries at the lowest possible price. This, the only safe plan in operatic matters, is also that adopted by Signor Lago, to whose enterprise and sound judgment we owe the resuscitation of Italian opera at Covent Garden after the collapse of the Opera Company, Limited; the introduction to this country of the Sisters Ravogli and other eminent artists; the revival of "Tannhäuser," the "Flying Dutchman," and "Orfeo;" and the production of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," the first genuine novelty that Italian operatic audiences have been permitted to hear since 1887. In a house like the Shaftesbury, destitute of the scenery, costumes, and other paraphernalia for opera, the method of production has, doubtless, often left plenty of ground for criticism. But, at any rate, Signor Lago can claim the credit of popular success, and, moreover, after giving at Windsor Castle the first performance of serious opera to which her Majesty has cared to listen for upwards of thirty years, he will eventually be able to retire on his laurels while the demand for seats to hear "Cavalleria Rusticana" is still great.

The Italian and English operatic artists are intensely delighted with the outcome of their efforts at Windsor, and still more so with the trinkets which the Queen presented to them. Abroad, of course, such marks of Royal favour are by no means uncommon, and even here it is the invariable custom of the Queen to give bracelets, finger-rings, breast-pins, or similar tokens, to the musicians who have from time to time alleviated the dulness of Balmoral, Windsor, or Osborne. In this way Madame Albani, Madame Marie Roze, Señor Sarasate, and many others have become the possessors of inexpensive articles of jewellery of which they are very proud. It is, however, not etiquette to present gifts to vocalists who appear at State concerts or at public performances, so that those who have sung before the Queen at the Albert Hall have had to go ringless.

There is not a violinist in this kingdom who does not deeply regret the sad death at Glasgow, on Sunday, in the prime of early manhood, of Robert Heckmann, chief of the famous Heckmann quartet. Herr Heckmann, who was only forty-one, had recently re-formed his quartet party, and, after giving a concert at Edinburgh, he had intended to appear at a recital at Glasgow, and also last week at a concert in London, both of which, of course, had to be abandoned. A few hours before his Glasgow concert he called upon Professor Young, whose wife, observing how ill he seemed, called in Dr. Bryce. That gentleman at once pronounced the case to be the most dangerous form of influenza. Mrs. Young, nevertheless, caused him to be put to bed in her own house, and, with the help of two hospital assistants, nursed him till he died. Such is the simple but touching narrative.

The following letter from a habitué of St. James's Hall speaks for itself. I learn that brand-new seats have been ordered and will probably be fixed during the Christmas holidays. They ought, of course, to have been put up last autumn. The equally important questions of the organ, and the ventilation, will probably remain unsolved until a managing director with full powers is appointed in place of the late Mr. Molyneux.

I think I shall only be expressing the feelings of many who attend the concerts at St. James's Hall if I draw your attention to the state of the upholstery in that building. At the end of each bench, rags of green and red cloth are hanging where two coverings have worn out, and the original deal of the bench shows through, and the velvet round the gallery is in much the same dilapidated condition.

Considering the large sums of money taken weekly at the Hall at this season, it does not seem unreasonable to expect things should be kept neat and in order, but at present the eye is pained by the poverty-stricken appearance of the building, which affords a striking contrast to the magnificent music so often to be enjoyed there.

When the organ is changed the experiment might, by the way, be tried of erecting an instrument tuned to the diapason normal.

Little Gérardy has made his reappearance, and both at St. James's Hall and the Crystal Palace he has been heard in Volkmann's so-called Violoncello Concerto in A minor. It is a pity he has wasted his time upon mere virtuoso's music, although it must in fairness be said that the ease with which he triumphs over its extraordinary difficulties is little short of marvellous. The most important début of the past week is that of Mdlle. Szumowska, a young Polish graduate in medicine, who subsequently became a pianoforte pupil of M. Paderewski, and who for natural talent, at any rate in Chopin's works—the national music of her country—bids fair to rival her master himself. On Monday M. Ysaye made his last appearance at the Pops, where, in a Mozart programme, next Saturday Sir Charles and Lady Hallé will reappear.

I understand Mr. Daniel Mayer has in contemplation the building of a pianoforte recital hall, holding about

1,000 people, on the site of the premises now occupied in Great Marlborough-street by Messrs. Erard.

A correspondent writes me a letter, too long for print, apropos of the woes of an organist—a subject which I have already almost threshed out. Among other novel examples of the interference of the clergy in musical matters, he instances one in which the parson insisted upon training the choir, afterwards declining to say whether the organist was a competent choirmaster; another in which the clergyman, after expostulation, blandly explained that if in intoning he had sung A he had really intended to sing G; and yet another (which my correspondent declares would have "made a cat laugh") in which a certain divine requested him to let boys remain in the choir after their voices had broken, "in order that they should avoid the temptations of the street." My correspondent adds: "The only remedy I can suggest is 'Do not become an organist.'" To my mind, a better remedy would be for the organists to form a trades union, thanks to which the clergyman who behaved cruelly or absurdly would be boycotted, and would either be compelled to mend his ways, or be driven into the arms of the amateur shoemaker who sticks to his last all the week, but "sometimes plays the organ on Sundays."

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—We have made at least some scientific advance since the days of Mathew Hopkins, Witch-finder, when the work of his representative to-day is, not to prove that old women are witches, but that our witches and wizards, their devotees and disciples, are old women. It is not too much to say that Mr. Maskelyne, in the chapters he has contributed to Dr. Lionel Weatherly's "The Supernatural?" (1), has demonstrated this of the Spiritualists and of their Apostolic successors, the Theosophists. You will forgive the book even its terrible illustrations for the sake of these amusing and most instructive chapters, which make you wonder why new religions are not floated as frequently and as successfully as new Companies. There is an inconceivable abundance of the raw material—dupes, and of the manufacturers, impostors—while the manufacture is, as Mr. Maskelyne shows you, the simplest process in the world. Here, for instance, is a delightful specimen of the idiocy of a leading American medium, cited from the notes of the Acting Chairman of the American Commission for the investigation of Spiritualism:—

"Do you remember, Olive," I asked of a materialised spirit, "the old oak near Sumner Place?" "Yes, indeed I do." "And whose names were carved upon it?" "Yes; ah, yes!" "And, oh! Olive, what was the matter with you that afternoon when your father rode his hunter to the town and Albert followed after upon his, and your mother trundled to the gate behind the dappled greys; you remember?" "Perfectly." "Well, don't you remember nothing seemed to please you that afternoon? You left the novel all uncut upon the rosewood shelf; you left the new piano shut; something seemed to worry you. You remember it, dear one?" "All of it; yes, yes!" "Then you came singing down to that old oak where I had carved our names, and you fell asleep under it, and a little acorn fell into your bosom, and you tossed it out in a pet; and I found the acorn and kissed it twice, and kissed it thrice, for thee! And, do you know, it has grown into a fine young oak?" "I know it," she answered softly and sadly. "I often go to it!"

This was almost too much for me, and, as my memory of Tennyson's "Talking Oak" was growing misty, I dismissed the spirit. By the way, in a delightful book which you must by all means order, the Marchioness of Dufferin's "Canadian Journal"(2), there is an account of one of those "coincidences" which Dr. Weatherly is at much pains to explain away:—

You remember that I told you that a poor manservant of ours was drowned at the Mingan. As we knew nothing about his people, we were unable to communicate the news of his death to them, so D. ordered any letters that might arrive for him to be brought to himself. The first of these—which we have just received—was from a servant-girl he was attached to at Ottawa, and was dated exactly seven days after the date of the accident. In it she said, "I have been in my new place a week, and I like it very much, but I had such a dreadful dream on the day of my arrival. I dreamt that you and Nowell were upset in a boat together, and that Nowell was saved, but you were drowned." As the spot where the accident occurred is in an uninhabited region on the coast of Labrador, more than 500 miles from Ottawa, without either telegraphs or posts, it was impossible that she should have had the news of her lover's death when this letter was written.

A greater contrast to the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava's genial, unaffected, well-informed, and excellently-written "Journal" cannot be imagined than the silly and snobbish slip-slop which the sister-in-law of another Governor-General of Canada—Lord Monck—has favoured the world with under the title of "My Canadian Leaves" (3). Upon glancing through these jottings, I can quite understand how their author thought them worth exhuming from beneath the dust of twenty-seven years, so profound is the ignorance and egotism they betray; but how came all her friends, as she tells us, "to want to read my journals?" What do you say, for instance, to this piece of history?—

We then went to Bunker's Hill, where is a ridiculously ugly monument in honour of a victory gained by the Yankees over the English.

Apropos of Bunker's Hill, did you ever hear the Boston girl's retort to the English girl's swagger over a cannon captured there? "Ay, you've got the cannon; but, I guess, we've got the hill!" If you are in the mood for tales of war, as brilliantly told as any published in our time, read Archibald Forbes's "Barracks, Bivouacs, and Battles" (4). Even though you may have read some of them, or all of them, already in the magazines where they originally appeared, they are well worth re-reading and possessing. What novelist has imagined, or could imagine, a tale more extraordinary, thrilling, romantic, and pathetic than the true story of the twin-brothers Russell? They fall in love with the same girl, and bring down their soldier father's grey hairs to the grave by their quarrel about her. After his death they enlist, are parted for years, and come together at last thus: Owing to the misery and monotony of Indian life and to the enervating and irritating effects of the climate, such an epidemic of suicide and of offences which would ensure the offender's transportation to Western Australia set in, that Sir Charles Napier issued an order that any soldier attempting suicide, or insulting an officer (with a view to transportation), should be shot. Immediately after the issue of the ukase, which no one thought would be enforced, a private who had enlisted under the name of "Creed" flung his cap in the face of a young officer whom he had never even seen before. He was sentenced to be shot. A sergeant who had joined that day was put in command of the firing party, which involved his shooting with a pistol the condemned man if the volley missed him—as it did. The sergeant walked up to the condemned man, recognised in him his twin brother, yet shot him, and then, reloading the pistol, shot himself. There in bald outline is a story which is told, as are all the others in the volume, with singular and soldierly directness, force, and effect. It seems that our Manipur disaster sprang from a like romantic rivalry between two brothers, but the ultimate responsibility for it unquestionably rests with ourselves alone. No impartial person who reads even Mrs. Grimwood's graphic account of the affair in her "Three Years in Manipur" (5)—and it is well worth reading—can hesitate in fixing the entire responsibility for it upon the bull-like, blear-eyed, dogged stupidity of the Government and its agents, repaired, if not redeemed, by an equally bull-like courage and tenacity. Since I read "The Heathen Chinee," I have come upon nothing more grotesquely absurd than the charge of treachery against the Senaputti because he laid successfully for us the very trap we had laid unsuccessfully for him! Thus we are ruined by Chinee cheap labour, and go for that heathen Chinee! Perhaps the most interesting parts, by the way, of Mrs. Grimwood's volume are the two simple, soldierly, and even heroic letters of Major Grant

(1) "The Supernatural?" By Lionel A. Weatherly, M.D. With chapters on Original Magic, Spiritualism, and Theosophy, by J. N. Maskelyne. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. (London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.)
(2) "My Canadian Journal, 1872-1878: Extracts from my Letters Home written while Lord Dufferin was Governor-General." By the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. (London: John Murray.)
(3) "My Canadian Leaves: an Account of a Visit to Canada in 1864-1865." By Frances E. O. Monck. (London: Richard Bentley & Son.)
(4) "Barracks, Bivouacs, and Battles." By Archibald Forbes, LL.D. (London: Macmillan & Co.)
(5) "My Three Years in Manipur, and Escape from the Recent Mutiny." By Ethel St. Clair Grimwood. (London: Richard Bentley & Son.)
(6) "Blanche, Lady Falaise." By J. H. Shorthouse. (London: Macmillan & Co.)

who rushed with headlong speed from Tumu, in Burmah, to the rescue of the survivors of the Residency at Manipur. The whole book, and, indeed, the whole story of British rule in India, reminds you of a blind and blundering Polyphemus — *monstrum horrendum, ingens, cui lumen ademptum* — who amazes you by his stupidity, by his strength, and, above all, by the morality of giants, which holds that to be wickedness in the weak which is allowable and even laudable in the strong. Passing from such tales as Mr. Archibald Forbes's, and such exploits as Major Grant's, into the pages of such a pietist novel as Mr. Shorthouse's "Blanche, Lady Falaise" (6), is like passing from the wholesome and the hearty breath of spring on some mountain side into the sickly and the stifling atmosphere of a hospital. Such stories, by their suggestion that piety is so much above the commonest duties and charities of daily life, that it may trample upon them blamelessly, or even meritoriously, only confirm the scoff of the profane:—

'Cause Grace and Virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true saint allows
They should be suffered to espouse.

Believe me, in some haste, ever yours very sincerely,
DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We have had some lovely days of glorious sunshine and clear, bright, health-giving air, and have profited by them to look at the shop windows brightening to their prime of Christmastide. Above and beyond the inevitable tons of trash and rubbish there are many interesting things. The silversmiths have furbished up their goods with an extra polish, and the jewellers have a fascinating display. In a shop-window in the Burlington Arcade we saw a wonderful belt hung up to public view, composed of diamonds, rubies, and large square emeralds. The belt measures about an inch and a half in width, and is full size. An emerald forms the centre of each design, a large uncut ruby on either side of it, the rest being composed of fine brilliants. Our curiosity excited, we promptly went in and interviewed the jeweller, who told us that the belt was made for the ex-Empress Eugénie in the sixties, and had then cost £4,500, its present price being 2,000 guineas. A handsome young English marchioness possesses one like it, only two of this pattern being in existence.

You should see the pretty new fans all jewelled over. Black ones have fiery sparkles of scarlet and orange, while white lace ones are strewn with stars of diamond and opal. By artificial light these look beautiful, flashing as they are waved to and fro in a pretty white hand.

We have had several mornings shopping with Eva Grey, the bride-elect, who always begins by saying she must not spend any more money, and ends in "parting" freely. (Excuse the slang. It is so temptingly expressive.) Mr. Grey has given her £500 for her trousseau, but she is far exceeding that sum, knowing that her father *must* pay, and that the disagreeables attendant on his doing so will fall on her poor mother, not on her. There *are* girls like that, difficult as *you* may find it to think so. Eva can refuse herself nothing. I am afraid she will find the estate of matrimony rather trying, needing both patience and forbearance, neither of which she has ever practised, and they are not learned in a day, nor a month, nor a year. She went into a jeweller's shop in Bond-street the other morning and bought herself a deliciously-pretty marquise ring in small diamonds. That is hardly a necessary item in a trousseau, is it? And it cost the price of two good gowns. She has actually got a set of sables out of her father. This was her design all along, but we fancied she would not succeed. However, there is a wonderful power connected with pure, unadulterated selfishness. It has a bull-dog grip when it fastens on anything.

Mr. Grey sent her a very nice cheque, and told her to take her mother to choose the furs. However, Eva waited a whole week, knowing how fashionable it is now for a bridegroom to present his bride with a set of sables, and having resolved, should her fiancé act up to orthodoxy in this respect, to buy herself a sealskin Newmarket with her father's cheque. Mr. Greenfield came up to town on Thursday, tearing himself away for a day from his beloved hunting, and bought his bride a two-hundred-guinea hunter. This handsome present is not likely to be followed by another costly one, just yet at least, so we all went off to the International Fur Store yesterday to choose the sables. It was a delightful task, and not unenlivened by a secret source of fun. Eva's figure, though it looks splendid in her habit, owing to the subtle art of the builder, is by no means perfect. She has a short allowance of neck, very high shoulders, and a waist that may be described as wooden. The hips are very pronounced, owing partly to a long course of tight lacing, which has also rounded her shoulders. You know, dear, the flesh that is squeezed away from the waist *must* go somewhere, so a portion of it generally ascends, while the rest descends and causes an uneven, terrace-like formation just below the waist. The young woman who tried on the things had a lovely figure, and we could see that Eva fully expected that hers would look just as well in the various garments. When she came to try them on herself, the contrast was rather striking, but our bride-elect did not appear to notice it. She eventually chose a longish cape in green velvet, bordered with sable, and with a high collar of the same.

This was on Saturday morning, and Maud and I, feeling inclined for a long walk, left the Greys after lunch, and passed into Bond-street, up Oxford-street, and away up the Bayswater-road. Some great race had been run that morning, and we had an opportunity of studying human nature in its betting aspect. When we got into Bond-street, we saw ragged boys running along in the roadway, and shouting, "The winner! The winner!" Groups of well-dressed men stopped and bought papers of them, and hastily turned to the page bearing the winner's name. The expressions of their faces were eloquent enough, and very various. Some laughed aloud with delight, others, more accustomed to self-repression, satisfied themselves with a smile of more or less width. Some faces fell and grew incredibly long. Others turned hard and vicious in expression. Some wives would have a hard time on Saturday afternoon. As we got further away from fashion we saw working men, postmen, and omnibus drivers and conductors eagerly sharing with each other the announcement in the papers, with similar varying result, only expressed in language of considerable strength. We were painfully impressed by it all, and quoted to each other Disraeli's definition of the turf in "The Young Duke" — "this institution of national demoralisation."

Retracing our steps, we turned into the Dudley Gallery, where the English Art Club exhibits its canvases, and nearly expired over the portrait of a novelist man which is hung among the rest. Some one said it looked like a boiled ghost, but he might have added the word "soiled" as well. It is a tremendous joke, and it was delicious to see people come up in front of it, glance at it, examine their catalogues, and then gradually alter their expression from a puzzled, revolted wonder to subdued mirth. People brought others up to see, and small explosions of laughter were heard in the vicinity; but, of course, we were all afraid to laugh openly, lest the artist should be close to us. He must have been suffering from nightmare when he painted that awful head. And yet the likeness is so true as to be unmistakable.

We saw a very pretty dress in Regent-street this morning. It was a fine, but rough-surfaced, black cloth, bordered with a narrow band of natural astracan. The long coat was perfectly straight down the back, and also in front, the edges being bordered with natural astracan. The pleasant rustle of silk as the dainty little wearer

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passed revealed the fact that both dress and coat were lined with this material.

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We have tried this way of making a fricassee of cod fish, and found it excellent:—

Cut off from the middle of a cod fish about one pound and a-half. Well wash and blanch the sound, roe, and liver of the fish (rub the two former with a little salt and remove the black skin), cut these into shapely pieces, and lay them round the codfish in a clean stewpan, with a gill of white stock, one half pint of white wine, a bunch of sweet herbs, an onion, a blade of mace, a dash of nutmeg, and a pinch of salt. Cover closely and let all simmer for ten minutes. Put in the liquor of a dozen bearded oysters and a lump of butter rolled in flour. Stir carefully until the sauce is quite thick, then remove the onions and sweet herbs and throw in the oysters. Lay the fish in the centre of a hot dish, with the pieces of sound, roe, and liver round it. Garnish with clusters of curly parsley, lay between each slices of lemon. Lemons larded with cayenne should be served with the fish. Remains of cold fish can be re-heated in the same manner.

We shall by-and-by be getting very tired of turkey. This is a good way of diversifying the cold and, to some people, insipid remains of the roasted bird:—

Remove the brown skin from a cold roast turkey, then cut from the breast neat, shapely, fillets. Separate the lower part of the back, wings, and legs from the body. Put into a stewpan a pint of good stock, a blade of mace pounded, a shalot minced finely, a shred of lemon peel, the juice of half a lemon, a dash of cayenne, and a pinch of salt. Add to it the framework of the bird, well chopped. Let all simmer for twenty minutes. Thicken with a lump of butter well worked in flour. Strain the gravy into a clean stewpan, lay in the fillets cut from the bird, and set it over a slow fire. Take the back, wings, and legs, dust over the joints a little cayenne and salt mixed, dip each in fresh olive oil, and grill them over a clear fire quickly. By this time the ragout will be sufficiently blended to pour into the centre of a hot dish. Place the grilled joints round it. Lard the half of a lemon with cayenne and squeeze the juice over all. Pinch a couple of sausages into eight pieces (egg-shaped). Cook them in a hot oven quickly, and with these garnish the dish, with tufts of parsley between.

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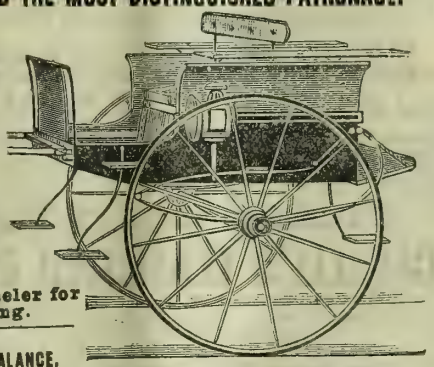

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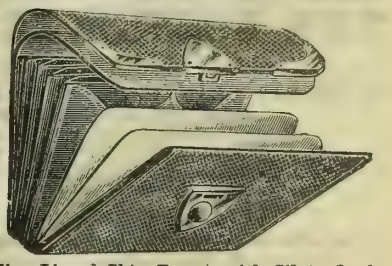

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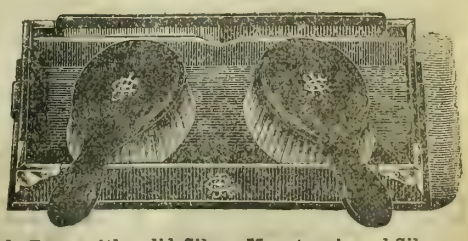

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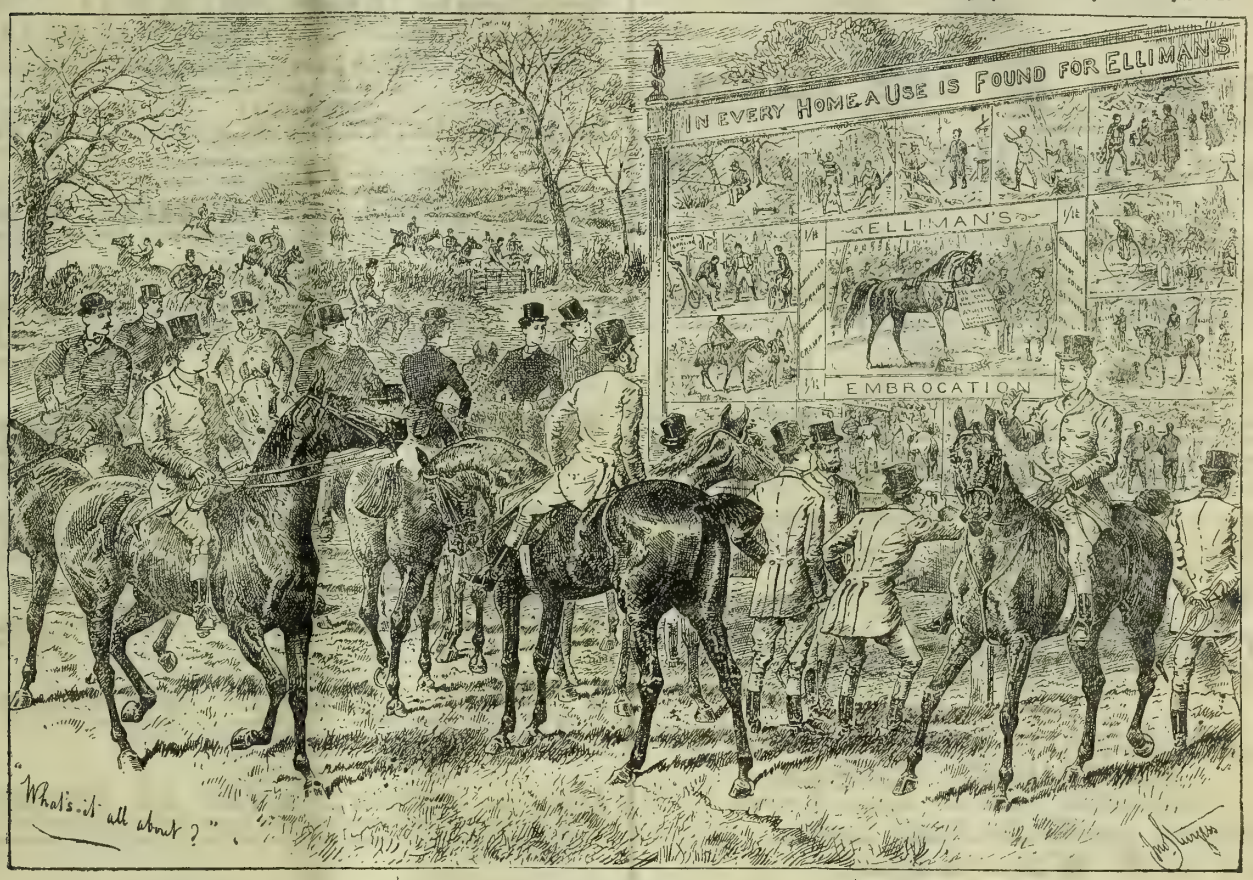

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THOMAS ROBERTS,
34, Victoria-street, Westminster.

ST. GEORGE'S CLUB, Hanover-square.—At the next HOUSE DINNER, on TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8th, the guest of the evening will be Sir GRAHAM BERRY, K.C.M.S., who is returning to Australia, after six years' service as Agent-General for Victoria.

The Right Hon. LORD BRASSEY, K.C.B., will preside.

Covers will be laid for 200, and places reserved on application to the Secretary.

The improvement and decoration of the Club having now been accomplished, and the electric light and an elevator provided, the Committee will elect a limited number of new candidates without entrance fee, and the first year's subscription of members so elected will extend to December 31st, 1892.

GEORGE LUND, Secretary.

ESTATES, AUCTIONS, &c.

HAMPTON & SONS (of Pall Mall East),

ESTATE AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, VALUERS, and SURVEYORS, have Opened New Offices at No. 1, Cockspur-street (late Waterloo House), S.W. Monthly List of Country Houses to be Let furnished or unfurnished, and Estates for Sale, will be sent post free for three stamps. Agents for the fine Residential Flats at Whitehall-court. See following advertisement.

RESIDENTIAL FLATS, WHITEHALL COURT.

FACING THAMES EMBANKMENT, AND WHITEHALL PLACE, S.W.

These excellent Suites are fitted with every modern convenience, *e.g.*, hot and cold water, electric light and bells, visitors' and servants' lifts in operation night and day, and occupy the finest position in London, affording extensive views of the river (with the Surrey Hills in the distance) and the Embankment Gardens. They are also most conveniently and centrally situate with respect to the principal Clubs, Theatres, &c. The rooms are all finished to suit the wishes of incoming tenants, and the rentals include all rates, taxes, water supply, lighting and heating of the corridors and staircases, and the services of all the porters. The suites may be viewed at any time on application to the Superintendent, J. C. SUMMERFIELD, at the office on the premises; or to HAMPTON & SONS, Estate Agents, 1, Cockspur-street (late Waterloo House), S.W.

HYDE PARK AND PORTMAN ESTATES. — Messrs. FREDERICK A. MULLETT, BOOKER, & CO.'S Registers of the Select Furnished and Unfurnished Residences, TO BE LET and SOLD, may be inspected daily at their Auction and Estate Agency Offices, Albion House, Hyde Park-square (the corner of Albion-street), W.

GROSVENOR GARDENS.

FOR SALE,

A DESIRABLE

FAMILY RESIDENCE,

Situated on the preferential side of these gardens. The house has just been handsomely decorated and thoroughly sanitated by the owner for his own occupation, and an additional large room, suitable for a billiard-room, has been built out behind. There are six reception-rooms, twelve bed-rooms, and three bath-rooms, and the offices have been greatly enlarged. The direct lease to be sold, and two-thirds of the purchase money could be left on mortgage at 4 per cent.—Apply to

Messrs. LUMLEY & CO., 22, St. James's-street, London, S.W.

LONDON.—QUEEN ANNE'S MANSIONS,
ST. JAMES'S PARK, S.W.
MOST BEAUTIFUL AND CENTRAL POSITION.
FLATS WITH ENTIRE SERVICE.

The large extension is now completed, and comprises furnished and unfurnished apartments. Each suite consists of living and bed-rooms with bath-room and lavatory, hot and cold water. Electric light throughout. Excellent cuisine and wines; large dining, reading, billiard, and smoking-rooms. Magnificent ball-room, lawn-tennis grounds. Rents moderate and inclusive.—Address MANAGER.

CHAMBERS or FLATS (RESIDENTIAL) TO BE LET, in suites of from one to twelve rooms, in proximity to City, West-end, theatres, and central railway stations. Cooking and attendance if required by resident housekeeper. Electric light and hall porter in uniform. Boy messenger boxes. —Apply to HOUSEKEEPER, 67, 68, 69, Chancery-lane; or to Collector's Office, 63, Chancery-lane.

BELGRAVE-YARD.—Thirty-one years' LEASE of the valuable STABLE PREMISES, standing for twenty-seven horses, which could be increased to 34 by doubling the boxes, DWELLING-HOUSE, OFFICE, COTTAGE, and exceptionally long covered ride, situate at Eaton-row, Hobart-place, Eaton-square, tenancies of other stables in Eaton-row, and the Goodwill of a Horse-dealer's Business; also Stock of TWENTY highly-bred HARNESS HORSES, VEHICLES, &c., the property of Mr. F. Toynbee, who, having carried on the harness business for fifteen years, is now retiring in consequence of having joined his father, Mr. T. Toynbee, in his hunting business at East Acton. The above will be SOLD by AUCTION, in lots, on the PREMISES, by MESSRS. W. & S. FREEMAN, at about TWO o'clock, on THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1891.—Particulars and conditions of sale of T. R. APPS, Esq., Solicitor, 7, South-square, Gray's-inn; on the premises, Belgrave-yard; and of the Auctioneers, W. & S. FREEMAN, Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane. Premises may be viewed any day prior to Sale. Catalogue of stock forwarded.

The GROSVENOR RIDING SCHOOL, 19, South-st., Park-lane.

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Lessons given in the School or Park. High-class Horses For Sale.

NEW TRAVELLERS' CLUB,

97, PICCADILLY, W.

The new Club House is now approaching completion, and the Secretary begs to inform intending Candidates for election without entrance fee that all particulars, candidates' forms, &c., can be obtained, copies of the rules and plan of the building seen, at the Temporary Offices,

3, WATERLOO-PLACE,
PALL MALL, S.W.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree.
EVERY EVENING, at 8, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's successful Play, THE DANCING GIRL. (Last Weeks.)
Mr. Tree, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. F. Kerr, Mr. Allan, Mr. C. Hudson, Mr. Robb Harwood, Mr. Batson, Mr. Goring; Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Aylward, Miss Horlock, Miss Ayrtoun, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, Miss Adelaide Gunn, Miss Hethcote, and Miss Rose Leclercq.
Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open daily, 10 till 5,
MATINÉES, SATURDAY NEXT, December 5, and following Saturday, at 2.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8.30, Second Edition of JOAN OF ARC, in which Mr. E. J. Lonnen and Mr. Arthu Roberts will appear, with full Gaiety Chorus and Orchestra, under the direction of Meyer Lutz. Preceded, at 7.25, by FIRST MATE.—Box-office now open. Doors open at 7.15.

SAVOY THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, R. D'Oyly Carte.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, and EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at 2.30, the new Indian Comic Opera, in Two Acts, entitled THE NAUTCH GIRL, By George Dance and Edward Solomon. Lyrics by George Dance and Frank Desprez. Produced by Mr. Charles Harris. Preceded at 7.40, by CAPTAIN BILLY. Doors open at 7.30.

ADELPHI.—A. & S. Gatti, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—Every Evening, at 8, a New and Original Drama, by Geo. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan, entitled THE TRUMPET CALL. Mr. Leonard Boyne, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, &c. Scenery by Bruce Smith and W. Hann. Doors open 7.30.—Box-office open 10 to 6.

COMEDY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. Chas. H. Hawtrey.—Every Evening, at 9 o'clock, GODPAPA. Mr. Charles H. Hawtrey, Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, and Mr. Charles Brookfield; Miss Annie Irish, Miss Vane Featherston, and Miss Lottie Venne. At 8.15. ROSABEL. Matinée every Saturday.—Box-office open 10 till 10.—Business Manager, Mr. E. F. Bradley.

GARRICK THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hare.—Every Evening, at 8, SCHOOL, by T. W. Robertson.—Doors open 7.45. Box-office (Mr. E. Candler), 10 to 5. Last Matinée Saturday next, December 5, at 2.30.—Acting Manager, Mr. C. G. Compton.

COURT THEATRE.—On WEDNESDAY NEXT, under the direction of Mr. Brandon Thomas, will be produced A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL and A COMMISSION. Preceded by GOOD FOR NOTHING. Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Edith Chester, and Miss Norreys; Messrs. Brandon Thomas and Weedon Grossmith.—Box-office now open.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. George Alexander.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30 punctually, a New Play, in Four Acts, by Mark Quinton and Henry Hamilton, entitled
LORD ANERLEY.
Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Nutcombe Gould, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. E. W. Gardiner, Mr. Alfred Holles, and Mr. Herbert Waring; Miss Gertrude Kingston, Miss Laura Graves, and Miss Marion Terry.
Doors open at 8. Box-office open daily, 10 till 5. No fees of any kind.
AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE of LORD ANERLEY, SATURDAY NEXT, December 5, at 2.30.

AVENUE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.45,
THE CRUSADERS,
By Henry Arthur Jones. Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Yorke Stephens, Mr. Henry Kemble, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Sant Matthews, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Mr. Leith, and Mr. Lewis Waller; Miss Maude Millett, Miss Olga Brandon, Miss Lillie Belmore, Miss Térêse Mayer, Miss Ettie Williams, and Lady Monckton. Preceded, at 8, by TOMMY, a One-Act Comedy by Rachel Penn (Mrs. E. S. Willard). Doors open at 7.30.
MATINÉE SATURDAY NEXT, December 5, and EVERY SATURDAY, at 3.
Box-office open from 10 till 7, and during the performance.
Business Manager, Mr. G. D. Day.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Edward Compton.
TO-NIGHT and TO-MORROW (Friday), at 8.45,
THE AMERICAN, by Henry James.
Preceded, at 8, by HOOK AND EYE, by Eille Norwood.
On SATURDAY NIGHT NEXT, December 5, in consequence of their exceptional success at the Wednesday Matinées, THE QUEEN'S ROOM and THE LIAR will be placed in the regular bill for positively TWELVE NIGHTS and TWO SATURDAY AFTERNOONS only.
Box-office open 10 till 5. No Fees.
SPECIAL WEDNESDAY MATINÉES.—Wednesday next, December 9, THE ROAD TO RUIN.—Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Savile.

THE "ALHAMBRA" THEATRE OF VARIETIES.
Open EVERY EVENING from 7.45 until 11.30.
At 9.15, ORIELLA, New Grand Ballet, and, at 10.30, a Comic Ballet,
THE SIOUX, by Charles Lauri and Troupe.
Operatic and other Selections by the Band. Conductor, M. Jacobi.

THE EMPIRE, Leicester-square.—Grand Programme.—The new Grand Ballets, BY THE SEA, FUN ON THE SANDS, and ORFEO, Unrivalled VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Magnificent Orchestra. Doors open at 8, commence at 8. No free list.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—In addition to the usual attractions, GRAND SCOTTISH FETE. One continued round of Amusements. Two Grand Performances, 2.30 and 7.30. All Free. MINTING, the World's Wonder; Nitram Neeg and the Electric Leap; Rivalli, Continental King Salamander; the Sisters McDonald; Signor Peyrani, animal Mesmerist, and upwards of 30 Star Artistes. Professor Germane, Sampson, &c. Mdlle. Matthern and Pack of Siberian Wolves.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, adjoining Baker-street Station. In connection with all the railways. H.M. the Queen, Lord Tennyson "At Home," Geo. R. Sims "At Home," &c. Over 400 Portraits in Wax. Music all day. History of Costume, costly Uniforms and Dresses, Relics of Napoleon, &c. The Hampstead Tragedy, Mrs. Pearcey and Victims, the Perambulator, and every other relic.

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AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.
ANNUAL OPERA PERFORMANCE,
Savoy Theatre (by kind permission of R. D'Oyly Carte, Esq.),
WEDNESDAY, December 9, at 2.30 p.m.
BARBER OF BAGDAD, by Cornelius. (First Performance in England.)
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G., has graciously promised to be present on the occasion.
Conductor, Professor C. V. Stanford, Mus. Doc.
Seats may now be booked at the College, or at the Savoy Theatre.

THE REMBRANDT HEAD GALLERY,
5, Vigo Street, London, W.

ROBERT DUNTHORNE begs to announce the publication of the following Etchings and Mezzotints:—

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, *after* Dante Gabriel Rossetti. *Etched by* Gaujean.
EVENING LIGHT. *Etching by* Wilfrid Ball.
KITT'S HOLE REACH. *Etching by* W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A
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HINGHAM, NORFOLK. *After* J. Crome. *Mezzotint by* Frank Short.
Which will be issued in one "state" only, and printed by Mr. F. Goulding. Catalogues, with particulars as to price and numbers printed, will be forwarded on application.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of Cabinet PICTURES, by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools, is NOW OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket (next the Theatre).—Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

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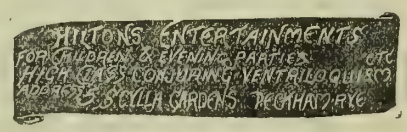
THE VICTORIAN EXHIBITION, the NEW GALLERY.—An Exhibition of PORTRAITS and OBJECTS of INTEREST illustrating the First Fifty Years of Her Majesty's Reign, will OPEN WEDNESDAY, December 2.—New Gallery, Regent-street.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—MOZART CONCERT, on Saturday Next, at 3, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the death of Mozart. The Programme will include the "Requiem Mass," the "Jupiter" Symphony, the "Magic Flute" Overture, and the "Maurische Trauer-Musik." The grand Crystal Palace Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. August Manns.—Seats, numbered, 2s. 6d.; unnumbered, 1s. Admission to Palace, 1s.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miss ANNA WILLIAMS, Miss MARIAN McKENZIE, Mr. HENRY PIERCY, and Mr. NORMAN SALMOND will Sing at the MOZART COMMEMORATION CONCERT, on SATURDAY NEXT, December 5, at 3. Seats, 1s. and 2s. 6d. Admission to Palace, 1s.



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BOURNEMOUTH. — NEWLYN'S ROYAL EXETER HOTEL. In a beautifully sheltered position and its own private grounds. Accommodation, appointments, and views unsurpassed. This Hotel was the residence of H.I.M. The Empress of Austria, and H.I.H. The Archduchess Marie Valérie. Excellent cuisine. Table d'Hôte at 7 p.m. Omnibus at East Station.

BOURNEMOUTH.—HOTEL MONT DORE.—"The finest Hotel on the South Coast."—*L. & S. W. Railway Guide.* Adjoining the hotel is a large Winter Garden, containing a covered tennis court, lounge, and a unique Bath Establishment, comprising Turkish, sea-water, pine, and other Baths. For tariff and full particulars, address THE MANAGER.

BRADFORD.—New MIDLAND HOTEL, adjoining Midland Station, provides the following accommodation:—Restaurant, Café, Smoke and Billiard Rooms. Stock Rooms, Electric Light, Passenger Lift, Table d'Hôte, and à la Carte Restaurant (very high-class, and moderate charges). Hotel porters attend trains. Regd. Telegraphic Address, "Midotel." W. TOWLE, Manager.

CHESTER.—QUEEN RAILWAY HOTEL, connected with the General Station by covered way. Porters in scarlet livery on the platforms attending trains day and night. Billiards. Lifts to all floors. Telegraph office in the Hotel.
H. T. GOULD, Manager.

DARLEY DALE HYDRO and HEALTH RESORT, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE. Stands in 50 acres of park land. Splendidly built. Sheltered from east winds. Magnificent views. Table d'hôte. Fishing, billiards, tennis. Dairy farm and kitchen gardens. Physician, Dr. Moxon, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Hydropathy under his supervision.—Apply, WM. ATKINS, Proprietor.

DERBY.—MIDLAND HOTEL, adjoining Midland Station. Comfortable family Hotel. Convenient for visiting Derbyshire scenery and for breaking the journey between North and West. Hotel Porters attend the trains. Registered Telegraphic Address, "Midotel."
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FOLKESTONE.—WEST CLIFF HOTEL (150 Apartments).—Patronised by H.R.H. The Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne, K.T. Stands in own private gardens facing the sea, and is only five minutes' from the Harbour, in the lower part of the town, and Shorncliffe (New West-End Station).—For tariff, please address The Proprietor.

FOLKESTONE.—BATES' HOTEL, West Cliff Gardens, and LONGFORD HOTEL, The Lees. Oldest established and most select Private Family Hotels in Folkestone. Sanitary arrangements completely remodelled according to latest requirements. G. L. HART, Proprietor.
Sanitary Inspector's Certificates.

LEEDS.—QUEEN'S HOTEL, adjoining Midland, London and North-Western, and North-Eastern Stations. In the centre of the town. Excellent cuisine. Thoroughly renovated. Intending visitors respectfully requested to order rooms in advance. Registered Telegraphic Address, "Midotel." W. TOWLE, Manager.

LIVERPOOL.—The ADELPHI HOTEL has been entirely remodelled, refurnished, and redecorated. Electric Light everywhere. Telephones to every room. New passenger lift. Excellent cuisine and wine list. Comfort, and moderate charges. Registered Telegraphic Address, "Midotel." W. TOWLE, Manager.

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Under entirely new management.
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LONDON.—BAILEY'S HOTEL, Gloucester-road, Kensington, and the South Kensington Hotel, Queen's-gate-terrace. Under Royal and distinguished patronage. Near Hyde-park and Kensington-gardens. Every modern improvement and perfect sanitation.
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MORECAMBE.—MIDLAND HOTEL. A quiet and unpretentious, but thoroughly comfortable Hotel, on the beach. Specially low rates for gentlemen and families making a lengthened stay. Registered Telegraphic Address, "Midotel."
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ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA.—The ALEXANDRA HOTEL, Hversfield-place, due south, facing the sea. Hydraulic lift to all floors. Billiard-room. Conservatory. Electric light in all public rooms. Table d'Hôte at separate tables, at 7.—Under the Management of Mr. and Mrs. HENRY RADFORD.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—WELLINGTON HOTEL, Mount Ephraim. Under the distinguished patronage of his Grace the late Duke of Wellington, K.G., the leading nobility and gentry, &c. 422 ft. above sea level, south aspect; elegantly furnished; piano in every sitting-room. Cuisine. English and French; Table d'Hôte, large Dairy Farm.—BRABY, Proprietor.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—The SPA Residential HOTEL (facing south), with splendid view over the Common, Standing in its own grounds of 65 acres. Baths of every description, including Turkish and swimming. Good tennis courts. Unequalled winter residence, being heated throughout at a temperature of 60°. Terms on application to the MANAGERESS.

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Old-established, quiet, and economical. A few steps from Bond-street, Piccadilly, and Burlington House. Excellent cuisine and wines. Public dining and drawing rooms. Handsome new smoking room. Sanitary arrangements quite new, and electric light in every room. Same management as Buckingham Palace Hotel. GEORGE COOKE, Manager.

CAIRO.—HOTEL CONTINENTAL.—This First-class Hotel, newly-built and most comfortably and handsomely furnished, situated in the finest and healthiest part of the Ismailia quarter, near the English and Catholic Churches. Sanitary arrangements designed and fitted by English engineers. Large verandah, drawing-room, and ladies' saloons. Reading, smoking, and billiard rooms. Excellent cuisine. Moderate terms. Hydraulic lift. Patronised by several royalties, nobility, and gentry. No coupons of any Tourist Agency accepted.—Proprietors, GEORGE NUNGOVICH, also Proprietor of the Hotel d'Angleterre; LUIGI STEINSCHNEIDER, late Manager of Shepherd's Hotel.

THE ALBANY HOTEL, HASTINGS (Robertson-terrace), Facing the Sea due South. FINEST POSITION on the WHOLE SEA FRONT. Splendid Views. Recommended by Medical men as the best situation for a Winter Residence. Enlarged, Re-modelled, and superbly Furnished throughout. Lofty Apartments; new handsome Drawing, Dining, and Billiard rooms; Reading and Writing, Smoking and Bath rooms. ONLY HOTEL IN HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT in EVERY ROOM. PASSENGER LIFT. Warmed in Winter. High-class Cuisine. *Table d'hôte* separate tables, 7 p.m. Moderate tariff. No charge for attendance. —C. A. SCHWABE, Manager.

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HEALTHY SITUATION.
FASHIONABLE, CONVENIENT.
ELECTRIC LIGHT.
RESTAURANT ENLARGED
MODERATE TARIFF.
OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

ILFRACOMBE.—ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.—Attractive home winter resort. First-class return ticket from London (Waterloo) and seven days' board, room, &c., Five Guineas. Ask for hotel tickets.

LANGHAM HOTEL,

PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.

Situated in the most fashionable, convenient, and healthy locality. Artesian Well Water. Electric light throughout. Moderate Tariff.
Table d'Hôte 6 to 8.30.
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COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.

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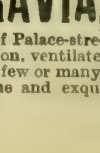
The Orient Company will dispatch their large, full-powered steamship, LUSITANIA, 3,877 tons register, 4,000 horse-power, from London, on 22nd February, for a cruise of eight weeks, visiting Cadiz, Tangier, Malaga, Nice, Syracuse, Santorin, Cyprus, Beyrout (for Damascus), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Alexandria (for Cairo), Malta, Gibraltar. Passengers leaving London as late as the 5th March can, by travelling overland, overtake the steamer at Nice. Deck saloon, smoke-rooms on deck and below, electric lighting, electric bells, hot and cold baths, first-class cuisine. The CHIMBORAZO, 3,847 tons register, will leave London, on 30th March, for a 41 days' cruise to Sicily, Greece, Constantinople, &c.—Managers, F. GREEN & Co., and ANDERSON, ANDERSON, & Co., Fenchurch-avenue, London. For further particulars of above and later cruises apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch-avenue, or to West-end branch office, 16, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.



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Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 24, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

THE (RESIDENTIAL) HOTEL BELGRAVIA, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

This new eight-storied stone edifice is a "Family Suite" Hotel, at the corner of Palace-street, at the Belgravian and quiet end of Victoria-street. Has south and west aspects, warmed staircases, American elevators, electric light, certified sanitation, ventilated rooms, and every modern appliance. Its special feature (which distinguishes it from other London Hotels) is its unmatched FAMILY SUITES of few or many rooms, enclosed as flats, each with its own dressing-room, bath-room fitted with porcelain baths, &c. British servants only. High-class cuisine and exquisite table appointments. Rooms secured by telegraph.—Address, "BELGRAVIAN, LONDON," or Telephone No. 3,083.

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Stands in Great Need of HELP.

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The smallest gift will be welcomed, and will be most gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Mr. THOMAS RYAN, at the Hospital.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN,

Great Ormond St., Bloomsbury.

— PRESIDENT—THE DUKE OF FIFE, K.T. —

FIFTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS REQUIRED BEFORE CHRISTMAS,

TO PAY BILLS AND KEEP THIS CHARITY FREE FROM DEBT.

ADRIAN HOPE, *Secretary.*

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

7, HARPUR STREET, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

— PATRON—THE QUEEN. —

During the last quarter the Society investigated **2,181** complaints of cruelty to children.

GENERAL ILLTREATMENT, 426. NEGLECT AND STARVATION, 1,252. BEGGING CASES, 113. ASSAULTS, 103. ABANDONMENT AND EXPOSURE, 120. IMMORALITY, 96. OTHER WRONGS, 71.

The welfare of 5,128 Children was involved in the above. Funds urgently needed to maintain and extend the work.

Auditors: Messrs. GERARD VAN DE LINDE & SON. *Bankers:* Messrs. COUTTS & CO. BENJAMIN WAUGH, *Honorary Director.*

PADDINGTON GREEN CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

(CONVALESCENT BRANCH, WEMBLEY, NEAR HARROW-ON-THE-HILL).

Free to the Children of the Poor without Letter of Recommendation. Accident and Urgent Cases admitted at any time

During 1890—In-patients admitted, 454. New Out-patient cases, 9,146. Total attendances of Out-patients, 27,624.

ADDITIONAL ACCOMMODATION FOR IN-PATIENTS HAS BECOME ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

DONATIONS TO THE EXTENSION FUND ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.

A Friend has promised £105, provided £3,000 can be raised by Christmas. Over £1,000 has already been received or promised.

GEORGE HANBURY, *Treasurer*, 21, Portman-square, W.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL,

STRAND, W.C.

CONTRIBUTIONS are EARNESTLY SOLICITED towards meeting the EXPENSES of this unendowed Hospital, and will be gratefully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Drummond, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Messrs. Martin & Co., or by the Secretary, at the Hospital.

The deficit on 31st December, 1890, was £7,550.

CANCER WARDS at the MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL. Mortimer-street, W.—The Weekly Board make an URGENT APPEAL for Funds in aid of these Wards. There are 34 beds set apart for patients suffering from this terrible malady. They are admitted without letters of recommendation, everything that human skill and kindness can suggest is provided, and sufferers are permitted to remain until relieved by act or released by death. Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co.

F. CLARE MELHADO, Secretary Superintendent.

THE EARLSWOOD ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, Red Hill, Surrey.

628 Patients are now receiving Care and Education.
163 Candidates are Seeking Admission.
The Income is not sufficient to meet the Accounts now due, FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

H. GERARD HOARE, Esq., J.P., Treasurer.
JAMES DOWNING, Secretary.
BANKERS: Messrs. Hoare, 37, Fleet-street, E.C.
OFFICES: 36, King William-street, London Bridge, E.C.

THE FRIEND IN NEED.—TO GENTLEMEN.—The Managers of a Refuge in Whitechapel, which shelters 160 homeless men nightly, earnestly APPEAL for GIFTS of CAST-OFF CLOTHING. — Address, SECRETARY, 27, Kilburn Park-road, London, N.W.

TOBACCONISTS Commencing. Jewellers, Stationers, &c. Illd. Guide, "How to open a Cigar Store," 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186 Euston-rd., Lon. A Prospectus on the other trades sent if Wanted. Est 1869.

Allen & Hanburys' Castor Oil

"It is taken both by children and adults without the slightest difficulty, whilst its aperient effects are unquestionable. It possesses all the advantages claimed

Tasteless. Pure. Active.

Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/, 1/9 & 3/. for it."—*Lancet.*

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6A, NEW CAVENDISH ST.
PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.

LITERARY MACHINE

For holding lamp, meals, &c. in any position over an easy chair, bed or sofa. Deliciously luxurious. A most useful gift. PRICES from £1.1s.

INVALID COMFORTS

Walking Machine for the lame

Adjustable Couches and Beds, £2. Exercising Chairs £5. 5s. Reclining Boards £1.1s. Commodes £1. Leg Rests 10s. 6d. Easy Chairs £2. 10s. Commode Chairs £2. 10s.

Carrying Chairs, £1. Bed Tables 7s. 6d. Crutches 10s. 6d. Folding Couch Chairs 10s. Bed Rests 10s.

BATH CHAIRS
From £1.5s.

SELF-PROPELLING CHAIRS
£2.2s.

Invalid Carriages
Perambulators
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From £1.10s.

JOHN CARTER, 6a, New Cavendish St., Portland Place, London, W.
Telgrams—BATH CHAIR, LONDON. ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

DISPOSE OF THE DEAD AS NATURE DIRECTS.—"Let us take part in the fulfilment of this great law, and not by ignorance or prejudice try to retard it, for we cannot frustrate provisions which were established by the Creator to keep mankind in purity and sanity."—SIR LYON PLAYFAIR.

As Mr. HADEN says in his letters on "Earth to Earth" burial—"A body properly buried, that is to say, in such a way that the earth may have access to it, does not remain in the earth, but returns to the atmosphere. The body, in fact, literally as well as figuratively, ascends from the dead and fulfils the cycle of its pilgrimage by becoming again the source and genesis of life."

This natural system is also advocated by the Church of England Burial Reform Association, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury is and the late Archbishop of York was a president.

The PRINCE OF WALES, writing to the Secretary of the Association, says—"That he trusts the Burial Reform advocated by your Society may be speedily carried into effect, and in view of the rapidly increasing population of the Kingdom, the present system of burying the dead may be exchanged for one more in accordance with the requirements of the age and the sanitary interests of the community."

The DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, writing to the *Times*, says:—"The appalling overcrowding of the dead disclosed in the Parliamentary return recently issued, affords irresistible proof of the imperative need for fresh legislation. That in the various London cemeteries upwards of a million and a quarter have been buried in less than the last half century. That such modes of disposal of the dead is a violation of right feeling, natural laws, and Christian tradition: a ghastly dishonouring of the dead, and a flagrant imperilling of the public health."

According to the testimony of Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN and other eminent authorities, The Necropolis, Brookwood, Woking, Surrey, is the only place where the burial of the dead is properly carried out.

This Company also undertake the whole arrangement of funerals on a new, simple, and inexpensive system. They have published a pamphlet explanatory of their arrangements, which may be had gratis, on application at their Offices, 2, Lancaster-place, Strand, and 188, Westminster Bridge Road.—*Court Circular*, 3rd January, 1891

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Being the choicest offered and quite unique, should be seen. Recently redecorated and newly furnished. The stylish and luxurious appointments of a first-class hotel with the home-like comfort and quietude of a large private mansion. Spacious drawing-room, good smoking-room, five fitted bath-rooms, &c. Sanitation certified. Every room ventilated. Scrupulous cleanliness. English servants only. Excellent cuisine. Table d'hôte. Meals at separate tables, or privately.—Inclusive terms posted by PROPRIETRESS, De Vere House (Residential Hotel), De Vere-gardens, Kensington High-road, a little west of the Royal Albert Hall and Memorial. (Telephone No. 8,524.)

THE "SPRAY" CHAMBER SET.

(In a Charming Tint of Peacock Blue on Ivory Ground only).

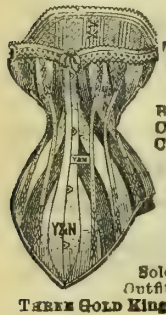
ARTISTIC FLUTED SHAPE
(5 Pieces), Full Size,
7/6 SET.
Continued accession of New Patterns varying from
10/6 to 5 gs.
(If for the Country, 9d. extra for package.)

DINNER, DESSERT, BREAKFAST, and TEA SERVICES.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF TABLE GLASS.

Hydraulic Lift to First and Second Floor Show-Rooms

ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39, Ludgate Hill, LONDON. (Established 1760.)



The **Y & N** Patent Diagonal Seam Corset

Exquisite Model. Perfect Comfort. Guaranteed Wear.

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all the Fashionable Colours and Shades in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil; also in the New Sanitary Woollen Cloth. 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair and upwards.

CAUTION.—Every genuine Y & N Corset is stamped "Y & N Patent Diagonal Seam No. 116," in oval on the lining. Sold by Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters in the United Kingdom & Colonies.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.

TO THE CORPULENT, GOUTY, AND BILIOUS.

SPECIALLY SELECTED AND IMPORTED

STILL DRY MOSELLE WINES.

DROHNER.—A Good Light Wine with pleasant flavour... ... ... 24/-

KONIGSMOSEL.—A Superior Wine of Good Body and Bouquet 30/-

TRABENER.—A high-class Wine, from one of the choicest Moselle districts 36/-

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ROTTLAND CABINET.—A perfect dry Moselle, the produce of one of the most famous vineyards in Germany. A connoisseur's Wine—of good body, grand flavour, & rich bouquet 66/-

ALL THESE WINES ARE GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SUGAR NOR TANNIN.

DR. YORKE-DAVIES (whose system of treating Obesity is now so well known), speaking of these Wines in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, says:—"They are specially suitable for Corpulent, Gouty, and Bilious people, in fact, such people should drink no other." *Imported only by*

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TRADE

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KNOWN AS

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ANGLO-INDIAN Specials	PAGODAS No. 1 and 2.
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	STRAW CHEROOTS.

As supplied to the Army and Navy Stores, and exported to all quarters of the world.

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SAVE 30 PER CENT.

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Celebrated "PERFECTA"

SHIRTS, 6 *for* 33/-

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A SAMPLE SHIRT Sent Post-Free for **5/6**

equal to those usually sold at 7/6. Send size of Collar and Chest Measure Perfect in fit and appearance. Made of the most durable Longcloth and **Pure Irish Linen**, in all sizes, or to special measure or pattern. Evening Dress Shirts, extra wide fronts, 6/6. Four-fold Irish Linen Collars, extra quality, 3/9 per ½-doz. Post-free. OLD SHIRTS RE-FITTED with New Linen Fronts, Cuffs, and Neckbands, 2/3 and 2/9. Post-free.

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White, Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums to Old Age.

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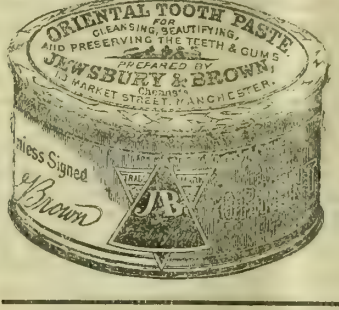

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Pots 1/6 and 2/6. All Chemists.

60 YEARS IN USE.

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Refitted, New Fronts, Cuffs, and Collar-bands — Fine Irish Linen 2s.; or very best Irish Linen 2s. 6d. each, returned free, ready to wear. Sample New White Shirt, for Dress or ordinary wear, 2s. 9d., 3s. 9d., 4s. 9d., 5s. 9d., or 6s. 9d. Gent's best 4-fold Linen Collars, any shape, 2s. 9d. half-dozen, post free.

Hand-knit by Donegal peasantry. Warm, Durable, and Comfortable. Two pairs free, 2s. 6d. Men's Knicker Hose, two pairs free, 3s. 9d., 4s. 9d., 5s. 9d., 6s. 9d., and 7s. 9d. WOOL PANTS and VESTS are now very cheap. Price Lists and Patterns, Cambric Handkerchiefs, and all kinds of Irish Linen Goods, sent free for Household or Family use. From the cheapest to the best qualities made.

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DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME.

CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS.

"It would not be possible to conceive of a more delicate and delightful perfume than the 'CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS,' which is put up by the Crown Perfumery Company, of London. It has the aroma of Spring in it, and one could use it for a lifetime and never tire of it."—*New York Observer.*

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BATH CHAIRS, from £1 10s.
Self-Propelling Chairs, £2.
ADJUSTABLE COUCHES, from £3
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Walking Machines, 6s. 6d.

BED TABLES **10/8**
CARRYING CHAIR, **25/**
AIR AND WATER BEDS.

PORTABLE TURKISH BATH, **£2 10s.**
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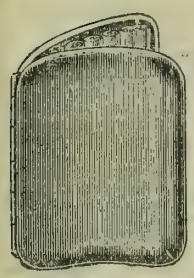
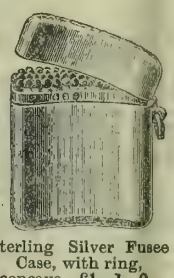
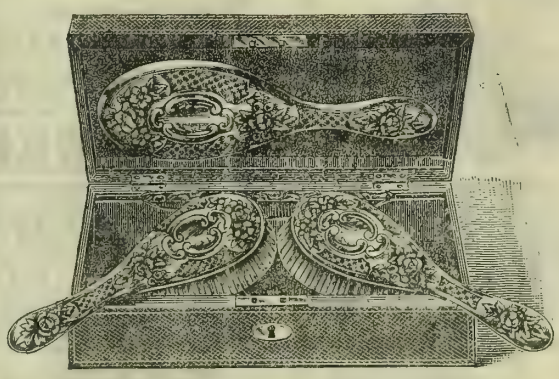
'Xmas Presents in Art Silver Work.



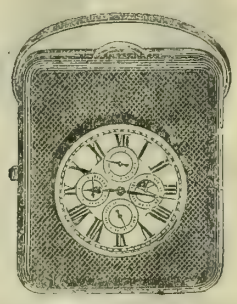
Sterling Silver Cigarette Case, to hold 10, concave, £2 5 0



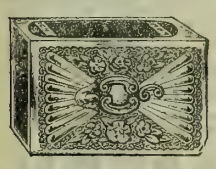
Sterling Silver Fusee Case, with ring, concave, £1 1 0



Pair Repoussé Chased Sterling Silver Hair Brushes and Hand Mirror, in Leather Case.
Complete, with Silver Mounted Tortoiseshell Comb, £8 10 0
Pair Brushes only, in Case £3 18 0

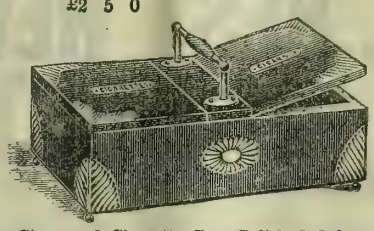


Automatic Lever Calendar Watch, showing Dates and Phases of the Moon. Dial, 2½ in. diameter. Complete in Case, £2 17 6. Guaranteed.

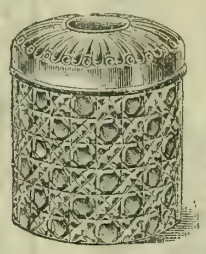


Repoussé Chased Sterling Silver Case for Bryant & May's Matches. Large Size £1

Fluted Sterling Silver Powder Box, Gilt inside, 2½ in. diam. £2 5 0

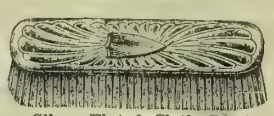


Cigar and Cigarette Box, Polished Oak, Nickel Mounts, 12/6.



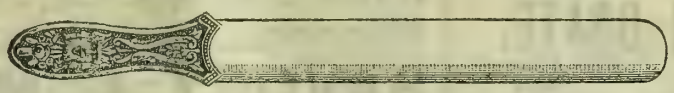
Richly Cut Glass Powder Jar, with Antique Chased Sterling Silver Top; Diameter, 3 in. £1 18 0

Sterling Silver Hair Brush £1 10 0
Do. Hand Mirror to Match, Fluted £3 3 0



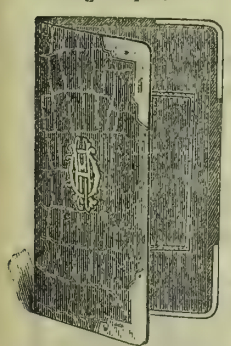
Sterling Silver Fluted Cloth Brush, 18/6.

Handsome Toilet Bottle in Cut Glass, with Sterling Silver Mounts, £1 8 0 Height 5½ in.



Fine African Ivory Paper Knife, with handsomely Chased Sterling Silver Handle, length 13 in., £1 5 0; 17 in., £1 15 0

Tortoiseshell Comb, with Massive Sterling Silver Mounts, £1 0 0. Tail Comb to match, 17/6.



Finest Crocodile Calf-lined Letter Wallet, with Sterling Silver Hall-marked Corners. 5½ in., £1 5 0; 6 in., £1 12 6
Polished Morocco—
5½ in., £1 2 6; 6 in., £1 5 6
Pierced Silver Monogram, 8/6

Cigar Case, Lined Calf, Nickel Frame, Pigskin, 8/, 10/, 12/; Crocodile or Lizard Skin, 10/6 12/6. 16/6. If with Sterling Silver Frame—Pigskin, Crocodile, or Lizard Skin, 60/, 65/, 75/. Pierced Silver Monograms, 8/6.

Write for the Special
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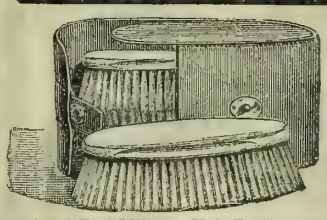
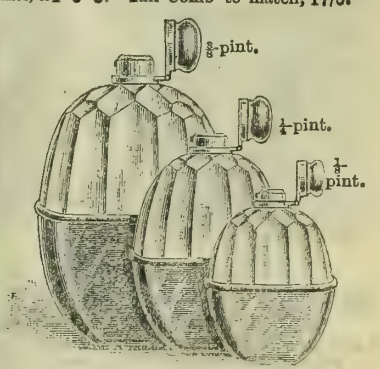


Pair of Best Military Hair Brushes, in Solid Leather Case.
Finest Ivory £2 15 0
Ebony 0 18 6
Pierced Sterling Silver Monogram to order, 8/6 *each*.

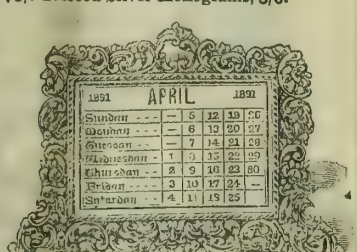


Finest Lapidary Cut Flint Glass Travelling Flasks, with Cups, gilt inside, Bayonet attachment to top,

	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
⅝-pint,	£1 0 0	£3 8 0
½ ,,	15 6	3 0 0
¼ ,,	13 6	2 10 0

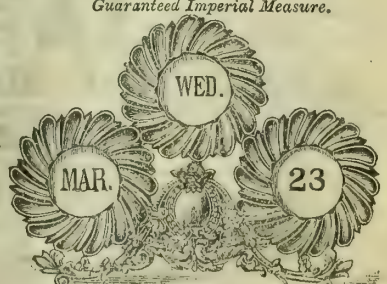
Guaranteed Imperial Measure.

Handsome Sterling Silver Miniature Photo. Frame, £2 12 0



Richly Chased Sterling Silver Date Calendar, size 7½ in. by 5½ in., £3 5 0

Sterling Silver Grenade Cigar Lighter. 1st size, £1 8 0; 2nd size, £1 15 0; 3rd size, £2.



Twisted Flute Sterling Silver Calendar, Height, 3½ in. £2 10 0.

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THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN DENTISTS,

24, OLD BOND STREET, W.

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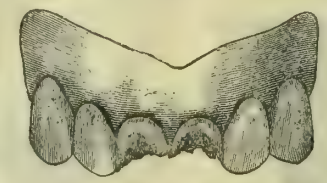
MASTICATING TOOTH. Too far decayed for filling.



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DECAYED FRONT TOOTH.

GOLD OR PORCELAIN CROWN.

THE CROWNS.

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CROWN FIXED.

The above diagrams give an idea of the special system carried out by the gentlemen operators in attendance, who are from leading American Universities recognised by the American Dental Faculty. Specialities in Teeth without Plates, Crown and Bridge Work, Gold Filling, &c. By these methods, decayed teeth are painlessly and permanently saved and made useful. Extractions unnecessary. Fullest information and consultation without fee. Pamphlet on application to the Secretary.

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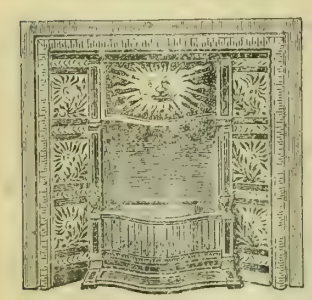
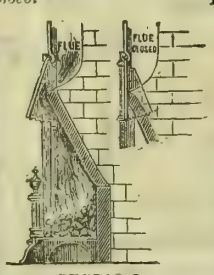
GARLAND'S PATENT, 13,355.





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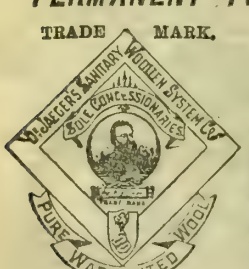
PERMANENT PROTECTION from CHILL.

TRADE MARK.



JAEGER

PURE WOOLLEN CLOTHING

Is Chemically and Microscopically Tested for Purity in the Company's Laboratory, and is Guaranteed by this Trade Mark.

Other goods offered as "JAEGER" are spurious.

COMBINATION GARMENTS for LADIES and MEN, GIRLS and BOYS, specially convenient for Riding, &c.; SANITARY BOOTS and SHOES; CORSETS; "FEATHER-WEIGHT" HATS and CAPS; MEN'S OUTER CLOTHING, &c. &c.

Full particulars, and List of Depôts, in Jaeger Descriptive Catalogue sent free.

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO., LTD.,

LONDON JAEGER DEPÔTS.—30, Piccadilly (next to St. James' Hall); 3 & 4, Princes-st., Cavendish-sq., W. (close to Regent-circus), with Tailoring; 456, Strand (close to Trafalgar-sq.); 158, Fenchurch-st. (close to Lime-st.); 85 & 86, Cheapside (close to King-st.); 42 & 43, Fore-st. (close to Moorgate-st. Station), with Tailoring.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

"CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is entirely "free from any poison "or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious ingredient, and is a "good, safe, and useful "medicine."

ALFRED SWAINE TAYLOR, M.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all Impurities, from *WHATEVER* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *CAUSE* from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. In bottles, 2s. 6d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 33 or 132 Stamps, by the Proprietors—THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., LINCOLN.

Ask for CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE, and do not be persuaded to take an imitation

DATURA TATULA, for Smoking and Inhalation.

The BEST REMEDY FOR ASTHMA

Difficulty of Breathing, Hay Fever, &c.

CIGARS and CIGARETTES—Boxes, 3s., 6s., 8s., and 15s. TOBACCO—Tins, 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., and 18s. For Non-Smokers, PASTILLES and POWDER, for Burning and Inhalation, Tins, each containing a censer for burning, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s.

SAVORY & MOORE,

LONDON,

AND OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

THE FINEST TONIC

FER BRAVAIS most effective in restoring the vitality of the blood, and enabling the constitution to resist climatic influences.

FER BRAVAIS Invaluable in al cases of anæmia, influenza and general debility.

FER BRAVAIS Highly recommended for weak and debilitated children.

LANCET "*A beautiful and interesting preparation.*"

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"*It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth.*"

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS WITH DROP MEASURE.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors.

70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON

STATE **VICHY** SPRINGS.

CELESTINS.—For Affections of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, &c.

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HOPITAL, HAUTERIVE, PARC, &c.

INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

VICHY-LIQUEUR.—Valuable in cases of Gout where derangement of the stomach is a prominent symptom.

NOTICE.—ONCKEN PATENT STAVELESS BARRELS, on View at 46, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C. This remarkable invention enables barrels to be made in one piece, by a new process, which has excited the greatest interest among Engineers, Coopers, and others. Twenty-five per cent. economy in wood, and 50 per cent. in labour. Barrels, tubs, and other articles can be seen daily on application above, between the hours of 10 and 5.

CORNFORTH & REACHER,
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Monthly Investment List with Notes on Railways, Foreign Stocks, Industrial and Miscellaneous Shares and Mines—*Free on Application.*
References in every large town in England.
BANKERS—City Bank, Threadneedle-street, E.C.
Stock delivered to any London Bankers in exchange for cash.
Special attention to Investment Business.
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MONEY. — Householders or Lodgers desirous of obtaining immediate advances upon their Furniture or other Negotiable Security, are invited to call at the Offices of the Consolidated Company, 43, Great Tower-street, E.C., and arrange. Bills of sale and executions paid out. No fees, the full sum advanced without deduction. An old established and genuine firm.

LADIES, WRITE AT ONCE TO
HENRY PEASE & Co.'s SUCCRS.
THE MILLS,
DARLINGTON,
FOR PATTERNS OF
THEIR NEW WINTER
DRESS FABRICS
SENT POST FREE ON APPROVAL TO ANY ADDRESS.
ANY LENGTH CUT AT MILL PRICES.
All the Latest and most Fashionable Designs, and entirely New Weavings of their World-renowned Gold Medal Merinos and Cashmeres, Cross-Warp Serges, and Rough and Ready Tweeds. New Shades for the season in charming variety.
DRESSMAKING. — Special Department under the charge of a Court Modiste of great experience. Systems for self-measurement, and all information necessary to secure perfect fit, will be forwarded without charge.
Any article not approved exchanged within seven days. All Goods are warranted to be equal to Sample. Carriage Paid on all orders to any Railway Station in Great Britain, and to Dublin, Belfast, Limerick, Cork, and Waterford.
London Sale Room: 244, REGENT STREET (over Jeffs & Harris, the Furriers,)
Where a full range of Patterns, as well as goods in the piece, and finished Costumes, may be seen. Experienced Assistants are in attendance to take measurements and instructions for Dressmaking, and prompt execution of all orders is guaranteed.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITH
Is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over
ONE HUNDRED YEARS,
and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

TOO FAT!!
DR. GORDON'S ELEGANT PILLS
Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to
DR. GORDON,
10, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

VACCINE DE LA BOUCHE
EAU DE SUEZ
The only Dentifrice which has solved the problem of how to preserve the Teeth, and is therefore
The only Dentifrice which immediately and permanently puts a stop to Tooth-ache
EAU DE SUEZ PREVENTS TOOTH DECAY FREEDOM FROM TOOTH-ACHE
COMFORTABLE AND BEAUTIFUL TEETH
London Depôt: WILCOX & Co., 239, Oxford St. And all principal Chemists in the United Kingdom and Continent

Blue & gold printed label. 4711 Extract of Double Strength.
EAU DE COLOGNE
Preferred by everyone
Always highest awards. To be had of all Chemists and Stores.
Ferd. Mülhens, 4711 Cologne.
Agents: Krohn Bros & Co. Billiter Bldgs. London, E.C.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.
Invested Funds, £12,000,000.
The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.
C. HARDING, Manager.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
ASSETS OVER ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... 4,900,000.
This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.
ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, JUN., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

SUN FIRE OFFICE,
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1890,
£361,500,000.

ACCIDENTS
AT ALL TIMES—IN ALL PLACES
INSURED AGAINST BY THE
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1849. CAPITAL £1,000,000.
64, CORNHILL, LONDON.
W. D. MASSY, A. VIAN, } *Secretaries.*

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.
No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

Established 1868.
THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,
20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.
Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.
UNION DEPOSIT BANK.
No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE, Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From £30 to £5,000.
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
Interest allowed on deposits, 5, 6, and 7 per cent.
EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

MESSRS. H. HALFORD & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 2, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. Daily CLOSING Price List and marked report on application. Speculative accounts opened on terms to be ascertained. Special business in "Options" at CLOSE MARKET PRICES. No "DISTANCES."

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

The Subscription List will open on Tuesday, the 1st December, 1891, and will close on or before Thursday, the 3rd December, 1891, simultaneously in England and America, at the following places, viz:—WILLIAMS DEACON and MANCHESTER and SALFORD BANK, Limited, 20, Birchin-lane, London, E.C., Manchester and Branches; BARCLAY, BEVAN, TRITTON, RANSOM, BOUVERIE, & CO., 54 Lombard-street, London, E.C., and 1, Pall Mall East, S.W.; BANK of LIVERPOOL, Limited, Liverpool and Branches; COMMERCIAL BANK of SCOTLAND, Limited, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Branches; SPENCER TRASK & CO., 16 and 18, Broad-street, New York, Albany, Providence, and Boston.

The Winterbottom Book Cloth Company, Lim.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES ACTS, 1862 to 1890.

SHARE CAPITAL.—40,000 6 per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each... ... ... £400,000
40,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each 400,000

80,000 £800,000

DEBENTURE STOCK.—Bearing £5 per Cent interest £500,000

The DEBENTURE STOCK will be secured by mortgage to Trustees of the freehold and leasehold properties specified in the Trust Deed, when and as the same shall be acquired by the Company, and by a floating debenture charge upon the whole of the property of the Company, upon the terms of the Trust Deed, a form of which may be seen at the offices of the undermentioned Solicitors.

The Debenture Stock will be issued as perpetual, but the Company reserves the option upon giving six months' notice at any time after the 1st January, 1902, to pay off the whole issue at a premium of £10 per cent., and to pay off any part of the issue at the same rate by drawings. The interest will be payable half-yearly on the 1st January and the 1st July, the first payment to be made on the 1st July, 1892. When fully paid, the Debenture Stock will be transferable in multiples of £10.

The PREFERENCE SHARES will be entitled to a cumulative preferential dividend of £6 per cent. per annum payable out of the profits of the Company, and will rank upon the assets in priority to the Ordinary Shares, with the right to participate in any surplus after repayment of all the paid up capital.

Until 31st December, 1891, the Ordinary Shares will be entitled only to interest at £5 per cent per annum payable out of the profits. The interest or dividends on the Debenture Stock and the Ordinary and Preference Shares will be calculated from the date of allotment on the instalments as paid up.

The Directors will have power to pay interim dividends.

Debenture Stock £161,110, Preference Shares £128,900, and Ordinary Shares £128,900 will be taken by the Vendors in part payment of the purchase money, and the remainder is now offered unreservedly for public subscription at par, namely:—

27,110 Six per cent. Preference Shares of £10 each	£271,100
27,110 Ordinary Shares of £10 each	271,100
Debenture Stock	338,890
Total	£881,090

PAYABLE AS FOLLOWS:—

	Preference and Ordinary Shares.	Debenture Stock.
On Application	£1 0 0 ...	£5 per cent.
On Allotment	1 10 0 ...	20 ,,
One Month after Allotment	2 10 0 ...	25 ,,
Two Months after Allotment	2 10 0 ...	25 ,,
Three Months after Allotment	2 10 0 ...	25 ,,
	£10 0 0	£100 0 0

The Shares and Debenture Stock may be paid up in full on allotment or on any of the subsequent dates on which instalments are due, and interest will be allowed at the rate of £5 per cent. per annum on instalments paid in advance.

Allotments will be made as early as practicable after the close of the lists. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full.

If the amount of Shares or Debenture Stock allotted is less than that applied for, the surplus deposit will be credited on account of the instalments payable on or after Allotment. Failure to pay any instalment when due renders the previous payments liable to forfeiture.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE HAROLD WINTERBOTTOM (Archd. Winterbottom & Sons, 12, Newton-street, Manchester, Weaste, and London), Manufacturer, CHAIRMAN.
FRED. TAYLOR (Hawkins & Taylor, 11, Fountain-street, Manchester, Merchant, Chairman of Samuel Dewhurst & Co., Limited), VICE-CHAIRMAN.
SAML. BARLOW (Chairman of Samuel Barlow & Co., Limited, Stakehill Works, Castleton, near Manchester), Bleacher & Dyer.
ALFRED WILSON BENTLEY (Wilson & Bentleys, 50, St. John-street, West Smithfield, London, Hoxton, and Hackney Wick), Manufacturer.
WILLIAM LAW BROS (Law, Sons, & Co., Windsor-court, Monkwell-street, London, and Foots Cray, Kent), Manufacturer.
JOHN DALBY DEWHURST (Geo. & R. Dewhurst, 38, New Broad-street, London, and Great Marlborough-street, Manchester, Merchant, Director of Samuel Dewhurst & Co., Limited).
GEORGE WOOLLEY DUNSTAN, Birkdale, Southport, Manufacturer.
WILLIAM ROCK, 25, Lord-street, Liverpool, Chartered Accountant.
AARON LUCIUS ORDWAY (President of the Interlaken Mills, Providence, Rhode Island, United States of America), Manufacturer.
FREDERIC C. SAYLES (The Lorraine Manufacturing Company, Saylesville, and the Interlaken Mills, Rhode Island, United States of America), Manufacturer.
CHARLES F. ZENTGRAF (L. De Jonge & Co., Duane-street, New York), Manufacturer.
EMIL WEBER (J. J. Weber & Co., Bamberg, Germany), Manufacturer.

MANAGING DIRECTORS.—WILLIAM DICKSON WINTERBOTTOM (Archd. Winterbottom & Sons), Manufacturer. (*For North of England.*); ARTHUR FRANCIS BENTLEY (Wilson & Bentleys), Manufacturer. (*For South of England.*)

TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE STOCK HOLDERS.—GEORGE HAROLD WINTERBOTTOM, Chairman of the Company; JOHN DALBY DEWHURST (Geo. & R. Dewhurst), Manchester and London; CLEMENT MOLYNEUX ROYDS, Chairman of Williams Deacon and Manchester and Salford Bank, Limited.

BANKERS.—WILLIAMS DEACON AND MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BANK, LIMITED, London, Manchester, and Branches; BARCLAY, BEVAN, TRITTON, RANSOM, BOUVERIE, & CO., 54, Lombard-street, London, E.C., and 1, Pall Mall East, S.W.; BANK OF LIVERPOOL, LIMITED, Liverpool and Branches; COMMERCIAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, LIMITED, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Branches; SPENCER TRASK & CO., 16 and 18, Broad-street, New York, Albany, Providence, and Boston, U.S.A.

SOLICITORS.—MURRAY, HUTCHINS, & STIRLING, 11, Birchin-lane, London, E.C.; DENDY & PATERSON, 5, Cross-street, Manchester; PARSONS, SHEPARD, & OGDEN, 111, Broadway, New York; STICKNEY, SPENCER, & ORDWAY, 31, Nassau-street, New York.

BROKERS.—STEER, LAWFORD, & CO., 3, Drapers'-gardens, London, E.C.; HAILTON, SONS, & LEEDHAM, 15, Cross-street, Manchester.; WILLIAM CHAMBRES & CO., 6, Dale-street, Liverpool.

AUDITORS.—C. F. KEMP, FORD, & CO., 73, Lombard-street, London, E.C.; E. COLLIER & CO., 44, Brown-street, Manchester: W. H. ROCK, 25, Lord-street, Liverpool.

Secretary (*pro tem.*).—JOHN PYE. | **Temporary Office.**—12, Newton-street, Manchester.

PROSPECTUS.

The Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and consolidating into one undertaking, the works and businesses hereinafter described for the manufacture of Book Cloth, Tracing Cloth, Label Cloth and Grey Cloth, and Printing, Embossing, Dyeing, Bleaching and Finishing Cloths and other fabrics, with power to produce all materials necessary for such businesses, and with power to carry on other businesses, as set forth in the Memorandum of Association.

The amalgamation of these concerns is the result of negotiations between four of the leading manufacturers. The conclusion arrived at was, that the formation into one Company of the several concerns would be beneficial, not only to the Vendors, but also to the consumers of the goods for the following among other reasons:—

(1.) The whole of the talent engaged in the trade would be at the disposal of the Company, which would result in the more economical and efficient production and supply of the goods.

(2.) An opportunity would be given to consumers by becoming Shareholders to participate in the profits of the business.

After careful consideration, the following was decided to be the only basis upon which amalgamation would be satisfactory:—

(1). That other manufacturers of Book Cloths in England should join, and that efforts should be made to include manufacturers in foreign countries. (2.) That the purchase price in the case of each of the four leading manufacturers should be based upon the average annual net profits earned by them (after deduction of depreciation and all other proper charges) during the three years ending at the then respective last dates of stocktaking and balancing. (3.) That the same principle of ascertaining the purchase money of other concerns should be followed where practicable, but otherwise the amount should be arrived at upon a fair estimate of the prospective profit, based upon the productive power and position of each concern. (4.) That no addition should be made to the purchase price for profit of promoters and other large formation expenses, as is usual in amalgamations of this kind, and that the formation of the Company should be under the supervision of a Committee composed of the following members of three of the four concerns, viz.:—

Mr. G. H. WINTERBOTTOM, of Archd. Winterbottom & Sons.
Mr. FRED. TAYLOR, Chairman of Saml. Dewhurst & Co., Limited.
Mr. ARTHUR FRANCIS BENTLEY, of Wilson & Bentleys.

Mr. William Rock, of Liverpool, Chartered Accountant, was appointed on account of his long and extensive acquaintance with the business to be carried on and his financial experience, as a Commissioner to negotiate the purchase of the various businesses and to carry out the formation of the Company. He proceeded upon the basis resolved upon, and contracts (all of which are specified upon page 5) have been entered into for the purchase of the businesses mentioned below. Mr. Rock (accompanied by Mr. G. H. Winterbottom) has visited the United States and Germany, and has investigated the books and accounts of the concerns there carried on. Each purchase was arranged after careful consideration by the Commissioner, and after receiving the unanimous approval of the Committee, and in every instance the purchase will be taken over by the Company without any addition to the purchase money. The Vendors agree to pay all the expenses of the formation of the Company, down to the first allotment of Shares, including the remuneration of Mr. Rock. The only expenses payable by the Company are those under the two agreements of 6th November, 1891, specified below, and do not exceed the sum of £14,000.

The names of the Vendors and the properties are as follows:—

ARCHIBALD WINTERBOTTOM & SONS, Victoria Mills, Weaste, near Manchester, the whole business in complete working order, consisting of about 34,303 square yards of freehold land, together with the reservoirs, wells, buildings, steam boilers, engines, shafting, machinery, plant, stock-in-trade (finished and in process), raw materials, book debts, and cash in bank.

SAMUEL DEWHURST & CO., Limited, Broughton Dye Works, Salford, the whole business, in complete working order, consisting of about 36,032 square yards of freehold land, together with reservoir, wells, buildings, steam boilers, engines, shafting, machinery, plant, stock-in-trade (finished and in process), raw materials, book debts, and cash in bank.

WILSON & BENTLEYS, { Hoxton Dyeing and Finishing Works / Hackney Wick Bleaching, Dyeing, and Finishing Works } the whole business, in complete working order, consisting of leasehold land and buildings, together with the tenants' steam boilers, engines, shafting, machinery and plant, and the stock-in-trade (finished and in process), raw materials, book debts, and cash in bank and in hand.

LAW, SONS, & Co., Foots Cray Mill, Foots Cray, in the County of Kent, the whole business, in complete working order, consisting of leasehold land and buildings, together with the tenants' steam boilers, engines, machinery and plant, and the stock-in-trade (finished and in process), raw materials, book debts, and cash in hand.

JOHN H. GARTSIDE & CO., Limited, Chapel Hill Cotton Mill, Dukinfield, in the County of Chester, in complete working order, consisting of about 2,659 square yards of freehold land, together with the buildings, steam boilers, engines, shafting, gearings, looms, machinery and plant, with power to purchase the stock-in-trade.

JOHN H. GARTSIDE & CO., Limited, book cloth machinery and plant in the book cloth business, at Buckton Vale, near Staleybridge, in the County of Lancaster, (intended to be removed therefrom), with power to purchase the stock-in-trade.

SAMUEL BARLOW & CO., Limited, book cloth machinery, plant, stock-in-trade (finished and in process), and book debts in the book cloth business at Stake hill Works, Castleton, near Manchester.

W. R. C. GOULDEN & CO., the whole business, comprising book cloth machinery, plant, stock-in-trade (finished and in process), raw materials, and book debts at Pendleton Mills, near Manchester.

INTERLAKEN MILLS, Arkwright, near Providence, Rhode Island, in the United States of America, the whole business, comprising cotton mills and finishing works in complete working order, consisting of about 141 acres freehold land, together with water rights, water wheel, buildings, steam boilers, engines, shafting, spindles, looms, machinery, plant, stock-in-trade (finished and in process), raw materials, book debts, cash at bank and in hand, 23 Shares in the Barden Reservoir Company, three houses for superintendents, and 34 cottages for workpeople.

J. J. WEBER & CO., Bamberg Works, at Bamberg, Germany, the whole business, in complete working order, consisting of about five acres of land of freehold or equivalent tenure, together with wells, buildings, steam boilers, engines, shafting, machinery, plant, stock-in-trade (finished and in process), raw materials, houses, and cottages for workpeople.

Leasehold warehouses in Manchester and London.

The goodwills, trade marks, brands, designs, inventions, patents, licences, trade secrets, contracts, and books of account of the businesses taken over.

All the above properties will be conveyed to the Company free from incumbrance except the chief and other rents and the covenants and conditions of tenure, and subject to any easements affecting the same.

The payment of the book debts is guaranteed by the several Vendors.

In the opinion of the Directors, the above concerns embrace all the manufactories of book cloth and tracing cloth worthy of being acquired, and owing to the nature of the business it is believed successful opposition need not be much feared. Besides those businesses a considerable trade is done in label cloth and grey cloth and in dyeing, bleaching, and finishing cloth and other fabrics.

By the agreements each of the Vendors undertakes to abstain from future competition with the Company (so far as the Directors are advised the laws of the respective countries will permit), in the business sold to the Company where the whole of the Vendor's business is acquired by the Company, and in book cloth, tracing cloth, and label cloth where only part of the Vendor's business is acquired.

The manufacture of book cloth and tracing cloth in its inception is most difficult, and requires the exercise of great skill and judgment, and has usually been attended by heavy losses for several years after being commenced. It is intended that the most efficient and scientific principles of manufacture, and the highest standard of excellence shall be applied to all the works, and that uniformity of quality and price (which consumers particularly desire) shall be attained. It is expected that the cost of freight and of selling and distributing the goods and other expenses will be materially reduced as the result of the concentration of the businesses.

The sales of book cloth, tracing cloth, and label cloth by the combined firms and companies during the three years ending 31st December, 1890, have been certified by Mr. Rock to have increased as follows:—

1888 ... ... 5½ per cent. over 1887. | 1889 ... ... 13 per cent. over 1887. | 1890 ... ... 23 per cent. over 1887.

The purchase moneys for the whole of the properties is £1,271,870 19s. 9d. to be paid as follows, viz.:—

In Debenture Stock	£161,110 0 0	
In Preference Shares of £10 each	128,900 0 0	
In Ordinary Shares of £10 each	128,900 0 0	
		418,910 0 0
In Cash		852,960 19 9
		£1,271,870 19 9

The Company will not take over any of the liabilities of the Vendors, except trade and other contracts in the course of the business.

The cash in hand and at the banks and the book debts and the stocks-in-trade, included in the purchase, amount together to £253,149, which amount, in the opinion of the Directors, is sufficient working capital for the efficient carrying on of the business.

Six of the present Directors, who are partners in or Directors of the first four of the concerns named above, undertake, if desired by the Company, to continue Directors for five years from the incorporation of the Company.

The books and accounts and the stock takings of the four leading Vendors (whose businesses comprise ninety per cent. of the trade of the English Vendors) have been investigated by Mr. Rock, Messrs. C. F. Kemp Ford & Co., Lombard-street, London, and Messrs. E. Collier & Co., Manchester, Chartered Accountants. The books and accounts and the stock takings of the other English Vendors and the American and German Vendors have been investigated by Mr. Rock, and the following certificate has been given by these gentlemen:—

"To the Directors of THE WINTERBOTTOM BOOK CLOTH COMPANY, LIMITED, "London, 27th November, 1891.

"GENTLEMEN,—We have examined the books, accounts, and other documents, and have checked the stocks and book debts as taken on the 31st October, 1890, of Messrs. Archibald Winterbottom & Sons, Samuel Dewhurst & Co., Limited, Messrs. Wilson & Bentleys, and Messrs. Law, Sons, & Co., and have ascertained their profits for the three years ending at their respective date of stocktaking prior to the date of the Agreement entered into with these Vendors.

"We have also perused the report of the undersigned William Rock, upon the books, accounts, and other documents of J. H. Gartside & Co., Limited, Samuel Barlow & Co., Limited, and Messrs. W. R. C. Goulden & Co., for the three years ending 30th June, 1891, and of the Interlaken Mills, and Messrs. J. J. Weber & Co. for the three years ending at their respective dates of stocktaking in 1890 and 1891, and we have examined and approve of the accounts prepared by him.

"After debiting depreciation, repairs, renewals, and all other proper charges, the average annual net profits of all the above-named businesses, ascertained as aforesaid, is £97,034, 16s. 2d., each of the three years being as follows:—

"First year's profits	£91,795 16 4
"Second year's profits	95,257 1 6
"Third year's profits	104,051 10 8
"Total profit for the three years	291,104 8 6
"Annual average	£97,034 16 2

"We are, Gentlemen, yours faithfully, "WM. ROCK.
"C. F. KEMP FORD & CO.
"EDWIN COLLIER & CO."

Taking these figures as a basis for estimating future profit, and without taking into account any economies likely to arise from the consolidation of the works and businesses, the following result may, in the opinion of the Directors, be fairly anticipated, namely:—

Average annual net profit as per Accountants' Certificate		£97,034 16 2
Less Interest on Debenture Stock	£25,000 0 0	
Less Dividends on Preference Shares	24,000 0 0	
		£49,000 0 0
Leaving available		£48,034 16 2

or a surplus of £8,034. 16s. 2d., after providing a dividend of £10 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary Shares.

The Company are entitled to the profits of the businesses of the first-named four Vendors from the 31st October, 1890, and of the Interlaken Mills from the 28th February, 1891, interest at £5 per cent. per annum being paid upon the purchase moneys from these dates respectively.

The following contracts relating to the purchase of the various works and businesses have been entered into:—

	Date of Contracts.
Samuel Dewhurst & Company, Limited, of the first part; William Dickson Winterbottom and George Harold Winterbottom, carrying on business under the firm of Archd. Winterbottom & Sons, of the second part; Alfred Wilson Bentley, Arthur Francis Bentley, and James Edward Bowles Wilson, carrying on business under the firm of Wilson & Bentleys, of the third part; William Law Bros and Ion Pritchard, carrying on business under the firm of Law, Sons, & Co., of the fourth part; and William Rock of the fifth part	6th May, 1890, and 26th February, 1891.
John H. Gartside & Company, Limited, of the one part, and William Rock of the other part	18th August, 1890.
John Henry Gartside (Governor), Charles Timothy Bradbury, William Lees, and George Bolden (Directors), of J. H. Gartside & Company, Limited, of the first part; William Rock, of the second part; Samuel Dewhurst & Company, Limited, Archd. Winterbottom & Sons, and Wilson & Bentleys, of the third part; and John H. Gartside & Company, Limited, of the fourth part	18th August, 1890.
Samuel Barlow & Company, Limited, of the first part; Samuel Barlow, John Lees (Olham), John Lees (Conway), John Cooper, Charles Edward Holden (Directors of Samuel Barlow & Company, Limited), and James William Bentley, of the second part; Samuel Barlow, James William Bentley, John Lees (Oldham), John Lees (Conway), John Cooper, Charles Edward Holden, Herbert Thomas Bolton, Joseph W. Leach, George William Needham, Abraham Leach, Charles Mellodew Lees, Sarah Lees, and James Holden, of the third part; and Willam Rock, of the fourth part.	29th October, 1890.
Interlaken Mills, a corporation of Rhode Island, of the first part, and William Rock of the second part	14th February, 4th August, 17th August, 1891.
William F. Sayles, Frederic C. Sayles, F. C. Sayles, Trustee, Henry Howard, Edward C. Bucklin, Aaron Lucius Ordway, Lucius Lyon, Caroline F. Lyon, Edward A. Greene, Edward A. Greene, Trustee, John R. Fales, John A. Adams, Sarah J. Durfee, and James Gee, Stockholders of the Interlaken Mills, of the first part; William Rock of the second part; and the Interlaken Mills of the third part	14th February, 1891.
Agreement between William F. Sayles, Frederic C. Sayles, Frederic C. Sayles, Trustee, Henry Howard, Edward C. Bucklin, Aaron Lucius Ordway, Lucius Lyon, Caroline F. Lyon, Edward A. Greene, Edward A. Greene, Trustee, John R. Fales, John A. Adams, Sarah J. Durfee, James Gee, and William Rock	4th August, 1891.
Agreement between William Rock, William F. Sayles, Frederic C. Sayles, Frederic C. Sayles, Trustee, Henry Howard, Edward C. Bucklin, Aaron Lucius Ordway, Lucius Lyon, Caroline F. Lyon, Edward A. Greene, Edward A. Greene, Trustee, John R. Fales, John A. Adams, Sarah J. Durfee, and James Gee and the Interlaken Mills	17th August, 1891.
Archibald Winterbottom & Sons, G. & R. Dewhurst, and Hawkins & Taylor, of the first part; The Interlaken Mills of the second part; and the Stockholders of the Interlaken Mills of the third part	14th Feb. 17th Aug. 1891.
Johann Jacob Weber, trading at Bamberg, Germany, under the firm of J. J. Weber & Co., and his wife, and William Rock	15th May, 7th Sept. 1891.
William Rock and Emil Weber, of Bamberg, Germany	15th May, 1891.
Walter Richard Craine Goulden, trading under the firm of W. R. C. Goulden & Co., of the one part, and William Rock of the other part ...	1st October, 1891.
William Rock, of the first part; Archd. Winterbottom & Sons, of the second part; Geo. & R. Dewhurst, of the third part; Hawkins & Taylor, of the fourth part; Samuel Dewhurst & Co., Limited, of the fifth part; Archd. Winterbottom & Sons, of the sixth part; Wilson & Bentleys, of the seventh part; and Law, Sons, & Co., of the eighth part	6th November, 1891.
William Rock, of the first part; Archd. Winterbottom & Sons, of the second part; Samuel Dewhurst & Co., Limited, of the third part; Archd. Winterbottom & Sons, of the fourth part; Wilson & Bentleys of the fifth part; and Law, Sons, & Co., of the sixth part	6th November, 1891.
The Winterbottom Book Cloth Company, Limited, of the first part; Samuel Dewhurst & Company, Limited, of the second part; William Dickson Winterbottom and George Harold Winterbottom, carrying on business under the firm of Archd. Winterbottom & Sons, of the third part; Alfred Wilson Bentley, Arthur Francis Bentley, and James Edward Bowles Wilson, carrying on business under the firm of Wilson & Bentleys, of the fourth part; William Law Bros and Ion Pritchard, carrying on business under the firm of Law, Sons, & Co., of the fifth part; William Rock, of the sixth part; and Frederick Taylor of the seventh part.	27th November, 1891.

In the case of one of the Limited Companies the contract is subject to confirmation by the Shareholders.

In addition to the above-named contracts there are numerous trade and other contracts in the course of the business, and there are contracts for the payment of expenses payable by the Vendors. All applicants for Shares shall be deemed to have had notice of all these contracts, and to have waived all right to any particulars thereof, whether under section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

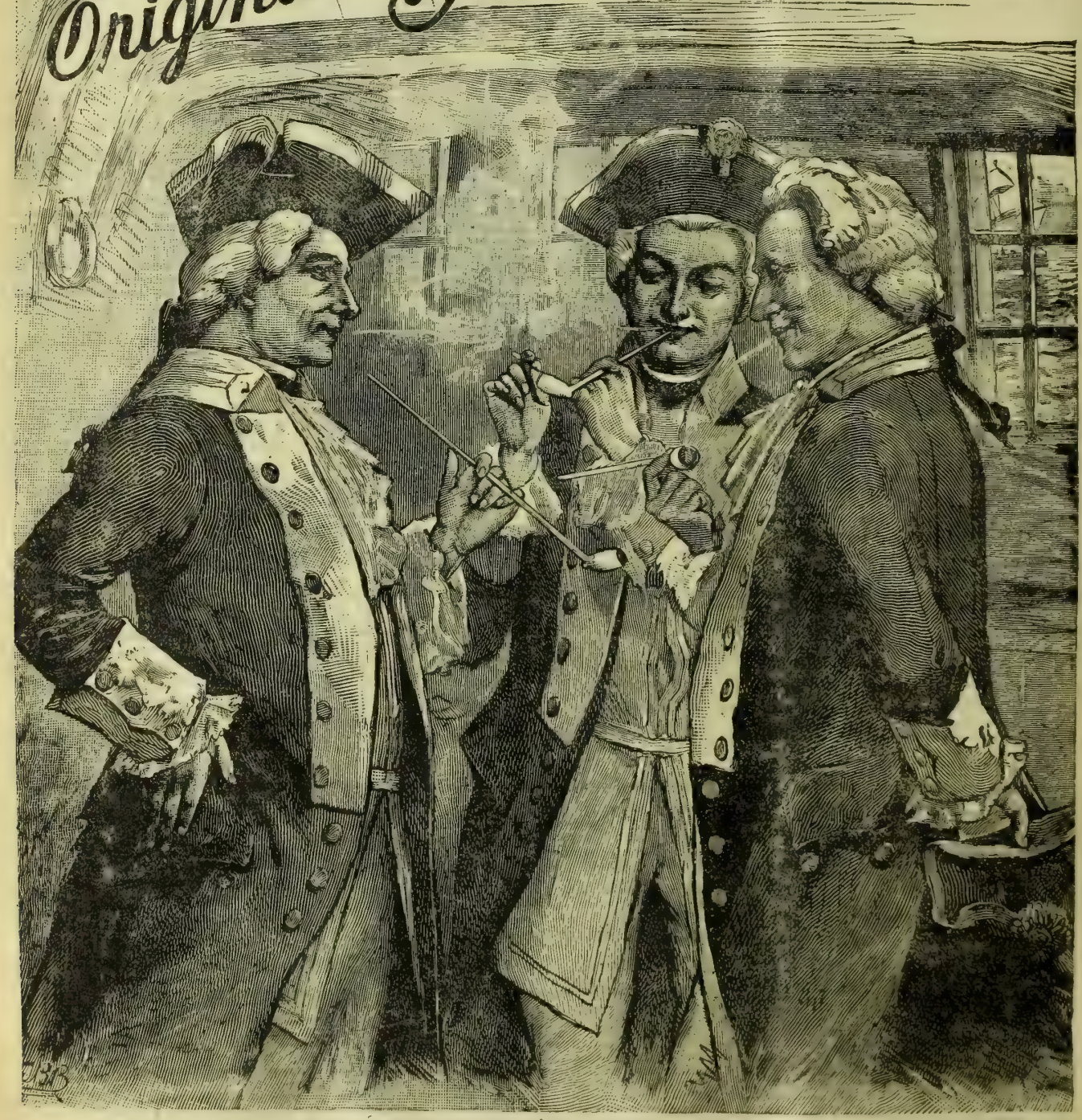
It is intended to apply for a Stock Exchange quotation for the Shares and Debenture Stock.

A copy of the Memorandum and Articles of Association and copies or translations of the above specified agreements and the report of the Accountants may be seen at the offices of the Solicitors.

Applications for Shares and Debenture Stock must be made on the forms accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded, together with the amount payable on application, to the Bankers of the Company. Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, Brokers, and Auditors, and at the offices of the Company.

MANCHESTER, November, 1891.

Player's Original Navy Cut



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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES, In Packets Containing 12,

OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 665.—PRIZE ANAGRAM ON THE NAME OF THE NEW FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.

E. W. B. S. (Real name and address will be published next week)..... £2 2 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" HOME-MADE TOY AND DOLL SHOW.

Let me again refer my readers to the first page of this issue of TRUTH for several announcements of interest concerning the coming Exhibition. I think it well to repeat here, too, the announcement that all parcels of Dolls, Toys, &c., must be sent off so as to reach the office by Wednesday, the 9th inst., at the latest.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 656.

I am glad to be able to state that the long-delayed announcement as to the result of this competition will be, in all probability, made next week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 667.

The Prize in this competition will be awarded to HAROLDWYN, whose suggestion as to how the sending of Christmas Cards can be best superseded is as follows:—

PRIZE SUGGESTION.

The best substitute would be to send an ordinary visiting card, with "Kindly greetings" written on the back. The first year would scotch the "Christmas card" nuisance, and about the third would probably kill it; after which the use of private cards would soon die out.—Haroldwyn.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 671.

A correspondent sends me a specimen of a Puzzle which has recently come under his notice. It consists of the following enigmatic combination of letters:—

ER YOANDHAVERK.

The interpretation of the above is as follows: "A man and a chest are missing from Manchester, and have got into York." Now I think that it will afford amusement to many of the readers of this page to make up similar Puzzles, and the Prize of Two Guineas is, therefore, offered for

THE MOST INGENIOUS PUZZLE SENTENCE, FORMED MORE OR LESS CLOSELY ON THE ABOVE MODEL.

All answers must reach me by the morning of Monday, December 14, at the latest.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and address of A. G. G. winner of Puzzle Prize, No. 664, are Miss A. G. GILCHRIST, Bella Villa, Whalley Range, Manchester.

MISS M. H.—I hope to make the announcement as to Puzzle No. 656 next week.

BIRD.—Many thanks for your suggestions.

JAM, REVENONS A NOS MOUTONS, DILARAM, EAST ANGLIA, AND STUMPS.—Your suggestions arrived too late to be printed with the others last week.

JIG.—Your anagrams, which are very good I may say, arrived too late for insertion.

MISS ROSE M.—As it was impossible to send your puzzle cheque by the date you named, will you please state the address to which it can now be forwarded

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 668.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

RHYMING COUPLETS FORMED OUT OF FIFTY-EIGHT GIVEN LETTERS.

*** I may say at once that no competitor has succeeded in evolving from the given letters the couplet from which I took them. The couplet in question runs thus—and is by Pope, if I mistake not:—

"They say I'm proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God afraid of me."

Many competitors, however, have succeeded in combining the given letters into couplets more or less neat, and specimens of these are given below. The Prize will be awarded next week.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

May men pursue a path of duty brief,
Or Adam's doom, indeed, too oft is grief.
Ellart.

I'm rash, yet proud if I reap any good—
A meed of fame—but oft misunderstood.
Nodding Violet.

I sing no more of a faded summer beauty,
Sad ode I offer to prim path o' duty.
Excelsior.

1. I am the man in for pots of good beer;
Tea is poor, muddy stuff. Adieu! my dear.
2. Nay, a drop o' good tea is th' stuff for me;
Adieu! muddy pot, an' I'm sober—I'm free!
Mavis.

TRUTH'S anagrams! Ye offered fun to me;
It some day I'm paid, O! too proud I'd be.
D'Arcy.

Adieu, soft night, dim, mid beauteous* ray,
Form* so oft marred on peep of day! Whig.

* The moon, whose light wanes as that of Phœbus waxes.

Good, firm-made friends oft mope, I doubt;
Mayhap turn foes ere a day is out.
Malignant.

1. Agree to aid mine fund for poor, maids, boys,
Made up, *i.e.*, of famed TRUTH toys.
2. For furious boom so deep—dread fate—
I fear my mad rhyming is not up to date.
Dora.

1. Adieu to pride, O Moor, your rhyme is bad,
A page of stuff fit to send men mad.
2. Hi! ye guess my fear for dame Dido's fate.
Poor frump! bound to an idiot mate.
Sheila.

O! for stupid oof, made in a busy time,
A duffer great is doomed to pen a rhyme.
Ramona.

Famous idea! TRUTH finds free toy!
Good time for some pauper maid and boy.
R. F.

O, fop! I dreamt that a fairy mouse
Did offer an impudent body some grouse.
Ariel.

True aid against mobsmen I made proffer;
Oh, odd! You to aid us? Empty offer.
Sinona.

As sour fruit thy proffered guineas be,
Not paid—I'm moody, mad; O, deaf to me!
Yorkling.

Amid some fair, fond maiden beauty
Made our poorest fop forget his duty.
Ebor.

A DOCTOR'S NIGHT THOUGHT.

It mused of ghost, of spirit, or fee due,
Pray Ma'am don't dread my bane of i o u.
Tulip.

I see, good Thomas, poor duped muffs admire
A Mary fond of beauty in attire. Maia.

Off mad despot, or beauteous fairy!
O! maddening deft tho' beauteous Mary.
Imara.

Bad, penurious man! Thy fee farm dues amid,
Oft forget my poor, as I, too, did. Qui Hy.

Had I of bait from good muse's friend,
Rude fate may permit you a P.O.* to send.
*Postal order. King Cole.

O, doom to poor Russian! Famine dread!
Might pity feed afar. You *must* be fed.
Dumnorix.

DISMISSAL OF THE TORY DOCTOR.

Go home! Tory-fad fuss-muff!! Disappear!!!
About time.—O do not die, my Erin, dear.
Sour Grapes.

From a dead past to dim of future I turn,
If so, by my poems a good heed I earn.
Pseudonym.

Of grief dies Tom, poor ass! oft duped by you;
Hear it, Emma; I am fond and true. Cat.

O do not, mute grief, dim hope's fair ray,
If from dead tone up-beams to us day.
Guelder Rose.

In famous days oft, as feature of mode,
Up, behind groom, I, pretty maid, rode.
Wraith.

Past of an humdrum, be off in dismay;
O! terror is deep met, fie out, a good day.
Fay.

Fie, deft maid! you ran for soup, so meet
For hungry Mama; stop Biddie, do eat!
Bingo.

Fair maid! You'd oft repeated in this room
"De'f Sammy! D'u forget u be a spoon."
Ombra.

An ode? An (if) you bid him speed off faster;
I add my murmur too—Go, poetaster.
× (his mark)

I did most endure; for a muse demure
Is to ban hope to-day from a gift of pay.
Industry.

You puff for me bad porsie to fame,
Dear, good Sir TRUTH—O! 'tis my end and aim
G. E. M.

Bad, Amy, if TRUTH editor made off soon!
I made 'is good paper use my fortune.
Elsie.

Fussy Gem (Gemini) made duteous meditation,
A rhyme did offer, O! for approbation.
Gemini.

For doughty deeds, Maria, I am not famed;
But I propose to you! Rise! named.
Old Bachelor.

Go, man! The poet moans for your fast steed;
If I forbid you ride mad up mead.
Garryowen.

Bad at imperious o'er many, moody thief,
Mad to uproot us, or defend as fief. Pas.

Get home, Baron Mudmuff, and up at rise of day
To set poor Dedmio free, I say. Redhair.

Do madmen rage? Do authors find fit pay,
Or fume, or fuss, or idiom pert betray?
(One e omitted.) Kith.

A body must afford a mint of time, O!
Or, argued I, does pen a stupid rhyme, O!
(The letters e and f omitted.)
I. B. B.

"Good, bad, indifferent," our said rhyme
Amused—a petty form of pastime.
(All letters but o, o, u.)
Esperanza.

Poor buds off many a tufted tree
May faded droop on Time's rough sea.
(M, t, t, t not brought in.)
Cæsar's Corner.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 666.—QUAINT OR CLEVER SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

*** In accordance with my promise, I now give a further selection from the "sayings" received.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"Good morning, Muriel, have you used Pears' Soap?" Muriel, aged seven: "No, of course not, I use nurse's."—Winnipeg.

Johnny (who has overheard his parents' arguments over the Christmas bills): "Mamma, are coals very dear?" Mamma: "Yes, dear, very, I am sorry to say." Johnny (hopefully, remembering past offences): "Then, mamma, I don't see how the devil can possibly afford to keep up hell!"—Eneksa.

Saint-like little girl of five: "I wish I had wings like an angel, I would fly straight up to heaven." Matter of fact young sister: "Silly gell, silly gell! Go up to ceiling—come down bump!"—Dallington.

Father, in bed with son of six years. Father: "Well, I suppose I must get up now to get the daily bread." Son: "Don't you trouble, Paps, the baker will bring it."—Google.

Little girl (aged eight) on being told if she is so naughty her soul will become quite black, replied: "I suppose it goes into mourning."—Porthos.

My five-year-old A. had been reproved for calling his nurse a pig, and was told the next time he was heard using the word pig he would be sent to bed. A few days after he came to me and said: "Mamma, R. has been calling me the name of that animal that has four legs and grunts." The same boy, when about three years old, deliberately did something he was told not to do, and then said: "Now, mamma, whip me; but whip me gently."—Jean.

Willy (aged three) to auntie, whose teeth have been filled with platinum: "God did not make you, auntie." "Who did then, Willy?" "The carpenter, and he has forgotten to take the nails out of your teeth."—La Palma.

Little Girl (looking at hair on new baby's head): "Oh nurse! its got whiskers on its head!"—Fig.

Tom's mother gave him twopence to buy sweets. On receiving them, she divided between Tom and his companion, Jim. Jim looked at them, and muttered, "She's given you most." "Whose money was it?" said Tom triumphantly.—Jam.

Small boy, who has been present at a discussion on domestic matters: "I suppose some hens lay cooking eggs and some lay fresh eggs."—Nomad.

Something for Scotchmen to look forward to:—Mother: "Noo, my wee doo's, aff ye gang tae bed, and if yer a' spared and weel in the morning, ye'll get a bit o' ham tae breakfast." This was news indeed for the little ones, the youngest of which said to her mother: "An' if we'er no spared an' weel, mither, will we get parritch?"—Culloden.

Scene in Church (little girl after watching bald-headed old gentleman).—Little Girl: "Mamma, who made that man?" Mamma: "God, dear." Little Girl: "Then, Mamma, why did he not finish him?"—R. Kemp.

1. Institutrice: "Dites, Marie, qui était Adam?" Marie: "Le premier Monsieur." 2. Papa: "So you have begun geography, Ethel; well, tell me what is the appearance of an island?" Ethel: "It looks like——a duck in the water."—Amalia.

1. Hearty Youngster (at school treat): "More cake." Teacher: "There is no more." Youngster: "Then bring me the crumbs," and she brought them. 2. Precocious Four-year-old (father away): "Mamma dear, may I be dada to-day?" Mother (writing) absently: "Very well dear." Ten minutes later, mother made to jump by—"Emily, do come to dinner at once." 3. Small Lisper (speaking of school-fellow): "No, I don't like Tommy Hall. (Musingly) I fink I'll ask him to tea, and then we'll fight."—Kingston.

The following remark was made by me to my brother, when we were both quite small.—We were standing at a window, looking at the telegraph-wires, when I said:—"Is that God's clothes-line?" He said, "No, you silly little thing. God doesn't wash."—Simpleton.

A little niece of mine said to her mother: "Mamma, do you call this October? I call it cold tober."—G. E. M.

1. Little boy, looking up chimney: "I suppose if God sends the snow the devil sends the blacks." 2. Little girl, after listening to conversation between two people: "I know what Mr. So-and-so meant by forefathers." "What?" "Why, Abraham and his seed for ever, of course."—E. M. P.

Old gentleman: "Well, my little man, what is your name?" Small boy: "Paul doesn't know Paul's name."—Cockatoo.

Mother: "Children, I can't allow you to play at taking your dolls to church." "Oh, mother! mayn't we pretend that they just go inside the church; they only kneel down and put their hands before their faces. They don't say anything."—Duchess.

Ella (not quite three), hearing a commotion in the poultry-yard: "What's that noise for, dada?" Father: "A hen has laid an egg, dear." Ella: "And bacon too, Dada?"—Ecila.

My little boy of four was having the story of the raising to life of the son of the woman of Shunem by Elisha read to him, and, coming to the passage, "the child sneezed seven times," he remarked, "I specks (expect) he had a cold when he died."—M. A.

John, aged five, went to church one Sunday morning for the first time, and, apparently, was impressed with the Litany, for in the following week he was taken to his brother William's wedding, of which he gave the following account: "I could not hear what Willy said, so I said, 'Good Lord, deliver us!'"—Batheaston.

Georgie: "Mama! when can we have cherry pie for dinner?" Mama: "Next Sunday, if all's well." Georgie: "Why do you say, 'if all's well?'" Mama: "Oh! I only meant if I were alive to order it." Georgie: "If you were dead, papa could!" Katie (horrified): "Georgie! if mama were dead we couldn't have cherry pie; we must have black currants."—Ella.

Mother: "If you behave like that the angels will never take you to heaven." Little boy: "Don't want to go to heaven. If the angels come I will 'wiggle' so they can't hold me."—Criterion.

1. L—— caught sliding down banisters. Aunty: "Get off the banisters; you will make your clothes quite dirty." L——: "Why don't you keep your house cleaner, then?" 2. Mamma recounting the adventures of the Prodigal Son. Mamma: "And so his father sent for a best coat, and told them to put it on him." Daisy: "But why didn't they put his shirt and trousers on first?"—G. Leighton Hare.

Sayings have also been received from:—Penguin, Hopeful, Bradpole, Lislie, Jam, Guy, Dick, G. F. Williams, Japonica, Paddington-green, J. McG. Allan, Kitten, Sclanidge, Cyril, E. W. S. B., Old Log, Oriel, Toby, Ophelia, Ye Hermit, Effie, Caboon, Columbine, Ducie, C. C. H., East Anglia, Melville, Bingo, Grossmith, Pompeii, Leircy, Aylesbury Duck, Frank, Mesarthim, La Palma, Cardinal, Dickie, Gungo, Culloden, Yorkling, Effie, Mabwoka, Sour Grapes, Murdoch, Eboracum, Excelsior, Enid, A. M. S. G., Abraxes, Mothola, Whiddalian, Weston, Danehill, Marie, Basil, Paqueretta, Frank Danby, Emsand, Sister, Georgina, Athos, Crown, Billy, Ophelia, Eneksa, Siesta, MacCoppers, Alexander Buley, W. H. T., Kingston, Brinelein, K. C., J. H. T., Grip, Belati, A. D. R., Violet, Nomenclator, El Daeb, R. M. B. A., Mountfield, Dorset, Aimée, Ecila, Weston, Eboracum, Icknield, Mesarthim, Caboon, X., Med Stud, Wylde, Millbrook, Nunc Dimittis, Medium, Janus, Virginia, Ipse Dixit, Retap, Editora, The Old Mole, Old Nick, FitzHarris, Cornstalk, Laurie, Leah, and Nemo.

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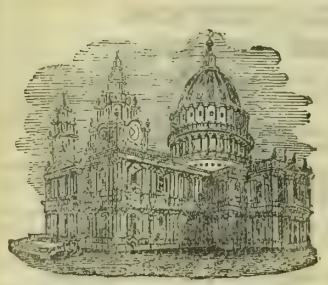

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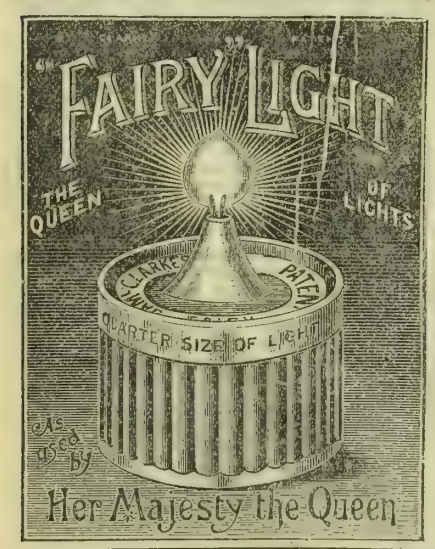

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Show Rooms: 31, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN, E.C., where all designs in "Fairy" Lamps can be seen. Retail everywhere.

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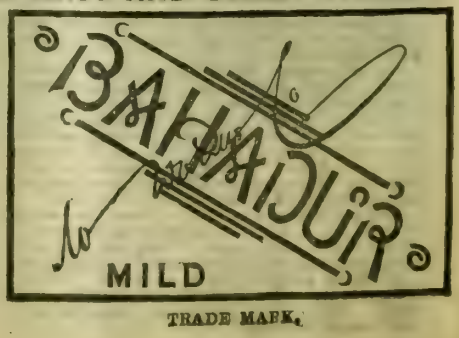
INDIAN CIGARS.

—As supplied to CLUBS & REGIMENTAL MESSES in India and United Kingdom.
NOTED for their MILD and delicate flavour.

Wholesale of the Manufacturers, McDOWELL & Co., Madras; and 1, Gresham Buildings, Basinghall St., LONDON.



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Daily yield 507,600 gallons F. at 120°.

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BATHERS DURING 1890—97,299.

These Baths are unrivalled in Europe for luxury and extent, and contain all that modern improvements can provide for the comfort and relief of the invalid, or the enjoyment of those in health.

Reclining, Deep, and Swimming Baths. Thermal Vapour Baths, for Painful Conditions of Joints, &c. Douche, Inhalation, Aspiration, Pulverisation, &c., for Ear, Eye, Throat, &c. The Aix les Bains Massage System and Douches and Douscheuses.

The Medical profession send patients who suffer from Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Eczema, and other skin affections.

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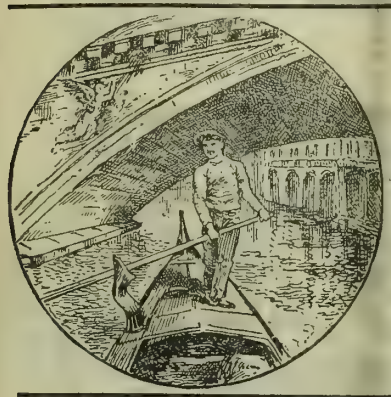

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Piercing the clouds in thy grandeur sublime,
Scorning for ever the finger of time,
High o'er thy fellows, the thunderbolt's mate,
We hail thee, O mountain, so peerless, so great!

For ages thy glories earth's poets have sung,
Romance golden halos about thee hath flung,
But little thou heedest their praise or their tears,
Thou wonderful mountain, thou king of the years!

Thus, towering above all its fellows, behold
Sweet SOZODONT, worth its own weight in pure gold,
Its name with new glories the years but invest,
And its fame fills the world from the east to the west.

THE SNOW OF MONT BLANC

Is not whiter than teeth that are daily rubbed with SOZODONT, and coral gathered in ocean depths cannot surpass the hue of gums freed from sponginess by the same salutary agent. American ladies visiting foreign lands excite the admiration of beholders and the envy of their transatlantic sisters with the surprising excellence of their teeth. When asked to what they owe this charm they murmur the talismanic word, SOZODONT! Sold by Chemists, 2s. 6d.

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THE NEW MEDIUM MILD INDIAN CIGAR.

A most delightful weed, full of fine aroma and delicate flavour. Connoisseurs pronounce them better than Havannahs. Everyone should sample these really excellent cigars. Prices 22s. to 20s. per 100 (post-free). Samples, four for 1s. (14 stamps).

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A Special Department for the Scientific Examination and Testing of the EYE-SIGHT by a qualified OPTICIAN.

Instructions for Self-Testing sent by post to Country and Foreign Customers.

Prices on application. No charge for Testing.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Very agreeable to take.

A LAXATIVE AND REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE for

CONSTIPATION,

HÆMORRHOIDS,
BILE,
HEADACHE,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
GASTRIC AND INTESTINAL TROUBLES.

Box 2s. 6d., stamps included.

Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

E. GRILLON,

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WATCH THIS CIRCLE!

This is NOT an optical delusion: the thing won't revolve or change position, colour, size, or shape, nor undergo any mysterious metamorphosis whatsoever; but watch it ever so little, and behold! you will have made a perfect watch, for the letters in the mystic circle spell W=A=T=H=B=U=R=Y which is the perfection of watches, and the most famous timekeeper in the world.

THE SHORT-WIND WATERBURY WATCHES in their new handsome Gold and Silver Cases are PERFECTION. Always the most FAMOUS TIME-KEEPERS in the World, they are now as EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL as they are MATHEMATICALLY ACCURATE.

For Gentlemen. A Splendid short-winding, keyless watch, with all the latest improvements—Compensation Balance, Duplex Escapement. &c. Stem-set, Seconds hand. Reliable, accurate, inexpensive. Best manufacture and highest finish throughout. Jewelled in six holes.

For Ladies. The daintiest and most beautiful of ladies' watches—small, and perfect in finish and design. In open face and Châtelaine styles. Jewelled throughout, Keyless, Stem-set, Dust-proof. Compensation Balance, and all the latest improvements.

The Gold Cases are guaranteed 15 years.

PRICES: Gold, 45s. to 56s.; Silver, and Oxidised Silver, 30s. to 37s. 6d.; Black Oxidised, 25s.; Nickel, 10s. 6d. to 25s.

Sold by all Watchmakers and Jewellers, and at the Waterbury Watch Depots:—

2, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.; 435, STRAND, W.C.; 131, REGENT STREET, W.

Write at once for New Catalogue to the Head Office:

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THE COMMITTEE'S APPEAL

FOR

One Thousand Guinea Donations

BY CHRISTMAS,

IN AID OF PREVENTIVE AND RESCUE HOMES FOR

FRIENDLESS & FALLEN YOUNG WOMEN & GIRLS.

THE

LONDON FEMALE PREVENTIVE

AND

REFORMATORY INSTITUTION,

Which was Established 1857,

SUSTAINS THE FOLLOWING HOMES:—

RESCUE HOMES.	PREVENTIVE HOMES.
200, Euston-road, N.W.	7, Parson's-green, S.W.
35, Eden-grove, Holloway.	459, Holloway-road, N.
Maude-grove, S.W.	461, Holloway-road, N.
5, Parson's-green, S.W.	

Open All Night Refuge—37 Manchester-street, King's Cross.

The above provide for nearly 250 inmates.

The Committee earnestly appeal on behalf of this long-continued Mission to

FRIENDLESS, FALLEN, & HOMELESS YOUNG WOMEN & GIRLS

No suitable case is ever rejected.
13,900 have been admitted to the Homes, and
15,800 admitted to the Open All Night Refuge.

£15 Required Daily to support the Homes. Help is now urgently needed.

All Cheques or Postal Orders of large or small amounts should be crossed as shown. Lloyd's Bank. For Friendless & Fallen.

FRANCIS NICHOLLS, Esq., Senior Member of the Committee, will receive DONATIONS at his City Offices, 14, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.

Donations may be sent direct to Lloyd's Bank, 54, St. James's-street, W.

A statement of the work of the Homes sent to any address.

Central Home and Offices—200, EUSTON ROAD, N.W.

EDWARD W. THOMAS, *Secretary.*

EASY CHAIRS. EASY CHAIRS. EASY CHAIRS.

MAPLE & CO LIMITED.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

The Largest and Most Convenient

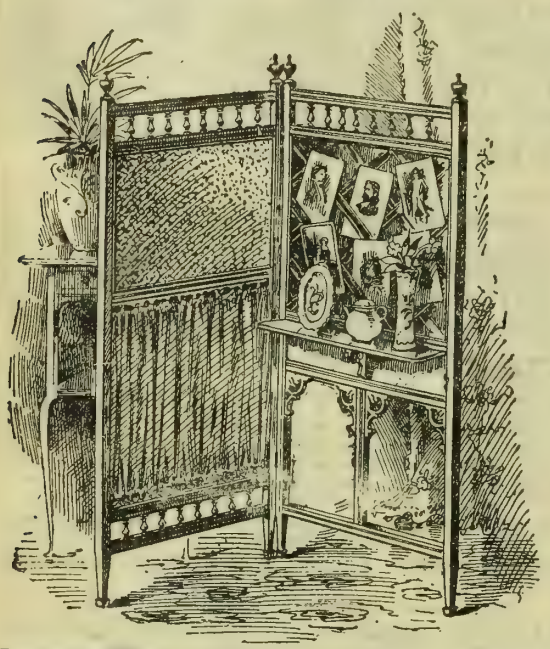
FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

EASY CHAIRS. EASY CHAIRS. EASY CHAIRS.

MAPLE & CO. enjoy a world-wide celebrity for comfortable chairs, especially for luxuriantly soft easy chairs, with duvêt stuffing, lounges, and settees, as well as club divan chairs, in morocco, of their own manufacture.

MAPLE & CO. have always an immense assortment of comfortable Easy Chairs on show, ready for immediate delivery. Customers, when in Tottenham Court-road, can pass from the show-rooms to the factory, and see the various processes of upholstering.

SCREENS SCREENS

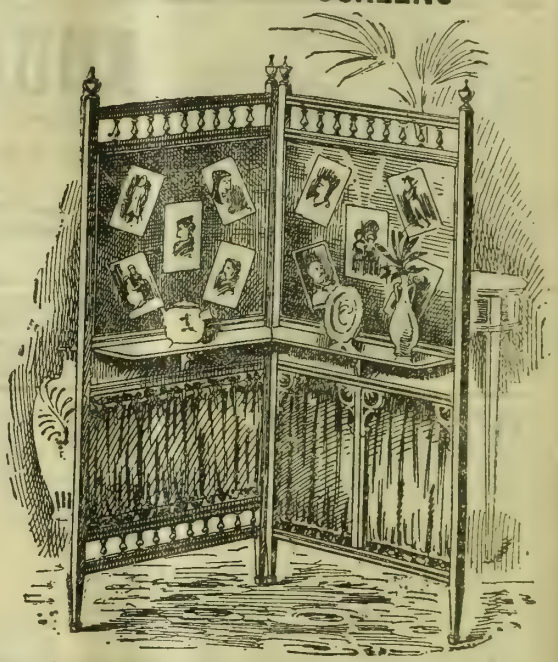


Two-fold Screen with muffled glass and art silk panel, panel for photos, and adjustable shelf—extreme height, 3ft. 9in.

In gilt bronze frame ... ... £2. 2s.
In white or cream enamel ... ... £2. 10s.

AN ARTISTIC SCREEN
is Always an Acceptable Present.
NEW ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCREENS POST FREE.

SCREENS SCREENS



Two-fold Screen with rich silk plush panels for photos, protected by pure glass adjustable shelves, and silk curtains below—extreme height, 3ft. 10in

In gilt bronze £3. 7s. 6d
In white or cream enamel ... ... £3. 17s. 6d.

THE VERSAILLES CHAIR.

Is very comfortable, and much appreciated by those who like a support for the back and arms. It is upholstered in best hair, and covered with handsome Cretonne, £5. 18s. 6d.

A COMFORTABLE EASY CHAIR
is Always an Acceptable Present.

THE WELLESLEY CHAIR.

A delightfully comfortable roomy chair, very soft and restful, covered with handsome Tapestry, trimmed with deep fringe, and upholstered in best hair, £6. 6s. If in Cretonne without fringe, £5. 10s.
This Chair can also be supplied in Silk and trimmed with fringe, as shown, or in Morocco for Club use.

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FURNITURE for EXPORTATION.

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MAPLE & CO. invite an inspection of their magnificent collection of ORNAMENTAL and USEFUL ARTICLES, suitable for Birthday, Wedding, and Complimentary Presents, including Clocks, Bronzes, Armour Trophies, Porcelain, Pictures, Etchings, Engravings, Photogravures, Statuary, &c., which will be found to be the best and most complete in London

USEFUL PRESENTS.

NOVELTIES in Fancy DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE, for Presentation, such as Brackets, Occasional Tables, Gossip Chairs, Card Tables, Easels, Pedestals, Cabinets, Screens, Writing Tables, &c., at most moderate prices. Special Catalogue free by post.

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 780. Vol. XXX. Thursday, December 10, 1891. Price Sixpence.

NOTICE.—The First and Second Reprints of "Truth" Christmas Number *being sold out, the third Reprint will be ready for Delivery on* Friday *next.*

"Truth" Christmas Number.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

Including TWO FULL-PAGED and ONE DOUBLE-PAGED CARTOON, printed in colours, and FOUR DOUBLE-TINTED FULL-PAGED CARTOONS.

After the Battle. 1892.
A Coach and Three.
A Quiet Round Game (double-page).
The Renunciation of St. Joseph.
An "Enfant Prodigue."
Society's Idol, 1841.
Society's Idol, 1891.

NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

A FEW weeks ago, I observed in asking for money for the Toy Fund, "Bis dat qui cito dat," I have now received rather more than half that is required for the children in the London Hospitals, Workhouses, Workhouse Schools, and Infirmaries, for their number is considerably larger than last year. The question, therefore, is, Are about one-half of these children to go without a toy, and to derive pleasure alone from contemplating the other half playing with theirs? This I am sure would not be wished; but if such is not to be the fate of these children, mere wishes are of no use. The wish must be materialised in the form of cash. There is no time for further delay. I would, therefore, suggest to those who on previous occasions subscribed, and who have not yet done so this year, and to all others, that they should *at once* take their cheque-books, sign a cheque, put it in an envelope, and send it to this office. I am sure that they will not regret having done so; whilst if these poor little children are to be deprived of their anticipated enjoyment at Christmas (and very little of joy do they have in the course of the year) the non-subscribers will not themselves enjoy their Christmas fare—for they will be thinking of the Workhouse children with scant fare and no toy. Christmas, remember, comes but once a year.

I stated some weeks ago that Mr. Quintin Hogg had in the kindest manner placed the Polytechnic Institution, in Regent-street, at the disposal of Truth, free of all charge, for this year's Doll and Toy Show. The Show will accordingly be held at the Polytechnic on Wednesday and Thursday next, December 16 and 17, and will be open gratuitously to the public between the hours of 10.30 a.m. and 10 p.m. on each of those days. Visitors will be asked to leave an address card, or to enter their names before passing in.

It will be noticed that it is intended to keep the Show open during the evening—a course which has not been followed in previous years. I have willingly made this change in order to meet the wish of Mr. Quintin Hogg, who contended, and I think with much force, that by the closing of the Show at 6 o'clock many hundreds of people who are busily engaged throughout the day have been hitherto deprived of an opportunity of paying it a visit. This year, however, a chance will be afforded them of inspecting it, for, as I have said, the Dolls and Toys will be on view up to the hour of 10 p.m. each evening.

It is now only necessary for me to add my hope that a large number of people will pay a visit to the Twelfth Truth Toy and Doll Show. The exhibition will certainly be a most interesting one. During the present week all the available space in this office has been packed with the hundreds of parcels of Dolls and Toys which I have received. They have even overflowed into the passages, and well-nigh rendered the staircases impassable. The locality chosen for the Exhibition could not well be more central or easy of access to visitors from all parts of London and the suburbs. I cannot but think, then, that crowds of people will come to see the Truth Show, and thus help to make it, in all respects, the most successful and memorable of the series.

I have received the following amounts towards the Toy Fund:—

Mrs. Talbot, £3. 3s.; Mrs. A. E. Barnard, 5s.; T. and M., £5; Muriel, Winnefred, Jemmy, and Derrick, £2; Francis J. Schuster, £5; Kathleen Cooper, 2s 6d.; Noel and Evelyn, 10s; J. W. M., £1. 1s.; Inez, Frank, and Willie, 5s.; Mons. Hugo, 5s.; J. G. R., £2. 2s. 6d.; Caroline, 2s. 6d; Ruth, 2s. 6d.; Jessie, 2s. 6d.; C. H. T., 5s.; B. J. S., 2s; Mabel and Ethel, £1; J. G. R., £1; Alice, Bobbie, and Eric, £3; Friends at Cromer, 5s.; F. C., 5s; A. B., £1. 10s.; Nesta Richardson, £1. 1s.; C. Young, 10s.; Mrs. W. Emery Stark, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. C. C. Wyllie, £1; Mrs. Arlosh, £1; Hermann Schiff, £1. 1s.; F. E., £5; Horace, Eugene, and Dorothy, £2. 2s.; Junior, £5; Eskmeols, 15s.; Bessie, 5s.; A. T. L., £2. 2s.; Biddy Finnigan, 5s.; C. H. D., 5s.; Gladys and Mona, 10s.; Mrs. Hume Kelly, £1; Eric Heatley, 5s. 11d.; S. W. Spelman, £1; Margaret Hopkins, 10s.; W. S. K. 5s.; F. Carruthers Gould, £1. 1s.; Robert T. Crawshay, £15; B. A. W., £10; V. P. S., £1; Pierrot, £1; Hugh and Murray Christie, 2s. 6d.; Teapot, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. R. J. N., £1. 1s.; Norah and

Muriel, £5; A. W. H., 10s.; H. T. G. £1. 1s.; Mother and Nell, £1. 2s. 6d.; Miles, Claude, and Gwendolin, £1. 10s.; The Honorable Mrs. A. Y. Bingham, £3; Little Fluffy, £3. 3s.; All little Cecily's pennies, 1s. 6d.; B. R. Adamthwaite, £2. 2s.; C. B. A., £1; An Old Bachelor, £5. 5s.

I have also received from the Misses Potter, of Pau, France, two dolls, scrap-books, &c.; from Mrs. Killingback, one dressed doll; three dressed dolls from Miss Samuel; Christmas cards, L. J. T.; scrap-books, &c., J. M. T.; two scrap-books, Sybil and Stuart Delarue; three scrap-books, E. Constantinide; a large dressed doll, Mrs. Perryman; scrap-book, "Anonymously"; four dressed dolls, Mrs. W. Eglinton; thirteen small musical boxes, Messrs. C. Paillard & Co.; twelve copies of "Little Prince Frisco," Mrs. F. Reynolds; seven boxes of sweets and seven scrap-books, The Misses F. Brooks and Edith Jamieson; eight packets of scribbling tablets, Miss D. Townend; box of dressed dolls, Beauty; a large Punch and Judy Show, Mrs. Charles Wertheimer; four dolls, Mrs. Annie Smith; a small doll, Nora, Wimbledon; 4 scrap books, Miss A. B. Browning; box of balls, Mrs. W. Davey; and 1,000 scrap-books, "Yoko."

Mrs. C. C. Wyllie forwards me one guinea, being money usually spent in sending Christmas cards to friends,—a very sensible arrangement, which other readers of Truth will, I venture to think, do well to imitate.

The Royal yacht *Alberta*, which has just completed an overhaul at Portsmouth, had a satisfactory trial of her engines last week, and she is under orders to convey the Queen from Gosport to East Cowes on Friday, the 18th. Her Majesty is to leave Windsor Castle at ten o'clock in the morning, and she will arrive at Osborne in time for luncheon.

A weekly paper printed the other day an alleged list of the papers which were placed in the Queen's saloon during her recent journey from Scotland. That this list is purely imaginative is proved by the fact that it contains the name of an Edinburgh Tory journal which has been defunct for many years past.

The newspapers printed some nonsensical jeremiads last week about the disappointment which had been caused by the inevitable postponement of the Princess of Wales's birthday party and festivities at Sandringham. It happens that nothing whatever was postponed, as no arrangement had been made for a party at Sandringham during last week. The Princess had intended to pass her birthday at Gmunden, where she was to have stayed for a week with the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, when on her homeward journey from Russia.

I hear that a marriage is likely to be arranged between Princess Victoria of Wales and the Crown Prince of Roumania, who is coming to England early next month, accompanied by his father, the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and they will be the guests of the Queen at Osborne, and of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham during their stay in this country. The Crown Prince Ferdinand, who was born in August, 1865, is a nephew of King Charles of Roumania, and of the Comtesse de Flandre. His mother is a daughter of the late King Ferdinand of Portugal.

What a strange thing is the sentiment which is sometimes dignified with the name of "loyalty"! Yesterday (Monday) I was passing before Marlborough House. It was raining and blowing, and it was already dark. There was a crowd gazing at the gates. I asked a policeman for what they were waiting? He replied that the Queen was soon expected. Of course, she would be in a shut carriage, and consequently nothing would be seen but the carriage. Why, then, did those people, damp and shivering, hang about? If each person had been there to pick the pocket of his neighbour, there would have been reason, if not morality, in their waiting. But to see a carriage drive by in the dark! Wonderful, most wonderful!

The Duchess of Teck and Princess May are probably the most generally popular of the members of the Royal Family, and the marriage between the latter and the Duke of Clarence is quite in accordance with the fitness of things. "It will necessitate," says the *Times*, "the raising of pecuniary questions in Parliament." I hardly see this. Indeed, I am told, on what I believe is good authority, that no application will be made. Under the Royal Grants Act, passed two years ago, a large annual grant was made for the children of the Prince of Wales, the distribution of which was left to him. It was distinctly stated at the time that this was a final arrangement, and naturally the possibility of one or all of the children marrying was taken into consideration. To ask for more would, therefore, be a direct violation of the assurance. The sum is quite large enough to enable the Prince of Wales to allocate to the Duke and future Duchess of Clarence an income amply sufficient for all requirements. Should the Duke die, the time will then come for considering what income is to be given to the Duchess; and this would mainly depend upon whether, at the death of her future husband and that he predeceases her, he is Duke of Clarence, Prince of Wales, or King of England.

The Radical doctrine is that the sum total given by the country to the Royal Family is more than enough for their maintenance, and that providing for the State and dignity of the Crown is one thing: providing huge incomes to all members of the Royal Family is another. The Royal Grants Act was opposed on the ground that the Prince of Wales has an income of above £100,000 per annum, and that out of this he might be expected to provide for his family; like all fathers, spending less on himself, as allowances have to be given to his children. This view may be right or wrong, but it is intelligible.

What does the *Times* mean by the statement in its Royal Marriage article that the Duke of Teck is a scion of the Royal Family of Würtemberg, but of a branch

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 1248 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 1247.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 1249.

which renounced its rights, and descended into the ranks of the higher nobility? In Germany, when a Royalty marries any one not of Royal birth, the marriage is perfectly valid, but the children are not Royal, and are not in succession to the Crown. Their rank is that of the mother. The Duke of Teck is the issue of one of these marriages, and he would himself be the first to laugh at his branch of the Würtemburg family having "renounced its rights," and "descended into the ranks of the higher nobility." It renounced no rights, because it had no rights to renounce, and it did not descend, because it had nothing to descend from. As a matter of fact, the Duke ascended, for he was a Count as the son of a Countess, and was created a Duke by the King of Würtemburg.

Without quite assenting to the gush of some of my contemporaries, that Princess May has become, from the fact of her engagement, more beauteous than Helen of Troy, more learned than Erasmus, more intellectual than Socrates, and more witty than Sydney Smith; that her favourite dog (as stated by one newspaper) has become, for the same reason, the most clever of his species, and that her favourite birds have become feathered angels—I am told by those who know her, that she is a very favourable specimen of an English girl: pleasant in manner, neither horsey nor a blue-stocking, but endowed with a full share of common-sense, and able to hold her own in conversations on art and literature. As for her looks, she is decidedly pretty. I remember remarking her as a pretty girl one day when she was on the terrace of the House of Commons, before I knew who she was, so that my judgment was not warped by any prejudice in favour of her: a Princess, as a rule, being deemed beautiful if she is not exceptionally ugly.

With the best of wishes for the happiness of the young couple, I really tremble when I think of the amount of "copy" which will be inflicted on us in respect to this marriage. Already we are favoured to the most twaddly of twaddly stories about the Prince and the Princess: what they did in the nursery and what they did out of the nursery. When these are exhausted we shall go through a series of equally interesting stories about their nurses, their governesses, their tutors, and their other servants. Then will come the turn of aged peasants who once saw them, and said, &c., &c., and other aged persons on whom one or other of them secretly bestowed alms. After these fields are exhausted, the pair will be lectured on their duties, with a considerable amount of padding, respecting the spirit of the age, and loyalty in its varied aspects.

For the flunkeys the event is indeed a happy one. I see it already announced that hundreds of congratulatory telegrams have been received at Marlborough House. No doubt they were. And when it comes to the marriage presents, how every golden calf, every being who hopes that he may establish a claim to an invitation or even to a bow, will crawl on his knees with his votive offering! As a good speculation I would give £50,000 (if I had it) for the presents.

A correspondent sends me the following lines on this interesting announcement:—

How strange is fate! Whilst, snatched from death,
One brother strength recovers,
The other gains the happy lot
Reserved for lucky lovers.
For tried true love, restrained no more
For purposes dynastic,
Is now its course to smoothly run
'Midst cheers enthusiastic.

The land approves—of course it does!
For all the nation's cooing
To think its future King has stayed
At home to do his wooing.
For small's the need to wander far,
O'er foreign land and water,
When England in the Princess May
Can show so fair a daughter.

We'll wish the Royal lovers, then,
The happiest of matches,
Settled without long protocols,
And sealed without despatches;
The outcome, not of Statesmen's choice,
Or potentates' selection;
But springing from the purer source
Of natural affection!

I learn that the Duke of Edinburgh is going to Germany next week on leave of absence, to join the Duchess, who is residing at Coburg with her children. The Duke will remain abroad for about three weeks, and when he returns to England the Duchess is going to St. Petersburg, intending to stay there until after Easter.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who were last week the guests of Lord and Lady Leconfield at Petworth House, Sussex, where there was a small shooting party to meet them, are to leave Portsmouth on Saturday for Windsor Castle, where they will be the guests of the Queen until Monday. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will spend the Christmas holidays at Osborne, and afterwards they are to visit the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood, Lord and Lady Ashburton at The Grange, and Lord and Lady Wimborne at Canford Manor.

Lord Elphinstone and Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton are to go to Windsor Castle next Tuesday as Lord and Groom in Waiting on the Queen, in succession to Lord Henniker and Sir Michael Biddulph, but their duty will terminate when the Court leaves Windsor for Osborne.

The Duke of Cambridge and the Prince of Wales had two days of most excellent partridge-shooting last week at Six Mile Bottom, between Newmarket and Cambridge. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Sir George Wombwell, and Lord de Grey were included in the party.

Lord and Lady Zetland's arrival in Ireland was delayed some days, owing to their being invited to Windsor, where they stayed for a night. On Tuesday the Viceregal party left the Viceregal Lodge for the South of Ireland, on a

PEPSALIA used as table salt while eating, one saltspoonful to an ordinary meal, ensures absolute digestion of the food. The *British Medical Journal* says:—"We have satisfied ourselves of the efficacy of Pepsalia."—In bottles, 1s. and 2s. each, from Chemists, or T. & G. STERN, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

visit to Lord and Lady Dunraven at Adare Manor, their picturesque residence near Limerick. A select number of visitors were assembled to meet Lord and Lady Zetland including the principal residents of the county. The weather was phenomenally mild. In fact, the temperature was quite as high as at Midsummer, which does not, however, mean that it was very high, except for December.

The Chief Secretary's Lodge is rapidly being got into order for Mr. Jackson and his family. It will take some time, however, to restore an air of comfort and of being tenanted to the place. The gardens, particularly, have been allowed to get greatly out of order. In healthfulness of situation the Chief Secretary's Lodge has the advantage of the Viceregal. It stands on the edge—only separated by a sunk fence—of the breezy stretch of pasture in the Phœnix-park, known as the "Fifteen Acres," though containing more than three times that number of acres. In the pleasure-ground are many trees planted by members of the Royal Family, who have been at different times entertained by the Irish Chief Secretary.

Lord and Lady Londonderry are to entertain a large party next week at Wynyard Park, for the South Durham Hunt Ball, at Stockton-on-Tees, on Thursday night. They will go to Ireland early in January, for a two months' residence at Mount Stuart, their place in Down.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who are residing at Clieveden, will return next week to Eaton Hall, Cheshire, for a stay of two months, and I hear that Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg are to be their guests for a few days about the middle of January.

Lord Salisbury has let his new villa at Beaulieu, near Nice, to Sir Thomas Lucas, who has taken it for four months, at the easy rate of a hundred guineas a month. Lord Salisbury intends to pass the Easter recess at Beaulieu, and he will probably be there during the whole of April.

Mr. and Mrs. Tremayne had a shooting-party last week at Heligan House, Cornwall, to meet the Duke of Edinburgh, including Lords Mount-Edgcumbe and Vivian. The Duke is now the guest of Lord and Lady St. Germans, at Port Eliot, but returns to Devonport to-morrow.

I am asked to state that a concert will take place at 63, St. James's-street, on behalf of Whittington Home, a lodging-house for friendless and homeless girls in the East-end, on Monday, December 14, at three o'clock, at which Miss Jessie Bond, Mr. Rutland Barrington, and many other distinguished artists and amateurs will appear.

A concert will also be given, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Davies, at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, to-morrow (Thursday) evening on behalf of the poor of St. Pancras.

A more flimsy case for a judicial separation never was paraded in a Court of Justice than that of Countess "Babs," a young lady who alienated all sympathy from her by making the most atrocious innuendoes against her husband, without the shadow of a shade of proof. Earl Russell and Countess "Babs" do not appear to have been cut out by nature for each other. The gentleman was priggish in his ideas of marital authority; the lady was emotional and unconventional. Their billings and cooings were snappy, and if ever there was a case in which dirty linen ought to have been washed in private, this was one.

Lady Scott and her family have had much experience in Courts of Law. She was a Miss Burney. Sir Claude Scott, her husband, commenced proceedings against her, but subsequently withdrew them. She sued Captain Spicer for breach of promise, and the claim was settled by a payment of £6,000. She also prosecuted her brother for annoying her. Her daughter "Gid" then took up the running, and, having gone through the marriage ceremony with Mr. Sebright, obtained a decree of nullity, whilst Countess "Babs" got a warrant against Lord James Douglas for annoying her, and he was committed to Holloway.

Lord Russell has, I understand, fully determined to allow his wife no alimony until she apologises and admits her disbelief in the charge that she made against him. Lady Russell, on the other hand, has, I believe, commenced a suit against her husband in regard to a certain £4,000 paid into joint account.

Had the whole of the Oxford story come out, it would have shown even more clearly than the evidence of Lord Russell that it was no sort of corroboration of the charge made against him. Mr. Brodrick, the Warden of Merton College, sent for him, and told him that he had written an improper letter. Mr. Brodrick declined to say to whom it was written or what it was about, but said that he should mention it to Dr. Jowett, the Master of Lord Russell's College. This he did, and Dr. Jowett, having sent for Lord Russell, told him of the complaint of Mr. Brodrick, who had not, he said, told him from whom the letter had been obtained or to whom it had been written. Lord Russell protested, and demanded an investigation, for the letter, it would seem, contained nothing but an academic discussion respecting the manners of the Greeks and Romans. Dr. Jowett urged him to "go down" for a year. This suggestion he naturally declined to accept, on which Dr. Jowett sent him down for a year. Lord Russell at once took his name off the books of the College. In order to show that the complaints against Lord Russell involved no dishonour, Dr. Jowett subsequently invited him to his house, and went to his wedding. In all probability, he had come to the conclusion that he had acted hastily in sending him down, which he certainly had.

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Several papers state that the Princess Romanoff, who is now lying dangerously ill at Madeira, was the wife of the last Duke of Devonshire. It is alleged that they were married in a Roman Catholic chapel at St. Petersburg, when he was Ambassador there, that the Emperor Nicholas declared the marriage to be illegal, and that they were afterwards re-married in England in a Protestant church. This is all a farrago of nonsense. If there had been any such episode in the late Duke of Devonshire's life it would have been recorded in Mr. Charles Greville's elaborate biographical sketch of his career. How the Duke, being a Protestant, and the Princess, a member of the Orthodox Church, could be married in a Roman Catholic chapel it is impossible to understand.

The fact is that the Duke of Devonshire was at St Petersburg for only a few weeks when he was Ambassador Extraordinary on the occasion of the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas, who was the very last man to have disapproved of the Duke's marriage to a Russian Princess. When Nicholas visited England in 1844 he was the guest of the Duke at Chiswick, which would scarcely have been the case if his Majesty had interfered with the love affairs of the host. Lastly, every acre of the late Duke's vast property was at his own disposal, as his father died before the estates had been re-settled, and if he had possessed a wife and a morganatic family he would certainly have left them a considerable portion of his enormous fortune.

Lord Combermere was a well-known figure in hunting circles, and a very popular landlord, and he was a remarkably fine judge of horses. He was for many years a very clever and a hard rider to hounds, and he usually acted as Master of the Wynnstay pack during the absence of his intimate friend, the late Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn. Lord Combermere frequently acted as judge at the principal horse-shows. He will be much regretted by a wide circle of friends, and also by his tenants and neighbours in Cheshire. Combermere Abbey has usually been let for many years past, and Lord Combermere lived, when in the country, at Tarporley, with his daughter, Lady Alexander Paget.

The late Lord Erroll greatly distinguished himself during the early part of the Crimean War, and he was very severely wounded at Alma. During the last thirty years Lord Erroll had entirely resided at Slains Castle, his place on the Aberdeenshire coast, and he soon became so fond of his quiet life that he actually had not visited even Aberdeen for nearly sixteen years. He took an active part in the management of his large estates, which he greatly improved, his principal work having been the construction of the fine harbour at Port Erroll, and he was keenly interested in the welfare of his tenants and of the fishing population in the villages around Slains. Lord Erroll had a very choice library, and he was a voracious reader and an excellent classical scholar. He thought it necessary for his health's sake to practise a variety of gymnastics for two hours every morning, and he was fond of all kinds of games and sports, and had laid out one of the best cricket fields in the north of Scotland at Slains. He was a cousin of the Queen, his mother having been Lady Elizabeth Fitzclarence, a daughter of William IV., and the Duke of Fife is his nephew. He was more than once invited by the Queen to become a Lord-in-Waiting, having been a Page-of-Honour in early life, but he never could be induced to quit his seclusion at Slains. Lady Erroll, however, has been a Lady-in-Waiting for nearly twenty years, and is a great favourite at Court.

Mr. Trethewy, of Tregoose, who died last week, was one of the most prominent agriculturists and one of the most successful farmers in the West of England. He had long been steward of the extensive Hawkins estates in Cornwall, and he farmed largely on his own account. Mr. Trethewy's herd of Shorthorns had obtained a wide celebrity, and many animals of his breeding were purchased for the Queen's farms at Windsor. He was regarded in Cornwall as being quite *the* representative agriculturist, and he took an active part in local business and was a very useful member of the County Council. Mr. Trethewy's munificent charities will be much missed in West Cornwall, and the poor in his own neighbourhood have lost a most generous friend. Mr. Trethewy fell a victim to influenza.

The late Mr. John Paterson, of Collin, Wigtownshire, was one of the most noted agriculturists in the south of Scotland, and he was the pioneer of all the advances in farming which have made his native county famous. Mr. Paterson also did good service in improving the breed of horses and the system of dairy-farming. He had been a familiar figure in Wigtownshire for nearly sixty years, and was universally respected, being what Carlyle would have defined as "thoroughly veracious." He was a man of much practical sagacity, and always very generous to his poorer neighbours.

Sir Charles Butt has just given up his beautiful place near Leatherhead, where he had lived for many years, and he will reside in London for the future, and has taken a house in Prince's Gate.

The large reduction in the rents on the Duke of Portland's Caithness estate, which has been regularly allowed for several years past, is now to be permanent, and even the tenants whose rents were freed by the Crofters' Commission have participated in it. The rents on this property are very low indeed.

It is stated that the value of the prizes won during the last five years by animals bred on the Royal farms at Windsor exceeds £2,000. The fact is that hitherto the Queen has exhibited many animals which had been merely bought for her from the breeders, to whom the credit of

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their production really belonged. This unsatisfactory system is now to be altered, and in future her Majesty will exhibit only animals which have been, bonâ fide, bred on her farms. The raising of fat stock for sale is to be discontinued, and the Windsor farms will be devoted entirely to the breeding of pedigree stock of the highest class—Shorthorns, Herefords, and Devons—of which there are to be annual sales, the first of which will take place at the Shaw Farm on Thursday, March 3.

I have received several communications with reference to the condition of the broken-down horses in the "larder" of the Royal Kennels at Ascot. I am glad to learn that the state of things is not so bad as a mere cursory examination of the place from the road would suggest. A great number of these horses, it appears, are beasts condemned by the police, and sent here to await their turn to feed the buckhounds. This would account, of course, for their wearing a somewhat distressing appearance without any necessity for imputing negligence to those in charge of them. I also learn from another gentleman in the neighbourhood who has had the place under observation, that all the animals are fed three times a day; so that, if they are starved, it is for want of appetite, not for want of food. I am, indeed, glad to receive this assurance, and I am confident that the gentleman who sent me the 7s. 6d. in order that I might make inquiries into the matter on the spot will be equally pleased.

In connection with this matter, I have had some conversation with an expert as to the most speedy and humane method of killing a horse. I investigated this question with a view of fortifying myself in case a certain Llandudno veterinary surgeon, whose solicitor called on me some weeks ago for an apology, but failed to get what he asked for, should ever think it advisable to pursue the subject. My present informant tells me that he has seen hundreds of horses slaughtered by shooting them behind the ear. Death by this process is instantaneous and painless. In regard to the Llandudno case, therefore, I adhere more strongly than ever to my original opinion that the animal might have been despatched in a far more decent and business-like manner by means of a gun than by the highly scientific operation of opening a main artery—in the manner prescribed by the text-books and endorsed by the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons—and leaving the beast to bleed to death in the course of five-and-twenty minutes.

A great clamour has been raised in South Lincolnshire in consequence of the Great Northern Company having proposed to demolish the Old Hall at Bourn, in order to facilitate an extension of the railway. This Old Hall, which was long a seat of the Digby family, is a most interesting and picturesque Elizabethan structure of red brick, with gabled roof and stone mullion windows, and it contains a beautiful oak staircase. There is a famous yew-tree close to the Hall, which dates from the reign of Henry VIII. It may be hoped that the Great Northern directors will not wantonly destroy such remarkable relics of the past.

It would not be hypercritical, perhaps, to suggest that in the two handsome volumes in which Mr. William Powell Frith, R.A., writes of "John Leech: his Life and Work," we get too little about the genial *Punch* artist himself, and rather too much about the works which he illustrated in the course of his busy life. But Mr. Frith has himself anticipated this objection in his preface, and pleads as his excuse that Leech's life, as he knew it, was "entirely devoid of such incidents as would interest the public." This is putting the point a little too sweepingly, however. There were many interesting incidents in John Leech's life, and Mr. Frith relates them with his well-known *bonhomie* in these two volumes. Moreover, he gossips so pleasantly about himself and his opinions and his friends, even whilst giving us a somewhat over-elaborate *précis* of such not altogether recondite and unfamiliar works as Albert Smith's "Physiology of Evening Parties," the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," and Hood's "Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg," that I, for one, am certainly not going to lay the sin of bookmaking to his charge, but will thank him for a work which, if not quite so biographical as it ought to be, is at all events exceedingly readable.

A very curious pamphlet has been sent to me for notice. It is entitled "The Baths of Balneoville," and purports to be a learned medical treatise upon the miraculous properties of the waters of Balneoville, by a physician resident in the town. The author calls himself "A Hidrocefalus Idyot." From a casual perusal of the pamphlet, I should almost suppose that the author was venting his satire upon some brother medico, who has been writing extravagant puffs of a hydropathic resort, in which he happens to be interested. But can it be possible that such an individual is to be found in the medical profession? Do not all doctors practise for sheer love of humanity and enthusiasm for the cause of science?

The new practice of publishing biographies of living celebrities is not to be commended, for such works are either pure panegyrics or else undiscriminating invectives. Mr. Traill's monograph on Lord Salisbury is simply an elaborate and laborious *apologia* for the recent Tory policy. There is nothing in the book which indicates any personal knowledge of Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Traill throws not a particle of new light upon either the public career or the private life of the Prime Minister. Mr. Traill might reasonably have been expected to give some interesting details respecting Lord Salisbury's journalistic and literary career, but he ignores the subject altogether; nor is there any allusion to Lord Salisbury's scientific tastes and occupations. Mr. Traill has evidently been content to obtain his materials from the newspapers and the Parliamentary debates. It is to be regretted that so very able a journalist should have wasted his time on such trash.

Nothing in the book is more ridiculous than Mr. Traill's quibbling defence of Lord Salisbury for publicly denying the accuracy of the Schouvaloff Memorandum, for he asserts that his hero acted in the same

manner as Sir Walter Scott had done under similar circumstances. There is really no analogy between the two cases. Sir Walter was asked an impertinent question about his private affairs, which nobody had a right to put to him. Lord Salisbury was interrogated about a public paper, in the contents of which every one was interested, and respecting which every Member of Parliament was fairly entitled to be inquisitive. It would be paying Mr. Traill's defence of Lord Salisbury an extravagant compliment to define it as sophistical, but he evidently yearns for the days when a troublesome legislator was quietly bundled off to the Tower.

I have already expressed my opinion that the proposed Charter for the egregious "Albert University" is as bad as such a scheme could be. I am glad, therefore, to see that at least one petition to Parliament—that of the London University Extension Society—is already on foot in opposition to the scheme. It is hardly conceivable that Parliament will sanction the proposal of these four colleges to constitute themselves a University. Apart from the fact that the attempt is made in flat defiance of the report of the Royal Commission which dealt with this matter, and which Parliament is bound to support, the colleges themselves are palpably disqualified for the position assigned to them—King's College by the fact that it is a rigidly sectarian institution; the two medical Colleges by the fact that they are two effete and unrepresentative institutions, which themselves stand in need of drastic, radical reform; and University College by the fact that it is shown to take no considerable share in preparing students for the existing London degrees.

The public ought to know more of the circumstances under which this draft charter was begotten and brought into the world. The Royal Commission of 1889—a body of unrivalled authority, and appointed for the express purpose of settling this question—reported that, in the event of London University consenting to be remodelled, no other University should be created at present, and that the petition of King's and University Colleges for a Charter should not be granted. In the event of London University declining to be remodelled, the Commissioners recommended that the question should be referred back to them. London University declined to be remodelled. Instead, however, of the question being referred back to the Royal Commission, the condemned scheme of King's and University Colleges was resuscitated, with a new feature infinitely worse than anything it possessed before in the shape of the inclusion of the Medical Colleges, This project, after a hole-and-corner inquiry, the Privy Council proceeded to ratify, by issuing the provisional charter which Parliament is now invited to pass. This hugger-mugger procedure infects the whole business with a taint of jobbery, and ought to be sufficient in itself to damn the scheme for ever.

In regard to the recent disturbance at Oriel College, I am informed by a member of the College that only three undergraduates were "gated" by the Dean, and not the whole College, as was stated in the Press. This, of course, materially modifies the opinion which I last week expressed upon the action of the College authorities.

It would seem as though the Bishops of the Church of England, and all legal gentlemen connected with them, were determined to do their very utmost to bring their Church into ridicule and contempt. At Nonconformist chapels marriages may be celebrated. By the Act 7, William IV., cap. 85 (section 26), the Bishop of the Diocese may authorise by a licence marriages to be celebrated in a chapel of the Church of England for persons residing within a district specified in the licence. Acting under this Act, Dr. Ker Gray, the incumbent of St. George's Chapel, applied for a licence, and supported his petition by a memorial numerously signed by members of his congregation. This was opposed by the then Rector of St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. Capel Cure, on six points, one of which was that it was not signed by a sufficient number of residents in the contemplated district. On this the decision of Dr. Tristram went against Dr. Ker Gray, the other points being decided in his favour. One of them was that the granting of the licence would tend to diminish the income of the Rector. On this Dr. Tristram said:—

> His Lordship ought not, therefore, I think, to be influenced by the suggestion that the granting of it might entail a loss of fees to future Rectors.

Again a petition was presented, with a memorial more numerously signed by residents than the previous one. In the meantime, the Rev. Capel Cure was succeeded by the Rev. J. Anderson, who, like his predecessor, opposed the licence. Judgment was put off on various grounds, and was only delivered last week. What was it? Dr. Ker Gray had agreed to pay the legal marriage fees to the Rector. But, said Dr. Tristram (entirely ignoring his previous dicta), usually (I can only quote the sense, not the words) the Rector of a parish manages to get from marriages certain tips, which are called complimentary fees, and were the licence granted to the chapel, the Rev. Dr. Anderson would not come in for these tips.

The legal fee for registry, banns, and certificate is 15s. 7d. The tips amount to from about £20 to £3 per marriage, in addition to which the clerk and others are also tipped. Besides this there is a heavy charge for "an awning," and for matting, which must give a return of several hundreds per cent. to those who provide these decorations. The Rector need not be present at the ceremony. If he is not, the clerk touts for the Rector's tip. St. George's, Hanover-square, used to be the fashionable church for marriages, and the Rector's fees used to amount to above £1,000 per annum. They now probably bring in a few hundreds per annum, for fashion changes. The living is worth £500 per annum; besides which the Rector has a house in Grosvenor-street; and, presumably, the Easter-fee touting brings in a considerable sum. Yet such is the barefaced greed of this Rector, backed up by the Bishop of London, that marriages are

A great attraction this Christmas, at 173, New Bond-street, will be Messrs. Charbonnell & Walker's superb show of Parisian Novelties. Their *salons* are filled with treasures of artistic excellence in every variety. They are too beautiful to describe, and as all the world should see them, we will only add that everything that is lovely and poetic in the shape of novelties will be found there.

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ot to be permitted in a chapel in his parish as desired by its congregation, because this would reduce the extra-legal Rectorial tips.

The Church objects to marriages at registry offices. Is it likely that churches will hold their own against Registers, if, in addition to legal fees, enormous tips are so fully recognised, that facilities for marriages in churches are refused by a Bishop because this would reduce the Rector's "complimentary fees"? Fees, indeed! I call it blackmail. Why in the name of common-sense (except that the donor is in such a state of matrimonial elation that he chucks money broadcast) should any one pay the Rector, not only the legal fee, but also a complimentary fee—the Rector, be it observed, often not being himself the officiant, or even in the church when the ceremony is performed? In theatres the no-fee system is almost universal. We have no programme-seller hanging round the occupant of a seat until his palm is crossed, and the notice, "no fees," stares the audience in the face everywhere. Yet, in churches, not only is there a legal fee, but a clerk touting for an extra fee for his absent Rector, which is about as absurd as for an occupant of a stall to be asked to pay not only sixpence for a programme, but an additional sixpence for the absent owner of the theatre. After this judgment, let us hear no more of Rectors regarding the spiritual needs of their parishioners as more important than their personal greed.

I believe that the Bishop of London intends to bring in a Bill, or, rather, to have one brought into the Commons, to amend the law of marriages. I trust that he will, and I will answer for it that it will not be allowed to be slipped through without discussion. I shall welcome the Bill, with a view to insert two clauses: (1) depriving a Bishop of all power to prohibit marriages in any chapel of the Church of England; (2) treating of the matter of complimentary fees to absent Rectors.

The honorary office of Prelate of the Order of St. Michael and St. George has become vacant by the death of Bishop Perry, who held the Australian See of Melbourne for nearly thirty years. This post, which is in the gift of the Queen, ought to be offered to Bishop Selwyn, who is certainly the most deserving of all the Colonial prelates, either past or present. The ribbon and insignia of the St. Michael and St. George form a very becoming addition to the episcopal garb.

Lady Howard de Walden has made an excellent appointment to the important living of Hendon, which recently became vacant by the death of that eminently learned divine, Prebendary Scrivener. She has presented the Rev. Newton Mant, who has for several years held the Bishop of Ely's living of St. Luke's, Cambridge having been previously beneficed in Yorkshire. Mr. Mant has earned the reputation of being one of the most zealous and popular parish clergymen in Cambridge, and he is a tolerant and wide-minded man, and an excellent preacher. The net value of the living of Hendon is about £600 a year, with house.

The Rev. A. K. Harlock, Chaplain to the British Legation at Brussels, has just been presented, on the occasion of his recovery from a severe illness, with a purse containing nearly £200, subscribed by his congregation and friends. Mr. Harlock has been established at Brussels for some twenty years, and has always been highly popular among his countrymen in that city.

I hear from Oxford that Canon Moberly's appointment to the Regius Chair of Pastoral Theology is attributed to the influence of Bishop Stubbs, with whom he has always been a great favourite, and it is understood that Lord Salisbury consulted the Diocesan respecting the new appointment. Canon Moberly, in receiving such desirable preferment when still under fifty, is more fortunate than was his father, the late Bishop of Salisbury, who did not obtain a mitre until he was, in his sixty-seventh year, although he was originally recommended for one by Lord Aberdeen when he was just fifty. Dr. Moberly was made to wait thus long for the preferment which he had so well earned because he had been so imprudent as to offend the Court when the late King of Prussia came to England to officiate as sponsor at the baptism of the Prince of Wales. Keble got up a High-Church protest against a Lutheran being permitted to act in that capacity, and it was sent to the Queen, and created much wrath at Court. Moberly was foolish enough to sign this egregious document, and was punished by being kept at his Winchester grindstone for fifteen or sixteen years longer than he would otherwise have been.

It was Sydney Smith, I believe, who observed that there is not a more hateful object in creation than "a meddling, bullying, and intolerant priest." It would appear that Dean Lewis, of Bangor, is a divine answering to this description, judging from the account which has appeared in the papers respecting his treatment of Dr. Roland Rogers, the eminent musician, who has been organist of the cathedral for twenty years. It seems that Dr. Rogers had arranged to take part in a recital which was to be given in a Presbyterian chapel, near Bangor, for a charitable object. Dean Lewis wrote, strongly objecting to his assisting in musical performances in Dissenting chapels, and threatening him with the terrors of a special meeting of the Chapter. Dr. Rogers accordingly at once resigned his office as organist, resenting such unprecedented intimidation. This step, however, was a grave blunder on his part; for, after the decision in the Riseley case at Bristol, it is certain that it is beyond the power of all the Deans and Chapters in Great Britain put together to eject a cathedral organist

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from his post without just cause, and no tribunal would in these days uphold the dismissal of such a man as Dr. Rogers on such outrageous grounds as were furnished by the Dean of Bangor.

In a place like Bangor the position of the cathedral organist would be an utterly impossible one if he were required to boycott Dissenters; for, as he receives only a very small stipend, he must, of course, endeavour to increase his income by teaching and other extra work. If Dr. Rogers has not formally completed his resignation, he had better withdraw it, as the Dean and Chapter are clearly acting *ultra vires* in presumptuously attempting to dictate where he is to play and where he is not. It would be difficult for the wildest imagination to conceive a more desperately fatuous proceeding on the part of a dignitary of the Welsh Church at the present junction than the *bêtise* of which Dean Lewis has been guilty.

A correspondent at one of the watering-places in the North of France desires to know what action, if any, has been taken in regard to certain disgraceful scenes which took place a few weeks ago at the English church at Avranches. This scandal arose out of the attempt of Mr. Randall, the chaplain, to force the sacrament upon a lady who desired to attend the celebration without communicating. The whole proceedings were fully reported in the *Church Times* shortly after their occurrence. I know nothing myself of the matter, but perhaps some reader of TRUTH at Avranches may be able to give the desired information.

I have perused with some amusement a paper warfare which has been going on between the Rev. Mordaunt Barnard, Vicar of Margaretting, Essex, and a parishioner named Wrightson, who seems to be moved by a creditable desire to infuse a little more spiritual life into the parochial organisation. For the most part, the delinquencies attributed to Mr. Barnard appear to be merely those of a large number of easy-going rural clergymen; but it really is an astonishing thing to find a Vicar in the present day declining, in the face of a requisition by a majority of the parishioners, to hold Sunday-evening services on the ground that they are conducive to immorality. It is always an easy thing to find a decent pretext for taking any course dictated by indolence or self-interest; but I can hardly understand how a priest can find the audacity to use an argument which is at once so libellous to his flock and so wofully disparaging to his own ministrations.

As to Sunday-evening services encouraging immorality, could mention at least one village where no such service is held, and where every Sunday evening witnesses a perfect orgie of drunkenness and depravity, the whole of the young men and a good many of the young women betaking themselves to sequestered beer-houses in and around the place. If the church were open the girls at least would be out of this temptation, for in most of these country places it is a bad look-out for those who absent themselves from public worship. It is a curious fact that in the towns the churches are always open, but the clergy cannot get the people to enter; while in the country, where the people can be got to church, the church, except for an hour or two a week, is generally shut.

In another letter which I have received from the Rev. John Gritton, D.D., he says that he had inferred from a previous remark that I and my readers had heard all we cared to hear from him upon the Sunday concert question. I am sorry that by any subsequent remark I should have done anything to remove this impression from Dr. Gritton's mind. I trust that it may not be too late to restore it. Another communication on the same subject has reached me from the secretary of the National Sunday League, who tells me, among other things, that the League have received no communications from Dr. Gritton for twenty-three years. The opportunity for attacking the enemy which Dr. Gritton is waiting for would seem, therefore, to be some time in coming. By the way, on a programme of one of the Sunday League's concerts I see a vocalist announced who bears the name of "*Mr.* John Gritton." Let us hope that Tweedledum will not be mistaken for Tweedledee.

The Vicar's rate at St. Michael's, Coventry, which has been the source of incessant bickerings and parochial feuds for the last twenty years, was last week the subject of a conference between the Bishop of Worcester, the Vicar, and a few "selected" parishioners. As the outcome of this meeting, the Bishop is to make an application to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners with regard to the redemption of the rate, which has been growing beautifully less for some years past, owing to the refusal of a large number of householders to pay—a refusal with which I heartily sympathise. The position is complicated by the unpopularity of the present vicar, Dr. Mills, who at the conference last week was pointedly requested, not for the first time, to "seek another sphere of labour." Owing to this state of things, any attempt to redeem the rate by the offerings of the local church people is out of the question. Another of these antiquated and intolerable impositions—the church-rate of St. George's, Southwark—is the subject of litigation at the present moment, and it is an astonishing thing that, with the extravagant representation of the Church in Parliament, no attempt is made to sweep away all these disastrous scandals by legislation.

A gentleman writes to me in considerable distress at having purchased a Bible in Stratford-on-Avon, and found inside it an advertisement of the "Devil's Own Pen." The association of this particular article with the pages of Holy Writ is certainly somewhat incongruous, and I

WINTER SEASON, 1891.—How can last year's Sealskin Jacket be made to do duty as a fashionable garment for the Winter, 1891? Take it to The International Fur Store, either 163 or 198, Regent-street, where special attention is given to remodelling these most useful garments. Perfect fit, great attention, and moderate charges may be relied upon. The only addresses of The International Fur Store are 163 and 198, Regent-street, London, W.

BOURNEMOUTH.—ROYAL BATH HOTEL. The only hotel on the East Cliff. Grounds of Five Acres. 1,000 feet sea-frontage. South aspect. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited.

share my correspondent's opinion that the use of the Scriptures for such a purpose ought to be stopped. But how? I am afraid that if the Powers of Darkness who own the pen in question have so little respect for the sanctity of the Bible, they are not likely to care much for the opinion of a mere newspaper. Least of all can the Father of Lies be expected to have any regard for Truth. I would suggest that the Vicar of Stratford, whose Catholic tendencies are well known, should be invited to go down to the shop in question, and apply a little Holy Water.

The repentant sinner had better, I think, keep out of the way of Dr. Parker. In a publication called *The Young Man*, this eminent divine thus answers a correspondent who has asked for assistance in overcoming the lusts of the flesh :—

> I have no skill in the surgical treatment of pigs, especially two-legged pigs. . . . The flesh-sinner is . . . an unwholesome, pestilent, evil-smelling beast, who can only be cured, and that temporarily, by fire and brimstone. His doctor's address is Perdition. One of these fools . . . came to me the other day and asked me to pity him. No pity did I waste on such a cesspool. I cursed him from the very heights of heaven. I ordered him to his proper Hell. . . . They will not come to me for comfort; I will burn them with unspeakable and unquenchable contempt.

This is certainly an impressive passage. Here, in the space of half-a-dozen lines, we have Dr. Parker installing himself in the heights of Heaven, and pronouncing the last judgment upon the damned. He curses the sinner—I had almost written "his brother sinner," but mercifully perceived in time the blasphemy of it—and orders him to "his proper Hell." Having thus acquitted himself of the functions of the Almighty, he changes his rôle with a versatility almost miraculous, and proceeds to take command in another sphere. Here he performs with equal gusto the duties of executioner, serving up the doomed soul with the fire and brimstone of his unquenchable contempt. It is magnificent, but it does not seem to me to be exactly Christianity. I am not sure that it is even religion—unless Parkerism is to be dignified by that name.

Mr. Leach, of Darwen, attends St. James's Church, in that town, and, while he derives profit and instruction from the sermons of the Vicar, he is so dissatisfied with the preaching of the Curate that he makes a point of leaving the church whenever that reverend person enters the pulpit. On a recent Sunday, when the Vicar was expected to discourse, lo and behold! the Curate turned out to be the preacher. Mr. Leach at once left his place, intending to quit the church, but, on reaching the door, he found it to be guarded by two "sidesmen," who positively refused to open it. The result was that Mr. Leach was obliged to hear the sermon, but he avenged himself by bringing an action to recover £5 damages for illegal detention, the County-court Judge holding that "he caused no disturbance by seeking to leave the church, and that he was within his right in doing so, for there is no law to compel a man to go to church, or, when there, to remain in it longer than he chooses, so long as he does not disturb the devotions of others when he leaves." This decision is a very important one, for there are many churches where it is quite impossible to leave without a fuss, when once the service has fairly commenced.

It is always a satisfaction to me to see a man "squirm" whose iniquities have been exposed in Truth. On October 22 I had the pleasure of letting a little light upon the Rev. John Goring, of Wiston, Sussex, a huge landed proprietor, who when asked to do an act of charity in a parish from which he draws about £1,000 a year, replied that he considered all charitable obligations were taken over by his tenants with their farms. In a recent issue of a Sussex paper this reverend gentleman writes a rabid political letter, in which (after some ignoble abuse of Mr. Gladstone) he refers to me as "making my living by a business nearly the most disgraceful that an educated man can descend to." I like to hear that. It shows that Mr. Goring felt the publication of his own words (I scarcely commented on them) in Truth of October 22.

The opinion of Mr. Goring as to the profession of journalism, or any other way in which those who are not landlords get their living, is fortunately not of much consequence. I am glad to think, however, that among those whose views on such matters *are* of consequence there is a growing opinion that there is no more disgraceful way in which a man can live than to be supported in idleness by the labour of his fellow-men without recognising the obligations of his position. When the gentleman who adopts this mode of living is a minister of the Gospel of poverty and self-sacrifice, who has not only given up preaching that Gospel, but has also delegated the practical performance of its precepts to his tenants in consideration of an allowance on their rents, I venture to think that any "disgrace" which would otherwise attach to his mode of living must be considerably enhanced.

Among the many queer ways of raising money for charitable purposes which have been invented by clergymen, one of the queerest is the production of the Rev. P. C. Clarke, Rector of St. Michael at Plea, Norwich. This worthy man sends to a friend of mine a copy of the *Evening Mail* of November 1, 1824, in which appears the announcement of the marriage of a gentleman of the same name as the individual to whom the newspaper is sent. The paper is accompanied by a lithographed letter stating that Mr. Clarke is anxious to pay off a debt of £300 for the restoration of his church, and that in the hope of obtaining "a mite" he is endeavouring to dispose of a few old newspapers to persons to whom their contents may be of interest. How Mr. Clarke may have become possessed of his old newspapers I do not know, but considering the labour probably involved in collecting them, and in hunting up in directories the owners of names which are also found in the papers, I really think that Mr. Clarke deserves to obtain at least a "mite" for his trouble—all the more so as his living is only worth £80 a year.

Christmas Greetings.—Patterns are now ready of these new and fashionable Cards for Christmas (specially printed), and will be sent post-free. A most complete collection, comprising many striking novelties.—Parkins & Gotto, Court Stationers, Oxford-st., London.

I entirely agree with the *Times* in its strictures upon the monstrous doctrine propounded by Mr. Brodrick, as one of the official mouth-pieces of the War Office. Letters on the Army appeared in the *Times* signed "Vetus." Some newspaper stated that they were written by Sir George Chesney. On this Mr. Brodrick publicly stated that they were written by Sir George. Confronted with the positive denial of the *Times*, Mr. Brodrick calmly says that he is not responsible for the suggestion, because Sir George had not denied the newspaper statement, and because even now he does not explain why he has nothing but admiration for the "scrupulous accuracy" of the letters. Probably he admires the accuracy because the statements in the letters are accurate. This, however, has absolutely nothing to do with the issue, which is that an officer is to be deemed by the War Office the writer of an unsigned letter, if any newspaper charges him with having written it, and he does not deny it. Observe how this would work. A letter appears. A is suspected of having written it. Some newspaper states that he did. He denies this; then B is charged, and he denies it; and so on nearly through the alphabet, until some one does not deny it, when his turn comes for being charged. Between this and the War Office sending a circular round to all Officers whenever an unsigned letter on the Army appears, asking each whether he wrote it, I see no difference. Both are modes of investigation repellent to the most elementary notions of justice, and insulting to gentlemen belonging to an honourable profession.

That we must have an Army and a Navy for purposes of defence, no one would deny. The complaint is that we spend money, not only for defensive, but for offensive purposes, and that a great portion of this money is squandered and wasted. Is this surprising with the Army in the hands of Mr. Stanhope and Mr. Brodrick, and the Navy in the hands of Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett? Of the 20,517 men that we recruited in 1890, more than half were under eighteen, and desertions are at the rate of 7,000 per annum. And why is this? Mainly because the Army is unpopular, as the shilling a day presented to our soldiers is sweated down to threepence a day, the "free kit" is a fraud, and soldiers are not provided with a sufficiency of food. I have been blamed for perpetually calling attention in TRUTH to the shortcomings of our Army and Navy. I have been told that this is unpatriotic. Unpatriotic, too, I have been told, is my persistent protest against annexing new territory in all parts of the world, and garrisoning Egypt. Unpatriotic it was to complain of Lord George Hamilton announcing to the world that we would build two ships to any other country's one, and thus encouraging a reckless game of brag. Millions on millions voted by Parliament on the demand of Mr. Stanhope and Lord George Hamilton have been fooled away. What have we to show for them? An Army that could not support the fatigues of a campaign. A Navy in which everything goes wrong. Everywhere the grossest incompetence and the wildest waste of money, with abuse and vilification of any one who ventures to call public attention to this state of things.

Mr. Brodrick triumphantly asks whether distinguished officers would hold commands in the Army, and keep silent, if it were in such a condition as is asserted. The answer is very simple, they would cease to hold commands if they were not to keep silent, although they are fully aware that every word in the letters of Mr. Arnold Forster and of "Vetus" is textually correct. A Government, however, that declines to publish the report of a Parliamentary Committee upon the Organisation of the Army, owing to its damning character, puts itself out of court. I do not want more money to be spent on the Army; indeed, I want less to be spent on it. Less spent, and better spent, is my cry.

I am not aware whether the Labour Commission proposes to investigate the condition of the lower ranks of the Army and Navy, but there is certainly as much room for such an investigation as there is in the case of the employés of private firms. I make this remark in view of statements addressed to me respecting the sweating of Army schoolmasters. The hours of these men are nominally six and a-half per diem, but the facts before me show that the nominal hours are, in a large number of cases, increased to seven and eight, while (which is the more serious matter) they are so distributed over morning and evening lessons, that men are constantly kept at work from 9 a.m. to 7 or 8 p.m., an altogether excessive and unreasonable time for brain work, combined with incessant standing. So far from receiving any extra payment for overtime, the younger generation of Army schoolmasters are, I believe, working on a reduced scale of pay, with reduced rates of increase. Their case calls for attention.

The other day I referred to an official circular which has been issued confidentially, in condemnation of the Parliamentary petition of the Staff Corps Officers. The following is the full text of this document, which is highly characteristic of the official attitude towards movements of this kind. It is childish to talk of the statements in the Staff Corps circular as "erroneous, misleading, and calculated to promote discontent," for the discontent notoriously existed before the circular; and how could men in the Service be possibly "misled" by any statements as to their own position? There is no valid reason that I can see why the servants of the State, when unjustly treated, should not petition Parliament, and if such a course is "inconsistent with the traditions of the Service," &c., it is a matter for congratulation that new traditions and a better spirit are being introduced:—

From the Adjutant-General in India to the General Officers Commanding Districts.

PROMOTION IN THE INDIAN STAFF CORPS.

The attention of the Commander-in-Chief in India has been drawn to an anonymous circular with the above title, in which Officers of the India Staff Corps are urged to petition Parliament to the effect that "they are most disadvantageously situated as regards rank, promotion, pay, and professional prospects."

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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—10,000 at moderate prices. Novelties in Silver, Electro Plate, Lizard and other new Leathers.—PARKINS & GOTTO'S, Oxford-street, London. Illustrated Catalogue post free.

His Excellency feels obliged, in the interests of discipline, to point out that this circular contains erroneous and misleading statements calculated to promote discontent, and that the procedure it suggests is inconsistent with the traditions of the Service and the spirit which should prevail in the Army.

It is, however, open to any Officer who thinks himself aggrieved to represent the facts of his case through the proper channel for the consideration of the Commander-in-Chief and Government of India.

(By order),
(Signed) W. Galbraith, Major-General,
Adjutant-General in India.

My remarks in Truth of the 26th ult. on the claims of the Field Artillery for increase of pay have induced another officer to give me his views on a kindred subject, viz, the pay of the Mountain Artillery. My correspondent, an officer who has served with distinction in the Mountain Artillery in India, while agreeing with me in my estimate of the claims put forward on behalf of the Field Artillery, is of opinion that the pay of the Mountain Artillery should be increased. He remarks that:—

> The officers and men are selected for the Mountain branch in the same way as for the Horse Artillery; that the chances of home service are small, as out of our ten Mountain Batteries only one is in England; and finally, that the work which falls on the men—who have to attend to animals like cavalry, and yet to march on foot like infantry—is far harder than that of any other branch of the Royal Regiment, or, indeed, of any other corps in the Army.

I have made careful inquiry into these matters, and find that my correspondent's statement of them is substantially correct. He proves the case of the Mountain Artillery for increase of pay, so far as the rank and file are concerned, but fails, I think, to do the same for the officers. I can, however, supply this omission on his part. I learn that, though supplied with horses, the officers and other mounted men in Mountain batteries invariably go on foot on the line of march, *pour encourager les autres*. When manœuvring, or when required for any special duty, they ride; otherwise they walk. This seems to me a wise and reasonable rule, and its observance puts the officers upon the same footing as the men as regards the claim for increase of pay. I, therefore, agree with my correspondent that all ranks of the Mountain branch should be paid on the same scale as Horse Artillery.

My correspondent then proceeds to criticise the officering of the Mountain battery at home, and also the recently-issued "Manual of Mountain Artillery." On the former point he complains that vacancies in the home battery are always filled up by the appointment of officers who have had no previous experience in the Mountain branch; on the latter, that the "Manual" is incomplete, and opposed in many points to received opinions. I have investigated both these matters, and find that the majority of the officers now serving in the Mountain battery in England, have had previous experience in other Mountain batteries. As to the "Manual," it is unquestionably incomplete, and in some respects not in harmony with the views of many eminent Mountain Artillery officers, both in our own and other Armies; but these defects will presumably be promptly corrected by our Mountain gunners in India; and, in any case, a categorical criticism of any War Office publication would hardly interest the great majority of my readers.

The appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel Saunders, late of the South Staffordshire Regiment, to the junior Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the West India Regiment, is a flagrant job, which will excite grave and justifiable discontent; for the transfer of the senior officer of a British Corps to a purely West Indian Regiment is a gross injustice to the officers of the latter, who inevitably have their promotion stopped. It must be remembered that the prospect of rapid promotion is the only inducement for men to join this branch of the Service, as the climate is one of the most pernicious in the world for European constitutions. If, however, outsiders from home are to be appointed to senior posts, there will be an end of the prospects of the West Indian officers. The appointment ought to be cancelled, for surely if it be desired to provide for Colonel Saunders, some other post might be found for him.

I regret that in referring the other day to the decision of Steamboat Companies to allow soldiers reduced rates, I inadvertently attributed the similar concession previously made by the Railway Companies to the action of Sir Evelyn Wood. It was long since stated in Truth that this concession by the Railway Companies was due to the intervention of the Secretary of State for War, at the instance of Mr. McEwan, M.P., and Mr. McEwan's action in the matter followed on a representation on the subject in Truth as long ago as February 27, 1890. A military correspondent now asks me to settle the question as between Sir Evelyn Wood and Mr. McEwan. I think the facts leave no room for doubt that the credit belongs to Mr. McEwan, and I venture to think it would hardly be claimed by Sir Evelyn Wood, who merely addressed a letter on the subject to the South-Western Railway Company, which would hardly account for simultaneous action by all the Companies within a few days of the writing of the letter.

The paymastership of the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* recently became vacant, and the Admiralty appointed an officer in every way qualified for the post. It seems, however, that the Court candidate was somebody else, and the selected officer found it expedient to ask the Admiralty to cancel his appointment, the report being that he received a hint that he would not find the Royal yacht a pleasant vessel to serve in, as his presence on board would be unwelcome in certain high quarters. The Admiralty, however, would not appoint the Court nominee, and have now transferred a paymaster from a vessel in the Mediterranean to the *Victoria and Albert*.

A naval officer sends me the following observations upon the statistics recently issued by the Admiralty of the number and ages of the men in the Navy. His

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712,000 Horned Cattle Slaughtered by Armour & Co. last year Armour's Extract of Beef retains the true flavour of fresh beef. in a more marked degree than any similar preparation.

remarks seem to be amply justified by the figures, and the public will do well to recognise that the *personnel* of the Navy is every bit as much a matter of pressing public importance as that of the Army. It appears from the Admiralty return that, out of a total of 53,350 officers and men, only 870 were at the date of the return over 45 years of age, and only 5,000 between 35 and 45. Between 25 and 35 there were 17,000, and the rest—some 30,000—were between 15 and 25. On this my correspondent writes:—

> A seaman joins the service under a bond to serve twelve years from the age of eighteen (*i.e.*, till he is thirty years of age), and then, if he wishes to earn a pension, he has to serve for a further term of ten years (*i.e.*, till forty years of age). Other ratings join for ten or twelve years, and have to serve twenty years in all for a pension. The figures given as "between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five" must, therefore, take in all men who are serving their last five years for a pension, and yet it only comes to ten per cent. (including officers) of the total number of men in the entire service. If this number be doubled it ought to give, with approximate accuracy, the total number of men who have re-engaged for their second term of service; and yet it only amounts to twenty per cent. of the Navy. In other words the Navy has killed, invalided, or disgusted eighty per cent. of those who originally joined it, and they are consequently unable or unwilling to continue serving. This surely is a tremendous indictment against a Public Service, and especially the Service on which the safety of the nation depends.

Continuing his remarks, the same correspondent, who enjoys exceptional means of learning from the men themselves their views in regard to the Service, thus tabulates the grievances to which this lamentable state of affairs is to be attributed. None of them will be new to the regular readers of TRUTH, for all have been at different times aired in these columns:—

I. Arbitrary and bullying treatment from officers.
II. Quarter-deck and Court-martial injustice.
III. The compulsory terms of service.
IV. The method of giving leave.
V. Compulsory wearing of uniform.
VI. Long commissions abroad.
VII. Insufficient pay to some branches.
VIII. The keeping of conduct sheets throughout a man's entire service.
IX. The pension fraud.

The following is the report of the Board of Inspection with regard to the bathing arrangements at Woolwich Academy, to which I have before referred:—

> The baths are in out-houses, through which the air freely courses, and as not a drop of hot water is available, only strong constitutions could stand the exposure in winter.

I am told by the father of a cadet at Woolwich that to his knowledge irreparable mischief has been done to boys by this cause alone. In addition to the other shortcomings to which I have referred, the same report condemns the ventilation of the class-rooms, and urges that it should be attended to without delay. What excuse can Mr. Stanhope possibly plead for appointing a Board of this kind, and ignoring its reports year after year?

An Indian official sends me a weighty complaint on the futility of any appeal from the authority of a head of a Department in India. The appeal goes, he points out, in the first instance to the "Local Government," which is usually composed exclusively of covenanted civilians, who naturally support their brother covenanted civilian, the head of the Department. The next step is an appeal to the Secretary of State, who is entirely in the hands of a Council of covenanted civilians, who, again, naturally side with their brother civilians in India. This is doubtless a fair statement of the case, but it would apply equally to the Civil Service at home, or the Military and Naval Services. What is required seems to me to be an independent tribunal to deal with all disputes between public servants and their Departments.

The Indian Government has to deplore the loss of the Viceroy's two State elephants, both of these renowned creatures having died of anthrax at Meerut. They were a magnificent pair, and remarkable for their gentleness and sagacity. One of these elephants is believed to have been employed in State pageants since the days of Lord Wellesley, and the other was used by Lord Dalhousie.

I should like to know whether it is true that a young English engineer named Grey has been appointed to the post of Chief Engineer to the Irish Board of Public Works, which becomes vacant at the end of the year. If, as I am informed, it is true, two further questions require to be answered: (1) What connection Mr. Grey has ever had with Irish public works beyond a brief engagement as contractor's agent on one of Mr. Balfour's "light railways"? (2) Whether this engagement has terminated, and, if so, when, and why? The present appointment is *primâ facie* a most unjust and indefensible one, as there are many applications for the post from Irish engineers of eminence and experience; and it gains the appearance of a rank job from the fact that a relative of Mr. Grey's occupies a high position in the Treasury, which controls the Irish Board of Works.

A typical illustration of the arbitrary and oppressive method in which taxes are collected in this country has recently occurred at Bath. A working-man named Harris, whose weekly wages for three years averaged £130, was assessed under Schedule E, instead of Schedule D, being thus deprived of the right to average his earnings. There is an express decision of the courts to the effect that a man employed at weekly wages is assessable under Schedule D, but in spite of this decision the man's appeal against his assessment was dismissed. Eventually a warrant of commitment for non-payment of this illegal charge was issued and executed, Mr. Harris being, of course, put to heavy expenses before he could obtain his release. Being, unfortunately, ignorant of the right way to obtain redress for this outrage, even if he had possessed the means to pursue his remedy, he allowed the legal time to elapse without instituting proceedings. Probably as a consequence of this, he has now been again assessed in the same illegal manner for the current year. There ought to be some short, sharp, and decisive remedy against all abuses of power by the Revenue authorities, and the remedy ought to be enforceable, not against subordinate officials, but against their principals at Somerset House—or the Treasury.

PFUNGST FREERES' EXTRA QUALITY CHAMPAGNES.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. PFUNGST & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

On Wednesday last, the public examination of Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart, was completed, and the Registrar marked his sense of the debtor's proceedings by suspending his discharge for six years. As he was without his discharge in his previous bankruptcy for some fourteen years preceding 1890, this order will, probably, not trouble Sir Gilbert Campbell seriously, and it is a pity that the transactions disclosed in the Bankruptcy Court could not have been punished in a more practical shape. I defer going into these new facts of Sir Gilbert Campbell's history, until I have an opportunity of dealing with a large mass of new materials in relation to Stedman and Morgan which have come into my possession. In the meantime, however, it is of interest to note that the name of Sir Gilbert Campbell—still figures as that of the "Chairman of the Executive Committee," in all the circulars which have lately emanated from the "International Society of Literature, Science, and Art."

On the other hand, Stedman ("Nathan the Prophet") mysteriously disappeared some little time back both from the secretaryship of Morgan's bogus "Society" and from the lodgings which he occupied at West Kensington. If any one knows where he is, the information will be of interest to his late landlord, who, however, is not the only one looking for him. It appears that Stedman has bolted from most of the premises he has occupied in London. I should advise all the landlords of the "International Society of Literature," &c., to look after their rent, for I hope to have the whole of this gang on the run before long.

I see, by the way, that in the current number of the "Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute" the Council warn the members against one of Morgan's circulars, intimating that "a limited number of the members of the Royal Colonial Institute are eligible for election as members of the International Society of Literature, Science, and Art." It would be well if the governing bodies of other bonâ-fide learned societies, whose members are being duped and defrauded by a similar trick, would take the same step to put their members on their guard.

The First Division of the Court of Session has dismissed the appeal of the Duke of Hamilton from a judgment of the Lord Ordinary, which required him to pay to the Crown authorities £23,050 in respect of the legacy and inventory duties on the value of the Hamilton Palace heirlooms, which were sold by him a few years ago. The appeal was dismissed with costs, and it is understood that the case will be carried by the Duke to the House of Lords. It was stated during the trial that the pictures, bronzes, marbles, furniture, and library at Hamilton Palace were valued at upwards of £700,000, and that the collection still remaining there is worth at least £150,000.

A letter appeared last week in the Edinburgh *Evening Dispatch* from the unfortunate gentleman, "Dundonnachie," whose atrocious confinement for life as a criminal lunatic without any regular trial I have so frequently drawn attention to. The letter is, in every line, that of a perfectly sane man, and the continued detention of Mr. Robertson on no evidence whatever, and for no reason but the opinion of a couple of doctors who had only seen him for a few minutes, is a disgrace to the Scottish judicature. The tragic part of this business is that in the case of a man like this, who was undoubtedly to a certain degree eccentric, confinement in a madhouse is exceedingly likely to have the most injurious effect on his mental condition. Is that what the authorities are playing for? I am amazed that there has not been a determined agitation in Scotland against the prolongation of this scandal.

I have heard a good deal lately about the Clan Cameron and Mr. Cameron of Lochiel—I say "Mr." in order to be on the safe side, though I am quite prepared to hear from some excited clansman that the prefix is an insult of the blackest kind—but nothing approaching in public interest to the report of an action lately brought against this chieftain by his ex-housekeeper for wrongful dismissal. In this action Mr. Cameron and his wife were summoned as witnesses for the pursuer. When, however, the case was called in Fort William Sheriff Court, an agent who appeared for Mr. Cameron, produced a medical certificate that he was too ill to attend, and that Lady Margaret was nursing him and could not leave him. The nature of the illness, however, was not specified. The evidence of these two parties being material to the case, the housekeeper's agent offered to go with the Sheriff and take the depositions of the invalid chief. Upon this the doctor was sent for, and stated that the invalid chief was not in a fit state to be examined. The agent then said that he would be satisfied to go and take the evidence of Lady Margaret. The doctor, however, was recalled, and deposed that it would not be safe for the lady to leave her husband even for that brief period. The pursuer's agent then applied for an adjournment, insisting that it was essential to his case to put Mr. Cameron and his wife into the box first. Incredible as it may appear, the Sheriff, who, I understand, is the son of one of the Cameron tenants, refused the application, and peremptorily ordered the agent to go on with his case at once. It would be difficult, happily, to find a more striking demonstration of the influence still exercised in these islands by those who wield the power of eviction.

Before four J.P.'s at Coleford a signal-man on the Severn and Wye Railway—and, therefore, presumably, a respectable man—was charged the other day with being in unlawful possession of a pheasant. His defence was that he found the bird lying on the railway and picked it up. "You knew it wasn't yours, I suppose," said Colonel Davies, the chairman, and then proceeded to sentence him to a fine of £1, with 9s. 6d. costs. A gentleman in the

V. Benoist is now supplying the following specialties for Christmas festivities:—Fresh Périgord Truffles, Pâtés de Foie Gras, Poulardes, Dindons and Gibier Truffés, Dressed Boar's Head, Chevreuil, Game Pies, &c. Recherché Dinners and Suppers. Catalogue at 36, Piccadilly, London, W.

neighbourhood, writing to me on the subject, refers to this as a phenomenal decision; but I am bound to say it strikes me as only about the ordinary level of Petty Sessions' justice, and I am afraid that punishments quite as iniquitous are imposed under the Game Laws almost every day. For myself, I am disposed to impute the chief blame to these abominable enactments. If one gang of game-preservers are allowed to make such laws, another gang of game-preservers can hardly be blamed for using them. Was the pheasant the property of the Railway Company? But, if so, who would have had a right to it? Evidently the shareholders, in proportion to their holdings in the Company. Was it, then, intended to divide this bird into thousands of parts, and to send to each shareholder his part by the Parcels Post?

Bailie Gulland, of Edinburgh, is clearly a judicial humourist. At the City Police-court the other day, "a powerful-looking man," named Little, pleaded guilty to brutally assaulting his wife and two daughters. The wife was seized and dragged about the house, one daughter was struck several blows on the face and had a tooth knocked out, and the other was kicked. "Bailie Gulland," says the report, "impressed upon the accused the seriousness of the charge, and *imposed a fine of ten shillings*."

Two sentences passed in the Glasgow Criminal Court last week afford an instructive illustration of the relative heinousness—in the Sheriff's opinion—of offences against property and against the person respectively. A servant girl, seventeen years old, was sentenced by Sheriff Balfour to six months' imprisonment for stealing two brooches and other articles belonging to her mistress, and exactly the same punishment was awarded to William Millar, aged fifty-six, for striking his wife with a hatchet and fracturing her skull.

The practice adopted by the Post-office authorities of setting traps to catch thieves is always unsatisfactory, though, I suppose, it is to some extent unavoidable. But it is certainly a disgrace to the Department that crime should be deliberately manufactured in the manner described in a case which came before Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, at Chester Assizes last week. It appeared that letters passing through the Birkenhead Post-office in the ordinary way had been missed. To detect the thief a test-letter was made up, and, instead of being allowed to go through the post in the usual course, it was kept back and placed on a desk which a charwoman had to dust. The result was that this woman, who had borne an excellent character, became a thief. The Judge, I am glad to say, severely censured the Post-office authorities, and the prisoner, having been in gaol for three months awaiting her trial, was discharged.

One Daniel Harrison, a hand-saw manufacturer, charged three of the Duke of Rutland's gamekeepers at Dronfield Petty Sessions with assaulting him on a highway. Harrison attempted to pass along a highway over a moor at a time when a grouse drive was going on. The keepers stopped him by force, and held him until the drive was over. This was not denied. The defence rested solely on Harrison's candid admission that he went along the highway with the intention of stopping the shooting, and intended to do so "as long as they shoot on the highway." This is how the case was put by the defendants' solicitor:—

> This was a barefaced attempt by Harrison to interfere with the legitimate sport of gentlemen. Harrison was convicted of trespassing in pursuit of game some few years ago at the instance of these gamekeepers, and after the conviction he said he would have it in for the Duke of Rutland as long as he lived. Harrison went on this road, not for legitimate purposes of passing over it, but merely, as he had himself admitted, to prevent shooting.

This defence the Dronfield Magistrates positively adopted, dismissing the summons. In other words, they hold that "the legitimate sport of gentlemen" gives them a right to shoot over highways, and that in the exercise of this right "gentlemen" may exclude from the highway, by force, anybody whose presence upon it would interfere with their "legitimate sport." It has often been said in reproach of our Magistrates and Justices that in this country there is one law for the rich and another for the poor; but it has been reserved for Messrs. Bagshawe & Milner, of Dronfield, to lay down with cynical frankness, that there is one law for "gentlemen" and another for the rest of the Queen's subjects. This is one of the most iniquitous decisions ever delivered in Petty Sessions, and I should hope that the last has not yet been heard of it.

Liverpool ought to be known as the paradise of money-lenders. I have more than once referred to the operations in that town of one of these bloodsuckers—by name, Martland—whose habitual rate of interest on small loans is a halfpenny per shilling per week, or nearly 217 per cent. per annum, in addition to which he usually extorts, after the manner of his kind, a heavy additional payment in the shape of deductions from the original loan. This worthy is perpetually suing his victims in the Liverpool County-court, and it may be said, without any hesitation, that there is not another court of justice in the kingdom in which he would show his face. Even at Liverpool, Judge Shand makes very short work of his claims; but in the other Judge, his Honour Judge Collier, Martland appears to have a loyal and devoted friend. In one case before this Judge last week on a loan of £3 made in July, 1888, Martland claimed £21. 11s. interest, and had the impudence to state that it was £5 less than he had a right to. He offered in Court to take £20, and judgment was given for that amount. In another case he claimed £21. 10s. 6d. on a loan of £3. 9s., and at once obtained judgment for the whole amount, with an order for payment in fourteen days. Great indignation is felt in Liverpool at the treatment of this pestilent extortioner by Judge Collier—and very naturally so, for a court of justice can hardly be prosti-

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Mrs. Spencer Brunton and Children have left 84, Brook-street, and will be at 9, Seymour-street, Portman-square, for the winter. Will friends kindly take this notice of change of address, as time will not admit of writing to each separately.

tuted to a lower purpose than that of decreeing Shylock his pound of flesh.

The volunteer fire brigade swindle has been scotched, but not killed. I hear that collectors have been busy in the West-end during the last week or two on behalf of a concern which has its headquarters in Rochester-place, Camden Town, and the objections to which have been repeatedly set forth in Truth. When questioned at one house, the collector dropped all reference to his "Local and Suburban Fire Brigade," and appealed for subscriptions for a fund for firemen's widows and orphans. Why do not the police look after these fellows, who wear a uniform by which they may be easily recognised, and who might at least be proceeded against for begging, if for no other offence? If the law is not strong enough to suppress these operations, I would suggest that the County Council, as the Metropolitan Fire Brigade authority, might very well ask Parliament for powers to deal with them.

The following reaches me from Bristol. I am quite unable to answer the question, but perhaps some of my readers can. If anybody can give me at the same time the address of Mrs. Griffiths, the late Brighton Girl Flogger, I shall be still further obliged; for this lady, like most people who bring libel actions against Truth, has also disappeared, leaving me a handsome bill of costs against her:—

Dear Sir,—I should be much obliged if you could give me any information as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Walter Smith, the Clifton Girl Flogger, also what name she has assumed since her exposure. Lurcher.

Is there any one among my readers who would like a title dating from the thirteenth century? If there is, the following advertisement from the *New York Herald* (Paris edition) offers him all he can desire. There is something inexpressibly sad in the thought of this venerable aristocrat, fearless of death for himself, but tortured in his last hours with the thought that his title of Count must die too. Who would not come to his rescue? It is not for me to question the decrees of Providence, but I cannot help thinking that in a case of this kind a nobleman might be allowed to take his title with him:—

A French nobleman, seventy-six years of age, widower and childless, is desirous of meeting with a person of undoubted honourability, to whom he could, with full confidence, transmit by adoption or other legal means his title of Count, which dates from the thirteenth century.—Address, Monsieur Thierry, 19, rue St. Roch, Paris.

The *St. James's Gazette* displayed a truly remarkable unacquaintance with Parliamentary usage, when, last week, in a dissertation upon the proceedings of the London School Board, it observed, "As well say that a House of Commons which is presided over by a Liberal Speaker should elect a Conservative as Chairman of Committees!" This is precisely what has been invariably done since 1841 whenever the Tories have been in power. During the Parliament of 1874, for example, Mr. Brand, a Liberal, was Speaker, and the late Mr. Raikes was Chairman of Committees.

The *Times* was also singularly unfortunate in its reference to the very unsatisfactory election of General Moberly as vice-chairman of the School Board. The *Times* observed of Professor Gladstone, the defeated Liberal candidate for that position, that "he would have made an excellent Vice-Chairman," as if he were an untried man, the writer being perfectly oblivious of the fact that he had already admirably filled that office for several years. The ejection of Professor Gladstone, whose conduct in the vice-chair has given universal satisfaction, was a most discreditable and grossly-stupid manifestation of party spite.

I thought, and was so extremely unwise as to state publicly, the week before last, in these columns, that there was one subject besides toothache in regard to which all doctors were agreed, viz., the action of chloroform upon the heart, the unanimous opinion of the whole medical profession (based upon an enormous number of recent Asiatic experiments) being that chloroform has no action upon the heart whatever, but that when a patient's heart gives way (as it does in every second newspaper I take up) under chloroform, the heart's failure is not due to the chloroform, but to some other cause, as, for example, that the patient's son has taken to betting, or races, or the patient's daughter has bolted with her groom.

I certainly thought that I was upon firm ground in taking up this position. But now a doctor writes to me from Ormskirk (of all places in the world):—"Your remarks concerning chloroform are quite wrong. The action of this drug is to depress the heart, and nine persons out of ten who die under anæsthetics die under chloroform. If you had been speaking of ether, you would have been correct," and then he goes on about ether, all on one side of the page too, as if he really expected me to print it. Well, now, this is very sad. So there really is only one subject—toothache—upon which doctors are agreed. When Science has said, "Have it out," Science has uttered its last word.

Apropos to the same question, a gentleman in Clifton, who signs himself "A. W. M.," has been good enough to send me a lecture, or discourse, or sermon — I really do not know what is quite the right name for it, but it extends over two and a half pages of foolscap paper, at the rate of thirty-four lines to the page. Thi deliverance has reference to my allusion to a "black but benevolent Prince," whose name I forgot, but who had distinguished himself by holding an investigation into the operation of chloroform. This remark appeared on November 26, and I suppose that "A. W. M." has been engaged on his composition ever since. I should be sorry for the fruit of so much labour to perish unnoticed; but as I am quite sure that no other living being than "A. W. M." can have read my remarks as anything but

'Xmas, 1891.—Especial offer. Eugene Costella's Reims Champagne, vintage 1884. Special cuvée, extra quality. Cash price, 48s. per doz. carriage paid.—Apply, Edward W. Postans, 3, Rood-lane, London, E C

complimentary to the Prince in question, or the epithet "black" as anything but a figure of speech, used to point a contrast, I really do not in the least know what to say in reply. As this good gentleman takes so seriously what I am afraid I must own was little better than badinage, I wonder he did not turn his attention to various other remarks in the same paragraph, where I think he will find enough to occupy him till quite the end of the Christmas holidays.

The *Cheshire County News* contains the following:—

Croker.—Died suddenly, at his residence, Heaton Norris, William Elias Croker, umbrella-manufacturer, Manchester, aged forty-five years. "Friendship mourns, but Heaven rejoices."

There may, for aught I know, be joy in Heaven over the advent of one umbrella-manufacturer, though it is not quite evident why there should be; but it would be interesting to learn how the news of these rejoicings reached the late Mr. Croker's mourning friends.

With regard to the Consolidated Black Cat Company, which is going to breed black cats by the "thousand" on an island in the Pacific, and make (so the projectors say) "millions" by the industry, I am, of course, very glad to think that maid-servants and other ladies who ride in omnibuses and tramcars will soon be provided with handsome and fairly inodorous fur garments at reasonable rates; but I tremble when I think of the effect likely to be produced upon the canned-meat trade. Canned rabbit curried (it is very difficult to eat it otherwise cooked) is now a very favourite luxury in middle-class homes. The black-coated working-man devours it in prodigious quantities, finding it a grateful stimulant to a digestion debilitated by double entry. But it is not to be supposed, it is not within the bounds of possibility, that the 'cute Yankee directors of the Black Cat Company will let the "thousands" of carcasses of skinned black cats rot on their island in the Pacific. It stands to reason that those cats will be canned, unless, indeed, some means can be found of converting them into one of those fashionable and delectable concoctions, by the aid of which the civilised Briton is fast turning himself into a sort of pariah-dog or natural scavenger.

The following enigmatical paragraph has been sent to me anonymously. What it means I am at a loss to imagine. Perhaps some of my readers can tell me. If not, might I appeal to the readers of——any other paper?—

O'Connell said, Give a lie ten minutes' start and all the truth in the world will overtake it. But O'Connell did not know then how much Truth there would be in the World now.

There is no doubt that the governess sometimes has a hard time of it, but there are two sides to this as to most other questions. As illustrating the other side, a lady sends me a letter which she has received from a candidate for a situation in her household. It is, she says, only a sample of "many similar in tone," and here are one or two samples of this sample:—

I shall be at liberty after Christmas, and should be glad to go abroad again under certain circumstances. These are—to reside with a family occupying a high position there, and with a first-class passage provided out and back. I have resided with two Admirals' families at the Cape and the Bermudas, and I went much into society at both these places. Hence my reason for wishing to go out again. . . . .

My age is forty, but I am not behind the times in any respect. I ride and drive. (Church of England.)

The party privileged to gratify this lady's craving for a further taste of high society in the Colonies, would, I presume, be expected to engage an under-governess to do the teaching, while the chief preceptress was consorting with Admirals, or riding or driving. Personally, I should prefer some one not quite so much up to date, even though she might be over forty.

I congratulate the Women's Federation League upon their honesty. They now frankly admit that they want all women to have votes, and all women—married or unmarried—to be eligible for the House of Commons, and to every other elective assembly. They have not as yet claimed to be allowed to enter the Army and Navy; but, no doubt, this will soon come.

Dr. Pankhurst, who presided (was it not a little curious that a man should have presided?) over the Federation, observed that "women both sat and voted in the Legislative Assemblies of ancient times." Very ancient, I suspect—in fact, pre-historical.

"Are all men able," asks Mrs. Fawcett, "to serve in the Army?" No, they are not; but those who cannot are exceptions. The basis of all society is that persons who will not obey the law are made to obey it. Women are in the majority in Great Britain. Therefore they would have the making of law in their hands had they the vote. Law, and power to enforce the law, would, consequently, be divorced.

Mrs. Fawcett points to the recent case of the Spinning House at Cambridge as a proof that women, not having votes, must always be treated by the law invidiously. But I apprehend that the majority of the men who have votes are strongly opposed to the most scandalous abuse of law disclosed by this case. What was it? A girl in Cambridge was seen talking to an undergraduate. She was dragged off to the Spinning House, and the Vice-Chancellor condemned her to a term of imprisonment as an improper character. On what evidence? His "bull-dogs" declared that they knew nothing against the girl. Two witnesses swore that she was respectable. She offered to produce a clergyman to give the same evidence. This was not allowed. She offered to make a statement on oath, the Vice-Chancellor refused to accept it. The undergraduate swore that the solicitation came from him, and that he had accosted her. The climax of injustice was reached by the girl being sent to prison and the man not even being charged with an offence.

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is, 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

Grateful and Comforting for Breakfast is Epps's Cocoa, made with boiling water or milk. Sold by Grocers, in packets labelled "James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

All this is due to the supineness of the townsmen of Cambridge. They should make it clear that they will not submit to this outrageous jurisdiction of the University in regard to their wives and daughters. I brought a former case before the House of Commons, and I said that if the girl in that case was not released I should move the adjournment of the House. I had the majority; therefore Mr. Matthews, rather than be beaten, let that girl out. But the Cambridge townsmen did not act with sufficient energy. They allowed themselves to be fooled by the University and by their Member. Had it been otherwise, we should not have had this second case.

The entire demand for woman's franchise comes from a very small body of persons, consisting of women dissatisfied at not being men, and men dissatisfied at not being women. In heaven we are told there will be neither men nor women, but angels. On this globe there are not angels, but men and women, each sex being endowed with certain qualities and certain weaknesses of its own, and so it will remain until the end of the chapter.

Mr. Edward Holmes, of Birmingham, who made two desperate efforts to draw Mr. Gladstone, and, on being refused a reply, proceeded to assume that the refusal was equivalent to an affirmative answer to his question, has now written a lengthy letter to me. No, no, ingenuous Holmes. I am not so long-suffering as Mr. Gladstone. If you require an advertisement in TRUTH, apply to the manager of the advertising department. That is the only reply I have for you. Put what construction you please on it.

Only about a fortnight ago telegrams were published—apparently from Mr. Rhodes—announcing that alluvial gold districts had been found in Mashonaland. This was presumably for English consumption for, making a speech in Mashonaland (which has been published here, but which probably was for Mashonaland consumption), Mr. Rhodes says, "The alluvial deposits appear to have been worked out to a great extent by some ancient people." In regard to gold reefs, he observes, that "no one could tell what you will find in the future." The actual position of the Promised Land, therefore, is that it cannot be used for agricultural purposes, according to Lord Randolph Churchill, on account of the pestiferous "character of its climate; that, according to Mr. Rhodes, King Solomon, or some one else, took away all the alluvial gold; whilst as for reef gold, "no one can tell what you will find in the future." Of course, no one can, but this is precisely why I have always objected to Rhodes, Rudd, and the rest of the gang exchanging this problematic future for the present cash of investors. The speech being made, as I have said, for Mashonaland consumption, Mr. Rhodes boldly stated that "the Company" had spent more than six millions in opening up this Paradise. This statement could not have been intended for England, as the Company has never had one million in cash subscribed, and, therefore, six millions cannot have been spent.

It is the universal fashion to describe the late Lord Lytton as having been "Lord Beaconsfield's Viceroy." Now, it is generally acknowledged that Lord Lytton's rule in India was a flagrant failure, so I presume the Tories deem it desirable to place the responsibility of his appointment upon their dead leader. As a matter of fact, however, Lord Lytton was selected by Lord Salisbury, who was then Secretary for India, and by him alone. Just before Lord Lytton started for India, he told some of his most intimate friends that he was entirely indebted to Lord Salisbury for his appointment. If, therefore, there is any discredit in having sent Lord Lytton to India, it most assuredly belongs to Lord Salisbury.

Who can wonder that the lower grades of Tory clubs have to send out into the by-ways and hedges to get members? Here is the National Conservative Club, which boasts that it is "under the Presidency of the Duke of Abercorn, and the auspices (*sic*) of the Marquis of Salisbury," sending out touting communications respecting "the increasing popularity of the Club," and hinting that "the Committee are considering the question of making an entrance-fee." The day is rapidly coming when we may expect to see the rival Conservative Clubs advertising their cheapness, and popularity, and the august character of their "auspices," on all the hoardings in town.

The burnt child is supposed to dread the fire. The *Times* has not even the sense of a child. For all the lessons it has had, it still allows its anti-Irish proclivities to lead it into blundering misconceptions of fact all over the world. The other day it was in Chili. The next it was in Canada, where Mr. Philip Robinson, having been sent out as a special commissioner to investigate the political scandals, seems to have discovered that everything amiss in the Dominion is the result of disloyal intrigues by the American-Irish. Charles the First's head in Mr. Dick's case was a mild form of hallucination compared with this. I have received a number of communications from Canada with regard to this matter, all my correspondents being anxious to have it known that the *Times* correspondent was, from the first, taken in tow by the official ring, and never saw or heard anything but what they desired him to hear and see. I can, however, assure my Canadian friends that on this side we quite appreciate the state of the case.

Really the *Times* ought to vary its sarcasms on the speeches of the Liberal leaders. If Sir William Harcourt makes a speech, the *Times* always informs its readers that it was buffoonery. If Mr. Morley makes a speech, according to the *Times* it is academic. Last week Sir William utterly crushed poor Mr. Chamberlain, and exposed the absurdity of the Tory caucus when this strange gathering of admirers of Lord Salisbury met the programme of the Government by voting the previous question. What is he answer of

CHOICE OLD HIGHLAND WHISKIES. Age 7, 10, 15, and 25 years in wood. Price per doz., 48s., 60s., 72s., and 120s. An eminent medical authority, in recommending the moderate use of Whisky, states that on no account should Whisky be used unless it is well matured. Detailed list on application to MORELL BROS., COBBETT, & SON, Limited, 210 & 211, Piccadilly; 18 & 19, Pall Mall; 143, Regent-street. Whisky Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

the *Times?* It neither attempts to defend either the Tory Party or Mr. Chamberlain. "It was excellent fooling." "He carried away his audience into that gay pantomime region where no cold morality reigns." "The tricks of the clown, familiar though they be, are a perennial source of laughter. With the same sort of indulgence Sir William Harcourt's speeches are now welcomed." And this is all the Tory press has to say in answer to one of the truest, clearest, and most scathing denunciations of Tory policy, and Tory-cum-traitor leaders, that it has ever been my pleasure to read!

Mr. Chamberlain complains of our abusing him. I only wish that he could hear what the Tories say of him. His airs of independence, his papable and persistent endeavours to score off his own bat; his perpetual meddling, and his back-stair lobbying, are driving them to distraction. "It is almost worth while to be beaten," they say, "if our defeat puts an end to our subjugation to these Liberal-Unionist humbugs, who can only get into Parliament by Tory votes, and who seem to think themselves so wise that we ought to knock under to them in everything. With Hartington and James, we might, perhaps, get on, but with Chamberlain it is impossible." And yet, such is their weakness, that they do not dare to follow our example, and to drum him out of their Party. Instead of this, they cheer when he tells them that he has abandoned the Liberal Party for ever, and only moan when he announces the next day that he did not mean what he said.

The result of Lord Salisbury's visit to Birmingham, and the elaborate noise which was raised in connection with it, have so far been simply to widen the breach between the Liberal-Unionists and the Tories of that borough. At the Saltley municipal election, on November 2, two Tories and a Liberal-Unionist came forward, and stood jointly. The two Tories were returned with a Liberal, to the infinite disgust of the Liberal-Unionists, who protested that if the Tory votes had been fairly given, in accordance with the understanding which prevailed, their man would have been elected instead of the Liberal. One of the successful Tories has since been elected an Alderman, so a vacancy occurred, and the defeated Liberal-Unionist was again nominated, and was promised the support of the Tories. However, although Saltley is supposed to be the Unionist stronghold, the Liberal candidate was last week returned. The Liberal-Unionists are furious at the perfidy of the Tories, who positively refused to support the Chamberlain candidate, although they were pledged to do so.

The latest report is that the Tory revolt against the Liberal-Unionists forcing on the Government an Irish Local Government Bill has convinced the Cabinet that it will be impossible to carry on until 1893, and that a Dissolution will take place before Easter. Probably nothing is decided; the Government has no definite plan. If it can palm off on Parliament some sham Local Government Bill, and if the Liberal-Unionists will accept bogus coin for real money, it will endeavour to enjoy place, power, and salary until 1893; if not, the dissolution will be early, in order to avoid further discredit. The Tory and Liberal-Unionist party is thoroughly disorganised: it knows that a General Election will go against it, and it is panic-struck, listening at one moment to one quack, and at another to another quack, as each suggests some wondrous scheme to resuscitate the sick man.

SCRUTATOR.

THE STAMFORD-STREET ROAD TO RUIN.

I HAVE lately had under investigation a story of unmitigated villainy as bad as any that has come to my knowledge in the course of a somewhat extensive experience in this line. The facts are of considerable public importance, as indicating a danger to young girls which ought to be generally understood, and the existence of an abominable traffic which ought to be suppressed. Although, therefore, the story is not a pleasant one, I trust that it will be widely read and noticed.

Like many other stories of knavery which have been told to the readers of TRUTH, the present narrative begins with a newspaper advertisement. The following is the document, as it has appeared in at least one of the leading London daily papers:—

STAGE, THEATRES, MUSIC-HALLS. — Ladies and gentlemen rapidly and thoroughly prepared. Engagements procured. Send stamps for the practical adviser, "Simple Steps" (gratis).—Harry Roberts, 165, Stamford-street, Waterloo-road, London. Resident pupils received. Consult here free. Absolutely reliable.

At the latter end of July last this seductive offer me the eye of Miss Alice Lee, who was then a cook in a family at Scarborough, and no sooner did she see it than she wrote off to ascertain Mr. Harry Roberts's terms for a "rapid and thorough" preparation. For all that follows Miss Alice Lee herself is my authority. I have seen this young woman personally. I found her to all appearance a modest, straightforward, and honest country girl. The most exacting lady could hardly object to receive her into her service. She is twenty-two years of age, and, though evidently possessed of some native shrewdness, is as ignorant of the London world as any of her class. As regards personal appearance, I should be sorry to say that she is not in every way qualified to adorn that station of life in which she originally found herself. But I am bound to add, for it is necessary to the adequate appreciation of what follows, that nature most certainly did not intend Alice Lee for the stage. I speak as one having some knowledge of matters theatrical, and I say confidently that no one having any knowledge of these matters could for a moment suppose that, either in face or figure, this girl possesses the slightest qualifications for the profession to which Mr. Harry Roberts undertook to introduce her. However, she was ambitious, and anxious to earn more than can be [illegible]ed in domestic service. Like many ladies more [illegible]owed by birth and education, she supposed [illegible], insufficient evidence, that she

Twer[illegible]urity guaranteed with POWNCEBY'S Wines [illegible] Whiskies. Circular by post on appli[illegible]l-street, W. Established 1850.

had natural talent for singing and dancing. She was aware (I sounded her particularly on this point) that in the profession to which she aspired girls are exposed to considerable temptations; but she thought that she could look after herself, as she had heard that others do, and in this the result shows that she was right. Finally, she had in the Savings Bank some twenty pounds or so, saved out of her wages—a fact which, in itself, speaks very highly for her industry and steadiness—and this sum she determined to invest in preparing herself for the theatrical profession under Mr. Roberts's auspices.

Her answer to the advertisement brought her the following letter:—

165, Stamford-street, Waterloo-road,
London, S.E., July 27, 1891.

Harry Roberts, Theatrical and Musical Agent. Established 1876. Office hours 12 to 6. Saturdays 12 to 4. Letters and telegrams attended to at any hour.

Madam,—Mr. Roberts directs me to inform you that he cannot fix terms without a personal interview; but should you like to give him a call any time on or after Wednesday, August 5 next ensuing, he will be glad to go into details and meet you in any reasonable manner.—I am, Madam, your obedient servant,

J. J. Gardner, Secretary.

On receipt of this letter Alice Lee decided to come to London and make terms with Harry Roberts. She accordingly left her place, and set out, without informing any of her friends of her intention. She had never been to London before, and she knew not a soul in the whole metropolis. On arrival at 165, Stamford-street she seems to have seen Mr. J. J. Gardner, the writer of the above letter. Gardner informed her that she was "just the right sort"—as wilfully fraudulent a lie as ever was uttered—and agreed, on behalf of Roberts, that for a payment of fifteen guineas she should receive three months' tuition in dancing and singing, and be introduced at the end of that time to an engagement at £5 a week. She accordingly drew the fifteen guineas out of the Savings Bank and paid it over, Gardner giving the receipt.

On going for her first lesson she found that Gardner, who is described as a man about forty years of age, was to be the tutor. Almost from the first, the demeanour of this man appears to have been offensive and indecent. He attempted familiarities with the girl on the occasion of the first lesson. On the next, he made requirements in regard to her clothing, which no modest woman could comply with, and, on her objecting, told her that she was a fool, and that, unless she did as she was told, she would have no more lessons. On this and subsequent occasions, he appears to have addressed to her the foulest suggestions, couched in the filthiest language. The teaching seems to have consisted of showing her one or two steps to practise, and nothing more. After the man found that his advances were not acceptable, she had a difficulty in seeing him, being sent away on some pretext or another when she called for her lesson; and when, after one or two lessons, she asked him to show her something new, he told her that she was no good, and recommended her to adopt another mode of life, the attra[illegible]s of which he seems to have done his b st to pre[illegible]her at every opportunity. The girl was, of c[illegible]frightened, but she had no one to advise her [illegible] for help. Roberts and Gardner had nea[illegible]nd she did not know what was to be[illegible]oned the lessons. She, therefore, persevered for three or four days, keeping Gardner at arm's length as well as she could. At last, however, she had to run away from the man to escape an attempt to offer her violence. She then went to Roberts, of whom up to this time she appears to have seen very little, complained to him, and demanded her money back. Roberts professed not to believe her statements, and declined to return the money; and she then left the place for good.

It would be difficult to imagine a more distressing predicament than that in which this poor country girl now found herself, without friends, almost without money, and totally ignorant of London. In the first instance, she found her way to Lambeth Police-court, and told her story to the Magistrate there. The Magistrate—I am sorry that I don't know his name—did nothing beyond advising her not to go back to Roberts's place—a very good piece of advice in itself, but perfectly superfluous in Alice Lee's case, and of little help towards the recovery of the fifteen guineas which she had left in Roberts's possession. Soon after this, however, she found a friend, when endeavouring to dispose of a theatrical dress, which Gardner had persuaded her to purchase for the sum of £2. 5s. The woman to whom she offered the dress (which was pronounced not worth two shillings), hearing the girl's story, and possibly knowing something of 165, Stamford-street, took her to another good lady who was in want of a girl to assist in the house, and here Alice Lee has found a home down to the present time. Her new friends also brought the facts to the knowledge of the London Domestic Servants' Union, by whose assistance she was enabled to take out a summons against Gardner. This summons was heard before Mr. Slade at Southwark Police-court. The complainant told her story substantially as I have given it above, but on her saying in cross-examination that if Roberts had returned her money she would have been satisfied—a very innocent admission—and no corroborative evidence being forthcoming, Mr. Slade dismissed the summons without hearing any defence.

Doubtless some astute reader will remark at this point that, if the Magistrate decided that Alice Lee had made out no case against Gardner, I have no right to repeat her *ex parte* statements as though these could not be disputed. I ask my astute reader to wait a moment. At the point where we have just left her, Alice Lee found yet one more friend—a *Deus ex machinâ* in the shape of an intelligent and disinterested solicitor, who has brought the whole story to a happy ending. Having heard her evidence at the police-court, this gentleman determined to make Messrs. Roberts and Gardner disgorge. After communicating with Alice Lee, he wrote to Roberts on September 21 demanding the immediate return of the 15 guineas and the £2. 5s. paid for the dress, under threat of immediate proceedings in the county-court for their recovery. The answer came from Roberts's solicitor, expressing his client's unmeasured surprise at such a request, and intimating that Roberts and Gardner desired nothing so much as to be heard ("with their numerous

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witnesses") before a jury. Alice Lee's solicitor accordingly commenced an action at once. As the time for appearing before a jury grew nearer, however, the desire of Messrs. Roberts and Gardner to vindicate themselves became less acute. On November 18, Roberts's solicitor, "in view of the expense to which his client would be put in defending himself," offered 8½ guineas to settle. This was promptly declined. After another week's deliberation, Mr. Roberts's solicitor paid into court the full amount of the claim and costs, and paid separately for the dresses, which had not been included in the claim. Miss Lee's solicitor had not yet, however, done with his man. On November 27 he gave formal notice that he proposed to move in court for costs on the higher scale, on the ground that the case was one of great public importance. Note the result. Roberts's solicitor at once agreed to pay four guineas more in order to avoid the public hearing of this application. From this absolute and abject surrender, the reader will have no difficulty in judging of the faith which Roberts and his colleague had in the righteousness of their cause; and also how it is that I am in a position to speak so frankly of the conduct of these gentry. It only remains to be added that the solicitor who inflicted this highly salutary chastisement has paid back the whole £18 recovered into Alice Lee's Savings Bank account, whence the amount was originally drawn.

Alice Lee thus comes off with flying colours, and has gained some very valuable experience at what I regard as a very low price. I trust that she will act upon the advice which I have strongly pressed upon her, by returning to the country with all speed, and renouncing for ever the pomps and vanities of the stage. Not many, I apprehend, of those who set out on the road which she took last August ever return with as light a heart, if they return at all. How many, think you, have risen to the same bait which was swallowed so greedily by this Yorkshire servant-girl? An advertisement floated on "the largest circulation in the world" catches many thousand pairs of hungry and foolish eyes before it finds its way into a kitchen at Scarborough. What the amount of business done at Roberts and Gardner's theatrical agency may be can only be vaguely guessed; but this at least is a certainty—that among all the girls from town or country who empty their purses into the pockets of practitioners in this line, not one who draws back from the temptations held out to her ever sees again the money of which she has been plundered. And how many ever draw back at all? How many girls who enter a den of infamy like this in Stamford-street ever come out with honour safe and virtue untarnished? I commend that question to the consideration of the guardians, official and amateur, of public morals—to the Vigilance Association, and others who are in league for the protection of womanly chastity, to the police, and, not least, to the Metropolitan Magistrates. Many hard things have been said in TRUTH of the unpaid magistracy, but I can recall no more deplorable exhibition of blindness and incompetence on the part of rural J.P.'s than that furnished by the two learned and highly-paid functionaries to whose ears Alice Lee twice told her tale, and told it in vain. One would have thought that the Magistrate at Lambeth, to whom the girl first turned for help after her flight from these scoundrels, would at once either have summoned Roberts and Gardner before him to answer the complaint, or have sent a constable to them with a peremptory hint that, if they did not at once disgorge, it would be the worse for them. One would think that Mr. Slade, a Magistrate of vast experience in all the ins-and-outs of Metropolitan rascaldom, would never have allowed such a pair of defendants as this to escape him, until he had satisfied himself of their innocence by the fullest investigation, or exhausted every possible means of securing their conviction. One would have thought it impossible that a narrative of this kind could be twice told in the public courts of a civilised country without Magistrates, police, and Public Prosecutor being at once set in motion to secure the ends of justice. But the truth is that, with us, Magistrates, and police, and the whole machinery for detecting and repressing crime, are paralysed by red-tape and hide-bound in legal formalism. The detection of some of the most pernicious forms of crime is left to newspapers, and its punishment to amateur associations or private individuals. While this is so, what room can there be for surprise, that the fleecing and debauching of servant-girls should be undertaken as a matter of business, or that it should be winked at by a Magistrate as though it were a legitimate commercial operation?

WELLS OF MONTE CARLO.

I have to thank a large number of correspondents in all parts of the United Kingdom and several parts of the Continent, who, in response to my request in last week's TRUTH, have sent me all that they know or have heard about Wells of Monte Carlo. I am sorry to say, however that I have heard nothing from Mr. Wells himself; and this is the more to be regretted, seeing that a great deal of the evidence I have received lends fresh colour to the suggestion which has been made, and which I am so anxious to disprove, that Wells of Monte Carlo and Wells of Great Titchfield-street are one and the same person.

It is not easy to identify a man from a verbal description, when you have not got all details as to the colour of his eyes, hair, and complexion, together with accurate measurements of his height and breadth, the length of his nose, the width of his mouth, the size of his boots, and his circumference at the waist. What I have got, however, is this, that Wells the virtuous gambler and Wells the swindling patentee are both men of from forty to five-and-forty years of age; both are of medium height; both wear short black beards; both possess shiny bald heads. There are, of course, many other pairs of men who have as many points of superficial resemblance as this, and whose individualities are yet as distinct as, let me say, those of Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, and the late Mr. Parnell. Still, I cannot help owning that my faith in Wells of Monte Carlo—not as the inventor of an "infallible system," but as a fair-working specimen of British respectability—has received a decided shock. I felt sure that after my appeal to him last week

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Wells of Monte Carlo would have come forward and vindicated himself from a most damaging imputation. This confidence is shaken. Still, it seems to me a duty to give the man another chance. I, therefore, appeal to Mr. Wells again to let the public hear from him; and I would again ask all the gentlemen who tell me that they have seen him on past occasions to do their best, if the opportunity occurs, to call his attention to the hue-and-cry that is being raised after him. This failure to discover so famous a man is one of the most remarkable phenomena in my experience. Only on Monday morning the *Times* correspondent wired from Monte Carlo a whole paragraph about the gentleman, describing the beneficent results which have accrued to the tables from Mr. Wells's phenomenal performances. In the face of all this, how is any one to believe that Wells is a myth, or, still worse, that he is only Wells of Titchfield-street?

THE *EGERIA* FUND.

I have received from the proprietors of the *Sunday Times* of Sydney, N.S.W., a further draft of £25 for the benefit of the so-called "mutineers" of H.M.S. *Egeria*. I am informed at the same time that the only reason that the remittance was not sent earlier was that it was thought desirable to wait for the return of H.M.S. *Cordelia*, which had been away on a cruise, and the draft now sent includes, I understand, no less than £7 subscribed by the crew of that ship. The present remittance closes the fund so far as the *Sunday Times* is concerned. I have received, in all, £65 from the proprietor of the paper, and a further sum of £3. 15s. subscribed by the men of one of H.M.'s ships at Portsmouth. My readers are aware how it has been dealt with up to the present time. The families of both Allen and Murch have received from me ten shillings a week, and I propose to continue this allowance while the money lasts. In the exercise of the discretion entrusted to me, I also paid on account of Mrs. Allen—who, it will be remembered, was in the workhouse—a lump sum of £5 to provide her with furniture and household requisites on her restoration to liberty. I am sorry to say that this good lady, who, it may be remembered had been "in trouble" before she was compelled to take refuge in the workhouse, has not profited as much as might be desired by the lesson she received. Last week she seems to have "broken out" once again, with the result that another lady lodging in the same house received two black eyes, while Mrs. Allen herself has once more been deprived of her freedom for the space of fourteen days. It is not my business to apologise for Mrs. Allen; but I think it right to say, from my knowledge of her history, that her statement to the Magistrate, that her troubles all arose from her husband's imprisonment, is absolutely true. During her temporary removal from the family circle, her three children will be provided for by her priest, to whom I shall continue to pay the 10s. a week; and at the suggestion of this gentleman, I have given him permission to deal with the weekly allowance on Mrs. Allen's release in the manner which he may consider most desirable for the interests of the children as well as the woman herself. As a set-off to Mrs. Allen's extra £5, I have continued the weekly payment to the Murch family, notwithstanding that Murch himself has been released as notified in Truth two or three weeks ago. The man has obtained work, but as he prudently took the first employment he could find, his pay is small. He hopes, however, before long to get something better.

I have cheerfully undertaken the responsibility of administering this little fund, because it was obviously of the greatest value to the two men and their families. It has already proved so in Murch's case, as I know from the letter which he has written me, and it will, I hope, prove equally serviceable to Allen. In rendering this final account of my stewardship, I take the liberty of asking Lord George Hamilton and his colleagues whether, in view of what has happened, they cannot now see their way to extend to Allen similar clemency to that which Murch has enjoyed. The large amount of money subscribed in Australia—for, seeing that a great part of it has come from the fleet, it *is* a large amount—affords some measure of the sympathy which is felt for these men by their comrades, as well as by the people of New South Wales. I venture to think that this is a feeling to which—the majesty of martial law having been vindicated—it would be wise and politic, as well as graceful, to make some concession.

THE ARMY CHAPLAINS AND THE CHAPLAIN-GENERAL.

I had some hope that it would not be necessary to refer again to the question of the Chaplain-General's responsibility for the apportionment of foreign service among the staff of his Department. My attention has been called, however, to sundry letters and a leading article on this subject, which appeared in the *Broad Arrow* of November 28, and which call for some notice. In Truth of November 26 I published a letter from the Chaplain-General, with observations upon it, which embodied the results of some extensive inquiries into the facts at issue. In his letter Dr. Edghill took up the ground that the foreign service of each Chaplain was determined by a roster prepared at the War Office by a Committee acting quite independently of himself. In reply, I pointed out the extraordinary and unjust operation of this roster in a number of specific cases, one of the most conspicuous anomalies being that young Chaplains of two or three years standing are in charge of great garrison towns like Portsmouth, while they are treated as incompetent to take charge of insignificant foreign stations; and I intimated my opinion that such a topsy-turvey state of things could not possibly have been planned by any War Office Committee without the approval of the Chaplain-General. It is, in fact, impossible, to my mind, for Dr. Edghill to shift the responsibility on to a Departmental Committee. The arrangement of foreign service is on the face of it anomalous, stupid, and unjust. Dr. Edghill either approves of this arrangement, or he does not. If he does, there is an end of the question. If he does not, then, unless he is wanting in the courage of his opinions, he ought to protest, and fight the matter out with the

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Committee. Failing to do that, he must be taken to acquiesce in the Committee's arrangements.

That I should have thought was a very simple and intelligible argument. It appeared (in substance) in Truth of November 26. A week previously (Truth, November 19) I had acknowledged the receipt of Dr. Edghill's letter, and had stated his point in regard to the foreign service roster. Yet on November 28 the *Broad Arrow* produces this foreign roster as a new and surprising discovery made at the War Office by a special representative of the *Broad Arrow*, and, on the strength of this discovery, solemnly pronounces absolution on the Chaplain-General. It winds up by hoping that this 'plain statement of facts" may "act as an antidote to the lengthy tirades on the Chaplain-General's department which have appeared in journals whose stock-in-trade appears to consist mainly of personal invective and unstinted vituperation." I entirely share this hope, for any journalist who could apply either invective or vituperation to Dr. Edghill—whose personal good qualities have nowhere been more freely acknowledged than in Truth—certainly stands in need of a corrective of some kind; but to what journals these observations are intended to apply I have not the slightest idea. What, however, I desire to point out is that in this grotesque attempt to whitewash the Chaplain-General, made, as it would appear, after communication with Dr. Edghill personally, and published two days at least after the Truth article upon the foreign service roster, there is not the slightest attempt at an answer to the very simple criticism which I have reproduced above; nor any attempt either to dispute or defend the extraordinary facts to which I called attention respecting the distribution of home and foreign service. Nor is this all. Apart from this phase of the question, I also called attention to a number of irregularities in regard to exchanges and other similar facts which seemed to point to gross favouritism or jobbery, and the responsibility for which could not possibly lie on the Committee which draws up the foreign service roster—for instance, that amazing case of a certain Chaplain's foreign service in Netley Hospital. What has the *Broad Arrow* to say to these facts? Not a word. Nor has the Chaplain-General himself—though so prompt, "for the credit of the Department," to drag the foreign-service roster across the scent in response to my first allusions to this matter—thought fit to make any reply to questions which arose directly and obviously upon his letter, or to other allegations equally discreditable to "the Department." This silence, not only on the part of the Chaplain-General, but also on that of his semi-official apologist in the Press, only gives additional significance to the questions which I have raised. The public has a right to know by whom and for what purpose the most arduous and responsible posts in this important branch of the Service are officered by the youngest and least-experienced members of the Staff; and by what means, and with the sanction of what official superiors, certain individuals succeed in dodging their periods of foreign service to the detriment of their less favoured or influential colleagues. The public, again, has a right to know precisely what part the Chaplain-General plays in regard to all these transactions, and if he is entirely innocent, the further question will at once arise, What purpose does he serve at all? These are questions vitally affecting the efficient and honest administration of a public department, and if the Chaplain-General and his friends, after answering them up to a point, choose to ignore them just where they become most grave and pertinent, it only becomes the more necessary that they should be pressed home at every opportunity. On that view I shall act.

I cannot leave this matter without pointing out once again how the Services are served by those newspapers which profess and call themselves the Service journals Setting aside for the moment the public point of view, here is a matter vitally affecting the interests of a considerable number of officers in a small but important branch of the Service. *Primâ facie*, a very strong case exists of injustice and favouritism on the part of some person or persons at the War Office. The matter is ventilated at considerable length in Truth, and my observations are considered of sufficient weight to draw an official reply from the Chaplain-General. The *Broad Arrow*, a "Service paper," then appears on the scene. And what does it do? It first sends a representative to the War Office to obtain from the person or persons incriminated their answer to the accusation. Then, obviously without having referred to Truth, or made even a pretence at ascertaining the nature of the grievances alleged, it puts forth the official statement from the War Office as a complete and final answer to the complainants' case. At the same time, with what really seems superfluous servility, it apologises for having in a previous issue published a letter from one of the aggrieved officers, which may have hurt the feelings of exalted officials in Whitehall. After this edifying performance I cease to wonder that Service men seem to prefer to ventilate their grievances anywhere rather than in a Service paper.

FEES IN THEATRES.

For some time past there has been a silent revolution in our theatres. Now that, as a rule, the prices of seats at places of theatrical entertainment are inordinately high, the public seem to be of opinion that fees and taxes and petty impositions of all kinds should be instantly abolished. A society has been formed to protest against theatre taxes. On more than one occasion the revolutionists were ill-advised enough to take steps which, if not promptly checked, might have developed into a dangerous disturbance. They came armed with banners and leaflets. The banners they hung out from the upper galleries, breathing revolt and malediction. The leaflets they scattered in showers from the upper circles, fluttering them over the exposed gaslights, a most dangerous and reprehensible proceeding. A summary summons to Bow-street nipped this active revolution in the bud; so, as matters stand, the protesters against paid programmes content themselves with howling at illiberal managers and cheering the providers of free programmes to the echo.

At first sight it would appear that the problem was

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capable of the easiest solution. Those who don't like a manager's rules can stay away from his theatre. There is no law compelling men and women to visit a play-house where a programme costs sixpence. It is a free country, and the theatrical tradesman can surely charge what price he likes for his goods. As Mr. Bancroft pointed out long ago, the theatre is a shop, and it is for the public to say whether or no they will patronise a shop where the prices for goods rule high. For instance, Mr. Bancroft invented the ten-shilling stall. Originally he did so because he managed a very small theatre where the entertainment was exceptionally good. He did it as an experiment, and he found that the public were prepared to pay a high price for an excellent entertainment. And in so doing he was a wise and prudent tradesman. The best proof of that is that he made a fortune and retired from the stage. With far less judgment, many of his brother managers adopted the ten-shilling stall, but gave an indifferent entertainment. This was distinctly a bad policy—an utterly false move. The public did not, and do not, care to give ten shillings and proportionate prices for second-class entertainments, so the receipts gradually fell off, and something has to be done in order to pay the rent.

The obvious course is to "let off the bars" as it is called; that is to say, to introduce a contractor or middle-man who will pay the manager so many pounds a week, with the privilege of selling indifferent refreshment at exorbitant prices, of collecting coats and cloaks and wraps with implied threats, and of selling farthing programmes at sixpence and a shilling apiece. It is this fatal system against which the public very properly protests. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the modern and ideal manager, protests in the innocence of his heart that he had no more idea than the man in the moon what this refreshment contract meant. He accepted it blindly, not knowing into what a morass he was being led. Presumably he knew that his audience was to be refreshed by other people, but he did not know that his new and æsthetic public was to be taxed for playbills or charged for cloak-rooms. By this time, no doubt, the worthy Jones has been enlightened. A contract in this country means a contract, and there is no evading it by giving gratuitous drink behind the stage, or by distributing gratuitous playbills outside the doors. The system is a bad one, but Mr. Jones adopted it in an unfortunate moment. He only did what scores of amateur managers do. He reduced his weekly rent by receiving a weekly stipend from a firm of legitimate and no doubt honourable tradesmen who see their way to make an honest penny out of the playgoing public. This is no new system. It is as old as the hills. Boxkeepers before now have made fortunes, and even become managers themselves (and lost them), and it is not improbable, if matters go on as at present, that many managers with reduced capital may become boxkeepers.

As I said before, the remedy is in the hands of the public. They can stay away. If I am asked to a country house where the rule is that I am to be forced out of bed with a gong or a bagpipe, and compelled to go down shivering to a dreadful meal called breakfast, at eight o'clock on a winter's morning, you may be quite sure that, with all respect for my host, I do not visit that house again. It is mine to take or leave. I leave it. And so might the protesters against play-bills if they cared to do so. They cannot legally resist a tax that is obnoxious to them. They must take it —or leave it.

At the same time, it seems to me a very short-sighted policy to persist in a system that is distinctly unpopular. In these days of variety theatres and smoking theatres, where the programme is attractive, the management unexceptionable, and when by an evasion of a stupid and obsolete law dramatic entertainments are countenanced on the music-hall stage, it does not do for many managers to snap their fingers in the faces of the play-going public. They require, in nine cases out of ten to court them, not to snub them. It is the better policy to be courteous than to offend. The worst of all possible policies is to introduce into your house an unpopular element which you cannot control. The lady who gives a dinner-party, and is at the mercy of the local greengrocer to attend on her guests, is virtually lost. A manager who introduces servants who defy his orders and take them from a refreshment contractor is, in my humble opinion, no manager at all. The root of the matter is simply this. The lessee who has capital of his own has no need of the subvention of the refreshment contractor. The lessee who has no banking account *must* call in his assistance to diminish a rent which he cannot pay. The majority of London theatres are managed by men with no capital whatever. Q.E.D.

But then, it will be asked, why are so many new theatres built in London? The answer is very simple. Because there are more fools than wise men in London. The wise men are those who build theatres: the fools are those who take them. Every "Tottie" has a capitalist at her beck and call. The world teems with stage-struck Romeos and Juliets, who buy their experience or get it bought for them. It is a matter of utter indifference to the landlord who pockets his rent—and increases it annually.

A suggestion has been made whereby the programme difficulty might be avoided by adopting the Parisian plan of a printed sheet containing the bills of every place of entertainment in London, to be sold every evening at the newspaper-stalls. But to ensure the success of such a sheet you would have to secure the co-operation of every theatrical and music-hall manager and proprietor in the Metropolis. If they would all agree to take the periodical as the authorised and official programme, well and good. Then the success of the scheme would be assured. But would they? I very much doubt it. In few professions is there so little *esprit de corps*. If the managers who now give away their programmes gratis would consent to give away the proposed neat little well-printed theatrical *feuilletons*, with full information, notes and gossip concerning the amusements of the Metropolis, and if the fee-encouraging managers would consent to sell it at a penny, a little fortune might be made. But the

Kinahan's LL Whiskey. "The Cream of old Irish Whiskies. Kinahan's LL Whiskey. Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1878, Kinahan's LL Whiskey. The Prize Medal, Dublin, 1865.

theatrical world is not Utopia! It is quite certain that managers like Mr. Irving, Mr. Hare, Mr. Tree, or Mr. Alexander would not permit within the walls of their theatres the bawling ruffians who help to make Parisian theatres even more uncomfortable and discordant than they are at present. Parisian co-operation may be all very well, but Parisian dirt and din inside a playhouse are certainly not to be endured in England.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

DOM PEDRO.

"LES morts se suivent, et ne se ressemblent pas." Poor Dom Pedro may be said to have died a forlorn wayfarer in a strange country. He long suffered from a disease which, if it does not always kill, undermines the intellect and opens the door to all kinds of inflammatory maladies. Scientist though he was, it did not occur to him, or to the doctor who to the last formed a part of his suite of old retainers, that it was dangerous for an elderly gentleman afflicted with this ailment to go and live in a hotel that was only separated by a street and a block of houses from the Madeleine Market. On Sunday I went to see the public lying-in-state (if under the circumstances this phrase is applicable) of the late ex-Emperor. There was a great crowd at the doorway before me, which obliged me to wait some time in the street. My nose was assailed with the smell of market detritus, such as the sweepings of fish, poultry, meat, and vegetable stalls, and the odours which goods (not quite fresh) for sale there gave out. The molecules, and, of course, the microbes, with which the air must have been charged, would not hurt one in good health, but might be fatally injurious to a delicate person. Dom Pedro had all his life been at San Christovao and Petropolis, so much out of the way of insanitary town conditions that perhaps he never thought about them. What he wanted in coming to live in the Rue de l'Arcade was to be in a noiseless street and a quiet hotel, highly respectable, not dear, and near the railway to Versailles, where his daughter and her family live as well as they can on the £4,000 a year allowed them by the Duc de Nemours. The poor old ex-Emperor was also glad to be near the Church of the Madeleine, whose Curé was his wife's spiritual director during her different long visits to Paris. When bouquets were sent to him on family or national Brazilian anniversaries, he presented them to the Church for altar adornment. Pedro knew that his end was nigh before his last illness began to alarm the doctors. He caused his last birthday to be kept as "the dawn of a birthday to another life." It fell on a date full of suggestion to him—December the Second—"a date which had come home to him for nearly forty years as a warning." The Pope had authorised the Curé of the Madeleine to celebrate Mass himself or by delegate in the Emperor's room on that or any other occasion on which the august patient desired. It was the commonplace, and rather poky, bedroom of a French hotel, furnished in dark blue reps and *valissandre* rosewood, with a narrow mirror, wardrobe bed, two armchairs and two armless ones, and a small table. The bedroom in which I once interviewed "The King of Auracania," in a maison meublée of the Rue de Douai, was larger and in better style. But though the accessories of the stage on which the last act of the Emperor's life was played were humble, his end was one to impress the mind with a sense of grandeur. Yet, I have heard him spoken of since his death by thoughtless people as "poor old chap," and "a good, old well-meaning soul," and "un Empereur astrologue, qui était trop dans les astres pour ne pas éprouver des désastres." No, no. This ex-tropical Potentate saw wherein true greatness lay, and that those who, like Louis Napoleon, sell their souls to the evil one make fools' bargains.

Dom Pedro often said that if he had not been an Emperor, he would have been a school-master. He had the tastes of a pedagogue, but not the manners, and was not prone to teach and preach, but rather to gather knowledge. December the Second had been to him a subject of meditation for nearly forty years. For twenty years it had encouraged him to go straight forward, and not to hold fast to crown, sceptre, or aught else that could be taken from him. What he most wished was for his children to realise that nothing is so vain as the so-called "greatness dependent on wealth and station." He found it the veriest unreality, and a good conscience and peace with the whole world consoling and sterling realities. Was it not better on his last Second of December to be fearless as to the verdict of posterity than to be accused by a whole people, and having to go on from one crime to another to remain on the throne? In this stage of the world's advancement there was no possibility of reigning for any length of time, or usefully, except with the general and cheerful acquiescence of one's subjects.

After the Second of December Mass, the ex-Emperor's strength rapidly sank, and fever rose. Dr. Charcot's remedy of cafeine, which had answered so well at Milan, was unavailing. Strength could not be kept up with food, the lungs being all inflamed. In that state, it would not do to give work to the heart. And so his medical attendants were debarred from being of any use. The state of the patient before he fell into that condition when the body becomes a lethal chamber to the spirit, and which the French call *l'agonie*, was one of sweet intellectual beatitude. He asked all with him to pray for "the absent family over the ocean, and for peace to reign among them." His daughter was exhorted not to go back unless recalled by the people. If recalled and reigning through their affections, she might be useful and glorious. Otherwise, a private position would be preferable.

Dom Pedro, on the whole, was genuine; but he was too much the Portuguese not to posture somewhat as a living encyclopædia, philosopher, and friend and admirer of learned men. He was at bottom a proud man. His country place at Petropolis being surrounded by the residences of persons far richer than he was, he made a rule that nobody was to be asked to dinner, nor invitations to dine out accepted there by any member of his family. This was to prevent *les nouveaux enrichés* having the satis-

MINTON'S (Limited).—MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

faction of outshining the Emperor and Empress. His mode of life was plain and unaffected, and the luxuries on which he spent most money were botanic gardens and an observatory. He had a passion for astronomy, with which his daughters were bitten. But it cooled somewhat after he came to Europe, though he used often to go to the observatory to spend his evenings and to lunch with Admiral Mouchez and Flammarion.

When the Empress of Brazil died,—also in a wayside hotel — Dom Pedro, thinking the Empire fallen for ever, refused to send formal intimations of the event to the Courts and Republican executives of the world. His daughter means to officially inform them of his death. She is encouraged in this course by the Princesse de Joinville, the member of the Orleans family who is the greatest stickler for etiquette.

When Dom Pedro died, each of the relatives and attendants, with a knee bent to the ground, kissed first his hand and then that of the Comtesse d'Eu. If the late Emperor should have been a schoolmaster she ought to have been a prima donna. Her voice was, before trouble came upon her, a glorious mezzo-soprano, with low notes of rare fulness. I heard professors say that it might have been, the range was so exceptional, made either a contralto or soprano. With this she has musical genius. So had her mother, an Italian Princess with a good deal of Austrian blood. The Comtesse d'Eu is thrice descended from Maria Theresa, and her children four times. She has some fine qualities, one of which is fearlessness, but she associated herself, to a degree that shows she has little political tact, with the Orleans family when she was on long visits to Paris as Princess Imperial. There was nothing to prevent her and her husband but family feeling and prejudice from being on good terms with the French Republic. Her eldest son is delicate, and has a deformed foot. She has sent her three sons to a college taught by the Eudist Fathers at Versailles. They are less high in their prices and are counted less *chic* than the Jesuits or Dominicans. The Oratorians would have been better from a *juste milieu* stand-point. She and her family may be recalled. But just now there seems but little prospect of such an event.

I noticed what you said last week in an "Entre Nous" paragraph about the organisation for locking up dipsomaniacs in Belgian private asylums. There are French private *maisons de santé* which take in such persons, who are brought here from England. I could lay my finger on a member of the English aristocracy now under restraint as a dipsomaniac, in the department of the Seine. She is a married woman, and is kept dressed in man's clothes. As to Mrs. Weldon, I wondered that the papers were so long silent about her. If she is sequestrated in a French convent, the Reverend Mother would show prudence in giving her up at once. A Bill is before the Chamber of Deputies which will revolutionise legislation in this country on lunatics and mad-houses, and make things hot for persons keeping in the old ruts. The actual lunacy law dates from 1838. It was devised by Louis Philippe and Comte de Molé, his "gentleman Premier" (to distinguish him from the bourgeois Thiers and Guizot, and the humbly-born Soult), and was framed on purpose to revive *lettres de cachet* and the Bastille in new forms. The person it particularly aimed at was a whilom dear friend of Queen Marie Amélie and Madame Adelaide, the King's sister—namely Baroness de Feuchères *née* Sophie Dawes, a woman picked up by the last of the Condés in the Haymarket. She never let go her hold on that illustrious personage either before or after her marriage to Baron de Feuchères, and forced her lover, when he was eighty or thereabouts, to make a will leaving most of his estates to the Duc d'Aumale, after the payment to herself of a legacy of £400,000. He had intended to get away to England to join Charles X. there, and make the Comte de Chambord his sole legatee. When, therefore, the will being executed, he committed suicide, every one believed that he was suicided by the siren and an English groom. The King, for reasons of his own, hushed up this tragedy, in which Zola might really find a congenial subject; but, as his wife and sister cut Sophie, and he tried to do her out of the £400,000, she grew savage, and threatened to tell everything. She was in this mood in 1838 when she lived at Morfontaine, and had Comte de Molé for her summer next-door neighbour at Champlâtreux. I formerly knew persons to whom she talked there of the "accursed money," and of the utter misery of her life, and her wish to expiate her evil deeds, and to bring down the Orleans Monarchy with herself, and had conversations with the Mayor of St. Leu, who cut down the hanged body of the Duc de Bourbon. There was no shutting her mouth, except through the expedient of the Lunacy Bill which was enacted in 1838. Under its provisions a doctor's certificate is all that a commissary of police needs to incarcerate no matter whom in a mad-house. The late Emperor's Ministers and prefects often got doctors to sign *lettres de cachet* in the form of lunacy certificates, and used them to *embastiller* political foes, and in some instances creditors. The facts which came out not long ago about Major Heriot, the owner of the *Magazins du Louvre*, being incarcerated by his wife, and Baron Raymond de Sellière by his sister, the Princesse de Sagan, called public attention to the iniquitous lunacy law of the Citizen-King. Under the Bill now before the Chamber of Deputies, the lunatic can only be committed on the order of a bench of judges after they have personally examined him or her. The procedure will be simply a notice sent them by a police commissary stating the reasons why restraint is thought desirable, and asking what day it would suit the judges to make their examination, with the aid of an independent doctor. This medical expert will be paid a fairly good fee. But the other proceedings are to cost very little. The Bill is still in committee, and it will be some time before the report on it is made. A laudable desire has been shown to secure eccentric or original persons from being pounced upon as lunatics, and to make examples of those who conspire to lock them up.

A short time ago a young friend of mine, a fortuneless orphan girl, made what seemed to her a brilliant match.

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The husband was a Government clerk, residing with his father, a retired Post-Captain, who had for a housekeeper an old-maid cousin. It was agreed that the young couple should live with the father, and that the cousin should continue to direct the establishment, the bride having no experience in housekeeping. The latter soon became an object of dislike to the husband's family, she having had no *dot*. Her grandmother, her only relative and a capital woman, was turned away when she came to see her, and her letters were sent back unopened. After, perhaps, a year and a-half she learned that her grandchild had disappeared, and then, after long search, ascertained that she was in a mad-house. The charge against her was "insubordination to the cousin." But it was impossible to find out where her prison was. A Deputy who was a friend of mine suggested a formal accusation, by a person or persons unknown, of murder, the young lady having disappeared. This was done. Her husband and his family then, not to be arrested on suspicion, had to say where she was. She was found in a private asylum, where she had been ten months. The doctor said that she was no more mad than he was, and kept her as far as was possible out of the company of the other inmates. When asked why then did he receive her, he answered that he made a living as a mad doctor, and all the formalities required by the law having been observed, he should have been a poor business man if he raised objections. The beauty of it was that he and the young lady had fallen in love with each other when he was her gaoler. She has since sued for a divorce, to which she is well entitled, so as to marry the mad doctor. I know another case of a sick nurse having been placed under restraint because she was the witness of undue influence being brought to bear on an old lady to get her to make a will in favour of a niece, to the exclusion of her other relatives. Lunacy laws all over Europe are more or less bad. In France they are disgraceful. But the French are now alive to this blot on their civilisation.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DEAR LADY BETTY,—The Revolt of the Mannikin is accomplished. The voice of the seditious agitator has penetrated even into the delectable dove-cotes of Mayfair, and his subversive eloquence has even inflamed the apathetic spirit of the Belgravian Masher. The detrimental "Johnnies" are aroused, and the privileges of primogeniture are in imminent peril.

Little did London suspect on Sunday morning last, when it awoke from its four million dreams of love and lucre, hatred or sorrow, that, on that very afternoon, the calamitous tempest would sweep it from the Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner, from Stanhope Gate even unto Kensington Gore!

Towards four o'clock, however, to the strains of inspiriting music, gathering bands of frock-coated, delicate, but determined youths attracted attention as, in their thousands, they hurried on towards the Reformers' Oak. The "Belgrave Amalgamated Diners and Dancers" proudly led the way, their banners displaying the appropriate mottos, "Less Dances and More Dinners," "Bazaars and Beggary," "No more Afternoon Teas." These were closely followed by the "Mayfair Mashers," dainty, dapper young men with sparkling eyes, pink cheeks, and calf-skin boots, over whose head waved the ominous device "Down with the Dowagers." The "Stock-Exchange Brigade" came next, their unfurled ensigns exhibiting the inscriptions "Abolition of Primogeniture" and "Free Trade in Matrimony." The "United Pimlico Plungers," the "Kensington Kiddies," the "Junior Johnnies," the "Music and Tea" young men, and many more, pressed ever onwards in almost unceasing succession towards that memorable trysting-ground where so many labour and social struggles have before now been brought to a successful issue.

And as they urged their wild career past the Achilles statue, half hidden by the intervening trees, a stern, lonely figure might have been noticed contemplating the tumultuous scene.

Arrived upon the classic ground, an emaciated orator mounted the platform, and in fervid, impassioned tones, addressed the meeting in the following words:—

"Gentlemen,—It is with overwhelming sentiments of pride and confidence that I observe assembled around me here to-day the *fine fleur* of British Masherdom. We, indeed, are no mere drones, no mere pleasure-seekers, no ornamental triflers (loud cheers). It is on us that devolves the earnest, incessant toil of Society. We are the patient labourers in the social field, who dance with the ill-favoured daughters, who escort the obese *chaperons* to their second supper, who fetch and carry their superfluous wraps, call their carriages, fondle their lap-dogs, and faithfully perform those innumerable duties which are apportioned to our care. (Pause.) . . . And yet, gentlemen (impressively), the prizes are distributed amongst our elder brothers. (Loud and continued cries of "Shame.") *They* marry the prettiest women, to *them* are given the most desirable heiresses (groans), and *they* it is who reap in the field where *we* have laboriously sown. (Renewed uproar.) Shall it be said, then, gentlemen, in this, the age of emancipation and liberty, that you were so timorous, so invertebrate, ah! even so *slavish* as rather to permit your most sacred rights to be trampled upon than strike one blow for their redemption. No. *Never.* Though your well-bred impassive countenances disclose no signs of the hurricane of wrath which is raging within your breasts, the expressive curl of your hats, the unaccustomed pleats in your trousers, the strain on the buttons of your faultless coats, reveal to me to the full the strength, the depth, and the breadth of your otherwise exquisitely controlled feelings. Though we are but mashers—we are still men (prolonged applause, mixed with audible sobbing). Gentlemen, let us then arise. . . . "

But this sentence was destined never to be concluded. Scarcely had it been commenced than the mysterious Napoleonic figure I had noticed earlier in the afternoon hard by the Achilles Statue, rushing into the very centre of the excited crowd, shouted, in imperious tones, "Hold! Silence! It is I, Chiffinge—the experienced promoter—Chiffinge, the Society baby-farmer!

"Et Piff, Paff, Pouff, et Pata Pata Poom, Je suis, moi, le Général *Boom* Boom."

* * * * * *

Eh? What? What? Time to dress for dinner? Dear me! I suppose, then, I must have been dreaming. No revolt? No demonstration? No impassioned oratory and no Napoleonic Chiffinge? . . . . How *very* disappointing!

* * * * * *

Marriages, as I have often pointed out before, are now no longer made in heaven, but in Truth. Seeing, therefore, that I formally announced several months ago the approaching marriage of Princess "May" of Teck to the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, the official notification of their betrothal cannot have created much surprise. The Duke of Clarence himself somewhat delayed the event by developing an acute *penchant* for Princess Hélène of Orléans, a union which, however, both on religious and other grounds, was,

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of course, entirely out of the question. In Princess May he secures the prettiest, pleasantest, and most popular bride it was in his power to obtain, and his choice is one which will certainly arouse the sympathetic loyalty of the entire nation.

Shortly after three o'clock on Sunday afternoon the report speedily spread throughout club-land that the Duke, with the sanction of her Majesty the Queen, had formally proposed to Princess May, and that their betrothal would be publicly announced in the Monday papers. The actual proposal was made on the previous Friday at Luton Hoo, where both the Duke and his future bride were on a visit to Madame de Falbe. Of course, the young Princess was duly apprised beforehand of the honour which was to be paid her, and for all practical purposes, therefore, this and the immediately subsequent proceedings were purely formal. I allude to the Duke's visit to the Queen at Windsor on Saturday to submit his choice to her Majesty's approval, and the Queen's visit to Marlborough House on Monday to congratulate her son and daughter-in-law, and grandson and granddaughter.

There is no doubt that the proposed union will be the most popular circumstance connected with our Royal Family of recent years. Princess May, without flattery, has won the affection of the vast mass of the people, with whom her name is associated with good looks, good spirits, a good heart, and a sound English womanly nature.

Her Majesty seized the opportunity of visiting London on Monday to express her last adieus to Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, for within the past twenty-four hours the chances of his recovery have become almost beyond hope. Indeed, at the time of writing, Prince Victor has been unconscious the greater part of the day. Unfortunately, an operation in his case would necessitate the entire removal of the lower jaw, and I believe that he himself is opposed to so drastic an experiment. Prince Victor has borne his terrible fate with extraordinary courage, and even cheerfulness, and the great misfortune which has befallen him will be sincerely grieved for by his very numerous and most devoted friends. Dr. Walker alone, of his many medical attendants, held out from the first any hopes, and as he on several occasions had achieved some almost miraculous cures, Prince Victor clutched at this last straw, which, apparently, intervened between him and the great unknown.

The authorities of the National Gallery have just succeeded in making a haul of important and very valuable pictures, which are now on the way to their new home in Trafalgar-square. This haul consists of fifteen Dutch works from the Habish Collection, which for some five or six years past have been exhibited in the public gallery at Cassel. Two of these are by Carel Fabricius. The price paid is said to have been £3,000—a figure far below their real value.

The Buccleuch Hunt Ball on Wednesday last, from all accounts, appears to have been an exceptional success, though the absence of a party from Floors Castle occasioned some disappointment to the neighbouring magnates. Lady Nina Balfour brought over from Newton, Lord Dalkeith, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell and two Misses Hamilton, and Lady Mabel Howard. Mrs. Baird entertained at Stichill for the occasion, amongst others, Mrs. and Miss Joicey, Miss Rose Staniforth, Miss Dundas, Mr. Ogilvy, and Mr. Ralli.

Dances one week, divorce another, death a third, and such is the epitome of life in London. The Divorce Court monopolised public attention last week, when a series of revelations were attempted which I prefer not discussing here. However, one of the first figures I recognised in the gallery was Mr. Arthur Sebright, who, some six or seven years ago, attended this same Court as defendant in a memorable action brought against him by Lady Russell's sister. He must have listened to the President's severe summing-up with pardonable satisfaction. Lord Russell gave his evidence with remarkable coolness and judgment, whilst the pretty plaintiff and her sister adorned the seats just below him. Mr. Justice Butt's summing-up was delivered in a soft colloquial style that was anything but sensational, but he very forcibly impressed upon the jury his own views of the case, to the outspoken indignation of Lady Russell. The Court was crowded, and somewhat reminded one of the recent Gordon-Cumming trial.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

PARIS.—HÔTEL ANGLO-FRANÇAIS, 6, Rue Castiglioni, facing the Continental. First-class. Highly recommended for comfort, cuisine, moderate charges, and sanitary arrangements. Otis American lift.

SPORTING NOTES.

MR. BLACK'S history of the Jockey Club* is a very interesting book, and evidently the result of wide reading and much laborious research. He carefully traces the history of the Club from 1750, when it appears to have been seriously started, and it was in 1753 that it was first found to be "in activity" at Newmarket. Mr. Black's book suffers severely from the rare fault of over-compression, for he has not allowed himself a sufficient amount of space to do justice to the subject. He gives brief sketches of nearly every member of the Club from the earliest date, but many of them are vexatiously scrappy, and very much more detailed accounts of such personages as Lord March, Old Q., Lord Egremont, the fourth Duke of Portland; the various Dukes of Ancaster, Richmond, Dorset, and Grafton, who were prominent at Newmarket, and Sir Harry Vane Tempest, would have been most acceptable. Mr. Black, however, has succeeded in bringing together a vast amount of curious and interesting information concerning long-since-forgotten members of the Club, whom he classes as "The Sirs" and "The Misters," respectively. The historical and biographical portions of this book are more entertaining and useful than the chapters which are devoted to criticism; because Mr. Black is as flighty an Arcadian as Lothair, for he would like the Club to abolish betting altogether, and yearns to see the members of the Ring "warned off from all racecourses," while the higher classes of speculators would be dealt with by a rule "that no member of the Jockey Club shall bet with any member of the Ring, either personally or by commission, on pain of losing his membership by so doing." This is nonsense and rubbish, but I quite agree in Mr. Black's view that it would be preposterous for Parliament to grant the Club "a Charter of incorporation and supremacy," and the more emphatically do I concur with him because his opinion on this point is the same which was expresssd in TRUTH twelve or thirteen years ago.

Mr. Black devotes two chapters to "Departed Members," which deals with those who have died since 1835. It is rather funny to find Count Festetics in this collection, and described as being "understood to be brother-in-law to the Duke of Hamilton," as if there were a doubt about the fact. As a proof of the Chicago-like manner in which Mr. Black packs his matter, I may mention that he devotes only fourteen lines to the late Lord Derby, sixteen to Lord George Bentinck, fourteen to General George Anson, seventeen to General Peel, and ten to Admiral Rous. There are a few allusions to certain deceased members which are in the very worst possible taste.

The book may be confidently recommended to all who care for turf history, and those readers who desire to peruse the subject had better note Mr. Black's list of "authorities," to which may be added "The Diary of Mr. Thomas Raikes," and "The Selwyn Correspondence," the latter work containing by far the most graphic account which exists of "Old Q" and his contemporaries.

Of the seven stakes at Newmarket, which closed last

* "The Jockey Club and its Founders," in three periods, by Robert Black, M.A., author of "Horse-Racing in France." Smith Elder & Co.

week, only the Summer Plate failed to fill. There are only thirty-nine entries for the Fitzwilliam Plate, which is the principal two-year-old race at the Craven Meeting, and I am not surprised at this comparative failure, for the conditions are most idiotic. How much better to have a Plate of £500, added to a sweepstakes of £20 each, with an entrance of £10, to be the only liability if declared by the first Tuesday in March. These are the sort of conditions which attract owners, but the Newmarket authorities have not the wit to apprehend, although, if they were less somnolent, they would long ago have made the discovery, by observing how successful stakes on these lines have proved at the principal gate-money meetings. There are thirty-seven entries for the Dullingham Plate, of £1,000, at the First July Meeting, and the best of the older horses engaged are Orion, Orville, Blue Green, Grammont, Bosphorus, Martenhurst, Bracken, Nunthorpe, Rousseau, Sainfoin, Gone Coon, The Deemster, Cuttlestone, and Simonian. The Great Challenge Plate of £500 is another event with by no means seductive conditions, and the Stewards of the Jockey Club may think themselves lucky to have obtained forty entries, among which there are only seven four-year-olds, these being Cuttlestone, Prince Hampton, Simonian, Henry VIII., Bumptious, Woolsthorpe, and Bosphorus. There are thirty entries for the Newmarket Leger of 1893, and eighteen for the Derby. These stakes, and many others like them, which still drag on an ignominious existence in the Newmarket programmes, are utterly effete, and should be abolished.

Mr. G. A. Baird, who is known on the turf as "Mr. Abington," has obtained leave from the Court of Session to disentail the large estates in Aberdeenshire, Berwickshire, and Roxburghshire, which were left to him by his father in strict settlement. The Strichen estate in Aberdeenshire extends to nearly 18,000 acres; and Stichill, in Roxburghshire, is a very fine property. The court has ordered Mr. Baird to pay £39,711 to the next heirs of entail as compensation.

The yearlings bred by the Duchess of Montrose are this season fifteen in number, and they have just been removed to her training stables. Of the six colts, Duc d'Orléans is by Clairvaux, out of Fraulein, a grandly-bred mare, and an excellent performer when on the turf, but her failure at the stud has been complete and ignominious. Berwick is by Fitzjames, out of Jannette, another splendid failure, for since the Duchess gave 5,000 gs. for her in 1884, at the sale of Lord Falmouth's stud, I cannot recollect that she has produced anything that could win a race. Menelaus is by Isonomy, out of Helen of Troy, and Petros is own brother to St. Serf, while Grand Duke is by Isonomy, out of Princess Louise Victoria, a mare which represents the late Mr. Cartwright's best strains. Of the nine fillies, May Season, is by Isonomy, out of Marie Stuart, another mare which has entirely failed to justify the high expectations which were entertained respecting her stud career. Habridera is by Isonomy out of Polonaise, a mare which the Duchess purchased for a large sum at the sale of the stud of the late Mr. John Bowes. Fine Lady is own sister to Shall we Remember, and Faithful is own sister to that good horse Satiety; while Deserted is by Isonomy out of Alone, by Hermit. It will be observed that the team does not include any relative to Seabreeze and Riviera, nor is there a yearling out of either Thebais or Corrie Roy. Of the Duchess of Montrose's mares, Thebais and Jannette were sent this year to Macheath; St. Marguerite (dam of Seabreeze) and Pilgrimage to the defunct Isonomy, and Corrie Roy to Royal Hampton.

It is generally considered at Newmarket that the Duke of Portland has the best lot of yearlings now being trained there. His brothers to Semolina and Ayrshire respectively (Raeburn and Kilmarnock) are splendid colts, and the former bears a marked resemblance to Donovan, his half-brother by Galopin, in his style of cantering, and a more beautiful and a more highly-promising yearling has seldom been seen. Of the fillies, The Prize, by Bend Or, out of Satchel, is a grand yearling, and Argo, by Minting, out of Dodona (by Springfield out of Wheel of Fortune), has been much admired. The Duke's yearlings will not be messed about in the manner which is now so miserably common, as they are not to be galloped about in any way whatever until the middle of March, and then only those which are really forward in condition will be tried.

I mentioned some time ago that Lord Falmouth contemplates forming a small breeding stud at Mereworth, his place in Kent, where there are some of the best paddocks in England; and I now hear that some purchases are likely to be made on his account at Newmarket next week.

Messrs. Tattersall's winter sale at Newmarket takes place next week, and it is to be on a prodigious scale, extending over four days, while the catalogue fills nearly nineteen columns of the *Racing Calendar*. I should think that vendors must quake at the prospect, having dismally distinct recollections of the numerous failures at Doncaster still in their minds, and so apoplectic a plethora in the catalogue is sure to result in a paralytic tenuity among the purchasers. There is an enormous amount of rubbish of the most grievous kind. I observe that Maid of Dorset is coming up on Tuesday. She is a Dutch Skater mare, and came into notoriety last season as being the dam of the only Ormonde yearling, for which some simpleton paid the crackbrained price of £5,000. Several mares from the Duchess of Montrose's stud are to be offered, including Fräulein (served by Highland Chief), Madrida (served by Sheen), and Violetta (served by Isonomy). Clairvaux will also be sent up. On Wednesday the Duke of Hamilton's mares, horses in training, and yearlings will be offered. Among the yearlings is an own sister to Miss Jummy. Lord Dudley sends up several mares and foals, and there is sure to be brisk competition for five fillies from the Duke of Portland's stud, four of which are by St. Simon, one being own sister to Semolina. Lord Cadogan's small stud includes those grandly-bred mares, Lonely (by Hermit) and Mazurka (by See-Saw), the former being in foal to St Simon. There is a filly foal, by Isonomy, out of Lonely, and another by St. Simon, out of Mazurka. These creatures will be among the highest-priced lots of the week. Captain Fife's mares and foals are to be sold on Wednesday. On Thursday Lord Zetland sends up that fine Hermit mare, St. Helena, who has been served by Satiety. Lord Hastings offers eight brood mares, one of which is Violet Melrose, the dam of Melton, who has been served by St. Simon. Since Violet Melrose produced Melton in 1882 I cannot remember that she has bred anything above selling-plate form. The stallion, Silver (own brother to Gold), will be sent up on Thursday, and also seventeen of "Mr. Abington's" horses in training, among which are Father Confessor and King of Diamonds. Lord Ellesmere sends up six young mares from the Stetchworth stud, and Mr. Corlett offers Pretty Dance (1878), who is by Doncaster, out of Highland Fling (the dam of Saraband and Superba), and Dancing Water (1887), by Isonomy, out of Pretty Dance. The former has been served by Torpedo (brother to Martini and Shotover), and the latter by Foxhall. Mr. D. Cooper is disgustedly weeding the colt by St. Simon out of Anemone, for which he paid 1,600 gs. last year, and which has brought him in nothing except a heavy bill for forfeits, as he was engaged in thirty-four stakes. Lord Gerard's nine brood mares will be offered on Thursday, and also Bransdale, about whose summer performances there were all kinds of distracted jargonings, several infatuated people vowing that he was the second best three-year-old of the season. Odd Fellow is a direful name to the anserous legion who were gulled into backing him in last year's Leger. Of five animals from the Exton stud (Lord Penrhyn's) one is Royal Nun, by Hermit, who has been served by Ayrshire, and she ought to realise a high price. Sir Robert Jardine offers a couple of stallions, and three horses in training, one of which is Wise Man.

A writer in the *Sporting Times* must be considerably benighted when he refers to Lord George Bentinck as "the noble ancestor" of the present Duke of Portland. Lord George died unmarried, and the present Duke's father was his cousin.

I observe that 2 to 1 is offered against Orme for the Derby, and no doubt, in the course of a few weeks, still longer odds will be forthcoming, but he ought not to be thought of seriously until we see how he gets through the winter.

M. Cannon, who heads the list of "Winning Jockeys," well deserves the success which he has achieved, for he has ridden many exceedingly fine races. Cannon's only important winners were Nunthorpe (City and Suburban, and Jubilee Handicap) and Laureate II., on whom he carried off the Royal Hunt Cup. He won 137 races, while G. Barrett is credited with 133, among which were the Two Thousand, Derby, and Leger, in which last he rode an admirable race. Barrett also rode Orme and La Flêche in all their races. Watts, with 114 wins and 369 losses, shows a much better average than either Barrett or Cannon, and, considering his weight, he has really done remarkably well. Watts rode a beautiful race on Morion in the Ascot Cup. Woodburn, who has been very lucky in his mounts, is credited with ninety wins, whereas he had only fifty last year. The two Chaloners—both very fine riders—have seventy-six (R.) and sixty (G.) respectively. Rickaby has fifty-nine wins, including the One Thousand and Oaks, while Liddiard rode a very clever race on Surefoot when he won the Eclipse Stakes. F. Webb's principal victory was the Lancashire Plate, which he won on Signorina, whose owner's presents to the jockey and stable employés were not notable for their liberality. T. Cannon's comparatively small score is due to ill-health, which unluckily has kept him out of the saddle for several months. J. Osborne has well earned the testimonial which is being got up for him, and the case of Bradbury, for whom a fund is being raised, is a most deserving one.

ORMONDE.

I HAVE received the following letter from Mr. Hume Webster, too late to refer it to my sporting correspondent. I have not the slightest notion whether roaring is hereditary in horses, but this matter seems to be profoundly agitating the celestial minds of those versed in such questions. I do not gather that my correspondent meant to infer that Mr. Webster contemplated re-selling Ormonde; what he meant, I should imagine, was that Mr. Webster and his friends intended to bring over Ormonde with a view to recoup themselves (with a profit, naturally) by letting him out, and he deemed that those who did hire the animal were asses. If he and Mr. Chaplin are right in their views as to the hereditary character of roaring, and that roaring is a blemish in a horse, its hirers obviously would be asses; if, on the other hand, Mr. Webster and his friends are right, the hirers would be men wise in their generation. I do not like to express any opinion on matters far beyond me; but, so far as I can make it out, Mr. Webster has his opponents on the hip in pointing to the fact that the hereditary theory ought to oblige them to withdraw some of their stallions from the stud.

To the Editor of TRUTH.

SIR,—Your sporting writer, I observe in your issue of the 19th ult., suggests that my partners and I will try to discover "some auriferous simpleton who will be gulled into buying the horse."

What right has he, in your issue of the 3rd inst, to want to know my private business or that of Señor Boucan, and to style us "speculators in stallions who boom them," &c., and to end by likening me, in the course of a most elegant phrase, to a hog?

I am well aware that the readers of TRUTH always have good reason to believe in the bona fides of what appears in its pages, and, as I know you desire to justify in all instances this belief without fear or favour, I am convinced that you will the more readily permit me to show, by plain facts, how "egregiously" your sporting writer has erred.

As to being a "speculator in stallions who booms them," your writer apparently means—as far as he has meaning—that I have in some way sought to obtrude my alleged speculation on the public, with a view of increasing its value. Far from this being the case, Mr. Chaplin alone, and by the unauthorised publication of my private letter to him, written in the ordinary course of business, brought the matter into publicity, and that with a view of wrecking, not booming, the so-called speculation. Any arguments on the other side were thus elicited by Mr. Chaplin himself, and had nothing to do with the return of Ormonde, which had some time previously been definitely settled in all details.

It is almost idle to notice your writer's suggestion of my fraudulent motives in regard to an "auriferous simpleton" who will be gulled into purchasing the horse at a profit. In the first place it is extremely improbable that I shall find any member of the "gullish herd" sufficiently "auriferous" for the purpose, and in the second place my friends and I are so "hide-bound and blockheaded" that we are not prepared to sell Ormonde for any price whatever.

Your writer is in the habit of attributing "anserous" qualities to those whom he deems to be illogical, and if, as is alleged, Ormonde is a dismal example of hereditary roaring, from his dam Lily Agnes, as the Duke of Westminster says, how can any one who holds the views of your correspondent recommend breeding from Arklow, Ormonde's young and untried brother? You cannot eat your cake and have it. You cannot absorb roaring blood into your stud, and claim immunity from taint as against the world. The taint, if it be a taint, is on the whole family, and I much fear that your writer will be driven to his time-worn use of the word "anserous," when reflecting not only on himself, but also on the conduct of Mr. Chaplin, who, while protesting against the return of Ormonde, persists in disseminating the produce of mares of roaring blood throughout the country, to his no small advantage, and he the Minister of Agriculture, forsooth!

Your writer praises the Royal Commission for their decision that "roaring is hereditary," without taking the trouble to examine the records of the Stud-book to find whether the Chairman or the chief expert witnesses act up to this dictum—where he could have easily seen that they do not do so now, and have never done so, but breed from sires acknowledged roarers and sires full of so-called inherited roaring blood.

As to the Chairman himself, the Duke of Portland, who joined gratuitously in the present controversy, many people are asking why, if he is so desirous that Ormonde should be perpetually exiled, he does not take immediate steps to satisfy the public mind on the subject of his own horse Donovan. It is a matter of common knowledge that Donovan was reported to have gone wrong in his wind shortly before the St. Leger of his year, and this report was confirmed by persons who ought to have known, if they did not. The Duke of Portland can only allay the painful feeling which exists by procuring certificates from some of the best-known veterinary surgeons to vouch for the horse's soundness. But failing these certificates, which the public interest demands, it is imperative that the Duke of Portland should have the courage of his opinions, and arrange that this pernicious horse should leave "his country for his country's good."

Then your writer refers to the French Law of 1885 as to public stallions, without examining the most recent official returns, where he would have found that there are more roarers bred in France than in England. For instance, in Normandy—the greatest horse-breeding district in France—one quarter of all the three-year-olds—the produce of the certified stallions—are found to be roarers by the Purchasing Commissions.

You yourself are not apt to give entire credence to doctors and specialists, if the opinion given is at direct issue with recorded facts. I humbly claim to maintain this position—on the question of whether roaring is hereditary—and I strongly object to your sporting writer, alone of the respectable Press of the country, turning the discussion into a personal attack on me. If

he knows anything of the Stud-book, he must remember that, if roaring is hereditary, the vast majority of our mares ought not to be used. In the first twelve pages of the last volume (No. 16) there are seventy-four mares, fifty-three of which have one, and sometimes two, three, and four strains of acknowledged roaring blood, and several of the remaining twenty-one are not above suspicion. Try, by chance, another twelve pages (300 to 312), and the figures are about the same—seventy-five mares, fifty-four having more or less roaring blood. How can Mr. Chaplin and the Duke of Portland, or even your sporting writer, answer these facts, which prove the humbug and inconsistency of the position they have taken up? Do they suggest that we should also send out of the country for the country's good two-thirds, or even three-fourths, of all the mares in the Stud-book? How many mares would then remain in the Blankney Stud?

It was far from my desire to approach this question from a personal point of view, though to be referred to as a "muddy-minded hog" might naturally claim some retort. I might liken your correspondent's effusion to hog-wash, did I care to cope with him in vulgarity; but even so, I should, perhaps, be attributing to him something too masculine for his character. Indeed, I may take it, that his ill-conditioned outpouring of meaningless venom has something essentially feminine about it, and having regard to his habital use of the word muddy and other foul epithets, it would only be reasonable to presume that he partakes more of the nature of the female of the porcine kind, which we are assured by holy writ insists on wallowing in the mire, despite all the washing sensible people may be kind enough to bestow on it.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Jas. Hume Webster.

Marden Deer Park, Surrey,
December 5, 1891.

MAMMON.

GOLDFIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

My remarks of October 22 gather strength from the issue of the directors' report of the Gold Fields of South Africa for the year ended June 30, 1891, and, although Mr. Thomas Rudd, as chairman of last week's meeting, did his best to put a good face on the results of the wheel-within-wheel finance now shown, his eloquence did not succeed in maintaining the shares at a higher level than 1¾, against 2½, at which they were quoted when I penned my last article. But even that price is not justified by the present position of the concern, which is becoming more and more dependent upon the future of the British Chartered Company. The result of the year's workings is a credit balance of £16,075, certainly a very modest return upon a paid-up capital of £361,000. The fact is that the Company's chief occupation, that of floating Companies of the order of the Luipaard's Vlei, Botha's Reef, Battery Reef, and West Battery Mining and Prospecting Companies, is gone, for the reason that the public will have no more of them. But the public are also learning the truth about Mashonaland from many sources, and they are not likely to assist Cecil Rhodes and G. F. Rudd, the founders of the Gold Fields of South Africa, Limited, by subscribing for sub-concessions from the British Chartered Company. Under these circumstances, it is difficult to see where the next profits are to come from. Rhodes and Rudd, of course, have made their little pile out of the Goldfields, for, with the £39,693 credited to them in the present balance-sheet, the sums placed to their credit during the four years of the Company's existence amount to nearly £120,000. Thus, these disinterested persons have not done badly on the principle laid down by them at the formation of the Company, that "for goodwill and services they asked no direct pecuniary remuneration, contenting themselves during active management with one-third, and on retirement with one-fifth, of the net profits of the Company," especially when it is considered that they received £250,000 from the Company by selling it some auriferous properties.

The accounts presented do not look promising. Against liabilities to the tune of £480 000 the Company holds 10,000 De Beers shares and 50.000 Consolidated Bultfontein 7½ per cent. shares, Gold Mining, &c., shares of the Luipaard's Vlei order, shares in the British Chartered Company of South Africa, and an interest in the Mashonaland Agency. The shares are taken in the balance-sheet at cost, and a recent rise in De Beers slightly improves the position. But that rise is due to rumours that the De Beers directors will, in addition to the usual dividend, distribute their holding of British Chartered Company to the shareholders as a bonus, a proposal which, if carried out, will probably smash the market altogether for the Chartered shares, which are now only saleable with difficulty at 1. The gold-mining investments which Mr. Thomas Rudd put at £54,000 would probably not realise half that sum. I have already expressed my view of the Company's commitment, to the amount of £100,000, with Messrs. Johnson, Heaney, & Borrow, the road contractors employed by the Chartered Company in Mashonaland, the last product of the wheel-within-wheel finance, and I venture to predict that no profit will accrue from that venture to the Gold Fields of South Africa. There remains, then, only the Company's holding in the British Chartered Company to furnish future profits. The chairman estimated the Company's holding in these 250,000 shares at 1⅛, viz., £280,000. But to-day the value is only 1, which reduces the amount to £250,000. and to-morrow or soon after they may be worth only 10s. The fact is, Mashonaland is exploded. It is true that a report, dated October 1, 1890, from Mr. N. H. Williams accompanies the directors' report, in which a rather favourable view of affairs in Mashonaland is taken. Here, on the other hand, are extracts from letters lately received from two men, whose opinions are entitled to especial weight because they are both entirely independent of the Chartered Company, and unbiassed. One says:—

> I fear we are in a most critical position here. There is great public anxiety and disquietude. I think soon in the home papers there will be notice taken of a public movement out here to take the food supplies and matters political into our own hands, or to compel the Chartered Company to do something themselves, and no longer stifle private enterprise.

The other says:—

> We are taking our departure from this to-morrow. Nothing would induce me to remain in this country during the rains. I expect there will be another famine this year, as the wagons bringing meat are 400 miles away, and there is hardly any meat in the place. There has been mismanagement somehow, and if there is a repetition of last year's disaster, it will go hard with the British South African Company. Prices here are astonishing. Two bottles of brandy were sold the other day for £3 each, fifteen bottles of whisky for £2 each, old deck chairs (which originally cost 8s.) for £2 each, and other things in proportion. Oxen, when they are to be had, sell for nearly twice as much as in Kimberley.

Even official advices from Mashonaland are becoming much more sober than they used to be. The last utterance of Mr. Rhodes had not the true ring about it, and Lord Randolph Churchill's criticisms of the country are the reverse of encouraging. As I said before, long before Mashonaland can be sufficiently settled to allow of paying investments in agriculture or mining, the funds of the Chartered Company, with its paper capital of £4,000,000 will be exhausted, and the Goldfields of South Africa which has staked its all on Mashonaland, will have gone the same way.

AN INDIAN VENTURE.

At last Friday's meeting of shareholders in the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Co-operative Society of India, an amendment was carried to the effect that the report and balance-sheet should only be adopted subject to no further call being made without the sanction of the meeting of shareholders. For my part, I do not see how the Company can, with its present resources, carry on the business satisfactorily, and it would have been preferable to have acted on my suggestion to appoint a committee of inspection, and to have raised further capital if the result of the investigation had been such as to warrant the continuation of the business. Unfortunately, it was Mr. Shorrock, the

agent of the promoter, who moved the appointment of a committee of shareholders—a circumstance which doubtless militated against its adoption. The decision now taken by the shareholders at best puts off the evil day, and I am afraid that when next this "Indian Venture" is heard of it will not be favourably.

At the moment of going to press, the following communication from Bombay has come to hand :—

Sir,—In your issue of October 29 you give publicity to a letter from the London Manager of the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Co-Operative Society of India, Ltd., reflecting on certain accounts said to have been furnished by us. Our reply we have published in the Indian papers. We enclose herewith a cutting. Your paper being widely circulated in India, the letter referred to is calculated to do us an injury; we trust, therefore, you will give equal publicity to our reply in an early issue.—Yours, &c.,
Bombay, November 20. Swift & Farrow.

AN INDIAN VENTURE.

To the Editor of the *Bombay Gazette*.

Sir,—Your issue of Monday contained a letter bearing date October 10, over the signature of Mr. W. F. Hunt, Secretary and Manager of the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Co-operative Society of India, Limited, addressed to Truth, and reflecting on certain accounts erroneously said to have been prepared by us. We shall feel obliged if you will correct this misstatement, and give publicity to the following facts :—

As the Society's regularly-appointed auditors we merely *audited* the accounts to June 30 *prepared* and *presented* to us by the Bombay branch, which forwarded the same, together with our report, on September 4. No London telegram reached us on September 29, but on October 1 the following message was conveyed to us by the local branch :—"Request auditors to forward by this mail certified trading account, giving local and London purchases and sales, give details of stock, deposit order, exchange and adjusting accounts." Details of the latter items were thereupon prepared at the office of the Society, and forwarded after audit by us, the original balance-sheet being in no wise altered or inaccurate, which being drawn up in accordance with the requirements of the Indian Companies Act, seems to show inexperience of Indian matters on the part of the Society's accountant and secretary in London.—Yours, &c,
Bombay, November 16. Swift & Farrow.

I publish this letter without comment, reserving to myself the right to recur to it and to other communications just received from India with reference to this Company.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My dear Ben,—The "Bear" squeeze on the Paris Bourse has come and gone. It was severe while it lasted, some of the unfortunate operators, who were caught short of New Russian Threes, having to suffer more particularly. It looks, moreover, as if an oversold account in Russian Fours on this side were to provide some further startling developments. But in other Foreign stocks, such as Spanish, Portuguese, Italians, &c., little room is now left for cornering operators for a fall, and the financial outlook in Spain and Italy is by no means brilliant. But while the Foreign market will, after this week's London settlement, probably show a quieter tone for some time to come, it is hardly likely that there will be a collapse such as might lead to a renewal of rumours affecting the financial position in Paris or Berlin.

One Pound Notes and the Stock Exchange.

With the Foreign position on a sounder basis, with distinct ease in the Money Market, and with a strong undercurrent in the American and Home Railway Markets, prospects on the Stock Exchange are, on the whole, distinctly improved. Instead of the traditional tight money towards the end of the year, there is actually a chance of the Bank Rate being reduced, and if this step should, from sentimental reasons, not be taken this year, a reduction to at least 3 per cent. must be made very early in the new year. There is, in fact, every prospect of a continued period of abundant money and low rates, especially if Mr. Goschen were to proceed and succeed with the issue of £1 notes and the creation of a larger gold reserve, a scheme for which he unfolded to a large City audience at a meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday last week. He had allowed the matter to go to sleep since his speech at Leeds in January last, and now presents his plan in a modified form. Ten shilling silver notes and a second gold reserve are thrown overboard, the place of the latter being taken by an amendment in the Bank Act, giving authority to issue £1 notes, without any maximum limit, provided the gold in the Bank amounts to at least 22 millions sterling, the new notes to be secured as to four-fifths on gold and one-fifth on Consols. Thus, if 25 millions of these notes were issued, 20 millions would have to be kept against them in gold and 5 millions in Consols. The new 20 millions would be added to the 22 millions of the present reserve, making 42 millions in gold to be held against its present authorised issue of 38½ millions, plus the new 25 millions in £1 notes—a total of 63½ millions. Mr. Goschen also proposes to give authority to the Bank in times of crisis to increase its note issue on the condition of an increased rate of interest, thus harking back to a scheme proposed many years ago by Mr. Gladstone's cabinet. It is a pity that the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes the creation of £1 notes in so half-hearted a fashion. It is, according to his own statements, the only way which is available for creating a larger central store of gold, yet he openly states his own objections to these notes, which are to serve him as a means to draw the gold out of the pockets of the people. Political reasons may, of course, account for this policy of providing a soft bed to fall upon in case the issue does not succeed; but its very chances of success are diminished by the half-hearted manner in which Mr. Goschen deals with it. I stated my view at the time of the Leeds speech (Truth, February 5) that it would be possible to lure twenty or thirty millions of gold out of the waistcoat pockets of the people by an issue of £1 notes, if it really be a fact that the amount of gold in circulation in this country is anything like 70 or 110 millions as estimated by him. He will, of course, want the co-operation of the banks, and will have to tempt them in some way to undertake the additional trouble of handling the smaller notes. By that means the prejudice against bank notes of small denomination will probably be overcome. The example of Continental countries, where notes almost monopolise the currency, is certainly encouraging. The experiment is certainly worth trying, but its success will in a marked degree depend upon the way in which it is carried out, the get-up of the notes, &c. That our currency arrangements are in need of reform cannot be doubted. The humiliating instance of the Baring crisis, when England had to beg a few millions of gold from France and Russia, would be conclusive on that point, even if the necessity of keeping a much larger gold reserve, and of greater elasticity in banking arrangements, in view of the altered conditions of trade and the enormous growth in English financial responsibilities did not in themselves make a change imperative. Mr. Goschen's scheme, of course, recommends itself to the Stock Exchange, as insuring upon the whole easier money, and mitigating violent changes in the value of money. Although the purchases of Consols on the strength of the publication of the plan were premature, there is no doubt that its execution may prove an important factor in the recovery in the Stock Markets, which many far-seeing authorities are predicting for the coming year.

Home Rails.

Midlands touched, during the week, the highest point of the year, but eased off again to 162 upon a sale of £20,000 stock, clumsily made by a broker, who was not sufficiently wary of the dealers. This line continues to do excellently, and if the present mild weather should continue, there is little doubt that the directors will be able to make a distribution at the rate of 7½ per cent. for the current half-year, as against 7 per cent. in 1890. In that case we might see Midlands up to 170. Should the severe weather of December last year not be repeated, some of the lines which were most affected by the snow-

Arthur Forbes & Co., Australian Investment, Finance, and Mining Agency, 16, Cornhill, London, E.C., and at Brisbane, Queensland, have special business in some of the best Colonial Mining Stocks, including Brilliant, Victory, Victoria, Sunburst, Broken Hill, Raub, and other prosperous concerns. Constant information by cable. Telegraphic address, "Orpharion, London."

storms of that time, such as the Great Western, Great Eastern, and Great Northern, would, of course, correspondingly benefit. The effect of the present more favourable climatic conditions are already shown in large traffic increases of the Brighton line, a circumstance which has assisted the recovery of Brighton "A" to 149. What with a considerable "Bear" account, which is still open, and the intention of making the issue of new capital, in the form of an allotment to the shareholders, on terms representing a bonus to them, there seems a prospect of Brighton "A" maintaining their higher value. The whole year's dividend of, say, 6½, or, in case of continued favourable traffics in December, 7 per cent. has, moreover, to come off in a couple of months' time. The Scotch stocks have shown some dulness; yet North British Deferred and Caledonian Deferred Ordinary are likely to improve when the traffic increases against the strike period appear. The improvement in the stocks of the Underground lines seems premature. The North-Eastern continues to show traffic decreases, and, unless trade in the district speedily mends, this stock will hardly maintain its price.

Yankee Rails and Dynamite.

The long-suffering operator in Yankee Rails, whose patience has been sorely tried by all manner of "Bear" attacks, had during the last day or two actually to face the demoralising influence of a dynamite outrage in Wall-street, whereby the world might have lost the valuable lives of some of the chief Wall-street magnates—Russel Sage and George Gould. In fact, even Jay Gould, if he had been in New York, might have suddenly been removed from the scene of his labours by the catastrophe. It is useless, however, to speculate as to what might have been. The outrage was evidently the act of a maniac, and even the Wall-street "Bears," unscrupulous as they are, do not go quite so far as to use dynamite for the depression of stocks. In fact, the market rallied very promptly from the decline caused on the day of the explosion, and seems to be preparing for that advance, which is so fully justified by the position. It is hardly necessary to again point out the favourable feature. The New York Money Market is in an easy condition, and likely to remain so. Traffics are on a magnificent scale. The months of October and November show without any possible question larger earnings than ever before for the same period. The percentage of increase has indeed been constant since June 1. The gain for the third week of October was larger than for any week since that time, and for the second week of November it was the largest in four months. There has been an increase in each week, but the gain for the second week in November was proportionately the largest of the season—11⅔ per cent. The St. Paul contributed most to this gain, for its traffic was the largest ever known. The Vanderbilt interest has been buying largely, and it is stated on good authority that the forthcoming report of the New York Central for the calendar year will show the largest net earnings in ten years past, amounting to about 7,000,000 dols., and equivalent to nearly 8 per cent. upon the stock. Sooner or later these favourable conditions and the prosperity of the farmers must re-act upon prices of Railroad stocks, in which case Milwaukees, Atchison, Erie, Louisville, and Norfolk and Western Prefs. will have an important advance. Louisville have of late been influentially bought, and Norfolk Prefs. are being benefited by a recovery in the iron trade. It is also stated that there is a very heavy account open for a fall in Wall-street in Union Pacifics and Northern Pacific Prefs.

Ohio and Mississippi.

Some severe fluctuations have taken place in Ohio and Missistippi shares, which at one time rose to 24 in London and 27 in New York on the cornering of "Bears" of the old certificates. It is not at all unlikely that the proceeding will be repeated, as very few of the old shares are available. The old directors of the Ohio and Mississippi are trying the game of "bluff." They know that their doom is sealed under the deal with the Baltimore and Ohio, as they have ever been working the line in the interest of the "Big Four." But I understand that high legal opinion fully confirms the London Committee of Preferred and Deferred Shareholders in their view that the Brown-Shipley Proxy, which controls nearly seventeen million dollars net of the twenty-one millions of stock, is valid, and that the factious opposition is doomed to defeat. The following communication from a correspondent will be read with interest:—

Several years ago one of your money articles contained a statement for the guidance of investors in the securities of American Railways, which seemed to me to provide an escape from the maze of conflicting and bewildering figures and statistics which we have so often to wade through, with no better result than to find that a definite or reliable conclusion is beyond our reach. The statement was as follows:—"When the gross earnings of an American Railway do not exceed 4,000 dols. per mile per annum, it may be taken as a criterion of the unsafe character of the property as an investment." Here, then, is laid down a canon sufficiently comprehensive in scope and easy of application. I therefore took a copy of it, probably with special reference to the Ohio and Mississippi Railway, a line respecting which you have recently favoured your readers with not a few items of interesting information. Being recently very desirous of applying this test (which I had not accurately retained in memory) to this identical property, I made diligent search for my memorandum, but without success In looking over the reports for a series of years, however, I came across the pencil mem. on a blank space in the one for the year 1887, and proceeded to make a calculation, a copy of which I send you, merely premising that the figures which furnish the basis are official and authentic, as a reference to the reports themselves will show. The gross earnings of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway for the five years ending June 30, 1891, were as under, viz.:—

	Dollars.		Mileage.
1887	3,988,433·20	.....	616·25
1888	3,977,559 81	.....	616·25
1889	3,955,165·36	.....	623 75
1890	4,214,746·65	.....	628·48
1891	4,108,974·55	.....	635 92
	20,244,879·57		

Dividing this sum by five, we get 4,048,975·91 as the yearly average. The highest record of mileage, viz., 636 miles, has only been attained during the present year on the opening for traffic of the Bedford branch; but taking these figures as our next divisor, and thus making the result the most unfavourable which by any possibility the figures can be made to yield, the gross earnings per mile per annum are shown to be 6,366 31 dols. This is more than 58 per cent. in excess of the test, or, in other words, it is considerably more than half as much again. But, as a matter of fact, a reference to page 30 of the report for 1891 shows that the actual gross earnings per mile per annum were, for 1890. 6,706·25 dols., and for 1891, 6,475 93 dols., and with the increased mileage the increased traffic, which the increased mileage must bring, and the crops, to carry which cars enough cannot be found, the current year can certainly not be reasonably expected to show less favourable results. The canon you have laid down cannot, therefore, be said to have come out badly as a test, and in this instance neither does the property to which it is applied. Shareholders may very justly say, "Yes," but how about the other, and, from our point of view, more practical test of dividends. On this point I abstain from making a single observation, not because there is nothing to say, but because there is a very great deal too much. Nevertheless, if any further proof is required that the canon above quoted is a sound one, and the test which it supplies leads to a reliable conclusion, I beg to refer shareholders to the following quotation from a letter which was recently sent to the *Times* by a director of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway, and I do so without one word of comment. "It" (that is the Ohio and Mississippi Railway) "has been earning all of its ordinary operating expenses, fixed charges, and 1,000 dols per day in addition during the last five years, and greater earnings are confidently expected." And again—"The Baltimore and Ohio's offer to guarantee 1,500,000 dols. per annum involves that Company in no risk, as the Ohio and Mississippi has earned that amount, and 300,000 dols. more annually for betterments during the last five years."

It is quite certain that, when the line is worked, as it will be, from the point of view of earning dividends, and in conjunction with the Baltimore and Ohio and Baltimore and Ohio South-Western excellent results will be obtained.

The Nitrate Groups.

Thanks, Ben, for the compliment. You are quite right, my advice on some of the stocks of the Nitrate Group was well-timed, not to say prophetic. I drew your attention specially to Nitrate Rails, giving estimates of earnings, which are now fully verified by results, and we now have these shares at 18¾ with a strong upward tendency, against 16½ a few weeks ago. I am informed that the earnings for the year are practically untouched, because the dividend of £1 per share paid in July was more than covered by the balance from 1890. I have also reason to believe that the surplus shown at the end of the year will allow of a further dividend

of £1. 10s. per share, making 25 per cent. for the year, with a substantial balance carried forward. The considerable saving in the working expenses is in some respect due to the very favourable contract for the supply of water made with the Tarapacà Water Company, Limited. At 18¾, Nitrate Rails Ordinary yield over 13¼ per cent. on the investment on the basis of 25 per cent., and on the basis of 20 per cent. nearly 10¾. An advance to over £20 of these shares seems probable. Then, again, I drew your attention to the Tarapacà Water Company (Truth, October 29). These shares, then quoted 9¾, have now improved to 10¾, with every prospect of an advance to higher prices. Bank of Tarapacà shares, which I mentioned to you at 3¼ a week ago, have risen to 3¾, and with their excellent prospects in view of the rising tendency of the Chilian exchange, and of the returning prosperity of the Nitrate Companies, they should be bought at once. Sooner or later the shares of the Nitrate Companies will also be worth buying, as they are now working remuneratively. In fact, I do not know but that it will be advisable to pick up cheap shares now. Take, for instance, the San Pablo Nitrate Company. This is one of the most promising of the nitrate-producing group. The capital is £160,000 in £5 shares, and these shares can be bought for £3. 10s. A dividend of 5s. per share was paid on November 30 out of the profits for the current year, and it would not surprise me if the dividend for the whole year were to be 15 per cent. The financial position of the Company is very strong; on November 30 last the cash in hand and on deposit amounted to £26 268. 4s. 10d. Recent careful examination of the property has proved the existence of very large and rich reserves of "caliche." The assets of the Company in Tarapacà were valued in the last balance-sheet at a little over 16d. per dollar, involving a loss of £3,136. 10s. 10d. This has now been entirely recovered, and, moreover, the stocks of nitrate and iodine are valued at cost; and inasmuch as the price of nitrate is now 20 per cent. higher than the average of last year, the increased profits of the Company must be very considerable.

Kaffir and other Mines.

The improved results which are being obtained by many of the Randt Mines lend special force to some remarks of my Johannesberg correspondent on the Robinson, Crown Reef, New Primrose, Nigel, &c., Mines:—

Special attention should be given to the magnificent output of the Robinson for October. The total is 10,019 oz., of which 5,058 oz. were obtained by the forty-stamp mill from 4,248 tons of ore, 2,037 from tailings, and 2,928 from concentrates. It is thus seen that nearly 5,000 oz. of gold, or, practically, half the entire production, were recovered from stuff that a few months ago was looked upon as little better than refuse! The importance of this return can only be realised when it is borne in mind that thousands and thousands of tons of tailings are now lying about the fields waiting for treatment, and thousands more are being produced daily. Some months ago I ventured to prophesy that as soon as tailings were treated to advantage, the output of the Randt would increase by from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent., and the Robinson return shows that my calculations were not far out. The Robinson is not a stock to gamble in, but at 70s. or so it is well worth buying as an investment that will return handsome dividends. Langlaagte Estate are also worth looking after, for the new 120-stamp mill is approaching completion. The Crown Reef Company will shortly increase its stamping power to no less than 210 head, the reason of this being that the Company's lease expires in twelve years' time, and the directors have wisely resolved to get all they can out of the mine meanwhile. The Primrose Company will have 100 head running early next year, and an output of from 4,000 to 5,000 oz. may be expected. The Nigel output of 295 oz. from the mill, and 783 from tailings, for October, disappointed only those who are not in the know; the figure will be very largely increased for November. Salisburys and Heriots are likely to move, as in both instances local boards have been appointed, and the Companies will no longer be at the mercy of incompetent muddlers in Natal.

Since this letter was written the November crushings have come to hand, showing again excellent results. The Langlaagte crushing of 5,870 tons, 4,161 oz., shows an improvement, as does that of the Sheba Mine, 3,240 tons, 3,730 oz. De Beers Diamond shares have improved to 13½, and there are rumours of an increased dividend, which is very problematical, although it might be possible that the British Chartered of South Africa shares will be distributed to the De Beers shareholders as a bonus. If this step were taken, it is probable that the market for the Chartered shares would be altogether demoralised. My Kimberley correspondent, "Merchant," sends me the following:—

I am in a position to state that the directors of the De Beers Consolidated Mines have appointed a small committee from their number to investigate and report upon the expenditure of the Company, with the view of reducing the heavy expenses of the Company without any actual cheeseparing policy. I am further informed, on the most reliable authority, that the directors contemplate, besides putting a large amount to the reserve fund, on increasing the next half-yearly dividend. With this object the committee referred to has been appointed.

Reports respecting the Oceana Company remain very favourable, and as the shares are largely oversold they will, no doubt, shortly rise to a higher level. Advices by mail are to the effect that the Oceana farm, Tours, with its large alluvial deposits, promises well. On the farm Burgersdorp of the Silati Company, Mr. Laing, the prospector who originally discovered Laings-reef, had been over it again with Mr. Conybeare, M.P., and Mr. Pegler, the expert, and not only was gold showing freely, but new rich "shoots" of gold were discovered. The news is equally satisfactory from Sutherland Reef. Col. Buckley has returned from the Great Gold Zone property, and further information will now be available, which I have reason to think is very favourable. Alaska Treadwell Gold shares are fairly active at 2¾-⅞ per £5 share. According to the official statement of the Company for the month of October, just issued, the net profit available for dividends for the first five months of the Company's current financial year (up to October 31) was 186,707 dols. At this rate, the net profit for the twelve months would be about 448,000 dols, and as the regular 6 per cent. dividend amounts to 300,000 dols., a very considerable amount would be available as a bonus. There has been a good deal of business in Charter Towers Gold Mines, such as Sunburst and Golden Gates, which are rapidly becoming favourites with investors. Mysore Gold shares are fairly steady at 5⅛; Mysore Nagar at 9s.-9s. 6d. Important advices respecting the latter Company are expected. The Directors of the Penjom Pahang Gold Company have issued their report, and a sorry document it is. It states that 24,000 shares undertaken to be applied for had not been applied for. Shareholders ought to insist on knowing who are the defaulters, and sift matters thoroughly.

Pioneers of Mashonaland Syndicate.

The prospectus of this Company was published at the end of September for the purpose of "working under the rules and conditions laid down by the British Chartered Company of South Africa," and of "sending out exploration expeditions to purchase proved claims and lands for settlement." The capital was fixed at £50 000, in 48,000 Ordinary and 2,000 Founders' shares of £1 each. I cannot conceive that the gullibility of the public was great enough for anything like a large proportion of this capital being applied for, but the shares are now being quoted on the "tape" at 1-1¼, probably with a view to unloading upon the public, although, so far, there is no market for them. Some criticisms forwarded to me by a trustworthy correspondent will, therefore, prove of special interest at the present juncture.

I should advise the public to be exceedingly careful in dealing with the shares of the Pioneers of Mashonaland Syndicate, Ltd, and, more than that, I should recommend the directors of this curious concern to consult their lawyer with reference to certain statements in the prospectus. This document is headed by what purports to be an extract from the *Times* of September 21, 1891, and runs as follows:—"The cost of carriage is a matter of the greatest importance in estimating the prospects of an undeveloped country, and the administrator, Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, states that carriage from Cape Town to Hartley Hill is only £11 a ton, whereas from the mines in the Transvaal to the coast it is as high as £30." Now,

John Shaw, Stock and Share Dealer, Wardrobe-chambers, E.C.—165, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—8, Haymarket, S.W.—18, Westbourne-grove, W.—Nos. 19 and 20, Railway-approach, London Bridge, S.E.—Manchester address, Bridgewater-chambers, 6, Brown-street.—Brighton address, Central-chambers, The Quadrant. No commission on speculative accounts. He buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired. Telephone No. 1,578.

this may or may not be a true extract from the *Times*, but I am perfectly convinced that Mr. Colquhoun never made any such statement, for, if he did, he stated that which he must have known to be false, and I should be sorry to accuse Mr. Colquhoun of any such offence. Carriage from Cape Town to Johannesburg is about £10 per ton, and for the last two years it has never been as high as £20, and it has only been near this high point for two or three months during the drought in 1889. Carriage from Cape Town to Hartley Hill is, on the contrary, a good deal nearer £50 per ton than £11. But this is by no means all. I must quote further:—"The syndicate will become entitled, under certain conditions, to one alluvial claim and ten reef claims (in blocks of ten) from the British South Africa Company for every man so sent out" This is truly a barefaced *suggestio falsi*. As a matter of fact, every man who goes into the country is entitled to peg out one alluvial and "ten reef claims," provided, of course, that he can first catch his reef; but no mention whatever is made of the fact that the Chartered Company takes a half interest in every block of claims so pegged out. Again, "the extraordinary success which has attended the operations of Exploration Companies in South Africa is shown by the prices at which the shares of the London and South African Exploration Company, Limited, the Exploring Company, Limited, and the Exploration Company, Limited, now stand." I do not know whether it is intended in this curiously mixed sentence to refer to one, two, or three Companies; but most people are aware, at all events, of the existence of the first-named Corporation. What a good many people are perhaps not aware of, and what is carefully held back by the ingenious framer of the prospectus, is the fact that the price of the L. and S.A. Exploration shares is solely and entirely due to the fact that the Company is the owner of enormously valuable property in Kimberley. It would be just as reasonable to quote the price of New River shares in connection with Mashonaland. "There is every sign that we are about to witness a rush without parallel in the history of South Africa." Perhaps we are, but if many concerns of the nature of this syndicate are floated, there is likely to be a bigger rush in the neighbourhood of Throgmorton-street to clear out shares bought on the faith of such astounding assertions.

My correspondent's criticisms are straightforward and to the point, and I wonder what Major-General Sir John W. Campbell, Bart., and his co-directors may be able to urge in their defence?

American Brewery Prospects.

There is little doubt but that with the new year greater animation will make itself felt in the stock markets. Money will be easy, and the very fact that a prolonged depression has existed, and that investors have kept out of the market, renders it probable, in view of the favourable money outlook, that there will be a general recovery. Those investors will do best, I fancy, who will take time by the forelock and pick up cheap securities before the new year's boom has set in. There is hardly any department which has been so much neglected, and in which such cheap stocks can be obtained at present, with a prospect of a marked improvement in the trade of the Companies, as that of American Breweries. Gradually the large blocks of shares, which were held by speculators, are passing into the hands of investors. Although these undertakings have had a year of dear material to pass through, the sound Companies have come through it remarkably well, and now prospects are greatly improving. Hops had risen to 38–40 c., this year they are quoted 13–18 c., barley being also 10–20 per cent. cheaper. This is estimated to mean that a reduction in cost of ½ dol. per barrel will be obtained, which in the case of a Company with a barrelage of 300,000 means an extra profit of 150,000 dols., or £30,000. Then again, the unexampled grain crops in the United States promise general prosperity, which, in its turn, will, no doubt, increase the consumption of beer in that country. Finally, the Chicago Exhibition points later on to increased profits to all the Breweries supplying that city or neighbourhood. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that a Company which has contrived to realise good profits, enough, say, to pay 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares during this year will, in the current year be able to greatly improve profits and dividends. Now that a number of directors' reports are being issued, it is possible to select such Companies investment in which may be specially recommended. The Bartholomay Brewing Company (of Rochester) pays a final dividend on the Ordinary shares of 5 per cent. for the half-year ending September 30 last, making with the interim dividend already paid a total distribution on the Ordinary shares of 10 per cent. These shares are quoted 11. The report of the City of Chicago Brewery and Malting Company, which has just been issued, shows that the net profits for the year amounted to the large sum of £153,634 after providing for Debenture interest and charging £38,259 for repairs and depreciation. This Company pays 10 per cent. for the year on the Ordinary shares, which, being quoted about 9, yield over 11 per cent. on the investment. The St. Louis Breweries, Limited, also pay 10 per cent. for the year, after charging no less than £54,603 for repairs and depreciation. This is a very promising undertaking, the prospects of which are considered so favourable that St. Louis officials connected with the Company are at present purchasing largely in London. The Ordinary shares stand at 8½, yielding 11¼ per cent. on the investment. The Milwaukee and Chicago Company pays 10 per cent. for the year on the Ordinary shares, carrying forward a surplus sufficient to pay a good deal more. This Company was brought out at the fag end of the American brewery boom, and is capitalised very moderately, the goodwill being taken at only a year's purchase. The Ordinary shares are quoted about 9, yielding 11 per cent. on the investment. The Eight per Cent. Preference shares are quoted 9¼, yielding over 8½ per cent. on the investment. With so large a profit available for the Ordinary shares behind them these Prefs. should be a very safe investment. The Peter Schoenhofen Company pays 11 per cent. on the Ordinary shares for the year, with a substantial amount carried forward. These shares at 9¾ give a return of over 11¼ per cent. Then again, for the speculative investor, who likes to pick up a cheap share with prospects of a marked recovery, there are the Ordinary shares of the San Francisco Breweries, Limited, which are quoted about 3¾. This Company has had a disappointing experience in consequence of competition in the past, but a pool has since been formed and cable advices from San Francisco report that the business is now again earning 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. However this may be, I am credibly informed that the Preference shares will get an interim dividend in February, and that there is a good chance of the Ordinary shares also getting a distribution at the end of the financial year. These shares are, therefore, a promising purchase for any one who can afford to lock them up. Other prosperous American Brewery Companies are the New York and the United States Companies.

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various investors:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Post Card.—You do not give your name and address. I agree with you that Portuguese are not dear at 34, but who knows how long the interest will be paid in full? *Post Card, Manchester.*—I am obliged for the information conveyed to me that Uruguay Unified are cheap at 37, as the price last year was 78. But since that time we have had the Baring collapse and the Ellauri scheme for reducing the interest. *Berger.*—Although I am not much in favour of Colonial bonds, and do not forsee any early recovery, the exchange in question seems to recommend itself. But do not go into Victoria stock. There is a huge new loan on the tapis, and the finances are bad. *Doubter.*—Hold Portuguese now, but sell on any material rise. 2. Hold Argentine 1886 and 1889 bonds for a recovery which is probable next year. Also hold Brazilians. There is no market for Cordoba Five per Cent. bonds, so you must hold. *P. O. N.*—Yes, Ecuador bonds are a cheap "lock up" at present price, and likely to go higher as soon as the conversion is carried out, if not before.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Olaf.—You should hold United States Debenture Corporation. They will, no doubt, recover in time. *B. A. W. S. & D. Co.*—As Mr. Grenfell has announced, there are difficulties between the Buenos Ayres Water and Drainage Company and the contractors as to the division of the bonds, and thus this most unfortunate affair is again dragging along. *Gunner.*—As you say it is no use to sell Nos. 14 and 15 now, and it will be preferable to trust to a recovery. No reason to sell No. 13. I do not care over much for No. 11, but Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds (12) are a good investment. It is difficult to judge of industrial concerns like 9 and 10. No reason to sell Nos. 7 and 8. No. 6, Midlands, is a splendid investment, but I do not care for North-Eastern Consols (Nos. 4 and 5). I should not care to hold too many Gas shares (No. 3) now. You should sell half. No reason to sell Nos. 1 and 2 now. Coats seem to be high enough now. *A. M. W.*—Thanks. Of course your name will not appear. *Edina.*—I do not like deposits with these foreign banks, whose business cannot be properly controlled from this side. If you carry out your intention, certainly insure

the deposit. I am afraid there is little prospect of an early improvement in oil Companies. *Ty Gwyn.*—Have nothing to do with this concern, the system is bad. Employ a member of the Stock Exchange. *Belmond.*—There is very little market for these shares, and I can hear nothing about prospects. *F. E. P. C.*—Have nothing to do with this outside dealer's prospectus. *Balham.*—I do not think anything of the proceedings threatened, which are no reason for selling the shares. *R N.*—1. Hold United States Debenture shares for a recovery, which is probable in the New Year. 2. These Australian Bank shares are cheap, but I would not go deeper into them. 3. I do not like this Trust at all, and should advise you to get out of it on any improvement. *B. J.*—The banks Nos. 1 and 2 are sound institutions, but I do not recommend deposits in these Colonial institutions. Nos. 3 and 4 are second-rate life offices. *Nodroy.*—The bank referred to is a third-rate concern. In your case, the Post Office Savings Bank is the most suitable. When your savings amount to a good round sum invest them in sound securities to yield 4 per cent. *Gap.*—There are plenty of securities which are preferable to those mentioned. Well-selected American Railroad bonds will give you 5 per cent. with every safety. *O. S. S.*—Why did you not heed my warning. Now this Australian concern has suspended payment. *R. E. E.*—The Colonial Banks Nos. 1-4 are sound institutions, but, remembering recent occurrences, I should not hold too large an amount. Hold the Trust stocks 5 and 6 for an improvement, then sell. No reason to disturb the remaining investments, Nos. 7-14.

Home Rails.

H. J. I.—I see no reason for selling Great Northern now. The line is doing fairly well and price is low. *Tyro.*—As a "lock up" North British Deferred and Caledonian Deferred Ordinary are a good purchase. *N. P.*—The market goes for a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. for the current half-year on Midlands. *L.*—Brighton "A" will probably get 7 per cent, if the rest of the year yields favourable results.

American and Foreign Rails.

M. C., Monte Carlo.—This is a bad time to sell South American Railway bonds like No. 1, and you had better hold for an improvement. Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds (2) are a good investment. 3. De Beers are on the up grade, but might be sold on a further improvement. There is little market for the mining shares, No. 4, but the mine seems promising. *F. G. S.*—I know of nothing being wrong with the railway, but the traffics will be published regularly, starting with January 1, and then it will be possible to judge. *Depressed*—1. Louisville shares are most promising, and are likely to lead the next rise. By next spring they may touch 90 again. Hold. 2. Hold, but do not average yet; the time for doing so will come, when I will advise you. 3. At the present price of 8s. 6d, Transvaal Estates and Development shares, you had better hold your shares. *W. A.*—Sell Temiscouata Railway Five per Cent. debentures if you can. It is a pity that you ever went into them. *D. C. L.*—You had better hold Buenos Ayres and Pacific debentures at these prices. *P. N.*—Hold both stocks, they are likely to recover. See to-day's remarks about No. 2.

Mining Shares.

Constant Reader, Glasgow.—Goldfields of South Africa are a speculative Land Company, and my remarks in to-day's issue will not make you anxious to buy them. *D. N. R.*—London General Omnibus shares are no catch even at present price. The three mining shares mentioned by you might do for a speculation to a small amount, but there is not much in them. *Quadrant.*—Yes, the concern should be benefited by the improvement in Rand Gold Mines, but I do not think much of it. *H.*—I do not like the Sapphire concern, and still less the other Company referred to. *J. B. S*—It is a pity that you subscribed for the Sapphire and Ruby Company of Montana, but I really cannot advise you to rush single-handed in a costly law suit. Await the chances of a combination amongst the shareholders. *Bechuanaland.*—These shares will probably recover with the rest of the mining market. *Put.*—1. Great Gold Zone are a promising speculation. 2. It is a Limited Company, and the shares are fully paid. 3. You should sell Mason's on the next improvement. *C. L. B.*—You had better hold the Indian Mining shares (2) for the present.

Industrial Companies.

Ben.—You will find some remarks on this subject in to-day's issue under "Various Investments." *Lubricant, Co. Antrim, Fyfald, C. I. B.* (*Y.*), *Nachtigall.*—Detailed comments on the position of the Company appeared in last week's issue of Truth, under the heading, "A Word with the Bell's Asbestos Directors." Further remarks will be found in to-day's issue. *F.*—1. Rio Tinto shares are extremely speculative and hardly suitable for an investment. 2. Have nothing to do with Salt Union. I have warned my readers ever since the Company's formation to leave it alone. 3. I should advise you to invest in the St. Louis and City of Chicago Brewery and Malting Company's Ordinary shares, the Directors' reports of which have just been issued. They yield on the investment over 11 per cent. Milwaukee and Chicago Eight per Cent. Prefs. at 9 are also a good investment, yielding nearly 9 per cent. See remarks under "American Brewery Prospects." *J. F. L., Liverpool.*—Thanks. I fully agree with your views of Nitrate Rails and Eastmans. *Confucius.*—I regret that it is impossible to advise on local industrial Companies like the one referred to. You should make your inquiries in Leeds. *Nachtigall.*—1. Hold, and see remarks under "Various Investments." 2. Hold Eastmans; but do not average yet until I tell you. *J. S.*—Yes, you should buy St Louis Brewery and City of Chicago Malting Ordinary at once. They are likely to advance. See remarks under "American Brewery Prospects." *Cams.*—The Company is doing well, although the shares have been depressed by comments upon the large debenture debt. Yet this is running for another five years. Hold. *Yeldarb.*—I should hold the Tramway shares without averaging.

Mixed Investments.

Thistle.—I do not reply by private letter, and make no charge. I will reply to a reasonable extent in "My Letter Box," but there must necessarily be a limit to this, and the remarks in my letter really furnish every week the necessary information to those who read it intelligently. I will reply more fully next week to your last letter. *F. W.*—You are quite right to reduce your holding of Gas shares. To obtain 5 per cent. on the investment, you might select Mexican Central Four per Cent Gold bonds at 75, and good American Railroad bonds, of which a list was given in my last "Letter Box." And why not invest in some American Brewery Preference shares of the best class to increase the yield? *Ibex.*—To yield 5 per cent. American Railroad bonds, to yield 10 per cent. or upwards American Brewery shares, such as discussed in to-day's remarks under "American Brewery Prospects," would be suitable. As regards Harrogate Land, Cumberland Land, Middlesbrough Town and Land, shares, &c., all these properties have been boomed in turn, and exaggerated reports regarding them were set afloat Prices "went up like a rocket and came down like a stick." Investors are not likely to look favourably on these concerns for a considerable time to come, and I think your best course is to sell. *Mochin.*—1. Australian Broken Hill prospects are good, and, subject to the uncertainties of mining, will recover again, but it all depends as to when they get into rich ore again. 2. As a cheap lock up East Broken Hill deserve attention. 3. Sun Life, Scottish Widows' Fund. I do not like the American Company referred to.

Various Investments.

I have not been favoured with any communication from the directors of Bell's Asbestos Company on the remarks which I felt compelled to make last week in the interest of the shareholders under the heading "A Word with the Bell's Asbestos Directors." I still am of opinion that they owe their constituents a full explanation of the Company's position, and I hope that it will be given. In the meantime the information has been conveyed to me—and I give it for what it may be worth—that the restriction in the output has been organised on the part of the largest mines, and will secure a high price for crude asbestos, also that the accounts will show the Company to be in a strong position. The visits of the shareholders in the Elmore Companies to the works at Leeds, which took place last week, were, I understand, most successful. The 20 ton plant was, I hear, shown at work, and statements of cost and profits were made which must be considered excellent if borne out by results. With regard to the French Company the output will be much larger, 80-100 tons per week (not per month, as I stated a week or two back), and I understand that M. Secrétan already sees a demand which will enable the Company to double the plant within a short period. Anglo-American Telegraph stocks are much firmer, the Ordinary at 50, Preferred at 88, Deferred (Anglo A) at 12¾. With the resumption of the American boom impending and a large increase of profits already earned for the current year, these stocks ought to advance materially, and a distribution on Anglo A ought to be in sight. The crisis in Melbourne was not altogether unforeseen. The Colony of Victoria has gone ahead too fast, and now that further borrowing has to be put off, the shoe is pinching. None of the important Australian Banks is, however, for the present likely to get into trouble. Of one of the Melbourne Banks which have suspended payment, I had repeatedly warned some of my correspondents through "My Letter Box." I see from the report of Earle's Shipbuilding and Engineering Company for the twelve months ended October 10, that a dividend of 6 per cent. is declared, after writing off £15,000 for general depreciation, £3,786 for special expenditure in machinery, carrying forward £3,180.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

Be careful what you eat. Do not be poisoned by using Baking Powder adulterated with alum. Insist on having Borwick's, which is pure and wholesome, and the best that money can buy.

In consequence of continued great pressure upon space, the **Queer Story** *is again unavoidably postponed*

MUSIC.

AFTER remaining closed for a week, Mr. Carte's opera-house re-opened on Saturday with "The Basoche." The cast was precisely the same as on the first night, and the artists are, I learn, to be paid precisely the same salaries. The idea that Mr. Carte wound up the season in order to cut down the expenses of "The Basoche" is, therefore, erroneous. The house was temporarily closed solely in order to get rid of the artists who were engaged for "Ivanhoe," and who since the withdrawal of that opera were no longer wanted. These artists (except as to one of them who was engaged for thirteen weeks certain, and will receive his full pay for that period) were retained "for the season." Whether the closing of the house for a few nights breaks the "season" or "run," is a question which, it is said, has never yet been decided by the superior courts of law. It still remains undecided, for three days after the theatre was shut, the artists, on an appeal being made to them by the chorus and supers, gave way, so that Mr. Carte was able to reopen by general consent. "The Basoche" will now be run for a considerable time at the ordinary theatrical prices if the public support it, and it will afterwards, in all probability, be followed by Mr. Cowen's "Signa." If, on the other hand, the public show plainly that there is no market here for opera in English, it would be Quixotic on Mr. Carte's part to endeavour to force the article upon them.

A great many absurd statements have been made concerning the losses on "Ivanhoe," and one writer puts them as high as £27 000. Mr. Carte, it is true, in his private interview with his company, alluded to the capital sunk in the two operas. The amount was less than that mentioned, and it is a somewhat heroic idea to write off capital as a dead loss. Besides, the six or seven thousand pounds invested in scenery and costumes for "The Basoche," which was included in that total, is likely to come back with interest.

Sir Charles Hallé's proposition to found a school of music in Manchester on the plan of the Guildhall school, to build a large concert hall and to sell the Manchester Hallé concerts, which he proposes to hand over to a committee of wealthy music lovers, is hardly practicable in its present shape. Indeed, the School of Music must clearly be kept quite distinct from the concert scheme if any real good is to result. In regard to the concerts, Sir Charles doubtless feels that, with advancing years, there must soon come a time when he will have to give up. It would be far better for a committee of music lovers to take over the affair now, while the concerts are in the most flourishing condition, than to wait until after his decease. There is not much doubt that, unless some steps are taken in Sir C. Hallé's lifetime to make the Manchester concerts a permanent institution, they will be in danger of being dropped, for there are very few competent conductors in the world possessed, as Sir Charles is, of the capital requisite to carry them on. On the other hand, Sir Charles is now willing to hand the affair over as a going concern, and to accept for his services such salary as the profits shown in his books may warrant, so that after his death or disablement his successor can continue the duties of conductor without break.

Various paragraphs appeared in Sunday's papers contradicting (it is alleged at Mr. Daniel Mayer's request) the statement which appeared in last week's TRUTH that Mr. Mayer had it in contemplation to erect a new recital hall in Great Marlborough-street. The exact value of these "official contradictions" we journalists have good reason to know. In the present case, I need only remark that my original informant was Mr. Daniel Mayer himself.

The Mozart Centenary Concerts have been among the most important events of the week. It seems an extraordinary thing that the Crystal Palace and Albert Hall should clash with performances of the "Requiem" and the "Jupiter" symphony, the one in the afternoon and the other in the evening, but both drew big houses, while the symphony, admirably played under Mr. Manns' direction, was heard to greater advantage at Sydenham than at South Kensington: the "Requiem," on the other hand, being accorded a superb rendering by the Royal Choral Society. At the Pops there was a chamber concert, but a centennial performance of one of Mozart's operatic masterpieces proved impracticable. At Sir Charles Hallé's orchestral concert, on Friday, Lady Hallé made her first appearance since her return from the Antipodes, and played a couple of movements by Vieuxtemps, which she first performed on her "adult" début at the Philharmonic, about two and twenty years ago. On Monday a capital arrangement by M. Wormser himself, as an orchestral suite of five morceaux from "L'Enfant Prodigue," was successfully produced by Mr. Norfolk Megone at the head of the Strolling Players.

The Count de Miranda has been appointed Spanish Ambassador to Stockholm. This, no doubt, is partly in compliment to his wife, Madame Christine Nilsson, who is greatly devoted to her native country; but whether the ex-prima donna will be able permanently to reside in the Swedish capital is another question. During the winter she generally has to live in some southern health resort owing to rheumatism.

The statement that the novelties for next year's Gloucester Festival have been settled, and that five new cantatas are to be produced from the pens of Miss Ellicott, Mr. Lee Williams, Drs. Mackenzie, Parry, and Bridge is very premature. All these works are, it is true, on the stocks; but, with the resources at command, it is clear that they all cannot be adequately done. Some of them should accordingly be dropped before any time is wasted upon them.

In reference to my article printed on the 28th upon the Edinburgh "Musical Job," I have received from Mr. David Boyle Hope a letter which is too long to be printed in its entirety. A considerable portion can, indeed, fairly be omitted, for it is merely a defence of the bona fides of Mr. Goschen, whereas I expressly stated no one would for a moment suppose that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was anything but an innocent party to the transaction, or that he personally knew anything about the subject of music or musical professorships. Mr. Hope also, however, points out that the absence of reporters was due to the fact that these meetings are always held in private (a bad custom, which has been responsible elsewhere for many a job), and he declares that all the electors were present except one (the only University Professors present, at any rate, were the Professors of Greek, Church History, Chemistry, and Anatomy); that if Dr. Harford Lloyd had not withdrawn he would have been elected instead (matters were surely not arranged beforehand?); that the electors acted with conscientiousness, and that Dr. Mackenzie did not influence the election.

All this, I need hardly say, is quite beside the question. The chief point is that, although the University Court knew perfectly well that the Universities Commission had extended till the present month the time for lodging objections to the draft ordinance (for the issue of which also more than one British candidate of eminence was waiting), and although the Court had from time to time postponed the election in order that the duties of the post should be settled before the appointment was made; yet they suddenly and without public notice, but at a private meeting proceeded to fill the chair in the manner stated. If this be not a job, it is surely one of the strangest pieces of folly ever perpetrated at a Scottish University. What, may I ask, would be thought of the conduct of a Scotch capitalist who appointed a manager or foreman before he had settled what salary the man was to receive or the business he was to undertake?

"TRUTH" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is, 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the MANAGER, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

ART NOTES.

HAD Mr. Henry Thomas Buckle been still living, he might have found fresh and most striking proofs of his well-known thesis on the blighting effects of Royal patronage on art in the course of a visit to the Victorian Exhibition. The walls of two of the rooms at the New Gallery are now principally covered with pictures of Court scenes and ceremonies painted by Royal command; and it is only putting the matter mildly to say that, from an artistic point of view, the result is positively appalling. Artists of repute called in to paint a Royal wedding or a Royal christening seem forthwith to lose all their talent and individuality, and the works produced by them sink to the same depressing plane of unrelieved badness. There is absolutely no exception to the rule. It is true that in the catalogue we read that this scene of Royal pageantry was painted by Sir G. Hayter, that by Sir J. D. Linton, and the other by J. Phillip, R.A.; but when we look at the pictures there is nothing to distinguish them: all are equally dull and commonplace. And so it is with the so-called portraits of Royal personages. Winterhalter and Von Angeli and Sohn, and the other German artists who were brought to England in the late Prince Consort's train, have covered acres of canvas, but the result is only a series of stiffly-posed and carefully-stuffed tailors' dummies. The uniforms and the orders and the Court trappings are painted with painful detail and irritating exactness, and a likeness of a fashion is not lacking, but as portraits their works do not rise to a much higher level than is attained by the Royal occupants of Madame Tussaud's waxen Valhalla.

If visitors to the New Gallery look closely at No. 24 the representation of the Queen's marriage, by Sir George Hayter, they will see in the right hand corner of the picture the artist himself trussed up in that highly ridiculous garb known as Court dress, and carefully hidden away behind the altar, engaged in sketching the scene. This incident seems to me precisely typical of the position Art is always called on to occupy when she is invited to Court. Smothered with frippery and gold lace; bedizened with ruffles and buckles and tags; and hampered in her every movement by an embarrassing dress sword she is transformed into a mere Court flunkey; and becomes, at most, but a glorified colleague of the Court Newsman.

Let me call special attention, too, to No. 6 in the catalogue. In this picture, another Hayter, we have a chance of seeing what our hereditary legislators look like when they are arrayed in their State robes and have "assumed their coronets." For my part, I wonder that the members of the House of Lords have not already applied for an injunction against the exhibition of a picture in which they are thus held up to public ridicule. More than this, I guarantee that if a Peer could only be induced to go about the country and appear on the platform of public meetings in what I may call—with reminicences of the Forester's Fête at the Crystal Palace—his "full regalia," the Upper House would be swept away amidst the irrepressible laughter of the nation within a twelvemonth.

But, fortunately, the Victorian Exhibition does not consist solely of pictures of Court pageantry and of Peers who "have assumed their coronets." There are many portraits, especially in the South Gallery, which is devoted to the representation of Literature, Science, and Art, of great interest, both as works of art and as characteristic presentments of Victorian celebrities. Amongst these, I would include Mr. Whistler's well-known portrait of Thomas Carlyle, which was recently bought by the Glasgow Municipality for £1,000; Sir John Millais' Cardinal Newman, and some very striking works from the brush of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. It is most interesting, by the way, to compare the Carlyle of the last-named artist (No. 212) with Mr. Whistler's portrait of the Sage of Cheyne-walk already referred to (No. 264).

It is over the cases of relics, however, that the majority of visitors to the New Gallery will probably linger longest; but even the contents of these show-cases might have been edited—if I may use the term—with a little more severity.

I have been asked to announce that the Council of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, in pursuance of the object of placing before the members of the Society the best examples of the great masters of etching of past times, will include in their next exhibition a selection of the etchings of Vandyck.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—To the critic it is indeed fortunate just at this season of the year when the flood of Christmas literature is upon us, that the ingenuity of man has invented one wide and comprehensive adjective which may be safely used to describe every product of the professional bookmaker issued in its brilliant binding by the ever-increasing army of publishers. The word "seasonable," however, is scarcely ever more mis-applied than in its application to literature. Of "seasonable" literature this year there is none. Of seasonable books there are a few waifs and strays, mere flotsam and jetsam thrown up by the sea of publication. Not that this fact detracts at all from the value of the volumes that will presently be welcomed by the coming generation with eager glances and warm words of thanks either as Christmas gifts or hard-won prizes that will be lasting memento of a half-year's work. In reality it is only to some of the books for the very little ones that the distinctive adjective may be truthfully employed, books such as that in which Jules Garnier illustrates with such fidelity and grace the many scenes which make up the circus entertainment (1), or the pictorially-told stories of "Red Riding Hood" and "Cinderella" (2), whose claim to be so considered dates from the time when the first novelist sitting by his pile of blazing logs, whispered his fancies to the ailing little one that sheltered upon his breast from the cold winds. Perhaps it is because the elder children would resent being dosed with Santa Claus stories, because they are cynically critical upon the great question of ghosts, indifferent to the weird effects of snow pictures, that the scenes of the seasonable stories of to-day are nearly all laid in torrid lands, while the spooks have some more scientific foundation than the night-wanderers were accustomed to have but a few years ago. The glamour of ghosts has departed, and to-day young England is fed upon tales of derring-do and adventure that would have made mythological heroes quake in their sandals had they been asked to perform them. Not that all are of this stamp. There is one volume whose leaves will be carelessly turned by many an indifferent hand as it lies on the drawing-room table. It looks so like the adult picture-book that it requires an effort to sit down and read it. "The House of Pomegranates" (3) is so finely printed, its architecture, so to speak, so perfect, that one feels instinctively that it is a sort of show building, not for workaday use. Nevertheless, it is not so. Let it but pass into the children's hands, and its value will be more easily gauged. They will live the fabled lives of the inmates of this enchanted house. Mr. Wilde will have made so plain to them, with his simple, direct English, a new world of beauty,

(1) "The Book of the Circus." Illustrated. By Jules Garnier. (London: Routledge & Co.)
(2) "Cinderella." Dean's Pantomime Series. (London: Dean & Co.)
(3) "The House of Pomegranates." By Oscar Wilde.
(4) "The Fossicker." By Ernest Glanville. (London: Chatto & Windus.)
(5) "Robinson Crusoe." With original Illustrations by Walter Paget. (London: Cassell & Co.)
(6) "The Secret of the Magian; or, the Mystery of Ecbatana." By A. Laurie. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)
(7) "Cesar Cascabel." By Jules Verne. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
(8) "The Valley Council." By Percy Clarke. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
(9) "A Dark Place of the Earth." By Alfred Clarke. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
(10) "The Squirrel Inn." "The Rudder Grangers." By F. R. Stockton. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
(11) "How Martin Drake Found his Father." By G. Norway. London: Sampson Low & Co.)
(12) "The Boy Settlers." By Monk Brooks. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
(13) "At the Antipodes." By G. Verschneer. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
(14) "A Transatlantic Holiday." By T. Fitzpatrick. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
(15) "Roger Ingleton, Minor. By Talbot Baines Reed. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)

that they will straightway enter in and take possession. A book it is which one should read young, that as years pass by one could enter into a fuller appreciation of it. It would be possible to dream for hours over a book of this sort, and awake soothed and refreshed, but imagine a slumber in which the *dramatis personæ* of a Mashonaland romance held dream-carnival. The "Fossicker," (4) who gives his title to the volume, is a gold-seeker, who has discovered and made his home in the veritable Ophir, and the adventures of the heroes who seek his retreat would put a Stanley to the blush. There is enough compressed adventure therein to have supplied at least half-a-dozen volumes, and it is given in such a taking form that you might imagine the author to be a recruiting-sergeant in the employ of the Chartered Company. In spite, however, of its hair-breadth escapes, it just lacks that air of reality which the boy's classic must possess, and which makes him believe in "Robinson Crusoe," a new edition of which has just been published by Messrs. Cassell (5). Of course, there is nothing remarkable in that. Crusoe's reincarnation is more than annual, but this time he cannot slip by amongst the crowd without notice, for the volume is crowded with illustrations that would give life to a far less notable character, and in this case are worthy of the subject.

In poring over these books, a somewhat remarkable freak, as you doubtless think, for one whose claim to boyhood could only possibly be based upon the theory of a second advent, I am but fulfilling your request to give you some idea of what would meet the requirements of your young relatives. Alas! I had nearly lost myself in a maze, and, turn which way I might, I plunged into some terrible adventure, of which the effect was so unnerving that at one time I had thought extrication impossible. Take, for instance, the supply of adventure provided for holiday consumption by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. Under their auspices you may seek in Persia the solution to "The Mystery of Ecbatana (6), and brave dangers, occult and hypnotic, while seeking treasure in the realms of the Shah. Or, more delightful still, you may let Jules Verne take you with "César Cascabel" (7) upon a journey from San Francisco to Paris in a showman's caravan *viâ* Behring's Straits. You may share the dangers, participate in the triumphs of the *famille* Cascabel without a moment's weariness or the faintest trace of fatigue. You can brave the deserts of central Australia with the settlers who sat in "The Valley Council" (8), following with breathless interest the fortunes of a runaway couple of lovers, or experience the effect of the sun in the Indian Ocean, by assimilation of the night-mare experience of a sun-stricken Cingalese official (9). Should these be too exciting, you may regain a normal temperament by a quiet perusal of some fresh American Sketches (10), by Frank R. Stockton, whose deft penmanship has the brightness of a pastel.

But this by no means will bring you to the end of the list. There is a story of Black and White slavery in the early days of the American colonies, telling "How Martin Drake found his Father" (11), as exciting as any, and no boy will throw down "The Boy Settlers" (12) until he is prepared to pass an examination in the ways and customs of the early pioneers into Texas. The only volumes which do lack interest are two books of travel. "At the Antipodes" (13) is a guide-book to Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, and elsewhere. "A Transatlantic Holiday" (14) has the value to the author which a fortnight's observation of a nation must necessarily give, but to any one else none at all. For them, not one boy in a thousand would exchange Mr. Reed's charming school story, Roger Ingleton, Minor. There is a trifle more life, perhaps, about the schools into which Mr. Reed introduces you than there used to be in those to which we went, but still the boys are the same, and in his pages we help our friends and fight our foes once again.

Of quite a different type are the books issued by Messrs. Hutchison. Quiet in tone, sentimentally effective most of them, the sort of book the quiet girl of fifteen likes to take and dream over by the fireside, are those that Sarah Doudney supplies her circle of readers. There are three of them issued this year, and in each you can see the grey-toned picture of the romance of every-day life, clearly drawn perhaps, with true artistic touch, but, nevertheless, a trifle monotonous from its want of colour. How is it that there is no book of adventure for girls? The eager girlhood of to-day, which finds outlet for its spirit in cricket, and scarcely ere it has reached its early womanhood by taking in hand the explorer's stuff, can scarcely find sustenance in "The Love Dream" or even "A Family Difficulty" (16). Nor can "Dare Lorimer's Heritage" (17), prettily-told story though it is, supply for the girl what many a writer does for her brother. There is more satisfaction to be found, perhaps, in those two volumes edited by Alfred H. Miles (18), containing a story for every week in the year. There is just sufficient in each volume to dispel the monotony of a year of British Sundays.

Perhaps some day there will arise a publisher who will do for the girls what Messrs. Blackie do for the boys, though, I imagine, it will be long before they enlist a Mr. Henty in the pleasing task of amusing them. Mr. Henty this year can point to two volumes of war stories and one reminiscent of Buffalo Bill. This latter, "Redskin and Cow-Boy" (19), should be the favourite, for there is more freshness in the subject and treatment than in either of the others, of which the story dealing with the siege of Gibraltar is preferable, for in "The Dash for Khartoum" (20) the somewhat priggish lads, who do such mighty deeds, lay down the law with such unerring judgment that you cannot help feeling that their places should have been in command of the expeditionary forces despatched on that senseless errand. There seems, indeed, to have grown up a greater taste for the military story than the old-time favourite with the midshipman as the hero, though the taste for the sea story has evidently not quite died out, or Mr. Leighton would not have woven so interesting a tale of boys' doings round and about the Orkney Isles (21). Quite of the old stamp, however, is "Richard Tregellas" (22), the very name of which smacks of fights with the Frenchmen, and "Bare Rock" (23), a story of shipwreck in the South Atlantic, fights with niggers, and search for treasure on the African coast.

For the very little ones, no one caters more successfully than Messrs. Griffith, Farren, & Co. The charmingly-printed coloured plates which are scattered through "Granny's Wonderful Chair," and "Some Sweet Stories of Old" (24), are an artistic training in themselves, while there is no lack of delicate stories to interest the youngsters in their quiet half-hours. There is, however, something wanting, the fairy stories are not up to the

(16) "The Love Dream. "The Family Difficulty." By Sarah Doudney. (London: Hutchison & Co.)
(17) "Dare Lorimer's Heritage." By Evelyn Everett Green. (London: Hutchison & Co.)
(18) "Fifty-two Further Stories for Boys." "Fifty-two Further Stories for Girls." Edited by Alfred H. Miles. (London: Hutchison & Co.)
(19) "Redskin and Cow-boy." (20) "The Dash for Khartoum." By G. H. Henty. (London: Blackie & Son.)
(21) "The Pirates of Pomona." By Robert Leighton. (London: Blackie & Son.)
(22) "Richard Tregellas." By David Lawson Johnston. (London: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.)
(23) "Blackrock." By Henry Nash. (London: Edward Arnold.)
(24) "Granny's Wonderful Chair." By Francis Browne. (25) "A New Book of the Fairies." By Beatrice Harraden. (26) "Twice Four." (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.)
(27) "Burr, Junior." By George Manville Fenn. (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.)
(28) "With the Green Jackets." By Percy Groves. (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.)
(29) "Paul Blake." By Alfred Elwes. (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.)
(30) "Amongst the Zulus." By Lieut-Colonel A. W. Drayson. (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.)
(31) "Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes." By Mrs. R. Lee. (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.)
(32) "Fay Arlington." By Anne Beale. (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.)
(33) "Mischief Makers." By Mrs. M. E. Beusher. (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.)
(34) "The Savage Queen." By Hume Nisbet. (London: F. V. White & Co.)
(35) "Maria Edgeworth's Popular and Moral Tales." (London: Routledge & Co.)
(36) "R. Caldecott's Picture Book." (London: Routledge & Co.)
(37) "Four Winds Farm." By Mrs. Molesworth. (London: Macmillan & Co.)
(38) "Royal Youths." By Ascott R. Hope. (London: Fisher Unwin.)
(39) "Pleasant Work for Busy Fingers." By Maggie Brown. (London: Cassell & Co.)

China and Glass.—Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

average unless you except another prettily-illustrated volume by Beatrice Harraden (25), "Nobody's Business" is bound to be a favourite, though a volume of eight short stories by well-known authors is, perhaps, the pick of the lot (26). You will find it pleasant to turn over the pages of any or all of these books, for the illustrations are so delicate that rest is the natural result. And some rest is needed, for Messrs. Griffith, Farren, & Co., will plunge you into adventures as wild as any that I have detailed before. By easy gradations, you are led up through school-life under the tutorship of Geo. Manville Fenn, who, in "Burr Junior" (27), will give your nephews as picturesque a realisation of their own lives as they might wish in the real battle of life. Not a bum-drum life, if you follow one of Percy Grove's heroes' career; saved as an infant from a wreck, nurtured on board ship, winning honour and a commission in a rifle corps and "in the Green Jackets" (28), serving through the Peninsular War. Nor would it have less repose if you followed the experience of "Paul Blake" (29) among the Corsican banditti and upon the island of Monte Cristo, or Hans Sterk amongst the Zulus (30). There is no difficulty in which the heroes do not manage to fall—there is no peril from which they cannot manage to escape. Of a quieter stamp are Mrs. Lee's "Anecdotes of Habits and Instincts of Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes" (31), a companion to a similar volume about animals, which not even the dog stories made incredible. For your nieces there are some quiet stories, "Changed Lots," "Fay Arlington" (32), and one, "The Story of Zipporah" (33), which bears some relation to the adventurous by the action taking place at the siege of Jerusalem. But even these do not meet the need for girls' books of adventure. What is needed is an active and enterprising heroine, not the passive and long-suffering individual who at present forms the ideal of the girl's book.

You might almost expect to have found this in the "Savage Queen" (34) did not perusal show you that this romance of the early days of the settlement in Van Dieman's Land, with its realistic descriptions of the convict and native life, was primarily intended for boys. It is fortunate, perhaps, that in some of the annuals, such as "Harper's," there is a judicious mixture of the two styles, so that the tom-boy may not be altogether unprovided for. In the annuals for younger children, "Chatterbox," "The Prize," and other of Messrs. Routledge's publications, the sexual difference in the literature is not marked, nor is it very distinctive in "the double dose of the invariable," which the same publisher gives us in the inevitable "Maria Edgeworth" (35). What is good for the boy is suitable for the girl, and in the case of R. Caldecott's "Picture Book" (36) for the man and woman too, a little volume that might be carried in the pocket as a specific against November and its depressing effects. The babies are most effectively catered for in "Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes," where every old jingle has its illustration, and by artists such as Ainsworth, Tenniel, Crane. Mr. Crane, by the way, appears to quite as much advantage in his illustrations to another little story by Mrs. Molesworth (37), a dainty little book.

And now, if from all these you cannot fit your young friends out with stories after their taste, if their ambition is too vaulting, give them "Royal Youths" (38), and in these sad stories of the death of young Kings they will learn that power is more fraught with peril than obscurity. If they need work to keep their fingers from mischief give them the lessons in paper-cuttings contained in "Pleasant Work for Busy Fingers" (39); but carefully lock the library door, lest any of your treasured tomes should fall victim to their relentless scissors. Should you desire to amuse a whole family of boys with one solid volume, let me assure you that Messrs. Cassell's "World of Adventure" will suit your purpose admirably, and make you revered as the most delightful and worthy of uncles. Thoroughly exhausted by adventure—Believe me to remain, yours very sincerely,

DESMOND O'BRIEN.

For Mutual Life Assurance, The Scottish Widows' Fund Society's Accumulated Funds exceed £11,000 000.—Special Notice. Assurances, to participate in the next division of profits in respect of the year ending December 31st, 1891, should be applied for *now*. Full particulars of this great Mutual Life Office may be obtained on application to London Office, 28, Cornhill, E.C. (West-end Agency, 47, Pall Mall, S.W.)

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I heartily wished that you had been with us the other day when we were favoured with a sight of Miss Cornwallis West's lovely trousseau. You would have delighted in the beauty of the materials, the exquisite combinations of colour, and the skill with which they were put together. The wedding-dress was a poem, but of that you will have read in the papers before you see this. We saw it at Nicolle's, in Bond-street, and also the going-away costume, which was made after the Russian style. The material was dark green velvet, and the form was very simple, the skirt falling in straight, plain lines to the ground. It was bordered with a double row of beaver, a band of fine embroidery in pink and gold on white cloth being inserted between the two. You can imagine the pretty effect of the bright, soft colour between the borders of fur, can you not? The bodice showed similar embroidery down the front, edged with beaver on either side, and the collar and cuffs were composed of it. The long coat was also in green velvet, with sleeves and revers in green cloth which showed through the intervals of the black passementerie with which it was covered. Black cocks' feathers, curled, formed the collar and bordered the fronts.

We fell into ecstasies of admiration over a superb dinner-gown, to the description of which you must pay attentive heed, for it is truly lovely. The under-dress, complete in itself as regards the skirt, has a front of white satin, with an embroidery in gold, running upwards in long lines tending towards the left side. Along the edge of the satin skirt is a row of begonia leaves in eau-de-Nil velvet, with veinings of gold and pearls, a lovely contrast to the white. The over-dress is in velvet of a peculiarly bright and daring tone of dahlia red, almost a magenta, but with a dash of reddish puce in it. This is bordered all round with a narrow hem of darkest Russian sable, which looks beautiful as contrasted with the white satin of the under-dress. The velvet comes up in a point at the back of the bodice in true Russian fashion, showing the white satin and gold above it, and passing round under the arms with its bordering of fur, it crosses the waist beneath the bust in a very becoming way.

We also admired immensely a tea-gown made of silver grey plush and bordered with chinchilla. The front was all white satin, made in Empire style, with a yoke of gold and white embroidery at the throat. Into this yoke the satin was gathered, and at the waist was held in by a wide pleated band of white silk muslin, fastened with a wide gold buckle. The sleeves and a portion of the back of the bodice were in silver grey brocade, simulating an under-dress, as it were, over which the grey plush was drawn up under a band of gold embroidery.

At Madame Lili's we saw a most lovely tea-gown, part of the trousseau, in white satin set into a yoke of turquoise jewelling, and held at the waist under a pointed band of the same. Similar trimming bordered the front breadth, and also the long, wide sleeves, lined with white satin, and open from the shoulders to show the arms. Another very delicious tea-gown, also made by Madame Lili for the tall and fair young bride, is in white crêpe-de-chine, with fichu and sash ruffled with quantities of lace, a garment in which an artist or a sculptor would delight.

We went to the conversazione of the British Nurses' Association at the Prince's Hall, on Friday evening, to see Princess Christian give away the badges to the members.

Dress and Habit Makers.—Messrs. John Redfern & Sons have now on view in their Show Rooms, Conduit-street and New Bond-street, a collection of original designs of outdoor Gowns, Coats, Wraps, and Hats, especially prepared for the "Winter Season."

First of all, there was a reception in the picture-galleries upstairs, a lady and gentleman acting as reception-committee, and a man with a lovely Irish brogue announcing the names as the nurses entered. There were several hundred nurses present, and about two dozen men, the rest of the gathering being made up of ladies in evening dress. The nurses wore their various uniforms, some of which are very pretty and becoming. We wondered how all their patients were getting on in their absence, and then began cheerfully to speculate on our chances of catching a few microbes or bacillæ and bearing them home with us to germinate or develop at their leisure. At half-past nine, Princess Christian, her husband, and her daughter, arrived, with beautiful punctuality, and, having made a difficult descent of the stairs, owing to the crowd, we got into Prince's Hall just in time to see her come on the platform in a silk gown of her favourite cardinal red, trimmed with a little white lace, and worn with some fine diamonds. She held a bouquet of tea-roses, and looked very young, handsome, and dignified as she gracefully handed the badges to their owners. As the proceedings then became a trifle monotonous to all but the individuals interested, we went on to an "at home" at which we were due.

The Grosvenor Club are going to give a ball in their lovely rooms some time in January. I have a particular affection for that Club, because it is so nice to the wives and daughters of its members. Upstairs on the second floor there is a beautiful drawing-room and tea-room, which such ladies can occupy, the only formality to be gone through consisting of writing their name in the visitors' book. Colonel 'Pon-my-Life has made Julia free of the Club, and when she comes up for a day's shopping she finds it invaluable. Among their new arrangements is a special guest night with dinner at eight o'clock, a new Hungarian band playing during the meal, and again in the large drawing-room when the diners adjourn there for coffee and liqueurs. On the next ladies' night, some time in January, there is to be a big chorus composed of professional singers selected from the best choruses in London. Captain Gordon has also in view some theatricals in Mid-Lent for the benefit of the Gordon Boys' Home. Not amateurs, you know, but well-known actors and actresses will play in these. Is there any form of so-called amusement so absolutely and desperately dismal as amateur theatricals?

You ask my advice about Christmas presents of the sort that are not too expensive to substitute for cards. I have been looking out for you ever since I had your letter, and have come upon a few little things that might do. They have, at least, the charm of novelty. In a shop-window I saw a pair of "douters," a contrivance for extinguishing candles without allowing that peculiar, mutton-choppy smelling smoke to arise. The name comes from a Shakespearean word in Hamlet, and originates, I conclude, in the compound verb, to do out. The douters are made in silver or electro-plate. In the same shop, I saw a curiously-contrived spoon with cover, for making a cup of tea almost instantaneously. The tea is placed in the lower bowl, which is then covered, placed in a cup, and the boiling water poured upon it. It is allowed to stand a full minute, and, when stirred, there is a freshly-made cup of tea.

Another useful and ornamental little article is a morocco case filled with needles of all sizes and for all purposes, a facsimile of the cases which were presented to the ladies who were guests at the recent dinner of the Needlemakers' Company. Messrs. Henry Milward & Co., of Redditch, the metropolis of Needleland, have prepared several cases of the kind for Christmas presents. Among the "darners," "crewels," "straw" and other varieties, all gilt-headed, are some of the calyx-eyed needles which can be threaded through the head, a great boon to those who find it difficult, from failing sight or other causes, to pass the cotton through the eye.

Do you boil your drinking-water? Father has been reading many letters in the *Times* about "autumnal typhoid," in which the writers insist on the necessity of having the water boiled first and filtered afterwards. "Cook your water as you do other articles of food," writes a physician on the subject. I am proud to say that, quite unaided by medical advice, I arrived at the same conclusion long ago, and we never have any water brought to table that has not been first boiled and then passed through Morris's circulating filter, which, owing to its peculiar construction, thoroughly aërates it, and thus makes it palatable and pleasant to the taste. Water that has been boiled and not filtered, or only filtered without being aërated, has a flat, stale, disagreeable flavour, while that which we drink is bright, sparkling, and very inviting. It looks really attractive in its own particular glass jug.

We also boil all the milk we use in tea or coffee, so we are doing our best to avoid a visitation of the dreaded typhoid.

Here is a curious old recipe that an industrious individual has copied from a book in his possession, called "Pastry and Physic," by William Salmon (of Blue-Ball, by the Ditch-side, near Holborn Bridge, the 24th of June, 1696):—

PUDDING OF MARROW BAKED.—Let your dish be indifferent deep, on the bottom whereof lay sippers of white bread, and on that lay raw marrow all over, with dates, raisins of the sun, orangads, and other suckets; then, having ready some cream boil'd up with the yolks of eggs, lay thereon a ladleful or two thereof; marrow upon that, upon your marrow make another lay of dates, raisins, &c., and then a lay of cream; continue so doing till you have fill'd up your dish. Garnish the brim of your dish with paste, then set it in the oven half an hour, and it will be enough. In the boiling your cream you must put in whole cinamon and large mace, and season it with rosewater, sugar, and grated nutmeg.

Sarah and I had a great discussion the other day as to which is the better—to boil the Christmas pudding in a cloth only, or in a mould or basin as well. Sarah, fresh from revelling in the new and enlarged edition of Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management," a splendid volume, full of good things, declares that the good old-fashioned plan of boiling in the cloth only is far the better way. Both modes are given in the various recipes. I cannot remember which Mrs. Marshall advises, but it is pretty sure to be a dainty mould of some kind. In the official handbook of the National Training School for Cookery we are told to boil the pudding in a cloth, which accords with good old Sarah's notions. Tell me what are your ideas on the subject.

This is the recipe by which we have just made our Christmas puddings, six in number, which are intended to last on into six months or so of 1892:—

Ingredients: 4 lb. raisins, stoned; 4 lb. currants, picked, washed and dried; 1 lb. mixed peel cut into short strips, 1 lb. of dried prunes, 2 lb. of bread-crumbs; 2 lb. of beef suet, finely chopped; 1 lb. of flour, 4 lb. moist sugar; 3 lb. of apples, peeled, cored, and quartered; 16 eggs; 1 lb. of almonds, blanched, and cut in long, thin strips; the grated rind of a lemon, a pint of old ale, and half a pint of Liquid Sunshine rum. Mix the flour and suet first, then add the bread-crumbs, the grated rind of lemon, the sugar, and then the fruit. When all is thoroughly amalgamated, add the eggs the old ale, and the rum, and mix again.

This quantity makes six puddings, each weighing about 2 lb. It is a long business preparing the ingredients, weighing out the quantities, &c.; but the plum-pudding making appears to be almost a religious ceremony in the eyes of our good Sarah, and we should be very sorry to interfere with her, though there is little else done in the house on the day that the pudding fetish is worshipped. And hers are really delicious. She boils them for six hours the day they are made, in a fearful and wonderful huge boiler, which almost covers the entire top of the hot-plate, which is set apart to its service on these occasions. Each is then hung up by its string to a nail until needed.

Ever, dear, your loving cousin, MADGE.

P.S.—Last night we went to the dance at Queen's Gate Hall, which was the third of the series got up by Mr. Harrison-Watson in aid of the fund for giving dinners to

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he poor children at the East-end. We enjoyed it very much, all the arrangements being excellent. The Hall has recently been fitted with the electric light, and the burners were shaded with the new bead ray diffusers, which have such a pretty, soft effect, making the light very becoming to both dancers and dresses. The rooms were all draped with yellow silk, a delicious background, and the mirrors were festooned with greenery. The band played under a Venetian awning of striped silk, white and yellow, supported by gilded spears, the recess beneath, draped to match, being hung with many clusters of diamond fairy lights. All the doorways were draped with terra-cotta silk, and ornamented with pendent baskets of foliage. The decorations were really beautiful, and the effect was aided by immense palms placed here and there in coigns of vantage. The dresses were very smart, particularly noticeable being a golden yellow brocade, the flowers on it outlined with silver, and worn over a striped Algerian muslin in white and silver; a lovely white chiffon gown, bordered with opal jewellery and silver; and a very handsome pink and black dress, with floral fringe from the waist, composed of pink forget-me-nots. The last dance of the series takes place next Monday, the 14th.

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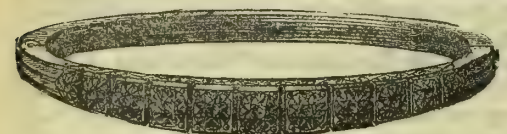
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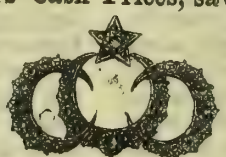
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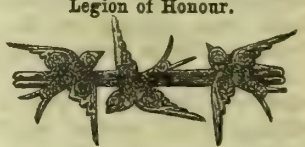
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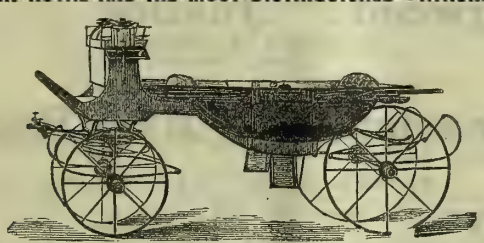

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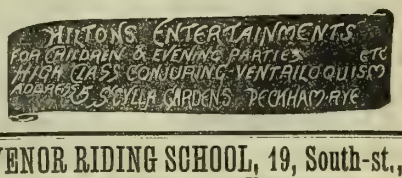

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NORWOOD HYDRO and RESIDENTIAL HOTEL, charmingly situated near the Crystal Palace. Winter Boarding Terms from 2 guineas weekly. Turkish, Electric, and all Baths free. Effectually warmed. Table d'Hôte 7; excellent cuisine. Resident Proprietor.

ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA.—The ALEXANDRA HOTEL, Everafield-place, due south, facing the sea. Hydraulic lift to all floors. Billiard-room. Conservatory. Electric light in all public rooms. Table d'Hôte at separate tables, at 7.—Under the Management of Mr. and Mrs. HENRY RADFORD.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—WELLINGTON HOTEL, Mount Ephraim. Under the distinguished patronage of his Grace the late Duke of Wellington, K.G., the leading nobility and gentry, &c. 422 ft. above sea level, south aspect; elegantly furnished; piano in every sitting-room. Cuisine, English and French; Table d'Hôte, large Dairy Farm.—BRABY, Proprietor.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—The SPA Residential HOTEL (facing south), with splendid view over the Common. Standing in its own grounds of 65 acres. Baths of every description, including Turkish and swimming. Good tennis courts. Unequalled winter residence, being heated throughout at a temperature of 60°. Terms on application to the MANAGERESS.

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PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.

Situated in the most fashionable, convenient, and healthy locality. Artesian Well Water. Electric light throughout. Moderate Tariff.

Table d'Hôte 6 to 8.30.

Under the Management of WALTER GOSDEN.

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CRETTAZ FRÈRES, Proprietors.

HEALTHY SITUATION.
FASHIONABLE, CONVENIENT.
ELECTRIC LIGHT.
RESTAURANT ENLARGED
MODERATE TARIFF.
OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE HOTEL,

Buckingham-gate, London, S.W.

Delightfully situated, facing the Royal Palace and Gardens, and near Victoria Station.

Suites of 3 Rooms from 12s. per day. Inclusive Terms from 12s. per day.

Public dining, drawing, reading, and smoking rooms. Hydraulic lift, and electric light in every room. Same management as the Burlington Hotel.
GEORGE COOKE, Manager.

THE ALBANY HOTEL, HASTINGS (Robertson-terrace), Facing the Sea due South. FINEST POSITION on the WHOLE SEA FRONT. Splendid Views. Recommended by Medical men as the best situation for a Winter Residence. Enlarged, Re-modelled, and superbly Furnished throughout. Lofty Apartments; new handsome Drawing, Dining, and Billiard rooms; Reading and Writing, Smoking and Bath-rooms. ONLY HOTEL IN HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT in EVERY ROOM. PASSENGER LIFT. Warmed in Winter. High-class Cuisine. *Table d'hôte* separate tables, 7 p.m. Moderate tariff. No charge for attendance. —C. A. SCHWABE, Manager.

CAP MARTIN HOTEL,

Between **MENTONE** and **MONTE CARLO,**

Surrounded by Pine Woods, and 150 feet above Sea Level.

Extensive alterations since Last Season. Lifts, and all Modern Conveniences.

PERFECT SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS, guaranteed by Jennings & Co., of London.

SPLENDID NEW RESTAURANT.

MODERATE TARIFF.

A Laundry, on Perfect Sanitary Principles, and a Model Dairy have been erected on the Cap for the convenience of Visitors.

OMNIBUSES MEET TRAINS AT MENTONE.

All Inquiries to be addressed to THE MANAGER,

CAP MARTIN HOTEL, MENTONE, Alpes Maritimes.

THE (RESIDENTIAL) HOTEL BELGRAVIA, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

This new eight-storied stone edifice is a "Family Suite" Hotel, at the corner of Palace-street, at the Belgravian and quiet end of Victoria-street. Has south and west aspects, warmed staircases, American elevators, electric light, certified sanitation, ventilated rooms, and every modern appliance. Its special feature (which distinguishes it from other London Hotels) is its unmatched FAMILY SUITES of few or many rooms, enclosed as flats, each with its own dressing-room, bath-room fitted with porcelain baths, &c. British servants only. High-class cuisine and exquisite table appointments. Rooms secured by telegraph.—Address, "BELGRAVIAN, LONDON," or Telephone No. 3,083.

HOSPITALS AND APPEALS.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN,
Great Ormond St., Bloomsbury.

— PRESIDENT—THE DUKE OF FIFE, K.T. —

FOURTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS REQUIRED BEFORE CHRISTMAS,
TO PAY BILLS AND KEEP THIS CHARITY FREE FROM DEBT.

ADRIAN HOPE, *Secretary.*

PADDINGTON GREEN CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

(CONVALESCENT BRANCH, WEMBLEY, NEAR HARROW-ON-THE-HILL).

Free to the Children of the Poor without Letter of Recommendation. Accident and Urgent Cases admitted at any time

During 1890—In-patients admitted, 454. New Out-patient cases, 9,146. Total attendances of Out-patients, 27,624.

ADDITIONAL ACCOMMODATION FOR IN-PATIENTS HAS BECOME ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

DONATIONS TO THE EXTENSION FUND ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.

A Friend has promised £105, provided £3,000 can be raised by Christmas. Over £1,000 has already been received or promised.

GEORGE HANBURY, *Treasurer*, 21, Portman-square, W.

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

7, HARPUR STREET, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

— PATRON—THE QUEEN. —

During the last quarter the Society investigated **2,181** complaints of cruelty to children.

GENERAL ILLTREATMENT, 426. NEGLECT AND STARVATION, 1,252. BEGGING CASES, 113. ASSAULTS, 103. ABANDONMENT AND EXPOSURE, 120. IMMORALITY, 96. OTHER WRONGS, 71.

The welfare of 5,128 Children was involved in the above. Funds urgently needed to maintain and extend the work.

Auditors: Messrs. GERARD VAN DE LINDE & SON. *Bankers:* Messrs. COUTTS & CO. BENJAMIN WAUGH, *Honorary Director.*

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL,
PADDINGTON, W.,
Stands in Great Need of HELP.

Its Income is at present £4,000 less than in 1890, while the demands by the sick and injured have increased

The smallest gift will be welcomed, and will be most gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Mr. THOMAS RYAN, at the Hospital.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL,
STRAND, W.C.

CONTRIBUTIONS are EARNESTLY SOLICITED towards meeting the EXPENSES of this unendowed Hospital, and will be gratefully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Drummond, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Messrs. Martin & Co., or by the Secretary, at the Hospital.

The deficit on 31st December, 1890, was £7,550.

CANCER WARDS at the MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL. Mortimer-street, W.—The Weekly Board make an URGENT APPEAL for Funds in aid of these Wards. There are 34 beds set apart for patients suffering from this terrible malady. They are admitted without letters of recommendation, everything that human skill and kindness can suggest is provided, and sufferers are permitted to remain until relieved by art or released by death. Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co.

F. CLARE MELHADO, Secretary Superintendent.

THE EARLSWOOD ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, Red Hill, Surrey.

628 Patients are now receiving Care and Education.
163 Candidates are Seeking Admission.
The Income is not sufficient to meet the Accounts now due, FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

H. GERARD HOARE, Esq., J.P., Treasurer.
JAMES DOWNING, Secretary.
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OFFICES: 36, King William-street, London Bridge, E.C.

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"Forbes Winslow Memorial," 208, EUSTON ROAD, Established 1890.

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The only Hospital of its kind in England for the "Out-Patient" treatment of poor persons mentally afflicted. Of 80,000 registered lunatics 75,000 belong to this class. Upwards of 7,000 attendances registered since opening. Entirely supported by Voluntary Contributions.

Hon. Sec., FRANCK FORBES WINSLOW.

THE FRIEND IN NEED.—TO GENTLEMEN.—The Managers of a Refuge in Whitechapel, which shelters 160 homeless men nightly, earnestly APPEAL for GIFTS of CAST-OFF CLOTHING.—Address, SECRETARY, 27, Kilburn Park-road, London, N.W.

NORTH-WEST LONDON HOSPITAL.
KENTISH TOWN ROAD. Founded 1878.

The only Institution of the kind in the North-west District. Forty-seven beds are available, eighteen of which are for Sick Children.

Last year 665 patients were treated in the wards, and 40,920 attended as out-patients.

FUNDS ARE MOST URGENTLY NEEDED

ALFRED CRASKE, Secretary.

IRISH DISTRESSED LADIES' FUND
Patron, HER MAJESTY the QUEEN.

Executive Committee.—President, H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne; Vice-President, Her Grace the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough; Chairman, the Marquis of Waterford, K.P.; Hon. Treasurer, H. H. Pleydell Bouverie, Esq.

Bankers.—Messrs. Barclay, Ransom, & Co. 1, Pall-Mall East, S.W.
Secretary.—Lieut.-General W. M. Lees, 17, North Audley-street, London, W.

The Committee Urgently Appeal for Funds.

OFFICE and WORK DEPOT, 17, NORTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.

THE LONDON THROAT HOSPITAL
FOR DISEASES OF THE THROAT, NOSE, & EAR,
204, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.

The Committee most earnestly appeal for FUNDS to enable them to furnish and maintain Two New Wards, which are standing empty. Annual Subscriptions are much needed.

BANKERS—Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59, Strand, W.C.
TREASURER—Major-General E. C. Sim, R.E. SECRETARY—Frank Horne.

WEST END HOSPITAL.
For Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis, and Epilepsy.
73 WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W.

WITH SPECIAL WARDS FOR PARALYSED CHILDREN.

PATRONESS: *H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.*

Donations and Subscriptions are earnestly requested towards the Fund for Re-building the Hospital. £800 REQUIRED to complete the necessary sum. A little timely help in early life may often prevent the child from growing up to be a burden to himself and to others, and may be the means of giving to society a healthy man in place of a cripple.

H. A. DOWELL, *Treasurer.*

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DR. GORDON'S ELEGANT PILLS
Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to
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OAKES & CO.'S "PAGODA" BRAND.

KNOWN AS
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ANGLO-INDIAN Specials	PAGODAS No. 1 and 2.
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	STRAW CHEROOTS.

As supplied to the Army and Navy Stores, and exported to all quarters of the world.

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ILFRACOMBE.—ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.—Attractive home winter resort. First-class return ticket from London (Waterloo) and seven days' board, room, &c., Five Guineas. Ask for hotel tickets.

INTEMPERANCE, THE MORPHIA HABIT, AND THE ABUSE OF DRUGS. TOWER HOUSE, LEICESTER. Est. 1864. HOME FOR LADIES. Consulting Physician, Dr. W. B. RICHARDSON, London. Medical Attendant, Dr. J. St. T. Clarke. For terms and particulars apply to Mrs. Theobald

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ELECTRIC FITTINGS.
Manufactory: 3, BERNERS STREET, W.

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CARTER 6A, NEW CAVENDISH ST.
PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.
LITERARY MACHINE
For holding lamp, meals, &c. in any position over an easy chair, bed or sofa. Deliciously luxurious. A most useful gift. PRICES from £1.1s.
INVALID COMFORTS
Walking Machine for the lame
Adjustable Couches and Beds, £2.
Exercising Chairs £5.5s.
Reclining Boards £1.1s.
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From £1.10s.
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FOR 3, 4 or 5 PLAYERS.
Supersedes Whist.
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Exciting. Amusing. Interesting.
POST FREE 2/6
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FLANNEL AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF UNDERCLOTHING
can be had by ordering from first-class Hosiers and Drapers.
Principal Retail Agents for Fabrics, E. Lodge & Co., 15, Strand, London, W.; H. Sampson, 33, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.
List of Country Agents sent on application to Welch, Margetson, & Co., 16, Cheapside, London (Wholesale Depôt for Fabrics).
LAIRITZ'S Pine-Wool Wadding, Oil, Extract for Bath, &c., of all the leading Chemists.
CAUTION:—Observe the Tree Trade Mark with Signature stamped on each piece.

MONEY.—Householders or Lodgers desirous of obtaining immediate advances upon their Furniture or other Negotiable Security, are invited to call at the Offices of the Consolidated Company, 43, Great Tower-street, E.C., and arrange. Bills of sale and executions paid out. No fees, the full sum advanced without deduction. An old established and genuine firm.

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SIR MORELL MACKENZIE,
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THE LATE GEN. W. T. SHERMAN,
and many other persons of distinction, have testified to the remarkable efficacy of
HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA
Established nearly a Quarter of a Century.
Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an Inhalation and without any after bad effects. A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In tins, 4s. 3d. British Depôt—46, Holborn Viaduct, London; also of NEWBERY & SONS, BAROLAY & SONS, LYNCH & CO., J. SANGER & SONS, W. EDWARDS & SON, JOHN THOMPSON, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over
ONE HUNDRED YEARS,
and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from Sanger & Sons, 489, Oxford-street, London.

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VINEGAR.
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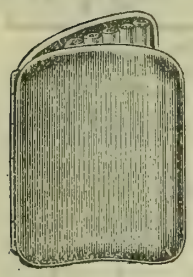
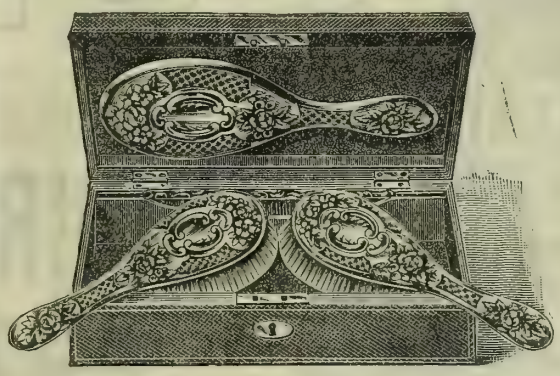
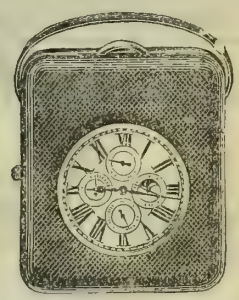


Sterling Silver Cigarette Case, to hold 10, concave, £2 5 0

Sterling Silver Fusee Case, with ring, concave, £1 1 0



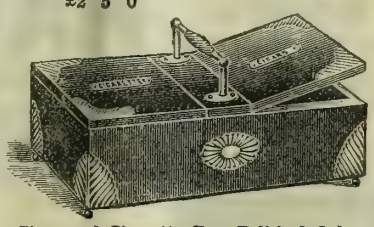
Pair Repoussé Chased Sterling Silver Hair Brushes and Hand Mirror, in Leather Case.
Complete, with Silver Mounted Tortoiseshell Comb, £8 10 0
Pair Brushes only, in Case £3 18 0



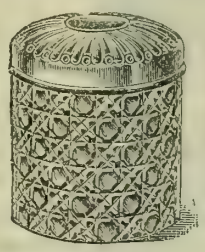
Automatic Lever Calendar Watch, showing Dates and Phases of the Moon. Dial, 2½ in. diameter. Complete in Case, £2 17 6. Guaranteed.

Repoussé Chased Sterling Silver Case for Bryant & May's Matches. Large Size £1

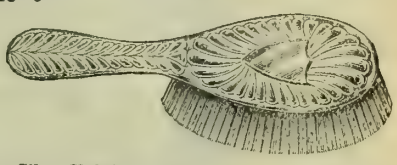
Fluted Sterling Silver Powder Box, Gilt inside, 2½ in. diam. £2 5 0



Cigar and Cigarette Box, Polished Oak, Nickel Mounts, 12/6.

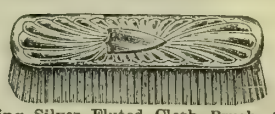


Richly Cut Glass Powder Jar, with Antique Chased Sterling Silver Top; Diameter, 3 in. £1 18 0

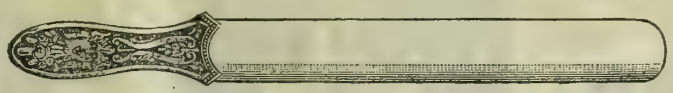


Sterling Silver Hair Brush £1 10 0
Sterling Silver Hand Mirror to Match, Fluted £3 3 0

Handsome Toilet Bottle in Cut Glass, with Sterling Silver Mounts, £1 8 0 Height 5½ in.

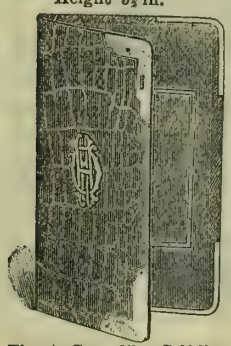


Sterling Silver Fluted Cloth Brush, 18/6.

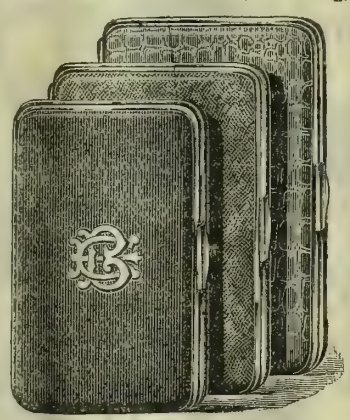


Fine African Ivory Paper Knife, with handsomely Chased Sterling Silver Handle, 17 in. long, £1 15 0

Tortoiseshell Comb, with Massive Sterling Silver Mounts, £1 0 0. Tail Comb to match, 17/6.



Finest Crocodile Calf-lined Letter Wallet, with Sterling Silver Hall-marked Corners. 5½ in., £1 5 0; 6 in., £1 12 6
Polished Morocco—
5½ in., £1 2 6; 6 in., £1 5 6
Pierced Sterling Silver Monogram, 8/6



Cigar Case, Lined Calf, Nickel Frame, Pigskin, 8/, 10/, 12/; Crocodile or Lizard Skin, 10/6 12/6. 16/6. If with Sterling Silver Frame—Pigskin, Crocodile, or Lizard Skin, 60/, 65/, 75/. Pierced Silver Monograms, 8/6.

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Pair of Best Military Hair Brushes, in Solid Leather Case.
Finest Ivory £2 15 0
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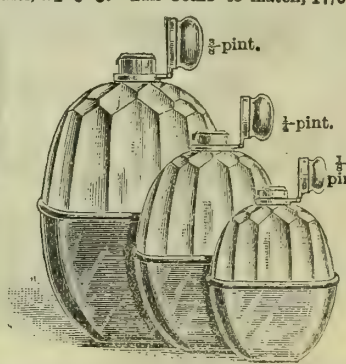
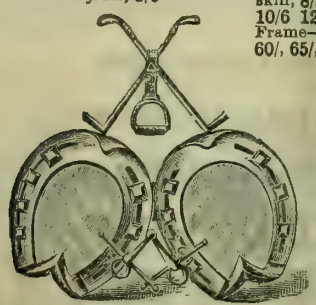
Pierced Sterling Silver Monogram to order, 7/- each.

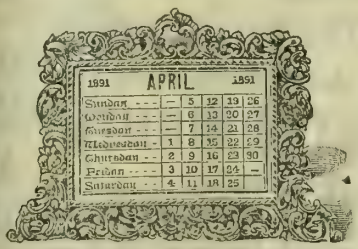


Finest Lapidary Cut Flint Glass Travelling Flasks, with Cups, gilt inside, Bayonet attachment to top,
Guaranteed Imperial Measure.

	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
½-pint,	£1 0 0	£3 8 0
¼ ,,	15 6	3 0 0
⅛ ,,	13 6	2 10 0



Handsome Sterling Silver Miniature Photo. Frame, £2 12 0



Richly Chased Sterling Silver Date Calendar, size 7½ in. by 5½ in., £3 5 0

Sterling Silver Grenade Cigar Lighter. 1st size, £1 8 0; 2nd size, £1 15 0; 3rd size, £2.

Twisted Flute Sterling Silver Calendar, Height, 3½ in. £2 10 0.

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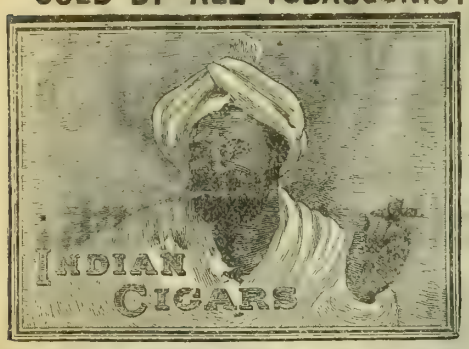

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NOTED for their MILD and delicate flavour.

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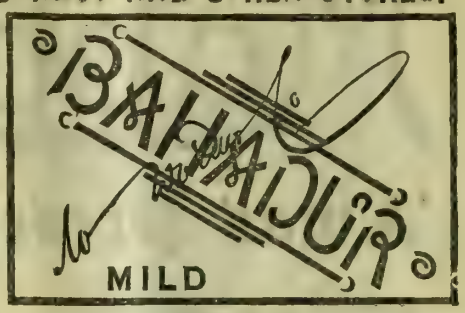
Basinghall St.,
LONDON.



TRADE MARK.

TO THE CORPULENT, GOUTY, AND BILIOUS.

SPECIALLY SELECTED AND IMPORTED

STILL DRY MOSELLE WINES.

DROHNER.—A Good Light Wine with pleasant flavour... ... ... 24/-

KONIGSMOSEL.—A Superior Wine of Good Body and Bouquet 30/-

TRABENER.—A high-class Wine, from one of the choicest Moselle districts 36/-

SCHLOSS REINHAUSEN.—A very choice Wine 42/-

ELTVILLER SONNENBERG.—A full and very choice Wine of superfine character 48/-

AGRITIUS BERGER.—An excellent Wine, well matured, and highly recommended ... 54/-

ROTTLAND CABINET.—A perfect dry Moselle, the produce of one of the most famous vineyards in Germany. A connoiseur's Wine—of good body, grand flavour, & rich bouquet 66/-

ALL THESE WINES ARE GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SUGAR NOR TANNIN.

DR. YORKE-DAVIES (whose system of treating Obesity is now so well known), speaking of these Wines in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, says:—"They are specially suitable for Corpulent, Gouty, and Bilious people, in fact, such people should drink no other." *Imported only by*

ALFRED ALDOUS, 61, Hatton Garden, LONDON, E.C.

PUREST IN ENGLAND. SODA, SELTZER,

BOURNE LITHIA, POTASH, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE, ETC.

Supplied in 6 Dozen Cases Carriage Paid by

TABLE WATERS

Analysis, &c., on Application.

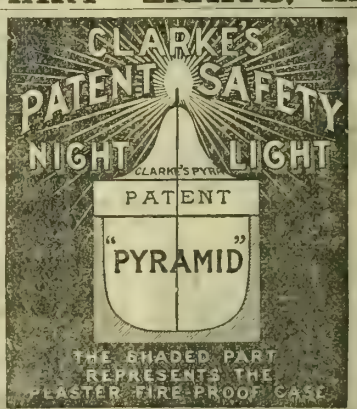
R. M. MILLS & CO., BOURNE, LINCOLNSHIRE.

West-End Agent, D. WHEATLEY, 16A, North Audley-street, W.
City Agents, HARDY & Co., 23, Fenchurch-street, E.C.;
And of all CHEMISTS, WINE MERCHANTS, &c.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" AND "FAIRY" LIGHTS, AND FOOD WARMER

Double Wicks, burn 10 hours each, in Boxes containing 6 lights and glass, 1s. per box

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.



Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in boxes containing 8 lights. 8½d. per box.

CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO., LIMITED.

Show Rooms: 31, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN, E.C., where all designs in "Fairy" Lamps can be seen. Retail everywhere.

CLARKE'S PYRAMID NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMER.

2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

BEDROOM SUITES.

1,000 BEDROOM SUITES.

BEDROOM SUITES. 1,000 Bedroom Suites, at from 65s. 6d. to 500 guineas. These comprise a great variety of styles, many being of a very high-class and distinctive character, novel both in construction, arrangement, and combination of woods.

ARTISTIC

DECORATIONS.

EXHIBITION OF DECORATIVE ART.—EXAMPLES OF ART DECORATIONS in Cartonpierre, Tynecastle Tapestry, Lincrusta, Japanese, and Flock Papers, Silk, Tapestry, and Japanese Embroidered Panels, Cretonne, Eastern Rugs and Mattings, Hand-painted Friezes, and Interior Woodwork.

MAPLE & CO

LIMITED,

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON,

The Largest and most Convenient

FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

MAPLE & CO. have a SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for IRON and BRASS Four-post BEDSTEADS, Cribs, and Cots, specially adapted for mosquito curtains, used in India, Australia, and the Colonies. Price for full-sized Bedsteads, varying from 25s. Shippers and Colonial Visitors are invited to inspect this varied Stock, the largest in England, before deciding elsewhere. 10,000 Bedsteads to select from.—MAPLE & CO., London, Paris, and Smyrna.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES POST FREE.

A TURKEY CARPET is, above all others, the most suitable for the dining-room, its agreeable warmth of colouring enhancing the effect of the furniture and decorations, and indicating alike the good taste and comfortable circumstances of its possessor.

INDIAN CARPETS.

5,000 IN STOCK.

TURKEY CARPETS.

5,000 IN STOCK.

INDIAN CARPETS at IMPORTERS' PRICES.—MAPLE & CO. receive all the FINEST QUALITIES of INDIAN CARPETS direct from their Agents, and sell them at importers' prices, thus saving buyers of Indian Carpets at least two intermediate profits.—MAPLE & CO., London, Paris, and Smyrna. Established 50 years.

SAVE HALF YOUR INCOME, and BUY DIRECT from the FARMERS. Orders of 5s. free delivered daily. Cash on delivery, or deposit account, or weekly credit account with approved customers. Orders posted before eleven o'clock in the morning are delivered same day or latest next morning in all parts of London and suburbs. Country orders despatched same day.

FINEST QUALITY ENGLISH BEEF, MUTTON, PORK, VEAL, &c.

Beef, Topside or Silverside, 7½d.
Sirloin, 8½d. lb.; Ribs, 8½d. lb.
Salt Beef, 6d. Other Joints, 5d. lb.
Rump Steak, 1s.; Beef Steak, 9d.
Stock Meat, 4d.
Mutton, Prime Joints, 8d. lb.
Veal and Pork, Prime Joints, 7½d.
Large Fowls or Ducks, from 2s.
Butter, choice, 1s.; Bacon, 5½d.
Cheddar Cheese, 8d. lb.; Lard, 8d.
Choice Hams, 8d.
Choice Apples, half-bushel, 3s. 6d.

BRITISH FARMERS' ASSOCIATION, 58, Shoe-lane, Holborn-circus, London. E.C.

Bankers—London Joint-Stock Bank. Telegraphic address, "Farm Produce London." Numerous testimonials from nobility and gentry, and Press opinions.

TURKEYS, GEESE, GAME, at Wholesale Prices, DIRECT from the FARMERS. Half the price of shops and stores. Order early. Cash on delivery. Country orders cash with order. All goods free delivered.

Large Turkeys..... 5s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.
Large Geese..... 5s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.
Very large Turkeys ..... 10s. 6d. to 15s. 6d.
Very large Geese ..... 8s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.
Pheasants Hares, &c., at wholesale prices of the day.

Several thousand Turkeys, Geese, and Heads of Game on Show from 18th to 24th December. Handy Baskets supplied free of charge, and free delivered.

BRITISH FARMERS' ASSOCIATION, 58, Shoe-lane, Holborn-circus, London, E.C.

TURKEYS, GEESE, GAME, at Wholesale Prices, DIRECT from the FARMERS.—If required we forward Turkeys, Geese, Game, Meat, Provisions, &c., intended as presents direct to the recipients in handy basket, free of charge. Such orders should reach us early, stating the day to be forwarded.

THE BRITISH FARMERS' ASSOCIATION, 58, Shoe-lane, Holborn-circus, London, E.C.

PERMANENT PROTECTION from CHILL.

TRADE MARK.

W. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO'Y LTD. SOLE CONCESSIONAIRES PURE WOOL WARRANTED

JAEGER

PURE WOOLLEN CLOTHING

Is Chemically and Microscopically Tested for Purity in the Company's Laboratory, and is Guaranteed by this Trade Mark.

Other goods offered as "JAEGER" are spurious.

COMBINATION GARMENTS for LADIES and MEN, GIRLS and BOYS, specially convenient for Riding, &c.; SANITARY BOOTS and SHOES; CORSETS; "FEATHER-WEIGHT" HATS and CAPS; MEN'S OUTER CLOTHING, &c. &c.

Full particulars, and List of Depôts, in Jaeger Descriptive Catalogue, sent free.

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO., LTD.,

LONDON JAEGER DEPÔTS—30, Piccadilly (next to St. James' Hall); 3 & 4, Princes-st., Cavendish-sq., W. (close to Regent-circus), with Tailoring; 456, Strand (close to Trafalgar-sq.); 158, Fenchurch-st. (close to Lime-st.); 85 & 86, Cheapside (close to King-st.); 42 & 43, Fore-st. (close to Moorgate-st. Station), with Tailoring.

THE

American Tooth Crown Co.

(REGISTERED),

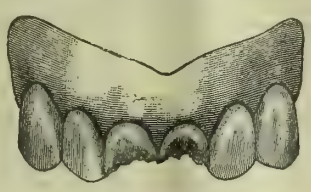
THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN DENTISTS,

24, OLD BOND STREET, W.

Copyright.) *(Corner of Burlington-gardens).* *(Copyright.)*

DIAGRAMS OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH WITHOUT PLATES.

MASTICATING TOOTH. Too far decayed for filling.



DECAYED TEETH.

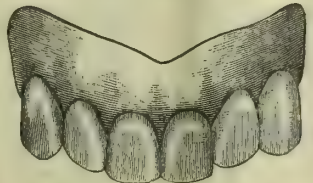
DECAYED FRONT TOOTH.

GOLD OR PORCELAIN CROWN.

THE CROWNS.

PORCELAIN CROWN.

CROWN FIXED.



CROWNS FIXED.

CROWN FIXED.

The above diagrams give an idea of the special system carried out by the gentlemen operators in attendance, who are from leading American Universities recognised by the American Dental Faculty. Specialities in Teeth without Plates, Crown and Bridge Work, Gold Filling, &c. By these methods, decayed teeth are painlessly and permanently saved and made useful. Extractions unnecessary. Fullest information and consultation without fee. Pamphlet on application to the Secretary.

24, OLD BOND STREET, W.

(Corner of Burlington-gardens.)

A NURSING MOTHER'S TESTIMONY TO

"FRAME FOOD" DIET

The following letter has been received by the Frame Food Co., Ld.:—

"TEMPLE VUE, BEESTON HILL, LEEDS, August 15th, 1891.

Sirs,—Some time ago I sent to you for a sample tin of your 'Frame Food' Diet, and I now feel I ought to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking it. I was at the time recovering from a severe attack of Influenza, and nursing a baby of four months. I felt very weak every day, and suffered so much from weakness in the back, which was attributed to the strain of nursing the baby. Since taking your Food I have lost **Entirely the Feeling of Weakness,** and my baby is growing a **Splendid, Fat, Firm, Solid Boy.** I take a basinful every night, and as I have taken no other kind of nourishing food, I am sure it is that which has done me so much good. I was taking oatmeal before, but had to give it up on account of its heating properties. I have recommended, and shall continue to recommend it, to all my friends, as I am convinced it is the **Best Food for a Nursing Mother.** I am thinking of giving it to my baby when I wean him. I am, yours faithfully, R. E. T."

Sold by Chemists and Grocers at 1s. per 1-lb., 7d. per ½-lb., and 3s. 9d. per 4-lb. Tins.

Sample 1 lb. Tin sent Carriage Paid, with full particulars, for 1s. (mention this paper).

FRAME FOOD CO., LTD., LOMBARD-ROAD, BATTERSEA LONDON, S.W.

The Best Eau de Cologne is

"Original No. 54"

& bears this Label

ORIGINAL-HAUS Anno 1736. Johann Maria Farina Alter Markt № 54.

21 Highest Prize Medals &c.

Obtainable Everywhere.

General agents for Great Britain: Messrs. Van Oppen & Co., Hackney London N.E.

COCKLE'S

ANTIBILIOUS

PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

DATURA TATULA, for Smoking and Inhalation.

The BEST REMEDY FOR ASTHMA

Difficulty of Breathing, Hay Fever, &c.

CIGARS and CIGARETTES—Boxes, 3s., 6s., 8s., and 15s. TOBACCO—Tins, 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., and 18s. For Non-Smokers, PASTILLES and POWDER, for Burning and Inhalation, Tins, each containing a censer for burning, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s.

SAVORY & MOORE,

LONDON,

AND OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

Notice.—On View at 48, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

ONCKEN PATENT STAVELESS BARRELS.—This remarkable invention, which enables barrels to be made in one piece by a new process, has excited the greatest interest among Engineers, Coopers and Others, in England and the Continent. 20 per cent. economy in wood, and 50 per cent. in labour. Barrels, Tubs, and other articles can be seen daily, between 10 and 5 o'clock. An Influential Company is being formed for Working the Invention. Prospectuses of which will be forwarded when ready, upon receipt of name and address, by the undersigned.

ARTHUR L. FOLEY, Secretary (pro tem.)
No. 48, Queen Victoria-street.

URUGUAY UNIFIED FIVE PER CENT. BONDHOLDERS' COMMITTEE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a MEETING of Holders of the above Loan will be held at CANNON STREET HOTEL, London, E.C., on THURSDAY, the 17th day of DECEMBER, 1891, at 2.30 p.m., for the purpose of taking action in defence of their rights. Bondholders who have not previously deposited or registered their Bonds with Messrs. BROWN, JANSON, & CO., will be required to produce a Bond at the door as evidence of their *bond fides*.

By order of the Committee.
SIDNEY S. KENNEDY, Secretary.
70 and 71, Bishopsgate-street Within, London, E.C.
December 4th, 1891.

CORNFORTH & REACHER,
Stock and Share Brokers,
4, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Monthly Investment List with Notes on Railways, Foreign Stocks, Industrial and Miscellaneous Shares and Mines—*Free on Application.*
References in every large town in England.
Bankers—City Bank, Threadneedle-street, E.C.
Stock delivered to any London Bankers in exchange for cash.
Special attention to Investment Business.
Telegraphic Address—
CORNFORTH, LONDON.

THE FINEST TONIC

FER BRAVAIS most effective in restoring the vitality of the blood, and enabling the constitution to resist climatic influences.

FER BRAVAIS Invaluable in al cases of anæmia, influenza and general debility.

FER BRAVAIS Highly recommended for weak and debilitated children.

LANCET "*A beautiful and interesting preparation.*"

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"*It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth.*"

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS WITH DROP MEASURE.

STATE **VICHY** SPRINGS.

CELESTINS.—For Affections of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, &c.
GRANDE-GRILLE.—For Affections of the Liver, &c.
HOPITAL, HAUTERIVE, PARC, &c.

INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

VICHY-LIQUEUR.—Valuable in cases of Gout where derangement of the stomach is a prominent symptom

Blue & gold printed label. **4711** Extract of Double Strength.

EAU DE COLOGNE

Preferred by everyone
Always highest awards. To be had of all Chemists and Stores.
Ferd. Mülhens, 4711 Cologne.
Agents: Krohn Bros & Co. Billiter Bldgs. London, E.C.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. Death by Accident.
C. HARDING, Manager.

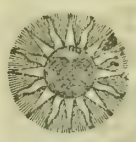
PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £12,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.



SUN FIRE OFFICE,

Founded 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
Sum Insured in 1890,
£361,500,000.

LONDON, EDINBURGH, and GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
LIFE—ACCIDENT.
Chief Office:—Insurance-buildings, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.
PREMIUM INCOME.

		Increase in Four Years.
1882	£7,929	
1886	86,006	£78,077
1890	226,001	139,995

Claims Paid (exceed) £420.000.
WILFRED A. BOWSER, Manager.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
London Office: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.
ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, Jun., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.
No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

Established 1868.

THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,

20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.

Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.

UNION DEPOSIT BANK.

No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.

[Established 1867.]
CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE.
Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From **£30** to **£5,000.**
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
Interest allowed on deposits, 5, 6, and 7 per cent.
EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

Subscriptions will be received at the London and County Bank, No. 21, Lombard-street E.C., and its branches, and the Lists will be closed on or before TUESDAY, the 15th day of December, 1891.

McMURRAY'S ROYAL PAPER MILLS, LIMITED, WANDSWORTH.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862, and the Acts amending the same.)

SHARE CAPITAL.

3,000 Seven per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each ...	£30,000
3,500 Ordinary Shares of £10 each	35,000
	£65,000
400 Five per cent. Debentures of £100 each	£40,000

DIRECTORS.

Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, Bart, M.P., 29, Fleet-street, E.C. (Chairman).
James McMurray, Esq., Wandle House, Wandsworth, S.W.
Frank Green, Esq., Alderman of the City of London (Messrs. Frank Green & Co., Paper Merchants and Makers), 193, Upper Thames-street, E.C.
T. Vezey Strong, Esq. (Messrs. Strong & Hanbury, Wholesale Paper Merchants), 196 and 197, Upper Thames-street, E.C.

BANKERS.—The London and County Banking Company, Limited, 21, Lombard-street, E.C.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Hollams, Sons, Coward, & Hawksley, Mincing-lane, E.C.

AUDITORS.—Messrs. W. H. Pannell & Co., Chartered Accountants, 13 and 14, Basinghall-street, E.C.

SECRETARY and OFFICES.—Mr. John King, McMurray's Royal Paper Mills, Limited, Wandsworth, S.W.

The Debentures will be secured by a charge upon all the properties to be acquired by the Company, of the estimated value, as certified by Messrs, Farebrother, Ellis, Clark, & Co., of £87,360. The Debentures will be for £100 each, bearing interest at 5 per cent. per annum, and will be redeemable at the option of the Company at any time after twenty years from the date of issue, at the price of £110 for each £100 Debenture, or 10 per cent. premium.

The Preference Shares will be entitled to priority over the Ordinary Shares of the Company for capital, and to a Cumulative Preferential Dividend of 7 per cent. payable out of profits.

The Vendor agrees to accept, at the option of the Company, £30,000 of the purchase-money either in cash or in Debentures and Shares fully paid up. Subject to this the Debentures and Shares are now offered for subscription, payable as follows :—

£5	per cent.	on Application.
20	,,	,, Allotment.
25	,,	,, 20th January, 1892.
25	,,	,, 24th February.
25	,,	,, 30th March.

or the whole amount may be paid upon allotment, the Debentures and Shares ranking for interest and dividend as and from the dates of payment.

In the event of no allotment being made, the amount paid on application will be returned without deduction.

If the whole amount applied for by any applicant be not allotted, the surplus amount paid on deposit will be appropriated towards the sum due on allotment.

Failure to pay any instalment when due renders all previous payments liable to forfeiture.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to take over and continue the well-known business of Mr. James McMurray, Paper Manufacturer, at the Royal Paper Mills, Wandsworth, and which has been carried on for the last thirty-six years.

The business has a high repute and is capable of considerable extension. The Mills supply some of the highest class daily and weekly newspapers. They cover a large area of ground, include a valuable wharf on the River Thames and are admirably situated for manufacturing purposes. The River Wandle passes through the property and affords an excellent supply of water of a suitable quality.

Mr. McMurray has taken personal interest in the construction of these Mills, and guided by his long experience has at great outlay brought them to a high state of perfection. The reason Mr. McMurray is now converting this business into a Limited Liability Company, is that he thinks it advisable at his time of life to retire from the active management of the Mills, but he purposes to continue his supervision, while the general management will be committed to the well-qualified staff trained for many years under his direction.

Messrs. W. H. Pannell & Co., Chartered Accountants, of 13 and 14, Basinghall-street, E.C., have audited the books of the firm for some years, and their certificate, as appended, shows an average net profit during the last four and three quarter years of per annum... ... ... £9,163

Taking therefore

The Debentures, £40,000 at 5 per cent. per annum ...	...	£2,000
Preference Shares, £30,000 at 7 per cent. per annum	...	2,100
And Ordinary Shares, £35,000 at 10 per cent. per annum...	...	3,500
		£7,600
there would remain a surplus of per annum		£1,563

At the present moment a re-arrangement of the boilers and engine-power is being effected, at a cost of about £7,500, and this will materially reduce the consumption of coal and cost of labour (it is estimated at from £1,900 to £2,000 a year), thereby considerably augmenting the figures given above.

The purchase by the Company will include the whole of the properties enumerated in the report of Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis, Clark & Co., which is as follows :—

29, Fleet street, London, E.C., November, 1891.

Gentlemen,—We have surveyed the Freehold Works of Mr. James McMurray, situate in Garratt-lane, Wandsworth, and known as the Royal Paper Mills, comprising, with the Freehold Wharf hereinafter mentioned, an area of about 16¼ acres.

The buildings are extensive and fitted with a most expensive plant in full work and delivering a large daily output. The River Wandle, running through the centre of the property, affords an excellent water supply for the manufacture of paper and for use in the boilers and elsewhere.

We have also surveyed the Freehold Wharf situate on the River Thames, in the centre of Wandsworth, known as Railway Wharf, having a floating dock of great length with extensive landing frontages thereon. It has an entire area of about 8 acres, land and water, is of great use in conjunction with the Mills, and capable of considerable future development in connection with the neighbourhood as a Draw Dock, and for warehouse purposes.

We are of opinion that the above-described properties, with the machinery, fixed and movable plant, and tools, as a going concern, including the outlay of £7,500, for which contracts have been entered into, are of the value of eighty-seven thousand three hundred and sixty pounds (£87,360), exclusively of any consideration for the goodwill.

We are, Gentlemen, your obedient Servants,
FAREBROTHER, ELLIS, CLARK & Co.

To the Directors of McMurray's Royal Paper Mills, Limited.

The business will be taken over in active operation, and the consideration to be paid by the Company for the entire property is £77,500, and £7,500 to meet improvements now being effected for the purpose of economising fuel, labour, &c., the contracts for which the Company will take over. The £77,500 is payable in Debentures and Shares to the extent of £30,000, or at the option of the Company the whole in cash in certain instalments. The stock manufactured and unmanufactured to be taken at cost price.

The present issue of Shares and Debentures will provide a working capital of about £10,000, after paying for the stock, which will not exceed £10,000, and this amount of working capital is considered to be ample for the requirements of the business.

No promotion money has, or will be paid in connection with the formation of the Company; the Vendor is the Promoter, and he will pay all expenses attendant upon the present issue up to allotment, excepting only the costs of the Agreement for sale and purchase and the stamp duty thereon.

The trade contracts which will be taken over by the Company it is not considered desirable to specify, subscribers will be held to have had notice of all contracts, and to have waived the specification of particulars thereof in this prospectus under section 38 of the Companies' Act, 1867.

The agreement for the sale and purchase of the business is dated the 4th December, 1891, and is to take effect as and from the 19th November, 1891. It is made between James McMurray, Esq., of the one part, and the Company of the other part. Copies can be seen at the offices of Messrs. Hollams, Sons, Coward & Hawksley, Mincing-lane, E.C., where also Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis, Clark & Co.'s report, Mesfrs. W. H. Pannell & Co.'s certificate, and copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association can be inspected.

Applications for Shares and Debentures should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and Prospectuses may be obtained at the London and County Bank, No. 21, Lombard-street, E.C., and its Branches, and at the Offices of the Company.

Wandsworth, December, 1891.

Certificate of Messrs. W. H. Pannell & Co.

LIBRARY CHAMBERS, 13 and 14, Basinghall-street, London, E.C.
November 28th, 1891.

To the Directors of McMurray's Royal Paper Mills, Limited, Wandsworth.

GENTLEMEN.—In accordance with your instructions, we have examined the books of Mr. J. McMurray, at the Royal Paper Mills and Railway Wharf, Wandsworth, from January 31st, 1887, to November 19, 1887, when they were made up in consequence of the death of Mr. W. McMurray; and we have also examined the books subsequently to that date down to November 19th, 1891, being in all a period of four and three quarter years, and we certify that the net profit for that period amounted to £43,526 13s. 5d., or an average of £9,163 16s. 4d. per annum, as shown by our detailed report. Mr. McMurray's books have been audited by a present member of our firm for many years past.

We remain, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,
WM. H. PANNELL & CO.

CLEVELAND AND PITTSBURGH RAILROAD COMPANY.

4½ PER CENT. GENERAL MORTGAGE GOLD BONDS, REDEEMABLE 1942.

Principal and Interest payable in New York Guaranteed by Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Interest payable half-yearly, 1st January and 1st July.

Messrs. SPEYER BROTHERS, of London, and Messrs. SPEYER & CO., of New York, invite subscriptions for $3,000,000 of the above Bonds (forming part of a total issue of $10,000,000), bearing interest from January 1st, 1892.

The price of issue in London is 109 per cent., equal to £218 per Bond of $1,000, payable as follows :—

5	per cent.,	or £10	per Bond	on application.
104	,,	,, 208	,,	Jan. 20th, 1892.
109	per cent.,	or £218	per Bond	of $1,000,

against which definitive Bonds will be delivered.

Payment in full may be made under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum on Allotment. In default of payment of the balance due on January 20th, 1892, the amount previously paid will be subject to forfeiture.

The Bonds are for $1,000 each "to bearer."

The following particulars of the financial position of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad Company are taken from an Official Statement furnished by the Company, dated November 30th, 1891.

The Company has in operation a total of 223·98 miles of railway, of which 25·64 miles are leased from the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railway Company.

The total Capital Stock of the Company amounts to $11,247,100·11. Under the contract, dated October 25th, 1871, and Supplementary Agreement, dated November 30th, 1871, the road is leased for 999 years to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and 7 per cent. Dividends have been paid on the Capital Stock under this lease, since December 1st, 1871.

For the year ending December 31st, 1890—

The Gross Earnings were ...		$3,593,672·70
The expenses were as follows :—		
The Operating Expenses...	$2,417,373·81	
The Maintenance of Organisation ...	11,078·63	
		2,428,452·44
NET EARNINGS ...		$1,165,220·26
Out of these net earnings there was paid as rental for the use of the portion of the Ft. Wayne-road between Rochester and Pittsburgh...	$45,324·96	
For interest on Bonds ...	336,520—	
		381,844·96
Leaving a Surplus of...		$783,375·30

The net earnings for the present year to October 31st, 1891, are as favourable as for 1890.

In accordance with the action of the Stockholders of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad Company, on November 18th, 1891, the Company created a General Mortgage, dated December 1st, 1891, covering all its railway properties, equipment and franchises, securing $10,000,000 of Bonds, to be issued from time to time in Series for the following purposes :—

First—To retire the present indebtedness of the Company, viz., $6,363,343·63, whereof $2,829,843·63 are prior in lien to those secured by this General Mortgage.

Secondly—To pay for actual betterments and improvements to the property.

After the issue of the $3,000,000 Bonds and the retirement of underlying Bonds as intended on January 1st, 1892, there will only be $1,725,000 Bonds ranking ahead of the General Mortgage Bonds, and the total annual interest charges of the Company until further issues of the new General Mortgage Bonds, will amount to $318,330—.

The Bonds are not liable to be drawn or compulsorily redeemed prior to their maturity in 1942.

Calculating the present value of the dollar in London at 4s. 1½d., the subscription price of 109 is equal to 106½ for Sterling Bonds, so that the Bonds yield nearly 4½ per cent. per annum interest, allowing for repayment at par in New York at maturity.

The subscription in London will open on Thursday, December 10th, 1891, and close at 4 o'clock on the same day.

Applications must be made on the annexed form.

Holders of the Fourth Mortgage Bonds of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad Company, maturing January 1st, 1892, have a preferential right to Allotments in full up to the amount of their holdings of such Fourth Mortgage Bonds.

The allotment of the loan will be made as early as possible after the subscription is closed. If no Allotment be made the deposit will be returned in full, and if only a portion of the amount applied for be allotted, the balance of the deposit will be applied towards payment of the amount due on Jan. 20th, 1892.

Copy of the Official statement, dated November 30th, 1891, referred to above, also of the Mortgage Deed and the last Report of the Company, can be inspected by intending subscribers at the Office of Messrs. Freshfields & Williams, 5, Bank-buildings, E.C.

7, Lothbury, London, E.C.
7th December, 1891.

CLEVELAND AND PITTSBURGH RAILROAD COMPANY.

FOUR-AND-A-HALF PER CENT. GENERAL MORTGAGE GOLD BONDS, REDEEMABLE, 1942.

No..... To Messrs. SPEYER BROTHERS.

..... request that you will allot ..... $..... of The 4½ per Cent. Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad General Mortgage Gold Bonds, Redeemable 1942, in accordance with the Prospectus issued by you, dated December 7th, 1891, and ..... engage to accept the said Bonds or any less number you may allot ....., and to make the payments thereon in accordance with the Prospectus.

..... enclose herein the sum £....., being the deposit of £10 per Bond on the above amount.

Signature .....
Name in full .....
Address in full.....
Date .....

THE

GRESHAM

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

WEST-END BRANCH—2, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

FUNDS.

Annual Income	**Exceeds**	**£800,000**
Assets	**Exceed**	**£4,610,000**
Payments to Policy-holders	**Exceed**	**£9,250,000**

Moderate Rates of Premium. Liberal Scale of Annuities. Loans granted upon Security of Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Property, Life Interests, and Reversions. Also to Corporate and other Public Bodies, upon Security of Rates, &c.

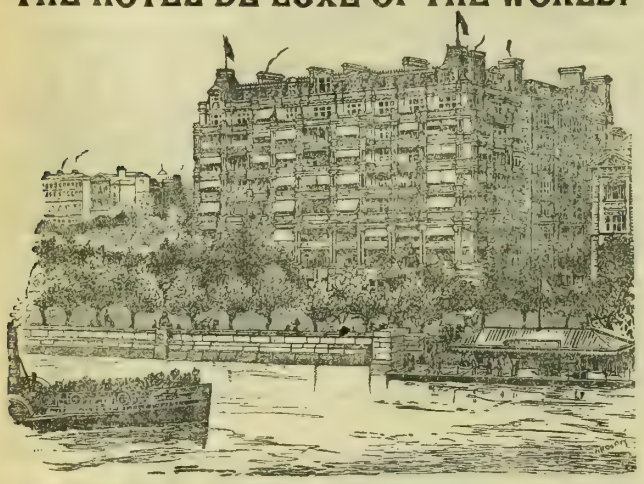
Proposal Forms, &c., to be obtained on application to the Society's Agents, or to the Head Office as above.

THOMAS G. ACKLAND, F.I.A., F.S.S., *Actuary and Manager.* JAMES H. SCOTT, *Secretary.*

SAVOY HOTEL & RESTAURANT,

Victoria Embankment, **LONDON.**

'THE HOTEL DE LUXE OF THE WORLD.'



Magnificent River and Garden View. Bedrooms, single, from 7s. 6d.; double, from 10s. 6d. Small and large suites, with bathrooms, &c., attached, from 25s. No charge for Light, Baths, and Attendance. Special tariff during winter. Shaded Electric Light everywhere. No gas. The building is absolutely fireproof.

SAVOY RESTAURANT, with large terrace. The finest and only Open Air Restaurant in London. Private Rooms for Dinner Parties, &c.

THE VICTORIA ROOMS. Specially adapted for Balls, Banquets, Masonic and Regimental Dinners.

Chef de Cuisine, M. ESCOFFIER. Manager, L. ECHENARD.

General Manager, C. RITZ. Proprietor of the Hotel de Provence, Cannes.

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

FLOR DE DINDIGUL

THE NEW MEDIUM MILD INDIAN CIGAR.

A most delightful weed, full of fine aroma and delicate flavour. Connoisseurs pronounce them better than Havannahs. Everyone should sample these really excellent cigars. Prices 22s. to 20s. per 100 (post-free). Samples, four for 1s. (14 stamps).

BEWLAY & CO. LTD. 49, Strand, W.C.; 74, Strand (East India House), and 143, Cheapside, London. Established 1780.

THE

KODAK

(Trade Mark).

SEVEN NEW SIZES.

"You Press the Button, We do the Rest."

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

THE EASTMAN PHOTO. MATERIALS CO., LTD.,

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Paris: 4, Place Vendôme.

Premier Vinolia Soap

FOR THE MILLION! FOR THE MILLION!

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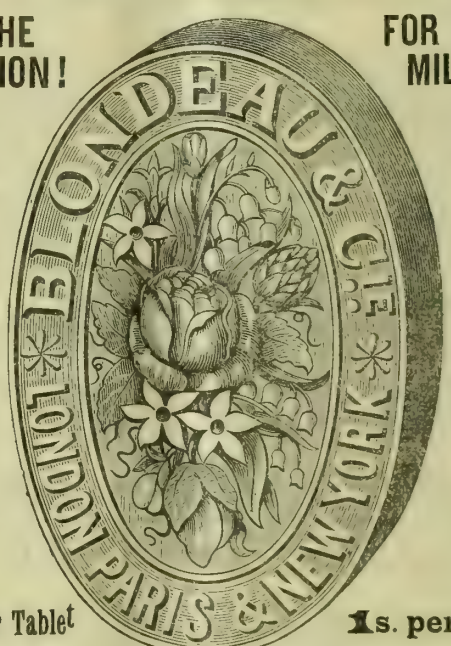

4d. per Tablet 1s. per Box.

Premier Vinolia Soap gives a profuse creamy, emollient lather, 4d.
Premier Vinolia Soap is of rare and most delicate fragrance, 4d.
Premier Vinolia Soap—no soda, sugar, spirit, irritating scents, 4d.
Premier Vinolia Soap keeps the skin clear, velvety, smooth, 4d.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Very agreeable to take.

A LAXATIVE AND REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE for

CONSTIPATION,

HÆMORRHOIDS,
BILE,
HEADACHE,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
GASTRIC AND INTESTINAL TROUBLES.

Box 2s. 6d., stamps included.

Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

E. GRILLON,

69, Queen Street, Cheapside, London.

LIQUEUR OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

This most excellent Liqueur, the great preventive of Indigestion, and almost certain remedy for Sea-sickness, can now be had of all Wine Merchants, and at prices much lower than formerly.

Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eleven days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on the morning of the second Monday succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14, letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 667.—SUGGESTION AS TO HOW THE CHRISTMAS CARD CAN BE MOST SUITABLY SUPERSEDED.

HAROLDWYN (Real name and address will be given next week)..... £2 2 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" HOME-MADE TOY AND DOLL SHOW.

By the time these lines are in print it is to be hoped that all toys, dolls, and other playthings intended for the coming Exhibition will have been sent in. For, as readers of this page are already aware, the TWELFTH "TRUTH" TOY AND DOLL SHOW will be held on Wednesday and Thursday next, the 16th and 17th insts., at the POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, in Regent-street, Mr. Quintin Hogg having most kindly placed the largest rooms in the building at the disposal of TRUTH, free of all charge. The Show will be opened to the public each day at 10.30 a.m., and will remain open until 10 p.m. It may be added that it is at Mr. Quintin Hogg's suggestion that the hours during which the Exhibition is kept open have been extended this year. He thinks, and the Editor of TRUTH quite agrees with him, that many people busily engaged throughout the day, who have hitherto been debarred from visiting the Toy Show should have a chance of seeing it; and it is trusted that large numbers will avail themselves of the opportunity which will now be offered for an inspection between the hours of 10.30 a.m. and 10 p.m. Should there be any ladies who, owing to some unavoidable cause of delay, have not yet sent in their parcels of Dolls, &c., I would ask them to send them off immediately, as it will be otherwise impossible to include them in next week's exhibition.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 656.

I must first thank all the competitors who have so patiently awaited the publication of my long-deferred award. My task I may say, though, has been an unusually difficult one; for it has been necessary in scores of cases to look up the quotations given. The competition has proved so very interesting, however, and the competitors in many cases took such exceptional trouble in making up their lists, that I could not, on my part, begrudge the extra trouble to which I was put in closely checking the lists sent in. I may say at once, whilst reserving a more detailed explanation until a future number, that I was unable to accept as facts many of the authors quoted. I have had to reject, too, all use of ordinal numbers as links in the numerical chain; and also those quotations in which the required number appeared as part of a larger one; nor could passages written in prose by Shakespeare be allowed. Quotations from *Punch* had also, as a rule, to be rejected, and also those taken from doggerel verses, such, for instance, as the well-known rhyme about the number of days in the months. More than this I will not say this week, except the important fact that, after very full and careful consideration, it has been decided to award the prize to OUTSIDER, who gives quotations which I have been able to pass containing the numbers one to forty-five.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 666.

Possibly I may be able to print a still further selection of "Children's Quaint Sayings," and I will not, therefore, award the prize in this competition at present.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 668.

As I stated last week no one succeeded in forming the fifty-eight given letters into the couplet from which they were taken by me in setting the puzzle. A number of competitors, however, contrived to make a more or less sensible rhyming couplet out of the letters in question, and of these I think that sent by DUMNORIX was most successful. I therefore award the prize to this competitor for the following rhyming couplet:—

PRIZE RHYMING COUPLET FORMED OUT OF FIFTY-EIGHT GIVEN LETTERS.

O doom to poor Russian! Famine dread!
Might pity feed afar! You *must* be fed.—DUMNORIX.

I need hardly point out that this couplet has its obvious faults; but it seemed to me, after duly considering not only the metre and rhyme of the couplets sent in, but also the meaning which they express, that that written by DUMNORIX was, "taking one consideration with another," the most to be commended.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 672.

The usual Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE BEST SERIES OF ANSWERS TO THE ORIGINAL CONUNDRUMS PUBLISHED ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

It may be stated that marks will be allowed for any really good answers to the riddles in question, even though these answers may not be identical with the ones furnished by the authors of the Conundrums. All replies must reach me by the morning of Monday, December 21, at the latest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and address of E. W. S. B., winner of Prize, No. 665 are Mrs. Williamson, Sunnybank, Ripon, Yorkshire.

WHIG.—I duly received your amended version of your couplet.

EAST ANGLIA.—Many thanks for your suggestions.

PES.—Your amended couplet came safely to hand.

ALPHA.—The authors of the songs are at perfect liberty to use them in any way they think fit.

IRIS.—Thanks for your suggestion.

GUMPH.—You couplets arrived too late for publication.

BUSHRANGER.—Many thanks for your letter, and the suggestion it contains. I will consider the point you raise.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 669.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ORIGINAL TOPICAL CONUNDRUMS.

*** The answer to the following Conundrums will be published in a future number of TRUTH.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

1. What countryman is M. Pasteur (the great hydrophobia specialist)?—Chiripa.
2. Why is the Garrick Theatre suggestive of rainy weather?—X. Y. Z.
3. Which of the London theatre pieces reminds one of the photographic art?—X. Y. Z.
4. What instrument does my Lord Salisbury find the most effective in holding the ship of State together?—Fey.
5. Why is Mr. Labouchere a safe guide in morality and religion?—Bushranger.
6. What reason have we to suppose that Mr. Gladstone is "henpecked"?—Bushranger.
7. What large firm of manufacturers have extended the cause of education furthest—more so even than Sir John Lubbock?—Bushranger.
8. Why are Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lowther like the poorest London people?—Crosspatch.
9. Upon the arrival in Mashonaland of the Prophet of the Tory Democracy, what was the resemblance which struck him as existing between the native female and himself?—Justinian.
10. Why would the foreign manufacturers profit at our expense by the Eight Hours Labour Bill?—Bobus.
11. Why is there little difference between Lord Randolph Churchill's "departure" in politics and his arrival in Africa?—Bobus.
12. Why would our Board School masters object to the introduction of the piano?—Bobus.
13. What is the newest appliance for elevating the masses?—Esperanza.
14. What will Lord Randolph Churchill bring home most probably from Mashonaland?—Esperanza.
15. Why may spiritualism be said to have given place to a fresh malady?—Darby.

16. Which English diocese seems lately to have passed out of mind? and which is at present but partially manned?—Excelsior.

17. Why was Alderman Savory's historic delivery of Mr Spurgeon's sermon sure to be followed by a breeze?—Icknield.

18. What popular play do the men of a life-boat most resemble?—Icknield.

19. What did Mr. Morley do to show his sympathy with Lord Rosebery in the latter's domestic affliction?—Icknield.

20. Why is your "spring-cleaning" like Paternoster-row?—Icknield.

21. What vegetable does the Irish Parliamentary Party resemble?—Aen-Nas.

22. What room does the "Magnetic Lady's" performance most resemble?—Risk.

23. What young lady attracts the greatest number of admirers?—Risk.

24. Why does the erection of the last new theatre cause so little excitement?—Guelder Rose.

25. Why is the Mahatma an undesirable acquaintance?—Wraith.

26. Why is the Canadian football team like a pack of hounds after a badger?—Dick.

27. Why is the Electric Railway Company like a true friend?—Dick.

28. Why is Gladstone like the stoutest Member of Parliament?—Dick.

29. Why is an electric railway car like the present Government?—Dick.

30. What is the difference between the present Government and a stick of sugar-candy?—W. H. J.

31. What lady's garment is eligible for the TRUTH Toy Show?—Murdoch.

32. What episode in Lord Randolph Churchill's travels often finds a parallel in a politician's career?—A Black Ace.

33. Which are the two most extraordinary Acts recently effected by the Salisbury Government?—Olivastre.

34. What is the difference between Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Wells?—C. F. Reid.

35. Why did the German Emperor shave off his beard?—G. Rapton.

36. Why should the inhabitants of Liverpool be always in terror of their lives?—Ipse Dixit.

37. Why is Dover an excellent town for young ladies?—Ipse Dixit.

38. What nobleman could most suitably fill up the Duke of Cleveland's vacant Garter?—Cæsar's Corner.

39. What "oil" should you never "throw on troubled waters"?—Cæsar's Corner.

40. What is the last letter that every one should write in the Old Year?—Cæsar's Corner.

41. Why is a popular novel like autumn?—Cæsar's Corner.

42. Why will the New Year take us back to the year '90?—Cæsar's Corner.

43. Why is the TRUTH Toy Fund like a fashionable dressmaker?—Elf.

44. Why is the sensational exhibition at the Alhambra deserving of encouragement on moral grounds?—Mona.

45. When does a life-boat resemble a profligate?—Wobbles.

46. To what political party should Mormons belong?—Wobbles.

47. When is a book like fox-hunting?—Malignant.

48. What journal ought one to read if one would wish to be startled?—Enid.

49. What exclamation did the Queen make when she was told who the present Lord Mayor was?—E. Culverhouse.

50. What is the difference between Lord R. Churchill's first band of followers and the Conservative Party in the present House of Commons?—Wandering Tyke.

51. What is the difference between Tommy and the First Lord of the Treasury?—Wandering Jew.

52. Why does Lord Salisbury think Grandolph a counterfeit coin?—Wandering Jew.

53. Why is the Emperor of Germany's opinion of himself the reverse of his opinion of one of his subjects?—Wandering Jew.

54. What is the difference between Miss Abbot and an ordinary magnet?—Wandering Jew.

55. Why is Theosophy like the letter R?—Whim-wham.

56. Why ought we to scuttle out of Egypt?—Whim-wham.

WOMEN IN HEAVEN.

57. In "Revelations" you a text will find,
Which logically makes it very clear
To ev'ry thinking, right-reasoning mind,
No women, unless dumb, in Heav'n appear!
J. McGrigor Allan.

58. What is the difference between the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen and a flooded church?—Nunc Dimittis.

59. What is the difference between the Member for Paddington, in the Transvaal, and the greatest talker in the House of Peers?—East Anglia.

60. Which is the most appropriate voice for a costermonger?—Chiripa.

61. Why is there such a rush to the Alhambra just now?—Rollo.

62. How can we prove that there is no harm in parsons smoking?—Eneksa.

63. Why is a door-mat like Theosophy?—Colocynth.

64. It was said lately, I think in the House, that Mr. Balfour was less "lady-like" than usual. What good ground is there for calling the present First Lord of the Treasury "lady-like"?—Sinona.

65. Why did Lord Randolph get up a tree out of the way of the lions?—Wandering Tyke.

66. Why are English courts of justice becoming ridiculous?—Ornum.

67. Why is the racy, racing, reckless Randolph only a very half-hearted speculator after all?—Wandering Tyke.

68. Why has the Editor of TRUTH such a particular liking for the song, "Get yer 'air cut"?—Siriel.

69. Why is the new Irish Secretary peculiarly a "strong man" (after Lord Salisbury's own heart) and likewise an Irish representative (not after Mr. Gladstone's)?—Efflorenzo.

70. Why is Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons politically dead?—Auntie Piggott.

71. When does a constituency best represent the present condition of the Government?—Vixen.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 666.—QUAINT OR CLEVER SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

Nita is a little Jewish child brought up in Maida Vale. Having arrived at the age of six a governess is engaged for her, and she is instructed she must not work before Miss Jones on a Sunday. "Why, mummy," she said, "you told me Miss Jones was a lady." "Well, dear?" "Well, mummy, I thought only servants were Christians."—Virginia.

A little boy on being told by his father that Sir Edward Watkin was going to build a great big tower on the top of Snowdon, said, "Isn't he a very foolish man, for if he build on Snowdon, won't he be snowd*in*?"—Ipse Dixit.

Ginger pudding was on the table. "Is this a gymnastic pudding, mama?" asked the youngest of three boys, evidently with a vivid recollection of a class his brother had lately joined. "Why, no!" replied his brother (ætat 5), "We should want caper sauce for that."—Retap.

A little girl was told the Bible story of the Good Samaritan. "And what would you have done, my darling, if you had seen the poor man lying, injured and wounded, by the roadside?" "Killed him outright!" was the rejoinder.—Ediora.

Scene, a village Sunday school: The lady teacher points a moral of thrift, and condemns improvidence. After telling the story of Joseph's storing the corn, in view of a famine in Egypt, she says:—"Now, if he hadn't saved up all the corn to make flour with, what do you suppose the poor people would have done without bread to eat?" A ten-year-old scholar replies: "Please, mum, they'd all had to go on the parish."—The Old Mole.

A three-year-old daughter of a farmer was sitting on the doorstep eating a bowl of bread and milk. One of her father's pigs came up, thrust his nose into the bowl, and proceeded to gobble up the contents. For a moment she was too astonished to remonstrate, but then, in pouting tones, exclaimed, "Oh, take a 'poon, pig!"—Old Nick.

A little girl of nine had just said good-bye to her step-sister, a girl of nineteen, when a lady came into the room. "Who was that that has just gone out of the room, dear?" Cissy: "Miss FitzHarris." "Really! Why, she is not half as big as you." "Well, that is quite right," said Cissy, "for you know she is only my half-sister!"—FitzHarris.

A few weeks ago I was paying an afternoon visit to a sister whose youngest child is a bright boy of scarcely three summers. On my arrival at the house I told the child that I had brought some "lollies," which he was to have before I left. I stayed several hours, and completely forgot all about the sweets and my promise. While taking leave the little chap came up, placed his arms around my neck, and archly looking up into my face, said: "Auntie, dear, does X Y Z spell "lollies?" Another little nephew, a two-year-old, was taught by his mother that if he prayed to God for anything he wanted he would have it. A few nights ago he was being put to bed by his nurse, who was horrified to see him clambering into his cot without saying his prayers, especially as she had noticed that on several previous occasions he had seemed to be intensely earnest in his vesperal devotions. She cried: "What, Jimmy, going to bed without saying your prayers?" Jimmy looked round, and replied, indignantly: "Nes, I'se not doin' to flay no more. I flayed all dese nights for pony and tart, and it never tum. Whyfor should I flay any more?"—Cornstalk.

Whilst staying at the seaside this (wet) July, my little boy (of barely four years) and I were overtaken by a heavy rain, and after mounting the cliff with the boy on my shoulders we rested and took shelter in the wooden cabin provided for that purpose, in which there were already several people taking shelter. Little boy said: "Father, I would like some chockles" (chocolates). "Oh," said I, "We can't get chockles now; we are wet and must, go straight home." After a few minutes' pause, the little boy said: "Father, don't let us go straight home; let's go bent" (that was to bring in the tuck shop).—Laurie.

1. Harold (age three years), on hearing thunder, remarked that it was "God smacking the angels," 2. Ernest, aged six years: "Mamma! do angels blow their noses and carry their handkerchiefs under their wings?"—Leah.

After a wedding. Bridesmaid, aged six. Greedy boy cousin, aged eight. Bridesmaid, having abstracted a peach from wedding-breakfast table, retires with it to garden. Greedy boy cousin follows her. "Go shares in it with me," he says." She: "That which God hath joined together let not man put asunder."—Nemo.

Children's dinner. Roast rabbit with stuffing inside. Child—"Mamma, how *do* the rabbits know what are the proper things to eat to make the stuffing."—Linthorpe.

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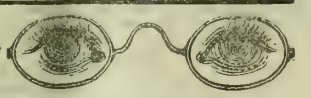

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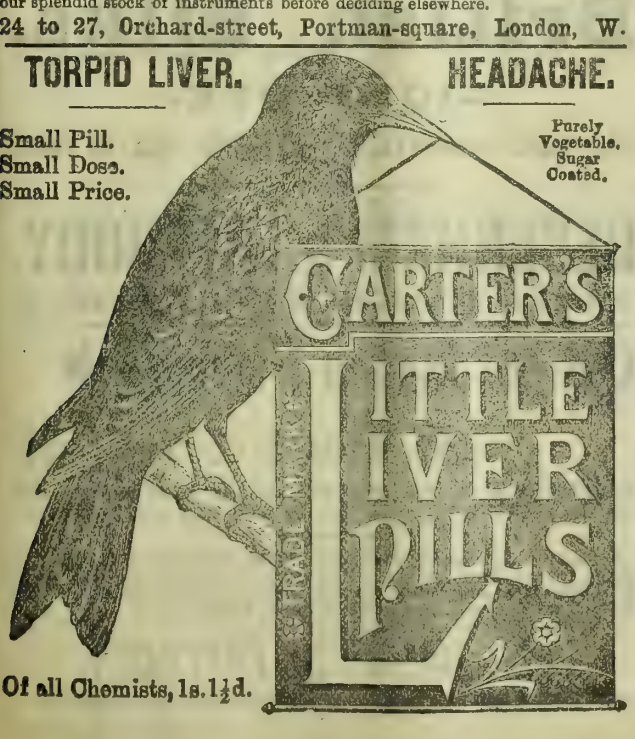

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No. 781. Vol. XXX. Thursday, December 17, 1891. Price Sixpence.

NOTICE.—The First, Second, and Third Reprints of "Truth" Christmas Number *being sold out, the Fourth Reprint will be ready for Delivery during this week.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

I WOULD remind my readers that the Truth Toy Show will be open at the Polytechnic, Regent-street, to-day (Wednesday), and to-morrow. Admission will, as usual, be free on presentation of visiting-card, and all comers will be heartily welcome. The Show will this year remain open each day until 10 p.m.

It is with great pleasure I announce that I have again this year received from the same generous and anonymous friend who has in previous years made a similar gift, 10,100 new sixpences. The following is the letter accompanying the sixpences :—

December 8, 1891,

Dear Sir,—I shall feel extremely grateful if you will kindly undertake as usual the distribution at Christmas of the accompanying 10,100 sixpences amongst the poor children of our London workhouses and their schools and hospitals.—Believe me always, yours obliged, A Friend.

To the Editor of Truth.

A contribution of £1. 11s. to the Toy Fund has been forwarded to me from the Sergeants' Mess of the 2nd Dorset with the following letter, which I hope I may be allowed to publish. There is no contribution to the fund which I have acknowledged with more pleasure :—

The Citadel, Plymouth, December 9, 1891.

Sir,—On behalf of the members of the Sergeants' Mess, 2nd Dorset Regiment, I beg to forward enclosed postal orders for £1. 11s. as a contribution to your "Toy Fund."

Hoping that this small sum will be the means of brightening the hearts of some of the little sufferers for whom you have done so much, and wishing the Fund every success,—I am, sir, obediently yours, J. Kearney, Qr.-Mr. Sergeant, 2nd Dorset Regiment.

I have received the following amounts towards the Toy Fund :—

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Amongst the donations acknowledged this week is 5s. from May Streatfield, and £5 from "A Lover of Fair Play for All," which would otherwise have been expended on Christmas cards.

I have also received a box of balls, &c., from "Elsie and Frank;" six scrap-books from "Chip Chap;" parcel of dolls, anonymously; a scrap-book, "Llanberis"; one scrap-book, Mrs. E. Stern; one scrap-book, T. M. Whistler; two scrap-books, Capel and Bobby; a scrap-book, K. H.; two large books, E. C. Westley and A. Winkfield; one scrap and doll, Miss A. M. Hayes; two dressed dolls, "C. A. C.;" a dressed doll, Miss Goetz; nine scrap-cards and two books, Alice M. Waugh; three small dolls, Mrs. Oates; a scrap-book and doll, Winifred and Margaret Langley; one scrap-book, Ruth Weedon; two scrap-book, Peggy and Kitty Hammond; 3 vols. "Band of Mercy," Miss Richardson; two scrap-books and four dolls, Mrs. F. Edis; two dolls, Mrs. C. Dunell; four dolls, Mamie Mansfield; scrap-books and shell, Miss M. Chatteris; two scrap-books and four balls, Mrs. and Miss Abram; eighteen albums, the Misses Guedalla; one box dolls, Miss H. Bennett; three large musical crackers, "Three

Little Sisters"; three scrap-books, anonymously; parcel of scrap-books, &c., May, Edith, and Charlie Lester; a small doll, Mrs. G. Hanbury; two comforters, woollen balls, and a doll, Geoffrey and Hester Lawson; one gross Japanese idols, "C. F. S.;" box of scrap-books, the Misses M. and E. Thomson; large doll, Mrs. Peter Robinson; scrap-book and two scrap-cards, anonymously; five scrap-books, "A. S. H."; scrap-book, Ethel; box of toys, Muriel and Ethel Hodgate; thirty-four hampers sweets, &c., each containing a threepenny-piece, Mrs. H. Lawson; five scrap-books, "Three Little Bees;" two dolls, Lady Combe; dolls and clothes, Miss A. Treary; parcel of Christmas-cards, Messrs. R. Tuck & Sons, per Mr. B. Morris; parcel of balls, Hilda and Dolly; ten dolls and boxes of clothes for same, Mrs. Maxwell; box of toys, Messrs. Parkins & Gotto.

It is possible that the Queen may arrange to spend the first three weeks of April at Hyères, if her Majesty finally decides that she will go to the Riviera, as she does not care for either Mentone or Cannes, and she does not intend to revisit Grasse this year. The Queen's courier has inspected one of the hotels at Hyères on behalf of her Majesty, and a huge cargo of photographs of the town and neighbourhood has reached Windsor. The hotel in question is built on a hill near the sea, and is surrounded by pine woods. It is some distance from the town of Hyères, and commands lovely views.

The statement, which some of the daily papers have copied from an imaginative Paris journal, that seventy packages belonging to the Queen have already arrived at Mentone, is simply a fabrication circulated for the benefit of that not very flourishing resort. Even if the Queen were going to Mentone, "packages" would not be despatched there nearly four months before the date fixed for her Majesty's arrival.

Her Majesty stays at Osborne until the second week in February, when she will return to Windsor Castle, after paying a brief visit to London for the purpose of opening Parliament. The Queen will then reside at Windsor until March 29, when she is to proceed to the Continent for about six weeks.

The Dowager Lady Churchill goes to Osborne next Tuesday as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, and will remain at Court until January 5, when she is to be succeeded by Lady Southampton, who stays for a fortnight, and then comes Lady Ampthill.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are going to Sandringham next Wednesday for a few weeks. There will be a large party at the Hall from Monday, the 28th, until Saturday, the 2nd of January, including the Duke and Duchess of Teck and their daughter.

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 1304 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 1303.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 1305.

H.R.H. and the Duke of Clarence are to have two days' shooting with Sir Edward Green, M.P., at Ken Hill, shortly after their arrival at Sandringham, and they will also join the Duke of Fife's party at Castle Rising, when the annual *chasse* there takes place.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck and their daughter are to be the guests of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham shortly after Christmas for a week, and they are engaged to pay visits in January to Lord and Lady Willoughby De Eresby, at Normanton Park, Rutlandshire, and to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, at Clumber Park, Notts.

A proposal is on foot that the Duke of Clarence should be appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland next autumn. Were this idea carried out H.R.H. and the future Duchess would reside in Dublin for about half of each year.

I recently called attention to the fact that Admiral Lord Frederick Kerr, who is a Groom-in-Waiting on the Queen, and who is to succeed the late Admiral Grey as Bath King-at-Arms, was to be allowed to hold both places, and I ventured to protest against this pernicious and grossly unfair system of pluralities. A Groom-in-Waiting receives £334 a year, and seldom has more than a fortnight of attendance at Court in the year; and, even when on duty, there is nothing whatever for him to do. The Bath King-at-Arms gets about £350 a year, and the place is an absolute sinecure. It was, therefore, preposterous that both of these easy posts should be held by one man. I am glad to find that the Queen has recognised the justice of my criticisms, and Lord Frederick Kerr has resigned his place in the Household, before his appointment as Bath King-at-Arms has been formally announced in the *Gazette*. It now remains for Sir Michael Biddulph to resign *his* office as Groom-in-Waiting, which ought not, most assuredly, to be held with his new appointment as Keeper of the Regalia, in respect of which he receives nearly £400 a year, and has the use of a furnished house, which is a generous return for doing—nothing whatever.

Lord Dufferin will probably make a popular Ambassador in Paris. He is by no means a heaven-born Statesman, and there is some exaggeration in the praise with which he is bespattered. He is essentially an Irishman, clever, adaptable, pleasant, and resourceful, with a very full share of blarney, and an eye not quite blind to his own advancement. In India he persuaded the Indians, in Canada the Canadians, in Russia the Russians, in Italy the Italians, and in Turkey the Turks, that each was the special object of his love and admiration. He will now persuade the French that he has always loved them above all other nations. In fact, he is an excellent diplomatist.

I hear that it is highly probable that Lord Wolseley will succeed Lord Stanley of Preston as Governor-General of Canada. The date of Lord Stanley's return to England is to depend entirely upon the period of the General Election.

When Princess Louise was in Canada her horses ran away as she was driving one day near Ottawa, and she was thrown out of her sledge, and considerably shaken. The Presbyterian General Assembly subsequently presented an illuminated address to H.R.H. and Lord Lorne, congratulating them on her escape. A great deal of acrimonious comment has been recently made in Canada upon the astounding fact, that this same address is now in the window of a dealer's shop in Ottawa; and, not only is it for sale, the price being £5, but the proprietor of the shop will acquaint any purchaser with what are described as being the "curious and interesting particulars" as to how it passed out of the hands of Princess Louise and Lord Lorne. The episode is certainly not one which is calculated to stimulate Canadian loyalty, in the matter of addresses to members of the Royal Family.

The Duke of Fife has offered to sell Macduff Harbour to the town for £14,000, a price which is considered to be exorbitant, all things considered. The Duke will have to make a large reduction in his demand if he wishes to get rid of the harbour.

I am asked to remind my readers that during to-day and to-morrow (Wednesday and Thursday), the Christmas Sale in connection with the Ladies' Work Society will be open from 2 p.m. to 7 p.m., at Hyde Park Court, Knightsbridge. The sale will be opened and presided over each day by H.R.H. Princess Louise.

The entertainment organised at Prince's Hall on the 10th inst., on behalf of the poor of St. Pancras, proved I am glad to hear, a great success. The net proceeds amounted to £305. 2s. 6d.

The New Club Ball, which is the principal event of the Edinburgh winter season, is to take place on Wednesday, January 27—a very much earlier date than usual.

I trust that Miss Daisy West will be happy as a German Princess, and I make no doubt that she deserves all happiness. I also trust that Miss Daisy Hopkins will receive full recognition of the scandalous injustice of the University sentence that illegally consigned her to prison as an "unfortunate," because an undergraduate made improper proposals to her. When I read of the church filled with flowers, the unmannerly crew of fine ladies and gentlemen hustling and jumping on the seats, until they were reproved by the officiating clergyman, in order to see Princess Daisy in her bridal finery, I could not help contrasting this scene with that of poor Daisy Hopkins, alone before a Court that refused to hear her witnesses, ignored her denials, and sent her to a prison cell, blasted, so far as the Court could do it, in character. So goes the world, and such is the difference between being born a Daisy West or a Daisy Hopkins.

A great attraction this Christmas, at 173, New Bond-street, will be Messrs. Charbonnell & Walker's superb show of Parisian Novelties. Their *salons* are filled with treasures of artistic excellence in every variety. They are too beautiful to describe, and as all the world should see them, we will only add that everything that is lovely and poetic in the shape of novelties will be found there.

A highly successful ball was given on Thursday last by Captain Rice and the officers of H.M.S. *Pembroke*. Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, some 400 guests assembled. The decorations, the supper, and the music all gave high satisfaction, and dancing was kept up till an early hour in the morning.

Lord Powis had his first shooting-party last week on his Montgomeryshire estate, and I am glad to hear that the whole of the game was distributed among his friends, tenants, cottagers, and employés, thus following the good example of his excellent uncle. As a rule, in these degenerate days, a great landowner or wealthy shooting tenant sends every bird that is killed to market, and it is thought wonderfully liberal if a few paltry rabbits are ostentatiously given away in the neighbourhood.

Monsieur Rost, the proprietor of the Grand Hotel, Grasse, writes to say that no changes have been made in prices at his hotel since the visit of the Queen; and that a pension, with south rooms, can be had at from 11 to 18 fr. The charges are, in point of fact, he assures me, lower than those of similar first-class hotels in Cannes and at other places on the Riviera.

The Duke and Duchess of Rutland's party at Belvoir, to meet Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, consisted principally of members of their own family, the only outsiders being Lord and Lady Bradford, Lord Rowton, and the Italian Ambassador. The weather spoilt both the shooting and the special meets of the Duke's hounds which had been arranged for, and the dance on Wednesday night was neither brilliant nor lively.

Lord and Lady St. Germans had a party of twelve at Port Eliot last week, to meet the Duke of Edinburgh, including Lord Vivian and Lord and Lady Cremorne. H.R.H. arrived from Devonport in time for dinner on Monday, and left on Wednesday after the day's shooting had concluded.

A friend who has been down to see the new Adelphi Hotel at Liverpool gives me a glowing account of the spendour and completeness of this building, which really seems to be a marvel even in this age of sumptuous hostelries. Personally, when I am on my travels, I pay much less regard to architecture and decoration in selecting a resting-place than to the quality of the food, the comfort of the bedrooms, and the excellence of the management. As the result, however, of inquiries on these points, I gather that nothing has been overlooked which could make the new Liverpool Hotel a desirable place to stop at. It is satisfactory to think that visitors from the New World may be so well housed on their first night in England.

Choice Old Highland Whiskies. Age 7, 10, 15, and 25 years in wood. Price per doz., 48s., 60s., 72s., and 120s. An eminent medical authority, in recommending the moderate use of Whisky, states that on no account should Whisky be used unless it is well matured. Detailed list on application to Morel Bros., Cobbett, & Son, Limited, 210 & 211, Piccadilly; 18 & 19, Pall Mall; 143 Regent-street. Whisky Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

Mrs. Hope, of Luffness, who died last week in her eighty-first year, was a link with the long-distant past, for she was a grand-daughter of the Lord Douglas who obtained world-wide fame as the winner of the Douglas case, which was perhaps the most extraordinary and romantic litigation on record. Lord Douglas, the successful claimant, had one daughter, who was the heiress of his vast possessions, and she married the younger brother of the fourth Duke of Buccleuch, who was created Lord Montagu of Boughton, and who is now only remembered through his friendship with Sir Walter Scott. Lord and Lady Montagu had three daughters, of whom the eldest married the late Lord Home, and she inherited the Douglas estates. Mrs. Hope, who was the youngest daughter, married Mr. George Hope, of Luffness, sometime Tory member for Windsor, and brother of the famous James Hope Scott. Mrs. Hope died at Bothwell Castle, Lanarkshire, which had been her principal residence for many years past, and she was buried in the Luffness vault at Aberlady, East Lothian, the funeral being attended by the Duke of Buccleuch and Lord Home, and by numerous members of their respective families.

The Dowager Lady Lilford, who died last week in her eighty-sixth year, was the daughter of the Lord and Lady Holland whose brilliant hospitalities made Holland House the regular resort of their wise and witty contemporaries during a period of more than thirty years. Lady Lilford was the last survivor of the Holland line of the Fox family. She did not benefit as she ought to have done by the will of her mother, the famous and eccentric Lady Holland, who was thought to have treated her very badly. Lady Lilford was never much in the society of Holland House, having very little in common either with her parents or with the horde of literary, political, and social celebrities who thronged their house.

A daughter of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, died last week at an advanced age. She had enjoyed a Civil List pension for many years. Hogg died in 1835, leaving his widow and their five children nearly penniless. Professor Wilson (Christopher North), and Mr. Scott, of Rodens, raised a large sum for their benefit, and twenty years afterwards Lord Palmerston granted a pension to the widow, which was continued after her death (in 1870) to her unmarried daughter.

Mr. Egerton-Warburton, of Arley Hall, Cheshire, who died last week, at the age of eighty-seven, was formerly well known as the writer of many admirable hunting songs. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, a most generous and considerate landlord, and in all respects a country gentleman of the very best type. He was long one of the most prominent High Church laymen in England, and he heartily identified himself with the Oxford movement, and zealously co-operated with the late Mr. Beresford Hope in defending Mr. Liddell, Mr. Bennett, and other "persecuted" Ritualists. He was also an active member of the English Church Union. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, were frequently his guests at Arley. Mr. Warburton inherited the large estates of his great uncle, Sir Peter Warburton, when he was only nine years old, and during his long ownership he greatly improved the property. He was quite blind during the last twenty years of his life.

Agricultural depression is becoming even more severe in many of the colonies than it is at home. In New South Wales, South Australia, and New Zealand vast tracts of land have gone out of cultivation because wheat-growing has latterly been unprofitable. In Ontario Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, the value of land has fallen from 25 to 40 per cent. during the last ten years.

The usual fuss has been raised about the Cattle Show, but it really was not a good exhibition. The sheep were, on the whole, a better lot than the cattle. The decision of the judges which gave the £50 Cup to the Queen's Shorthorn heifer was very sharply criticised, and excited much dissatisfaction. The £100 Champion Plate went to Mr. Wortley's Devon steer, which was also successful both at Birmingham and at Norwich. Baron Ferdinand Rothschild did well with his Scotch cattle and Oxford Down sheep, his animals being a great credit to the new farm at Waddesdon. Sir Francis Montefiore and Mr. Adrian Murrieta took prizes for Southdowns, beating both the Prince of Wales and Mr. Colman, M.P. The Kerry, Dexter, and West Highland cattle were all much admired, Mr. Walter Gilbey, Mr. Adeane, of Babraham, Lord Ashburton, Mr. Craig, and Lord Durham being the prize-winners in these classes. Sir William Gordon-Cumming showed some splendid Aberdeen-Angus cattle, with which he won three prizes.

It appears that the Doncaster Show of the Royal Agricultural Society, which was supposed to have been such a prodigious success, produced a profit of only £103, which does not seem to be a very brilliant result. Even this meagre balance, however, seems splendid after the deficit of £2,197, which was the direful result of the Plymouth Show last year. Next year's meeting is to be at Warwick, and in 1893 the show will be held either at Chester or at Manchester.

The other night a well-known officer in the Guards, who had been down in Scotland on leave, just missed catching the south mail at Stirling. He was under orders to report himself in London on the following morning, so there was nothing to be done but engage a special train and endeavour to catch up the mail at Carlisle. He succeeded in doing this, the special having run 118 miles in 126 minutes.

Pfungst Freres' Extra Quality Champagnes.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 28, Crutched Friars, E.C

The Throat Hospital, Golden-square, begs for a share of your Christmas subscriptions to pay the cost of maintenance of the New Children's Ward, and for £3,000 for necessary extensions.

The Duke of Rutland, acting as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, has appointed Mr. B. Haynes, of the Royal College of Music, to be organist of the Chapel Royal, Savoy. There were nearly two hundred candidates for the post.

A correspondent writes as follows:—

I quite agree with your writer of "Art Notes" that the contents of the show-cases at the Victorian Exhibition might have been edited with a little more severity. Thus I am bound to say that the sight of an enormous silver pot, formerly the property of Miss Elizabeth Gurney (No. 589), did not awaken any responsive thrill in my breast. Nor was there anything particularly inspiring in the sight of the Field-Marshal's Bâton of the eighth Marquis of Tweeddale, or the Seal of the Church House Corporation; nor even in the contemplation of the "Silver Badge won by Sir Bartle Frere in Upper Scinde for shooting at 1,200 yards!" The State Swords presented by the City to various distinguished warriors are also "relics" which could well have been spared; and I am not at all sure that the sword used by Lieut.-Colonel J. G. Champion at Inkerman, which bears upon its blade the marks of blood from that battle, is a very edifying "relic" for popular exhibition. I am quite certain, however, that the Sword of Mirza Kishu Sultanat, "one of the principal rebels in the Mutiny of 1857, and a notorious murderer of the Christian women and children" (No. 600), should not be on view in Regent-street. If publicly exhibited at all, the only suitable place for the display of that weapon would be the Chamber of Horrors.

And talking of swords, surely it cannot be that Sir Herbert Stewart went into the battle of Majuba Hill with two buckled at his side. And yet in the catalogue items Nos. 486 and 606 are each described as a sword taken from Sir Herbert Stewart at Majuba Hill by the Boers. In the new edition of the catalogue, too, care will doubtless be taken to no longer describe unmistakable portraits of the Princesses Louise and Helena (Nos. 37 and 56) as Lord Ellesmere and Earl Fortescue respectively. And it may be pointed out that the novel which Mrs. Gaskell wrote was called "Cranford," and not "Crauford," as it appears on page 168 of the catalogue.

Any one desiring some really quite exciting, but by no means ruinous, speculation, might begin to operate in autographs, for they certainly vary in value far more than any Stock Exchange security. In March, 1885, a love letter, written by Keats to Miss Brawne, realised £17 at one of Sotheby's sales, and, four years later, it sold for £55 at the same place; but the other day it was knocked down for £15. Two letters of the same series, for which £24. 10s. was paid in March, 1885, realized £21 at this sale.

Some very high prices were paid at the sale of the library of the late Mr. Jackson, of Manchester. A copy of the first folio edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson,' with views and portraits, realised £40; and £96 was paid for the Salisbury (1766) edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield." This was an octavo volume in perfect condition.

A very beautiful stained-glass window was last week placed in the south transept of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, in memory of Canon Liddon, and a memorial brass has been erected on the south side of the nave, on the column adjoining the seat which Dr. Liddon occupied as student of Christ Church.

A stained-glass window is to be placed in the Priory Church at Cartmel, Lancashire, as a memorial of the late Lord Edward Cavendish, who was very popular in the district.

The early death of the Rev. William Grundy, Headmaster of Malvern College, after only three days' illness, has removed a man of great ability and force of character, who had proved himself to be one of the most successful schoolmasters since Dr. Vaughan. Mr. Grundy made himself very popular, not only among the boys and their parents, but also with his colleagues. He was a man with quite a genius for organisation and administration. In six years he had raised the number of boys at Malvern from a hundred and eighty to three hundred and forty. His death was accelerated by overwork, and it is to be regretted that he should have been induced to increase his responsibilities by accepting the Chairmanship of the Malvern Local Board, a position which he had filled for several years, and in which he gave general satisfaction. Mr. Grundy was himself an excellent teacher, and he possessed Arnold's capacity for discovering zealous and thoroughly competent assistants.

It must for the future be rendered impossible for any narrow-minded Don, invested for the nonce with autocratic judicial authority, to trifle with the liberty or reputation of girls, either at Oxford or Cambridge. Had it not been for the omission of the words, "for an immoral purpose," in the indictment preferred against Daisy Hopkins, an omission which, after all, can only be regarded as a clerical error, not all the Judges of the Queen's Bench could have granted a habeas corpus in order to obtain her release from the Spinning House. Of course, the obsolete Act of Elizabeth, under which at present the University authorities have the power to brand any virtuous girl or woman who may be accosted by a dissolute and dissipated undergraduate as a common prostitute, must be at once repealed.

There has been quite an explosion in the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol, the prevalent tone of which is distinctly Evangelical, in consequence of Bishop Ellicott's acceptance of a pastoral staff, mitre, and cope, a truly astounding surrender to the Ritualists on the part of a prelate who throughout his episcopate has been systematically reviled and ridiculed by them. The objections to all these fantastical ornaments are strongly felt by many of the clergy and by a large majority of the laity. How Bishops who thus array themselves are ever to rebuke excesses of ritual on the part of their "priests and deacons" it is impossible to conjecture.

The installation of Dean Pigou in Bristol Cathedral was an imposing ceremony. The Mayor and Corporation attended in state, and all the members of the Chapter and a very large number of the diocesan clergy were present. The service was admirably rendered, the singing of the anthem being quite perfect. The new Dean was initiated by Bishop Ellicott, and Canon Ainger, the Sub-Dean, installed him.

THE IMPERIAL, EAST CLIFF, BOURNEMOUTH.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth. Also THE BELLE VUE and PIER HOTEL, opposite the Pier, Bournemouth.—CHAS. A. REINGPACH General Manager, late of the Bath Hotel, Bournemouth.

ELECTRIC LIGHT WITHOUT GLARE.—The new Patent Bead Ray Diffuser, the only possible means of preventing glare without decreasing the light, will fit on any existing electric lamp. Reduced price, 5s. each.—RASHLEIGH PHIPPS & DAWSON, 53, Berners-street, W. Ivory Switches a specialty.

The See of Nelson, New Zealand, has become vacant by the resignation, through ill-health, of Bishop Suter, who has held it for twenty-five years, and who was formerly well known as the Vicar of All Saints', Spitalfields, where his good work attracted the attention of Archbishop Tait (then Bishop of London), whose influence obtained for him the Bishopric of Nelson. The New Zealand Church people will act wisely if they select Bishop Suter's successor from among their own clergy.

Dr. Forrest goes into residence at Worcester this week, rather more than two months after his institution into the Deanery of that Cathedral. All this time Dr. Forrest has been drawing both the £1,450 a year, which is the income of the Deanery, and also the £1,500 a year which is the stipend of the Vicar of St. Jude's, South Kensington. This may be legal, but it strikes me as being very questionable morality. When an Incumbent is instituted to a Deanery, he ought *ipso facto* to vacate his living, instead of being allowed to hold it for several months, the result being that either he neglects his duties as Dean (as Dr. Forrest has done, for he has not visited Worcester since his institution), or he leaves his parish to get on as best it can.

The Vicar of Silverdale, in Staffordshire, lately resigned his living. Thereupon the parishioners presented, almost unanimously, a memorial to the patron, praying him to appoint the Rev. W. Quibell, who had been curate to the retiring Vicar for seven years, and had won universal favour. The request was declined, and the Rev. C. D. Rae, Vicar of Newchapel, was appointed to the vacant living. Mr. Rae's parishioners then waited upon him with a petition, beseeching him not to desert them. By the latest news from these parts, however, Mr. Rae is to go to Silverdale, notwithstanding the expressed wishes to the contrary of both his old and his new parish. A pretty illustration this of the regard of patrons and clergy for the views of those whose spiritual interests are confided to their care! To lend additional point to the story, the patron in question is himself a clergyman—the Rev. O. W. Steele, of Wolstanton.

I have received the following letter from Dr. Ker Gray. Why is the Rector of a parish to receive £5, because a marriage by special licence is celebrated in his parish? We must have all this out when the Bill in respect to marriages, which is promoted by the Bishop of London, comes before Parliament, and I feel quite obliged to the Bishop for affording the opportunity. If he thinks that his Bill will be permitted to be smuggled through the House of Commons without full discussion, not only of its clauses, but also of other clauses that it may be deemed expedient to add to it, never did a Right Reverend Father in God make a greater mistake:—

Thanks for taking up the battle for St. George's Chapel. *Re* your remarks about tips, I gathered from my friend, Mr. E. O. Lambert, who was married by special licence at the Chapel (having to pay £28 for this privilege), that the Rector's official asking for the Rector's (then Canon Capel Cure) "fee" took £5 away! This after the Rector (*vide* your issue at the time) had done his best to stop me even getting a special licence! It was my friend's kindly and liberal feeling alone that prevented, at the time, notice being taken of this matter.

The Established Church congregation at Carlaverock, Dumfriesshire, have been deprived of the privileges of public worship for several weeks, owing to the fact that their pastor—a reverend gentleman named Lorraine—is too infirm to perform his duties, and too "close" to provide a substitute. Last week, however, it being Sacrament Sunday, a rumour got about that there was to be a service. The bell was rung, and the congregation assembled. For an hour they waited expectantly. At the end of that time, according to the local reporter, "a shock-headed urchin looked in at the door, and called out 'There'll be nae preaching the day,'" after which intimation the congregation dispersed. Is there any record of occurrences such as this in other than "Established Churches?"

So the Duchess of Hamilton is to have her Sunday milk. The West of Scotland Presbytery has decided that Elder Robert Kelso, of the island of Arran, is not to be admonished for vending this liquid to her Grace on the Sabbath. The Elder's Minister vainly urged that Saturday's supply of manna had to serve on Sundays, and therefore drew the conclusion that a Duchess ought to be satisfied on Sundays with Saturdays' milk. There is, however, no analogy in the two cases. Manna was a miraculous food, and Saturday's manna retained miraculously its freshness during Sunday. Milk is not miraculous food. It is the product of a cow that has had a calf, and, consequently, Saturday's milk is not kept sweet by divine interposition on Sunday. Had I been the Duchess, I think, however, that I should have met this religious difficulty by keeping my own cow. The Minister did not see why a Duchess should be specially favoured by being allowed to buy fresh milk. No more do I. On the other hand, I do not see why a lady should be debarred from having fresh milk because she is a Duchess.

In a paragraph in last week's TRUTH respecting a correspondence between the Vicar of Margaretting and a parishioner, I find that I inadvertently did an injustice to the vicar. Mr. Barnard did not actually decline to hold an evening service after the presentation of a petition from his congregation. He did, however, in conversation state his objections to such a service, on the ground (among others) which I referred to. I only trust that the result has not been to confirm his melancholy anticipations as to the demoralising effects of divine worship at night.

The Bishop of Rochester has incurred the wrath of some foolish and bigoted High Churchmen by having declined to prohibit the Rev. H. B. Chapman, Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, from delivering a religious address

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in a Dissenting chapel. The *Church Times* laments that Bishop Davidson "has marked out a course for himself in the conduct of his diocese very different from that which Bishop Jayne pursues in the diocese of Chester." Bishop Jayne has proved himself to be one of the worst of Lord Salisbury's appointments; and it is therefore to be hoped that Bishop Davidson will continue to pursue a course that is very different from that pursued by Bishop Jayne. The *Church Times* is so benighted and fanatical as to assert that Mr. Chapman's proceeding, which the Bishop would not interfere with, was "an act of disloyalty," which would facilitate "the surrender of the creeds, ignorance of belief, misbelief, and finally unbelief."

The following edifying example of clerical shoddyism is recorded in the *Bristol Mercury*:—

At one of the churches in the neighbourhood of Clifton on two Sundays during the past month, the Vicar announced that there would be a confirmation class for ladies at three, and "for females" at eight.

It is a pity that my contemporary did not publish the name of this Vicar. An explanation of the manner in which the Rev. Snob sorts out the "ladies" from the "females" of his flock would also have been very interesting.

In a recent issue of TRUTH, I made certain remarks, in answer to numerous inquiries, with regard to the "Church Extension Association"—a very active religious and charitable organisation which has its headquarters at Kilburn, and branches in various parts of the country. I have since been favoured with the last annual report of the society, and though I still fail to understand who or what the "Association" is, I am glad to say that duly-audited accounts are presented in regard to all the institutions and agencies for which the Association collects money. I have no doubt, as I said before, that the Association is doing a great deal of admirable work from a charitable point of view, and the published accounts show further that it is done with a degree of economy which other societies would do well to imitate. I would, however, respectfully suggest to the management that copies of the various balance-sheets should in all cases be sent out with the appeals, and if that were done I do not think that I should have to answer any further questions respecting the bona-fides of the Association.

Somebody signing himself "On-looker" sends me a letter contradicting various points in a recent paragraph in TRUTH respecting a burial scandal at Kingstanley. I must explain to "On-looker" that I do not make statements except on good authority, and that having made them, I do not withdraw or modify them except on better authority. My authority in this case included two very full newspaper reports, and I certainly cannot accept the authority of an anonymous letter in preference to these; more especially when the *soi-disant* "On-looker's" observations strongly suggest that he is an interested party.

CHINA SERVICES FOR A ROYAL YACHT, on view for a few days at Messrs. MORTLOCK'S, 31, Orchard-street, Portman-square, W.

A good many observations have been made in these columns at one time and another on the question whether the Church of England Soldiers' Institutes are or are not undenominational institutions. The question seems to be disposed of once for all by the following passage in the Rev. S. Randall's article on Soldiers' Institutes in the current number of the *United Service Magazine*. Speaking of objections to the name, Mr. Randall says:—

As far as my experience goes, the objectors do not seem to realise the importance of being able to ask for subscriptions in a perfectly straightforward manner. There are so many claptrap and dishonest appeals made for it in the present day, that it is impossible to be too careful in avoiding the appearance of obtaining money under false pretences. If the title "Church of England" were removed from our appeals for assistance, we should very soon be charged with an attempt to deceive and mislead the public. To avoid such a charge all religious work in connection with our Institutes would have to be abandoned.

That is perfectly frank, honourable, and straightforward. But it is at the same time an admission that the term "Church of England" in this connection has a definite meaning, which can, of course, only be a sectarian meaning.

Granting that, I do not in the least see why there should not be Church of England Soldiers' Institutes, and it is much to the credit of the Church of England Chaplains and other promoters of the movement that they have done their best to make their Institutes clubs which can be used by men of all denominations, without fear of any attempts at proselytising or other religious interference. It only remains to preserve that character by every possible precaution. It is evident from Mr. S. Randall's article that the Institutes enjoy considerable popularity among the rank and file, and that being so, it stands to reason that they must be doing a vast deal of good, whether they are Church of England, or Presbyterian, or Roman Catholic, or Agnostic, or Theosophist.

Some time ago I called the attention of the War Office to the great boon which might be conferred upon soldiers by substituting parchment education certificates for the present paper articles, which quickly become dirty, ragged, and unpresentable. The hint does not seem to have been taken. It may perhaps stimulate the official mind to some action in this matter if I point out that the first-class certificates now in use appear to be absolutely incorrect in form. They state that the holder has passed in "arithmetic—the whole subject;" whereas, by the Army School Regulations, the subject offered for examination is "arithmetic, the whole subject (except present worth and discount, stocks, and cube root)," which is something very different from the whole subject. If the certificate is really to certify what it purports to certify, a new form ought to be prepared, and the opportunity ought to be taken to print it on parchment.

It seems that the grievances of Staff Corps officers do not cease on retirement. I have had a very pathetic letter from one of these officers, now lying ill on the Continent, complaining of the hardship inflicted upon them by the payment of their retired pay quarterly and in arrear. To men with families, and little or no private means, this arrangement necessarily means that they must constantly subsist on credit or on borrowed

money. I am told that a great deal of borrowing at usurious rates is directly attributable to this state of things. In the British Army retired officers draw their pay monthly. Retired civilians are often paid in advance; and there can be no reason, except red-tape at the India Office, why retired Indian officers should be placed on a worse footing. It is a pity that this matter was not included in the Staff Corps officers' petition.

A case was recently brought to my notice in which a non-commissioned officer of over eleven years' service in the Royal Engineers has been married without leave for nine years without being taken on to the strength of the regiment. If he had been simply waiting his turn for this length of time, the matter would be one calling for notice; but it derives additional hardship from the fact that in numerous instances (I have particulars of four of them) men placed at a much later date on the roll of men married without leave have been put on the strength before him. There is no valid reason for this preference; it appears to be pure favouritism. Indeed, in one or two cases the men thus preferred have certainly not had an exceptionally good character to recommend them. The whole regulations respecting marriage with and without leave urgently need reconsideration, as I have repeatedly pointed out; but, while they stand as they are, those charged with administering them might at least do so fairly and impartially.

I understand that it is the practice to allow recruits enlisted in India a special allowance for the extra kit required in that country—*i.e.*, kharki and white clothing. Surely, if this be the case, a corresponding allowance ought to be made to troops sent out to India from England. In reference to the recent account given in TRUTH of the cost of a sea-kit to men under orders for India, an Indian military correspondent assures me that, even if a soldier lands in India without a debit against him in his regimental account, his pay for the first two months is rarely much more than one rupee a week, owing to the expense of his Indian outfit. This is the man who is promised a shilling a day and a "free kit."

The command at Mauritius will become vacant next year. Twenty years ago Sir E. Selby Smyth pointed out to the War Office Committee that there was no necessity for employing a General Officer to look after the very small number of troops which is stationed in the island, and he suggested that a Colonel on the Staff should be appointed instead. This economical project was very ill received at the War Office, where the reformer was abused for endeavouring to abolish "a nice billet." Sir E. Selby Smyth's idea, however, was adopted for a short time, but then some jobbing officials quietly re-established "the nice billet," which has been continued until the present time. Now that public attention is being directed to the aberrations and extravagance of the War Office, it may be hoped that this perfectly useless command will be abolished, although it would, no doubt be a truly "nice billet" for some officer who is a favourite in Pall Mall.

The appointment of Mr. Williamson to be Director of Dockyards at the Admiralty is one of the most flagrant examples of jobbery and corruption in all the discreditable annals of Whitehall administration. When Professor Elgar resigned the office it was the nearly unanimous opinion of experts that it ought to be abolished. The Admiralty, however, have not only filled up the vacancy, but have positively raised the salary from £1,500 a year to £2,000! Mr. Williamson is a partner in a small firm of shipbuilders on the Clyde. He originally entered Portsmouth Dockyard as an apprentice, and was principally employed therein as a copyist. Mr. Williamson afterwards went to Lloyd's, and worked as a surveyor at Belfast and at Sunderland, proceeding from the latter port to the Clyde, where he was engaged as manager of Messrs. Barclay & Curle's establishment, and with that firm he has since remained. It is to be observed that Mr. Williamson has no special knowledge whatever of naval construction; he has never been concerned in building an ironclad, and he has never been to the Naval College. How a person with these antecedents has come to be selected to supervise all the Royal Dockyards in the country is a question which will, no doubt, be discussed in Parliament, and I believe that the clue to the mystery is to be found in the fact that fortunate Mr. Williamson has been known in his neighbourhood for some years past as an active Tory, while it is further stated that the chief partner in the firm of Barclay & Curle is, or recently was, Chairman of the Liverpool Conservative Association. This scandalous appointment, which is shamefully unjust to the Corps of Royal Naval Constructors, comes as a climax to the outrageous jobbery and nepotism which have been rampant at the Admiralty during the last five years.

Much indignation and disgust have been caused in Plymouth and Devonport by the conviction of Engineer Faulkner, of H.M.S. *Vivid*, on a charge of drunkenness and leaving his post while on duty at the trial of the *Edgar*. After perusal of the evidence, I should say that a more flagrant demonstration of the utter incapacity of courts-martial to deal with evidence could hardly be found. The chief fact against the prisoner was that after drinking a glass of whisky in the ward-room with other officers after the trial, he fell down in a partially helpless condition, which the surgeon attributed to intoxication. This very surgeon, however, had offered him the whisky, and up to then saw nothing wrong with him. The prisoner had previously left the boiler-room during the trial (which was the foundation of the second charge against him). His defence was that he was ill, and it was proved that he had been under medical treatment for

V. Benoist is now supplying the following specialties for 'Xmas festivities:—Fresh Périgord Truffles, Pâtés de Foie Gras, Poulardes, Dindons & Gibier Truffés, Dressed Boar's Head, Chevreuil, Game Pies, &c. Recherché Dinners & Suppers. Catalogue at 36, Piccadilly, W.

Veuve Monnier Champagne.—Carte Noire, vintage 1884, 52s; per dozen; special cuvée, vintage 1884, 78s. per dozen. No finer wine can be had at any price. To be obtained of all wine merchants. Veuve Monnier et ses Fils, Ld., London Office, 92, Great Tower-street E.C. Stores and Caves, 38, Rue du Commerce, Epernay, France.

several days before the day of the trial, and that on the following day, and for several days subsequently, he had the symptoms of remittent fever, with which he had been invalided home in August last. On what the finding of the Court was based, I cannot say, but it was certainly not on the evidence, and it will be a grievous scandal if the finding is not quashed by higher authority.

I understand from another source that, after taking the evidence at the preliminary Court of Inquiry, Captain Dunlop, who discharged the office of prosecutor, reported to the Admiralty that there was not sufficient evidence to place Mr. Faulkner on his trial. Nevertheless, in the face of this report, a court-martial was ordered. I am under the impression that this itself is an almost unprecedented, if not an actually irregular, course, and the motives which inspired it require explanation.

The raid into the Hunza territory appears to be about on a par with all the frontier aggressions of the "forward" party at Calcutta and Simla. The tribesmen are spoken of as assuming a "threatening" attitude, but such cant ought to blind no one to the fact that their attitude is merely one of defence against a hostile advance of the Indian Government into their country. The motive which obviously inspires this aggression is that of pushing up to the mountains, and making the Anglo-Indian frontier march with that of Russia. It may be due to want of military learning, but I should have supposed that an unscientific frontier with troublesome hill tribes beyond it, as certain to resist an invader from the north as from the south side, would be of more value than a scientific frontier with these same tribes in our rear, ready to make common cause with any invader against ourselves.

In their accounts of this action of the Indian Government I observe that the Tory newspapers say that we had to forestall the Russians. There is, however, no evidence that the Russians intended to occupy the Hunza territory, and our forestalling them seems to have assumed the form of slaying the inhabitants lest they should fall victims to the Russians.

A Staff Corps Officer of 1857 thus writes of the Hunzas:—

> For the past thirty-eight years I have known this tribe as independent, and continuously on the defensive against any encroachment on their freedom. Like Manipur, lately attacked by us and now virtually annexed, and like Darjeeling (or what remained of this native state) on the Thibet border, also lately attacked and now conquered, this northern native-ruled territory has done its best to "maintain the spectacle of a race living under almost the same conditions now as their forefathers did fourteen centuries ago," as one of the newspapers puts it. Is it not sad to witness this one long-drawn, continuous slaughter of the free tribes on all our Indian frontiers? It is the same now (and ever since 1885) on the Burmese frontier with China, with the Shans, Chins, Looshais, Nagas, &c, with semi-independent Wontho, and so on, while the slaughter on the Samana range and neighbourhood, on the north-western frontier, has but only lately been commented on in the public press.

Christmas Presents—10,000 at moderate prices. Novelties in Silver, Electro Plate, Lizard and other new Leathers.—Parkins & Gotto's, Oxford-street, London. Illustrated Catalogue post free.

The Lord Chancellor has just added six Magistrates to the Commission of the Peace for Devonport, of whom only one is a Liberal. This piece of jobbery is quite in accordance with Lord Halsbury's usual practice; but if his first object had been to study the commercial and professional interests of the borough, which ought to be fairly represented on the Bench, he would have appointed at least three Liberals. There are now twenty-five Magistrates on the Devonport roll.

When Mr. Justice Williams arrived at Brecon on Friday last, by the 2.35 train, he was met by the usual pantomimic crew, consisting of a detachment of the Breconshire constabulary, somewhat ineffectively personating "javelin-men," together with the Sheriffs' officers and trumpeters. He was then conducted by this motley throng to the Judge's lodgings, from which, after a short interval, he was driven to the Shire Hall. And what for? In order that he might deliver a few commonplace platitudes to the Grand Jury, and be presented with a useless pair of white gloves. After this highly-interesting and instructive farce, he returned to his lodgings, and left Brecon the following day by the 1.25 p.m. train. Considering that owing to the indisposition of one of the Judges, and the absence of a considerable number of the rest upon circuit, the arrears at the Law Courts are in a hopeless condition, it does appear simply scandalous, in the days of telegraph and telephonic communication, that valuable time should be wasted in compelling Judges to visit towns when there are no cases to be tried.

F. Du Bedat, the absconding ex-President of the Dublin Stock Exchange, now undergoing a sentence of penal servitude, was examined the other day as a witness in the Bankruptcy Court. This is what the reporter says of him:—

> He has altered wonderfully in appearance since his conviction. His tall, well-developed figure has drooped, and as he entered the court between two warders it was seen that he was in very feeble health. He was not able to enter the witness-box without assistance, and his breathing was distressingly laboured. Prison life is apparently breaking up his constitution.

Now, I don't think that this is pleasant reading. Du Bedat is undoubtedly a great rogue, and no one rejoiced more than I did when he was caught and convicted. But we have no right to kill the man by slow torture. This, I am very much afraid, is what prison discipline amounts to. It would, I am convinced, be just as deterrent if it were not so insufferably brutal. The fact is that no one really knows what it is until he is in for it. The atrocious plank bed (the most abominable instrument of torture ever used in a country calling itself civilised), the odious food, the deadly cold, the insufficient clothing, the brutality of warders, the utter impossibility of ever making one's case known to the higher authorities, these are things about which the outside public has mighty little notion. For this reason I was not altogether glad when Mr. Balfour turned over a new leaf and mitigated to some extent his rage against political offenders. Political prisoners had a way of making their woes known and eliciting public sympathy. But now it is only in the case of an inquest or a suicide that we hear anything (and then not much) of what goes on in gaols. Would the Sabbatarians, I

wonder, object to the gaols being thrown open (under proper regulations, of course) to visitors on Sundays between the hours of divine service?

A correspondent writes:—

"If London has its Lord Mayor's Court, Lancashire has its Salford Hundred Court of Record, and the provincial institution seems to be almost as efficient a medium as its metropolitan counterpart for the fleecing of litigants. Wise in their day and generation, the people of Bolton and Oldham have got rid—though not without much tronble and expense—of the jurisdiction of the Salford Hundred Court; and there is now an agitation for obtaining a similar deliverance at Rochdale and Heywood. In a discussion at the Heywood Town Council meeting last week, a member gave some interesting examples of the manner in which costs are run up in the Court of Record. The taxed bills of costs in an action for £4. 10s. amounted to £13. In another case in which the sum sued for was £5, the costs amounted to £35.

The Salford Hundred Court of Record, like the Lord Mayor's Court, ought to be abolished.

I am glad that the Appeal Court has upheld the interests of the community by allowing the sale of the Savernake estate. The tenant for life is penniless. The estate cannot be kept up. The occupants of farms and cottages on it would, therefore, suffer. Far better is it that the estate should belong to a wealthy man who has made vast sums by selling beer, and then turning his business into a Limited Liability Company. The ex-bung will, no doubt, wish to stand well in the estimation of the locality, and will, therefore, see that the estate is properly maintained, whilst he will be inclined to court popularity by lodging labourers in good cottages, and by taking care that the rents of his farmers are not excessive.

A jury awarded Mr. Tempest, J.P., the sum of £5 as a solatium for having been libelled in Truth. I had taken the facts on which I relied from the report of a local newspaper, and I had stated that the sentence awarded by Mr. Tempest was a harsh one. It would seem that these facts had not been quite correctly reported, hence the £5, the jury adding to their verdict that the sentence, upon which I commented, was a harsh one. Strange is the law. According to this aspect of it, if I were to say that a man in a white hat murdered a child, and he were to prove that he wore a black hat when he committed the murder, I should have to pay him £5 for misrepresenting him. I, however, do not complain. The rider of the jury will, no doubt, lead Mr. Tempest to temper in future justice with mercy, and it was in order to effect this that I wrote the original paragraph.

I am much obliged to an anonymous benefactor in Edinburgh who sends me details of various abuses in the Court of Session. With the assistance of this information I do not doubt that I could involve myself in at least three libel actions in the course of a week. If the writer expects me to notice his communication, he must let me know who he is, and where I can communicate with him.

The Magistrates at Gloucester deserve a word of praise for having censured a shopkeeper in the town who prosecuted a man for stealing a pair of boots exposed for sale outside the shop. It is only to be regretted that, after expressing such a sound and useful opinion, they should have gone on to fine the defendant as much as 10s.—probably three times the value of the boots. It was only a week or two ago that a London Magistrate spoke with considerable warmth on the evils of this practice, and the amount of crime which it produces. It might have a good effect if the police were to call the attention of shopkeepers to these magisterial utterances, and at the same time to prosecute relentlessly whenever goods are deposited—as they often are—upon the public footpaths.

One of my lady readers is dissatisfied with my criticism on the justices who sent a boy to prison for a week, for being concerned with another in torturing a cat, it being also proved that he had on a previous occasion robbed a schoolfellow of a farthing. My lady reader thinks that these Magistrates "did for once a rare and well-deserved piece of justice." I am afraid that between my views and this lady's on this particular subject there is a gulf which no amount of argument is likely to bridge over. To begin with, this child was not punished solely for cruelty to the cat. As I understand it, he would not have been sent to prison if the evidence respecting the farthing had not shown that he was, as one of the local papers calls it, "an incorrigible," or, as I put it, "a desperado." I have a personal weakness for cats, and no form of vice is more often castigated in these columns than cruelty to animals. But my tenderness for cats is even exceeded by my tenderness for children. I am unalterably of opinion that a child of eight cannot be either vicious or a criminal in any rational sense of the words. On the other hand, I know no more likely means of making him both than by sending him to prison.

The most striking, and also the most shocking, case of juvenile criminality that has been seen for years past is that of the child-murderers, Samuel Crawford and Robert Shearon, aged nine and eight respectively, who were convicted at Liverpool on Thursday last of the murder of David Eccles, aged eight and a half. In this case it was agreed between Judge and counsel on both sides that a child between seven and fourteen is only capable of crime in the eye of the law, if he is shown to have understood "the nature and quality of the act." The jury at once found that Crawford and Shearon did not know "the nature and quality" of their act, and they were discharged. Beside this crime the offence of torturing a cat, or stealing a farthing, or rubbing offensive dirt on a little girl, shrinks into insignificance. Yet within the last month children of eight or nine years of age have been imprisoned for a week or a fortnight for the latter offences, while Crawford and Shearon, under the direction of one of her Majesty's Judges, are dismissed without punishment. That these two children stand in need of punishment is obvious. None the less, I think the law is right when it relegates them to the discipline of the nursery or

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Mrs. Spencer Brunton and Children have left 84, Brook-street, and will be at 9, Seymour-street, Portman-square, for the winter. Will friends kindly take this notice of change of address, as time will not admit of writing to each separately.

the school-room, and declines to subject them to the punishments provided for adult criminals. What I do not understand is, why, this being the view of the law in the case, where one child of eight has murdered another, a different view should be taken where a child of the same age has tormented a cat or stolen a farthing.

Another correspondent calls my attention to a case at Hereford Assizes, in which one Saunders was convicted of the murder of a child, two years old, by dashing its head against the ground. Evidence was given of other acts of cruelty, but it seems to have been considerably shaken. Saunders was sentenced to death. "Is death a sufficient penalty," asks my correspondent, "for such monstrous cruelty, and should not the cat be the punishment for such a fiendish crime?" It is really impossible to satisfy everybody. If death be not a sufficient punishment for any form of cruelty, I suppose we shall have to torture our convicts before despatching them. But I doubt if public opinion is yet ripe for this reform.

At Northampton last week a boy of twelve was sentenced to ten days' imprisonment and five years in a reformatory for stealing fourpennyworth of sweets. Lest the reader should marvel at such an occurrence in a town distinguished for its intelligence and enlightenment, I hasten to add that the Magistrates at fault were the County Justices. On only one ground could this method of dealing with such a trumpery offence be justified—namely, that the child was an old offender, and that owing to the weakness or wickedness of his parents, the only chance of reforming him was to remove him from the associations of home. Unless the reports omit the most essential feature in the case, no evidence whatever of this nature was forthcoming. The sentence must, therefore, be regarded as equally unjust and cruel to the child, to the parents, and to the county ratepayers, who are condemned to support him until he is seventeen years of age.

Although I cannot say that personally I feel the slightest sympathy for Michael Moran, who is now undergoing twenty-one days' hard labour for breaking windows at the Fulham Workhouse, yet I do consider that one part of his history that came out during the hearing of the charge against him is deserving of public attention. Moran, it appeared, had formerly served in the 17th Lancers, had fought through the Crimea, and had taken part in the charge of Balaclava, for which services his grateful country had granted him a pension of 1s. 4d per diem. This pittance, however, was stopped because Moran was convicted of some trifling offence. Now, what I contend is, that Moran having honestly earned his pension in the past, no earthly right ought to have existed for taking it away on account of some act of dishonesty perpetrated by him after leaving the service. Individuals who have been made Peers by the Liberals as a reward for their political services are not deprived of their Peerages when they join the Primrose League and become Tories.

The Manchester Recorder has again distinguished himself by the monstrous severity of his sentences at the City Sessions. On Thursday and Friday last he dealt with thirty-five prisoners as follows:—14, penal servitude for from five to three years; 1, fifteen months' imprisonment; 6, twelve months'; 1, ten months'; 6, nine months'; 5, six months'; 2, three months'. The ferocious character of some of these sentences may be judged from one of the cases, in which a labourer sixty years of age was condemned to three years' penal servitude and a similar term of police supervision for stealing twopence. The old man, who had been previously convicted, urged that he had been living an honest life for four years, but this plea had no effect upon the Recorder. A juryman has written to the Manchester press protesting against this monstrous punishment. "The sentence," he says, "appeared so grotesquely disproportionate to the offence that my fellow jurors and I could scarcely believe our ears." So I should think. And what is likely to be the effect of such ferocity upon future juries? I can only say that were I a Manchester juryman, rather than hand over a fellow-creature to the tender mercies of this Draco, I would refuse to convict in every case where I could find a pretext for doing so.

These proceedings at Manchester are aggravated to the dimensions of a public scandal by contrast with the state of things in the adjacent City of Liverpool. Mr. Hopwood, Q.C., the Recorder of that city, has long been pursuing, as many of my readers are aware, the policy of reducing sentences to the lowest reasonable limit. The results of this policy are now shown in a large diminution of crime in the city. That the two things stand in the relation of cause and effect is a fair inference, and it is quite certain that if the police records had shown an increase of crime, Mr. Hopwood would have had to bear the odium of being responsible for it. Only last week the success of Mr. Hopwood's policy was brought to public notice by his charge to the Grand Jury, and some correspondence published in the papers; and it would really seem as if Mr. West, in his extraordinary outburst of severity at Manchester, desired to show (at the expense of the unfortunate prisoners) that he does not believe in Mr. Hopwood's system, and intends to adhere to his own principles, regardless alike of the logic of facts and the dictates of humanity.

At Loddon, in Norfolk, last week, George Legood was fined £1 and costs for a brutal assault on his wife. He came home drunk, turned the woman out of the house, knocked her down on the doorstep, and then beat her head on the step until the neighbours interfered. After the conviction, Mrs. Legood applied for a separation, but the application was refused, the Chairman stating that they desired to "give the defendant another chance." They can only mean, I imagine, another chance of ill-treating his wife, and possibly murdering her.

Some two or three weeks back an aged and infirm tramp, named Connolly, was sentenced by some blundering Justice at South Shields to a month's hard labour for

vagrancy. Shortly after his admission to the gaol he was put into the infirmary, where he died the following day, aged sixty-seven, of "peritonitis and the debility of old age." It was the opinion of the doctor, the Coroner, and the jury that the man ought to have been kept in the workhouse; and that he was totally unfit for prison, which, as the Coroner very justly remarked, is "a place to punish wrongdoers, not to send poor forgotten old creatures like the deceased to." It gives me much pleasure to endorse these observations, and I trust that the effect of our united opinions will be to make the South Shields Justice more careful in future.

At the Birmingham Police court last week the outrageous sentence of a month's hard labour was passed upon "a woman of poverty-stricken appearance," for sleeping in an outhouse. I have often expressed the opinion that the law which authorises such inhuman barbarity as this is infinitely more to blame than the Magistrates who administer it. But in this case, the Magistrate seems to be as bad as the law. The poor old woman on whom the sentence was passed conducted herself in court in such an eccentric fashion that it would have been far more reasonable to send her to be looked after in the workhouse. To inflict upon such a creature the extravagant penalty of a month's hard labour for the most harmless "offence" known to the law, seems a monumental achievement of cruelty as well as stupidity.

A glaring example of the operation of the property vote in parochial affairs was furnished the other day at Thetford, Norfolk. A poll of the parish of St. Peter's was taken to elect two members to a Burial Board. One Magistrate recorded twenty-four votes; one of the Churchwardens recorded the same number. The Rector, who presided as returning officer, of course accepted the votes without question. The result was to return two candidates whose supporters were in a hopeless minority, as will be seen from the following statement of the votes and voters for each:—

	Candidate.	Number of Votes.	Number of Voters Polled.
1.	Hildyard ...	87	37
2.	Spooner ...	86	36
3.	Shaw ...	58	58
4.	Gathercole..	57	57

These figures ought to teach the necessity for "one man one vote" in the village.

The irregularity of newspaper deliveries is a perennial source of complaint against the Post Office. Messrs. Everett & Sons, of Salisbury-square, have forwarded me samples of complaints received from customers to whom they are in the habit of posting newspapers. These papers are collected daily at five p.m. by a Post Office van, so that no question can possibly be raised as to their having been duly posted; yet, on a single day in last week, Messrs. Everett had nine complaints from customers of late delivery of papers. The truth is that there prevails in numerous offices, especially in country districts, an impression that the delivery of newspapers is a matter of no consequence, and it would be well if steps were taken at St. Martin's-le-Grand to eradicate this impression.

I have received, I suppose for publication, a letter informing me that "A Japanese Earthquake Fund" has already been opened in London. I have never yet been able to understand why people should hasten to relieve affliction and want at the uttermost ends of the earth, while almost at their doors are hundreds or thousands in equal distress, and with infinitely better claims upon them. At this season of the year, in particular, there are deserving charities appealing for help on every side, and as long as their cries remain unanswered I really cannot lend any assistance in collecting funds for the Japanese—though I am as sorry as anybody to hear of the misfortunes of those amiable people.

The following letter from Dr. Forbes Winslow reached me too late for publication last week:—

Some years ago, previous to the passing of the Habitual Drunkards Act, I opened at Mortlake an institution for the care and treatment of dipsomaniacs. It was impossible, from the fact that no restraint was legally permissible, to treat and deal with such cases in a satisfactory manner, and, after in vain attempting to do so, I decided to close the establishment, pending the passing of the Act previously mentioned. Shortly after this the present Act came into force, and, not being a compulsory one, is inadequate to the purposes required of it. From my experience, whilst Director of the establishment before mentioned, I became aware of the fact that nothing but absolute legal inability to obtain drink could be of any avail. The alarming increase of the disease, the crimes committed by its victims, the terrible affliction caused to families from the impossibility to restrain those suffering from the affection, led me to inquire elsewhere, and out of our own country, for some means to prevent the vice from spreading, and to find countries which legally recognised—as England ought to do—that dipsomania is a form of insanity, and one that ought to be legally dealt with. The result of my inquiries was a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, when the discussion on the "Slavery of Drink" was going on, in which I stated that dipsomania was recognised on the Continent as a form of mental disorder, and could be properly and legally restrained. Shortly after this, at the latter end of September, I received an intimation that I had been appointed English consulting physician to the largest and best institution in the neighbourhood of Brussels. In consequence of this I received applications from far and wide for details of the system there carried out, at the same time asking me for particulars as to the admission of patients. To one and all I responded. Most of these letters were most distressing in their nature—histories of homes and families ruined in consequence of the dipsomaniac being allowed his freedom unmolested in England, allowed to propagate his species, and to bring into the world a drunkard or a lunatic. To these I replied in detail. I do not allude to an ordinary drunkard, but to one who suffers from the craving so as to render him irresponsible for his actions, and, as such, amounts to a positive disease. For many years drink has been at the head of our tabulated causes of insanity in England, and to my mind it appears a solemn duty to interfere with those who become mad from its abuse.

Having thus briefly stated my case, I now desire to say that, inasmuch as I received the appointment in September, I have never signed any documents for the reception of any dipsomaniac since that period. I also desire to state that in *no* instance would I sanction the removal of any case of dipsomania out of England, unless the patient himself signed a document of his desire and willingness to place himself under care and treatment in a foreign land in an Institute, and submit to the treatment there enforced.

FORBES WINSLOW.

December 3, 1891.

As an answer to the allegations to which I called attention, this communication appears to me to amount to a plea of guilty, but with extenuating circumstances. Dr. Winslow *is*, as I now understand, prepared to certify

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EVENING PARTIES.—Ladies desiring a high-class Conjuring Entertainment should write direct to the entertainer, Mr. JAMES PORTLAND, 11, St. Paul's-road Canonbury, N.

inebriates as fit patients for detention in the Belgian lock-up with which he is connected; nor does he deny the soft impeachment that he will, if desired, "arrange for the removal of the case." He argues, however, that it is expedient that dipsomaniacs, who cannot be detained against their will in England, should be enabled to avail themselves of the advantages of the Belgian laws—which may or may not be. He adds, what is the most material point, that he will not act unless the patient attests in writing his desire to be committed to the Belgian lock-up. I am not suprised to hear that no patient has yet signified such a desire. Moreover, I do not see how, with this condition, Dr. Forbes Winslow does more for the dipsomaniac than can be done under the English law, which allows an habitual drunkard to be placed under restraint with his own assent first obtained.

We frequently do not know what is best for us, and, though he may not himself think so, I consider that Dr. Winslow is to be congratulated on not having as yet signed any warrants for the removal of inebriates to the neighbourhood of Brussels. Had he done so, it is quite on the cards that some ill-conditioned onlooker would have jumped to the conclusion that, in undertaking a business of this kind, Dr. Winslow was actuated not a bit more by love for the dipsomaniac or anxiety for the welfare of society at large, than by the desire to put fees into his own pocket. It is a moral certainty, too, that, before long, some recalcitrant dipsomaniac, or his friends, would have raised some quibble as to the validity of his signature, with the result that Dr. Winslow and the other parties to the "removal" would have found themselves in a nasty hole. That the law of England in regard to dipsomaniacs is capable of improvement, I think very likely; but still the law *is* the law, and that proposition is as true for doctors as for dipsomaniacs.

On the matter of the status of black servants in Natal, respecting which I published an extraordinary letter a week or two ago, Mr. George N. Waldron writes as follows from Drumsna, Co. Leitrim:—

> The allegation of your correspondent in your issue of the 3rd instant will appear very absurd reading to any one with the smallest knowledge of the colony. I will venture to say that your correspondent cannot cite a single instance of slaves being landed at Durban, Natal, or any other British South African port and being treated in the manner he indicates. Any slaves so landed would be free. There is no such thing as compulsory service in the colony. . . . .
>
> Servants are, of course, engaged of their own free will, and usually by the month. They can leave on giving a month's notice. Your correspondent says he can do very much as he likes with a servant, short of murder. If he strikes a servant that servant has precisely the same remedy he would have in England, with the very substantial advantage of being able to take the case before a paid Resident Magistrate, where he will get full justice. The Magistrates have power, I believe, to order small boys (very young boys are employed in Natal) to be birched instead of making jail-birds of them, as is the custom in England. The police certainly have not the power to flog servants at the bidding of their masters. This can only be done by order of the Resident Magistrates. Adult Kaffirs would only be flogged for very heinous offences. . . .

This is all very well as far as it goes, but it is still only a case of word against word. My first correspondent is challenged to adduce an instance of what he described, but I understood him to have been speaking of what he had seen, not once, but as a matter of regular practice. He was a member of a learned profession, and had resided in the colony, and he was therefore a credible witness, or I should not have published his letter. Possibly the state of things which he described relates to a past epoch, and no longer exists. But I should like to hear that such is the case upon some authority sufficient to put the question beyond doubt once and for all.

A lady who has just travelled from Berlin to London *viâ* Flushing sends me a melancholy picture of the contrast between the discomforts of travel in Germany and England. It is, I know by experience, only too true. In Germany, the passenger on a long journey has ample opportunity for obtaining meals, which are served in excellent style, either at the stations or in dining-cars; refreshments of good quality are brought to the carriages at intermediate stations; the carriages are well-warmed, comfortable, and supplied with lavatories. The traveller reaches our shores, probably, half-dead with sickness, cold, and exhaustion, to find that neither at the landing-place, nor in the train, is there so much as a cup of coffee to be had, and that he has to travel on in a cold, comfortless train, without any prospect of food till he reaches London. Is this our boasted insular comfort? Or it is the price we pay for leaving our railways so free from State interference?

The following advertisement (from the *Bradford Observer*) affords painful evidence of the demoralisation which pervades the legal atmosphere. Still, it is some consolation to know that in these days a boy who can't speak the truth may still earn an honest living:—

> Lawyer wants Office Boy; must be smart, and not averse to prevaricating.—Address P., 113, *Observer* Office.

If I were to believe the *Lancet* I should cut my throat at once, because I should see death in every guise around me. The *Lancet* now protests against a paper currency, on the ground that one-pound notes will distribute broadcast germs, microbes, bacilli, and all other such enemies of the human race. All that I have to say is, that if we have these notes, and if any person objects to retain those that fall into his hands, I will risk the consequences if he is good enough to send them to me.

A correspondent writes from Birmingham:—

> I see in Truth, No. 779, you quote the old misprint (as we Warwickshire people well believe) "know a hawk from a handsaw." Now, Shakespeare knew well what hawking was, and never would have written such a sentence. To know a hawk from an "earnshaw" was natural and Shakespearean, for "earnshaw" was, and I believe still is, in Warwickshire and Worcester used by the old people (I am myself nearer ninety than eighty) for the now more common name heron. You will instantly see the sense of this. . . . .

I was aware, as I suppose most people are, that "handsaw" in this passage stands for "earnshaw" or "heron;"

Toys! Toys!! Toys!!!—Parkins & Gotto, 60, Oxford-street, W. lor best Toys. Every novelty, including "The Gramophone," the new 'alking Machine Indoor games all kinds. Catalogue free.

Mr. Litchfield, Antiquarian, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, W., has the largest collection of genuine specimens of Old Furniture, rare China, and Bric-à-Brac. Illustrated Catalogue free.

but I have always taken it that the word was a recognised corruption, just as "Welsh rabbit" has become the established form of "Welsh rarebit," to write which is, in my humble judgment, gross pedantry. I suppose it is on this ground that the reading "handsaw," which my correspondent considers a mere misprint, is carefully followed in most of the reprints of Shakespeare.

How long has the Royal Humane Society been affiliated to the Primrose League? I ask the question because one of the most conspicuous items in the programme of a Primrose gathering held last week at Wisbech was the presentation of the Royal Humane Society's medal to a young man who recently saved a child from death by drowning. The medal was presented by Mr. S. W. Duncan, J.P., who is the Primrose candidate for the Division. The winner of the medal, in acknowledging the honour, expressed his hope that Mr. Duncan would be as successful at the polls as he himself had been in the little exploit thus commemorated. Finally, Mr. H. E. Beale, "on behalf of the Secretary of the Royal Humane Society" (so says the report), proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Duncan as "their future member." It is possible, of course, that the Committee of the Royal Humane Society will strongly disapprove of these proceedings, and I shall be happy to publish any explanation or disclaimer from them. But unless something of the sort is forthcoming, the Society's medal will henceforth be properly ranked at about the same value as a twopenny Primrose badge.

This action of the Society and of its Secretary is all the more outrageous, as the Liberal Party is itself a Humane Society, its aim being to rescue unfortunate persons who cannot protect themselves from the wiles, and bullying, and bribery of the Primrose League.

How these Tories love each other! Mr. Jennings, M.P., calls Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett a "noisy Party hack," to which the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* replies that

> Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett is "endowed with a talent which is half-brother to genius;" that it is his custom "after a Titanic day's work" to "sit up till two or three in the morning dealing with Admiralty despatches." But "with electrifying vehemence of spirit" he stirs "mass meetings of 10,000 to 15,000 people until the sound of their cheers is as the sound of deep calling unto deep;" and that "by virtue of his extraordinary physical endurance, combined with a rare disregard of money," he seems "as ubiquitous as he is unwearying in compassing sea and land for the good of his Party." And the Conservative member for Stockport has dared to speak of this gifted man as a "noisy Party hack"!

Two or three weeks ago I ventured to contradict the statement that the contemplated retirement of Mr. G. W. Hastings from the representation of East Worcestershire was due to ill-health. It may interest my readers to know that in Friday's *Standard* there appeared an advertisement asking George Woodyatt Hastings, Esq., Barnard's-green, Malvern, to take notice that a writ had been issued against him, and that unless within eight days he entered an appearance to the said writ, judgment would be signed against him for the amounts claimed. The East Worcestershire Liberal Unionist Association have received a letter from Mr. Hastings, in which he says he has not made up his mind to resign his seat either before or at the General Election; and the Committee have replied indicating "the desirability of a clear understanding at once." Mr. Hastings' present address, about which there is great curiosity, is not given in the local newspapers which report the meeting of the Committee.

These, I believe, are the facts: A lady of large fortune was about to marry. Her securities were supposed to be in the hands of Mr. Hastings. She applied for them, and they were not forthcoming.

Mr. Shaw Stewart, the Member for East Renfrewshire, addressed what is described as being "a lively meeting" of his constituents, at Newton Mearns, last week; and, after he had been subjected to a severe heckling, a vote of confidence in him was negatived by a large majority. The heckler who gave Mr. Shaw Stewart most trouble, was Mr. A. C. Vallance, and the hon. gentleman showed his annoyance by telling Mr. Vallance that he was "an insolent person." Mr. Stewart was afterwards asked to apologize. His reply, according to the *Glasgow Mail*, was—"Apologize to you! No. But I will go outside and fight you if you like." If Mr. Shaw Stewart had been a Liberal, or a Labour, or an Irish Member, what pretty things the Tory papers would have said about his gentlemanly conduct!

At the Conference of Rural Delegates last week, "Hodge" had a great many complaints to make of the Squire and the Parson. For the latter, especially, he had little to say that was good; and a correspondent suggests that, in the light of "Hodge's" revelations, Goldsmith's well-known description of the country clergyman in "The Deserted Village" would have to be re-written somewhat in this way to bring it up to date:—

Near yonder spot where high-spiked palings rise,
The country parson's mansion meets the eyes.
A man he is whom all the people fear,
And rich on some six hundred pounds a year.
A firm supporter of the powers that be,
A Primrose Knight, a Guardian, and J.P.,
He finds each day, with varying success,
New chance to bribe, to threaten, to oppress.

His house is known to Poverty's sad train;
Once summoned there few care to call again,
For e'en his pity savours of intrigue,
His charity but cloaks the Primrose League;
He to coercive purpose turns his doles,
And makes election agents of his coals;
Ready to any petty arts to stoop
To give a Tory flavour to his soup;
And even blankets, scattering with intent
Less to wage war with Want than with Dissent.

At church, the meek and unaffected grace
That should adorn him, finds, alas! no place;
But in the pulpit 'tis too oft his plan
To sink the pastor in the partisan,
Pushing his dogmas down his people's throats,
Less careful of their souls than of their votes,
And holding shibboleths of more account
Than his own Master's Sermon on the Mount.

Upon the Bench, severity his pride,
His every instinct leans to rigour's side;
And when his colleagues would to pity yield,
His heart, be sure, inflexibly is steel'd;
'Tis his their would-be mildness to gainsay,
To point to harsher modes and lead the way.

The agricultural labourers have had their Parliament. They are not enamoured of the present state of things, and seem disinclined to remain under the sway of Squires, Parsons, and Primrose Dames. The ungrateful wretches actually wish to be allowed to have a voice in the management of their local affairs, to be able to hire land at a fair rent, with fixity of tenure, and compensation for improvements, and no longer to pig in sties almost unfit for pigs!

Between them and the parson there is the bitterest feud. I honestly believe that, if we were to announce an electoral campaign in favour of disendowment and disestablishment, we should win hand over hand. This dislike comes from the parish clergyman being no longer a Gallio, reading on Sunday the appointed services in the church, and living during the rest of the week more as a squireen than a pastor. Now, he is a militant ecclesiastic. He is active and energetic for his Church. He is the priest on all days of the week, and he seeks to exercise with spiritual and temporal sway. He may be a better man than his predecessor, but the passive indifference felt towards this predecessor has become active dislike towards the present pastor. He would have the Church the dominant factor in the parish, and the objection entertained to this by the parishioners has made them converts to disestablishment, whilst disendowment is popular, because it means a gain of about five millions per annum to local requirements. The connection of the Church with the State is not worth ten years' purchase.

The village Liberal programme consists of village self-government, habitable cottages, and facility for obtaining land, either by purchase, or, if by rent, at a fair rent, with fixity of tenure and compensation for improvements. Surely in view of the steady migration of labourers from land to city, this programme is worth trying in the interest of the landlords and the farmers, as well as in those of the labourers.

I see that Mr. Gladstone has addressed a letter to a working man on the eight hours question. In this matter it seems to me that the vast majority of working men are against it, as they now realise that it means a hard-and-fast eight hours without overtime, and with no sort of guarantee that a man will get the same wage for eight hours as he does now for nine hours. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that there is not such general assent to the proposition amongst those whom it directly concerns as to justify legislation.

If any one will show me that the output will not suffer and that wages will not fall, should the eight hours become law, I should have no objection to it, provided that the majority of the workers were in favour of it. But when I ask for proof of this, I get nothing but wild and contradictory assertion. One advocate says that a man will do as much in eight hours as he does now in nine; another advocate says that shorter hours will secure a greater number of men being employed, which, if true contradicts the previous advocate. I believe that when a man is physically overworked by too long hours, he would do as much work in eight hours as he does now in twelve. But although eight hours' work may be more pleasant than nine, I greatly doubt whether nine hours' work in most trades is an overstrain on a healthy man.

The fact is, that the eight hours involves legislative action in regard to wages, and such action in a country such as this, that depends upon foreign markets for its output, would very possibly result in a great number of our artisans being without any work. It cannot be too often stated that the wage must mainly depend on the price paid by the consumer, provided that the workman takes care (as he does by means of his union) that he gets his fair share of that price. Assuming our cotton goods and German cotton goods to be of equal excellence, it is evident that a Chinese will purchase those that are the cheaper. International competition, therefore, makes the price. This the advocates of the eight hours perceive, and they suggest that the eight hours law should embrace the world. What they fail, however, to perceive is that foreign artisans prefer long hours, provided that they are well paid for them, as they wish not only to live, but to put by money, and this disposition is shared by many of our own artisans.

I was talking some little time ago to a Belgian, who has a manufactory in a Belgian village. The working hours are from six in the morning until six in the evening, with about one hour for meals. The men work for six days and a half, and earn about 39 francs. There is a sick fund and an old age fund, to both of which the subscription is obligatory. Almost all the workmen have bought themselves houses with large gardens, and they work in their gardens after six during week days and on the Sunday afternoons. The man has some coffee and bread before going to his work. He takes some bread and lard with him, and eats it at nine. At twelve his dinner is sent to him by his wife. It consists of bread, lard, and a large dish of vegetables, which come from his garden. On his return from work, he has his supper, which consists of bread and soup. As he keeps a pig and fowls and rabbits, on Sunday he adds to this fare some bacon, or a fowl, or a rabbit. All this, said my friend, is based upon the house and the garden. The men's aim is to become owners as soon as possible, for they say that with a garden no man need starve. "How do they save enough to get the house?" I asked. "Some of the houses have not cost them £20. They first buy the land. If there is a house on it, they leave its value on mortgage, which they gradually pay off. When it is paid off, they add to the house. If there is no house, they build one. At first it is a mere hovel, but gradually it gets better and larger. But whatever it is, they like it because it is their own." "And do they drink?" I asked. "No," he said. "The wife manages everything. The entire wages are handed over to her She gives her husband 10 centimes (a penny) each day to buy beer; on Sunday evenings he has a trifle more, and goes to an establishment where beer is sold out of the cask,

Wanted, by Vicar, a Companion Pupil for his daughter (aged nine) Beautiful situation, sheltered, very healthy. W. Riding of Yorkshire. Close to moors. Terms, £60 inclusive.—Address, VICAR Kildwick-in-Craven, Keighley.

and the men play games to see which is to pay. They never drink spirits. The only luxury that they permit themselves is smoking; but were a man to spend more than 4d. per week in tobacco, he would be regarded as a reckless spendthrift." "Do they complain of long hours in the factory?" I said. "Far from it," he replied, "if they had their way they would work longer for more pay; but this we would not permit, as we wish them to be healthy and to have time to work in their gardens."

A Kimberley paper reports, on the authority of recent arrivals from Mashonaland, that since September 1 the Union Jack has been flying on all the Chartered Company's forts, instead of the Company's flag. The change is supposed at the Cape to mean a great deal, and so I should regard it. The meaning I take to be this:—That in the event of the Chartered Company finding itself unable to carry on business, its game will be to transfer its liabilities and assets—the former preponderating—to the British taxpayer.

The Scottish Peers met last Thursday at Holyrood Palace to elect a representative in the place of the late Lord Northesk, when the proceedings were of an unusual character, as the Duke of Montrose, who presided in right of his office as Lord Clerk Register (which was formerly a place of great emolument), took upon himself to apply the closure to his colleagues with a dramatic promptitude which has never yet been approached in the House of Commons. When the usual protests were handed in, the Duke sharply refused to receive or record them, which was contrary, not only to precedent, but also to law. The Duke of Montrose takes a great deal more upon himself than did the late Duke of Buccleuch, of whom it was said that for half a century he practically carried the Scottish Peerage in his pocket, and the flagrant irregularity of the proceedings is certain to be acrimoniously discussed in the House of Lords.

Mr. Chamberlain is probably one of the most ignorant of our public men in everything beyond the municipal affairs of Birmingham. So ignorant is he that when he and the faithful Jesse took a trip to Egypt, they probably would have wandered about the Rocky Mountains looking for that country, had they not placed themselves in the hands of a courier. Every now and then he picks up some foreign word, and at once interlards his speeches with it, after the manner of a housemaid who has learnt a word or two of French. His latest acquisition is the word Nihilist, and he hurls it in season and out of season at the heads of his political opponents. If he would only endeavour to acquire the slightest smattering of what a Nihilist is, he would cease to render himself ridiculous by its misapplication. So far as I can make it out, he seems to think that a Nihilist is a person whose opinions count as *nihil*, and that all those who do not accept him as a prophet are as nothing, and that consequently they are Nihilists. His latest plea for ceasing to be a Liberal is that the majority of Liberals have no constructive ability. What, however, has he constructed? He tried his hand on the shipping trade, and made a most dismal fiasco. He also tried to amend the law of bankruptcy, but the result was an Act which is deemed by lawyers and by laymen one of the very worst that was ever palmed off on the country. Constructiveness with him is a certain facility to build up a house of cards, and when it is blown out of existence to build up another which encounters the same fate.

The Tory revolt seems to be spreading. All who hoped against hope that they would get something, and who now find the days of Tory rule approaching their end without anything having been done to meet their wishes, are up in arms. The Tory host are still in the fortress, but all the outworks have been carried; our artillery is sweeping the fort, the final onset must soon come, and the garrison know that it will prove successful. They abuse their Generals, they find fault with the mode of defence, they urge this and that wild scheme. They are utterly demoralised. Liberal-Unionist curses Tory, and Tory curses Liberal-Unionist. I always thought that this would happen, so soon as it became clear that provender would soon be exhausted. Plunder held them together. No plunder, no Unionist, has always been my belief, and it would seem that the belief was pretty accurate.

From a Party point of view, I am inclined to think that those Tories are right who point out that the Party has gained nothing by masquerading as Radicals. Englishmen do not like shams, and they object to violation of pledges. The Tory shop used to be a respectable establishment, not well up to the times, but doing a fairly good business in old-fashioned articles. It has now become a receptacle for unredeemed pledges and stolen goods—the latter stolen with so little judgment that they are worthless. The trick of labelling them in the shop window "democratic," "the latest novelty," "try our wares," has utterly failed. Those who have tried them do not find them up to mark. The shop has now got a name for shoddy goods, and customers are falling off every day. It has lost its old reputation for respectability, and not gained one single customer by substituting sham make-believes for its former wares. All this seems to me the result of having listened to the advice of Brummagem Joe, whom we had turned out of our shop for sacrificing the interests of his employers in an attempt to make himself master instead of assistant.

The Tories and their allies have announced that they will vigorously obstruct Home Rule in the House of Commons, and that, when the obstruction is crushed out there, and the Bill passed, they will cause it to be thrown out in the House of Lords. This should be met by Mr. Gladstone declining to accept office unless he be permitted by the Queen to make a sufficient number of Peers to redress the balance between Liberals

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712,000 Horned Cattle Slaughtered by Armour & Co. last year. Armour's Extract of Beef retains the true flavour of fresh beef. in a more marked degree than any similar preparation.

and Tories in the Lords. As a matter of fact, he would never have to create one single Peer. As in the case of the first Reform Bill, the threat would be enough to bring the Tory Peers to their knees. They would be very indignant; the Tory newspapers would howl; squires, parsons, publicans, and Primrose Dames would gnash their teeth. But to all this the Liberal majority in the country would be absolutely indifferent.

If I were given to vaticination, I should be inclined to hazard the following prediction: that the General Election will take place either before or close after Easter. My grounds for this anticipation are that it is evident that the Tory rank and file are dead against any Local Government Bill for Ireland; that Ministers are pledged so deeply to one that they cannot shirk out of a Bill, and they will gain nothing by bringing one in, and dodging and tricking not to carry it; that the Budget must be a bad one; that the Tories will not consent to Village Councils, and that if the agricultural question be touched without this concession, they will lose votes in the agricultural districts. Therefore, assuming the Government to know its own business, it will precipitate a Dissolution so soon as it possibly can after Parliament meets; expecting not, indeed, to win, but that our majority will be so small that a Liberal Government will not long be able to carry on. Whether this prognostication will be fulfilled depends upon the amount of intelligence that heaven has vouchsafed to the Tories. Of course, the Liberal-Unionists wish the Dissolution to be as far distant as possible, for it will (come what may) extinguish them as a party; so also do the fry of office-holders, for to them it means an immediate extinction of salaries, to which principle they alone are true. But the Tory party is hardly likely, one would think, to render itself even more unpopular than it is, for the sake of either of these gangs of self-seekers.

SCRUTATOR.

THE DRAMA OF THE FUTURE.

THE future state of the poor old drama is sufficiently alarming. Our dogmatising managers and modern playwrights are, apparently, so convinced that the ideal play should be so hopelessly obscure that not one human being can understand it, that they are getting into training to "lecture" about the innate obscurity of the new work. Every new play is to be preceded by an explanatory sermon. This is as it should be. We have Browning societies to put their heads together in order to elucidate the mysteries of a poet; why should we not have paid lecturers to shed a ray of daylight on to the dramatic nebulosity of a Jones, Smith, Brown, or Robinson? The theatre will soon be the conference-house. The dramatist will precede his play with a lecture. They have begun it already in Paris, where they really start all theatrical reforms. It was recently deemed impossible that the ordinary Parisian playgoer would comprehend Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" without a yard and a half of preliminary discourse. Sarcey, the dramatic critic of Paris, is a great hand at conferences, and the erudite William Archer may take heart. The post of dramatic critic may yet be allied to that of lecturer with a wand, a cough, complete assurance, and a bottle of water. Without this safeguard what, indeed, will become of the benighted audience? The gentleman who was wittily called by Mr. J. Comyns Carr the other evening the *very* Belgian Shakespeare, to wit one Maeterlinck, will certainly require the full force of Archers, Gosses, Bernard Shaws, and Joneses turned on at once if he is to be understood by sane men. He has written a play called "Les Aveugles," which is *acted in the dark* by eight blind men and women, a dog, and a baby! The object of the dramatist apparently is to show the sublimity of incomprehensibility. What a magnificent idea to produce a play which cannot be seen by any single soul in the audience! How original! How sublimely unconventional! Already we have in England carefully trained both our modern actors and actresses not to be heard, but to go a step further and not allow a play to be seen is worthy indeed of a *very* Belgian Shakespeare.

I never shall forget the first night of Mr. Pinero's "Lady Bountiful" at the Garrick. One scene towards the end of the play was acted in pitch darkness. The majority of the audience were extremely perplexed, because, as a rule, when you cannot see on the stage you cannot hear either. The interest had vanished. Not so, however, with the new school, primed with Maeterlinck. They raved about this pitch-dark scene as the triumph of nature. How natural, they cried, to play a scene in the dark! Why, a village church at sundown would obviously be in the dark; so they chortled with joy and promoted Pinero to a seat among the gods with Ibsen and Maeterlinck. Alas! the next morning, when they had gushed over this new departure, this fresh, bright nail in the coffin of conventionality, a letter appeared signed John Hare, in which the manager apologised for the accidental extinction of the electric light! The scene was to have been played in the light after all. But the Maeterlinckers will get their revenge when we hear the drama, consisting of eight men and women, stone blind, with a dog and a baby thrown in. As no one can possibly understand this obfusc play without a lecture, the Playgoers' Club should be instantly applied to for the readiest Gosse-ling in the larder.

The clever Beerbohm Tree is determined not to be found napping. He intends to produce a play by the *very* Belgian Shakespeare, so, naturally with a view to the future, he is compelled to qualify himself as a lecturer. We shall have "L'Intruse," by Maeterlinck, with a brief colloquy by Beerbohm Tree. Then, and not before, shall we understand the drift of this most undramatic ghost-story. Then shall we comprehend why the swans and the fish were frightened in the pond, who it was that disturbed the cook who was dozing by the kitchen fire, why the moribund lady was so mysteriously long a-dying, and what was

For Mutual Life Assurance. The Scottish Widows' Fund Society. Accumulated Funds exceed £11,000,000.—Special Notice. Assurances, to participate in the next division of profits in respect of the year ending December 31st, 1891, should be applied for *now*. Full particulars of this great Mutual Life Office may be obtained on application to London Office, 28, Cornhill, E.C. (West-end Agency, 47, Pall Mall, S.W.)

the extent of delirium-tremens which racked the frame of the irritating old grandfather. Quite right, Mr. Beerbohm Tree. "L'Intruse" will be absolutely impossible without a preliminary lecture, and that was not at all a bad Maeterlinck canter at the Playgoers' Club on a recent Sunday. As an anti-drama lecturer, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has long been in training, and it is an artful Jones after all. Recently, at the Toynbee Hall, the author of the "Crusaders" has been imploring his audience never for the future to listen to a play with such silly conventions in it as a plot, a story, or an interest. Only fools do that, hints the platform-loving Jones. If authors write plays that the *profanum vulgus* readily understand, why, what on earth will be the use of the dramatic lecturer?

"Story and incident and situation in theatrical work, unless they relate to character, are childish and unintellectual," dogmatises the worthy Jones. That is not bad from an author whose *magnum opus* (according to Jones) is not "understanded of the people." A more curious instance of comic effrontery was never witnessed than a dramatist who cannot tell a dramatic story lecturing to an audience, and telling them never to like anything but badly-made and undramatic plays! What with the Belgian drama of darkness and the English drama of fog, the future dramatic outlook is uncommonly hazy. For the first time on record those connected with the stage intend to hide their light under a bushel. But I shrewdly suspect that the new unconventional dramas that are to be played by blind people in the dark will not suit the pretty actresses or the mashing actors. They do not want to hide their light under any bushel, and I expect they will soon place an extinguisher on the bagman Belgian and the worthy Jones.

A Miss Estelle Burny made a very plucky attempt the other morning to snatch the first prize for dramatic honours. But, as they say on the racing track, she fell at the last lap. Mr. Philips had provided for her one of those wild Monte Carlo and gambling-saloon romances affected by Mrs. Bernard Beere. The heroine of the play is a beautiful demon, called Margaret Byng. She gets into debt, and is dunned. She separates from her husband, and does the adventuress at Monte Carlo; afraid to steal, she assists at the hocussing of an Englishman in a railway carriage, shares in the plunder, and is eventually throttled by a bloodthirsty Corsican. Miss Burny is a handsome girl, with raven black hair, and sun-tinted skin—something after the fashion of a young Patti. But at present she cannot crack such a difficult nut as Margaret Byng. The play would suit Mrs. Bernard Beere admirably, and she ought to take it with her to Australia, where she will soon be made welcome. For many months Mrs. Beere's health has been in a very precarious condition, and all her friends hope that the long journey will set her up again. But a weary illness and no work are exhausting to the pocket as well as to the constitution, so it has been decided by several of the managers who esteem Mrs. Bernard Beere as an artist and a loyal assistant that they will give her what Americans call "a send off" in order to relieve her of all anxiety concerning the future. Health is best secured when the mind is at rest, and here is a case where a generous compliment of this kind will be thoroughly appreciated. Nor will the public be behindhand in sending this clever lady free from care across the seas to the Antipodes.

CIVILISATION AND SEWERS.

Some four or five weeks ago I enunciated in Truth my views upon sewers, and their relation to rates on the one hand, and disease upon the other. By a coincidence, which no one could possibly regret more than I do, my remarks on this subject were scarcely published before their truth received, as I venture to think, striking corroboration from the illness of Prince George of Wales. His Royal Highness, to the satisfaction of every one who knows his good qualities, is now well out of danger, and while the public is rejoicing at this good result—which is due, I take it, primarily to the gifts of nature in the shape of a good constitution, and not to those of art in the shape either of titled medicos or devoted nursing—it would be a very good thing if the public could be induced to meditate in an earnest and practical spirit on the subject of typhoid and the reasons for its special prevalence in the present age. We shall, probably, never know now for certain where Prince George of Wales contracted the disease from which he has had such a narrow escape; but directly or indirectly the source of contagion may be safely located in sewers. Let us take one of the hypotheses which some of the doctors appear to have favoured—probably because it was at once the wildest and most picturesque within reach I refer, of course, to the Liffey oysters Personally, I have not the slightest faith in the Liffey oyster theory. The whole suggestion looks to me like a slander propagated from some rival oyster bed, the natives of which have not yet been favoured by Royalty. But suppose, for the sake of argument, that a Liffey oyster carries about with him the germs of typhoid. He does not, I presume, breed these germs in his system, evolving them, so to speak, out of his own consciousness. Is there, I should like to know, any record of the spontaneous generation of typhoid in an oyster? Depend upon it, if a Liffey oyster gets typhoid he gets it out of the Liffey. And if there is typhoid in the Liffey, I should like to know who would have the hardihood to deny that it comes out of the Dublin sewers? In point of fact the Liffey itself is notoriously little better than one of the Dublin sewers. Properly speaking, it is the Dublin main sewer. There has, I understand, actually been talk of covering it in, and coverting it into a closed sewer, so hopelessly foul is its condition. It may, perhaps, be objected that this state of things lends probability to the oyster theory. But that is not so. It shows, on the contrary, that Prince George might have obtained typhoid germs from the Liffey or the Dublin sewers by a much less circuitous course than swallowing them in infected oysters. We have heard enough of typhoid in Dublin before now. Have not Tommy Atkins and his officers died in their dozens of this deadly disease, and that even when oysters are not in season? There are many more convenient and popular vehicles for the typhoid germ than oysters. One of them, I believe, is drinking water. Another is the cognate substance, milk.

House Drainage.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

Among many letters which I have received on this subject within the last month, is one from a medical gentleman anxious to convince the public and the Police Magistrates that one of the worst criminals now at large is the milkman, who exposes his wares to the risk of infection from typhoid; and, no doubt, it would be better for us if we gave as much attention to this form of crime as to the less pernicious offence of deducting from the natural allowance of cream or augmenting the natural allowance of water.

However, I have no desire to dogmatise about sewers. *Primâ facie* there seems to me to be a strong case against them, whether regarded as instruments for accumulating and disseminating typhoid, or for relieving ratepayers of their spare cash, or for poisoning the harmless and succulent oyster. I am open, however, to conviction on the matter, and I, therefore, publish here the following observations in defence of sewers which I have received from Mr. Isaac Shove, who is, I believe, a recognised authority on this subject. I only regret that Mr. Shove's letter, which is an extremely interesting one, is too long for me to give it to my readers *in extenso*:—

You say that the sewage question is in its infancy, but that all men's minds are now turned towards it, and, therefore, it is hoped that a rational system of disposing of it will sooner or later be discovered, and probably be made compulsory over the whole Kingdom. I agree with you that so far as the general public is concerned, the sewage question is in its infancy; but for my own part, I consider that all that is necessary to know about it in order to settle it for all time, is already well known. What is wanted is to separate the sewage from the rainfall, and to turn as much of the former as possible on to land for utilisation as liquid manure, while the latter is discharged into brooks, rivers, or seas. When the seasons are unfavourable to sewage being turned on to land for irrigation purposes, then it should be diverted into filtration tanks, to be treated by one or other of the now well-known processes by which the fluid part of it may be rendered fit to be turned into brooks, rivers, or seas with impunity, and so that the more solid parts of the sewage may be converted into a portable manure saleable amongst horticulturists and farmers. I note that you are severe upon sewage farms; but I venture to say that by properly and systematically applying it to suitable land at the right times, sewage may be utilised without defiling the land irrigated by it.

You appear to think that the best plan to deal with sewage is to discharge it into properly-constructed cesspools, and to empty these frequently—how frequently you do not say. For isolated houses I agree with you that a cesspool, properly constructed, may be used permanently satisfactorily. But, as is well known, cesspools multiplied in villages and towns, percolating the ground on which the houses are built with the foulest of foul liquids, are permanent sources of danger and nuisance. The expense, too, of sinking, building, and emptying properly-constructed cesspools would be much greater than the expense of laying down properly-designed and constructed sewers. Professor Huxley once stated the case very fairly to the Society of Arts, as follows:—"Disagreeable and imperfect as the old cesspool system was, it was attended with very little danger as compared with that which waits upon the modern water-sewage system, if this system is imperfect. If it is perfect, then it is very perfect; and, in fact, it is the only possible system in great cities in the present day. It has, however, this terrible peculiarity—that if it is imperfect it becomes the most admirable machinery for distributing the death and disease which may be found in one locality, as widely as possible into others, and into the very houses of the people." That I believe to be as absolutely true a statement as any to be found in the records of science of the present day, and therefore it becomes a question how are we to see that this water-sewage apparatus is what I may call reasonably perfect.

The Ipswich sewers you complain of are doubtless old sewers, laid at flat gradients, and made large enough to take sewage and rainfall combined. Such sewers invariably become sewers of deposit, resembling elongated cesspools, and, of course, they emit large volumes of foul-smelling air. But the fact is, sewage is an article which civilised people will want to get rid of as long as they live. They must use potable water and convert it into sewage, and the volume of water thus used is sufficient of itself to carry their excreta, solid and liquid, through suitable sewers properly inclined and constructed, to any desired or required destination, for treatment and partial utilisation in the manner indicated above. When properly-constructed sewers cannot do this by natural gravitation, then mechanical arrangements for its transport to the outfall, ought, and can, be easily resorted to.

A reasonably perfect and rational system of sewerage would be that by which sewage could be removed, independently of all but the unavoidable rainfall, as rapidly as it is discharged from houses when it is fresh and innocuous, and delivered, say, to land for irrigation, or to some spot where it can be treated chemically or otherwise, and the effluent rendered fit to be turned into rivers or seas without causing appreciable injury to anybody or anything Such a system is already in existence, and if you would like to investigate it for yourself in a thoroughly impartial manner, it will give me great pleasure to put you in the way of doing so.—I am, dear sir, yours truly, Isaac Shove.
Westminster.

With all respect to Mr. Shove, I can hardly treat him as anything else than a witness on my side. What does he say? A badly-constructed sewer is no better than an "elongated cesspool"—a cesspool, moreover, which is never properly emptied. It hardly needs the authority of Professor Huxley to prove such a contrivance "the most admirable machinery for distributing death and disease." And when is a sewer "badly-constructed"? In Mr. Shove's opinion, not merely when it is laid with an insufficient gradient, but whenever it is "made large enough to take sewage and rainfall combined." Further, Mr. Shove lays it down as an essential to the proper working of sewers that the rainfall should be separated from the sewage, and that the sewage itself should not be turned into rivers or into the sea until the effluent matter has been treated by processes which will render it innocuous. I take it that we have here a comprehensive and unqualified condemnation of the drainage of half, and more than half, the towns in England. More particularly does it apply to the drainage of London, which is poured into the Thames in its vast entirety and all its native richness, until the estuary and lower reaches of the river have become a very satire upon our pretended civilisation. Seeing how this pestilential flood is heaved backwards and forwards every twelve hours between the Foreland and Teddington Lock, there is really no reason, when one comes to think of it, why a Whitstable native—if Whitstable natives ever come from Whitstable—should not get as much typhoid into his system as any oyster in the Liffey; while, as for whitebait at Greenwich, or shrimps at Gravesend, why one might as well sit down at once to boiled microbes.

I may here remark, parenthetically, that I received the other day, from Mr. Lloyd Wire, who represents Southend on the Essex County Council, a letter notifying that he had resigned his membership of the London Chamber of Commerce, as a protest against the appointment of a Committee by that body on the Thames Sewage question, on which Southend was unrepresented. The incident shows how much need there still is for education on this question. If the Chamber of Commerce Committee is to speak with any weight, of course Southend—a town which chiefly exists as a health resort—ought to be represented on the Committee; and so ought every coast town within reach of the pollution which drifts out of the mouth of the Thames on every ebb-tide.

But this is a digression. What I chiefly desire to bring home to the reader's mind at the present moment is that the pestiferous matter which we are busily accumulating in our sewers, and voiding upon our coasts and into our rivers, gets at the wealthy and well-to-do more readily than any other class of the community. It is not only that, with best natives at four shillings a dozen, oysters are more freely consumed by princes and millionaires than by road-scrapers and dock labourers. That may possibly

Cadbury's Cocoa.—"A light, refreshing, and digestible beverage—absolutely pure Cocoa of the highest quality. The name Cadbury on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity."—*Medical Annual.*

be a factor in the calculation; but the chief factor, and one that most needs appreciating, is that for every direct communication with the sewers in a poor man's house the rich man's has four, five, or six, or perhaps eight, ten, or twelve. There are miles of house property in London, in what is popularly known as an "insanitary condition," where there is not a single connection with the sewers inside any of the houses. As you ascend the social scale, the number of these connections increases, until at last you reach a point where all the principal bedrooms have bath-rooms and lavatories *en suite*, so that the master and mistress and the most honoured guests all enjoy the luxury of three or four private sewer-ventilators in their own apartments. Of course, I am aware that, in a bath-room or lavatory constructed on the most-approved scientific principles, an unbroken connection with sewers is a thing impossible. It is also true that if you have a lightning-conductor on your house you are safe against thunderstorms; and that if you are re-vaccinated regularly you will never die of small-pox. But the impossible happens in all these cases. I think, therefore, that those who are not only wealthy, but wise, and who desire, in addition, to be healthy, will not content themselves with shutting out by scientific booby-traps the enemy who besets them on every side, but will sally forth and attack that enemy on his own ground. In other words, they will recognise and act upon the principle that one of the first essentials of sound sanitation is to purify your sewers and take the poison out of your sewage.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

OPERATIC OBSEQUIES.

I SUPPOSE the papers meant no untruth when they spoke of Dom Pedro's funeral as "in the highest degree impressive," and "filling the mind with religious awe." It was just the contrary. No grand funeral that ever was, except when the outcome of popular emotion, could be impressive, for the simple reason that a mob of idle and indifferent people predominate, who go just to see and to be seen, and for curiosity and vanity. When they are showing themselves off, the church is thinking of fees, of pulpit effects, or, perhaps, how best to offer worship to some living dog, the old lion being dead. My *bonne*—who, mind, is a fanatical Catholic—said to me the best thing I have heard about the State funeral which the Government gave to the late ex-Emperor of Brazil. It was, "Après ces obsèques les curés doivent avoir gras," by which she meant that they were going to net fat fees. I trust nobody will deem me impious for perceiving anything but an operatic performance in these obsequies, for I assure you that I never see without being deeply impressed a funeral of a poor person followed by friends who have sacrificed a day's wages to attend, and by relatives who, in spite of the fearful pressure on them of the business of their lives, are given up to their affliction. There are sometimes dogs at such funerals whose demeanour affects me more than all the Pontifical celebrations, with full choirs, flowers, incense, black and silver draperies, and endless taper-light, that I have ever witnessed. The impressiveness of a funeral entirely lies in the evidence which the rite gives that this hard, cold world has lost a warm-hearted human being, who acted as a defence to many helpless ones of his kind against the rigours of life's blasts. No one more thoroughly valued Dom Pedro's fine qualities than I did. But he was played out in body and mind, as is the system he represented; and one felt this all the time that so much ado was being made about his *dépouille* or poor cast-off garment of flesh. The whole family and the intimate friends (save the personal following of Dom Pedro, who were lost in the crowd) showed a sense of relief at the body being well out of sight when it was taken at night from the Hôtel Bedford to a vault at the Madeleine to await the obsequies. And why should they not? A dead body, after the beautiful and august expression of calm which follows fast on death has passed off, is almost an insult on the humanity of which it was once the temple. The more one has loved the tenant that has fled, the more repulsive is the empty tenement. Dom Pedro died in a flat of three bits of rooms, and was kept for four days. His family, according to etiquette, received when he was lying in state, the "homages" of the 17,000 sightseers who came in that period to stare at him. The windows were curtained with black to give value to the taper lights, which had hardly air enough to flame. It was absurd to dress the remains of an Emperor who prided himself on being poet, novelist, scientist, and philanthropist, in the uniform of a General of Division. But it was quite right to throw over the couch he lay on the old Imperial flag of Brazil, on which he threw lustre. Fancy under the above conditions staying from a Friday until a Tuesday night in the room with a corpse, and with what a feeling of relief one must have seen the undertakers bear it off!

I went to a place in a side tribune some time before the ceremony began, from which I had a panoramic view of all. The spirit that prevailed was one of worldly levity. It being generally felt that everything had been done and was being done to make Dom Pedro comfortable elsewhere, it was not deemed necessary to be sad about him. The French Government, it appears, paid the costs incurred at the Madeleine, and for the transport of the body to the Paris-Orléans terminus, the whole amounting to 36,000 f. Ladies were rather elegantly dressed in black. There were quantities of South American Creoles, as much agog as their North American sisters to have a good view of the Royalties who were expected. The Creoles, when young and pretty, or even only young, were flirting in the artless manner of ladies possessed with the idea that flirtation and love are the only proper business of their sex. While awaiting the ceremony, they kept up a birdy, vapid, good-natured chatter with the gentlemen by whom they were escorted or who came to salute them.

The D'Eu family had promised to do nothing to give umbrage to the Republicans at Rio. To the disgust of

China and Glass.—Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores

some members of the Orleans family they also agreed that, after the Comtesse d'Eu and her eldest boy who were to be regarded as chief mourners, General Brugère (representing M. Carnot) was to have the precedence of every one. But the Comtesse managed to play the part of a possible Sovereign with the connivance of Chamberlains, clergy, relatives, and connections.

As "chief mourner" she was thrown into solitary relief, the boy being eclipsed by her skirts and veil. She was conducted with all the state the Madeleine vestry could afford to and from the chancel, and was the central figure, all eyes scanning her smallest movements and the quality of reverence paid her. Nobody gave a thought of the late Emperor from the moment she entered, and the two Queens, Isabella and her Neapolitan Majesty, who were in a tribune with the Duchesse de Chartres and the Princess Marguerite, kept exchanging their impressions about her faultless Imperial demeanour, until Isabella, overcome by the close air of the church and the incense, leant her forehead on her priedieu desk, and fell asleep.

The Orleans Princes who are still French, to avoid any arrangement wounding to their dignity, dropped in one by one and in ordinary walking suits, Joinville looking like a country squire, and indifferent to everything, and Nemours with well-brushed hair and whiskers—both snowy—and betraying satisfaction. But the arrangement came in when all these Princes were to be seated. The two Franciscos (of Naples and of Assisi) had the foremost chairs outside of the chancel, to which the Comtesse and her aunt De Joinville were alone admitted. Prince de Joinville, being brother-in-law of the defunct, had precedence of Nemours, and the d'Eus, the Saxe-Coburgs, the Tapiocas, the Macaronis, and the Whiteings. You perhaps are not aware that the sons of the Comte d'Aquila are known here as the Tapiocas, their Parma and Naples cousins as the Macaronis, the Queen Isabella line as the Olla Podridas, and the Carlists as the Blancs d'Espagne or Whiteings.

Of course, there were processions. The Archbishop of Paris "proceeded" twice from chancel to catafalque and back, to sprinkle the coffin, and to read the absolution from a thin folio volume, which an altar boy, kneeling, held just as though he were a reading desk. The Archbishop is very old, attenuated, and, on the face of him, has outlived every possibility of emotion or of passion, save the love of ruling his clergy. Woe betide the curé whom he finds guilty of having tried to hook a vacant mitre. He is at once packed off to Rome on a penitential tour, or otherwise punished for having from ambition recognised a godless Republic. His Eminence is like the Duke of Wellington and M. Guizot, when both were nearly in the grave, with, however, a distinct personality of his own. He was chosen, because a courtier of the Duc d'Aumale at Besançon, by the Duc de Broglie and Madame MacMahon for the See of Paris. They had him named coadjutor, to enable him to override that vivacious and warm-hearted Monsignor Guibert, with the reversion of the see. The priests about him seemed to tremble at him. One of them in his fright nearly let fall the mitre as he was removing it when his Eminence was going to officiate at the catafalque. Another removed the Cardinal's red skull-cap. When they were being replaced on the head, the Cardinal Archbishop, in the teeth, I understand, of church etiquette, helped to put them on with precisely the action of an old lady who is fitting on a new cap or bonnet. He was uneasy with the mitre on, and the attenuated hands were at work again at his head-gear. Truly Courtlike were the sixteen Chamberlains who volunteered to serve as pall-bearers. Not being able to change their elegant pumps and stockings, and the streets being ankle-deep in mud, they showed heroism in walking on each side of the hearse to hold the pall-cords.

Since the £9,000-a-year system of Embassy is to be continued, I am glad that an Ambassador of, socially speaking, brilliant parts is to replace Lord Lytton. Lord Palmerston once said to a friend of mine, who was recommending to him a young diplomatist, "Is he a person of agreeable manners? Three parts of success in everything depends on agreeability. Your agreeable bagman picks up all the orders; your agreeable debater rarely puts his foot in it; your agreeable young man about town picks up the richest heiress; and see what a success my brother William is, because he is not stuck up or solemn."

Lord Dufferin is agreeable both by nature's gift, and because he wishes to be so, he taking the Palmerstonian view. I have just had a chat about him with a member of the Canadian Senate who knows him well. He speaks of him as one of the best men of business (unless in the management of his own fortune) that he ever met with. He attends to great things, and he allows no trifle pass on which a great event might pivot. Though a man of a fine mind, he is never in the clouds, and understands all the arts by which the fashionable or any other kind of mob are to be taken. In everything, says my Canadian, he is intuitive, with about as cool a head as can be imagined. He knows the world, and the best part of the planet. I never saw a more constant friend, but am unable to say whether this is from the virtue of faithfulness or an idea that old friends are most easy on a pinch to turn to account. Thus he still keeps up by epistolary correspondence friendships which he made in Canada. A man who has filled so many important posts since he left Ottawa must be a busy one. Still he finds time to write long letters often to those whom he left behind there.

My Canadian friend, though liking Lord Dufferin so well, half regrets that he was sent to Ottawa. It was a quiet, slow-go place before he went there, and society was primitive in its simplicity. He by the sumptuousness of his establishment created a social standard different from that of the respectable fogies who were Governors-General before him in Canada. Lady Dufferin was too tactful to issue ukases touching the kind of dresses the ladies were to wear. But everything about her was so fine that her feminine guests felt ashamed of themselves when they were not up to concert-pitch. Lord Dufferin carried the Dominion scheme in a few

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years in the face of greater difficulties than any one who has not been to Canada can realise. He is sure to be a success here. As to his not speaking French, we must take this news with a grain of salt. I heard him once make a little speech in that tongue, and a very neatly turned one it was. But it might have been composed beforehand. The accent was un-French. In ticklish times incapacity to answer a foreign Minister here in French might be a great advantage. Mr. Dayton, who represented the United States here during the American Civil War, was often glad to understand the Duc de Morny, and still not to be sufficiently at home in French to answer him.

A British nobleman lately deceased, who was a good deal in the habit of seeing our royalties, told me that he thought May Teck stood the best chances of being Albert Victor's wife. He considered it a good thing, because her mother knew every one, was liked by every one, and was not only an excellent and rather clever person, but had firmness of character and was not in touch with the curious lot who have scrambled to the top of London society. "You show me," I said, "that the match is desirable, but what reasons have you for thinking it is going to take place?" "All sorts of reasons. To begin with, the Queen and Beatrice want it!" "Well, the other reason?" "The Empress Frederick is dying to have her daughter, the Princess Margaret, on the throne of England, or on the high road to it. Fancy what a life the poor Prince of Wales would lead if she and the Emperor had an additional right to censure him, and to see how he spends his money! He will, I fancy, take refuge in the White Lodge from that fearful eventuality. If his son marry the Princess May, nothing will be changed at Marlborough House or Sandringham. Family and private affairs can be discussed before her. There is nothing that she does not know which it might be desirable to hide from a stranger entering the family as Victor's wife. Her mother is also a relative of the Queen of Denmark, whom she is in the habit of seeing in the family barrack of the Hesse-Cassels, near Frankfort. This would be a recommendation to the Princess of Wales, who does not like to have strangers about her. From a Radical standpoint the Tecks' daughter ought to be, after the Princess of Wales, the best stuff out of which to make a coming Queen." As what was said on this score related a good deal to the reasons why it was not possible to ask a dowry for the bride from Parliament, I had better, perhaps, not repeat it. The consideration was also touched on, that her marriage may be a break between England and the petty German Courts, whose Serenity High Dames would never admit the Duke of Teck's daughter to be not only their equal but their superior.

Poison in Fancy Boxes.—There is a large quantity of Baking Powder now being sold in fancy boxes and large, tempting packets, which has been analysed and found to contain over 20 per cent. of alum. This article, curious to say, although most injurious to health, is not prohibited by the County Council, yet any one selling yeast slightly adulterated is prosecuted. The public is cautioned to avoid purchasing such rubbish (which is audaciously recommended as food for children), and to insist on having Borwick's, which is pure, wholesome, and free from alum.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

PHILOSOPHY, dear Lady Betty, is that science which enables us to endure with fortitude the troubles and trials of our neighbours. No system of philosophy, however, which I have ever yet heard of resigns me to the annually recurrent horrors of Christmastide. I am, indeed, already paralysed by the prospect of that which awaits us, and my mind, like a stubborn horse, absolutely refuses to move forward.

But is it not singular that the highest efforts of the civilised community, in celebrating the leading incident in the Christian creed, can find no more worthy expression than in eating turkey, plum-pudding, and mince-pies, and in distributing trumpery crackers? Religion is the supremest expression of human civilisation, and the utmost display of our religious gratitude and rejoicing in this the nineteenth century takes no higher form than that of dinners, dances, pantomimes and dolls!

There is no need to amplify this thought further, for it is sufficiently startling as it stands.

As I foresaw, *l'enfant gâté* of both political parties has been offered, and has accepted, the post of British Ambassador in Paris, recently rendered vacant by the death of the late Lord Lytton. Lord Dufferin is in many ways an excellent nominee, and, indeed, the only possible objection to his appointment lies in that he is said to be a somewhat indifferent French scholar. Otherwise Lord Dufferin possesses to a very rare extent all the best qualities required for the *cordon-bleu* of the Diplomatic Service. Lord Dufferin, though a poor man, is sure to entertain brilliantly; for, indeed, his comparative poverty is, to a considerable extent, the result of the utter unconcern with which he regards mere pecuniary considerations. He would, I suspect, much like to recall now the vast sums spent in creating the lake at Clandeboye, and manufacturing an avenue a mile and a half in length, and of a breadth equally as imposing as it was costly.

The transference of Lord Dufferin from Rome to Paris creates a vacancy at the former capital, and as Sir Robert Morier has for a long time past notoriously desired to obtain this appointment, there can be little doubt that he will exchange Rome for St. Petersburg. Who will be promoted to the vacancy in Ambassadorial posts is not decided. Lord Vivian will, of course, be the Tory candidate, but I believe that the Foreign Office regard Sir Edmund Monson as the better man.

Mr. Edwin Egerton, First Secretary of Embassy in Paris, will, of course, now obtain his long talked-of promotion, which, in its turn, will produce a vacancy of especial importance, which should by rights fall to the share either of Mr. Edmund Phipps or of Mr. Edmund Fane. After these comes the scramble amongst the less important but equally importunate junior candidates for promotion. This general re-shuffle of the official cards augurs favourably for the prospects of the approaching year, and, with a second son's sympathy for cadets, I sincerely trust that 1892 may accomplish wonders for the lower ranks of the Diplomatic Service.

With regard to the Pless-Cornwallis-West marriage, so much has already been written that it would be but tiresome to attempt a further description of a very much over-described event. The scene in the church was so disgraceful that the officiating clergyman was compelled to interrupt the service and request the congregation to get down from the benches, and behave with that reverence which used formerly to be associated with a House of Prayer. Even the *Times* has fallen into the error of describing Prince Hans Heinrich Pless as the "Prince of Pless," whilst most of the other journals went even further than this, and alluded to him as "His Serene Highness"!

Another Prince—who, by the way, also, is not a "Serene Highness"—is said recently to have been the innocent cause of an excellent repartee. Having entertained a large shooting-party, and the day's sport being somewhat of a disappointment, he explained this by

saying that, on a previous occasion, he had sent away over four hundred "braces." "Well, of course," was the rejoinder, "in that case you cannot expect to keep up your big bags."

Lord Suffield's illness has been, and even still is, far more serious than is generally supposed. Indeed, on Saturday it was feared that his life would scarcely be spared. Lord Suffield, it seems, was attacked with influenza at Belfast, but having neglected the attack, a combination of more critical disorders have since developed. As he has always lived well, and has never had a day's illness before in his life, it was only in the natural course of things that when illness did come it should make itself felt with redoubled intensity.

The Dutch pictures to which I alluded last week as having recently been acquired by the Trustees of the National Gallery are not quite so satisfactory an acquisition as had at first been believed. The two attributed to Carel Fabricius are now believed to be the work of Bernhard Fabricius, a very important alteration indeed. A sylvan landscape by Decker is good, and better still are a Jacob de Wet and a Jan Wouvermans. Besides these there is a quite excellent S. Ruysdael and an imitation of a Rembrandt landscape by Rogman. However, the experts and authorised critics will pronounce judgment on the collection so soon as they are exhibited for public approbation in the galleries in Trafalgar-square.

Mr. Luther Munday entertained a few friends last week at the Lyric Club, when Miss Lucille Hill, Mrs. Lawrence Kellie, Miss Kentish Moore, Signor Simionetti, and Mr. Playfair combined their efforts and their talents to do justice to their host and his friends. Amongst the latter were the Countesses Feodora and Valda Gleichen, Lord and Lady Londesborough, Lord Dorchester, Mr. Hamilton Aïdé, Mr. and Mrs. Sedger, and Lady Alfred FitzRoy. By the way, Mr. Munday has been elected a director of the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

The usually staid and even gloomy Albany is just now, it appears, in a state of some slight excitement; but, no doubt, with judicious treatment and leniency, what little friction has unfortunately arisen may be satisfactorily allayed.

Mrs. Walter Creyke gave a charming and most successful little informal dance in Seamore-place on Friday night, and Lady Borthwick erected on Saturday a portion of her ever-imposing awning in Piccadilly for the first time since her return to town. It is, however, on so small a basis, impossible to form a correct forecast of what the winter season may have in store for us.—Pray believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

IT is related of Lord Braxfield, who was the most famous hanging Judge in Scotland during the early part of the Dundas era, that whenever there appeared to be a possibility that a political prosecution would be marred by anticipated difficulties, he observed, "Let them bring me prisoners, and I'll find them law." On a similar principle, Mr. Pitt asserted that, give him the use of statistics and he would undertake to prove anything. It is just the same kind of thing in turf controversies, when the disputants appeal to the records of the past, to the pages of the Stud-book, and to the lessons to be derived from the shoals of statistics of every sort and description which are always forthcoming on such occasions in embarrassing abundance. The recent discussions about Ormonde, the disease of roaring, and the examples of past roarers, show that any one embarking on such a controversy becomes lost in a sea of bottomless and shoreless chaos. The fact is that by dexterous hocus-pocus, and a little *allegatio falsi*, and not a little *suppressio veri*, either side can be made to appear the victor; and to judge from the rambling, scrambling dissertations of some of Ormonde's partisans one would suppose that it is a positive recommendation to a sire that he is touched in his wind, that nearly every celebrated stallion of the past has been a roarer, and that most of those which are now flourishing are in a fair way to become similarly afflicted.

A very long letter from Mr. Hume Webster was printed in last week's TRUTH, which, in spite of its prolixity, contained hardly anything which calls for notice, either from me or from anybody else. Mr. Webster describes my suggestion, that some auriferous simpleton might be gulled into purchasing Ormonde, as imputing "fraudulent motives" to him, which is nonsensical. I fail to comprehend how there could be any fraud if Mr. Webster, Señor Boucan, and the other owners of Ormonde sold that horse at a profit after his return to Europe, supposing that they could find any one willing and able to buy him. It is really too bad for Mr. Webster to state that it is extremely improbable that he would find any member of the gullish herd sufficiently auriferous for the purpose; for where would have been the public breeders of the last thirty years but for the long succession of wealthy simpletons, who have paid outrageous prices season after season for yearlings, which in nine cases out of ten have proved to be utterly worthless?

Mr. Webster is mistaken in supposing that I would recommend breeding from Arklow, the two-year-old brother to Ormonde, a colt which has never been raced. Arklow is at present sound in his wind, and it is just possible that he may escape the hereditary taint, although this is unlikely, considering his family history. The Duke of Westminster, in the exercise of his discretion, has decided to send some of his best mares to Arklow, including Angelica, the dam of Orme, but it seems to me to be rather a dangerous experiment, and Mr. Webster is perfectly justified in animadverting upon the inconsistency of the Duke's conduct; but the fact is that the owner of the Eaton stud must now consider that he made an utterly inexplicable mistake in breeding from Ormonde, judging from his recently-expressed opinions. The Duke of Westminster certainly does not appear to be guided by any fixed principles in his stud arrangements. Mr. Webster accuses Mr. Chaplin of "disseminating the produce of mares of roaring blood throughout the country, to his no small advantage," and that is a charge which the Minister of Agriculture is best able to deal with himself. Mr. Webster is anxious that the Duke of Portland should "satisfy the public mind on the subject of his own horse Donovan." I quite agree with Mr. Webster that, inasmuch as Donovan was reported to have become unsound in his wind before he left the turf, therefore the Duke should procure certificates vouching for the horse's soundness from well-known veterinary surgeons. I go further, however, and would like to see every owner of a stallion obliged to procure such a certificate before the horse is allowed to be advertised or used. Ormonde will soon be on his way home, and as his subscription is announced to be full for three seasons to come, we shall presently discover (unless he dies on the voyage) what will be the result of the speculation, as far as its effect upon the breed of horses is concerned. In the meantime I will venture to advise Mr. Webster not to be so eager in imputing equivocal motives to such men as the Dukes of Westminster and Portland and Mr. Chaplin, to which, however, it may be added that they are not likely to be much concerned about his singularly acrimonious criticisms of their stud management, considering that they have all three been as successful in the business of horse-breeding as their critic.

The list of winning owners is headed by Mr. Noel Fenwick, who has risen from £4,393 last year to £20,519. Mr. Fenwick, who is a wealthy banker, has been racing for just four years, and, having only a small stud, the larger portion of his winnings must represent pure gain. Mr. Fenwick formerly owned some horses in partnership with the Duke of St. Albans, from whom he purchased Gantlet and Gossoon, both of which animals have proved

PARIS.—HÔTEL ANGLO-FRANÇAIS, 6, Rue Castiglioni, facing the Continental. First-class. Highly recommended for comfort, cuisine, moderate charges, and sanitary arrangements. Otis American lift.

most profitable possessions, but I do not fancy that either of them will train on, and the chances are that both will next year turn out to be non-stayers. Mr. Fenwick was very lucky when he bought Mimi for 1,000 gs. at Doncaster in 1889 from Sir Tatton Sykes, but he was considerably more fortunate when, having sent her up for sale just a year ago, she was reserved, because nobody would bid the reserve price. Mimi won three of the richest stakes of the year, but I do not believe that she is a flyer, and on each of those occasions she had but little to beat. I never fancied her for either the Leger or the autumn handicaps, and, although she is to be kept in training, it is quite probable that we have seen the last of her on the turf. A year ago very few people would have expected to hear of Mimi winning the One Thousand and Oaks, while Corstorphine has won nothing. After the Dewhurst Plate, Lord Rosebery's filly was considered to be decidedly the best two-year-old of the season, and her absence from the Derby entry was much bewailed. I always predicted that Corstorphine would prove a very difficult filly to train, and she seemed to be just the sort of animal to go hopelessly to pieces. She was regarded by some of the best judges on the turf as certain to turn out a fine stayer, whereas she can neither stay nor go fast. Colonel North has risen from £10,134 last year to £20,113, but this season must have proved a veritable Moscow campaign for him, although he commenced so well. It is just on the cards that Colonel North might have won the Cesarewitch with Sheldrake if the horse had been in the race. This is an animal which is likely to be dangerous in one of the spring handicaps. Colonel North's heavily-backed creatures have been beaten over and over again, and he was altogether very unlucky with his three-year-olds. He had a couple of very useful two-year-olds in El Diablo and Lady Hermit, both of which appear likely to develop into very smart animals; but the 3,200 gs. Miss Simon might just as well be relegated to the stud at once. There is a wide gap between Colonel North and Mr. H. Milner, who is credited with £13,311, as against £14,123 last year and £21,547 in 1889. After training expenses and forfeits have been paid, the balance can only be a small one, considering the extent of the Sefton Lodge stud, and the reckless manner in which the animals of all ages are engaged. Mr. Maple has won £12,642, as against £4,734 last year, and he secured thirty new races (the same number as Colonel North), having gone in considerably for small handicaps and selling plates. Sir F. Johnstone's £11,710 has to be divided with Lord Alington, who is himself credited with £7,601, and this total seems a comparatively small amount, considering that the partners had the Two Thousand, Derby, and Leger, and one of the best stakes at Ascot with Common, and the New Stakes and July Stakes with Goldfinch, as well as several minor races. Mr. Merry is indebted to Surefoot for the £11,545 with which he is credited, and, by the way, the three-year-old sister to that celebrity turned out worthless for racing purposes, and I understand that she has gone to the stud. In my opinion, Surefoot at 100 gs. is much more worthy of the patronage of breeders, whose mares would be suited by his blood, than nine-tenths of the high-priced sires which are advertised in the *Calendar*. The Duke of Westminster has won £10,831, for most of which he is indebted to Orme, and, in the same way, the Chevalier Ginistrelli won the whole of his £9,071 with Signorina, and the bulk of this sum must represent clear profit. Mr. Houldsworth has fallen from £14,719 to £9,049, whereas a year ago a considerable rise would have been confidently predicted for him; but Orvieto lamentably disappointed the high expectations which were entertained of his form, although he did manage to win several races. Mr. Rose did very well with £8,823, and Mr. L. de Rothschild is just behind him with £8,076; while next comes M. E. Blanc with £7,977, won in three races; but this amount would have been very considerably increased if his three-year-olds had not been so egregiously and so persistently mismanaged and messed about. As Baron Hirsch gives his winnings to charities, every one would be pleased if he had gained more than £7,809, and if La Flêche gets through the winter all right he is very likely to occupy the first place on this list at the end of next season, and his colt Watercress, which is to be trained for the Grand Prix, is expected to develop into a good horse. Mr. Leigh has done very well, having won £6,273, as against £1,817 last year; and next to him is Lord Durham, whose £6,050, although a gain of £1,300 as compared with last year, is nevertheless very disappointing, when it is remembered that early in the spring there were people eagerly protesting that Peter Flower would win all the races which Common carried off, and others besides. I am gratified to remember that I never shared in the crazy enthusiasm about this beast, having failed entirely to appreciate the reasoning which led such a legion to regard him as an animal of quite superlative merits, but it was always my opinion that he would turn out to be a non-stayer, as proved to be the case, nor was he even a flyer over a T.Y.C.

Lord Zetland has risen from £1,496 to £5,660, but he has a costly stud, and his animals are, as a rule, heavily engaged. Great things were expected from Lord Zetland's two-year-olds, but they did not achieve much, and the performances of his three-year-olds were also disappointing. Mr. H. Bass has a frightfully expensive stud, for year after year he has lavished thousands in buying fashionably-bred yearlings, not one of which ever won him anything. He has carried off one race, which, however, was a good one, being worth £5,347, and that he was lucky to win. The Duke of Portland has sustained a heavy fall, having come down from £25,203 last year, and £73,093 in 1889, to £5,208. Early in the season I pointed out that the Duke would have to depend mainly upon his two-year-olds, as neither Memoir nor St. Serf was likely to do him much justice. The two-year-olds turned out failures, although Katherine II. and The Smew did manage to win some races, while St. Serf did not stand a preparation, and Memoir (a most fortunate Leger winner last year!) carried off only one small race. This mare ran exceedingly well in the Cambridgeshire. "Mr. Abington" has done worse than any other owner, considering the extent of his stud, for he has won only £5,174, and how bad his animals must have been is shown by the fact that this comparatively paltry sum required twenty-seven races to get together. Mr. Vyner is credited with £5,178, and next comes Prince Soltykoff with £4,913, which is a grievous total when compared with his £8,593 last year. He is much in need of another Sheen. Mr. Lowther has won £4,777 in thirteen races; and then comes Mr. Fairie with £4,344, Mr. Cloete with £4,282 (Unicorn's Stewards' Cup was his principal victory), and the Prince of Wales, with £4,128, as against £694 last year, and £204 in 1889. This has been far and away the best season for H.R.H. since he first commenced racing on his own account. Mr. Charlton has won £4,123, and then comes the Duke of Hamilton with £4,101. He has been quite dogged by ill-luck for many years past, his only tolerable season having been that of 1886, when Miss Jummy won him the One Thousand and Oaks. This may be the last appearance of the Duke's name in the list, as his stud is to be sold off this week. The most remarkable feature in the above list is the absence of Lord Dudley's name, considering the enormous sums which he squandered for two or three seasons upon yearlings. During last season Lord Dudley laid out about £21,000 in buying eleven yearlings, and the sorry result of his hare-brained "enterprise" is that he has been scarcely able to win a selling race or a small handicap. It is an uncontrolled truth that buying yearlings is as thorough a lottery as breeding them.

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MAMMON.

AN INDIAN VENTURE.

LAST week I gave publicity to a letter received from the auditors in India of the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Co-operative Society of India, Messrs. Swift & Farrow, in which they distinctly refuted the statement made by Mr. W. F. Hunt, secretary and manager of the Company, in his letter published by me on October 29, that the audited trading account received from them "was found to be incomplete and in some respects inaccurate." Messrs. Swift & Farrow flatly deny that the original balance-sheet was in any way altered or inaccurate, and attribute the occurrence to the inexperience of Indian matters on the part of the Society's accountant and secretary in London. Mr. Hunt's version of the matter was undoubtedly "in some respects inaccurate," and the auditors very properly object to be made the scapegoat.

But this is not the only statement made on behalf of the directors of the society which is "in some respects inaccurate." I find that Mr. A. Cotterell Tupp has thought fit to address a long letter to the *Pioneer Mail* "with reference to an article in TRUTH of October 29, which will no doubt reach you by this mail." For some reason best known to himself, Mr. Tupp did not "propose to enter into any controversy with TRUTH on any matters which can admit of a divergence of opinion." So he adopted the unusual course of rushing into print in India, and charges me with permitting myself to become "the vehicle of the malicious misrepresentations of trade rivals and discharged servants." As a matter of fact, I am glad to say that my strictures have resulted in a thorough re-organisation of the purchasing and shipping department, and in the return to the Company by Messrs. Jas. Finlay & Co. of the commission earned by them of £1,600. It would be superfluous to enter into a discussion of the twaddle to which Mr. Tupp gives vent in his letter to the *Pioneer Mail*, as the whole matter has been fully ventilated in TRUTH. I am glad to find that Mr. Tupp gets no change out of my Indian contemporary, which takes a very sensible view of the case, and tells him that "the onus lay on him (Mr. Tupp) of explaining why the directors closed with their present agents at 3½ per cent. commission, and whether a clear loss of 2 per cent. is an arrangement which speaks well for the management." The *Mail* winds up with the following remark: "Enough has been said to show that the system under which the Society started working has called for frank criticism, and if the shareholders eventually find themselves in possession of a valuable property, and the public of a convenient institution, they will have to thank those papers which have taken the risk of discharging an unpleasant duty." Quite so. And now a final word with Mr. Tupp. He reminds the readers of the *Pioneer Mail* that his official salary in India as Accountant-General was £3,000 a year, and seems, like Clive, to stand astounded at his own moderation in accepting £100 a year for his services to this Company. His services have hitherto resulted in a loss made by this concern, and unless he contrives to do very much better, even an Indian ex-Accountant-General will be overpaid at £100 a year as Managing Director of an English Company.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—The Bank Rate has been put down to 3½ per cent, which is a half-hearted kind of movement, probably dictated by the tradition that money ought not to be cheap at the end of the year. The directors of the Bank of England might just as well have reduced it to 3 per cent. With the discount for three months' bills ruling at 2 per cent., and call money at 1-1½ per cent., it was not worth while to take two bites at a cherry. As a large sum of gold is going into the Bank from Brazil, and in the absence of any disturbing demand for the yellow metal, we may now possibly enjoy the unusual spectacle of a further reduction in the Rate the week before Christmas.

STOCK EXCHANGE PROSPECTS.

The influence of easy money and the prospects of still cheaper money for some time to come, have already made themselves felt on the Stock Exchange. Not that bankers were at all liberal at the settlement, for they charged no less than 3½-¾ per cent., and there were many dealers or brokers who had to pay 4 per cent., as Lombard-street would have its pound of flesh, probably because it will be the last opportunity for the present for squeezing a high rate out of the "House." There are indications of increasing animation on the stock markets, and of a tendency to anticipate the New Year's boom. Syndicates are being formed to put up specialties, such as Grand Trunks, Peruvian Corporation stocks, certain Home Railway stocks, &c., and if the investor does not bestir himself a little he will have to pay higher prices when at last he enters the markets. Should the amalgamation of Messrs. C. de Murrieta & Co. with the South American and Mexican Company, which has been practically arranged, be carried out, a trouble which has been hanging over the market for some time would be removed. If only the Baring estate could be transferred to an Assets Company, there might then be some plain sailing in the markets, which have suffered so much from the continued liquidation in South American stock. On the whole, chances are in favour of an improvement in the markets. Home Rails are already moving upwards, the mining market is recovering, there has been a distinct rally in American Brewery shares, and, although Yankee Rails are hanging back for the moment, their position is so favourable that a material advance cannot be long delayed. How much of this upward movement will take place in the Old Year, and how much will be left for the New Year to accomplish, I must leave you, my dear Ben, to guess yourself.

HOME RAILS.

What with the more favourable climatic conditions as compared with December last year, in the first half of which we had already heavy snow-storms, the traffic returns of our principal Home Railways are showing considerable increases, the Midland still leading. As I have pointed out before, this circumstance cuts two ways, as it not only increases the traffics, but causes a saving in the working expenses, which were greatly swollen by the severe weather of December, 1890. Midlands last week touched 163¼, almost the highest point of the year. "Brums," also, are up to 174½, Great Western to 159½, Berwicks to 160½. The Midland now shows a traffic increase of £135 574 for the twenty-three weeks that of the North-Western being £61,432, of the Great Western £35,590, while the North-Eastern has a traffic decrease of £75,651 to put up with. It is true that the Board of Trade returns indicate a decrease in the foreign trade of the country, and that our leading industries show a falling-off in activity, but a change is not unlikely to come about in view of the great prosperity of the United States, which should sooner or later react upon our trade. Sheffield "A" have improved to 37, chiefly upon the prospects of the extension to London. The Bill has, however, to pass through Parliament first. A contemporary hints at a *rapprochement* between the Great Northern and North-Eastern as an antidote to the new departure of the Sheffield, but this is as yet a mere rumour. Brighton "A" are again up to 151½, thus fully justifying the favourable view which I took when nearly every other scribe, and the London-bridge brigade to boot, were running them down. In view of the excellent December traffics, the Company will probably be able to

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pay 7 per cent. on Brighton "A." The Scotch stocks have commenced the upward flight which I have consistently predicted. North British Deferred stand at 45, Coras (Caledonian Deferred Ordinary) at 44⅞, and large purchases have, of late, been made by operators, who anticipate a marked rise in January, when the comparison with the strike period will produce heavy increases. The working arrangement between the two Companies will, of course, benefit both at a later period; but it is, nevertheless, a most important factor in the future of the "Two Macs." The stocks of the Underground lines are firmer; but so many of the points on which they have been put up are still *en l'air* that any further rise would appear premature.

When will Yankees Boom?

The course of the Yankee market during the past week has been somewhat disappointing, for, although a strong tone was developed on Wednesday, the "carry-over" day, New York has shown less strength during the last few days, there being evidently a disposition on the part of the professional element in Wall-street to depress prices preparatory to another, and perhaps a more decided, upward movement. When that advance will come, it is, of course, impossible to say. It is the unexpected which generally happens in the Yankee market, and although, according to all precedent, a boom cannot well set in before the New Year, it is not impossible that prices may have a sharp twist upwards before Christmas. A considerable "Bear" account is open in New York, as is fully confirmed by the various unfounded rumours which have been put about. First, we were told that there was trouble about the Northern Pacific Floating Debt, but the official contradiction showed that this "Bear" argument did not hold water. Then the Atchison was attacked with a rumour of a further issue of bonds, which was also disproved. Other rumours of minor importance are continually cropping up, and drop away again as they came. There is an impression that Jay Gould's sons are "short" of the market, and that their father might probably have to come to their rescue with his bag of tricks. It is, however, hardly likely that the astute Jay would allow his sons to "bear" the market to any considerable extent in the face of the splendid crops and of the large grain movement on the railroads, which will continue for months to come. The last New York Bank statement was again favourable, showing an increase in cash of 2,150,000 dols., the surplus reserve having risen to 15,340,000 dols. Money is easy in Wall-street, as it is on this side, and likely to remain so. Railroad earnings continue on a gigantic scale. The Milwaukee again shows the large increase of 130,000 dols. for the first week in December, that of the Atchison for the same week being 124,000 dols., and that of the Wabash for the fourth week of November 55,000 dols., and so on. The gain in railroad net earnings has of late been much more important than the gain in the gross. The annual reports which have been coming in since the books were closed for the fiscal year ending June 30 have been gratifying in their exhibition of a higher average rate for both freight and passengers. In fact, the great majority of them indicate that the tendency towards lower rates has been checked, owing to a greater degree of harmony between railroad managements rather than to any change in public sentiment. This improvement, however, is also due, in a measure, to an increase of traffic, which has removed the incentive for the reduction of rates. Taking the returns of the most important roads for October, and, taking 60 per cent. as the average rate of working expenses, the St. Paul for nine months has an increase of 10 per cent. in the gross, with 16 per cent. gain in the net. The East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia has larger net earnings with smaller gross. The Erie remains about the same, but this Company has been fortunate in getting larger net earnings than ever before out of a smaller percentage of gain in the gross earnings than it has had in the last five years. The Chicago and North-Western and the St. Paul have both broken all previous records. Already the prosperity of the Railroads is reacting upon American industries. Steels rails have advanced to 30 dols., and the iron trade throughout the States is becoming more active. It is understood that in a single fortnight contracts for steel rails have been made for nearly a quarter of a million tons, as follows: Pennsylvania Railroad, 70,000 tons; Chicago and North-Western, 40 000; Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, 35 000; Erie, 20,000; Rock Island, 16 000; Norfolk and Western, 15,000; other Companies, 25 000; total, 221,000 tons. This represents the current requirements of only a few Companies, and the orders for some of the largest railroad corporations in the country have yet to be reported. There will necessarily be proportionate orders for freight cars, and it is doubtful if any orders not placed before Christmas could be filled n time for the next harvest. If the Pennsylvania orders 70 000 tons of rails and 20,000 cars, the proporion would seem to be about four tons of steel rail to one ar; but it should be remembered that each car will use at least four tons of manufactured iron, and, therefore, the amount of bar iron for cars and wheels will be even a greater weight than that of steel rails. At this rate we may safely anticipate steady work in the iron industry and allied trades through the year. The improvement in the iron trade will, of course, specially benefit two lines in which English investors are interested, the Louisville and the Norfolk and Western. But the splendid harvest benefits the whole railroad system of the country, and it is a foregone conclusion that higher prices must rule for railway stocks all round. The question is to select those which give the best value at the present level.

Yankee Rails to Select.

In the first instance, the English investor should select stocks which give a fair return in dividends. As such, Louisville and Nashville paying 5 per cent., with a 2½ per cent. half-yearly dividend assured in January, at 83, and Norfolk and Western Prefs. paying 3 per cent. per annum, at 52½, are promising investments, especially in view of the returning animation in the iron trade of the South. The Vanderbilt stocks, such as New York Central and Lake Shore, seem high enough, but Pennsylvania are worth buying. Atchison Income bonds at 67, with the absolute certainty of receiving their full 5 per cent. this year, are also a good investment. Then there are Atlantic Firsts (New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio First Mortgage bonds) at 38¾. The payment of the coupon by this Company has just been announced as follows for January 1, 1892: On each coupon of 35 dols., or £7 sterling, will be paid the sum of £1. 16s. in cash; on each coupon of 17 dols. 50 c., or £3. 10s., will be paid the sum of 18s. in cash; and deferred warrants will be issued for the balance of said coupons as follows: For each coupon of 35 dols., the sum of 26 dols.; for each coupon of 17 dols. 50 c., the sum of 13 dols. The cash dividend is at the same rate as at the corresponding period of last year, but compares with the payment of £1. 5s. in 1889. Of the stocks which have hitherto paid no dividends, but are by the large increase of earnings placed within sight of dividends, the following may be recommended:—Milwaukees at 80½, Atchison shares at 44¼, Erie at 31¾. There has also been a good deal of quiet buying of Denver Prefs. at about 46 to 46¼, and it is anticipated that an important rally will follow. Ohio and Mississippi Ordinary and Preference shares are also worth attention, and so are, as the cheapest low-priced gamble in the market, Texas "B."

American Railroad Bonds.

There is a growing demand for American Railroad bonds, both on this side and in the States. Yankee investors have a partiality for bonds, and now that prosperous times are filling their coffers, they put money into bonds again. This in its turn enables the Railroads to provide for their needs for additional equipment by the sale of bonds, and thus the financial position of these Companies is placed upon a more solid basis. The advance in the prices of active classes of bonds has been so slow that the extent of the improvement that has taken

place is not fully appreciated. In connection with the fact that money is again seeking investment in this channel, the movement in bond prices is, however, one of the most significant and interesting features of the existing financial situation. Dealings in Railroad bonds on the New York Stock Exchange during the past week aggregated 11.000,000 dols., as against 7,500.000 dols. in the corresponding week of a year ago. But the revived activity of the inquiry for bonds has not yet by any means attained its probable magnitude. When the increasing pressure to find employment for money asserts itself, as it will, without doubt, do by January next, the effect upon the general market will be marked. There is so great a difficulty in obtaining a yield of 4 to 5 per cent. with safety in investments in this country, that the position of the American bond market is particularly interesting to investors. In fact, I have received so many inquiries of late, asking for advice as to the selection of such bonds, that I cannot do better than again give a list of (I.) Gilt-edged American Railroad bonds and (II.) Good Second-class bonds, as follows :—

I.—Gilt-Edged American Bonds.

Railroads.	Description of Bonds.	Price.	Int. per cent
Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans	Gold bonds, guaranteed by Illinois Central...	114-117	5
Pennsylvania	Gold bonds	108-110	4½
Baltimore and Ohio South-Western	First Mortgage, guaranteed by Baltimore and Ohio	103-105	4½
Illinois Central.....	Gold bonds	98½-99½	4
Pennsylvania	Equipment Trust.... ...	104-106	4
West Pennsylvania ...	Mortgage Gold bonds	102-105	4

II.—Good Second Class Bonds.

Railroads.	Description of Bonds.	Price.	Int. per cent
Oregon and California	First Mortgage, guaranteed by South Pacific	97-99	5
Nashville, Flor. and Sheff.	First Mortgage, guaranteed by Louisville and Nashville	103-105	5
Central Pacifics.....	Land Grant Extended bonds.....	103-105	5
Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Té.....	Mortgage Gold bonds	85-86	4
Denver and Rio Grande	First Cons. Morgtgage bonds.....	79½-80½	4
New York Ontario and West	Cons. First Mortgage...	98-100	5

The list is substantially the same as that given by me on August 17, but prices are higher in several instances. Personally, I should prefer the gilt-edged American bonds to Colonial bonds.

Foreigners and South Americans.

The "Bear" squeeze in foreigners is drawing to an end now, although the liquidation of the Bourses at the end of the month may bring more trouble to those who are committed for a fall in Russians. The course of prices of Spanish depends upon the success of the Amortissable loan, which is about to be launched. Portuguese have again been sold down on the growing suspicion that Portugal must eventually scale the interest down. Rio Tintos, which are closely bound up with the Foreign market, are lower on a fall in copper. Italians and Hungarians are firmer again. But the English investor will do well to leave these foreign fancies alone. Far better will it be for him to turn his attention to depreciated South American stocks. Dealing first with Government stocks, I should say that the 1889 loan of Brazil, for any one who will run the risk of further political troubles in that country, is a good purchase at 58½. Some of the Brazilian Railway bonds and stocks are also worth picking up at present low prices. By the way, I may remind you, Ben, that I distinctly warned you in June, when the huge conversion loan of the Companhia Geral was brought out here, which comprised the Leopoldina, Macahé and Campos, Rio de Janeiro and Northern and Rio de Janeiro and Northern (Principe de Grao Para Division) jumbled up with various railways, the stocks of which were chiefly held in Brazil, to have nothing to do with it, and rather to sell your Debentures in these Railways. You have done well in following my advice, for not only has this Company already had great financial trouble to face, which has been warded off with the greatest difficulty and, apparently, only temporarily, but the old Debentures, too, have fallen heavily. The Companhia Geral actually went so far as to go into banking business, and other transactions altogether foreign to the scope of a Railway Company, and if it has been saved, this is due to the prompt protest of the English directors against this monstrous proceeding. Argentine Government stocks have shown steadiness, and some of the Railways are beginning to do better, the Buenos Ayres Great Southern showing an increase of £1,600 for the last week—the first increase for months—in consequence of the heavy movement of wool. Once the Argentines have got over the Presidential elections, financial matters will probably also improve. Some of the Railway stocks are now very cheap. The opposition to the Ellauri scheme for the conversion of the debt of Uruguay is assuming such proportions that it seems doubtful if it will be passed, in which case better terms should be insisted upon. Ecuador bonds are firmer at 17½-18 upon cable advices, according to which the decree for collecting the additional 10 per cent. charge on the customs' revenue, on which the interest on the new bonds is secured, has already been issued. These bonds are a very promising lock-up. Chilian bonds should be bought. This country is fulfilling all its obligations, and does not require a new loan. Nitrate Rails have been temporarily depressed by a heavy sale, but the position is as favourable as ever, and with a 25 per cent dividend for the current year (15 per cent. in addition to the interim dividend of 10 per cent.) pretty well assured, the Ordinary shares are cheap at anything like the present price. This also applies to the shares of the Bank of Tarapacà and London, which ought to be bought at their quotation of 3½ to 3¾ per £5 paid share. Costa Rica bonds are also a sound investment. Mexican Sixes have advanced materially since I drew special attention to them, but they are still at a moderate price. Mexican Rails should be left alone. With the competition of the Interoceanic and Mexican Central, traffics must show important decreases, and nothing but a pooling arrangement can mend matters.

Kaffir and other Mines.

At last the South African cable is at work again, and the favourable November crushings of a number of mines have given some impetus to the Kaffir market. My favourite, the Nigel Company, has produced 4,110 oz., against 2,950 oz. in October, truly a marvellous result, and fully in keeping with my prediction. The Glencairn also is to the fore with 857 oz. against 800 oz. in October, and Nigel shares are up to 3¼, Glencairn to 9s. The Robinson caps all its previous performances with a crushing of 11,018 oz against 10,017 oz. in November, but the shares are not much higher at 3⅜. Sheba have advanced to 21s. My forecasts in the matter of Kaffir Mines have, therefore, been very successful, and although the New Primrose has, for once, only a moderate crushing to show—1,945 oz, the result of December will, no doubt, make up for this. The total crushings of 73,396 oz. are very creditable to the Randt Mines, comparing as they do

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with 72,793 oz. in October. De Beers Diamond shares advanced to 13⅞, and reacted; I consider this rise premature. There will not be, as far as I can learn, an increase in the dividend, neither will a bonus in British Chartered of South Africa shares be distributed. There remain, of course, better prospects, as it is anticipated that the prosperous Yankee will load his woman-kind with diamonds next year. British Chartered of South Africa shares are going the way which I have been predicting for them, being saleable with difficulty only at ¾. Oceana shares at 4 are very cheap, in view of the favourable position at Silati River. The same applies to Sutherland Reef. Satisfactory arrangements have been made, according to the annual report of that Company, with the Harmony Proprietary Company, which has agreed to lease to the Company a site for mill and pumping-station, with water rights and other milling advantages, free of rent, and also to hold 30,000 Sutherland Reef shares in trust for the Company's benefit subject to the Company completing its purchase of the assets of the Potsdam Reefs, Limited, for 150,000 fully-paid £1 shares. The report also states that the development of the mine has been steadily pursued throughout the year, and late reports lead the directors to believe that the lode in the Sutherland Shaft at the 150 foot level is of a valuable and permanent character, and that the new reefs struck to the south of the Saturday Reef, and referred to in the circular to the shareholders of November 7, are of considerable value. From the Australian Broken Hill Consols Mine comes the following cablegram, dated December 11, 1891:—"Fifteenth shipment, consisting of 24 cwt. of ore, containing 6,100 oz. of silver, will be shipped for London per steamer leaving Adelaide on December 23. Will ship next week additional output 8 tons medium-grade ore, containing 206 oz. of silver to the ton and 40 per cent. of lead." Further important dealings have taken place in Charters Towers Gold Mining shares, the news from the properties continuing favourable. The Brilliant Company advises by cable a yield of 2,878 oz., value £10,793, for three weeks, and the declaration of the usual monthly dividend of 2s. per share. This Company has now for over two years paid regular monthly dividends of 2s. per share of £1 each, making 120 per cent. per annum. The mine is "proved" at great depth, and there is ore in sight for years. The shares are worth £8½-£9, but I hear that it is proposed to bring the Company to London with a capital of £250,000 (against the present capital of £50,000), which will make the shares more easy to handle. For investors, however, the two Companies to which I directed attention a few weeks ago (Truth, November 26), the Golden Gate and the Sunburst, which are working in the same rich reef as the Brilliant, have for the present greater attraction. A cablegram, dated December 5, announces another crushing from the Golden Gate, 300 tons giving 546 oz., value £2,055, and from the Sunburst, 238 tons, 350 oz., value £1,312. The price of Golden Gate shares is 35s.-36s.; of Sunburst, 37s. 6d., both yielding on the basis of present prices, 30-40 per cent. on the investment. Indian Gold Mines are steady, Mysore Gold at 5⅛, Nundydroog, 2½. The Mysore crushings for November were 5,615 oz., against 5,912 oz. in October. Mysore Nager are quoted 9s.-9s. 6d.

Another Word with the Bell's Asbestos Directors.

I addressed some remarks on the 3rd inst. to the directors of Bell's Asbestos Company, and called upon them to furnish full particulars of the present position of the Company to the shareholders, instead of putting them off with a short oracular communication, which can be interpreted in different ways. So far I have received no reply, but I have on the other hand received numerous communications from shareholders in the Company, thanking me for the action which I have taken, and urging me to obtain for them an official statement from the directors. Several of my correspondents express their extreme dissatisfaction with the conduct of the directors in thus maintaining a silence which they consider is greatly assisting the cause of the "Bears," and gives some colour to the repeated statements that they have purposely reduced their holdings to a minimum, and that, in fact, the interest of some amongst them is the other way. I cannot bring myself to believe that any respectable board of directors would knowingly pursue such a course, which would be calculated to freeze out their shareholders at the bottom price, for the sole purpose of benefiting their own (the directors') pockets. But it is time that the directors of Bell's Asbestos Company should speak out, and I now call upon Mr. J. Bell, chairman; Mr. H. A. Bell, managing director; and Mr. A. J. Burnett and Mr. T. B. Lightfoot, to state—

1. What is the amount of shares now held by them?
2. What is the present position of the Company, what quantity of crude asbestos has been got out of the mines this year, and how far have the profitable contracts mentioned by Mr. J. Bell at the last meeting been carried out?
3. What are the prospects of the Company in view of the shutting down of the mines for the winter months, and what is the effect of this measure upon the price of asbestos and on the stocks held by the Company?

Not having given utterance to any official communication since the February meeting, with the exception of the oracular circular of November 27, and a great depreciation having taken place in the shares in consequence of numerous rumours, it is the duty of the directors to make a statement on this subject, and I call upon them to make it in the name of a large body of their shareholders.

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various investors:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

T. T.—I should not advise you to sell Peruvian Corporation stocks. They are, on the contrary, likely to improve, especially the Prefs. *Trust.*—City of Buenos Ayres bonds will probably improve some day when an arrangement with the bondholders is made. No reason to sell New York Brewery Prefs., but if you want to buy more, buy Milwaukee and Chicago Brewery Prefs. at 9¼. They would be preferable to the other undertaking named by you. *X. Y. Z.*—1 No reason to sell these shares now. 2. Yes, Costa Rica bonds are a good investment. Brazil of 1889 are, of course, speculative in view of the political troubles. Ecuador bonds are a cheap purchase at 17½-18, now that the payment of interest is to be resumed under the conversion scheme. *Investor, Dublin.*—Yes, Ecuador bonds are worth buying, see preceding reply.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

H. B. & Co.—The London Provident Association is, as I have repeatedly explained in these columns, a concern which blows its own trumpet through agents and circulars to an inordinate extent, but does not perform anything like what it promises. The surrender value is miserably inadequate, yet I should advise your client to take it, if more is not obtainable, and to sever her connection with the concern. *Dynever.*—This is one of the better class Trusts, and although I am not in favour of this kind of investment, I see no reason for selling now. *A. S., Hampstead.*—I fancy Barnsley Ordinary will recover, but why not buy American Brewery shares, such as Milwaukee and Chicago Ordinary at 9 instead. They pay at least 10 per cent. dividend, the yield being, therefore, much higher with more progressive prospects. *Pater Familias.*—The Sun Life or the Scottish Widows' Fund. *Boscombe.*—East India Deferred Annuity Capital guaranteed, with an ⅛th surplus profits are quoted at 126, and a good investment. *H. H. E.*—1. You had better hold these Trust shares. They will probably recover. 2. Yes, San Francisco Brewery Debentures are all right at present in view of the improved prospects of the Company. *West Coaster.*—As the Primitiva Company is now making good profits again, and working into a sound position, the Bank of Tarapaca's risk in any advances to the same, which are, moreover, secured, is reduced to a minimum. These Bank shares at 3½ are a good investment. *D. B.*—I do not like and never have liked this Trust Company. Sell when an opportunity offers. *Anxious.*—Hold No. 1 (United States Debenture Corporation), they will recover. Hold also No. 2. I do not think much of the Mortgage Bank, No. 3. No reason to sell Paraguay bonds (4) at the present low figure. Hold the Brewery shares, No. 5. Prospects of this Brewery are improving, no reason to sell at present low price. *Intending Insurer.*—Sun Life, Scottish Widows' Fund. *Jones, Chester.*—I really cannot advise you to buy land in the River Plate. An outsider would do badly at that game. *Aline.*—The Standard Bank of Australia, which suspended payment about a fortnight ago, was reported to be doing a good business, and the failure was due to the financial crisis in Melbourne. It was expected that the

Minton's (Limited).—Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

Bank would commence business again in a few days, but nothing seems, so far, settled on this point. The uncalled capital is £2. 10s. per share, and a call of 10s. per share has just been issued. The hope is held out in some quarters that the shareholders will lose little or nothing in the end, and that patience is all that is wanted, but no reliable statement is as yet to hand.

HOME RAILS.

Jupiter.—Of the Heavy Rails, Midlands are doing best, and they seem even now worth buying. *T. M.*—Brighton "A" will probably get a 7 per cent dividend, to come off in January. *Novocastrian.*—There is a very general tip about that North British Deferred will see 50 in January, and as the comparison will be with the strike period, during which £90,000 was lost in five weeks, this is very probable.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN RAILS.

St. George.—Wabash "B" Debentures are promising and likely to go better in view of increasing traffics of the Company, but I cannot tell you when a dividend will be paid. 2. San Francisco Brewery Prefs. and Ordinary are most promising. The Preference shares are cumulative and the interim dividend in February seems secure. See remarks under "Various Investments." *F. G. B.*—The directors of the Costa Rica Railway cannot be congratulated upon the manner in which they have conducted the affairs of the road, but it is passing through the vicissitudes of many a new railway, and the Debentures, if held for some time, will, no doubt, recover again. *P. A. T.*—1. Wabash Prefs. will recover as soon as the Yankee boom sets in again. Hold. 2. You should send for the last report and balance-sheet of Price's Patent Candle Company, and obtain the answer to your questions. 3. I do not consider the Cable Stock any catch. *Melbury.*—Recife and San Francisco Railway Guaranteed Five per Cent. stock at 76 to 81 is cheap, and would probably turn out a good investment, but you will have to run the risk of further political troubles in Brazil. *R. H.*—I agree with you so far, that the directors of Costa Rica Railway have mismanaged matters, but I think also that this Company has very good prospects, and that the Debentures will recover. *Kingston.*—There is no fear of the Nitrate Railway having no freight to carry on account of the exhaustion of the nitrate beds, as there is a large area of virgin ground enough to last for many years. *Rex.*—1. Yes; Milwaukees are likely to advance. 2. Do not on any account sell a "Bear" of Louisville. 3. A "Bear" of "Bertha's" is equally dangerous. 4. I never give information about individual stockbrokers. 5. Ditto. 6. The "Bears" have been severely caught of late, and I do not think that there is much to be made on that tack for the present. *Golightly.*—The new deal rather improves the position of Ohio and Mississippi Five per Cent. General Mortgage bonds than otherwise. Oregon and California First Mortgage bonds are a good investment. Hold. *W. H.*—You might buy Louisville, Norfolk Prefs., or Erie amongst American Rails. 1. Electric Construction Corporation shares are a fair investment. 2. I should not touch these yet. Rather buy Milwaukie and Chicago Brewery Ordinary shares at 9, paying 10 per cent., or Peter Schoenhofen Brewery, paying 11 per cent., at 9¾. *M. A.*—There is nothing to be said against your various Colonial and American Railroad bonds Nos. 1—8, or against the City bonds Nos. 9—12. No. 13 will recover with Argentine finance. No. 14 is a fair investment. Nos. 15 and 16 are under a cloud, but there is no option but to hold. You should withdraw your deposit from the bank No. 17, which is not doing well. No. 18 a second-rate banking investment. *Rollo.*—No reason to sell Minas and Rio debentures now. When the political troubles are over, they will recover. *Safety.*—You will find a list of gilt-edged and good second-class American Railroad bonds in to-day's issue. *Thistle.*—You will find a list of American Railroad bonds *for investment* in to-day's issue. This is all I can do in this matter, and I would again warn you against speculative purchases in the hope of immediate profits. *Investor, Liverpool.*—You need have no fear that the Nitrate Railway will be badly treated by the Chilian Government, as the "powers that be" are very favourable to the Company. *Newport Reader.*—As a syndicate has been formed to put Grand Trunk shares up, you may as well let them do so and then sell. *Alice.*—The list of gilt edged American Railroad bonds published to-day will give you what you want. *Union Club, Vevey.*—The Scioto Valley line has been taken over by the Norfolk and Western. Of the other bonds named, only No. 2 is quoted in London, which is a good investment. Nos. 3-6 are only dealt in in New York.

MINING SHARES.

M. A.—The reply to your question (*a*) is yes. (*b*). I understand that the share certificates have been issued. There never has been a market for the shares. Write to the liquidator of the Great She Mine, Mr. A. R Ramsay, Metal Exchange-buildings, 95, 97, Gracechurch-street, London, E.C. *H. A., Glasgow.*—If I were you, I should not go any deeper into these iron ore shares. There are other "plums" to be had, and the Stock Exchange generally apprises the real value of such stocks with considerable acumen. *Hech.*—You should hold Otto's Kopje for the present; they will recover. *R O. S.*—Yes, the Charters Towers Mining shares named, Sunburst, and Golden Gates, are good investments. *J. I.*—Edwin Bray, Evelyn, Geldenhuis Main Reefs, and Main Reefs ought to be fair speculative purchases at present prices. I do not fancy Randfontein on account of the overweighted capital. *A. A. R.*—The best course appears to be to clear out of Central Borneo (1) and Pahang Corporation (2). See remarks in to-day's letter respecting No. 3, and hold. *W. E., Pontypridd.*—The Charters Tower Mining shares which are most promising, and are already doing well, are the Sunburst, Golden Gates, and North-East Queen. You can obtain full particulars on writing to the London Agency, 16 Cornhill. 2. St. Louis, Peter Schoenhofen, Milwaukee and Chicago, and San Francisco Brewery Ordinary shares. 3. See remarks in to-day's letter, and hold. *Boz.*—Glencairns have advanced to 9s. upon another good crushing in November. Great Gold Zone should be held; they will recover. *H. W.*—I am afraid that, having subscribed to this Mining Company, you cannot refuse to pay up your calls, unless you can prove misrepresentation, which might involve legal proceedings. *Jonas.*—The Brilliant is a high priced Charters Tower Mine, standing at about £9 per share, and earning very high dividends. The Sunburst and Golden Gate are quoted about 35s.-37s. 6d. per share, and yield some 30 per cent. on that price. *Alex. Mac.*—Thanks. I am fully aware that the MacArthur-Forrest process is doing good work, but it will probably not remain alone in the field. *P. E.*—I will refer to this next week. *Mamond.*—No. 1 (Glencairn) doing well, as you will see from to-day's remarks. No. 2 speculative, but, of course, cheap. No. 3 promising. No. 4 ditto. No. 5, a fair, low-priced mining venture, but I should prefer the higher-priced but remunerative Sunburst (also Charters Towers).

INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

R. H.—I agree with you that the remuneration of the directors is excessive, but they are good men, and it is doubtful if it would pay the shareholders to make an upset, now that these shares are advancing again. *C. B. A.*—(*a*). I have reason to think that the prospects are good, and should advise holding, but I have no official communication. See also remarks in to-day's letter. (*b*) Eastman's Prefs. will eventually go better, but it seems too soon to buy. (*c*) I am afraid the Company referred to by you is very doubtful. I warned my readers of it at the time. *J. D.*—The Denver United Brewery is not so progressive as it used to be. You might exchange into Peter Schoenhofen at 9¾, now paying 11 per cent. dividend, or into St. Louis at 9⅛, paying 10 per cent. The Electric Light Company named is likely to do well, but it is no catch. *Winkle.*—Electric Construction Corporation shares fell on false rumours about the dividend. The report has now been issued, and 6 per cent. cash dividend will be paid, in view of which they have recovered to 6½-7. Certainly hold Silati River shares. If you are prepared to lock them up, Costa Rica Railway shares at present price will prove a good purchase. *A. C. R.*—You have done quite right to buy French Elmore shares at the low price, they will recover shortly, probably on the publication of the report of the English Elmore Company this or next week. *E. P.*—I should say with regard to Nos 1 and 2 it will be preferable to do nothing, and await the course of events. 3. No special reason apart from the general depression in South Africa. *Stonehenge.*—I have not changed my opinion of the Electric Construction Company, which is doing well, and will pay 6 per cent. cash dividend, the previous rumours having turned out false. *E. Black.*—1. The Brewery is not so progressive as some of the others, but is certain to benefit from the improved prospects. If I were a holder, I should keep them; if I wanted to buy, I should rather select the St. Louis, Peter Schoenhofen, or Milwaukee and Chicago, or, as a cheap purchase, San Francisco. No particular reason to sell the Colonial bonds with cheap money assured for some time. *Thanks.*—Yes, I should prefer Electric Construction to General Omnibus stock as yielding a much higher return. *Delta.*—1. If you will send me the last report and balance sheet of the Building Society I will give you my opinion. 2. I should consider Milwaukee and Chicago Prefs. at 9¼, paying 8 per cent cumulative dividend, a much better investment. *H. E. W.*—Yes, I agree with you that Dorman, Long, & Co., Limited, is a good industrial investment—dependent, of course, upon the state of the iron and steel trade.

MIXED INVESTMENTS.

R. P.—No. 1. You should hold your Denver United Brewery Ordinary and Prefs. American Brewery shares are again in the ascendant, and prices are likely to rule much higher next year. No. 2. You will have to keep your Santa Fé bonds for the present, as there is no market. No settlement has as yet been arrived at. *Y.* American Brewery shares are moving strongly upwards, as you and I anticipated. 1. I do not advise you to buy Lomas as a spec. I should advise you to pay special attention to Charters Towers Mines, as mentioned under "Kaffir and other Shares." *A Constant Reader, Earls Court.*—1. You are right; the directors of the Jumpers Gold Mining Company seem to fritter away a portion of their earnings. It is quite true that this mine should begin to pay dividends again. 2. The St. Louis Brewery is doing well, and the shares are being bought by some of the American officials of the Company. The price is now advancing. I do not think there is anything in the point raised. 3. Trustees and Executors shares should be held. They will recover again. 4. I do not recommend the investment. 5. Hold Brazilian 1889 Scrip. Your stockbroker is quite right. 6. Hold Norfolk and Western; they pay 3 per cent. regularly, and will soon recover their value. Union Pacifics will recover in sympathy with any general boom, which is certain to set in sooner or later. *X. X. X.*—Investments such as you desire would be Midland Railway Ordinary shares, Chilian bonds of 1886, Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds, or Gilt-edged American Railroad bonds. *Alpha, Belfast.*—1. I will make inquires about these bonds. 2. A Liverpool concern. I no not think a great deal of it. 3. It would be preferable to divide your investment, say, as to one half in Peter Schoenhofen Ordinary, and the other half in Milwaukee and Chicago Prefs. (8 per cent. cumulative). *H. C, Ramsgate.*—No reason to sell the shares, which have good prospects. *Work.*—In your position you ought to

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run no risk, and be satisfied with a yield of 4-5 per cent. You might choose some of the American Railroad bonds, a list of which is published in to-day's article, Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds at about 75½, and if you like to invest in American Brewery Prefs., Milwaukee and Chicago Eight per Cent Cumulative Prefs. instead of No 3. I do not care much for the Bank shares Nos. 1 and 2. Although at present in a good position, it is difficult to control the course of affairs of such Colonial Banks from this side. No 4 is a fair investment, but neither No. 5 nor No. 6 are first class *Investor, Inverness*.—Have nothing to do with this firm of outside brokers. I have already criticised their method of doing business.

Various Investments.

A large business has been transacted during the week in American Brewery shares, to which I directed special attention last week, and prices are higher all round. Bartholomay (Rochester) have advanced to 12, St. Louis to 9⅜. City of Chicago Brewing and Malting to 8¾x.d., New York 10¼, Peter Schoenhofen, 9¾. The most important advance, however, has taken place in San Francisco Breweries, which have taken a jump of 1½ to 5¼, the Prefs. advancing to 7¼ upon very favourable advices from San Francisco. I have seen a letter from one of the local directors, fully confirming the statement that, in view of the pool which has been formed, the Company is now earning 10 per cent. on the Ordinary. The Company's output under the pool is stated at 300,000 barrels per annum, working out, at a net profit of about 1 dol. 75 c. per barrel, to £108,000, which would be quite sufficient to pay 10 per cent. on the Ordinary, after providing for Debenture and Preference interest. Of course, it must not be forgotten that, as the financial year of the Company closes on May 1, they will get the benefit of the pool only for the second half, but the position is now such that a much higher price than 5¼ for the Ordinary is justified. At the meetings of the St. Louis and City of Chicago Companies very favourable statements regarding the current business and future prospects were made. The report of the Milwaukee and Chicago Breweries, which has just been issued, shows that the magnificent profit of £308,500 has been earned, £77,338 were put to capital reserve, and, after charging the large sum of £67,659 to repairs and depreciation of plant, horses, wagons, &c., there remained enough to pay Debenture and Preference interest and 10 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary. At about 9 for the Ordinary and 9¼ for the 8 per cent. Prefs. these shares are very promising. Finally, the Peter Schoenhofen report is to hand, showing an increase of 14,122 in the barrelage and of £6,212 in the revenue. No less than £23,342 is placed to reserve, and 11 per cent. dividend is paid on the Ordinary shares, after making provision for repairs and depreciation. The fact of placing such large amounts to reserve, or writing them off for depreciation, naturally places these Companies on a much sounder footing. The report of Elmore's Copper Depositing Company is about to be issued, and will give further information upon the position and prospects of this Company. Anglo-American Telegraph shares have advanced, the Deferred at 13¼-½ being very scarce for delivery, as the "Bears" had taken too many liberties with them. The directors of the Imperial and Foreign Investment and Agency Corporation, Limited, cannot be congratulated upon the manner in which the funds of the concern have been invested by them. When the first annual general meeting took place on October 31, the securities held were worth about £40,000 less than cost price. The shareholders have now again been summoned to attend a general meeting, and it appears that the further depreciation of their investments has been so serious that a scheme is put forward for transferring the property of the Company to a new Company at a price which implies a loss of over £160,000. For all that, the directors under whose auspices this result has been achieved have since the foundation of the Company been drawing a salary of £3,000 a year. It seems quite time that the shareholders should seriously inquire into the position of the Company, and eventually take its conduct out of what seem to be incompetent hands. The report of the Electric Construction Corporation for the year ended September 30, just issued, fully confirms my previous statements, the various adverse rumours being disposed of. There is a profit balance of £46,166, from which the Directors have carried £10,000 to the reserve for depreciation, leaving a net balance of profit and loss for the year of £36,166, which, with the £3,877 carried forward from last year, makes a total of £40,044 available for disposal. The Directors recommend a dividend of 6 per cent., and carry forward a substantial balance.—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

QUEER STORY.

THE DEAN'S DILEMMA.

THE afternoon sun streamed in through the library windows of the Deanery of Ancaster, lighting up the rosy features and comfortable figure of the Dean as he sat in frowning contemplation of two letters.

One, written in a scrawling, masculine hand, he took up and perused for the dozenth time. Truly the contents furnished sufficiently grave matter to harass the mind of any father—more especially when that father chanced to be a wealthy dignitary of the Established Church. In the wretchedly-written note, his affectionate son Reginald wished to inform his father that during his last vacation in town he had been introduced to Miss Lorraine, the well-known actress; that he had speedily fallen in love with her, an affection which Miss Lorraine reciprocated; and further that, providing the Dean gave his consent, dear Effie had promised to marry him whenever he liked.

To this letter, whose unwelcome news fell on him like a thunderbolt from a clear blue sky, the Dean had returned a furious answer. Was Reginald mad, he fiercely demanded, to ask permission to bring into the sacred atmosphere of the Close, a woman branded by the name of actress? For many years, as Reginald well knew, both he and his deceased wife, Lady Augusta Meredith, as prominent members of the Society for the Suppression of the Drama, had laboured long and earnestly to prevent followers of the theatrical profession from posturing in any hall of entertainment in Ancaster. Had his son forgotten that throughout the length and breadth of the country the Very Reverend John Meredith, Dean of Ancaster, was renowned for his pamphlets on the Degrading Influence of the Stage? Once and for all, let Reginald understand that to his father's mind, an actress, of any rank whatsoever, was but a synonym for the Scarlet Woman; and that should Miss Lorraine (of whose name and existence even the Dean had previously lived in total ignorance) persist in her marriage with his son, she would enjoy the pleasure of wedding a man alienated alike from his father's heart and his father's purse. In other words, the Dean announced his intention to cut Reginald off with the proverbial shilling.

As yet Reginald had returned no answer to this fiery missive. But, in the meantime, another blow had fallen upon the Dean. In the second note, dated the previous day, the Reverend Jabez Browne, Minor Canon of Ancaster Cathedral, and a prominent member of the Dean's pet society, begged to inform his ecclesiastical superior that, despite every opposition, the proprietor of the Jubilee Hall had at last obtained a dramatic licence, and that, even at that moment, highly-coloured posters, whereon was depicted a female dancer in the most outrageous costume, were to be seen placarded on every spare hoarding in Ancaster. Would the Dean be content to stand idly by while the shameless picture of this Miss Lorraine, in her celebrated *pas seul*, corrupted the morals of every schoolboy in the diocese?

As the Dean laid down the Minor Canon's letter a thrill of half apprehension and half triumph ran through his veins. Truly he had done well to be firm with Reginald; but how should he deal with this woman, who had the audacity to flaunt her degrading performance under his very nose?

"A lady to see you on business, sir," announced the butler at this moment. "Wouldn't give her name, but said she hoped not to detain you many minutes."

As the Dean crossed the hall on his way to the

drawing-room his mind conjured up a vision of the usual dowdy lady visitor, with whom familiarity had bred in him a species of contempt. She would wear a gown of rusty black ; a pair of blue spectacles would probably surmount her irregular nose ; her hands would be encased in a pair of black thread gloves, or more probably the gloves would be rolled in a tight ball on her lap; and her long, skinny fingers would be fumbling for the subscription-list which was invariably concealed at the bottom of a remarkably shabby leathern satchel.

The drawing-room door stood slightly ajar; as the Dean entered his foot made no sound upon the thick Turkey carpet. The lady was seated with her back to the long French window which opened upon the garden. As she was gazing pensively at the caryatides which supported the white marble chimney-piece, the Dean, though a trifle short-sighted, had time to catch sight of a charming profile. He gave a little warning cough; the visitor turned hastily round.

"Good afternoon, madam," began the Dean, bowing slightly in the direction of the arm-chair. "I fear I—er—have not the honour of your acquaintance."

In some slight hesitation these last words were uttered. Somehow the Dean had a vague consciousness that the lady's profile bore a familiar resemblance to some one of his feminine acquaintances. At the same time the lady herself differed considerably from the customary type of visitors. Though not in her first youth, the Dean, from the elegance of her figure, judged her age to be between thirty and forty. A pair of sparkling dark eyes, surmounted by a neat fringe of golden hair, surveyed the Dean with a curiously intent glance which half embarrassed him; her well-cut black-cloth gown was guiltless of even the suspicion of a wrinkle, and her hands were encased in the neatest and most perfect-fitting of Suède gloves.

As the sound of the Dean's clear tones fell upon her ear, the lady gave a perceptible start. She clasped her hands agitatedly, looked down mournfully for an instant on the floor, and then, with the same troubled expression, glanced across at the Dean.

"I trust you will pardon the liberty I have taken in calling upon you," she said, with a little quiver in her voice, "but my errand is a very delicate one, and—— "

She paused and uttered a deep sigh. The Dean bowed gravely ; this preamble was probably but the opening for the usual begging theme.

"If I can be of service to you, madam," he replied in his dignified manner, "I shall be happy to help you in any way."

The agitation of his visitor increased; for an instant a dainty cambric handkerchief was held to her eyes—an action which considerably flurried the Dean.

"Yes," exclaimed the lady fervently, as the Dean paused for an answer, "you, and you alone, can assist me. In me you behold a distressed widowed mother, who appeals to you for help in her great trouble."

With such tragic emphasis were the last words uttered that the Dean began to feel slightly nervous. After all, she was only a beggar. He would give her five shillings and hint at her speedy departure.

"No, no," ejaculated the lady, as the Dean fumbled for his purse; "it is not money—it is justice I want. My story is but brief."

With an air of patient resignation the Dean seated himself in the opposite arm-chair. Another of these never-ending brief stories, he reflected, ruefully, as he surveyed his restless visitor.

"To come to the point immediately," resumed the lady in so stern a tone that the Dean almost started, "a few weeks ago your son Reginald proposed to my daughter Effie. She agreed to marry him on condition of your consent. That consent you refused. My daughter, as proud as you, immediately broke off the engagement. At the same time she is wretchedly unhappy. I say nothing of your son's feelings—those are for you to consider—but I cannot have my daughter's life spoiled without making one effort——" At this point the paroxysm of sobs interrupted her narrative. She broke off and buried her face in her handkerchief.

During her speech the ordinary rosy tints of the Dean's cheeks had become crimson with wrath. His blood actually boiled at the audacity of the woman, with her cock-and-bull story of her shameless daughter's unhappiness.

"Madam," he said, trying to speak calmly, and entirely disregarding the lady's sobs, "your errand is entirely in vain. On no consideration whatsoever will I give my consent to Reginald's marriage with an actress."

As though to end the interview, the Dean rose from his seat and stood with his back to the fireplace. To his surprise the sobs suddenly ceased. The lady rose from her chair, and, thrusting her handkerchief in her pocket, confronted him with angry, tearless eyes.

"On *no* consideration?" she reiterated, with a scornful emphasis, accentuated further by a glance of withering contempt. "When you have heard the rest of my story, I think you will not refuse my request."

The slight smile of triumph with which she ended her words roused the Dean's anger to its culminating point. His face grew purple with indignation; his wrath threatened to choke him at the sight of his visitor's calm assurance.

"Never, madam," he thundered forth with all the impressiveness of tone with which he was wont to pronounce Anathema-Maranatha. "Any further entreaties are useless; I will never withdraw my opposition."

To his consternation, the lady burst forth into a peal of laughter; the next moment she had crossed the intervening space between them, and, with a smile of familiarity which almost froze the Dean's blood, had laid her gloved hand upon his coat-sleeve.

"What, Johnny," she said, her dark eyes flashing roguishly, "not even for *me?*"

Staggered by this amazing address, the Dean stood as one petrified; with a half-terrified glance, he looked down to meet the gaze of those mocking black eyes, which were still fixed upon him with a curious intentness of purpose. Suddenly a dimness came before his sight; the blood receded from his cheek.

"You!" he gasped, hoarsely,—"Lottie!"

In the space of a single moment, a quarter of a century had rolled away from the Dean's mind. He saw himself, a student at Oxford, madly in love with the dark eyes and rosy cheeks of Lottie Marsh, the daughter of a country innkeeper. With a shudder at the remembrance of his own youthful folly, he thought of those passionate love-letters he had indited, those fervent kisses he had once pressed on Lottie's ruby lips ——

"Yes," said the clear voice of his old love, breaking in upon his meditations, "it is Lottie. The Lottie whom you threw over for a rich wife—the Lottie whose daughter's happiness you would wreck with as little compunction as you wrecked her mother's—the Lottie who, despite your baseness, has loved you all her life, who has kept all your letters —— "

At these words an ominous presentiment stole over the Dean's heart. To give due effect to her tragic declamation, Lottie made a slight pause, and looked expectantly at her companion.

Strangely metamorphosed, with her yellow hair, her elegant figure, her very manner of speech, as the once buxom, brown-haired Lottie Marsh might be, the Dean now recognised the old flash in the sparkling black eyes, the old audacity of smile which had once enthralled him with its very boldness.

"Well," resumed Lottie, as her dumbfounded companion still made no sign, "I think you will give your consent now."

"No," burst forth the Dean, suddenly recovering his presence of mind, "in spite of our old acquaintance, I must still refuse my consent."

He drew himself up with a certain dignity and glared solemnly down at the trim figure which stood so close to his side.

"And now, madam," he continued, with his hand on the handle of the bell, "I presume our interview is at an end. You have heard my decision; and much as I regret to wound your feelings, I must assure you that any further

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discussion of this painful question will be utterly useless."

He rolled off his sonorous periods with a solemn precision intended to impress and overawe his companion. But with one hand laid lightly upon the back of a chair, Lottie still surveyed him with the same disconcerting bold glance.

"Of course, you are prepared for the consequences," she said, with the slightest suspicion of a sneer. "I shall first instruct my solicitor to bring a breach of promise action against your son."

The Dean reddened slightly; but reflecting that in all probability the matter could be settled out of court by means of a sufficient money compensation, he shrugged his shoulders with a would-be air of indifference.

"How the circulation of the *Jackal* will go up," continued Lottie, eyeing the Dean more closely, "when the account is published of how both the Dean of Ancaster and his son in turn jilted an actress—so appropriate you know," with a sneering laugh which made her companion's blood again run cold, "the father throws over the mother and the son repeats the example with the daughter."

During her last words the Dean's face seemed to have lost its ruddy colour; his hand trembled a little as his fingers played nervously with his watch-chain.

"You are confusing matters," he said, with a wretched attempt at ease. "After five and twenty years' silence you can scarcely sue me for breach of promise—more especially as you have been married in the interval. And as for my son, I have no doubt we can come to some pecuniary arrangement which will compensate you for any inconvenience either you or your daughter may have suffered."

Lottie's eyes flashed ominously as the Dean ended his speech.

"No, John Meredith," she said, slowly; "I refuse your pecuniary offers. So far as my own case is concerned, I admit it would be useless to sue you for breach of promise. But" (with an emphatic emphasis in her tone) "your letters and the account of your old flirtation, as you might be pleased to call it, shall be given in the pages of the *Jackal*, along with your son Reginald's, in order to show the public the force of heredity. Like father, like son, you know. And then reflect," she ended, with a wicked smile, "how delighted every one will be to read that the President of the Society for the Suppression of the Drama was once madly in love with Lottie Lorraine, the celebrated dancer and burlesque actress."

Beads of perspiration broke out on the Dean's forehead as the awful nature of the dilemma flashed upon his mind. The situation was frightful. This terrible woman had him completely in her power; she had planned this revenge as a retaliation for a boyish flirtation which he had long since forgotten. He paced up and down the room in a very fever of impotent rage. On the one hand, to give his consent to his son's marriage with an actress would be equal to a public recantation of the most cherished hobby of his life. On the other hand, the publication of those idiotic, passionate love-letters, with the account of his youthful flirtation worked up in the "spicy" style of the *Jackal*, would cause, not merely the loss of prestige in his own diocese, but would render him the laughing-stock of the country. Visions of cartoons in the comic papers, headed "The Dean and the Dancer," arose before his fevered mind. He saw the thunderstruck face of the Minor Canon at the discovery of his idol's feet of clay; he watched the chance of that possible bishopric fade quickly away into nothingness; he shuddered at the public ridicule and chaff; he even heard his son Reginald plead a precedent in his father's example.

With a triumphant look at his agitated face, Lottie again addressed him.

"Well, are the letters to be published?" she asked, in a dangerously quiet voice.

In trembling indecision the Dean paused before her. His brain was in a whirl; at one moment he would defy the woman and save his son. The next instant the thought of the public exposure caused the words to die away on his lips.

"Choose," said Lottie Lorraine, laying her hand on his arm and looking deliberately into his face.

In their pre-occupation, neither had heard the entrance of another person into the room. With the familiarity of old friendship, the Minor Canon, passing the open drawing-room window, and seeing the form of the Dean, had stepped in to discuss the question of the posters.

At the sight of a golden-haired woman clutching the Dean's arm and looking up into his face, the Rev. Jabez Browne uttered a sudden exclamation. With a startled expression, the Dean turned round.

"I beg your pardon," said the Canon, in a frigid tone, "I am afraid I interrupt."

"No, no," exclaimed the Dean, who, after the first shock of surprise, was disposed to look upon the Canon's appearance as a divine interposition from his present difficulty. "I am at liberty now; this lady," bowing in the direction of Lottie, "has finished her business."

But the Canon's mental balance had received a shock; the sight of the Dean's agitation had not escaped his lynx eyes.

"Another time," he said, coldly. "My business was simply connected with those theatrical posters. I presume I have your sanction to arrange a meeting for their removal from the hoardings?"

At the word posters, Lottie had pricked up her ears.

"What placards are those?" she asked, coolly stepping forward and addressing the Minor Canon.

"The disgraceful advertisements of a theatrical company," thundered forth the Minor Canon, in whose eyes Lottie had met with little favour, "in which a creature is represented in the shameless attire of a ballet-dancer."

In breathless silence, the Dean waited for Lottie's answer. With a half-piteous glance he looked across at her, but as his eyes noted the triumphant expression on her face, his heart suddenly died within him.

"Oh, indeed," remarked Lottie, deliberately, "considering that the Dean's future daughter-in-law happens to be the prima donna of the company, and that the humble person who now addresses you is no less than her mother, the shameless 'creature,' you can hardly expect his Reverence to consent to hold such a meeting."

At this announcement, uttered in a tone of calm insolence, the Canon's face assumed an expression of horror-stricken amazement.

"Is this true?" he demanded, breathlessly, of the miserable Dean. "You have given your consent to your son's marriage with an actress?"

The wretched victim threw one agonised glance at his tormentor; her face was adamantine in its triumph.

"Ye-es," he faltered, in an anguished whisper.

* * * * *

Two months after this event, an announcement of the marriage of Miss Effie Lorraine to Reginald, only son of the Very Rev. John Meredith, Dean of Ancaster, appeared in the *Times*. From the moment of his unwilling consent, the Dean had refused to hold any further communication with his son. On the morning after the wedding, a letter directed in a feminine handwriting, arrived at the Deanery by the early post. As the Dean read the contents, his face assumed an apoplectic hue, and for the first time for many years a shockingly profane exclamation escaped his lips.

My Dear Johnny (ran the note),—Pardon the familiarity of the address, as this is the last time I shall call you by the old name. As your son's wedding is now an accomplished fact, I wish to clear my mind of a few tarradiddles I had the pleasure of narrating for your benefit at our last interview. In the first place, I am neither the mother nor any relative of your new daughter-in-law; the similarity of our names was a mere accident. Mrs. Reginald Meredith, I believe, is the daughter of an old college friend of yours, the Rev. James Lorraine, who unfortunately died penniless, leaving no resource for Miss Lorraine but to gain her living on the stage by means of an exceptionally fine voice. The story of your opposition to her engagement was a matter of general knowledge in the company in which we were both taking part. In posing as her injured mother, I saw a way to gratify my own revenge for your youthful desertion, and, at the same time, a means of conferring happiness upon our popular prima-donna. Hoping you will pardon my little trick, and with kind regards to Canon Browne,—Believe me to remain, your old affectionate friend,

Lottie.

P.S.—I have omitted to state that all your letters were burned years ago when I married my present husband, who is, I am thankful to say, still alive.

ART NOTES.

WHAT used to be the great artistic joke of the season has fallen rather flat this winter. The members of the New English Art Club no longer possess to the fullest extent the courage of their convictions, or, perhaps, I should rather say, of their impressions. They are many of them becoming conventional and academical, and, it must be added, positively dull. The Dudley Gallery is no longer, as it was in the salad days of the N.E.A.C., to quote a contemporary versifier, "A waste of blobs and blotches, a wilderness of smears!" Method has been imported into the Monet-like madness of former seasons; and it is only the more hardened offenders who still hang out their defiant impressionistic banners upon the inner walls.

It is but fair to state, however, that those members of the Club who are still stedfast to their ill-advised traditions show their faith in the same fearless old fatuous fashion to which we have been accustomed. Mr. John T. Russell, for example, exhibits two impressions of "Morning" and "Afternoon," which might fitly be labelled "An Apotheosis of Aniline Dyes," and "A Nightmare in Cochineal;" whilst Mr. P. Wilson Steer again shows his respect for the second commandment in the Decalogue by painting the likeness of nothing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. It is true he calls his impression, "The Ermine Sea," but that is only a part of his fifty-guinea joke.

Then there are gentlemen like Messrs. Baines and Mark Fisher, whose landscapes seem to me more like Berlin-wool patterns or the samplers our grandmothers used to work than transcripts of nature; Mr. Moffat P. Lindner, whose "North Sea" I took in my innocence to be a study of a design for a sofa-blanket; and Mr. Edward Sachse, who is apparently of opinion that Banstead Heath is rich in quarries of Sienna marble and serpentine. I know it is urged in defence of the more aggressive Impressionists that their works require to be examined from a greater distance than can be attained by a critical observer in a comparatively small apartment like the Dudley Gallery. "If you could only see them from the other side of the street," these apologists say in effect, "you would then admit that what now looks to you like a pickling cabbage becomes a really fine portrait; whilst an apparently purposeless study of Everton toffee is changed into a stretch of 'Winter Pasture,' or 'Fulham Reach in a Fog.'" But what nonsense this is! Pictures are surely painted to be hung up and looked at in the rooms in which we live; and, if it becomes necessary to go out for a long walk every time one wishes to properly see them, this fact alone is quite enough to condemn them as works of pictorial art.

I doubt, though, if even from the steps of the Burlington Arcade Mr. Walter Sickert's so-called portrait of Mr. George Moore would look like anything but a grotesque and ill-natured caricature. It is a picture which Mr. Robert Buchanan may very possibly have gloated over; but which the average visitor to the Dudley Gallery will be apt to resent as an outrage, which even an Impressionist should have been slow to perpetrate.

Fortunately, there are many lucid intervals amongst the exhibited pictures. Such a superb painting from the nude as Mr. John S. Sargent's "Life Study" makes one quickly forget the affectation and triviality by which it is surrounded; and for the sake of work so full of charm as Mr. Laidlay's "After the Shot," and Mr. Buxton Knight's "Poole Harbour," one puts up more or less philosophically with the pretentious faddishness and impertinent effrontery that still find a place at the Dudley Gallery. But I do not understand, I confess, why it is that the Hanging Committee of the N.E.A.C. give space on the walls to pictures which challenge in the most pronounced manner the pet theories and assumptions of their Club. At the same time, there may be an obvious answer to this. The Hanging Committee of the N.E.A.C. would very probably contend that perspicuous consistency is the very last thing at which they aim; that they are quite content that their actions should be as incomprehensible as their art.

The Rough Weather Tailors, for both ladies and gentlemen, are to be found at Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

MUSIC.

SIGNOR LAGO brought his Italian opera season at the Shaftesbury to an end on Saturday in the presence of nearly a dozen Royalties, while the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who had delayed writing until the morning, when, of course, all the reserved seats had been disposed of, could not be accommodated at all. I understand that the first three weeks of the season at the Shaftesbury were very like a failure, the receipts hardly balancing the expenses; but Signor Lago had faith in the "Cavalleria Rusticana," and kept on, with the result that he is in pocket upwards of £8,000—that is to say, far more than all the other managers combined have earned this year. The expensive seats have sold best, and frequently men in evening dress who could not secure stalls found accommodation in the pit. Signor Lago also believes that if time had allowed he would have made the "Matrimonio Segreto" a draw, and he says that after the first night or two it attracted large houses, whereas, when it was not played, people came late for the "Cavalleria." Of course, the Royal performance did a great deal of good to Signor Mascagni's opera, and also largely increased the popularity of the leading tenor, Señor Viñas—a name which has been Italianised as Signor Vignas, and signifies Mr. Vine. The Queen greatly admires the Spanish tenor's singing, and on Friday last he appeared for the third time this season at Windsor Castle.

Signor Lago's arrangement with Mr. Mitchell has, I believe, now terminated, and his coming season will be on his own account. It will take place at the Shaftesbury (the idea that the impresario intended to take Her Majesty's is pure guess work on the part of the paragraphists), and it will probably commence during the third week of January, possibly on the 16th. Signor Sonzogno desires that Signor Lago shall have the first right of production of Mascagni's new opera, "L'Amico Fritz," and the matter will doubtless be arranged with Messrs. Ascherberg, who hold the London rights. It is hoped and believed that the enterprise will last at any rate until Sir A. Harris's opera season at Covent Garden starts in May.

Messrs. Gilbert and Cellier's new comic opera, "The Mountebanks," is now officially announced for production at the Lyric on Wednesday in next week. The libretto, duly printed in the United States, has by this time been deposited in the Library of Congress at Washington, and a copy of the vocal score will also be deposited, which will suffice to protect all American rights. A sort of Palace-of-Truth idea—certain braggarts doing good against their will—is, it is said, to be trotted out again, and there is to be a "put-a-penny-in-the-slot" version of a waxwork Hamlet and Ophelia. Mr. Sedger now proposes to concentrate all his energies in the Lyric and to part with the lease of the Prince of Wales's.

A great many absurd reports are current in regard to Mr. D'Oyly Carte's intentions at the Savoy. The fact is that two comic operas are in preparation; one by Messrs. Grundy and Sullivan, and the other by Messrs. Dance and Solomon. It is intended to produce the former first, and it is quite possible that "The Nautch Girl" will run until it is ready. If not, "Iolanthe" will be revived. Mr. Carte has no intention of reviving a series of Sullivan and Gilbert operas, and, indeed, less than a couple of months ago he sold off all the scenery and properties for several of them by auction. Sooner or later, as I was able to mention some months ago, a new Gilbert and Sullivan opera will be produced, but not a word of libretto or a note of music is yet written. Indeed, both parties propose to try collaboration with other partners before they again attempt a work in association.

The once famous juvenile prodigy, little Josef Hofmann, is now studying very hard in Germany, and a year or eighteen months hence he will probably make his

début as an adult pianist. Little Otto Hegner, on the other hand, is coming out again as a prodigy in February.

The extraordinary differences of opinion which have been the result of the Royal College production of Peter Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad" may be attributed to difference of temperament on the part of the critics. Lovers of the German school of comic opera, of which Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" is perhaps the most prominent example, admire "The Barber of Bagdad" for its avoidance of the trivial style, its broad burlesques of the older forms of Italian opera, and its satirical orchestration. Others miss the light touch of the French school, and to them the fun appears forced and almost elephantine. The story of the Barber from the "Arabian Nights" is, of course, absurdly thin and insufficient for such a work, and, indeed, except as to the character of the fussy, conceited old barber himself, who is a direct antithesis to the volatile Figaro of Beaumarchais and Rossini, the *dramatis personæ* are absolutely conventional and colourless, being, indeed, little better than mere lay-figures. The opera also needs to be played by experienced comedians. Still, even the young people of the Royal College gave a very fair account of the music, and in the parodies of operatic love songs and of elaborate ensembles and Italian cadenzas made their mark. In the love duet, in the second act, Cornelius seems to a certain extent to have been influenced by "Lohengrin," which was, of course, familiar to him, but the similarity of other parts of the work to the style of "Die Meistersinger," not a note of which was then written, is not a little remarkable. Whether Wagner derived any hints from Cornelius, or whether, as is more probable, both were to a certain extent influenced by Liszt, who was then head of the school, is a discussion into which I cannot enter here.

The fact that so many of our amateur orchestras have given performances within the past week or ten days will tend to indicate how rapidly the cultivation of symphonic music is progressing among private music lovers. Last Saturday week the Royal Amateur Orchestra, about a hundred strong, gave a concert. On the Monday, the Strolling Players, who number about ninety performers, produced, among other things, M. Wormser's "L'Enfant Prodigue" suite. On Tuesday, the Stock Exchange Orchestra, which numbers 107 performers, gave a concert at St. James's Hall, played the "Jupiter" symphony and Professor Stanford's prelude to the "Œdipus Rex" music, and produced (with the assistance of its male chorus) the choral ballad, "The Death of Young Romilly" (the text based upon Wordsworth's poem), by Mr. J. F. H. Read, a well-known stockbroker and amateur. On Wednesday, the Westminster Orchestral Society, of about ninety players, performed the "Jupiter" and another Mozart symphony, and produced a new pianoforte concerto, by Dr. Horton Allison, of Manchester, and a new choral ballad, entitled "The Festival," originally written by Professor Bridge, for Queen's College, Oxford. Here, then, in less than a week were close upon 400 amateur players giving orchestral concerts in the metropolis alone. And yet the intelligent foreigner holds fast to the faith that we are not a musical nation.

Mdlle. "Yrrac" (otherwise Miss "Carry" Maas), the young Dutch violinist, and pupil of Joachim and Ysaye, made her début on Thursday under somewhat distressing conditions. Her father, who had objected to the use of her family name for concert-giving purposes, was taken suddenly ill in Holland, and, indeed, died at about the precise moment when she stepped on to the platform. Under the circumstances, I need, therefore, only say that the young lady is a violinist of promise, though not yet a finished artist. On Thursday, also, Mr. F. Dawson, a gentleman who modestly described himself as "The celebrated young English pianist," gave a concert, and that clever pianist, Mrs. Charles Yates, gave a performance in a private house, her only solos being a prelude and study by Mendelssohn. The last of the Crystal Palace Concerts of the year was given on Saturday, Mr. Cowen conducting instead of Mr. Manns, who was absent in Scotland. On Monday, at the Popular Concerts, Brahms's new gipsy songs, his task during his last summer holidays, were produced for the first time in England. They are hardly equal in interest to the first set, but the last three of the series, all of them commendably brief and embued with the Czechish spirit, were the best. The quartets were sung (in a manner which reflected greater credit upon the vocalism of most of the party than upon their German) by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Mrs. Fassett, and Mr. Shakespeare.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—In reading the three volumes which have already appeared of Hans Breitmann's generally excellent translation of "Heine's Works" (1) I have again and again been reminded of Grabbe's delightful comedy in which Shakespeare in hell is represented as writing a commentary on Horn's works similar to that pedantic pietist's commentary on Shakespeare. Heine in hell commenting on the ineptitude or impertinence of some of Hans Breitmann's annotations of this translation of his works would be a not less suggestive subject for a satirist. For instance, Heine in his "Florentine Nights," apropos of a double execution he had witnessed in London—of an Englishman for sheep-stealing and of an Irishman for forgery—comments on the disproportionate barbarity of the punishment to the crimes. Not an unnatural or unamiable comment, you would say. But what says our Scotch-witted Dominie and Meenister, the translator? I must really quote for you his two notes, which immediately succeed each other, upon this disapproval of Heine's of the punishment of death for forgery:—

> Heine's sympathy for the Irishman who swindled a rich banker is but natural, if we may believe what is told in his Lives, that he himself when in England, having been entrusted by his uncle with a letter of credit, on the express condition that he should use only a part of it, drew the whole. When his uncle found fault with him for this, the nephew asked him, with an audacious insolence that staggered the great banker, "My dear uncle, did you really expect not to have to pay for the honour of bearing my name?"

What a fatuous and fat-headed note for a commentator on Heine, of all men, to write! But the succeeding note would have given Heine even more sardonic delight. Commenting upon Heine's contrast between the excessive protestation of Christian piety in England and the excessive savagery of the English penal code of that day, our Sandford and Merton monitor says:—

> Hardly to be cited as inconsistent. Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead—very deservedly—for cheating the Christian community out of a small sum, and lying.

By the way, is Hans Breitmann's use of "lay" for "lie," as in this sentence—"Everything must lay just as it was"—an American provincialism as well as an English vulgarism? What a contrast between Heine's "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women" and Lady Martin's "Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters" (2), of which charming book a new and enlarged edition has appeared. It would, however, be unfair to Lady Martin to compare, or I should, perhaps, say contrast, her pretty fancies even with Heine's pot-boiling *obiter dicta*; for his essays on Shakespeare's women were written up to supply the letterpress for a series of engravings. Still, they are Heine's; and to read Lady Martin's charming papers

(1) "The Works of Heinrich Heine." Vols I., II., III. Translated from the German by Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann). (London: William Heinemann.)
(2) "Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters." By Helena Faucit, Lady Martin. (London: William Blackwood & Sons.)
(3) "The Cambridge Shakespeare." Edited by William Aldis Wright. In Nine Volumes. Vol. I. (London: Macmillan & Co.)
(4) "The Mignon Edition of Shakespeare." Edited by Charles Knight. In Six Volumes. Vol. I. (London: George Routledge & Sons.)
(5) "Aytoun's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." (6) "A Bundle of Ballads." (7) "Poems by George Wither." (Companion Poets.) Edited by Henry Morley. (London: George Routledge & Sons.)
(8) "The Shi King." The Old Poetry Classic of the Chinese. A close Metrical Translation, with annotations. By William Jennings, M.A. (London: George Routledge & Sons.)
(9) "The Iliad and Odyssey of Homer." Translated by Alexander Pope. Edited by the Rev. H. F. Cary, M.A. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., D.C.L., M.P. (London: George Routledge & Sons.)
(10) "General Craufurd and His Light Division." By the Rev. Alexander H. Craufurd, M.A. (London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.)

after his is a little like reading Hans Breitmann's bathetic notes to his author's comments upon each play.

> As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
> After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
> Are idly bent on him that enters next,
> Thinking his prattle to be tedious.

However, every critic looks into Shakespeare as a man looks into a well—only deep enough to see the reflection of himself; for it is as true of this supreme poet as of Nature herself, that, as Coleridge says, "We receive but what we give." While on the subject of Shakespeare, I ought to mention that "The Cambridge Shakespeare" (3),—a superbly printed and got-up work under the scholarly editorship of Mr. Aldis Wright—is now in its third edition. If, however, you hold with Elia, "I do not care for a first folio of Shakespeare. I rather prefer the common editions of Rowe and Tonson, without notes, and with plates so execrably bad as to serve as maps, or modest remembrancers to the text; and, without pretending to any supposable emulation with it, are so much better than the Shakespeare Gallery engravings which *did*"—if, I say, you are of this mind, then by all means order the handiest little edition I have seen, "The Mignon" (4), whose worn illustrations by Sir John Gilbert are neither pretentious nor distracting, while the print is clear, the paper fine, and the price of each volume — 2s. 6d. — moderate. Yet more surprising is the price of the same publishers' "Companion Poets," almost uniform in size, &c., with their "Mignon" Shakespeare, and yet to be had for 1s. each. I have seen of this series, so far, Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" (5); "A Bundle of Ballads" (6); ("Chevy Chase," "The Nut-Brown Maid," "Robin Hood," &c.)—an excellent selection, and "George Wither's Poems" (7). Apropos of poetry, I should like to ask Sir John Lubbock if he included among his hundred books "The Chinese Shi King" (8) for poetry's or for pedantry's sake? It seems to me to come under the catalogue of those books which Voltaire said owed their immortality to their never being opened. I have looked through the volume without coming upon anything with a glimmer of poetry in its spirit, or a poetic ring in its music. Here, for instance, is one of these gems, not torn from its setting, but an entire poem :—

> "Fading, fading tree!
> Winds thy leaves will strew.
> O good sirs, good sirs!
> Lead—we follow you.
>
> Fading, fading tree!
> Sport of winds when high.
> O good sirs, good sirs!
> Lead—and we comply."

Do you give it up? So does the translator. At least here is his delightful comment :—

> The old expositors say that this piece is directed against the ruler of the State, who was weak while his ministers were strong. But later expositors see in it the solicitations of forward women.

Really Peter's accommodating commentary in "A Tale of a Tub" upon the word for "fringe" in his father's will, which might also, he said, be translated "broomstick," was not more elastic than this. Only fancy commentators for the last 6,000 years wrestling with this sparrow's twitter of a poem! I fear me much that the increase of knowledge from this Sir John Lubbock's "Hundred Books Series" will hardly compensate the world for the increase it promises to produce in the number of prigs—according to that happy definition of this objectionable creature, "An animal that is overfed for its size." However, no one can complain of the inclusion in the series of Pope's "Homer" (9), unless, indeed, on the ground that some readers might really suppose they were getting an idea not of Pope, but of Homer. They might as well imagine that they got an adequate idea of "The March of the Priests" from hearing it played upon the thin, sweet, cloying monotone of a flute. Among many incidents of Homeric heroism which I have been reading to-day in a most interesting book, "General Craufurd and his Light Division" (10), perhaps this is the most striking:—

> During Major Macleod's rush, Sergeant Robert McQuade, also from the North of Ireland, saw two Frenchmen level their muskets on rests against a high gap in a bank, awaiting an uprise of an enemy. Sir George Brown, then a lad of sixteen, afterwards Colonel-in-chief of the Rifle Brigade, attempted to ascend at the fatal point; but McQuade, himself only twenty-four years of age, pulled him back, saying, with a calm, decided tone, "You are too young, sir, to be killed." And then, offering his own person to the fire, fell dead, pierced with both balls.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely, DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—All the nice, rotund, florid, Cattle Show people are up in town now, and fume along the streets with that peculiar robustness of hard breathing which seems to come of living in the country. I do not mean that *you* breathe hard, or impatiently blow like a porpoise, while waiting at a crossing, but only the bucolic dwellers in rural districts.

I have never been to the Cattle Show, being too much afraid of having to pity the poor animals for their condition, immersed in fat, unable to walk properly or to breathe with placidity. I hate having to pity any one or anything. It hurts so to be unable to do anything for them. Charlie has paid a visit to Islington, however, and informed us at dinner the other evening that, as usual, he had to slap the pigs. Unfortunate animals! It seems that he never can see a fat pig without wanting to give it a sounding slap. If all the visitors to the Show are inspired by a similar wish, and indulge themselves in it, the poor pigs must have a very bad time of it.

I went down to Brighton last week to stay for a long twenty-four hours with Clara and her husband, who have a most beautiful suite of rooms at the Métropole. In parenthesis—What a splendid hotel that is! What luxury, and what comfort! After an excellent dinner in the large table-d'hôte room—amongst other things, we had truffled larks, that were served separately to each person, in the sweetest little white pannikins with covers—a friend of Clara's, who was dining with us, took us to a performance at the Hove Town-hall, given by the Brighton Green-room Club. The piece chosen was Mark Welford's farcical comedy "Turned Up"—not altogether a good piece for amateurs, as the farce is a great deal more prominent than the comedy, and unadulterated farce is far more difficult for amateur actors and actresses to handle effectively than good comedy. However, a Mr. J. G. Allen made a really admirable Carraway Bones, the undertaker and general dealer, for, whilst importing considerable originality and humour into the character, he, with only one exception, never overdid it. Captain Pollock, R.A., played the part of George Medway with considerable go, though the St. Vitus manner in which he kept his hands in perpetual motion made one long for him to have pockets in which he could place them. All the ladies were good, especially Miss Eveline Faulkner as Sabina Medway and Miss C. Woodhead, who played the part of the housekeeper, and whose get-up was evidently carefully studied from real life in a Regency-square lodging-house.

Are you beginning to be worried about Christmas presents? We are, dreadfully. Every fine day we go out to look for some. In one of our excursions we turned into the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company's premises in Regent-street, and saw some lovely things in jewellery. Their stock is all marked in plain figures—such a comfort to the buyers! We had had one of their illustrated catalogues, and had seen in it a bracelet that we thought would do for our joint wedding-gift to Eva Grey. We

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured

Dress and Habit Makers.—Messrs. John Roberts & Sons have now on view in their Show Rooms, Conduit-street and New Bond-street, a collection of original designs of outdoor Gowns, Coats Wraps, and Hats, especially prepared for the "Winter Season."

secured one for her at a price that I considered remarkably cheap, in gold, with a pretty chain design round each edge, and with a horse shoe of pearls in the centre. We saw many others of the most tempting kind. A curb chain bracelet, with pearls introduced at regular intervals, was one of these. The diamond clusters are lovely, these ranging from about £30 to several hundreds. Next we looked at some pendants in pearls, and pins for cravats. There is such a fascination about jewellery that one looks at things for which one has no earthly use, even if they were not beyond one's reach. You would have delighted in the sight of some fine Oriental pearl necklets. We were shown a beautiful tiara of fine stones which was convertible into a necklet. The design was floral. A pearl and diamond brooch was in a design of star and crescent, the former having five points, each ending in a collet stone. A magnificent necklet, which could also be used as a bandeau for the hair, was in large single stones, price £2,000. The colour of these was perfect, being purest white. A very pretty little brooch was in the form of a fuchsia flower and buds, all in diamonds, even the leaves being frosted over with them. A new form of crescent, in diamonds, is called the "spread," the ends being drawn out so that the curve almost entirely disappears. The diamond stars almost made us covetous, so great was their beauty. A very large one, with six points, had collet stones between each point, a lovely design. A sword for the hair, in gold, had a diamond hilt, and the point was furnished with a section of a scabbard, also covered with diamonds, which fastens on with a spring when the sword is thrust through the hair or dress. The variety of lace pins was so great that I cannot now remember any in particular, only retaining a general impression of much beauty. A lovely one that at this moment recalls itself to mind was in large diamonds with a big white pearl in the centre. A bracelet in turquoise and diamonds was so made that it could be worn as a comb in the hair. Turquoises are very fashionable now. Emeralds are the favourite stones for rings. A lovely spray of wild roses, leaves, and buds for the hair was made flexible, so that the costly flowers quiver with the slightest movement and sparkle ineffably. It was with difficulty that we tore ourselves away from all this enchantment, but we had an appointment with Eva Grey and her mother to lunch at Verrey's and afterwards go shopping with them.

I wonder if I really like shopping? A woman starts with the supposition that she does, and accepts it as a truth without really finding out if it be so or not. Shopping is very tiring work, especially if the people who are laying out their money are of the slow, deliberating, hesitating order, who falter over every little purchase, and even when things are bought, sent home, and paid for, very often return them to be exchanged for something else. One feels a sharer in the guilt of such shoppers by merely being with them when they perpetrate their evil deeds. Eva is rather vacillating in this way, but her mother keeps her to the point. We went to Mappin Brothers' to choose some entrée dishes, and there found some in a new and handsome design, richly chased. The whole shop was full of pretty things suitable for Christmas presents and New Year's gifts. A splendid toilet suite in a handsome Louis XVI. design was one of the most elaborate. The mirror, in its silver frame, was of large size, and the other things, such as brushes, combs, trays, powder-box, pincushions, button-hook, shoe-horn, jewel-boxes, bonnet-whisk, hand-glass, and toilet bottles, all matched it in beauty. A large glass jar, intended for holding lavender salts, was made with a wide gilt rim, and a solid gilt lid to match, with substantial glass stopper inside. When open, and the stopper out, the odour of the salts fills the room very pleasantly, banishing anything disagreeable in a short space of time. Mappin Brothers has brought out a new pattern in spoons, called the Clarence, with Queen Anne handle and Louis XIV. shield. It is a handsome design. A pretty present is a powder-box, in chased electro, with a bell at the top, which rings very musically. The box is in a morocco case, lined with pale blue satin. A new toilet bottle is in engraved crystals, with handsome top in chased silver. Tiny miniature candlesticks are for holding a cigar-light. A small baby kettle is really a spirit-lamp for smokers. Some of the inkstands have a little bell like that on the powder-box.

A very delightful article for a present is a solid silver inkstand, with places for two ink-bottles and hollows for pens on either side of them. The bottles have beautiful little flat silver tops, with gadroon edges, copied from the period of George III. Solid silver covers for prayer-books, the morocco binding of which is visible through the interstices of the open-work silver, would to many be acceptable gifts. We also noticed match-box cases, in tortoiseshell and silver, and, of course, dressing-bags of all sizes and all prices. For the table there were jelly-dishes in glass with electro stand, and practical little jam-dishes with very tall handles, provided with a hook on which to hang the spoon, so as to keep it out of the jam. A beautiful claret-jug engraved in crystal had a gilt top and a band of engraved gilt round the centre of the widest part. A quaint and delightful Black Forest spirit-bottle, mounted in silver, has four tubes of glass separate from the body of the bottle, and one in the centre. With spirit in these, the effect must be very pretty, for the five tubes are filled with it as well as the base and the upper part. Each tube forms a kind of handle, by which it is easy to grasp the bottle. Sweet little electro trays for bonbons were among the novelties, larger ones to match them being intended for fruit.

You remember last week I told you of some inexpensive presents which you might send to your friends in lieu of Christmas-cards. Well, ever since I have been absolutely haunted with the fairy phantoms which carry the good wishes one feels bound to scatter broadcast at Christmastide. Only a day or two after I had written those lines, I made an attempt to select a few pretty cards to send to my acquaintance. I was going to send "useful" presents to my friends, now I am sure some will get the merely ornamental. Will you believe it? The task was more difficult even than the selection of a bonnet. I had thought that in a few minutes I should have got through the business—then a selection of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons' productions was laid before me, and I lost count of time. This year it is like making choice from one of the treasure caverns of an "Arabian Nights'" story, the pale-frosted scenes of yesterday glitter to-day with a brilliant jewellery that would be meretricious were it not so artistic. Messrs. Tuck seemed to have reached the zenith of card-decoration, and yet—Christmas will come again next year. Even the booklets are spangled with glowing points of colour, two of them, "Stringed Melodies" and "Nature's Treasures," being specially attractive. Some other booklets I bought for my very little friends shaped like heads, and opening upon a series of clever illustration. False art! Well, perhaps it is, but then the youngsters will be pleased with seeing the pictures that are impressed upon puggie's brain.

One word more: the pretty and the useful are combined in the charming calendars, to which some of my friends will often refer in the coming year.

I next examined some delightful examples from Glasgow. I did not think it possible that from such a gloomy city such dainty specimens of printing could be issued. Messrs. Alexander Baird & Son's private Christmas cards are quite the prettiest I have seen, and they publish, too, some specimens of programmes that I am determined shall perpetuate for years the memory of our Christmas dance.

Some more charming work—from Munich this time—was shown me, published by the Artistic Lithographic Company. You will be sure to receive some of their cards amongst your budget, for they will be general favourites; and if you should happen to get that pretty booklet, "Songs of Trust and Triumph," you will, I am sure, agree with me that Ethelene E Dell has some of the prettiest fancies given to any of the artists engaged in this work this year.

CASH'S Cambric Frillings, Names, Initials, &c. New Pattern Book (containing woven samples) free by post.—Address, J. & J. CASH, Coventry.

Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. have as admirable a selection of cards as ever, but their illustrated booklets would, I am sure, meet with far more approbation from the little ones than the simple card.

But, after all, the most beautiful of this season's gift-books come from Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner. There is nothing that will compare with the dainty edition of modern ballads illustrated by the late Alice Havers, unless it be another charming selection of poems by F. E. Weatherley that Miss Bennett pictures so tenderly in "Over the Hills Away." Their booklets are as perfect as the larger productions. I wanted to keep every one of which I turned the pages, and it was with regret that I left them—a regret which, by the way, was intensified when I felt compelled to leave the purchase of "Some Well-known Characters from Dickens" until a time when my purse was in a more inflated condition. In this latter book Mr. Clayton Clark has just that exaggeration of treatment which his subject demands. I could not, however, pass by the cards—perfect pictures in soft tones, with bright words of greeting—or nosegays of almost living flowers. My determination was to purchase some, and make a scrap-book of my own, the pages of which I might turn when the weather was more than usually depressing. These were too lovely to send to children; so I have chosen some new games for them, and, by sending them Stumbling Blocks and Spottit—this latter a new geographical game—I am going to make their mothers' and nurses' lives easy during the long evenings.

I, of course, paid my annual visit to Charbonnell & Walker's, and I think that their assortment of lovely things is even greater this year than ever. Although they have many beautiful presents, I still remain faithful to the exquisite embroidery, coupled with painting, which forms the chief part of the decoration of most of this firm's goods. Their clever manageress has discovered a most talented Parisian lady, who not only paints exquisitely on satin, &c., but introduces, in a delightfully original and natural manner, embroidery into her pictures. A huge screen of pale faded rose-coloured plush with a painted panel (a copy of a celebrated old picture), is a masterpiece. An embroidered silk-worked bag, which is, of course, filled with chocolates, is slung beneath, but can be removed at will. A large embossed and highly-decorative drum is lodged between three sticks and forms a roomy work-table; but oh, dear! what a number of pounds of goodies it would require to fill that drum! A nice present to receive, but an expensive one to give. A delightful little occasional table, which would grace any drawing-room, is composed of two tambourines, also suspended between three or four smart supports. I cannot tell you to what a state of perfection some of the embroidery is now brought. The fineness of the silk and gold threads, and the delicacy of the colouring make one fancy that hands could scarcely have executed it. Some of the best of this was made up into useful-looking bags, after the shape of a common fish-basket. But one of the most delightful pieces of painting and embroidery had just been sold—in fact, to the grief of the enthusiastic manageress, it had been disposed of before it was shown in the window. It was, indeed, a chef d'œuvre, being a beautiful painting of a smiling, winsome maiden tripping in a garden, with a basket of flowers (embroidered) hung round her neck.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE,—How does the approach of Christmas find you? Resigned to the inevitable, and bracing yourself to get through the festive (?) season in the usual festive manner? Each year I try a fresh experiment in the way of getting through this trying time, but up to this have never hit upon one satisfactory enough to invite repetition. At the beginning of the month I had half-formed thoughts of completely ignoring the festivity, of shutting my eyes to the abnormal growths of mistletoe and of holly and ivy around me; to the intrusion of dolls and toys, even into the shops most seriously devoted to our grown-up interests; and last, not least, to the looks of general expectancy on the faces of those who, whatever may be their feelings of liberty and equality throughout the rest of the year, condescend at this season to accept gratuities from "a man and a brother." Intentions are one thing, the carrying out of them quite another. Well are we called the weaker sex, if it means that our weak points are many. One of mine is a distinct taste for toys in general and dolls in particular. Have you, too, perhaps, some leaven of this weakness? My half-formed intention fell before it, for one day last week I found myself returning from a shopping expedition the absolute possessor of a doll. Such a lovely creature of wax and sawdust! A perfect work of art, like only too many of its flesh and blood prototypes. Beautiful eyes with black lashes and a cloud of golden hair, softly tinted cheeks and glistening red lips. The dress also perfection, complete in *fin de siècle* requirements, even to the watch in the bracelet on the wrist. She was irresistible! And having surrendered to her charms I am determined on completing the business generously and freely, and making a full surrender to Father Christmas, hoary old humbug though I know him to be, with his pretensions and airs of jollity. I hate half-heartedness, whether concerning the big or the trifling things of life; my only alternatives are "all in all" or "not at all." Therefore I am committed to Christmas in its most acute form. To Christmas-boxes, dinners, and revelry, to beef and turkey, above all to plum-pudding. A weak thought occurred to me, just for a moment, of making a reservation regarding the plum-pudding—that sweetmeat of awful possibilities—I conquered it, however, and my generosity in surrender remains unimpaired. My acceptance of all the orthodox Christmas articles of faith is now without reservation. By the way, who, I wonder, was the inventor of the plum-pudding? Since when has it been a traditional part of that terrible repast—the Christmas-day dinner? It certainly affords no illustration of the theory of the survival of the fittest; indeed, the idea of survival is the last in the world to be associated with it. Some culinary pessimist, in his most morbid mood, must have conceived the mixing together of so many deadly ingredients to the sorrow and discomfort of the human race. Think of the accession of sardonic feeling which led to its invention at a season of special feasting and festivity. Suet, flour, currants, the rind of oranges and lemons! Could malignant ingenuity go further—stopping short of actual poisons—in the collection of materials!

It is not gay in Dublin just now, and the weather—as with you—has been dreadful; rain and storms from every point of the compass. The Royal marriage is the one pleasant topic. At least, is not marriage always viewed in a pleasant light? Over here we naturally do not gush so much about young people of whom we know little or nothing. In a general way, however, we all know that every girl who is about to make a good match—whether or not she be a Princess—at once blooms forth into the possession of every virtue under the sun. What a world it is! What unblushing worship of success!

I always thought it was the advocates of women's rights who alone maintained that the daughter's nationality was decided by that of the mother. Most of the papers have dwelt most specially on the fact of the Princess May being English, no question at all of her Austrian blood. I wonder how the poor Duke of Teck likes being ignored in that way? Possibly we may not now have the Duke of Clarence here for the early part of the season, which will be a sore disappointment. Many social hopes were founded on his presence amongst us, it looks as if they were likely to be doomed to disappointment. The Chief Secretary and his family are now settled in the official residence in Phœnix Park. Mr. Jackson has lately been crossing and re-crossing the Irish Channel in rivalry with Lord Ashbourne. Under the influence of the tempestuous weather he may get inspired to cross the narrow line of boundary between Local Government and Home Rule. Stormy crossings to sea-girt islands give very forcible hints that those whom Providence has made natives of these islands should themselves govern them. Don't you think so? Talking of Governors, Lord and Lady Zetland, with their family, are now settled at the Viceregal Lodge for Christmas. They have given a few small dinner-parties, and Lord Zetland attended the winter cattle show at Ball's Bridge last week. A very wintry exhibition indeed, held in storm and rain. On January 5 their Excellencies give the usual children's ball at the Viceregal Lodge. A flower ball on this occasion. Every little girl is to represent a flower, whilst the whole range of fancy dresses remains open to the choice of the little boys The latter are evidently assumed to be incapable of looking floral What a good time children have nowadays, enough to make us feel a grudge at having been hurried into the world too soon. Only the poor young married women are to be pitied, like Lady Russell. Imagine the tyranny of being restricted by a brutal husband to only six cigarettes in the day!—Yours ever, CLARE.

By the way, what do you do with the recipes I send you every week? If you have no plan, let me advise you to get one of the large "Letts' Diaries," published by Messrs. Cassell, and copy them therein. I always have several of these on hand, for they contain so much space and are arranged so nicely that I am never at a loss either as to engagements or the hundred little incidents which must be noted or else forgotten. There is another little diary which, when you are choosing, you may prefer for pocket purposes. "Walker's Diary" is so compact that it is positively a pleasure to enter one's trifling memoranda in it.

But I must leave the absorbing subject of presents to deal with my weekly instalment of recipes. These

Fourpence a Quart is the AYLESBURY DAIRY COMPANY'S price for the Very Best Milk.—Chief Office, 31, St. Petersburgh-place, Bayswater, London, W. Full particulars on application.

chicken cutlets are rather nice, and not very difficult to make:—

Cut the white meat from a couple of roast chickens, free from skin or gristle, lay it in a stewpan with a gill of veal stock, one boned anchovy, an onion, two cloves, a bunch of sweet herbs, and a gill of white wine. Let it simmer slowly for fifteen minutes, take out the meat, strain half the liquor into a clean saucepan, put in a lump of butter the size of a walnut, one blade of mace pounded, a pinch of mushroom powder, salt to taste, the grated rind and juice of half a lemon. Mince the chicken, dredging over it a little flour, put it again into the saucepan, and stir well until the butter is thoroughly melted. Carefully add a gill of cream, and still stir in one direction until the mixture has thickened. Have ready a frying-pan half full of well-heated bacon liquor. Flour a plate, and with two spoons form the paste into cutlets, using a small piece of the leg-bone of the chicken to represent the bone of the cutlet. Lay them in the heated fat until just set, then take them up and drain them on thin white paper. Arrange the cutlets on a bed of small cress, which has been well washed and thoroughly drained without bruising.

If for an entrée the chicken cutlets may be served with celery dressed and fried in the following manner:—

Cut off the tops and green parts of four heads of celery, clear away the outside stalks, pare the roots, wash and dry well. Mix the yolks of two well-beaten eggs with a gill of white wine, a table spoonful of flour, and salt to taste. Dip the heads of celery separately into a batter formed of these ingredients, and fry them in butter. When done lay on a hot dish, screen with thick rich gravy or a ladle of coulis.

Try this way of making a loin of mutton into "Mock Hare":—

Bone a loin of mutton which has been previously hung for two or three days. Season it with a teaspoonful of pepper, one of allspice, a blade of mace pounded, and a tablespoonful of moist sugar. Place it in the larder until the next day. Well beat the meat with a rolling-pin, lay the fat downwards, and cover with a stuffing made in the same way as you would prepare it for a hare. Roll it lengthwise, tie it with tapes to secure the forcemeat, bake in a good oven until half cooked, When the loin is nearly cold, take off the fat, tighten the tapes, flour the meat well and lay it in a stewpan with a pint of good gravy. Let it simmer until tender, then add a glassful of port wine, a tablespoonful of catsup, a pinch of browning salt, one boned and blanched anchovy. Take up the "hare," remove the tapes, lay it on a hot dish, thicken the gravy with a lump of butter worked well in flour, and let it boil for a moment. Then screen the meat with the gravy, which must be quite thick. Garnish with sprigs of thyme and slices of lemon. Serve with currant jelly in small glasses.

Ever, dear, your loving cousin, MADGE.

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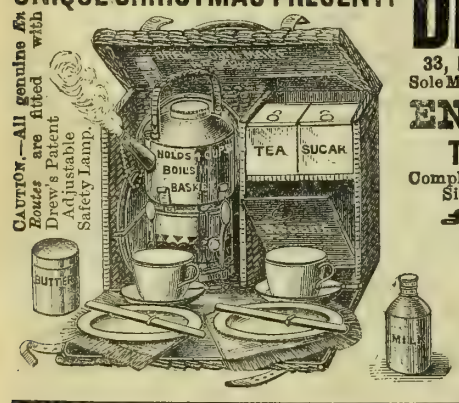

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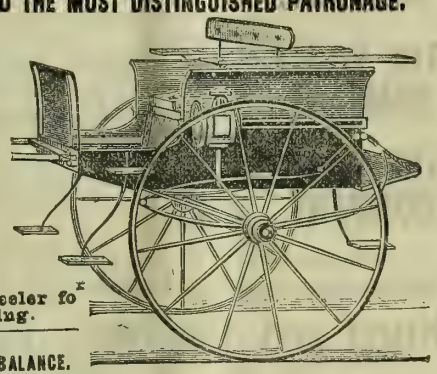

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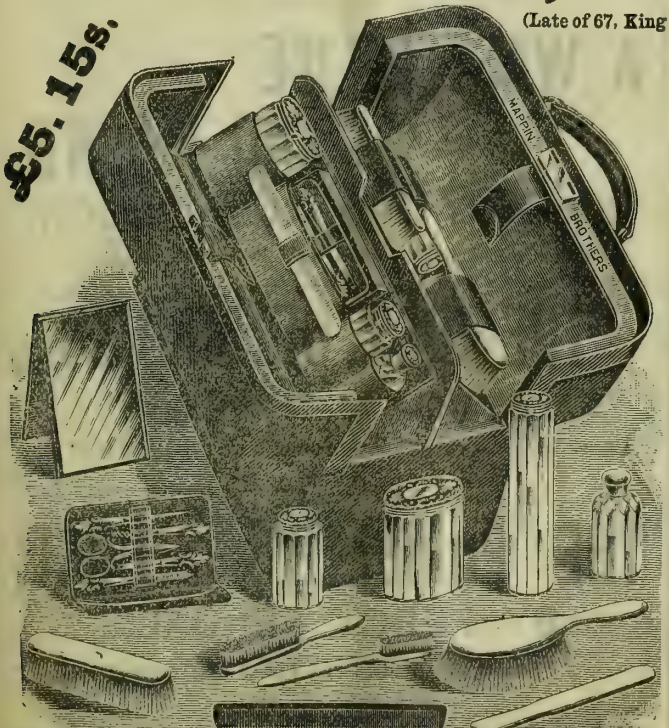

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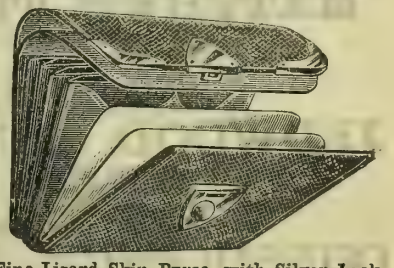

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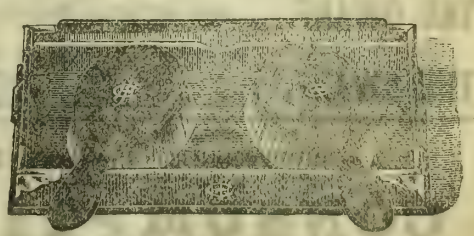

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EVERY EVENING, at 8, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's successful Play, THE DANCING GIRL. (Last Weeks.)
Mr. Tree, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. F. Kerr, Mr. Allan, Mr. C. Hudson, Mr. Robb Harwood, Mr. Batson, Mr. Goring; Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Horlock, Miss Aylward, Miss Ayrtoun, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, Miss Adelaide Gunn, Miss Hethcote, and Miss Rose Leclercq.
Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open daily, 10 till 5,
MATINÉES, SATURDAY NEXT, December 19, and following Saturday, at 2.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8.30, Second Edition of JOAN OF ARC, in which Mr. E. J. Lonnen and Mr. Arthur Roberts, with full Gaiety Company, appear. Preceded, at 7.25, by FIRST MATE.—Box-office now open. Doors open at 7.15.

SAVOY THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, R. D'OYLY CARTE.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, and EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at 2.30, the new Indian Comic Opera, in Two Acts, entitled THE NAUTCH GIRL, By George Dance and Edward Solomon. Lyrics by George Dance and Frank Desprez. Produced by Mr. Charles Harris. Preceded at 7.40, by CAPTAIN BILLY. Doors open at 7.30.

ADELPHI.—A. & S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—Every Evening, at 8, a New and Original Drama, by Geo. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan, entitled THE TRUMPET CALL. Mr. Leonard Boyne, Miss Evelyn Millard, &c. Scenery by Bruce Smith and W. Hann. Doors open 7.30. Box-office open 10 to 6.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.—Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, Miss Mary Moore, and the Criterion Company, Every Evening at 9, in Bronson Howard's celebrated psychological Study, entitled BRIGHTON. Preceded, at 8.15, by HEADS OR TAILS. Doors open at 7.45. Carriages at 11.

COMEDY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. CHAS. H. HAWTREY.—Every Evening, at 9 o'clock, GODPAPA. Mr. Charles H. Hawtrey, Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, and Mr. Charles Brookfield; Miss Annie Irish, Miss Vane Featherston, and Miss Lottie Venne. At 8.20, A BREEZY MORNING. Matinée every Saturday.—Box-office open 10 till 10.
Business Manager, Mr. E. F. BRADLEY.

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Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
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THE CRUSADERS,
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Box-office open from 10 till 7, and during the performance.
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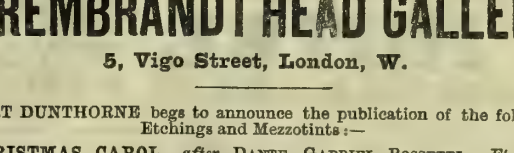

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7, HARPUR STREET, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

— PATRON—THE QUEEN. —

During the last quarter the Society investigated **2,181** complaints of cruelty to children.

GENERAL ILLTREATMENT, 426. NEGLECT AND STARVATION, 1,252. BEGGING CASES, 113. ASSAULTS, 103. ABANDONMENT AND EXPOSURE, 120. IMMORALITY, 96. OTHER WRONGS, 71.

The welfare of 5,128 Children was involved in the above. Funds urgently needed to maintain and extend the work.

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(CONVALESCENT BRANCH, WEMBLEY, NEAR HARROW-ON-THE-HILL).

Free to the Children of the Poor without Letter of Recommendation. Accident and Urgent Cases admitted at any time

During 1890—In-patients admitted, 454. New Out-patient cases, 9,146. Total attendances of Out-patients, 27,624.

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A Friend has promised £105, provided £3,000 can be raised by Christmas. Over £1,000 has already been received or promised.

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Great Ormond St., Bloomsbury.

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TO PAY BILLS AND KEEP THIS CHARITY FREE FROM DEBT.

ADRIAN HOPE, *Secretary.*

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PADDINGTON, W.,

Stands in Great Need of HELP.

Its Income is at present £4,000 less than in 1890, while the demands by the sick and injured have increased.

The smallest gift will be welcomed, and will be most gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Mr. THOMAS RYAN, at the Hospital.

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STRAND, W.C.

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The deficit on 31st December, 1890, was £7,550.

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Last year 665 patients were treated in the wards, and 40,920 attended as out-patients.

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H. A. DOWELL, *Treasurer.*

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Monthly Investment List with Notes on Railways, Foreign Stocks, Industrial and Miscellaneous Shares and Mines—*Free on Application.*

References in every large town in England.

BANKERS—City Bank, Threadneedle-street, E.C.

Stock delivered to any London Bankers in exchange for cash.

Special attention to Investment Business.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—

CORNFORTH, LONDON.

ESTATES, AUCTIONS, &c.

ALDRIDGE'S.—Thirty Horses.—Expiration of Lease of the Royal Kerrison Mews, Waterloo-street, Brighton. Instructed by Messrs. S. Young & Son, Jobmasters, who are short of stable-room in consequence of the expiration of their lease of the above premises,

MESSRS. W. & S. FREEMAN will SELL by AUCTION, at ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane, London, Without Reserve, on WEDNESDAY next, DECEMBER 23, Thirty young genuine well-conditioned HORSES, warranted quiet and fit to go to work at once. Catalogues forwarded. On view two days before and morning of sale.

W. & S. FREEMAN.

HYDE PARK AND PORTMAN ESTATES. — Messrs. FREDERICK A. HULLETT, BOOKER, & CO.'S Registers of the Select Furnished and Unfurnished Residences, TO BE LET and SOLD, may be inspected daily at their Auction and Estate Agency Offices, Albion House, Hyde Park-square (the corner of Albion-street), W.

HAMPTON & SONS (of Pall Mall East),

ESTATE AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, VALUERS, and SURVEYORS, have Opened New Offices at No. 1, Cockspur-street (late Waterloo House), S.W. Monthly List of Country Houses to be Let furnished or unfurnished, and Estate, for Sale, will be sent post free for three stamps. Agents for the fine Residential Flats at Whitehall-court. See following advertisement.

RESIDENTIAL FLATS, WHITEHALL COURT,

FACING THAMES EMBANKMENT, AND WHITEHALL PLACE, S.W.

These excellent Suites are fitted with every modern convenience, *e.g.*, hot and cold water, electric light and bells, visitors' and servants' lifts in operation night and day, and occupy the finest position in London, affording extensive views of the river (with the Surrey Hills in the distance) and the Embankment Gardens. They are also most conveniently and centrally situate with respect to the principal Clubs, Theatres, &c. The rooms are all finished to suit the wishes of incoming tenants, and the rentals include all rates, taxes, water supply, lighting and heating of the corridors and staircases, and the services of all the porters. The suites may be viewed at any time on application to the Superintendent, J. C. SUMMERFIELD, at the office on the premises; or to HAMPTON & SONS, Estate Agents, 1, Cockspur-street (late Waterloo House), S.W.

LONDON.—QUEEN ANNE'S MANSIONS,
ST. JAMES'S PARK, S.W.
MOST BEAUTIFUL AND CENTRAL POSITION.
FLATS WITH ENTIRE SERVICE.

The large extension is now completed, and comprises furnished and unfurnished apartments. Each suite consists of living and bed-rooms with bath-room and lavatory, hot and cold water. Electric light throughout. Excellent cuisine and wines; large dining, reading, billiard, and smoking-rooms. Magnificent ball-room, lawn-tennis grounds. Rents moderate and inclusive.—Address MANAGER.

NEW TRAVELLERS' CLUB,

97, PICCADILLY, W.

The new Club House is now approaching completion, and the Secretary begs to inform intending Candidates for election without entrance fee that all particulars, candidates' forms, &c., can be obtained, copies of the rules and plan of the building seen, at the Temporary Offices,

3, WATERLOO-PLACE,
PALL MALL, S.W.

CHAMBERS or FLATS (RESIDENTIAL) TO BE LET, in suites of from one to twelve rooms, in proximity to City, West-end, theatres, and central railway stations. Cooking and attendance if required by resident housekeeper. Electric light and hall porter in uniform. Boy messenger boxes. —Apply to HOUSEKEEPER, 67, 68, 69, Chancery-lane; or to Collector's Office, 63, Chancery-lane.

SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

CHEAP THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS from London to the West of England, North and South Devon, Plymouth, the Somerset and Dorset Line, Weymouth, Dorchester, Poole, Bournemouth, &c., will be issued by all trains on 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th Dec. (not to or from Somerset and Dorset Stations on Christmas Day), available to return up to and including 29th Dec.

To GUERNSEY and JERSEY, from Waterloo and other London Stations on 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th Dec. Fare 25s., available for 14 days by any Train.

On 24th Dec. an EXTRA TRAIN will leave Waterloo for the Salisbury, Yeovil, Exeter, and the WEST OF ENGLAND Lines, at 4.45 p.m. The 5.0 p.m. train from Waterloo will convey passengers to North Devon Stations, Sidmouth, Exeter, Tavistock, Plymouth, &c. A SPECIAL LATE TRAIN will leave Waterloo at 8.45 p.m., Kensington 8.5 p.m., calling at principal stations, for EXETER, Barnstaple, Bideford, Devonport, PLYMOUTH, South and North Devon, &c. The Cheap Tickets will be issued by this Train.

A SPECIAL (Midnight) TRAIN will leave Waterloo at 11.45 p.m. on Christmas Eve for Basingstoke, Winchester, Portsmouth, Southampton West, Brockenhurst, Wimborne, Wareham, and Dorchester.

On CHRISTMAS DAY a SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Waterloo at 5.50 a.m., for Basingstoke, Salisbury, EXETER, Tavistock and Plymouth, calling at principal Stations. The 8.30 a.m. train from Waterloo to Yeovil will be extended, calling at all stations.

A SPECIAL EXTRA TRAIN will leave Waterloo at 8.5 a.m., calling at principal stations for SOUTHAMPTON, PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR (for Ryde), Gosport, Romsey, Salisbury, Christchurch, Bournemouth, Lymington, Yarmouth, &c. &c. A Special Fast Train, at Cheap Fares, will leave Waterloo at 9.30 a.m. for Southampton West, New Forest, and Bournemouth, calling at principal stations.

For further particulars of additional trains, Isle of Wight facilities, &c., see handbills and programmes.

Tickets can be obtained beforehand, at the South Western Company's West End Office, 30, Regent-street, Piccadilly-circus; the Central Office, 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; the City Office, Exeter Building, Arthur-street, West; Swan with Two Necks, Gresham-street, City; Dun Horse Yard, High-street, Boro,' &c. HANDBILLS can also be obtained at any of the above offices, or by post from the office of the Traffic Superintendent, Waterloo.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

PLEASURE CRUISE TO SOUTH OF SPAIN

CYPRUS, PALESTINE, &c.

The ORIENT COMPANY will dispatch their large, full-powered steamship, LUSITANIA, 3,877 tons register, 4,000 horse-power, from London, on 22nd February, for a cruise of eight weeks, visiting Cadiz, Tangier, Malaga, Nice, Syracuse, Santorin, Cyprus, Beyrout (for Damascus), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Alexandria (for Cairo), Malta, Gibraltar. Passengers leaving London as late as the 5th March can, by travelling overland, overtake the steamer at Nice. Deck saloon, smoke-rooms on deck and below, electric lighting, electric bells, hot and cold baths, first-class cuisine. The CHIMBORAZO, 3,847 tons register, will leave London, on 30th March, for a 44 days' cruise to Sicily, Greece, Constantinople, &c.—Managers, F. GREEN & Co., and ANDERSON, ANDERSON, & Co., Fenchurch-avenue, London. For further particulars of above and later cruises apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch-avenue, or to West-end branch office, 16, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

Est. 1818. 10 Prize Medals. **HEERING'S** Gold Medals, Paris, 1878. London, 1884.

ONLY GENUINE

COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.

PETER F. HEERING, Purveyor by Appointments to the Royal Danish and Imperial Russian Courts, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Sold by all respectable Wine Merchants.

FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY!

DAKIN & COMP.Y

CONTINUE TO SUPPLY THE

FINEST TEAS AND COFFEES

IMPORTED.

SPECIALITÉ TEAS, 1/6, 2/-, and 2/6.
SPECIALITÉ COFFEES, 1/4, 1/6, 1/8, 1/10.

PRICE LIST AND SAMPLES POST FREE.

No. ONE ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C.

& 30, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

"AS WELL FOR THE BODY AS THE SOUL."

THE CHILDREN OF DARKEST ENGLAND.

THE Committee of "**Dr. Barnardo's Homes**" desire to place before the readers of these pages the claims of these Institutions upon the benevolence of the thoughtful public.

At present the Homes contain the very large number of **4,200** Waif Children, for the most part rescued from the Slums, the Common Lodging Houses, and the miserable Life of Darkest England, constituting, in fact, the largest family of homeless children in the world. As may be imagined, a family so numerous demands a large sum for maintenance, education, industrial training, and Christian instruction, £140 per day being required for food alone!

Three Open-All-Night Shelters are each night admitting numbers of the utterly Homeless, Friendless, Workless, and Foodless Class—pitiable Waifs and Strays. By means of these "Cities of Refuge" hands are laid upon some of the most needy and helpless children, who thus become recipients of the permanent benefits of the Homes.

Experienced agents are at work almost continually, day and night, searching throughout London for unhappy children who otherwise might escape notice, and who are suffering from want of food, from the companionship of the vicious and criminal, or from the savagery of cruel guardians.

No destitute child applying for admission has ever been refused during the whole history of the Institutions.

One fact connected with the Institutions, and not sufficiently realised by the public generally, is that children who are cripples, who are deaf and dumb, who are blind, or who are covered (as is often the case) with loathsome skin affections, are, if **Destitute,** immediately admitted to the Institutions, at any hour of the day or night, irrespective of age, sex, creed, or nationality.

There is no system of election adopted by the Managers, nor is the offer or promise of money ever necessary to secure admission for really destitute "Waifs and Strays."

About **1,600** trained youths and maidens leave the Institutions *every year* for situations at home and abroad, and their careers are subsequently watched over and followed until they reach manhood or womanhood.

Very nearly **5,000** Boys and Girls have been placed out in carefully selected homes in the Colonies, with the marvellous result that **less than 2 per cent. are reported as having failed.** **10,000** other young people have, after training, been placed out in service at home, or sent to sea. In all, **19,000** Children have been rescued and saved through the agency of these Homes.

Children of happy homes are invited to join the **Young Helpers' League,** an association of boys and girls of the upper and middle class, in aid of crippled, blind, deaf and dumb, and sick children of the Waif class (of which H.R.H. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, is the President). For forms of application write to Miss Rachel Norton, Secretary of the "Y.H.L.," at the address of the Offices given below.

£16 will support one *healthy* child for a whole year in any of our London Homes.

£9 will pay for the complete outfit and passage money of one child Emigrated to either of our Branch Homes in *Ontario,* Canada; £54 will do the same for six children.

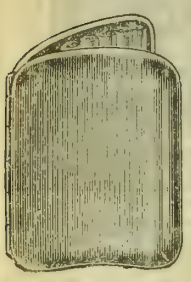
Donations or Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Mr. William Fowler; by the Chairman of Committee, Mr. Samuel G. Sheppard; by the Bankers, London and South-Western Bank (Bow Branch), and Messrs. Prescott, Dimsdale, & Co.; or by the Director, Dr. Thos. J. Barnardo, at this address.

JOHN ODLING, *Secretary.*

Offices of "Dr. Barnardo's Homes and Mission,"
18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

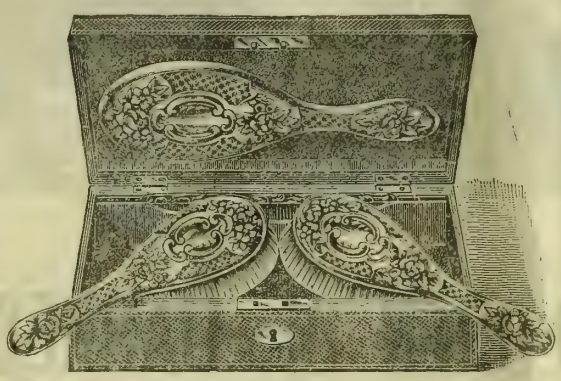
Mappin & Webb's

'Xmas Presents in Art Silver Work.

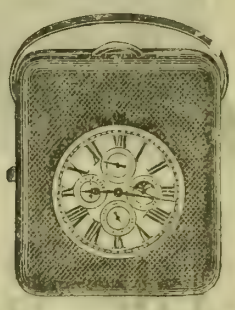


Sterling Silver Cigarette Case, to hold 10, concave, £2 5 0

Sterling Silver Fusee Case, with ring, concave, £1 1 0



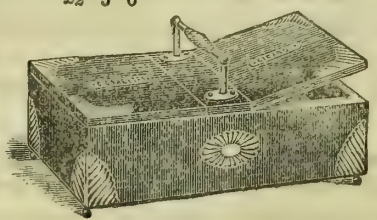
Pair Repoussé Chased Sterling Silver Hair Brushes and Hand Mirror, in Leather Case.
Complete, with Silver Mounted Tortoiseshell Comb, £3 10 0
Pair Brushes only, in Case £3 18 0



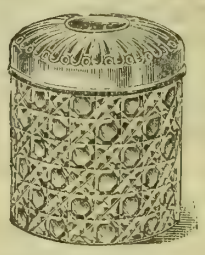
Automatic Lever Calendar Watch, showing Dates and Phases of the Moon. Dial, 2½ in. diameter. Complete in Case, £2 17 6. Guaranteed.

Repoussé Chased Sterling Silver Case for Bryant & May's Matches.
Large Size £1

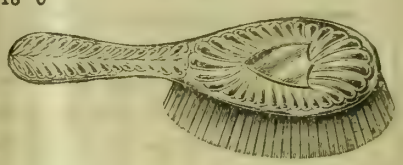
Fluted Sterling Silver Powder Box, Gilt inside, 2½ in. diam. £2 5 0



Cigar and Cigarette Box, Polished Oak, Nickel Mounts, 12/6.



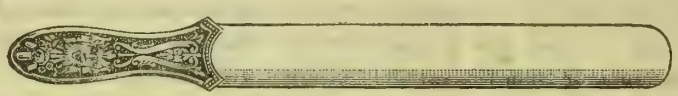
Richly Cut Glass Powder Jar, with Antique Chased Sterling Silver Top; Diameter, 3 in. £1 18 0



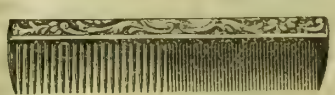
Sterling Silver Hair Brush £1 10 0
Sterling Silver Hand Mirror to Match, Fluted £3 3 0

Handsome Toilet Bottle in Cut Glass, with Sterling Silver Mounts, £1 8 0
Height 5½ in.

Sterling Silver Fluted Cloth Brush, 18/6.



Fine African Ivory Paper Knife, with handsomely Chased Sterling Silver Handle, 17 in. long, £1 15 0



Tortoiseshell Comb, with Massive Sterling Silver Mounts, £1 0 0. Tail Comb to match, 17/6.

Finest Crocodile Calf-lined Letter Wallet, with Sterling Silver Hall-marked Corners.
5½ in., £1 5 0; 6 in., £1 12 6
Polished Morocco—
5½ in., £1 2 6; 6 in., £1 5 6
Pierced Sterling Silver Monogram, 8/6

Cigar Case, Lined Calf, Nickel Frame, Pigskin, 8/, 10/, 12/; Crocodile or Lizard Skin, 10/6 12/6. 16/6. If with Sterling Silver Frame—Pigskin, Crocodile, or Lizard Skin, 60/, 65/, 75/. Pierced Silver Monograms, 8/6.

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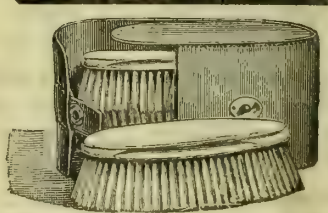
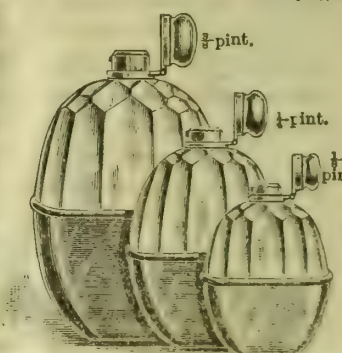
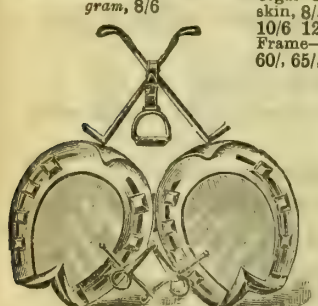


Pair of Best Military Hair Brushes, in Solid Leather Case.
Finest Ivory £2 15 0
Ebony 0 18 6
Pierced Sterling Silver Monogram to order, 7/- each.

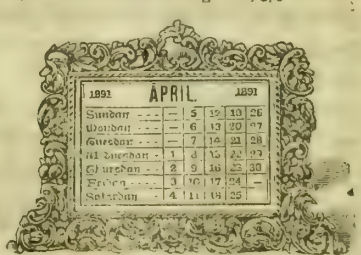


Finest Lapidary Cut Flint Glass Travelling Flasks, with Cups, gilt inside. Bayonet attachment to top.
Guaranteed Imperial Measure.

	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
⅔-pint,	£1 0 0	£3 8 0
½ ,,	15 6	3 0 0
⅓ ,,	13 6	2 10 0

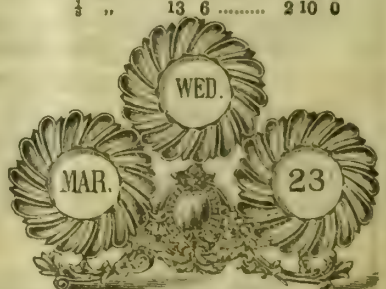


Handsome Sterling Silver Miniature Photo. Frame, £2 12 0



Richly Chased Sterling Silver Date Calendar, size 7½ in. by 5½ in., £3 5 0

Sterling Silver Grenade Cigar Lighter. 1st size, £1 8 0; 2nd size, £1 15 0; 3rd size, £2.



Twisted Flute Sterling Silver Calendar, Height, 3½ in. £2 10 0.

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ELECTRIC FITTINGS.

MANUFACTORY: 3, BERNERS STREET, W.

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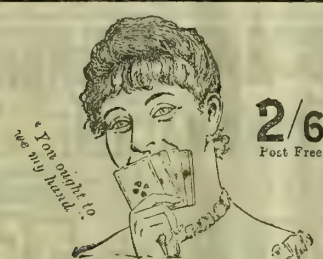
PATENT COOKED FOOD.

CAUTION. All the Genuine Packets and Canisters are enclosed in White Wrappers, the words DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD are printed boldly thereon, so that none need be deceived or mistaken.

PREPARED AT THE ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, AND SOLD RETAIL BY ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND GROCERS THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.



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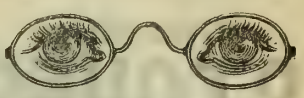

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For BALL CONCERTS, CHRISTMAS PARTIES, &c.
TABLES, SEATS, CHINA, PLATE, GLASS, &c.
BALL ROOMS LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY OR CANDLES.
TEMPORARY ROOMS ERECTED WITH PATENT CEILING AND SPECIAL POLISHED FLOOR.
DOORWAY AWNINGS. STALLS FOR BAZAARS.
ENTERTAINMENTS AND MUSICIANS PROVIDED.

PRICE LISTS SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

Xmas Presents.

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NATIVE OYSTERS,

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HARVEY & CO.,

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Is the Best CHRISTMAS PRESENT for Friends.

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BOILING WATER OR MILK.

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GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

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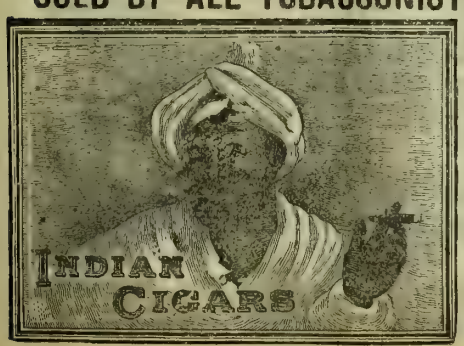
The Rules of which are given FREE with every copy of Cartulary-Halma.

Of all Stationers and Fancy Dealers, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s. 6d. Sent Free by Parcel Post. DANIEL MARSHALL, 7, Rose-street, London, E.C.

SOLD BY ALL TOBACCONISTS AND BY THE ARMY AND NAVY AND OTHER STORES.



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—As supplied to CLUBS & REGIMENTAL MESSES in India and United Kingdom.

NOTED for their MILD and delicate flavour.

Wholesale of the Manufacturers, McDOWELL & Co., Madras; and 1, Gresham Buildings, Basinghall St., LONDON.

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TERRA COTTA
STOVES
PORTABLE—FOR COAL.

Roberts's (Improved) Patent
Pure and ample heat.
24 hours for about 1d., without attention.
For Coal, or Coal and Coke.
For Bedrooms, Greenhouses, or any purpose. Pamphlet, drawings, and authenticated testimonials sent. In use daily at Patentee's,
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THE GENUINE
EAU DE BOTOT
Is the Only Dentifrice approved by the ACADEMY of MEDECINE of PARIS

May be obtained in Powder & Paste containing all the beautifying and preservative qualities of the liquid preparation
N.B. See each article has the Signature
EAU de BOTOT 1/6, 2/6, 5/, 15/, 30/-
PASTE 1/6, 2/6. POWDER 1/6, 2/6
FROM ALL PERFUMERS & CHEMISTS

DISPOSE OF THE DEAD AS NATURE DIRECTS.—"Let us take part in the fulfilment of this great law, and not by ignorance or prejudice try to retard it, for we cannot frustrate provisions which were established by the Creator to keep mankind in purity and sanity."—SIR LYON PLAYFAIR.

As Mr. HADEN says in his letters on "Earth to Earth" burial—"A body properly buried, that is to say, in such a way that the earth may have access to it, does not remain in the earth, but returns to the atmosphere. The body, in fact, literally as well as figuratively, ascends from the dead and fulfils the cycle of its pilgrimage by becoming again the source and genesis of life."

This natural system is also advocated by the Church of England Burial Reform Association, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury is and the late Archbishop of York was a president.

The PRINCE OF WALES, writing to the Secretary of the Association, says—"That he trusts the Burial Reform advocated by your Society may be speedily carried into effect, and in view of the rapidly increasing population of the Kingdom, the present system of burying the dead may be exchanged for one more in accordance with the requirements of the age and the sanitary interests of the community."

The DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, writing to the *Times*, says:—"The appalling overcrowding of the dead disclosed in the Parliamentary return recently issued, affords irresistible proof of the imperative need for fresh legislation. That in the various London cemeteries upwards of a million and a quarter have been buried in less than the last half century. That such modes of disposal of the dead is a violation of right feeling, natural laws, and Christian tradition: a ghastly dishonouring of the dead, and a flagrant imperilling of the public health."

According to the testimony of Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN and other eminent authorities, The Necropolis, Brookwood, Woking, Surrey, is the only place where the burial of the dead is properly carried out.

This Company also undertake the whole arrangement of funerals on a new, simple, and inexpensive system. They have published a pamphlet explanatory of their arrangements, which may be had gratis, on application at their Offices, 2, Lancaster-place, Strand, and 188, Westminster Bridge Road.—*Court Circular*, 3rd January 1891

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LAVENDER SALTS.
The delightful New Smelling Salts and agreeable deodoriser, appreciated everywhere as a most refreshing luxury. By leaving the stopper out for a few moments a delightful perfume escapes, which freshens and purifies the air most enjoyably.—*Le Follet.*

Genuine only in Crown-stoppered bottles of the Sole Makers,
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LOBECK'S PURE SOLUBLE COCOA.
Absolutely Pure, therefore Best,
AND MOST WHOLESOME. Free from Alkali, no Chemicals being used.
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. TAKE NO OTHER.

MILWARDS'
NEEDLES AND NEEDLE CASES.
The Celebrated CALYX-EYED NEEDLES, which can be Threaded with Closed Eyes.
Insist on the Name "MILWARD."

CHUBB'S
JEWEL SAFES.
These are kept lined inside with velvet, and enclosed in ornamental Cabinets.
LOCKS AND DESPATCH BOXES.
Illustrated Price Lists post free.
128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
68, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PALL MALL, S.W.

SAVE HALF YOUR INCOME, and BUY DIRECT from the FARMERS. Orders of 5s free delivered daily. Cash on delivery, or deposit account, or weekly credit account with approved customers. Orders posted before eleven o'clock in the morning are delivered same day or latest next morning in all parts of London and suburbs. Country orders despatched same day.
FINEST QUALITY ENGLISH BEEF, MUTTON, PORK, VEAL, &c.
Beef, Topside or Silverside, 7½d.
Sirloin, 8½d.; Ribs, 8½d. lb.
Salt Beef, 6d. Other Joints, 5d. lb.
Rump Steak, 1s.; Beef Steak, 9d.
Stock Meat, 4d.
Mutton, Prime Joints, 8d. lb.
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Large Fowls, 2s., 2s. 3d.
Butter, choice, 1s.; Bacon, 5½d.
Cheddar Cheese, 8d. lb.; Lard, 8d.
Choice Hams, 8d. Ducks, 2s. 6d.
Choice Apples, half-bushel, 3s. 6d.
BRITISH FARMERS' ASSOCIATION, 58, Shoe-lane, Holborn-circus, London, E.C. Bankers—London Joint-Stock Bank. Telegraphic address, "Farm Produce London." Numerous testimonials from nobility and gentry, and Press notices.

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Large Turkeys, 5s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. | Very large Turkeys, 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., & 15s. 6d.
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Pheasants. Hares, &c., at wholesale prices of the day. Several thousand Turkeys, Geese, and Heads of Game on Show. Baskets supplied free of charge, and free delivered.—BRITISH FARMERS' ASSOCIATION, 58, Shoe-lane, Holborn-circus, London, E.C.

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JEWSBURY & BROWN'S
White, Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums to Old Age.
Oriental Tooth Paste.

CAUTION.—The only genuine is JEWSBURY & BROWN'S.
Pots 1/6 and 2/6. All Chemists.
60 YEARS IN USE.

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OAKES & CO.'S "PAGODA" BRAND.
TRADE KNOWN AS
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ANGLO-INDIAN Specials	PAGODAS No. 1 and 2.
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As supplied to the Army and Navy Stores, and exported to all quarters of the world.
This unrivalled brand are the only Indian Cigars sold on Board the P. & O. Steamers.
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CARTER 6A, NEW CAVENDISH ST.,
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LITERARY MACHINE

For holding lamp, meals, &c. in any position over an easy chair, bed or sofa. Deliciously luxurious. A most useful gift. PRICES from £1.1s.

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Walking Machine for the lame
Adjustable Couches and Beds, £2.
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BATH CHAIRS
From £1. 5s.
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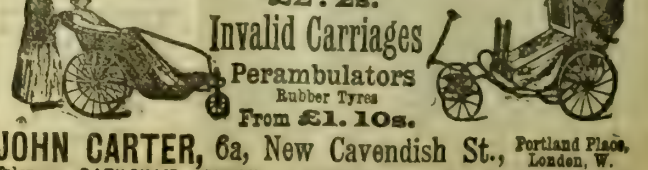

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For 12 persons.
12s. the Set of 40 pieces.

Deep border in the early Italian style.
Wreath formed of Poppies and Ears of Wheat.
Beautiful Greek Border.
All three patterns at 12s., in either Bronze-Green, Coral-Pink, or Pale Blue, all with Gold Edge.
Other choice designs at 15s., 18s., and 21s.
(For the country, 9d. extra for box.)

Small White China After-dinner Coffee Cups and Saucers, 5s. per dozen.
Same with artistic designs, 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., and 21s. per dozen.

DINNER, DESSERT, BREAKFAST, AND CHAMBER SERVICES.

Hydraulic Lift to First and Second Floor Show-Rooms.

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FROM 16 GUINEAS.

Are the cheapest and best value in the World. Can be bought for cash, or on the one, two, and three years' system. Intending purchasers should inspect our splendid stock of instruments before deciding elsewhere.

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BATH CHAIRS, from £1 10s.
Self-Propelling Chairs, £2.
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Hand-knit by Donegal peasantry. Warm, Durable, and Comfortable. Two pairs free, 2s. 6d. Men's Knicker Hose, two pairs free, 3s. 9d., 4s. 9d., 5s. 9d., 6s. 9d., and 7s. 9d. WOOL PANTS and VESTS are now very cheap. Price Lists and Patterns, Cambric Handkerchiefs and all kinds of Irish Linen Goods, sent free for Household or Family use From the cheapest to the best qualities made.

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A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE OF "FRAME FOOD" DIET

The following letter has been received by the Frame Food Co., Ld.:—

"24, Lacey Terrace, Gravesend, June 8th, 1891.

Mrs. Horsfall begs to express her gratitude for the WONDERFUL EFFECT 'FRAME FOOD' DIET has had on her little boy, aged 7½ months. Since taking the FOOD he has literally had NO AILMENT, and has increased

Marvellously in Strength and Vigour.

For his age he is truly a wonderful advertisement of the FOOD, being able to stand by the side of a chair without other support, and since using 'FRAME FOOD' DIET he has lost entirely the white face of his very early infancy, and gained a ROSY, HEALTHY colour. Mrs. Horsfall has recommended the DIET to many people, and everywhere it is considered MARVELLOUS. During the late epidemic of INFLUENZA it has been used by a doctor here with great success, when no other FOOD could be retained."

Sold by Chemists and Grocers at 1s. per 1-lb., 7d. per ½-lb., and 3s. 9d. per 4-lb. Tins.
Sample 1 lb. Tin sent Carriage Free, with full particulars, for 1s. (mention this paper).
FRAME FOOD CO., Ltd., Lombard-road, Battersea, London, S.W.

Bond-fide Makers. *Catalogue Post-free.*

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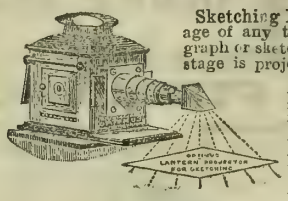

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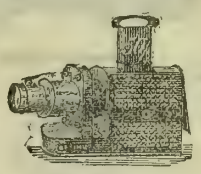
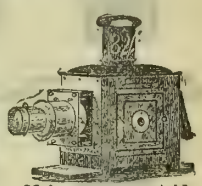


Perforated Russian Iron body, Brass Sliding Tubes, 50s.



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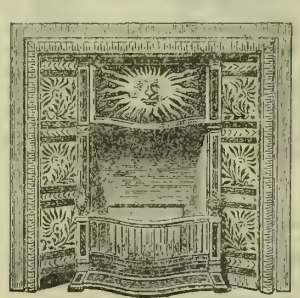
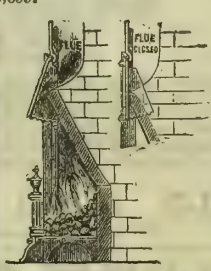
GARLAND'S PATENT, 13,355.





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STEEL & GARLAND,
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Show Rooms: 18, Charterhouse Street, Holborn Circus, London, E.C. where it may be seen with fire burning.—*** Please mention this paper. To be had of all Ironmongers and Upholsterers.

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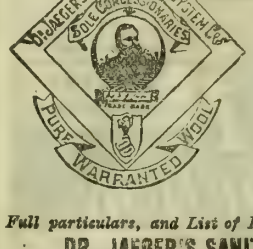

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PURE WOOLLEN CLOTHING

Is Chemically and Microscopically Tested for Purity in the Company's Laboratory, and is Guaranteed by this Trade Mark.
Other goods offered as "JAEGER" are spurious.

COMBINATION GARMENTS for LADIES and MEN, GIRLS and BOYS, specially convenient for Riding, &c.; SANITARY BOOTS and SHOES; CORSETS; "FEATHER-WEIGHT" HATS and CAPS; MEN'S OUTER CLOTHING, &c. &c.

Full particulars, and List of Depôts, in Jaeger Descriptive Catalogue, sent free.

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London Jaeger Depôts—30, Piccadilly (next to St. James' Hall); 3 & 4, Princes-st., Cavendish-sq., W. (close to Regent-circus), with Tailoring; 456, Strand (close to Trafalgar-sq.); 158, Fenchurch-st. (close to Lime-st.); 85 & 86, Cheapside (close to King-st.); 42 & 43, Fore-st. (close to Moorgate-st. Station), with Tailoring.

The Y & N

Exquisite Model. Perfect Comfort Guaranteed Wear.

Patent Diagonal Seam Corset

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all the Fashionable Colours and Shades in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil; also in the New Sanitary Woollen Cloth. 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair and upwards.

Caution.—Every genuine Y & N Corset is stamped "Y & N Patent Diagonal Seam No. 116," in oval on the lining.

Sold by Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters in the United Kingdom & Colonies.

Three Gold Medals.

THE
American Tooth Crown Co.
(REGISTERED),
THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN DENTISTS,
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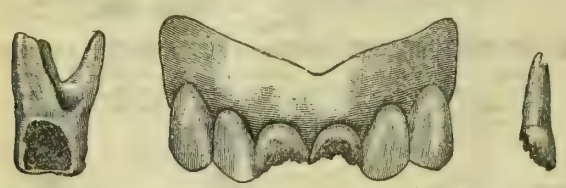
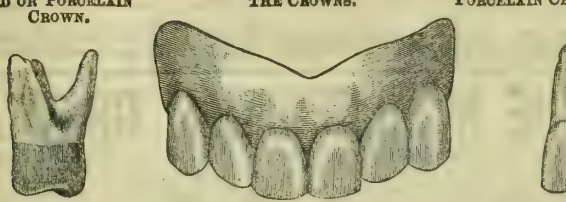
DIAGRAMS OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH WITHOUT PLATES.)



MASTICATING TOOTH. Too far decayed for filling. DECAYED TEETH. DECAYED FRONT TOOTH.

GOLD OR PORCELAIN CROWN. THE CROWNS. PORCELAIN CROWN.



CROWN FIXED. CROWNS FIXED. CROWN FIXED.

The above diagrams give an idea of the special system carried out by the gentlemen operators in attendance, who are from leading American Universities recognised by the American Dental Faculty. Specialities in Teeth without Plates, Crown and Bridge Work, Gold Filling, &c. By these methods, decayed teeth are painlessly and permanently saved and made useful. Extractions unnecessary. Fullest information and consultation without fee. Pamphlet on application to the Secretary.

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(Corner of Burlington-gardens.)

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE
OR PREPARED WHITE FULLERS' EARTH,

Is the only reliable and thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. It is prepared by an experienced Chemist, and under its Latin name of "Terra Cimolia" is constantly prescribed by the most eminent living Dermatologists, and was especially recommended by the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., and the late Dr. Tilbury Fox. For general use it is simply invaluable. It is the best Dusting Powder for Infants. Formerly used in the Nurseries of Her Majesty the Queen, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Teck, &c., and now extensively employed in the Nurseries of her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia, our own Royal Princesses and Duchesses, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland, the Grand Duchess Paul of Russia, the Duchess of Sparta, and most of the Aristocracy Recommended by the faculty. The eminent physician, Dr. Routh, says: "I feel I cannot too highly recommend it." "I cannot afford to be without it."—Dr. Bainbridge. A Lady writes: "Here, in India, for 'Prickly Heat,' I found it worth a guinea a teaspoonful." Post-free. Send 14 or 36 penny stamps.

Ask for "Taylor's Cimolite." See that the Trade Mark, Name, and Address are on every parcel, and do not be persuaded to take imitations.

Introduced into medical practice and prepared by
JOHN TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W

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EAU DE COLOGNE
Preferred by everyone
Always highest awards. To be had of all Chemists and Stores.
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KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over
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and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London

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OR. GORDON'S ELEGANT PILLS
Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to
DR. GORDON,
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COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.
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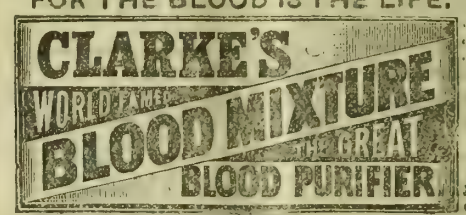
COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."



"CLARKE'S BLOOD "MIXTURE is entirely "free from any poison "or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious ingredient, and is a "good, safe, and useful "medicine."
ALFRED SWAINE TAYLOR, M.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities, from *WHATEVER* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *CAUSE* from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 33 or 132 Stamps, by the Proprietors—THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., LINCOLN.
Ask for CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE, and do not be persuaded to take an imitation

DATURA TATULA, for Smoking and Inhalation.
The BEST REMEDY FOR ASTHMA
Difficulty of Breathing, Hay Fever, &c.

CIGARS and CIGARETTES—Boxes, 3s., 6s., 8s., and 15s. TOBACCO—Tins, 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., and 18s. For Non-Smokers, PASTILLES and POWDER, for Burning and Inhalation, Tins, each containing a censer for burning, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s.

SAVORY & MOORE,
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THE FINEST TONIC
FER BRAVAIS most effective in restoring the vitality of the blood, and enabling the constitution to resist climatic influences.
FER BRAVAIS Invaluable in al cases of anæmia, influenza and general debility.
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LANCET "*A beautiful and interesting preparation.*"
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"*It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth.*"
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS WITH DROP MEASURE.

HAIR ON THE FACE
PERMANENTLY DESTROYED, without injury to the skin.
Particulars on receipt of stamped directed envelope.
THE H. A. WALES CO., 62 and 63, New Bond-street, London, W.

ALL FAT PEOPLE
can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors.
70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

CONVERSION AND REDEMPTION OF THE OUTSTANDING BONDS of the ANTOFAGASTA (CHILI) RAILWAY 5 PER CENT. LOAN, £660,000 (1887).

£291,270 4 per Cent. Registered Perpetual Debenture Stock of the Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Railway Company, Limited, being the remainder of the Issue of £850,000 authorised by that Company under a Contract between it and the Huanchaca Company, the guarantors, which became entitled to the proceeds of the Issue on the terms of paying off the Loan of 1887.

This Issue possesses the Chilian Government Guarantee for 20 years from 1887, as under:

It is secured—

By a charge upon the entire system of Railways from Antofagasta to Oruro, and on all the property and revenue thereof, including the benefit of

The Guarantee of the Chilian Government of 6 per cent. upon a Capital sum of $3,472,000, at 38d. per dollar, for 20 years from 1887, assigned to Messrs. J. Henry Schröder & Co., as Trustees;

The Guarantee of the Huanchaca Company to provide the amount required for the service of the Debenture Stock up to the 31st December, 1903, in addition to its Guarantee of 6 per cent. upon £2,200,000 Capital Stock of the Railway Company for the same period;

The Guarantee of the Bolivian Government of 6 per cent. for 20 years from 1892, on a portion of the Railway Capital, as explained below.

This Debenture Stock is a first charge on the undertaking, and can in no case exceed £1,000,000.

Subscription Price, £93 per £100 Debenture Stock.

Messrs. Frederick Huth & Co. and J. Henry Schröder & Co. invite Subscriptions for the above Debenture Stock on the following conditions:—

Public Notification has been given of the repayment on the 1st January, 1892 of the Antofagasta (Chili) Railway 5 per cent. Loan of £660,000 issued in 1887.

Holders of those Bonds are offered:—

In exchange for every £100 Bond with all unmatured Coupons, 1st January 1892, inclusive, £100 of the above 4 per cent. Registered Perpetual Debenture Stock of the Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Railway Company, Limited, bearing interest payable half-yearly on the 1st January and 1st July in each year, together with £12 in cash, which represents: £2. 10s. the half-yearly Coupon due 1st January, 1892, on the Antofagasta 5 per cent. Bonds; £2. 10s. the premium at which they are repayable; and £7., the difference between the par value of those bonds and the subscription price of the 4 per cent. Debenture Stock.

Applications for conversion will be received until Saturday, the 19th instant.

Any Balance of the Debenture Stock that may not be claimed under the Conversion Scheme above set forth is offered for Public Subscription at £93 per £100 Stock, payable as follows:—

£5	per cent	on Application.
30	,,	on Allotment.
30	,,	on the 1st January.
28	,,	on the 1st February.
£93		

A full half-year's Interest will be payable on the 1st July next.

Allottees will have the option of paying up in full on Allotment, or the date of any subsequent instalment, under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum. The failure to pay any instalment when due renders all previous payments liable to forfeiture.

In case no Allotment is made the deposit will be returned forthwith.

Scrip certificates will be issued in due course in exchange for the Allotment Letter and receipt for the amount due on Allotment.

The cash subscription will close on Saturday, the 19th instant.

London, 14th December, 1891.

The Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Railway Company, Limited,

Has a paid-up Capital Stock of	£1,410,000
And has authority to issue in respect of the Oruro Section (now in course of construction and approaching completion)	790,000
Total Capital Stock	£2,200,000

Of this sum £300,000 appertains to the Waterworks, the construction of which is on the point of completion, the conduit having been laid by the contractor to within about seven kilometres of Antofagasta, and the Huanchaca Company is now engaged in completing the connection and carrying out the distribution of the water.

The Railway System owned by the Company, and upon the whole of which the annuity required for the service of the Debenture Stock will be a first charge, consists of—

The Chilian Railway from Antofagasta to the Frontier, about	456	kilometres.
From the Frontier to Uyuni ... ... ,,	154	,,
From Uyuni to Oruro (now in construction) ... ... ,,	300	,,
about	910	kilometres,
or say	565	miles.

The capital charge of this issue of Debenture Stock, £850,000, will be equivalent to about £1,500 per mile, and the annual charge of £34,000 will be about £60 per mile.

During 20 years from 1887 the Chilian Guarantee of 6 per cent. upon a capital sum of $3,472,000 (calculated at 38d. per dollar), in respect of outlay upon the Chilian Line, is available in security as against the annuity, this guarantee being assigned to Messrs. J. Henry Schröder & Co., as Trustees. (The Chilian Government has never been called upon for any payment under its guarantees.)

During 15 years from January, 1889, the Huanchaca Company guarantee to provide to the Company an amount sufficient to meet the annuity.

The Bolivian Government have also guaranteed 6 per cent. upon the amount to be expended upon the Oruro extension for a period of 20 years from the completion of the line, this guarantee being payable out of the National Revenues in excess of those of 1889, and to this service the increase of the National Revenue arising from the Tax imposed on the production of bullion and silver metals in the Republic is specifically affected.

The National Revenues for		
1889 amounted to	- B.D.	3,317,000
1890 ,, ,,	- ,,	4,962,823
Surplus in 1890	- B.D.	1,645,823=£205,727
The Tax on Metals produced		
in 1889	B.D.	746,000
1890	,,	1,100,000
Surplus in 1890	B.D.	354,000=£42,250

These latter, it may be fairly anticipated, will increase considerably as the mining districts are developed by the Railways of the Company.

Holders of the Stock now offered will, in addition to the Chilian and Bolivian Government Guarantees above mentioned, have the security of the net revenues of the whole Railway system above mentioned, of which 610 kilometres are now completed and at work, and about 300 kilometres expected to be completed within six months (as against 456 kilometres charged in favour of the original issue), and the net revenues of the Waterworks.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING, Jewellers, Stationers, &c. Illd. Guide, "How to open a Cigar Store," 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-rd., Ldn. A Prospectus on the other trades free. H. MYERS. Est. 1866.

DOMINION OF CANADA. CITY OF VANCOUVER, PROVINCE of BRITISH COLUMBIA. Issue of Four per cent. 40 Year Bonds for £121,200 Sterling, in Bonds to Bearer of £100 each, with Half-yearly Interest Coupons attached. Principal repayable at par in London, at the Bank of British Columbia, 60, Lombard-street, E.C., on 1st October, 1931. Interest Coupons also payable in London at the Bank of British Columbia, 1st April and 1st October, in each year. First Coupon, for Four Months' Interest, payable 1st April, 1892. Issue price, £96 per cent. Payable:—

£5	per cent.	on Application,
20	,,	Allotment,
35	,,	Friday, 15th January, 1892,
36	,,	Monday, 15th February, 1892.
£96		

Subscribers may pay the balance due after allotment under rebate at 3 per cent. per annum,

Messrs. Coates, Son, & Co. are authorised by the City of Vancouver, Province of British Columbia, Dominion of Canada, to receive subscriptions for the above Bonds.

The Lists of Applications will be opened at their Offices, 99, Gresham-street, London, E.C., on Thursday, 17th December, 1891, may be closed at any time thereafter, and will be closed at latest, at 4 p.m. on the following day.

The Bonds are issued under the powers contained in the Act of Incorporation of the City and Amending Acts, and by authority of Bye-Laws of the City Council, Nos. 126 and 127, to provide the funds for acquiring the existing Waterworks system, hitherto in the hands of a private corporation, and for extending the same, and the proceeds of this issue will be applied for these purposes.

The above Bye Laws provide that special rates shall be levied in each year on all the rateable property of the City, in addition to all other rates, sufficient to pay the interest on these Bonds and to create a Sinking Fund for their repayment at maturity. The City may from time to time purchase any of the Bonds in the open market, and all Bonds so re-purchased shall be forthwith cancelled, and no re-issue of any Bonds shall be made in consequence of any such re-purchase.

The Sinking Fund so created, like all other Sinking Funds of the City of Vancouver, is vested in three Commissioners, and is beyond the control of the City Council. The following Certificate relates to the Sinking Funds of the City:—

"Vancouver, British Columbia.
"29th September, 1891.

"Messrs. COATES, SON, & Co., 99, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

"Dear Sirs,—I hereby certify that the City of Vancouver has provided and promptly paid over to the Sinking Fund Commissioners of the City the various sums of money provided for in the respective Bye-Laws, under the authority of which the existing debt has been created; that the said sums have been invested on behalf of the City by the Commissioners according to law, and that in every way the requirements of the law in respect of the Sinking Fund have been complied with.

"Yours faithfully,
"For the Sinking Fund Commissioners,
(Signed) "JAMES COOPER KEITH, Commissioner
"and Manager of Bank of British Columbia."

The City of Vancouver is the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the headquarters of that Company's Steamship Line to Japan, which receives a yearly subsidy of £60,000 from the Imperial and Dominion Governments.

It is the only port north of San Francisco which is in direct regular communication with the centres of British trade in the far East and Australasia, and from its advantages as a seaport and the fact of its possessing one of the best natural harbours in the world, it promises to become the chief city on the North Pacific coast.

The Canadian Pacific route *via* Vancouver is admitted to be by far the nearest from England to Japan, and it is expected that very shortly a fast and regular line of steamers will also run between Vancouver and Australian ports. As illustrating the progress of the city it may be mentioned that the Canadian Pacific Railway has recently decided to erect a much larger new passenger station there, in order to cope with the constantly increasing traffic.

Vancouver is also the headquarters of the British Columbia lumber trade, and one of the centres of the canned salmon business, important industries growing year by year.

Local enterprise has provided electric light and telephone systems, gasworks, and electric tramcars, and an electric railway 14 miles in length connects Vancouver with the adjacent city of New Westminster.

According to the last Official Census taken by the Dominion Government, the population of the City was 13,685, and in recently presenting the Census returns to the House of Commons at Ottawa, the Minister stated that the growth of Vancouver was unprecedented in the annals of the United States, or Canada.

The entire existing debt of the City is only £135,000, and the taxable values upon which rates are levied for general purposes and for the service of the debt, amount according to the current assessment to 11,987,685 dols., or about £2,500,000, while the real value of the assessable property of the citizens is conservatively estimated at from 18,000,000 dols. to 20,000,000 dols.

The ordinary revenues of the City for 1891 were estimated to produce 250,000 dols, without counting the revenue of the Waterworks. This service, however, is now yielding a profit of about 40,000 dols. (say £8,000) per annum, after providing for cost of working and maintenance, and the income to be derived by the City from this source must constantly increase as the system is extended, and in proportion to the growth of the City itself. The rate of taxation is lower than in any other city in Canada of the same size.

The annual amount required to provide for Interest and Sinking Fund on the present issue is £6,134.

Applications, on the form issued with the Prospectus, must be accompanied by a deposit of £5 per cent. on the amount of Bonds applied for, and be forwarded to Messrs. Coates, Son, & Co., 99, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned without deduction, and if a partial allotment is made the surplus deposit will be applied towards the amount payable on allotment.

The instalments due on 15th January and 15th February, 1892, may be paid on or after allotment, under discount at the rate of £3 per cent. per annum. In case of default in the payment of any instalment at its due date, all amounts previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

Application will be made in due course for a quotation for the Bonds upon the London Stock Exchange.

Copies of the Acts and Amending Acts relating to the incorporation of the City of Vancouver, and the Bye-Laws of the City authorising the issue of the Bonds, can be inspected at the offices of Messrs. Wilson, Bristows, & Carpmael, Solicitors, 1, Copthall-buildings, London, E.C.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the offices of Messrs. Coates, Son, & Co., 99, Gresham-street, London, E.C., and the Bank of British Columbia, 60, Lombard-street, London, E.C.

London, 14th December, 1891.

STATE VICHY SPRINGS.

CELESTINS.—For Affections of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism Diabetes, &c.
GRANDE-GRILLE.—For Affections of the Liver, &c.
HOPITAL, HAUTERIVE, PARC, &c.

INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

VICHY-LIQUEUR.—Valuable in cases of Gout where derangement of the stomach is a prominent symptom.

The Subscription Lists will open at 10 a.m. on Monday, the 14th December, and will close at 4 p.m. on Thursday, the 17th of December, 1891.

HUMPHREYS, LIM.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES ACTS, 1862 to 1890, WHEREBY THE LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS IS LIMITED TO THE AMOUNT OF THEIR SHARES.

CAPITAL - - £100,000.

10,000 Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each, £50,000; 5,000 Ordinary Shares at £5 each (all of which are to be issued to the Vendor as fully paid up in part payment of the purchase-money), £25,000; 5,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each, which are reserved for future issue, £25,000. The Preference Shares are now offered for Subscription. Payable £1 on Application; £1 on Allotment; £1. 10s. on the 1st February, 1892; and £1. 10s. on the 1st May, 1892.

The Preference Shares are entitled to a Cumulative Preferential Dividend of 7 per cent., after which the Ordinary Shares receive 10 per cent., and the surplus profits, after due provision is made for a Reserve Fund, will be divided into equal parts, as to one-half among the Preference and as to the other among the Ordinary Shares.

DIRECTORS.

*JAMES CHARLTON HUMPHREYS, Esq., Albert Gate Mansion, Hyde Park, S.W.
The Hon. RANDOLPH STEWART, 10, Victoria-square, Grosvenor-gardens, S.W.
DAVID WILLETTS, Esq., Iron Manufacturer, Reliance Works, Cradley Heath, Staffordshire.
A. McDONALD BAIRD, Esq.
M. NEWTON JACKS, Esq.
J. PHILIP McMANUS, Esq.
} Who have for many years past held responsible posts of trust and management with Mr. J. C. Humphreys.

*Will join the Board after Allotment.

BANKERS.

THE LONDON & WESTMINSTER BANK, LIMITED.

BROKERS.

Messrs. BOURKE & SANDYS, 10, Throgmorton-avenue, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. VAN SANDAU, CUMMING, & ARMITAGE, 13, King-street, Cheapside, E.C.

AUDITORS.

Messrs. CHATTERIS, NICHOLS, & ATKINS, 1, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

SECRETARY.

ERNEST W. MORRISON, Esq.

OFFICES.

58 & 59, Knightsbridge-road, S.W., London.

The Company is formed for the purpose of taking over as a going concern, continuing, and further developing the well-known Iron Buildings and Roofing Business of Mr. J. C. Humphreys, of Knightsbridge, London, and of the Works and Wharf, Buckingham Palace-road, London, S.W. The business is a development of the iron and steel business established upwards of 50 years ago by the Vendor's father, and has become an industry of great and ever-increasing importance, well known not only in Great Britain but throughout the world.

Amongst the many hundreds to whom these Buildings and Roofing have been supplied, and from whom orders are being continually received, are the British, Foreign, and Colonial Governments, Public Institutions, Railway Companies, Local Boards, Clubs, Noblemen, and others, including:—

H.M.'s War Department; H.M.'s Board of Admiralty; H.M.'s Home Office H.M.'s Office of Works and Public Buildings; H.M.'s Postmaster-General; H.M.'s Chief Commissioner of Police; The London County Council; The London School Board; The Army and Navy Stores; The London Road Car Company; The London Tramways Company; The Gas Light and Coke Company; South Metropolitan Gas Company; Brentford Gas Company; British Gas Light Company; Crystal Palace District Gas Company; Edison-Swan Electric Light Company; Electric Construction Corporation; G. W. Railway; G. N. Railway; L. & N. W. Railway; L. & S. W. Railway; L. C. & D. Railway; Metropolitan Railway; District Railway; G. S. & W. Railway of Ireland.

Mr. Humphreys was the Contractor for Iron Buildings to the Executive at the following Exhibitions:—Fisheries, 1883; Health, 1884; Inventions, 1885; Colonial and Indian, 1886; Westminster, 1879; Brighton, 1880; Paris (British Section), 1889; Naval Exhibition, 1891; and he also constructed works at the American Exhibition, 1887; French Exhibition, 1889; Italian Exhibition, 1888; Military Exhibition, 1890; Anglo-Danish Exhibition, 1888; German Exhibition, 1891; as well as the Pavilion at the Royal Agricultural Show, Windsor Park (1889), which, by Her Majesty's command, was removed to and re-erected at Osborne; and the Royal Pavilion for H.R.H. The Prince of Wales at the South Kensington Exhibitions, 1883, 1884, and 1885.

A number of Medals and Certificates of Merit have been awarded to Mr. Humphreys, including the Gold Medal of the Paris Exhibition, 1889, under Class "Engineering, Public Works, and Architecture."

The Directors retain the services of the General Manager (who has been with Mr. Humphreys for the past ten years), and also the experienced staff specially trained in the work, and who have long enjoyed the confidence of their employer, thus ensuring a continuance of the system of management by which the business has attained its present position.

The Company will, therefore, take over the whole undertaking as a profitable going concern, without interruption to the business during its conversion into a Joint Stock Company. The business will be acquired as from the 1st of December, 1891, and all profits accruing from that date will belong to the Company.

The property to be acquired by the Company comprises:—

(A) A Lease of the offices in the High-road, Knightsbridge, S.W., now used for the business, for a term of 70 years, at the rental of £200 a year.

(B) A Lease of the Victoria Wharf and Premises at the corner of Ebury Bridge and Buckingham Palace-road, London, S.W., which are situated on the Grosvenor Canal, and close to the Victoria Station, for 30 years, at the rental of £300 a year.

(C) The Vendor's Title to the following English and Foreign Patents, for Portable Buildings, Houses, and Roofs:—
Great Britain No. 115 of 4th January, 1887; Argentine Republic No. 707 of 1888, and 802 of 1889; Austria No. 24,924 of 1888; Belgium No. 75,757 of 1886; India No. 83,1888 of 1889, and France, No. 180,698.

(D) All contracts and orders in hand on 1st December, 1891.

(E) The Goodwill of the business, together with all the Plant, Machinery, and Fixtures.

The [illegible] debts owing to the business on the 1st December, 1891, will be collected by the Company, on behalf of the Vendor, by whom all outgoings up to that date will be paid.

The books and accounts of the business have been audited by Messrs. Chatteris, Nichols, & Atkins, Chartered Accountants, of No. 1, Queen Victoria-street, E.C., who report as follows:—

1, Queen Victoria-street, Mansion House, London,
27th November, 1891.

We have regularly audited the Books and Accounts relating to the Iron Buildings and Roofing Business of Mr. J. Charlton Humphreys since the year 1882, and hereby certify that the net profits for the Nine Years ending 28th February, 1891, amounted to £71,164. 0s. 8d., or an average of £7,907. 2s. 3d. per annum.

The average net profits for the last Five Years of the above period were equal to £8,320. 12s. 8d. per annum, and for the last Three Years of the period to £10,009. 1s. 10d. per annum.

(Signed) CHATTERIS, NICHOLS, & ATKINS,
Chartered Accountants.

Should the profits be no larger than they have been in the past three years they will still allow for the following dividends:—

	£	£ s. d.
Dividend of 7 per cent. upon £50,000 Preference Shares...	3,500	
Dividend of 10 per cent. upon £25,000 Ordinary Shares ...	2,500	
		6,000 0 0
Average profits for the past 3 years		10,009 1 10
Leaving a surplus		£4,009 1 10

This surplus will be more than sufficient, after providing for all necessary outgoings, to furnish a dividend in excess of the above, and to establish a substantial Reserve Fund.

The price to be paid for the whole of the property to be acquired as before-mentioned is fixed at £50,000, payable as to £25,000 by the allotment to the Vendor of 5,000 fully-paid Ordinary Shares, and as to the balance in cash and Shares, in such proportions as the Company may determine. The present issue has been fixed to provide £25,000 to be utilised for working capital, and for the purchase of the stock-in-trade which is to be taken over by the Company at cost.

No promotion money has been or will be paid, and the Vendor will pay all the expenses incidental to the formation of the Company down to allotment. There are various contracts connected with the business as a going concern, which may constitute contracts within the meaning of the 38th Section of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise. Applicants for Shares must be deemed to waive the insertion of dates and names of parties to any such arrangements or contracts.

The following Contract has been entered into, viz.; Dated 11th December, 1891, made between Mr. James Charlton Humphreys, the Vendor, of the one part, and the Company as Purchaser of the other part.

Copies of the above Contract and of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and the Leases of the Properties, as well as the Certificate of Messrs. Chatteris, Nichols, and Atkins, Chartered Accountants, can be inspected at the office of the Solicitors to the Company.

Application for Shares should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and sent with the amount of deposit to The London & Westminster Bank, Limited, Lothbury, E.C., and its Branches, or to the Secretary at the Registered Office of the Company.

It is intended in due course to apply to the Stock Exchange for a settlement and quotation.

Should no allotment be made, the deposit will be returned in full, and if the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the balance of the deposit will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment.

Prospectuses and forms of application for Shares can be obtained at the Company's Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors, and at the Company's Offices, 58 & 59, Knightsbridge-road, S.W.

A pro rata Allotment will be made to all applicants for Ten Shares and upwards.
The List opened on Monday, December 14th, at 10 a.m., and will close this day (Wednesday), the 16th, at 4 p.m.
Certificates for Shares in exchange for Letters of Allotment will be ready on and after Monday, December the 28th.

THE TOMINIL MINES, LIMITED.

Registered under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

CAPITAL, £500,000, in 100,000 Shares of £5 each. 80,000 fully paid Shares will be allotted to the Western and General Development Syndicate, Limited, in full payment for the Mines, Machinery, Stores, &c., the remaining 20,000 Shares are intended to be issued to provide £100,000 for Working Capital, but the present issue of 10,000 Shares will, it is estimated, prove sufficient.

FIRST ISSUE of £50,000 in 10,000 SHARES of £5 each, payable as follows:
5s. per Share on Application.
15s. do. on Allotment,
£1, 10s. do. on 1st March, 1892.

And the Balance in calls not exceeding £1 per Share, and at intervals of not less than one month.

DIRECTORS

Charles Pond, Esq., Director of the Mexican Association, Limited.
Martin Innes Browne, Esq., Director of the Mexican Explorations, Limited.
William Grey Ferrar, Esq., M.I.C.E., Director of The Western and General Development Syndicate, Limited.
Arthur Middleton, Esq., — Messrs. Middleton & Fraser, 206, Swan-arcade, Bradford.
William Vaughan, Esq.,—Messrs. Vaughan, Smith, & Co., 108, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

BANKERS.

Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, Ransom, Bouverie & Co., 54, Lombard-street, E.C.
The London & Midland Bank, Limited, 52, Cornhill, E.C., and Branches.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. Rogers Hartley & Bastard, 20, Abchurch-lane, E.C.

BROKERS.

Messrs. William Godfrey & Co., 1, Copthall-court and Stock Exchange, E.C.
Messrs. A. J. H. Teil & Co., 5, Austin Friars and Stock Exchange, E.C.
J. M. Coppen, Esq., 18, Finch-lane and Stock Exchange, E.C.
Messrs. Middleton & Fraser, 206, Swan-arcade, Bradford.
Messrs. Mocatta & Browne, 17, Sweeting-street, Liverpool.

SECRETARY.—W. H. West, Esq.

REGISTERED OFFICES.—31, Lombard-street, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

The promoters of this Company are The Mexican Association, Limited, The Mexican Explorations, Limited, and the Vendors The Western and General Development Syndicate, Limited.

This Company is formed to acquire several groups of Silver and Gold Mines, situated at Tominil, in the State of Durango, about 4½ days' journey (mule-back) from Mazatlan, on the Western Coast of Mexico.

The principal Mines were brought to the notice of the first two above-mentioned Companies in June, 1890.

Relying on the powerful houses with whose credentials the Mines were introduced, and influenced by the extraordinarily favourable statements (since verified) concerning the richness and extent of the ores they contain, it was at once decided to send the best known expert obtainable to examine and report upon them.

The expert selected by unanimous consent of those interested was Mr. Albert Grothe, M.I.C.E., Consulting Engineer to the United Mexican Mining Company, Limited, as an expert of the highest reputation in mining circles, and personally well-known to the Syndicate from his position as Director of The Mexican Association, Limited.

Mr. Grothe in due course visited the mines, and his report (which may be seen at the Company's Offices) was so very favourable, that it was decided to expend £25,000 in preliminary development, with a view to eventually bringing out the present Company, should the results be deemed satisfactory.

For the purpose of raising this £25,000, as well as a further sum for the formation of this Company, in the event of the report of Mr. Grothe being substantiated, The Western and General Development Syndicate, Limited, was incorporated, and the necessary Capital paid up.

The Mines opened out are now sufficiently developed to justify the formation of this Company; the reports received from the Managers of the Syndicate proving the veins of ore to be of great magnitude and exceptionally high grade; these reports can also be inspected at the Company's Offices.

For the future management of the Mines, the services of Mr. W. H. Armstrong have been secured. Mr. Armstrong takes the first rank among successful mining managers, and his experience, skill, and integrity are vouched for by the most noted mine owners and engineers in the United States, among whom may be mentioned Mr. John W. Mackay and Messrs. Fraser & Chalmers, Limited.

Additional assurance of the bona fides of the Tominil Mines, Limited, is to be found in the significant fact that no cash is to be paid by the Company for the mines, machinery, stores, reserve ores, &c.; the consideration is entirely in Shares, notwithstanding the large cash outlays by the Western and General Development Syndicate, Limited, aggregating nearly £30,000.

All preliminary expenses down to allotment, including advertising, registration, and other charges being provided for, the amount of this issue (£50,000) is left intact for working capital.

A pro rata allotment will be made to all applicants for Ten Shares and upwards.

Certificates for Shares in exchange for Letters of Allotment will be ready on and after Monday, December 28th, 1891.

Two contracts have been entered into, one dated 12th December, 1891, between The Western and General Development Syndicate, Limited, of the one part, and this Company of the other part, whereby the former agrees to sell, and the latter to buy, a group of mines, situated at Tominil, for a consideration of 80,000 fully-paid Shares of £5 each, of and in the undertaking called the Tominil Mines, Limited; the other dated the 7th December, 1891, made between the Western and General Development Syndicate, Limited, of the one part, and W. F. Jack, of the other part, which relates to the expenses in connection with the formation of the Company. Copies of these contracts may be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, or at the Offices of the Company.

Applications must be made on the accompanying forms, and must be deposited at the Offices of The Mexican Association, Limited, 31, Lombard-street, E.C., or with the Bankers of the Company.

31, Lombard-street, E.C.
December 12th, 1891.

URUGUAY UNIFIED FIVE PER CENT. BONDHOLDERS' COMMITTEE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a MEETING of Holders of the above Loan will be held at CANNON STREET HOTEL, London, E.C., on THURSDAY, the 17th day of DECEMBER, 1891, at 2.30 p.m., for the purpose of taking action in defence of their rights. Bondholders who have not previously deposited or registered their Bonds with Messrs. BROWN, JANSON, & CO., will be required to produce a Bond at the door, on a Banker's Certificate of Bonds held for the Bearer, as evidence of their *bona fides*. Proxy forms may be obtained of the Committee for the use of Bondholders unable to attend.

By order of the Committee,
SIDNEY S. KENNEDY, Secretary.
70 and 71, Bishopsgate-street Within, London, E.C.
December 11th, 1891.

MONEY. — Householders or Lodgers desirous of obtaining immediate advances upon their Furniture or other Negotiable Security, are invited to call at the Offices of the Consolidated Company, 48, Great Tower-street, E.C., and arrange. Bills of sale and executions paid out. No fees, the full sum advanced without deduction. An old established and genuine firm.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £12,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.
C. HARDING, Manager.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,400,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

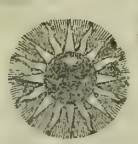
THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.

LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, Jun., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.



SUN FIRE OFFICE,

FOUNDED 1710.

THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.

SUM INSURED IN 1890,

£361,500,000.

ACCIDENTS
AT ALL TIMES—IN ALL PLACES
INSURED AGAINST BY THE
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1849. CAPITAL £1,000,000.
64, CORNHILL, LONDON.
W. D. MASSY, A. VIAN, } *Secretaries.*

THE LONDON AND GENERAL BANK, LIMITED.

Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.
No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

Established 1868.

THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,

20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £30,000.

Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.

UNION DEPOSIT BANK.

No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.

[ESTABLISHED 1867.]

CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE.
Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From £30 to £5,000.
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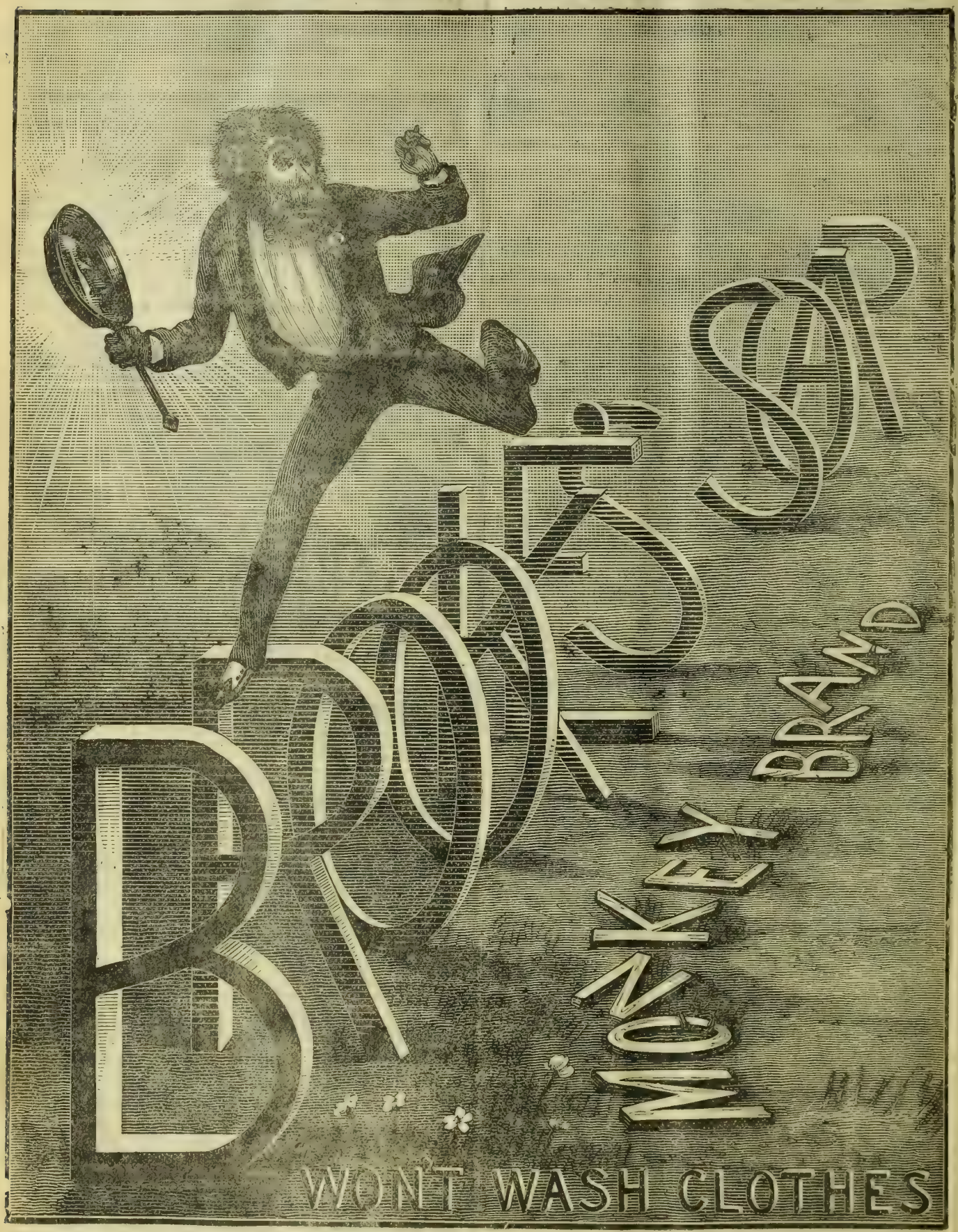

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eleven days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on the morning of the second Monday succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14, letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 656.—QUOTATIONS FROM ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POETS CONTAINING CONSECUTIVE NUMBERS.

OUTSIDER (Real name and address will be given next week) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 666.

Having now printed three selections from the large collection of "Children's Quaint Sayings," received in connection with this competition, I will no longer delay the award of the prize. I must confess, however, that I shall make the award in this competition with fear and trembling. For one good parent that will be satisfied with my decision, several hundreds will almost inevitably be inclined to challenge my judgment. But it is, of course, necessary that I perform my duty at all risks, and I therefore divide the prize between GUNGO and LINTHORPE:—

PRIZE SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

During the recent war in Chile, all the English residents of one of the ports while it was being bombarded, had to take refuge in a large, underground store-house; and when the firing was at its height,—fighting going on in the streets above, and the shell continually whirring through the air—a small boy of five, in an abject state of fear, lifted up his head from his mother's shoulder, and said, "I'll never sing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers!' any more"—that being a favourite hymn of his.—GUNGO.

Children's dinner. Roast rabbit with stuffing inside. Child—"Mamma, how *do* the rabbits know what are the proper things to eat to make the stuffing."—Linthorpe.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 669.

As a further competition has been founded on the Original Conundrums published last week, I will not at present award this prize.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 673.

The usual Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE BEST TWO FOUR-LINED VERSES WRITTEN IN THE METRE WHICH HOOD SUGGESTS IN HIS WELL-KNOWN "NOCTURNAL SKETCH."

To prevent any misunderstanding I will give a specimen line or two. Thus Hood's first verse begins

"Even is come, and from the dark park, hark!
The signal of the setting sun, one gun."

If possible, competitors should similarly finish each line of their verses, which may be on any subject, with three words which rhyme as "dark, park, and hark" do. There is no necessity, however, of making one line rhyme with another. Should any competitors see fit to attempt an even greater *tour de force* by ending some of their lines with more than three rhyming sounds, they are at liberty to do so; but they must, in all cases, stick to the metre which Hood has used. All verses must be received by me on the morning of Monday, December 28, at the latest.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" HOME-MADE TOY AND DOLL SHOW.

Before this number of TRUTH is in the hands of most of its readers, the Twelfth Annual Toy and Doll Show will have been opened at the Polytechnic, Regent-street, W. It may be well to repeat here that it will be open both on Wednesday and Thursday in this week, between the hours of 10.30 a.m. and 10 p.m. The Exhibition is open gratuitously to the public, and it is hoped that a large number of visitors will attend.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and address of HAROLDWYN, winner of Prize No. 667, are Harold Wynn, Esq., 7, Granard-road, Nightingale Park, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

EAST ANGLIA.—I regret your disappointment, but your letter was undoubtedly delivered too late; probably through some delay on the part of the Post Office.

IMARA.—On referring to your couplet I found, even before I received your letter, that a misprint had been made. It should have run:—

"Off mad despot or *imperious* fairy!
O, maddening, deft, though beauteous Mary."

F. RAM.—Many thanks for your two original suggestions, of which I have made a note for future use.

OCTOGENARIAN.—I am much obliged to you for your interesting letter, though I fear we should not find the present generation very apt at carrying out your suggestion. I will, however, consider whether some such competition as you suggest cannot be given.

ARACHNE.—There is no such cryptogramic mystery in the specimen Puzzle Sentence as you imagine. If you look at the letters "ER YOANDHAVERK" again you will see that ER are the only letters which are left of the word "MANCHESTER" after the syllables "MAN" and "CHEST" have been taken away from it; whilst the second combination of letters merely consists of the words "AND HAVE" sandwiched between the first two and last two letters of the word "YORK." In other words, a "man" and a "chest" are missing from "Manchester" "and have" got into "York."

SKYFLIER.—You will see that I have at length been able to act on the suggestion you so kindly made some time ago.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 670.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ORIGINAL EPIGRAMMATIC DEFINITION OF CHRISTMAS.

A Christian festival presided over by a heathen Deity—Bacchus.—Nibs.

A "take in" upon a large scale.—Ellart.

The feast of raisins and the flow of toll.—Einy.

1. A holly-day of obligations (the theological term being, "A holiday of obligation"). 2. The season in ich we seek to renew credit and friendship. 3. e expected *Advent* of what has been *Lent*.—Ergon.

1. The holly-crowned King of Winter. 2. The "you'll feast" (Yule-feast) season. 3. A billing and cooing season. 4. A dying-out dining-out season. 5. Turkey in Europe.—Malignant.

The carnival of the hearth.—Efflorenzo.

The season for charity,* and close time for digestion.—Growna.

* In the true and full sense.

1. Christmas! all stuff. 2. A bilious attack.—Danehill.

A drop of religion, a sea of feasting, and an ocean of merry-making.—Ipse Dixit.

Christmas, to use the definition in the madrigal in "Patience," is "the pleasure which is almost a pain!"—Hounsnitch.

1. That time of the year when begging is not unlawful, when hypocrisy is judicious, and intemperance commendable. 2. A very convenient time to win one of these Puzzle prizes.—Med. Stud.

1. The bill season and the pill season 2. Pudding time ("When George in pudding time came o'er." Vicar of Bray). 3. A berry gay and festive season.—Bushranger.

1. A universal holly-day (holiday), or the only real holly-day of the year. 2. A reality that never comes up to the ideal. 3. Bills, chills, pills, and quadrilles!—Cæsar's Corner.

The time when the new Pandora's "box" is opened with hope at the top and influenza at the bottom.—Incognita.

1. A holy day transformed into a holiday. 2. A mixture of holiness and holly, which generally degenerates into a promiscuous holiday. 3. "Peace and goodwill" followed by plenty of ills and pills. 4. A so-called "merry" time, sometimes ending in a "miserable" period.—East Anglia.

1. Holly, jolly, folly, and melancholy! 2. Peace and goodwill; grease and blue pill! 3. A glad time, a sad time, and a mad time; or, gladness, sadness, madness. 4. Hand-shaking, love-making, roasting, baking, and pill-taking. 5. A time when Lazarus should be more than ever in the thoughts of Dives. 6. A disagreement between Turkey and Greece (grease). 7. The great social festival, in regard to which all are Conservative, Liberal, Home-rulers in the best sense, and with a decided Party feeling, also in the best sense.—Jabberwock.

1. The children's fête and the old folks' shadowland. 2. Memory's casket of treasures, gay and sad, opened every year to be replenished.—Risk.

1. To the young, a field-day in the home park; to the old, the roll call after the battle. 2. Praying, playing, paying. 3. Gorging and disgorging.—Baritone.

The beggars' opera season, or mendicity mendacity day.—Lymington.

A bird of paradise that yearly moults its best feathers.—Criterion.

Goose stuffing.—Ellen F. G.

'Xmas! we hail thee, welcome guest,
Our annual festival of joyousness. Con.

High mass, low mass, and a mass of gaieties and gravities.—Sinona.

1. Christmas doth bring old friends, old carols, and old-fashioned cheer; turkey, roast-beef, plum-pudding, and old beer. 2. Christmas means family, friends, fine food, frost, and friskiness. 3. Christmas: a religious and social festival.—Rich Man.

Season of bills, chills, pills, and other ills! Followed by making wills!—Lotus.

Bills, chills, ills, pills.—Six Knobs.

Bells, blessings, berries, bairns, boxes, boughs, and bills.—Venetia.

Expectation and dissipation.—Claire.

Gifts, bills, pies, pills.—Copt Hall.

Puddingtide.—Ombra.

1. The festival which combines "the world and the church." 2. The church, the world, the flesh, and the d—l afterwards.—Dilaram.

The season of bills and pills.—Fonta and Cejijunto.

Bills, chills, and pills.—Resignation.

Pleasure for the young, penance for the old.—Jeny.

The season of pay, pie, and piety.—Ada.

The annual season of sinning and repenting.—Mona.

A tiny footprint of the Babe of Bethlehem indelibly printed upon the sands of time.—Samuel H. Somers.

1. The "present" time. 2. Tragi-comedy.—Gad-about.

Bills, beef, boredom.—Rollo.

1. The best thing out for making one's-self miserable. 2. A combination of woes, only possible to be endured once a year. 3. A state of body and mind only to be compared to Dante's "Inferno." 4. A time when we leave the ills we know to fly to others that we know not of.—E. N. S.

The children's ju*bil(l)*ee; in fact, a festive time for "bills" generally.—Dolphin.

"Bill"-ious and "pill"-ious.—C. F. Reid.

New birth. For earth.—Epic.

1. The 25th of December of each year, when the petals of grief and joy unfold the widest. 2. The 25th of December.—Murdoch.

A happy combination of prayers and presents, good wishes, and good dishes.—Amtaham.

A quasi-festive season of the year,
When epidemics, such as "bills" appear.
Lockhart.

For juveniles, Paradise gained. For their elders, a memorial of Paradise lost.—M. S.

Cheer and charity.—Sclic.

The "open sesame" of hearts and money-boxes.—Pompeii.

1. The jewel in the circle of the year. 2. The real Liberal Unionist. 3. The period when love comes in at the door and poverty flies out of the window.—Wobbles.

1. A little praying,
More displaying,
Much paying.

2. (Children's Christmas) The feast of "The Innocents."—Emily Culverhouse.

"A time to get," and a time to give.—Heathfield.

1. A time of remembrance. 2. Happy meetings and sad memories. 3. Bells, bustle, boxes, bills. 4. For the young, Paradise; for their elders, Purgatory.—Qu'Appelle.

The season of gifts, geese, and ghosts.—Caledonia.

The greatest of all God's good gifts to man.—Crosspatch.

Greetings, meetings, eatings.—Wraith.

A bilious season.—Guelder Rose.

Thought-day.—Colocynth.

Bills, fills, ills, pills.—Eneksa.

A period illumined by the soft light radiating from its central white-letter day, and upon which ever rests "the summer calm of golden charity."—W. H. T.

Social righteousness rampant—for a few hours.—No Name.

Dining, w(h)ining, pills, bills.—Wits.

No time like the "present" season,
An entertaining time in reason.
Esperanza.

The star of hope and promise which annually flits across earth's troubled, cloudy sky.—Excelsior.

1. Presents, parties, physic. 2. The present time. 3. Drunken waits. 4. Tradesmen's bills. 5. Christmas-boxes. 6. Too much of a good thing. 7. A played-out time. 8. Eating and drinking too much.—Nodroh.

1. To youth—jolly; to manhood—folly; to old age—melancholy. 2. A time to do and be done-d (dunn'd) with it. 3. Meeting, greeting, eating. 4. The centuries' "creed" merged into one day's "greed."—Whim-wham.

A birthday fête, with Earth for welcome guest.
Heaven is the host. The cheer is of the best.
Mrs. Buchanan.

1. The world's evangel, Love's anniversary, Charity's jubilee, Truth's opportunity. 2. The special feeding time in the world's menagerie. 3. The carnival of christendom. 4. A time for a non-political dismemberment of turkey. 5. The time for a general movement in grease (Greece, oh I). 6. An ancient truth converted into a modern farce.—Immortal Will.

Drinking! Dr-in-ki-ng! D-r-i-n-k-i-n-g!—Dick.

Heathen rites—mistletoe, bringing in the boar's head, yule log, &c.—clumsily combined with Christianity!—J. McGrigor Allan.

1. Meeting, greeting, eating. 2. Boys, noise, toys.—Dora.

Christmas! a time of feast and song,
Good-will to all (not heeded long);
A time when all forget their ills,
And followed by—a course of pills!
Dallington.

Two guineas, if you please; indeed
TRUTH'S coin's the epigram I need.
TRUTH names the craft that leaves her stocks,
Let Christmas be—a Christmas-box. T.

A time-honoured holly-day institution muchly founded upon, and mainly perpetuated by man's love of internal stuffings and external vanities.—T. Honam.

1. The truce day in family quarrels, when friends and foes meet to bury the past, and end by renewing the strife. 2. A feast dedicated to the Englishman's god—his belly. 3. Religion tempered with good cheer. 4. The hallowed season when chords of celestial harmony vibrate on human heart strings.—H. Z. L.

O, Christian Day, bedecked with Pagan berry,
Bidding the soul rejoice, the sense make merry,
Doubly delighted thou each ransomed sinner
With morning service and with Christmas dinner.
Caliban.

Feasting and mirth, and decking with leaves,
Extending the table by several leaves,
Afterwards partings and taking of leaves,
Ills, pills, and bills, and hard work it leaves.
Nunc Dimittis.

The Nativity and turkeys, holly leaves and praise,
Great smouldering logs and heated hearts, plum duff all ablaze,
Fathers playing "Santa Claus," while softly children say,
"Tho' folly's birth may not be fixed, she keeps a natal day."
Spup.

CHRISTMAS! CHRIST'S MASS!
The word might show His death!
The Host! a false religion's idle breath.
We make it celebrate His birth and love's;
No Cæsar's "Roman angels" we, nor Jove's.
Angleterre.

A time of presents, and of tips,
A time of "mistletoe and lips,"
A time of hearty, kindly greeting;
A time when loved ones look to meeting;
The time when, in goodwill and peace,
All quarrels, feuds, and splits should cease.
J. Le Maitre.

To some, a time of sadness (thinking of those they have lost). To others, a time of happiness, realising Christmas joys, for God is not the God of the Dead, but of the Living.—Ye Hermit.

Oh! the sun he is dead, and the sky it is lead,
And our absolute lord is Grime,
And the smoke wreaths frown
On the horrible town.
God help us! 'tis Christmas time.

But the snow gleams bright in the Alpine light,
And my heart and the sleigh bells chime,
For I laugh, as I sing
To the sun—my king—
God, I thank thee 'tis Christmas time.
Kulm.

The joyous, holy, Christmas Day
Is the feast of Christ's nativity,
When rich and poor strive to be gay
With mirth and great festivity;
'Tis the time at which all friends unite,
Is this one day of the year,
In exchanging greetings, fond and bright,
For its the season of good cheer.
Yecal.

The glee bells are ringing; waits merrily singing;
The yule logs are glowing, so bright and so clear;
While Scrooge is unbending, and bounteously sending
His gifts to the needy, both distant and near.
Friends, erst foes, are meeting, and heartily greeting
The Prince and the peasant, regardless of birth;
Thus we, for this reason, define Christmas season
As the Alpha and Omega of goodwill on earth.
Foy.

A time of chimes and pantomimes,
Merry misses, mistletoe kisses,
With puddings and pies;
Alas! powders and pills,
And tips and bills,
An old custom survives. Borl.

The best thing about Christmas is that it comes but once a year. It could not come more often. The worst thing about Christmas is, we can't get over it. It gets over us. It is its weighty presence that crushes us, not the weight of its presents. We are sometimes a long time digesting Christmas, though the jesting dies quickly enough. Private entertainments at Christmas always "go down" when they are kept up—late. It is xpensive to go in for x's, therefore Christmas should be spelt with a C. Whence, consideration for the cook, who cooks for a consideration. Christmas is famous for pealing bells and belles appealing.—Georgina.

1. The keystone of the Christian arch. That away, Our faith is shattered and our hopes decay. 2. The lighted altar, round which gather Christian hopes, human sympathies, and old associations. 3. To the youthful, a season of joy. To the middle-aged, a season of dread. To the old, a season of regret.—H. Z. L.

A hoary old monarch, at whose shrine his subjects offer in sacrifice annual holocausts of turkeys, geese, sheep, and oxen, floated in rivers of strong liquids, in return for which they are favoured with headaches, indigestions, bill-y-us-ness, and other stomachic disorders; to honour whom, in the guise of pleasure and entertainment, people inflict on themselves inconveniences, worries, and boredoms innumerable; a vision of delightful anticipation for the young and frivolous, but an ogre of terror for the matured and staid.—Thos. Honam.

Christmas toys, noisy boys,
Take 'em in, make a din;
Christmas tree, great glee,
Lighted tapers, all cut capers;
Country dance, where old ones prance,
Blind man's buff, such-like stuff;
Mince pies, any size,
Snap-dragon, wine flagon;
Makes folks merry, port and sherry,
Cakes and ale, never fail;
Mottoes, crackers, my! what whackers,
Tom Smith's own, for Jack or Joan;
Jolly fun for every one,
Go to bed, splitting head
Next day or two; but ready new
Year again, same old game. Dora

Merry meetings,
Good cheer,
Happy greetings
From far and near.
Church bells ringing
With all their might,
Carol singing
All through the night.
Christmas is thus defined—
Peace, goodwill, to all mankind.
Yule-Tide.

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 782. Vol. XXX. Thursday, December 24 1891. Price Sixpence.

A Detailed and Descriptive Account *of the* "Truth" Twelfth Doll Show *appears on pages* 1352 *to* 1354.

Notice to the Trade.—There will be no further reprint of "Truth" Christmas Number. *The fifth reprint was sold out last night.*

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen will arrive at Buckingham Palace from Osborne, according to present arrangements, on Monday, February 8, in time for luncheon. The Council for the Speech will be held at the Palace in the afternoon, and on Tuesday, at two o'clock, her Majesty is to proceed to open Parliament with the customary ceremonial. The Queen will go down to Windsor Castle on the Tuesday evening, in order that she may be able to pass the anniversary of her wedding-day in seclusion.

Her Majesty has finally decided to pass three weeks of next spring at Costebelle, near Hyères, and, as accommodation is required for between sixty and seventy persons, it has been found necessary to engage two hotels for her Majesty's exclusive use. The statement that the Queen will spend the "month of March" at Hyères is not correct, for her Majesty does not intend to leave England until the 22nd of that month, at the earliest, and possibly not until the 29th. The Queen will stay at Hyères until after Easter, and is then to proceed to Germany, as she has promised to pass ten days with the Empress Frederick at Cronburg, and, on leaving that place, her Majesty is to stay for three days at Coblenz, when she will be the guest of the Emperor William.

The Queen will not come back to England before May 6 or 7, and if she attends the celebration of the golden wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, at Coburg, on Tuesday, May 3, her return will be delayed for a few days longer.

A contemporary announces that, "as at present arranged," the Empress Frederick and her youngest daughter will join the Queen at Hyères. The Empress Frederick has no more idea of going to Hyères than of starting for Pekin. After the hurly-burly which arose out of the unfortunate visit of the Empress to Paris, it is most improbable that any near relation of the German Emperor will again enter France.

The Prince of Wales's visit to Welbeck was not particularly successful. Every arrangement had been made for the reception of the Princess, when the news arrived that she was not coming, and this disappointment diminished the hilarity of the large party which had been expressly invited to meet her. On Wednesday the Prince went out shooting in the Welbeck covers directly after breakfast. In less than five hours 2,236 head of game were killed by nine guns, and, as a matter of fact, the pheasants were so plentiful and so tame that firing into a poultry-yard would have been as exciting sport. A dance was given at night, which lasted from ten until four, supper being served at midnight.

On Thursday arrangements had been made for a *battue* at Clipstone Park, but there was such a dense fog that shooting was out of the question. The Prince went through the underground apartments, and looked at the pictures, and at the "show books" in the library, after which he drove to the stud farm at Hunciecroft and inspected the Duke's brood mares, foals, and stallions. On Friday the shooting-party at Clipstone took place, the Prince starting from Welbeck at half-past nine. The ladies arrived to luncheon at half-past one, escorted by Mr. Balfour, and after that meal, which was served in a marquee, shooting was resumed for another hour and a-half, and then the Prince drove back to Welbeck with the Duke of Portland; and, after drinking tea at the Abbey, he started for London. The party broke up on Saturday.

The Prince of Wales will probably be the guest of Lord Lonsdale at Lowther Castle, Westmoreland, from the 11th until the 16th of January.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were to have gone this afternoon to Sandringham, where every preparation had been made for their reception, and there was to have been a large house-party at the Hall next week. They have now decided, however, to remain at Marlborough House until the end of next week, and the first Sandringham party is invited from the 4th to the 9th of January.

H.R.H. and the Princess are to attend next year's Eisteddfod, which will be held at Rhyl about the middle of September, and they are to be the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Eaton Hall Cheshire.

The daily papers were safe enough in their predictions about the Royal wedding, so long as they contented themselves with announcing that it will take place "either in London or at Windsor," although, by the way, there has been a suggestion that the ceremony should be at Kew Church, where the Duke and Duchess of Teck were married. When, however, the journals came to details, they at once floundered into every species of mistakes. The idea, for example, of a State wedding in Westminster Abbey is preposterous, for there is no precedent for such an arrangement, and such a ceremony would cost at least £15,000, and who would pay for it? Nearly as ridiculous was the announcement that the wedding would be celebrated in State at Windsor, and that there would be a procession through London. The fact is that nothing is settled, except that, as at present arranged, the wedding is *not* to be at Windsor. It will probably take place in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace, where the Duke and Duchess of Fife were married. If the various arrangements can be completed in time, the wedding is to be during the last week of February.

When giving an account of the wedding of Prince and Princess Aribert of Anhalt, in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, I referred to the frightful bungling of every sort and description for which that ceremony will be long remembered. The Prince of Wales was exceedingly exasperated by the confusion which prevailed, notably when the Queen was conducted to one door while the Royal carriages had been sent to another entrance; and H.R.H. is resolved that there shall be no repetition of this muddling when his eldest son is married, so he is desirous of managing the whole ceremonial himself, and of taking all the arrangements into his own hands. H.R.H. will probably be assisted by Sir John Cowell, who has had much experience, and who is a first-rate organiser.

It is only reasonable that a Prince in direct succession to the throne should marry, and it is also reasonable that this Prince should have some provision made for him. This was the view adopted by the House of Commons when it voted a large annual payment of money for the children of the Prince of Wales; those who voted against it being of opinion that the provision ought to come out of the revenues already assigned to his father. It is now suggested that Princess May should be voted a sum of money on marrying the Duke of Clarence, and that provision should be made for her in the event of his predeceasing her. As regards the first proposal, the real question is whether £20,000 per annum is sufficient (for this amount might be given from the fund voted for the children of the Prince of Wales) for the Duke and Duchess of Clarence. The general opinion is that it is amply sufficient; and this view is more strongly entertained by Radicals than by Conservatives, because the former, whilst recognising the full right of the Queen to the Civil List, are disposed, whenever a fresh Civil List has to be voted, to reduce it to the amount which the President of the French Republic finds enough to enable him to maintain his state and dignity. As regards the provision for the Princess May in the event of her becoming a widow, we do not deny that a proper provision should be made for her; but we assert that the moment to make the provision will only come if and when she becomes a widow, we having no right to prejudge the question of amount, which concerns alone those who will have to pay it.

What I have always protested against is increasing the income of collateral Princes, because it pleases them to marry. The State has nothing to gain by these marriages; indeed, State policy is rather against the marriage, for their children, if there are any, would be in the false position of Princes of the Royal family without any means of livelihood. I can cite for this view a person who certainly was not a Radical—Prince Henry of Prussia, the brother of Frederick the Great. He was eventually induced by his brother to marry, but he put on record his objections, saying that he did "not wish to leave after him a race of beggarly and miserable Princes, quite useless, and consequently a burden on the State."

In regard to the Prussian Royal Family there is an excellent law, which, had it existed here, would have saved us much money. No Royal Prince is allowed to borrow, and no one is allowed to lend money to him. If any one does lend, he cannot recover. Acting on this law, Frederick the Great never repaid any Prussian who had lent him money when he was heir to the Throne, for he deemed that such a person had not only violated the law, but ought to lose his money for having done an improper action. Were one of our Princes to borrow money, and an application to be made to Parliament to repay it, the strong probability is that the House of Commons would follow the example of Frederick the Great. I would, indeed, go further. I would inflict a heavy fine on any one asking to be repaid by Parliament, and on any Minister asking for a vote for any such purpose.

Instead of every flunkey presenting the Duke and Duchess of Clarence with something that they do not want, it would be far better that a national subscription should be inaugurated. If the names of the donors were well advertised, I am convinced that the amount subscribed would be large. At present it has become a habit amongst sensible people to present a young couple, whose expenditure may possibly be greater than their income, with a cheque. My suggestion, therefore, is merely an enlargement of a plan already adopted. It has the advantage that each person may show his belief in the system of large Royal grants to a fraction, whilst those who do not believe in them would not be obliged to contribute.

Naturally, the senile and servile Corporation of the City of London is first in the field with a vote of 2,500 guineas for the happy pair. This money will probably be expended in purchasing the most useless article that can be found at a

Kinahan's LL Whiskey. "The Cream of old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whiskey. Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's LL Whiskey. The Prize Medal, Dublin, 1865.

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 1364 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 1363.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 1366.

profit to the vendor of 30 or 40 per cent.; indeed, I should not wonder if the vote were followed by another to provide mementoes to all the members of the Corporation, in order to recall to their minds the event. Would it not be far better were this sum to form the nucleus of the National subscription that I suggest?

Emperor William has ordered a new throne to be constructed, of which the frame and decorations are to be of pure gold, while the coverings and draperies will be of the richest purple velvet. The old throne of the Kings of Prussia was broken up after Jena, for the sake of the precious metals with which it was adorned, and since that period their Majesties have possessed only a couple of State chairs. I would recommend to the consideration of His Imperial Majesty the words of Napoleon: "A throne is nothing but a seat of wood covered with drapery. All depends on the man who sits on it."

The announcement that Prince George is going for a cruise in the Mediterranean, in the Prince of Wales's yacht, the *Aline*, is incorrect. Such an expedition could scarcely be recommended for a patient just recovered from typhoid fever, and especially as Prince George always suffers dreadfully from *mal de mer* for several days after he goes afloat. He will probably go to Osborne Cottage when he leaves town. The Prince of Wales has lent the *Aline* to Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox for a few months.

It is announced that the Prince of Naples was anxious to marry Princess Victoria of Wales, but that she would have nothing to say to him. This is a nonsensical fabrication; for, apart from the fact that the Prince has only once seen Princess Victoria, which was at a State function; he knows very well that he must marry a Roman Catholic, for the Italians certainly would not tolerate a Protestant wife for the heir to the throne. It is exceedingly probable now that all prospects of a match with Princess Clémentine of Belgium are at an end, that the Prince of Naples will marry Princesse Hélène d'Orléans, the second daughter of the Comte de Paris.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to leave Portsmouth to-day on a visit to the Queen at Osborne, where they are expected to remain for about a fortnight, and they will be absent from Portsmouth until the end of next month. The Emperor William has invited the Duke to go to Berlin to attend the annual Chapter of the Knights of the Black Eagle.

The Duchess of Albany, who is to pass the holidays at Osborne with the Queen, will go to Cannes early in February for a stay of about two months.

Lord Dartmouth will be amused to read in a romancing Tory journal that he was compelled in 1887 to hide himself for a fortnight, in order to escape being overwhelmed with applications for invitations to the Jubilee functions. As a matter of fact, the Vice-Chamberlain has no more to do with sending out invitations for any Court functions than has the Lord Chancellor.

The "pamphlet" still continues to furnish society with much gossip. It is understood that it is not printed, but in type-writing. Any lady who can get a copy, and who announces "a reading," finds her drawing-room more crowded than if a dozen prima-donnas and Georgia Magnets were on the bill of fare. The story now is that a copy has somehow got over to America, and that "it is likely to be published there for the profane vulgar." This is, I believe, incorrect, the story being based on the fact that a well-known American correspondent was present at one of the readings.

A young wife writes:—

I should be glad to know if it is open to any one belonging to respectable middle-class society to call at Marlborough House and inscribe their names in the visitors' book; or, if not, what are the necessary qualifications to enable one to do so, and what is the method of procedure?

I should also be glad to know what one should do to get an invitation to the Lady Mayoress's "At Home," as I have been told that if, when a new Lord Mayor is elected, one leaves her cards at his official residence, cards for these receptions are generally sent. Is this true? as I do so want to try and get to know people whose influence I may be able to get for my husband's advancement later on. I hope you will not make fun of this letter in your paper.

As to inscribing the name at Marlborough House, I presume that it is open to any one to do this. I doubt, however, whether the "young wife" would advance her husband later on by this expedient. As to the Mansion House, I really do not know what system is adopted in regard to invitations, but I can hardly suppose that any Lord Mayor invites young wives who call upon him, and with whom he is not acquainted.

I am asked to state that the King's College School Old Boys' Annual Dinner will take place at the Criterion, on Thursday, January 7, the Rev. John Twentyman in the chair.

A large and enthusiastic audience assembled at Chelsea Barracks Theatre on Wednesday, on the occasion of a variety entertainment given by the Brigade of Guards. The first part consisted of vocal and instrumental selections, and considerable merriment was occasioned by Mr. Willoughby Maycock in a stump oration and eccentric banjo song in costume. This was followed by a well-rendered performance of "Vice Versâ," Mrs. Colville and Miss Howe Browne sustaining the ladies' part, and Mr. G. Du Maurier, Mr. Howe Browne, Mr. Studd, Captain Maxse, and others, those of the gentlemen. The entertainment was a distinct success.

Mr. Balfour has gone to Whittinghame, his place in East Lothian, until about Tuesday week, when he returns south to Hatfield on a visit to Lord Salisbury. Mr. Balfour is to be over in Ireland during the last fortnight of January, and he will then be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn at Baron's Court, co. Tyrone, and of Lord and Lady Londonderry at Mount Stuart, co. Down.

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Pfungst Freres' Extra Quality Champagnes.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

Born to vast wealth and high position, and well-endowed intellectually, the Duke of Devonshire lived a retired life, and devoted himself to the management of his estates, to science, and to literature, and cared nothing for political or social successes. His death is important owing to the prominent position which has for many years been occupied by his son in the House of Commons. *Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!* was the old cry of the French Monarchy. In the case of English Dukes, it is the reverse. *Le Roi est mort*, and the new Duke passes from Parliamentary activity to Parliamentary extinction.

The new Duke, it is suggested by some of the Tory newspapers, will still be able to go to public meetings, and these newspapers seem to think that he will pass the greater portion of his time wandering about the country as a missionary of the Liberal-Unionist heresy. *Nous verrons.* According to the *Times*, there are so many gifted Liberal-Unionist M.P.'s in the House of Commons that this alone constitutes the difficulty of selecting a successor to the leadership, and it enforces this view by saying that Mr. Chamberlain should be selected—by which it means that unless that gentleman is recognised as Liberal-Unionist Leader there is likely to be a little band of dissident Liberal dissidents. The dissident Liberals had not long formed themselves into a Party before Mr. Chamberlain issued a sort of circular, which elaborated the idea that Chamberlain was the man, not Hartington. This circular fell very flat, for the dissentients had confidence in Lord Hartington, and not in Mr. Chamberlain. Whether they now will be able to hold their own against the personal ambition of the latter, and to rally under Sir Henry James, remains to be seen. Being a poor weak set of invertebrates, and knowing that they will be extinguished at the General Election, they probably will hardly consider the meatless bone now worth quarrelling over. Most of them will sink into Toryism and insignificance, and the "Party" will become Birmingham *contra mundum*, with Mr. Chamberlain as the Birmingham pet, alternately offering to betray Tories and Liberals, if either will recognise that Providence has vouchsafed to the world in him a man born to rule, but not to serve.

Lady de Ros, who died last week at the age of ninety-six, retained her faculties until within a short time of her death. She was a woman of exceptional intelligence, and her memory of the many remarkable people whom she had known was so vivid that it is to be regretted that her relatives did not induce her to dictate some of her reminiscences. Her recollections of Brussels during the Waterloo period were most bright and interesting, and for many years afterwards she was a prominent figure in the best English society. Lady de Ros had many good stories to tell of the Catholic Emancipation and Reform Bill seasons, and of the famous winter parties at Goodwood, when Orange Tories and active Whigs united in plotting the speedy downfall of the Duke of Wellington. Her mother, the old Duchess of Richmond, was as zealous a "Protestant" as Lord Eldon himself, and her stormy discussion with Lord George Bentinck respecting the character of Mr. Canning, which was closed by her piously thanking God that Canning had been removed from the earth, was long remembered by *habitués* of Goodwood.

The death of Dr. Gillespie, who had been known for many years as one of the most eminent medical practitioners in Edinburgh, has excited universal regret in that city. He was the son of Dr. Alexander Gillespie, who in his day was also a celebrated and most successful physician in Edinburgh. Dr. Gillespie held a large number of public appointments, and for thirty years he was secretary to the Harveian Society. He was a man of wide attainments, and had much of the old Edinburgh culture. He was a most popular member of the New Club, of which his father was one of the founders.

Mrs. Charles Kingsley, who died last week, was a valuable helpmate to her distinguished husband in both his literary and his parochial work. At Eversley they were the pioneers of all those valuable parochial agencies (coal, clothing, and shoe clubs, Sunday school, lending library, &c.) which are now to be found in every well-ordered village, but which were then almost unknown. She was the zealous assistant of her husband in all his undertakings, and she did nearly the whole of his writing (novels, sermons, review articles) from his dictation. Charles Kingsley's life was shortened by the unhealthy situation of his house at Eversley, which also seriously injured his wife's health. Mrs. Kingsley passed the last fifteen years of her life at Bishop's Tachbrook, a charming old-fashioned village near Leamington. The Queen offered her a set of apartments in Hampton Court Palace shortly after Kingsley's death, but she refused them.

With reference to the paragraph concerning the late Lady Lilford in last week's Truth, a correspondent who is entitled to speak with authority writes to inform me that, "except when they were abroad, Lady Lilford until her marriage lived entirely with her parents; was absolutely devoted to her father, as he to her; and was never on anything but friendly terms with her mother." This I am very glad to hear; but if the writer supposes it to be inconsistent with what I said, he entirely misapprehends the intention of the paragraph. This did not suggest that there was any want of cordiality or devotion between Lady Lilford and her parents, but, what is, I think, scarcely deniable, that her ladyship was never much in sympathy with the "literary, political, and social" atmosphere of Holland House.

Sir Andrew Crombie Ramsay, who died the other day in his seventy-eighth year, was one of the most eminent geologists of the last fifty years. He was appointed to the

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth. Also The Belle Vue and Pier Hotel, opposite the Pier, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach General Manager, late of the Bath Hotel, Bournemouth

Pepsalia used as table salt while eating, one saltspoonful to an ordinary meal, ensures absolute digestion of the food. The *British Medical Journal* says:—"We have satisfied ourselves of the efficacy of Pepsalia."—In bottles, 1s. and 2s. each, from Chemists, or G. & G. Stern, 62, Gray's Inn-road, London.

Geological Survey, on the recommendation of Sir Henry de la Beche, in 1841, and he became Director-General of that undertaking after the death of Sir Roderick Murchison in 1872. Sir Andrew Ramsay obtained every distinction, both at home and abroad, to which a geologist could aspire, and he has left an enduring mark on the science to which he was devoted. He was not only an acute observer and a thinker of marked originality, but he was a most forcible exponent of his subject, and a truly delightful writer. He devoted his whole life to the study and promotion of geology. Sir Andrew was a most genial and a highly-cultivated man, and he was beloved by all who knew him. He was a native of Glasgow, and his first work, by which he made a great hit, was entitled "The Geology of Arran."

Mr. Middleton, of Hillfoot, who was formerly a well known Glasgow merchant, and who represented that city in the Parliament of 1880, died last week, after having lived in seclusion for several years, in consequence of his health having entirely broken down. Mr. Middleton was a very clever man, and an excellent speaker, and for many years he was one of the most active Liberals in the West of Scotland. He interested himself keenly in all political and local affairs, and was a prominent member of the United Presbyterian Synod.

The large estates of the late Lord Bantry, in the counties of Cork and Kerry, pass, under the entail, to his nephew, the son of Mr. Egerton Legh, of High Legh, and of the late Lady Elizabeth Egerton Legh. There will be a minority of several years, as the heir is a boy at Eton. Bantry House is one of the most beautiful places in Ireland.

An account appears in the *South Wales Star* of what is called a "Novelty in Shooting." The term seems somewhat euphemistic; but it is, perhaps, better that I should leave the *South Wales Star* to tell its own tale:—

> A novelty was introduced on the last day's shooting of the Dunraven party. A wired enclosure was put up some time ago, and about a thousand rabbits turned into it, and daily fed with roots, &c. The shooting-party in the space of two hours shot no less than about 280 rabbits. About 80 rabbits out of the 280 were so mangled by shot as to be unfit for sale; consequently were rejected. . . . . The majority of the rabbits put into the wired enclosure were caught on the Ogmore Common, the people's common by right.

Having some respect for Lord Dunraven, who is apparently the sportsman libelled in this paragraph, I shall assume, until I hear to the contrary, that this story of brutal butchery, and the suggestion of theft which accompanies it, are pure inventions. No doubt a formal contradiction will be at once forthcoming.

I have received a copy of a leaflet containing the report of a meeting held at Newcastle a few weeks back, at which Lieut.-Colonel Coulson warmly denounced the "sport" of "rabbit-worrying" as practised in the North country. Colonel Coulson's statements convey a shocking impression of the cruelties practised in this pastime, and they show at the same time that it has not the elements of "sport" about it, for the unfortunate rabbits when released are too dazed and frightened to run when the dogs are set after them. It is to be hoped that the agitation which Colonel Coulson has started will lead to a better appreciation of this fact. To do them justice, the lower classes are much quicker to perceive the cruelty of a sport than their so-called "betters."

Last week, in London, a Moldavian postage-stamp—intrinsic value about eightpence—was sold by auction for £49, "after very spirited bidding." Surely, the bidders ought not to be at large.

As a memento of the French Exhibition at Moscow, the Empress of Russia has been presented with a large egg of enamelled silver. Inside the egg there is a bouquet of violets, composed of brilliants, held together by a ribbon of the same stones. The egg is suspended from a ribbon of rose-enamel.

Prince Lucien Bonaparte has bequeathed his rare and splendid collection of chemical materials to the nation. His cabinet contains specimens of all the rarest and most valuable substances, including iridium and germanium, which last is declared by experts to be worth fifty times its weight in pure gold.

The Dowager Lady Crawford has printed an edition of one hundred and fifty copies only, for private circulation, of her learned and accomplished husband's theological work, "The Creed of Japhet." This book was read in manuscript by Bishop Lightfoot, Dean Church, and Canon Cook, and these eminent divines concurred in earnestly urging its publication. The late Lord Crawford was well-known as the author of "The Lives of the Lindsays," a most interesting work.

Lord Walsingham, who succeeded the late Lord Powis as High Steward of Cambridge University, has promised to give an annual medal for the best essay affording evidence of original research in subjects connected with biology or geology.

It is exceedingly absurd to find Oxford University commended for presenting Dr. Morris, the learned head-master of Dedham Schools, to the vicarage of Arundel. The "unopposed nomination" of Dr. Morris to the living is ignorantly eulogised as "a very graceful recognition on the part of the University of his exceptional services to the scientific study of the English language." The real truth is that Arundel is a very poor living, with plenty of work, and Dr. Morris was "unopposed" simply because there was no other candidate. The benefice is in the gift of the Duke of Norfolk, and the presentation falls to the University because he is a Roman Catholic.

Bishop Goodwin, with characteristic generosity and thoughtfulness, left special instructions that a fat ox should be sent at Christmas from Rose Castle to Carlisle, to provide Christmas dinners for a number of poor people.

Special Notice.—Borneo Cigars.—We recommend smoker, to try Borneo Cigars, made from pure Borneo Tobacco only, excellent flavour, mild and delicate in aroma. Wholesale Prices 18s. to 30s. per 100, five sizes.—Apply for samples to Spiller & Co. 118 and 120, Charing Cross-road, London.

When Archbishop Tait was dying, Bishop Harold Browne was universally designated as his best successor. Bishop Browne, however, was already in failing health, and when he was sounded on the subject of his appointment to the Primacy he refused to hear of it, whereupon both the Queen and Mr. Gladstone wrote to him in very kind and flattering terms. He was a most successful parish clergyman during the earlier part of his career, and the experience which he gained as Vicar of Kenwyn proved of infinite value to him when he came to have charge of the great agricultural diocese of Ely.

Bishop Browne succeeded Bishop Turton, who was a prelate of quite the old school, and he did a great work in organising and in generally awakening his diocese, aided by Dean Goodwin (the late Bishop of Carlisle) and by Archdeacon Enery. The Bishop made himself very popular among both clergy and laity, and he was always a great favourite at Cambridge.

In 1873, after the tragical death of Bishop Wilberforce, Mr. Gladstone offered the See of Winchester to Bishop Jacobson, of Chester, who refused it for the characteristic reason that, "at his time of life he could not undertake to set up a London house." It was then offered to Bishop Browne, who proved himself an adequate successor to Wilberforce during the first eight or nine years of his episcopate, after which his health began rapidly to decline, and he resigned the See about sixteen months ago, and has since lived in retirement at Bitterne, near Southampton. Bishop Browne was a man of vast learning, and his theological works have been very successful—notably his book on the Thirty-nine Articles, which has gone through thirteen large editions, and which is the text-book for ordination candidates in every Anglican Diocese. He was a High Churchman of the old school, but was thoroughly in sympathy with earnest men of all parties.

Bishop Browne was a man of most imposing presence, with very genial and gracious manners, and the excellence of his table-talk had for forty years been a matter of notoriety at Cambridge. He was a most earnest and interesting preacher, and he twice presided with consummate judgment over the Church Congress. He was one of the wisest prelates of this reign, having a large share of that practical common-sense for which Archbishops Tait and Magee were so eminently distinguished, and in which so many of the "upper clergy" are so lamentably wanting.

The special preacher at St. Paul's Cathedral next Sunday evening is to be the Rev. Canon Cornish, the well-known Rector of the historic Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol.

There is a great deal of grumbling among the Somersetshire clergy in consequence of Archdeacon Fitzgerald, of Wells, having presented the Rev. E. M. Lance to the vacant vicarage of All Saints', Langport. This fortunate young clergyman has been only six years in orders, and his promotion to a most important living, over the heads of a large number of very deserving seniors, is regarded as a scandalous job.

Dean Pigou's first sermons in Bristol Cathedral have given great satisfaction in the city, and he is likely to be very popular there, among both clergy and laity. A vast improvement in the Cathedral arrangements is already apparent. The Dean has replaced on the altar the superb silver candlesticks which Dean Elliot's morbid scruples had consigned to a cupboard for more than forty years. These remarkably handsome candlesticks bear the hall-marks of the London Goldsmiths' Company for 1712-13.

The Bishop of Worcester would do well to direct his attention to the affairs of the parish of Binley, near Coventry. The Vicar died six weeks ago, and the church and Sunday-school have been closed since his demise. The living is in the gift of Lord Craven, but, being worth only £50 a year, it has been declined by three clergymen to whom he offered it. The congregation cannot resort to a Nonconformist chapel in this emergency, for there is not one in the parish. It appears that there had been no churchwarden for the last sixteen years. A dispute arose between the late vicar and the churchwarden who was then in office, respecting the appropriation on a rate, and, on that functionary resigning, the Vicar refused to appoint a successor. Lord Craven had better request the Bishop of Worcester to present to the living.

One is almost tempted to believe that some Welsh clergymen are anxious to help forward the Disestablishment movement, so eagerly do they seize every opportunity of making themselves disliked. Consider, for instance, the action of the Rev. Trevor Hughes, Vicar of Bistre, Buckley, Flintshire, in vetoing a Sunday funeral. A working-man recently lost a daughter and as some members of the family could only attend the burial on a Sunday, a local Baptist minister appealed to the Vicar to allow it to take place on that day. Besides the reason already mentioned in favour of this course, there were several others equally good, one being that the father, a poor man, had been home a week and did not want to lose another day's work. In reply, the Rev. Trevor Hughes refused to sanction the interment on Sunday, unless there was a doctor's certificate that it was absolutely necessary.

I never was one of those who found fault with those who gave to General Booth's "Darkest England" scheme, for whilst it might be an open question whether the scheme will succeed, the experiment is an interesting one, and in all probability the money, if not given to General Booth, would not have been spent in a better way. As for the banjos and the shouting, although I myself do not find these aids to morality necessary, yet, if others do, by all means let them bang their banjos, sing, and shout to their hearts' content, on their way to morality. The scheme of conversion from bad to good may be a curious one, but I make no doubt that the

Coaching in Clifton.—Mr. G. E. Crawford, B.A. (of Paris and Cambridge), and Mr. C. H. Rook, B.A. (Leipsic and Oxford), Coach for most Exams. Latest success, Sandh. (Inf.) 3rd.—Apply at Wykeham House for Record of two years' work.

Grateful and Comforting for Breakfast is Epps's Cocoa, made with boiling water or milk. Sold by Grocers, in packets labelled "James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

Salvation Army has retrieved a good many people from degradation. We have now the balance-sheet and report of the first year of the working of "the Darkest England" fund. Many have been fed, many lodged, and not a few seem to have obtained through the fund an opportunity to work.

The Farm experiment is the one that most interests me. So far as I can make it out from the accounts, the capital outlay has been £30,550, and during the last six months the excess of expenditure over profit has been £1,432. This is not satisfactory. Six months, however, is not a fair test, and I hope that it will be found possible to put the business on an even keel, after charging to expenditure something as interest on the initial outlay. This is all the more desirable, as just now much discussion is taking place as to the future of the agricultural labourer, and no scheme for his improvement can be regarded as really practical, which results in a heavy annual loss.

I have more than once called attention to the condition of match-box makers in the East-end. "Darkest England" has established a factory, and it is stated that on an outlay of £2,000 there is a profit of £475, an outside hand being able to earn 9s. 4½d., and a girl in the factory 15s. per week. With this profit, I think, however, that the business might admit of a little rise in these wages. It is stated that the outside workers get nearly double the ordinary rates; if so, how monstrous must be the sweating of the unfortunate women employed by other match-makers!

"Workers," says the Report, "in firms where phosphorus-paste is used suffer from match-makers' leprosy. A second attack is always fatal." But what are the Factory Inspectors about if this poisonous ingredient be commonly used? Matches can be perfectly well made without it.

This issue of TRUTH will be read by many thousands of persons whose thoughts are bent, more or less pleasurably, on two or three days of feasting. Let me take this opportunity, therefore, to commend to their attention the claims of the Board School Children's Free Dinner Fund, which is largely occupied with feeding children who can scarcely look to any other source for a regular meal. A lady writes to me:—

> I went to-day to see a hundred or two of poor waifs fed in Omega Hall, Alpha-road, Lisson-grove. It was a touching sight—all these poor, squalid, ill-clad little creatures waiting eagerly for their meal. And it was pleasant to see how good the meal was, and how kindly the poor little souls were cared for. These dinners are given here, and at various other places, three times a week by the Board School Children's Free Dinner Society, but the subscriptions have fallen very low.

The Honorary Secretary of this Society is Mrs. Pennington, 5, Alexandra-road, South Hampstead. I think there are many who would enjoy their Christmas dinner the more after having first helped to appease the hunger of one of those little ones.

CHOICE OLD HIGHLAND WHISKIES. Age 7, 10, 15, and 25 years in wood. Price per doz., 48s., 60s., 72s., and 120s. An eminent medical authority, in recommending the moderate use of Whisky, states that on no account should Whisky be used unless it is well matured. Detailed list on application to MOREL BROS., COBBETT, & SON, Limited, 210 & 211, Piccadilly; 18 & 19, Pall Mall; 143 Regent-street. Whisky Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

I trust that further notice will be taken at the War Office and elsewhere of the case of Sergeant-Major Lendrum, V.C., who died at Camberley two or three weeks back, after forty-six years of very distinguished military service. Sergeant-Major Lendrum received the Victoria Cross for one of a long series of heroic actions before Sebastopol; and he also distinguished himself most highly for personal gallantry during the Indian Mutiny. He was made Sergeant-Major by a special general order, but owing to his length of service his promotion did not carry with it warrant rank. As a consequence, I understand that his widow does not get a pension, and that his four youngest children—eight others have been placed out satisfactorily—are very inadequately provided for. It will certainly reflect no credit on the Army or the country if Lendrum's family are left in want.

Several bitter remonstrances reach me from a certain Scotch regiment of the line at a man having been brought in from the Guards as Regimental Sergeant-Major. Such a step can only be justified by some unavoidable necessity, for the appointment is bound to be—as it evidently is—universally unpopular, and, consequently, prejudicial to the discipline and harmony of the regiment. I am told that there are at least half-a-dozen N.C.O.'s inth e regiment fully qualified for the post, and, seeing that the total number of N.C.O.'s is about fifty, there must be something radically wrong in the regiment if this statement is not true. How, then, is the appointment to be defended?

The following statement has been sent to me from a regiment now in the West Indies as an illustration of one of the causes of the slowness of promotion in the Medical Staff Corps—a matter referred to in TRUTH some two months ago. In view of facts like these, it is easy enough to understand how a man comes to be five and a-half years in reaching the rank of Lance-Corporal. This system of "transfers" is obviously unjust to those who have served all their time in the corps, and the matter ought to have attention:—

> In 1886 Privates Jones and Robinson enlisted into the Blankshire Buffs, and in the same year Private Smith was attested in the Medical Staff Corps. At the beginning of 1890 Jones and Robinson, who were then "full" Corporals, agreed to "give up" their stripes in the regiment and transfer as privates to the Medical Staff Corps. They did so, and, having passed all necessary qualifications, and reached the period of service, were duly promoted to Corporals, with nearly double their former pay. Smith, from his having enlisted into the Army a few months later, is superseded by these transfers, although he has spent the whole of his service in the Corps, and, if only from his experience, must obviously be the more qualified man for a non-commissioned officer in this important branch of the Army, where experience is the very essence for qualification. Why should this be? Why should not these "transfers" have to serve all their time in the Corps, and not four-fifths of it in a regiment?

A few weeks back I asked why a Colour-Sergeant receives practically the same pay as a Quartermaster-Sergeant. No one seems able to answer this riddle, and I therefore assume that the anomaly, like so many others, exists solely for want of the requisite official intelligence to put it right. I may point out that though the question, as I put it, applies only to infantry regiments, the same anomaly exists in an aggravated form in the cavalry, where a Troop-Sergeant-Major (corresponding to a Colour-Sergeant) receives in all 4s. 10d. per day, as against 4s. 2d. paid to the Quartermaster-Sergeant.

"A regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant of many years' experience" writes as follows on this question. I am bound to say that there seems to be justice in his observations, for more than one complaint has appeared in Truth from Quartermasters who allege that they are actually out of pocket by the performance of their duties:—

With reference to your observations on the claim of Quartermaster-Sergeants to a periodical increase of pay, I should like to say that the perquisites which you refer to as being considered in the present rates of pay are entirely a thing of the past. What little extra we receive in the shape of marking is now so small that it is always a question whether we are not at a loss, after paying wages, providing paint, marking ink, &c., and occasionally making good the loss of articles which mysteriously disappear from the stores. . . . .

Before the year 1881 we were on the same footing as regimental Sergeant-Majors; but since then, by the introduction of the warrant grade, our rank has practically deteriorated. It should also not be overlooked that much of the work which formerly devolved on the Paymasters has, since the formation of the corps of Military Staff Clerks (A. P. D.), been transferred to the Quartermaster-Sergeants, in addition to their other duties. I hope that you will continue to assist us in obtaining what has so long been denied us—a fair consideration of our claims to increased pay and to the warrant rank.

The proprietor of the *Camp Gazette* at Aldershot appears to have a keen eye to journalistic perquisites. He issues a circular to Colour-Sergeants and others, soliciting orders for "fancy papers for Christmas decorations," promising special notices in the *Camp Gazette* and the *Hants and Surrey Times* "of those troop and company decorations for which we supply the goods." Though I am a journalist myself, I must say that the compliments of the Press are indeed a favour to be highly prized.

I am glad to find that the *Army and Navy Gazette*, which is not promiscuous in its bestowal of blame upon the Government, fully concurs in my censure of Mr. Williamson's appointment to the office of Director of Dockyards. My Service contemporary writes as follows:—

The public cannot afford to pay a long price for an article of questionable value, and Mr. Williamson's value in this connection is said to be in every way questionable. . . . . Why is a larger price to be paid for a man of inferior calibre to the late Director? . . . . The proper course in cases of this kind is to publicly advertise for a man, naming the price that will be paid for his services. . . . . But in a Board which has prided itself in giving a pound's value for every pound spent, to buy a pig in a poke at the bidding of Mr. A. B. Forwood, is simply to challenge criticism and condemnation.

A naval officer, writing from one of H.M.'s ships "at sea," sends me an interesting note in reply to a paragraph in Truth of October 15 respecting the ignorance of French in the Navy, and the small proportion of officers who are qualified as "interpreters." The gist of his remarks is that the fault lies with the Admiralty, and I suppose that I ought really to have taken that for granted. In the Queen's Regulations and Admirals' Instructions inducements are offered to officers to qualify as interpreters, but "in the event of any application being made" (writes my correspondent) "to take advantage of these inducements, the invariable answer is that our services cannot be spared." Again, one would think that midshipmen would be taught French by their naval instructors as a matter of course, but in the latest particulars of a naval instructor's examination it appears that "candidates will not at present be required to pass in this subject." In my former allusion to this matter, I said that the present state of things ought to be altered, and the alteration will evidently have to begin at Whitehall.

The survivors of the wreck of the British oil-tank steamer *Lux*, which was sank (after catching fire) off the coast of Eubœa on November 2, tell a tale which reflects the greatest discredit on the people of that island, as well as on the Government at Athens. Six of the crew, out of twenty souls on board, reached the land. They were taken up to the village of Stoura, in the mountains, and there taken charge of by the Prefect. Telegrams were sent from Athens ordering this official to send them on to the Piræus, but he declined to comply. A steamer was then sent round by Lloyd's agent to survey the wreck and bring them away, a sum of 400 f. being supplied for the payment of expenses. The Prefect upon this presented two accounts, claiming a total sum of over 1,800 f. (for thirteen days). The account included such items as these:—

	Drachmas.
News of the shipwreck	25·00
Confirmation and bringing of same	10·00
Telegrams and letters	9·25
For having spoken Italian during 15 days ...	70·00
Burial of 14 bodies	80·00
„ 3 „	60·00
„ 3 „	60·00
„ 1 „	20·00
Five guardians during 13 days	260·00
Trouble of the Prefect and Judge of the Peace	400·00

The "five guardians" were employed to watch the wreck, of which one mast was standing above water. The number of bodies buried, it will be noticed, is actually one more than the total number of persons on board the *Lux*. For a time the Prefect absolutely refused to let the shipwrecked mariners go until this monstrous bill was settled; but after some negotiation, he gave a receipt for the 400 francs "on account," and suffered them to depart. It is quite evident, however, that they had been detained for the mere purpose of extortion, and all but openly held to ransom. This virtual brigandage on the part of the officials of a civilised Government certainly calls for further notice.

During the last of the late gales a vessel, belonging to the Cork Steam Navigation Company, left Cork for Millbay with 120 head of cattle on board. By the time she reached Millbay Pier nineteen animals had died; five more had to be slaughtered before they were landed; and eighteen died after being landed. If the following observations of the *Western Mercury* may be trusted, the last item appears to be the most shocking in the catalogue:—

In the interests of humanity we think it our duty to protest against the system under which cattle are brought across from Ireland. The consignors insure them with the company for two-thirds of their value, and in order to induce the animals to "walk ashore," they are often subjected to harsh treatment, over which the Royal Society's officers have but little control. As already stated. . . . eighteen died after being landed. Some of the latter were slung up, deposited on the quays, and given stimulants in order that they might pass into the hands of the butchers "alive." Others were carted in a prostrate condition to the slaughter-house, to be finished off and dressed for market.

Some immediate interference with this traffic is, indeed, urgently called for, not only in the interest of the unfortunate beasts, but also in that of the community which is invited to partake of their carcasses.

I understand that the Admiralty have declined to act on the suggestion, which Mr. Justice Denman threw out on the trial of Mr. Hearson's action, that they should show some consideration for this gentleman's claim. The legal questions which arise on the findings of the jury

Wanted, by Vicar, a Companion Pupil for his daughter (aged nine) Beautiful situation, sheltered, very healthy. W. Riding of Yorkshire. Close to moors. Terms, £60 inclusive.—Address, Vicar Kildwick-in-Craven, Keighley.

will therefore be argued out early in next sittings. The important constitutional point involved in the case has yet to be decided. Although the jury found as a fact that at the time of his arrest Mr. Hearson's name was borne on the books of the *Pembroke*, there remain the important questions whether it was rightfully borne on the books, and whether under the circumstances of the case the Admiralty had any right to refuse to accept Mr. Hearson's resignation.

The Scotch lawyers are likely to reap a rich harvest from the litigation which has been commenced in the Court of Session to upset the will of the late Mr. Russell, of Bridge of Allan, who bequeathed nearly £100,000 to the Mildmay Mission to the Jews. Mr. Russell gave £15,000 to this Mission a few months before his death, and it is alleged that he had become insane, and that the Mildmay officials "exercised great and undue influence over him."

If I were to commit a murder (no matter how many witnesses saw me) I should throw myself on a British Jury, and demand an acquittal; for there are a vast number of persons who appear absolutely unable to weigh evidence. What nonsense has not been talked about the Pearl case! How wiseacres shook their heads and hinted that Mrs. Hargreave, who might have sold the jewels whenever she pleased; that Major Hargreave, who was away on the Continent when the robbery took place; that the "Limb," although the poor Limb seemed to have had no more to do with their disappearance than Lord Salisbury, had committed the theft. After I had read the case for the prosecution, and the speech of Sir Edward Clarke, I had no more doubt that Mrs. Osborne had borrowed them, "or otherwise," than I had of my own existence. Her alibi failed to account for more than one hour of her time on the eventful February 19, whilst several persons recognised her as having sold them, and having changed on the 23rd the cheque that she had received for them. She alone (assuming that Mrs. Hargreave and the "Limb" had not dealt with them) could have taken them. The real reason why doubt existed in some minds was the mania of some minds to see in a mill-stone what does not exist in a mill-stone. Paradox is the rage of the age. It is deemed a proof of superior intelligence. Show one of these persons something black, and, in order to posture as being wiser than others, he will argue that it is white.

From an artistic point, Mrs. Osborne made three mistakes. She should have left the cardboard case in the drawer; she should have managed her alibi better; and she should not have changed the gold into notes. She appears to have been a bold and clever girl, but the coldest and the cleverest often do make mistakes.

The Mrs. Martin from whom the jewels were inherited was the wife of the elder brother of Colonel Montjoy Martin, who commanded a regiment of the Life Guards, and who, some years ago, was a well-known figure in London.

I understand that consternation has been created in the ranks of the Junior Bar by Mr. Justice Denman's attempt to stop stuff-gownsmen from making sketches in court. This practically takes from a large section of the profession the only occupation which they at present possess in the Law Courts. It may, however, be expected to result in a large saving to the Exchequer, as many tons of blotting-paper are annually provided by the country for the use of artists in wig and gown. An eminent leader informs me that the new rule does not extend to Queen's Counsel; though why a "silk" may sketch and a "stuff" may not is a mystery that I am as little able to solve, as why any lawyer may not sketch when in Court and a layman may. During the Gordon-Cumming trial, ladies seated on the Bench were openly sketching, and the Chief Justice, being not only an eminent Judge but a sensible man, never dreamt of interfering with them.

It is a pity that Mr. Justice Denman, who has shown himself of an inquiring mind in regard to petticoats and other such female gear, did not inquire into the origin of the word "oof." Is it a corruption of the *auf* in the phrase *auf Tisch*, which is used by German gamblers, and which signifies that they insist upon wagered money being tabled? Or is it derived from the French word *œuf?* and does the oof-bird mean a bird with golden eggs?

I entirely agree with the remarks made by Mr. Justice Lawrance in answer to a memorial presented to him by the common jurors at the Liverpool Assizes, pointing out "that many who came from Southport and other places incurred expenses amounting to considerably more than £1 per head per week, and although they gave their services willingly, yet they considered that they ought to be re-imbursed necessary charges." Mr. Justice Lawrance observed that the memorialists had his entire sympathy, and for his part "he never could understand why special jurors should be paid at least a guinea a day, whilst common jurors received nothing, and had to pay their own expenses." Neither can I understand the distinction, particularly considering that special jurors are, as a rule, selected from a class who are far better able to bear the loss of time and money necessarily involved when serving upon a jury.

A Manchester correspondent thinks that in view of my comments last week upon the effect of Mr. Hopwood's policy of light sentences at Liverpool, I "cannot have seen Mr Justice Lawrance's charge to the Grand Jury in Liverpool," when he alluded in severe terms to the unusual heaviness of the calendar. It is my correspondent who is at fault. He "cannot have seen" Mr. Hopwood's complete and conclusive answer to Mr. Justice Lawrance's remarks, the truth being that the Liverpool calendar included, for the first time, a large number of cases not belonging to Liverpool. This appeared in half the newspapers in the kingdom, and I alluded to the fact last week. But in Manchester, apparently, there is a gentleman who has never seen it, though he takes an interest in the question, which shows once more the impossibility of overtaking a lie after it has got a few hours' start.

V. Benoist is now supplying the following specialties for 'Xmas festivities:—Fresh Périgord Truffles, Pâtés de Foie Gras, Poulardes Dindons & Gibier Truffés, Dressed Boar's Head, Chevreuil, Game Pies, &c. Recherché Dinners & Suppers. Catalogue at 36, Piccadilly, W.

Bournemouth.—Royal Bath Hotel. The only hotel on the East Cliff. Grounds of Five Acres. 1,000 feet sea-frontage. South aspect. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited.

I am pleased to find that I am not alone in my inability to understand the verdict given by a Leeds jury in the action of Mr. Tempest, J.P., against Truth. From persons present in Court I understand that the verdict was received as a hopeless puzzle by all who heard it, and the same feeling is reflected in the comments of the local press. One Leeds paper (the *Daily News*) remarks that, in pronouncing Mr. Tempest's decision a harsh one, the jury expressed the very same opinion which they ordered me to pay five pounds for expressing. The truth seems to be, however, that the jury, as so frequently happens, were led into an illogical compromise with their own common sense, by the Judge overstepping his province and endeavouring to force upon them his own view of the facts. It would be against my rule to discuss this particular case further. But, speaking generally, I should advise no one ever to criticise a verdict unfavourably until he has read the summing-up. In nine cases out of ten the fault lies with the Judge.

The latest curiosity in bankruptcy practice that has come to my notice is the case of one Carter, a debtor, who has been liquidating at Southampton. Mr. Carter's assets have realised £46. 2s. 10d., and the whole of this amount, together with a fraction over, has been swallowed up in costs, so that the Official Receiver's account actually shows a debit balance of two shillings. I should like to know out of whose pocket these two shillings will come, and also whether this is a sample of the way the last new Bankruptcy Act is going to work.

The quality of mercy, as understood in the "House of Mercy" at Horbury, near Wakefield, appears to be considerably strained. A young girl named Street, who had erred from the path of virtue was sent to this establishment from a home in London. For some breach of regulations, she was ordered to her room, where, in a fit of temper, she tore up her dress. She was at once given into custody, prosecuted, and sentenced to seven days' imprisonment. On her release, the Chaplain and the police sent her back to the House of Mercy. On arriving there, however, she was refused admission. Having been sent back into Wakefield, she was directed to the Chief-Constable, who thinking there must be some mistake, sent her again to the House of Mercy with a message asking the Mother Superior that she might be taken care of until her friends in London could be communicated with; but once more the girl was sent back, with a curt intimation that the Mother Superior declined to have anything more to do with the case. Fortunately for Miss Street, it turned out that the Chief-Constable and certain good ladies of Wakefield have a somewhat different idea of the meaning of the term "Mercy" from that entertained at the House, and in the end the girl seems to have been well looked after.

A County-court suitor sends an account of an experience which I have no doubt has been the cause of much injustice before now. A case is entered for trial on a given day—on this occasion in Wandsworth County-court. The plaintiff, a tradesman who can ill afford to be absent from his business, is duly present to prove the debt. As soon as the case is called on a solicitor, well-known as a regular practitioner in the Court, rises and asks for an adjournment "for a few minutes," on the ground that he has only just been instructed. Without any reference to the plaintiff the application is granted. What was doubtless reckoned upon follows. The case, once thrown out of its order, is not called on again. The plaintiff is kept hanging about the Court all day, at serious pecuniary loss, and leaves with a pleasant uncertainty as to when he will get another shot at his debtor. It is the business of Judges to protect suitors against such injustice, and they ought to do it by refusing all applications to adjourn on such trivial grounds. If a defendant does not instruct a solicitor till the morning of the trial, he ought to take the consequences.

At a licensing session at Bristol, last week, a dramatic licence was applied for in respect of a room in the Colston Hall. It transpired that Mr. Thomas, one of the Justices on the Bench, was the chairman of the Colston Hall Company. At the opening of the proceedings, Mr. Thomas announced that he should take no part in them. He sat, however, on the Bench, offered himself for examination as a witness, and interpolated various observations in the course of the argument. It is absurd to pretend that a Magistrate who thus conducts himself has withdrawn from the Bench. In the London County Council case last week, where three Councillors had instructed a barrister to support the decision of the Licensing Committee, the proceedings were held to be irregular merely because the three Councillors sat with their colleagues, although they neither spoke nor voted on the question. In the Bristol case the application was granted, and I presume no further question can be raised; but if what is sauce for a County Council is sauce for a Bench of Justices, the proceedings ought undoubtedly to be quashed.

Mr. Farquhar M'Lennan is a philanthropist. He was a waiter. But he gave up waiting, opened an old clothes shop, and, according to his own account, spent his own money in charity and mission work. This not sufficing for his zeal to benefit humanity, he collected subscriptions and opened a home for destitute children in Litherland, near Liverpool. What the subscriptions amounted to is not known, but he allowed himself (according to his account) 25s. per week as manager of the home, and allowed the home 32s. per week, out of which sum a matron, a laundress, and twenty-one children had to be fed, or, as others might put it, twenty-one children had to be starved. This latter seems to have been the view taken of the Home by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and last week Farquhar M'Lennan made his appearance before the County Magistrates' Court. The matron insisted that the children got as much as they wanted, and more. One quart of milk, she explained, was bought every day, and surely this was enough milk for twenty-one children. Many

'Xmas, 1891.—Especial offer. Eugene Costella's Reims Champagne, vintage 1884. Special cuvée, extra quality. Cash price, 48s. per doz., carriage paid.—Apply, Edward W. Postans, 3, Rood-lane, London, E.C

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of the children were, said a medical man who examined them, suffering from disease of the abdomen. The Bench, utterly ignoring the good intentions of the philanthropic waiter, fined him £20, or two months' imprisonment. If really these children did get as much as they wanted or more, either they must be most remarkable children, who will in time outdo all the fasting men, or ex-waiter M'Lennan must have solved the difficulty that many poor people have in feeding their offspring, for the cost of the food for each child was less than 2d. per diem. It is only fair to say that against this sentence Mr. M'Lennan has appealed.

Mr. Charles Radclyffe, of The Hyde, Wareham, may congratulate himself that he is a large landowner and a County Justice. This gentleman was convicted at Andover of systematically starving his sheep. The cruelty proved extended over the best part of twelve months. A shepherd in defendant's employ deposed that during the first five months of this year seventy-one ewes and 600 lambs died, that hay only was allowed for food, and that when he asked for more food it was refused. A constable who had recently visited the farm stated that the sheep there were little more than skin and bone, and no witnesses appeared for the defence. That the Bench considered the case fully proved is shown by the fact that they fined Mr. Radclyffe thirty-six pounds and costs; but if ever a case of cruelty merited imprisonment, this one did, and it would be absurd to suppose that anything but the position of the defendant prevented that punishment being imposed.

I have always supposed that the sins of the Public Prosecutor were confined to leaving undone the things which he ought to do. It seems, however, from the case of William Slater, that he is equally at fault in doing the things which he ought not to have done. William Slater seems to have been larking about with some young women in a public-house, when he announced his intention of destroying himself as soon as he had said farewell to his ladylove. Warming to the subject, he went on to produce a black bottle which he said contained enough poison to kill fifty men, and having invited one of the young women to die with him then and there, he poured, or pretended to pour, some of the contents into her glass. There was not a particle of evidence to show that the bottle contained anything at all, much less poison; but Slater was committed for trial, prosecuted by the Treasury, and tried at the Old Bailey, where the Chief Justice and the jury simply laughed the case out of court as soon as the first witness was called. In justification of the Public Prosecutor's action, it was stated that it is his rule to take up a case to which his attention is called by a Magistrate, and that it would be a slight to the Magistrate not to do so. But, as Lord Coleridge remarked, it is an intolerable thing that a man against whom there is no case should be put on his trial merely to save the dignity of a Magistrate. I recommend the Public Prosecutor to turn a deaf ear to Magistrates in future, and give his attention to some of the notorious rascals who are continuously commended to his notice in TRUTH.

Cruelty to children is an offence which Sheriff Davidson, of Hamilton, seems to treat with singular lenity. Last week a man and woman named Thomson were charged with ill-treating and neglecting three children, aged respectively twelve, eleven, and nine years. The police found the children locked up in a small press or recess outside the house, lying naked and huddled together on the top of an old sack, which was wet and filthy. They were in a most miserable plight, and the neighbours had seen them searching for food in the ashpits. When the police visited the place at six o'clock in the evening the accused were at a prayer-meeting, from which they did not return till eleven o'clock. A term of imprisonment was obviously the proper punishment for such unnatural parents. Sheriff Davidson, however, simply imposed fines.

There has been a remarkable development at Stoke of the objectionable system under which the police procure the commission of offences and then prosecute the offenders. Instead of policemen, policemen's wives were employed, and they went to a gipsy's van, and asked an old woman to tell their fortunes. Tempted, as she said, by the money offered, she did as she was requested, with the result that the policemen at once arrested her, and at the Stipendiary's court on Friday she was committed to prison for a month for an offence against the Vagrancy Act, by telling fortunes. It is disgraceful that the prosecution should have been got up in this unfair and un-English manner. And it is still more disgraceful that the Magistrate, for such an offence, should have passed this outrageously severe sentence on a woman over seventy years of age.

A gentleman, who has been attending the Clerkenwell Sessions, informs me that Sir Peter Edlin is breaking out again, and he sends me the following statement in proof of his assertion. If it really represents what passed, the conduct of the jury cannot be too highly commended. What would become of prisoners before some of our Judges if there were not twelve honest men and true to find their verdicts according to the evidence, I tremble to think:—

> Edward Mills, who was charged before Sir Peter Edlin with attempting to steal a gas bracket from an empty house, ought to consider himself exceptionally fortunate in obtaining an acquittal at the hands of the jury, after the grossly unfair manner in which his case was summed up by the Judge. In the course of his speech, Sir Peter introduced certain observations which were stated to have been uttered by some lady, whose evidence had not been given before the Court. These remarks were of a most distinctly damaging character towards the prisoner, and after having unburdened himself of this hearsay evidence, Sir Peter wound up by telling the jury that "they must put them all aside." The jury promptly acted upon the advice, doubtless to Sir Peter's astonishment, and the prisoner was found not guilty.

If, as stated, there have for a long time been public meetings at the "World's-end," in Chelsea, I do not quite see why they should be now prohibited, assuming

MINTON'S (Limited).—MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

that they are held at times when they do not interfere with the traffic. I cannot help thinking that all this official zeal in repressing them is a little due to the Socialist character of the meetings. I am not myself a Socialist; still, I see no reason why a Socialist should not enjoy an equal right with any one else in regard to open-air meetings.

In all questions affecting the use of the streets and of public places, there ought to be a good deal of give and take. There are public places where by prescription and usage meetings may be held. This right should not be assailed, unless an equally central place be provided. In the streets, the traffic should be the first consideration, and a meeting should not be permitted to interfere with it; for the primary object of a street is to afford means of communication from one place to another. At present, the regulations affecting meetings are in the hands of the Metropolitan Police, for which the Home Office is alone responsible. They ought to be under the control of the London County Council. Were this so, the whole matter would be satisfactorily settled after full discussion.

The letter subjoined was recently addressed to a gentleman of my acquaintance. I do not mention his name, as the statement that he is "kind and generous" is undoubtedly true, and the publication of this attempt to practise on his kindness and generosity might possibly expose him to others of the same nature. The letter, however, obviously deserves every publicity, as a warning to any other persons whose "kindness and generosity" may be invoked by Mr. Fred. V. Rose. Concerning this gentleman, it is enough for me to say that although the £7. 10s. was not forwarded to him, he had up to the time I last heard of him (some ten days ago) made no attempt to terminate his existence, but was pursuing his usual occupation—that of a journalist in the neighbourhood of Ashton-under-Lyne. Neither had any proceedings been taken against him up to that time in respect of the embezzlement which he states that he has committed. Those who desire to know more of his history and character will do well to adopt the course which I hear has been taken by Mr. Spurgeon, among others who have been favoured by Rose's communications, and apply to the County Police-station at Hurst, Ashton-under-Lyne:—

Ashton-under-Lyne, December 7, 1891.

"Dear Sir,—I have heard you are kind and generous, and will help people in trouble if you can. Will you help me? I am in such a terrible position that unless I receive the sum of £7. 10s. by Wednesday, I shall be tempted to take my own life.

I will tell you the truth. I am a young man, twenty-six years of age. I have been led away by evil companions to drink and gamble, and in a moment of madness I took money belonging to my employer. Unless I can replace this money, £7. 10s., by Wednesday, I shall be found out. This will mean, of course, my arrest and imprisonment. I cannot face that, and would sooner die. Will you save me from dishonour for my poor old mother's sake, whose only son and sole support I am? Will you save me from death? I will repay you in time. I will be grateful all my life, and I will never forget the awful lesson I have received.

I beseech you to let me have a reply by return of post.—Your distressed servant, Fred. V. Rose."

An old pauper from Bedminster Workhouse was charged the other day with refusing to perform his allotted task of stone-breaking. It appeared that the allotted task was 30 cwt., and that the quantity would be the same whether the pauper was 27 years of age or 67. This fact, not unnaturally, elicited some expressions of surprise from the Bench, though, nevertheless, on its being proved that he had left his work at 3 p.m., the defendant was sentenced to a week's imprisonment.

Almost simultaneously with this incident, at a meeting of the Preston Guardians, a letter was received from Mr. Albert Simpson, J.P., respecting "a wretched looking youth, 17 years of age," who had been before the Bench. This youth had left the workhouse "because he could not break the 13 cwt. of stones which he was required to do," and not only did the Magistrates consider this task too much for him, but Mr. Albert Simpson, J.P., stated that he had himself performed the task before arriving at that opinion, and he invited any Guardian who differed from him to test the question in the same practical way. I should much like to hear from the Local Government Board, or any other competent authority, how it comes that at one Union the regulation task for a pauper of 17 is 13 cwt., while in another the task for paupers of any age is 30 cwt.? It would also be well, I think, for the Local Government Board to make some inquiries into the experiments of Mr. Albert Simpson on the subject of stone-breaking; and, probably, if any Poor Law official, beginning, of course, with Mr. Ritchie, could be set to do a small task in this line—not necessarily 30 cwt., but just a couple of hundred pounds or so—we should be materially nearer that "humanization of the Poor Law" which is so much desired in certain quarters.

Since writing the above, I have received the following personal experiences of stone-breaking from a gentleman who has made the experiment:—

Some years ago I went to our workhouse and tried stone-breaking for myself. I was in good health, and consider myself very strong, but it took me six hours' incessant toil to complete the task, and at its conclusion I had not a dry thread on me; my mouth and hair were filled with dust, and blood ran freely from my hands. For a fortnight after I could not use my pen.

It is quite time some different treatment was adopted for the travelling casual, *bona fide* in search of work. Tickets might be given to this class by the relieving officer, to pass the bearer free over a certain district for a stated period. The possession of these tickets would greatly assist the charitable public, while their absence would make it difficult for the habitual tramps to get charity.

This letter will, I think, be read with interest by those concerned in the question of disposing of sewage. By the way, in the article on this subject in last week's Truth, the name of Mr. Isaac Shone was by an accident, which I much regret, printed as Mr. "Shove":—

Dollene, Crieff, N.B., December 18, 1891.

Sir,—I am owner of part of the town of Crieff, in Perthshire. For the last three years I have been working sewage irrigation on my own land, and though I let the land I reserve the management of the sewage. The system is very much what you advise, except that the rain-water is run in the sewers, and I do not find it give any trouble, in fact, I find very thin sewage easiest to work, as thick sewage fills up the gutters on the fields and entails considerable expense in keeping them clear, whereas thin sewage spreads any solid matter over a very large area.

It is not desirable to run more than one gallon per square yard per day, for about a week, you then change the ground to another field.

The crops grown are mostly grass, ordinary fine-mixed pasture. I have grown turnips with it.

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A thick turf of old pasture completely cleans the water. It looks, and is, by analysis, practically pure. Turnips will not clean the water; they thrive well under sewage. The fields are grazed by cattle in summer, and by sheep in winter, and no disease has occurred. There is an Artesian well in one field to supply drinking water. The grass is not cut. The results, financially, are quite satisfactory. The land was tile-drained forty years ago. I irrigate some fifty acres. A. G. Murray.

Assuming that it be desirable to buy the whole of the Alexandra Palace estate, Mr. Littler, Q.C., has put forward a scheme which fairly apportions the amount that will have to be raised. If, however, the Palace Company are ready to take £275,000, it is probable that it would take a good deal less. The Palace and the grounds are a white elephant. The grounds cover 414 acres, but of these no building is allowed on 114 acres. No doubt a public park of 414 acres would be desirable so close to London, in view of the fact that London is spreading. But I question whether the distance from London would render such a park a fitting place for a People's Palace, with bands and organ recitals at the cost of the ratepayer. My impression is (but on this I am far from pronouncing a definite opinion) that Mr. Littler somewhat over-estimates the receipts which could be obtained by letting the concert-room, theatre, &c, for it must be remembered that those frequenting the grounds would belong to the non-paying section of the community.

The Birds' Petition.

'Twas the voice of the Robin,
I heard him complain:—
"You have plundered the hedgerows
Of berries again.
Your houses and churches
With holly are gay;
But, oh! 'tis our dinners
You've taken away!

"When there's ice on the river,
And snow on the lawn,
We look for our berries,
But find they are gone;
And whilst you are merry
At glad Christmas-tide
We poor little birdies
Are starving outside.

"The hips and the haws, then,
Oh! please do not touch!
For you this means little,
For us, oh! how much!
So don't rob our hedgerows,
Nor rifle our banks,
And blithely in chorus
We'll sing you our thanks."

The minds of the telegraph clerks are evidently full of the festive season. A gentleman bought two horses the other day at Tattersall's, and telegraphed the fact to a friend at Brighton, describing the animals as "gees," and informing his friend that he could have the pick. The message arrived in this form:—

Bought two geese. You can have pick. Come to lunch.

In reference to Dr. Forbes Winslow's letter in last week's Truth, Mr. Henry M. Riley, of Tower House, Leicester (Mrs. Theobald's Temperance Home), writes to me as follows:—

When Dr. Forbes Winslow's letter appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* he seemed to infer that there were no establishments in England at which this disease could be properly treated. I therefore wrote him a letter calling his attention to my letter in the *Daily Telegraph* (which I enclose for your perusal), informing him that there were many establishments in this country for the treatment of this fearful disease, at the same time enclosing him prospectus, with opinions of the press, of this establishment, which was the first established in this country, and which, as you will see from the prospectus I enclose, is carried on purely on the voluntary principle. In my letter I invited Dr. Winslow down to see the working of this establishment. Thinking, perhaps, however, that his time was very much occupied, I offered to call upon him in London, if it were at all inconvenient for him to come down, when I could have explained to him my idea of the proper treatment of these cases. But from that day to this I have not received a reply.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, in his letter, says that it is impossible to treat dipsomaniacs successfully without the assistance of legal restraint. Against that statement the existence of this establishment is a flat contradiction, for it has been carried on for nearly thirty years on the voluntary system, and has been most successful in producing a large percentage of cures—some of them cases in a very advanced stage, and suffering from delirium. This system, I believe, is, in the majority of cases, far superior to the compulsory system; for, in the compulsory system, you set up an antagonistic feeling, which it is always best, if possible, to avoid, especially with respect to this peculiar form of disease.

Particulars have been sent to me of a novel agreement on the "hours" question between the Oldbury Alkali Company and their employés. The matter certainly deserves notice. Being confronted with a movement for a fifty-three hours' week, the Company proposed instead to give every man in their employ a week's holiday per annum on full pay. At a meeting held to consider it, the proposal was at once adopted with great enthusiasm. There are probably many employers who would prefer giving each man a week's holiday per annum to a daily reduction of working hours, and if the employés in other places are as much in favour of this course as at Oldham, a door is apparently opened for the adjustment of many labour disputes.

Somebody sends me a copy of the *Bristol Times and Mirror*, in which there is an article on the Agricultural Labourers' demonstration, purporting to be written by "A Radical." The journal in question being ultra-Tory, it necessarily follows that the object of the "Radical's" article is to pooh-pooh the demonstration and expose Mr. Gladstone. The matter is only worth notice for the evidence it affords of the level of Conservative intelligence, and the way that Conservative editors play down to it. I never remember to have seen in a Radical paper an article reviling the Tory leaders, and professing to be written by a converted Conservative. Radical readers would never swallow that Conservative. But the converted Radical who abuses Mr. Gladstone and all his works has been a standing favourite with the readers of Tory papers from time immemorial. They all seem to believe in him. We ought to look upon this as a compliment. It implies that the opinions of a fallen Radical have more weight with the common Tory herd than those of a Conservative born and bred.

In answer to a poetical correspondent's new version of the "Deserted Village" in last week's Truth, the Rev. A. B. Sayce writes to question whether it is true that any considerable number of the clergy are as deeply interested in the Primrose League as I think; and asserts that, "it is a rare thing to hear a clergyman mention the League at all in public or private." This, with all due respect to the Rev. A. B. Sayce, is absolute nonsense. I have no statistics of the connection between the Primrose

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League and the Established Church, but that the majority of country Vicars and Rectors are active party workers on the Tory side is beyond question; and it is rarely that a country Primrose meeting does not show the evidence of it. I speak not of what I "think," but of what I learn from the facts which are brought to my notice almost every week in this office; and if I publish one such fact in the course of a year I publish twenty.

In regard to the incomes of the clergy, this same correspondent goes on to tell me that "a vast number of the clergy maintain an eloquent silence in their manly struggle to make two ends meet." The poverty of a large number of the parochial clergy is a scandal which has nowhere been more frequently alluded to than in Truth. But the reason why it is a scandal is that, apart from the comfortable berths of the higher clergy, there are still to be seen on all sides fat livings and snug parsonages, many of them tenanted by men with comfortable private means. My correspondent would have me believe that rural parishioners are blind to these facts, and that "some politicians" are endeavouring to create an antipathy to the parson. If rural parishioners were, indeed, so blind, I can hardly believe that any politician would be such a fool as to waste his time in attempting to open their eyes.

The report of the Directors of the Chartered Company, just published, contains, among other questionable matter, a statement that steps have been taken to guard against any recurrence of the famine which prevailed in Mashonaland during the last rainy season. Similar specious assurances were offered in answer to the protests and complaints of the prospectors at the mass meeting held at Fort Salisbury in September. I have now, however, re-received news from Salisbury a week or two later than the date of that meeting, which shows that the misgivings respecting the food supply had then much increased, that nothing had apparently been done to allay them, and that famine prices were already prevailing. Here are samples:—

Flour	£6	10	0 per 100 lb.
Boer meal...	13	0	0 per 200 lb.
Tinned milk	0	4	0 per tin.
Sugar	0	3	6 per lb.
Tinned butter	0	10	0 per lb.
Fresh butter	0	18	0 per lb.

These are the prices of private traders. The Company was quoting below them, but, as a matter of fact, had no provisions to sell, though it had on hand a plentiful store of ploughs, wheelbarrows, and spades, many of them just arrived. It must be borne in mind that as soon as the rainy season sets in, all industry outside Salisbury will be suspended, and all engaged in it will flock to Salisbury, when, of course, the demand for food will be enormously increased. The very gravest responsibility will rest on Mr. Rhodes and his colleagues should it turn out that no adequate provision has been made for this state of things; and all the more so in view of the extravagant taxes which are now being levied, and which are also a fertile subject of complaint.

A correspondent thus puts the bearing of the prevailing scarcity upon the mining industry:—

> Gold there is, undoubtedly, but whether it is payable or not has yet to be proved by at least eighteen months' indefatigable toil. If, however, the community here are not rendered more assistance by the Company, the mining industry must inevitably go the wall. The expense of developing mines here is undoubtedly heavier than in any other part of the globe, and that is largely owing to the high price of food.
>
> It reflects little credit upon the Chartered Company that they have been in possession of this country so long and have done nothing towards making a cheap and quick way of ingress and egress, and if a coast route is not opened by the approach of next winter the people will be driven to leave the country by their inability to obtain supplies.
>
> I trust that you will find space for this letter in your (to us) valuable paper. I may say that the community here are with you to a man in your criticism of the Chartered Company.

This letter concludes, like so many more, with a complaint about the tampering with letters by the Company's agents. Many as are my correspondents in Mashonaland, I have not found one among them who dares to address a letter to Truth office, except under cover to somebody else. A pretty state of things in a territory nominally British!

I have received from Mr. Robert W. Hearle, of Kimberley, a draft for a contribution of £20 towards the Toy Fund, subscribed by readers of Truth in that town. Mr. Hearle apologises for the smallness of the contribution on the ground that "Kimberley is daily becoming depopulated, and that previous subscribers have left for pastures new." Does this mean that the Chartered Company, to crown all its iniquities, has actually taken money away from the London children's Toy Fund, and that the unfortunate people who were fooled into betaking themselves to the Rhodian Paradise are now returning home in so destitute a condition that they are themselves objects of charity?

I do not know how it is with other Liberals, but I feel inclined to renounce the error of my ways, and at once to sue for admission into the ranks of the followers of Lord Salisbury. Why? Because Lord Dudley has announced, in a maiden political speech, that he has confidence in the present Government. "Does," asks this distinguished politician (he was addressing a Unionist meeting at Brierley Hill) "Mr. Gladstone take us for fools?" Well, I do not suppose that Mr. Gladstone has given much time to the mental condition either of Lord Dudley or of the Unionists of Brierley Hill. Were he to do so, it is possible that he might come to the conclusion that they are not exceptionally wise. Of course, Lord Dudley, like any other British citizen, has a right to his opinion. The absurdity is that this young gentleman should not only have a right to his opinion, but that he should be permitted to give effect to that opinion as a Member of the Legislature, not because he is selected by any constituency as its representative, but because he is supposed to inherit, in some mysterious manner, a fund of political wisdom from his father.

Lord Brooke intends to resign his seat for Colchester at the dissolution. This is a borough which the Liberals ought to win, for at the last election, just three years ago, we were beaten by only 439 votes, and we then fought under many and grave disadvantages.

The real object of Lord Salisbury's visit to Exeter next month is to reconcile the Tories and the Liberal-Unionists. It has been found that in the south-western counties the Tories cannot be induced to support Liberal-Unionist candidates, and the marked and increasing want of

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concord between the two sections of the Ministerial awkward squad causes much anxiety to the Party wire-pullers. Lord Salisbury did not succeed in restoring harmony at Birmingham, where there is more wrangling now than there was before his visit, and I shall be vastly surprised if his exhortations are effectual in Devonshire. It may be noted, by the way, that Lord Salisbury is to stay at Poltimore Park, as the guest of Lord Poltimore, who is the head of a family of hereditary Whigs.

Mr. Buller fought the Unionist battle in the South Molton district of Devonshire with the utmost zeal, and for six weeks he worked like a galley-slave. He has offered again to contest the constituency at the General Election; but the local wirepullers have resolved to throw him over if they can induce a Devonshire man to come forward. It was hoped that Sir John Shelley would consent to stand, in which case the Liberal-Unionists (of whom, to judge from the recent returns, there are only fifty in the division!) would have supported him, although he is a Tory of the old-fashioned type, but he has refused to enter upon a hopeless contest. Now an effort is to be made to induce Mr. Forbes Trefusis (Lord Clinton's eldest son) to stand, but it is most improbable that he will consent to do so.

South Molton has been avenged! The Committee of the British Club at Biarritz, after much deliberation, has decided not to invite Mr. Gladstone to be an Honorary Member during his stay in Biarritz. Protests, both verbal and written, have been made to the Chaplain against the lessons being read by the G.O.M.—no idea of doing so having entered Mr. Gladstone's head—and lastly, some elderly hens of both sexes have been cackling about the streets decked in primroses, in the fond hope of annoying the eminent visitor.

I can conceive nothing more ridiculous than the visit of Mr. Chamberlain to Scotland, his posturing there as the arbiter of the future, his receiving deputations, and his promising to redress their grievances. It reminds me of the Court of Charles I., when that Monarch, after having been turned out of his Kingdom, betook himself to Holyrood, kept up royal etiquette, and never wearied in his explanations to the few courtiers who were true to him, about his intentions when "his people" restored him to the throne of his ancestors. There are about enough Liberal-Unionists in Scotland to fill a small drawing-room. The Tories, therefore, had to rally these as an audience to Mr. Chamberlain, much as they do in England when that eminent but unappreciated man makes one of his progresses amongst us, the aim being to persuade England that there are many Liberal-Unionists in Scotland, and to persuade Scotland that there are many in England. Having figured as a Liberal Unionist, it would seem that some of the variety troupe figured also as Crofters and Fishermen, in the *soi-disant* deputations.

The party of Liberal Unionists of Scotland consisted apparently mainly of gentlemen who are Liberal Unionist candidates. As they are never likely to have an opportunity to air their views as M.P.'s, they can hardly be blamed for doing this as candidates. This was their only chance of being heard.

I should imagine that the Chamberlain demonstration was due to the fact that a new Leader of the Liberal-Unionists in the House of Commons would soon have to be selected, and that the great man aspires to this position. If he secures it, this former contemner of Whigs will become their leader; for, with the exception of the little family party from Birmingham, almost all the Liberal-Unionists are Whigs. Who the leader, however, may be is a matter of small importance, for this Parliament must soon bring its dishonoured existence to a close, and in the next Parliament a Liberal-Unionist will be about as rare as a dodo.

The *Times* of Monday contains an article upon the election at Waterford. The priests are denounced for their interference in politics, and then twitted for supporting Mr. Davitt. Does not, however, the fact that they are supporting him conclusively show that the priests are merely taking sides on a moral issue, and that they are prepared to use their influence on the side of morality, without allowing themselves to be deterred by the views of the candidate upon matters connected with the Church of Rome? The article seems to me to confute what it is endeavouring to prove.

SCRUTATOR.

THE LORD, THE LAW-TUTOR, THE LADY, AND THE LOVE-LETTER.

WE have of late heard a good deal about the mode in which the University of Cambridge administers what it is pleased to call justice in respect to girls who are addressed in the streets by undergraduates. The same law is current in Oxford, but the authorities of that University have, I believe, administered it with more judgment than those of the sister University. I, therefore, call their attention to the following case. The letters are in my hands, and are at the disposal of the Vice Chancellor, and, should it be desired, I can put them in possession of further facts which will conclusively prove that either Mr. Morland, or some sort of Wilfrid Murray who is using his name, has been carrying on the game for a considerable time.

About two years ago Lord—— received the following—

Saturday.

My Lord,—I am a very young widow; and was married at eighteen: my husband died in India a fortnight after the marriage: I was in India myself a short time: my annuity, though not large, is sufficient for my wants; but it will not bear the strain of another's debt: hence my writing to your Lordship: I became security for an aged Gentlewoman; and she cannot pay: I am tall and graceful, with a perfect figure; and in features am like the Princess of Wales: my house is large; well appointed; in the best part of Oxford; and your Lordship could come to me, as often as you liked, without any one knowing it: all I ask is £50; a part now, and a part at other times: but above all things preserve *secrecy*; as I am highly connected; and have a position to keep up: this writing is intentionally formal; and not my current Italian hand. *I am very young.*—I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's obedient servant, M.

Enclosed was the following address:—Mrs. Maitland, 23, St. J[illegible] street, Wellington-square, Oxford. Lord—— did not reply to this letter, but he asked a young friend of his who was at the University to call at the address, and to find out who was the person writing to him. This the young friend did. Finding the house on the list of

licensed lodging-houses, he called on the plea of looking at the lodgings, but obtained no particular information. Soon afterwards a second letter was received. Here it is:—

Tuesday.

My Lord,—You called in the afternoon during last Ascot Races; and the maid thought that you asked for Mrs. Maylan. She said that no one of that name lived here. She had not been long here; but the other maid, who ought to have answered the door, would have at once known whom you meant. I sent both maids to see if they could come across you, with a little note to say that I was within. They came across you at the station, talking to Lord ——. I do not know his lordship; but one of the maids comes from Lord C.'s part of the country. They made out that they had found no opportunity of giving you the note. Why did not your lordship inform me that you were coming? In that case ——(*unfit for publication*). But do not send a young fellow to me again; I do not like young fellows. As you were born in 1844, you would be prudent, and would keep my secret. I knew that it was your lordship that called; because I had written to no one else. The £50, which I wanted at the time, I borrowed from a lady friend; and have since repaid it. I only wrote to you, because I know you very well by sight; and I was aware to myself that you—— (*unfit for publication*). Do not show this to any one; but come, and love me. Mrs. Maitland.

The same address was again enclosed.

An interval of about a year and a half then elapsed. On July 26 of the present year Lord —— received the following letter:—

My Lord,—I trust that your Lordship will see me to-morrow when I call in the morning on the private business.—Your Lordship's obedient servant, M. F. Morland.

This was followed by a man calling. The servant who opened the door describes the man as about 65, with a reddish face, and grey hair. Lord —— was out, but he had left word that he could not see any person who did not first announce his business. The man, having shown a writ, went away, leaving his card in an envelope.

On August 5, this letter was received:—

[Oxford Post-mark on letter, August 4, 1891.]

My Lord,—I had to take out a writ against your Lordship in the Queen's Bench Division on Friday last for the seventy pounds (£70). Will your Lordship allow me to serve the writ *quietly* upon you in *London*, or elsewhere, since, if you do so, no one will know (except your Lordship and myself) that a writ has been taken out against you?—Your Lordship's obedient servant,

M. F. Morland.
23, Alfred-street, St. Giles', Oxford.

The next letter came to Lady ——, the wife of Lord ——. It was a registered letter, and bore on the post-mark the date August 7:—

My Lady,—I took out last Friday, July 31, in the Queen's Bench Division, a writ against Lord —— for the seventy pounds. I am quite willing, with Lord ——'s consent, to submit the subject-matter of the writ to your ladyship for arbitration, rather than to proceed further in the Queen's Bench Division. I am most anxious that Lord ——, &c., &c.—I have the honour to be, my lady, your ladyship's obedient servant, M. F. Morland.

Lord —— thought that it was about time to consult a solicitor, and he put the facts before Mr. George Lewis. The following letter will show the action taken by Mr. Lewis:—

Ely-place, Holborn, London, E.C.,
August 12, 1891.

Dear Lord ——,—I thought as a precaution it would be better for me to search whether Morland had issued a writ against you, and having found that he has done so I caused an appearance to be immediately entered so as to prevent him playing any tricks.

His action is for £50 money lent to you, and £20 services rendered, but there is no date to either item, and last night I gave him notice of the appearance, informing him that it was a gross piece of impertinence his writing to Lady ——, and that any letters addressed to you were forwarded to me unopened.—Believe me, yours faithfully, George M. Lewis.

The two following letters (the first bearing date on envelope August 7) were received by Lord ——:—

Monday, August 10, 1891.

My Lord,—I hereby give you notice that I shall to-morrow, Tuesday, *discontinue* the action Morland *v.* Lord ——, on account of the expense, and I shall adopt the more summary and more inexpensive mode of procedure of a County-court in Kent.—Your lordship's obedient servant, M. F. Morland.

My Lord,—Take notice that I, to-day, Thursday, August 13, 1891, have wholly discontinued the action against you in the case of Morland *v.* Lord ——, and I have notified the Court to the same effect.

As I gave notice to your lordship in my communication of Monday last that I should discontinue the action, I must decline altogether to recognise any communications from Messrs. Lewis & Lewis, which are not strictly regular. I must protest strongly against Messrs. Lewis & Lewis assuming the offices of Judge, Jury, and Witnesses (of whom, you are aware, that I have eight) in their communications to me. M. F. Morland.

A detective was now sent down to Oxford to find out who Morland and Mrs. Maitland were. On October 15, he reported, that the addresses, 23, St. John-street, and 23, Alfred-street, are one house. It stands at the corner of these streets, which run at right-angles, and the front door of the house is in Alfred-street, but the house is really No. 23, St. John-street, there being no No. 23, Alfred-street. The house is in the occupation of Maitland Francis Morland, a law-tutor, about sixty-three years of age, about 5 ft. 5 in. high, grey hair, red face. He has a wife living with him who is about sixty, and two young women who are said to be his daughters; one of them is said to be a very fine woman. The family are reported to have lived in Kingston-road, St. Giles, Oxford, until about five or six years ago, when they removed to the house, 23, St. John-street. Previously it is said that they lived in Kent. The information is that Morland has pupils. For several years Morland has made similar claims to that on Lord ——, on several noblemen and others, but no one has taken steps to prosecute him. A person has in his hands a letter which was delivered to him by Morland in person, which is written in the same printed hand as the letters addressed by Morland to Lord ——. The person also is of opinion that the Maitland letters are in the handwriting of Mrs. Morland, and says that he can identify them as written by her. The Chief-Constable of Oxford considers that it is high time that somebody took steps to prosecute Morland and his wife.

There can be no doubt that something ought to be done. Lord —— has not been in Oxford for the last twenty years, and, therefore, the statement in the second Maitland letter, that he called on her, or that he was seen at the railroad-station, is a pure fabrication. If this man Morland is not the victim of some Wilfrid Murray, seeing that he is a law-tutor, and has pupils, surely the University authorities ought to put an end to his connection, direct or indirect, with the University. They might, too, I should think, prosecute the man. If they do not see their way to do this, the Public Prosecutor might take action. As I have already said, this is no isolated case. The man actually commenced an action a short time ago against another nobleman. In that case, £50 money lent, and £50 for services rendered, were demanded. On notice being given to defend, the case was withdrawn. It would seem that this blackmailing business must be a good one, and that many silly people prefer to pay the demand made on them rather than have the annoyance of law proceedings, for this latter case cost Morland about £70 in costs.

House Drainage.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

JUSTICE IN A CROWN COLONY.

In the West Indian papers that have lately reached this country, appear reports of an extraordinary debate which took place at the November meeting of the Legislative Council of Trinidad. That no hint of the matter discussed on this occasion should have reached the English public—although the facts have been brought to the notice of the Home Government—is, in itself, a singular circumstance, and helps to show how little one part of the Empire knows of what is going on in another. For the credit of all parts of the Empire it seems desirable that a little more light should be thrown upon the Island of Trinidad without loss of time.

The debate to which I refer was opened by Mr. Marryat, on a motion expressing regret "that the Secretary of State for the Colonies should have permitted the Senior Puisne Judge, whose intemperate habits had been brought to the notice of his lordship, to have returned to the island and to have resumed his duties." The "Senior Puisne Judge," who is the subject of this gratifying notice, is Mr. Justice Cook, and against this learned Judge Mr. Marryat proceeded to make a series of charges of such an astonishing character that, but for the fact that they were made in the Legislature of the island, and in the presence of an unprecedented gathering of the general public, and that they passed without rebuke, or even challenge, they would be absolutely incredible. On the truth of these charges I am in no position to express an opinion. That they are denied by Mr. Justice Cook must be assumed from the very terms of Mr. Marryat's motion, which imply that there had been a complaint to and an inquiry by Lord Knutsford, followed by the re-instatement of the Judge in his office. I venture to think, however, that in view of the character of this debate in the Legislative Council, the matter cannot be thus summarily dealt with, and that the public in England ought to know what is thought and said by the public in the colony and its representatives in the Legislature. This course ought to be also to the advantage of Mr. Justice Cook, supposing, as I do, that he has a complete answer to the charge, for, after what has passed, it is obviously to his interest that the matter should be disposed of in the most public and conclusive manner, and at the earliest possible moment. For this purpose I ask attention to the following passages of Mr. Marryat's speech as reported in the *Port of Spain Gazette*. After expressing regret at the necessity for discussing a matter of this kind, and describing the notorious demoralisation of the administration of justice in the island, Mr. Marryat said:—

> But there is one undeniable fact, which is that Mr. Justice Cook by his intemperate habits, and consequently impaired intellect has contributed largely to the result I have mentioned. We live in a small and a garrulous community, and any one, especially one holding the position of Senior Puisne Judge, who lives at public hotels, and makes himself conspicuous by his conduct, may be sure that he will be the talk of the town in the morning. At one hotel, where Mr. Justice Cook resided, a number of young fellows, two or three of whom held Government appointments, also boarded there, and it was the nightly practice of these young men, when Mr. Cook was in the state I have suggested, and no better amusement offered, to play him every conceivable trick—blacken his face, put him to bed, &c. Occasionally a young fellow or two from the garrison used to drop in and assist, and, to use their own expression, these young men had a high old time of it with the Judge. A very dignified position for the Senior Puisne Judge of the island!

The speaker then went on to describe in a similar strain the Judge's behaviour at another hotel, and the annoyance thereby caused to visitors. He continued:—

> His career at this establishment culminated, I understand, in his one night haranguing a mixed party of residents and strangers on a decision he was to give the following day in Court, when he collapsed and was carried to bed. On another occasion this eminent man exhibited himself at the windows of his Court Chambers, in broad daylight, *in puris naturalibus*.

Finally, Mr. Marryat made the following statements with regard to the action of the Colonial Office, which is the matter which most concerns the public at home:—

> Now mark, and this is the point I wish to call honourable members' attention to. Most, if not all, of the particulars which I have mentioned were laid before the Secretary of State for the Colonies by our late Governor, Sir William Robinson; but for some reasons best known to the Colonial Office—it may be Mr. Justice Cook has some influential backstairs supporters—the Secretary of State or the Under-Secretary, probably Mr. Wingfield, has permitted this wretched man to return. A less highly-placed official would have been promptly smashed. Here, then, is a man who has disgraced the cloth he wears, who has disgraced the colony he pretends to serve, and who has polluted the high office he holds, who is sent back to us so that once more the liberties, the properties, the welfare—I might almost say the lives—of her Majesty's subjects in this island are at the mercy of the alcoholic decisions of a drunken imbecile.

At this last expression the Chairman called Mr. Marryat to order, with the remark that "he did not think it was proper to designate her Majesty's Judges in language of that description." Save for this mild rebuke, I cannot find that in the whole course of the debate which followed, and in which the Attorney-General and four non-official members of the Council spoke, any exception was taken to the accuracy of Mr. Marryat's statements or the justice of his observations. In the division, the official members of the Council abstained from voting. They were advised to take this course by the Attorney-General, who thought that no member of the Executive ought to vote, but stated that "he could not conscientiously vote against the motion." The result of the debate was somewhat complicated by the fact that the seconder of the motion introduced an amendment asking for an inquiry into the whole administration of justice in the colony. In support of this he delivered a very forcible impeachment of the conduct of the Chief Justice in a number of instances, all of which allegations, again, appear to have been either expressly endorsed or tacitly acquiesced in by the subsequent speakers. The amendment, calling upon the Governor to institute an inquiry into the whole administration "by Commissioners independent of the colony," was adopted as the substantive motion, and was carried by the votes of six to two among the non-official members of the Council. The two minority members merely objected to the form of the motion, and both expressed their readiness to vote for an inquiry into the conduct of Mr. Justice Cook.

It may, I trust, be taken for granted that this inquiry will now take place without loss of time, for, even apart from the imputations on Mr. Justice Cook, the debate discloses abundant necessity for it. As regards Mr. Justice Cook, I hope that the result, which I have no desire in any way to anticipate, will be to dispose conclusively of the astounding and disgraceful charges made in the Legislative Council. As I have already said, I offer no opinion on these charges. My sole object is to

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acquaint the public with the proceedings in the Council, with the view of calling attention to the action already taken by Lord Knutsford in Mr. Justice Cook's case. What this has been was very clearly explained by the Acting Colonial Secretary in the course of the debate at Trinidad:—

The Acting Colonial Secretary: I have a statement to make. Before this motion now before the Board proceeds further, I have an announcement to make to the Council. It is to the effect that the Administrator by the last mail received from the Secretary of State a despatch in which Lord Knutsford informs his Excellency that Mr. Justice Cook having in a letter addressed to his Lordship denied the truth of the charges made against him, he does not think it necessary for the present to take any further steps in the matter.

From this statement and that of Mr. Marryat, it appears that the charges against the Judge, more or less in the same form as above, were laid before Lord Knutsford; that the Judge came home to answer them; that he gave a formal denial to them; and that, thereupon, without any attempt to pursue the investigation further, he was restored to the exercise of his judicial functions. I assume, as the public are for the present bound to assume, that this course was warranted by the Judge's complete innocence of the charges. But it is, nevertheless, apparent, at every step in the debate from which I have quoted, that the allegations in question are matters of public notoriety in Trinidad; that not a single member of the Legislative Council is prepared to dispute them; and that neither the Attorney-General nor any member of the Executive has a word to say in the Judge's defence. What did Lord Knutsford know that is hidden from the public, the Legislature, and the Government of Trinidad? On what ground did he dismiss the formal complaints made to him, and restore to this Colony, as an administrator of justice and a representative of the Queen, a gentleman who is spoken of in the Legislature, without protest or contradiction, in the terms which I have quoted above? Whatever be the result of the inquiry now pending, and for the present we must assume that it will be in Mr. Justice Cook's favour, these are questions to which an answer ought to be obtained as soon as Parliament meets.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

BRAIN-VENTILATORS.

ALL my life I have objected to the boot and shoe superstition, and I should, if on a Board School committee, exempt no child, save in frosty weather, from attendance at school on the ground of shoelessness. Inelastic, ill-made shoes are the most common source of a heavy, inelastic, and loutish gait. Scots stand straight, and hold their heads well, because they went barefoot in childhood. An interesting paper was read the other day at the Academy of Sciences on the prehensile feet of many Hindoo tribes. These tribes and the Japanese operatives are quadrumanes. The Japanese holds the board he has to carve with his feet, and can work at it with a pair of tools instead of with a single one. Result, more rapid execution and greater freedom of style. The four-handed race has a great advantage over the two-handed. Last summer I had a chat with Dr. Campbell, the director of the Asylum for Blind Children at Norwood. I asked him how he managed so well to supply the want of eyes, as shown in the way his young charges walked straight forward in any given direction. He told me his secret. It was to be very particular about their shoes. They did not interfere with the sense of touch in the foot. Bare feet would be preferable for hardy youths and maidens not likely to catch cold. But there was a strong prejudice against them. The doctor thought that every foot should be daily washed and rubbed, and no soap but a mild one used on it. He would have foot gymnastics and friction to bring the member to a highly sensitive and healthy condition, and would be as careful what leather to use as French glovers are about the material on which they work. At Norwood there are conventional signs in relief on the floors of gangways and elsewhere. They are made of small snips of linoleum, which are nailed down. The angles at which they are placed signify straightforward or to left or right, and smooth gliding walk is taught. In connection with this question, I am glad to see that a Northampton manufacturer has opened an entrepot in Paris for English boots. I bought a pair there the other day; they are light, and seem durable, and in appearance they are greatly superior to the French ready-made boots.

In connection with trained feet, I should call the attention of those who hire servants to the fact that parlour-maids who have learned to dance are much more light-handed than those who have not, and are much less liable to break glass and porcelain than those who tread heavily. As each organ or member is closely connected with every other, I should imagine that the light-footed parlour-maid becomes a more brainy person than the one who has "lead in her heels." By the way, it has come to light that children with accidental affections of the nostrils which grow chronic become stupid. An ill-working mucous membrane there is enough to make a child a dunce. It may be that snuff became the rage in Europe towards the end of the seventeenth century because it stimulated this member in the noses of august and illustrious persons. Bonaparte, who was a man of keen and quick perception, never chose, if he could help it, a man with a poor nose for a place of great responsibility. He had remarked that when the nose was large enough to be a good ventilator to the lungs, elasticity in troublous circumstances, resource, and general efficiency might be looked for. The man with insufficient nose ventilations was liable to get into the blues, to lose presence of mind, to have a heavy head, and to take brandy to keep himself up to the mark. Marshal Ney had a poor nose and a weak character. He was incapable of conceiving a plan, and needed the stimulus of battle to clear the cobwebs from his brain. The Chosen People have big noses, and are not liable to colds in the head. Massena, the most resourceful of all Bonaparte's Marshals, was a large-nosed Jew. Bernadotte, the most clever in intrigue, and the least given to stupid hero-worship, was another. Gambetta had a large nose and a small amount of brain. The same thing may be said of that greatest literary artist that France ever produced—Renan. Jules Ferry is small-brained and big-

nosed. Jules Simon has a big brain and a big nose, and is, taken all-in-all, one of the ablest of living Frenchmen. The Princess Clémentine, whom I look upon as a woman of great capacity, has the large, hooked nose of the seventeenth-century Bourbons and Condés.

I witnessed the arrival here last week of the G.O.M. He was very stately, very simple, and very singular in the sense of not resembling any other man. His daughter, Miss Helen Gladstone, Lady Principal of Clough Hall, takes after him in the eyes, but there the likeness ends. The journey, far from fatiguing, seemed to have given this Homeric Chief a fillip. He wore a melon hat, in which I should have liked to see him photographed, so well did it suit him. It was remarked to me, by one with whom he shook hands, that there was fine heartiness and firmness of nerve evinced in the grasp. There is no surer precursor of a break-up of the constitution than an infirm hand. Its tremors betray the approach of paralysis or of brain softness. The G.O.W. interested me immensely. England should be so glad to have her if only as a set-off against Countess Babs. Her unique devotion strikes me as being as picturesque as it is beautiful. Though visibly fatigued after the tempest-tossing she had met with in the Channel, her eyes, on alighting from the train, turned round to the G.O.M., and she did not advance until she saw that he was well secured from draughts by a fur tippet.

I read a short time ago that Mr. Gladstone spoke of having lost a couple of inches. We all are less tall at the end of the day, unless it has been a period of rest, than when we get up in the morning. A long walk always reduces the stature. In old age the reduction is more remarkable because the bones are denser and synovial secretions are thinner. Mr. Gladstone the other evening was, I am sure, as tall as he had ever been in his life—for he had just spent eight hours in railway trains.

Dear grandiose Victor Hugo is not forgotten yet. Nothing in the book-market sells so well as his works. As New Year's gifts they are having a fresh boom. The handy edition of "Lemerre" is brought out in the clearest type, and the text is set in broad-margined pages. Paper and binding are meant to catch the fastidious bibliophile. The dramas, I think, are the productions of Victor Hugo's pen which least stand the test of time. They affect me like a story of Mary Anne Radcliffe or a tragedy of "Monk" Lewis. A monument by Rodin, Hugôtesque in feeling, is soon to be reared in bronze or marble in the Pantheon, in the poet's honour. I have been to see the clay model. Victor leans against a rock, which is meant to symbolise Mother Earth, but might stand better for Guernsey. Three nudities, borne on the waves to his feet, are the vehicles for old Ocean's voices. They declaim and sing to the poet. Overhead a winged being of archangelic character speaks of Heaven. Infancy, surely, would have expressed more truly Victor Hugo's notion of an Elysium beyond the skies. His idea of Heaven was a place where fathers and mothers never aged, and children kept always youthful.

Talking of children reminds me that TRUTH goes on finding imitators here. The City of Paris has taken up the idea of cheering the hearts of poverty-stricken infancy by means of a grand Toy Distribution. £3,000 or thereabouts are to be devoted to this toy treat. I am sorry to find that large and richly-dressed dolls for permanent use in hospital wards have not been thought of. A splendidly got-up doll, big enough to look a real baby, and able to articulate a word or two at will, must open a vista of heaven to the inmates of *Enfant Jésus* hospitals. Think of the sense of splendid possibilities which is aroused by the shining silks and satins, the gossamer gauzes, the laces and the spangles of a fine-lady doll! How they must lift poor mites accustomed to sordid conditions of life into an imaginary fairyland! There is no better stimulant for a feminine child in depressing circumstances than a lovely doll. It is to her what the wattle is to the growing pea, calling into play all her power to throw out tendrils, and bringing at once her heart, soul, and mind into play. The doll awakes her fancy, and calls into action manual skill and contrivance. Latent intentions sprout up and gather strength. The doll is to the girleen what spring sunshine is to the garden. Her untutored tongue learns at once to throw off dialogues in which the doll is made to answer to every caress and question and to play the part of confidant as in the classical French tragedies. Indeed, I am of opinion that opportunities to play with a fine doll are necessary to the healthy evolution of the feminine heart, soul, and mind in extreme youth. It teaches the child how to use her hands, while it furnishes an aliment to the imagination and affections. If I had the privilege of being a workhouse guardian I should certainly provide every ward for female children with several large dolls and beautiful stuffs wherewith to dress them. Girls who have not doll-dressing experience seldom turn out good needlewomen, or tasty in dressing themselves or others. I also believe that feminine children who have to go without dolls will feel the want all their lives, were they to live to be centenarians.

The St. Nicholas mass in the Russian Church was celebrated with all the pomp of which the Orthodox ritual admits. This was not because St. Nicholas is the precursor of Christmas, and, according to the Legend, wanders up and down Russia with his pockets stuffed with cakes and toys for children, bad, good, and indifferent, for the saint is like the sun, which shines upon the just and the unjust. The grandeur of the mass was due to Nicholas being the most oft-recurring name in the Imperial family. It was borne by the Czar's grandfather, eldest brother, uncle, and his eldest son, and any number of his cousins bear it. Just now there are no Old Nicks in the family, but they will be legion about twenty years hence.

It is too early to talk about the shops, Christmas being here but the festival of infancy, though the Alsatian mode of keeping it has stolen on us, and holly and ivy have become a feature of Church and drawing-room decoration. How far back it appears since the glittering green foliage and coral berries of the holly were only to be found chez Deboose, who set up *la*

The Rough Weather Tailors, for both ladies and gentlemen, are to be found at Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

boucherie anglaise, when the Avenue Friedland was run across the Faubourg St. Honoré. An "authentic granddaughter of George IV." was employed to sell the Christmas greenery, *rosbif* and horse-radish ; and a sweet, good-hearted soul, though a little incoherent in her talk, she was. Goods trains coming from the forests of Morven and Fontainebleau daily arrive in Paris with no other freight than holly. The pines for Christmas trees and table decoration are chiefly sent from the Vosges. Small ones find their way into the poorest flats. The largest one of all is kept for the Alsace-Lorraine Christmas-tree at the Hippodrome, and the next largest for Madame Floquet's party, to which the children of all the servants of the Chamber of Deputies are invited. Christmas is not yet kept here as a time of universal gluttony, unless just after midnight Mass. Those who have kept vigils in the churches end with *soupers en partie fine* in cafés, or, if impecunious, go to appease hunger at the *charcutier's*.

The frequent railway accidents and colliery explosions have suggested some of the novelties of this season to the toy-makers. Trains that must, when set in motion, be wrecked, but which can be set right again, are to be among the attractions for Parisian boyhood of the Boulevard Fair. There will be also toy mines devised with a view to accidents, and toy citadels to be bombarded. Dynamite, which I hear is growing old-fashioned melinite, which is more up to date ; and smokeless powder are getting on the brains of growing France. We never know when we are well off. The tin sword and drum, in which the French boy found happiness some twenty years ago, were far preferable to the scientific horrors which are crowding into the toy market, and reflecting there the new face that has been everywhere put on artillery.

The Russian rage is expressed in the bonbon bags at Boissier's and other great confectioners, which take the semblance of moujicks, and other picturesquely-clad subjects of the Czar. I notice that in the doll shows in Boulevard toy-shops the Russian nurse is a good deal on view. But she is not a favourite. Young eyes are too much used to *nuances rompues* to find pleasure in looking at the crude hues which characterise the garments of peasant women in Russia. They may look nice in the universal bright whiteness of a Russian winter ; but under the grey-blue sky of Paris, and amid the dirty white of houses and the drab of muddy streets, they are too far above concert-pitch to be otherwise than offensive.

I see that M. Bonvalot's book has appeared simultaneously, in French and English, here and in London. It should prove an eye-opener to those whom Madame Blavatsky hypnotised. The author knows nothing of that lady or the church she founded. Without intending to attack either, he shows that the fountain-head of their faith at Lhassa is a muddy and, indeed, noisome puddle, and he writes the Grand Lama down a barbarian. I dined the other evening in M. Bonvalot's company. He gave an amusing account of the puerile ritual followed at Lhassa, and of the childish and, to Europeans, barbarously offensive etiquette observed by the College of Lamas, which forms the Grand Lama's sacerdotal court. Not only Rome and Westminster immeasurably transcend that Eastern Papacy in dignity and decency, but no matter what Little Bethel in the United Kingdom.

M. Bonvalot is an interesting person. If his book is not worthy of as high a meed of praise I shall feel disappointed. Though such a rover, he is as French as he can be. Since the age of eighteen (and he is now thirty-seven) he has been going to and fro upon the earth, choosing generally for his fields of exploration the most barbarous parts and harshest climates of Asia. Though a tall man, he looks thick-set and almost short, and has shoulders strong enough to carry the load of a pack-dromedary. They often served to bear such a load when his beasts of burden broke down. One's first impression of this explorer is that he is of the stuff of which jolly good fellows are made. But presently one sees that he is not half Champagnois for nothing. The Champagnois is said to be the hardest man in France to hoodwink, and, when quarry is to be netted, the most resourceful. One notices in Bonvalot a bold air, and yet, even in a salon, the stealthy walk and watchful eye of one who has to look out constantly for beasts of prey, skulking members of hostile tribes, ferocious banditti, and to meet craft with craft.

M. Bonvalot is interesting in his talk about the ways of animals. He closely studied the fauna of the wild countries which he explored, and sometimes borrows points of comparison from them in speaking of human beings. Thus the French, taken as a whole, and often separately, are like bounding felines, and the English as the sleuthhound. The bounding animal is short-sighted, often seeing scarcely further than its nose, and subject to panic if driven back. But it is elastic, and its spirit cannot be tamed. As it goes by sight, and not by scent, it is easy to keep out of its reach, though impossible to escape from its fangs. This was said concerning the rivalry of French and British in the far East, Egypt, and other parts of the globe, and of Lord Dufferin and his move, when Viceroy of India, on Burmah. Everything, M. Bonvalot *knows*, was prepared for the establishment of a French Protectorate of that Eastern State. But before there was time to make the bound, Lord Dufferin took upon himself to occupy Burmah. The explorer could tales unfold about this affair. He was for three months, at, he believes, the Viceroy's orders, kept in prison on the Pamir border. But when he met the Viceroy at Simla, he was almost persuaded by that nobleman that his Excellency was M. Bonvalot's best friend, and prodigiously interested in his explorations.

I am fond of Mr. Walter Besant as a man and a writer, but I do not join with him in wishing to see an Academy set up in London on the French model. The one here could have only come into being when all power was in the hands of an idle class which took to literature as an amusement. The Church of France, then the richest in the world, cultivated a stately kind of eloquence, and preached and pitched its voice to ears polite. The Academy was the creation of Cardinal Richelieu. Its traditions were greatly moulded by Churchmen—noble for the greater part, courtiers all, and in the enjoyment of rich sees and noble benefices. It is a mistake to suppose that the Academy loves to honour transcendent

literary merit. A clever literary hack who gives a nice gloss and finish to commonplaces has a better chance of being elected than a man of genius. *L'écrivain* is more prized than *l'écriveur*; the Ducs de Broglie, D'Aumale, or Comte d'Haussonville than Balzac, Michelet, Fustel de Coulanges, or Sarcey. Cherbuliez is admitted, and Daudet is not. The Academy is enchanted to get hold of any politician who has a prospect of being able for some time to give away loaves and fishes. It constrained Emile Ollivier to fill an Immortal's arm-chair when he was in power. As he had a Humpty-Dumpty fall soon after, it never gave him a chance of making a speech. Had the Empire lasted, Prince Napoleon would have sat among the Forty. But as it did not, the Duc d'Aumale was brought in. Though Zola is the greatest of living French authors I do not blame the Academy for not making him an Immortal. But I think it should be ashamed of itself for having elected M. de Freycinet and passed over M. Manuel. He was born an *écriveur* and can be an *écrivain*. All his qualities are natural, and express themselves spontaneously. Culture merely serves to attune them to the taste of ears used to classic literature. He never wrote a line that gives out a false tone. One feels one's moral being braced up after reading any one of his poems. Open a volume of his works, no matter where, and your attention is at once arrested by the strong individuality of the poet and the chasteness of his style. M. de Freycinet is an elegant and lucid orator, but chiefly noteworthy for dexterousness in playing round subjects that it is dangerous to go into. Were the Academy what Mr. Walter Besant thinks it, Manuel would now be inside, and De Freycinet outside.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

IN guiding you, dear Lady Betty, along the intricate and treacherous path through life it is my office to explain those various types which in the course of our journey together you will probably encounter. Amongst these, and perhaps the most actively irritating of them all, is the "Superior Young Man." In him we observe the triumph of mediocrity, the glorification of the conventional, the deification of the respectable commonplace. Endowed by Nature, or by circumstances, with a supreme confidence in his own excellence, the "Superior Young Man" is a source of perpetual satisfaction to himself, and of continual intellectual aggravation to his less insipid fellow-men. Talent, wit, and individuality he mistrusts, and originality, in his opinion, is merely a deceptive synonym for vulgarity. From his very earliest chidhood he has stedfastly devoted his energies towards self-advancement. At school he judiciously associated only with those whose parentage or prospects promised to make them advantageous companions in after life. In Society he cultivates the acquaintance only of the permanently prominent and prosperous, and he is at no pains whatever to conceal his supercilious contempt for any who are, unfortunately, not in these happy conditions. Even marriage, in his case, is never prompted by sentiment, love, or passion, but is based on the more material inducements of wealth and position.

But it is in his earlier and bachelor days that the "Superior Young Man" is the more especially objectionable. At the club he affects the society only of the wealthy and titled, and pays especial attention to members of the club committee. He is seldom to be seen without a book, and he almost entirely confines his reading to abstruse and serious works. Though young and utterly inexperienced, he discusses these with characteristic dogmatism, and criticises the relative merits of the leading authors in a tone which implies that only high-bred exclusiveness prevents his competing with and overcoming each of them in their own particular departments. There is no impertinence like the impertinence of mediocrity. The "Superior Young Man" is always superior, and no stretch of the imagination can enable one to conceive him otherwise, even in the utmost privacy of his own society. In comparison with a clever man, he is as a photograph to a work of art. He is absolutely correct, but absolutely colourless—there is no individuality, no life, and, as it were, no soul within him. Like all small minds, he is greatly addicted to minute criticism, and, as his knowledge of the world is almost *nil*, it is easy to estimate the utter worthlessness of his judgments. Yet, since these are always based upon the conventional principles of right and wrong, they appeal with convincing force to that vast proportion of commonplace people of which this world is notoriously composed. But, strangely enough, behind this assertion of superiority, deep in his innermost heart lingers a suspicion that he lacks that vitality of intelligence which others possess. This germ of latent distrust makes the "Superior Young Man" jealous and malicious, and, given the opportunity to vent this malice in safety, he will spit it forth with a cruelty and venom which only very little minds are capable of.

News towards Christmas time invariably becomes scarce. Our own impending misfortunes monopolise attention, and leave us but little time to meditate upon the annoyances of others. Fortunately, in the dearth of exciting gossip, the "Great Pearl Mystery" has afforded us some matter for conversation. Mr. Justice Denman's Court has been daily packed to its fullest limits, but, unlike most other cases, this one seems principally to have attracted the interest of members of the bar. They crowded every available portion of the Court, leaving scarcely room even in the gangway for the necessary coming and going of those actively engaged in the case.

Few *causes célèbres* have, however, attracted to the Court so few well-known people as did the Osborne-Hargreave action. Captain Osborne, the plaintiff's husband, was the hero of a celebrated episode at Simla, some years back, when Mr. Rudyard Kipling scarcely distinguished himself as signally as he since has done in literature.

The recent decision in the Savernake estate case will, it is said, be taken before the House of Lords; but there can be no reasonable chance of its being reversed, for the three Judges before whom the appeal was tried are of such recognised authority that their judgment could not well be upset.

The Skating Club inaugurated the skating season at Wimbledon on Sunday, and met again on Monday on the Regent's-park water.

Lord Egmont, who has been suffering from typhoid fever at Cowdray, is, I am happy to hear, making satisfactory progress towards recovery, and may fairly be considered now to be out of all danger.

Mr. Philip Stanhope and the Countess Tolstoi left London last week for Nice, where they will remain till the meeting of Parliament.

Just a year ago the newspapers prematurely killed that venerable lady, the Dowager Lady de Ros. Twenty-four hours after this outrage had been committed, I had the privilege of seeing Lady de Ros in Eaton-place, apparently in the very best of health and spirits, and

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quite unconscious of the lengthy obituaries which had been published in her memory. Lady de Ros died last week in her ninety-sixth year, but the papers, mindful of the trap into which they fell a twelvemonth ago, have on this occasion scarcely even alluded to her death.

In another ten days the annual list of New Year's honours will be officially published, and it is to be hoped will on this occasion contain more names of general interest than was the case a year ago. On January 1 Lord Iveagh completes his first year in the Peerage.

Mr. John Lettsom Elliot, grandfather to the plaintiff in the recent Osborne *v.* Hargreave action, is not the only living original member of the Athenæum Club. This institution was opened in February, 1824, and, according to the members' list for 1884, besides Mr. Elliot the following were still alive:—Mr. George Eyre, the Rev. William Falconer, Mr. William Hodgson, the Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, Lord Newborough, Mr. William Smythe, Sir Matthew Wilson, and the Rev. T. Worsley. Mr. Charles Villiers joined the Club in 1825. There are very few clubs, if indeed any, that can show so many members whose names have been on their books for sixty years and upwards.—Believe me, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

A WRITER in the *Referee* asserts that he most implicitly believes that "an organised riders' ring" is at work in steeplechases and hurdle races, and he adds that this conviction is shared by "99 per cent. of the public." He very justly comments upon the flagrant inconsistency of forbidding professional jockeys to bet, while the "gentlemen riders," under G.N.H. Rules, "can gamble to any extent." It is quite certain that a great deal of the running at the winter meetings is utterly inconsistent, but many people have always regarded what, in cant jargon, is termed "illegitimate sport," as a vile welter of knavery and corruption. If "the public" are such besotted fools as to lose their money over steeplechases and hurdle races, it is impossible to feel any sympathy with them. There is every facility for gambling over races under Jockey Club rules during eight months in the year, and surely that ought to be sufficient to satisfy the most ardent appetite for speculation. It is high time that the exuberant "enterprise" of speculators in winter meetings was restrained, and it appears that there is actually not a single blank week until the regular season begins at Lincoln on March 28, and, considering how the sport has languished at the meetings which have already been held, it is impossible to conjecture how any fields whatever can be expected to come out after this month. It is very likely, however, that a long frost will put a decisive stop to these wretched meetings, and nobody would regret, on sporting grounds, if the weather prevented racing for the next ten or twelve weeks.

The Leicester authorities have acted very judiciously in deciding to accept eighty-seven entries for their Royal Handicap of £5,000, which will be run at next year's September meeting. Considering that two such exceedingly moderate animals as Rusticus and Victoricus were first and second for this year's Royal Handicap, which was by far the richest stake of the kind ever run for, it is wonderful that the race did not obtain a much larger entry, for the practical meaning of the conditions is that the managers of the meeting lay £4,250 to 50 against every horse entered, and they give a run. The class is very good, the lot of older horses, including Primrose, Friar Lubin, Buccaneer, Martenhurst, The Deemster, Seraphine II., Breach, Bumptious, Rusticus, Sainfoin, Unicorn, Warlaby, Cereza, Cloudberry, Simonian, and Corstorphine. The best of the three-year-olds are Orville, Goldfinch (who has presumably been sold to the Duke of Westminster, as he is nominated by him), Flyaway, Vampire, Gantlet, Windgall, Watercress, Suspender, Lorette, El Diablo, Lady Hermit, Lady Caroline, Adoration, Dunure, Galeopsis, Clarence, and Huntingdon. The weights are to be published directly after Goodwood.

There are seventy-four entries for the Amphion Plate of £1,000, a mile race for all ages, which is to be run at Sandown Park at the autumn meeting in 1893. It is remarkable that all the animals engaged are either foals or yearlings, excepting only Galeopsis, Andante, St. Damien, and Buccaneer.

A sporting paper announces that it is most likely that Goldfinch will represent the Kingsclere stable in the Two Thousand. This is rubbish. It is quite certain that Orme will start for the Two Thousand if he is well, and he will also run for the more valuable Newmarket Stakes a fortnight later.

"Lord Rosebery's determination to devote himself absolutely to politics, and never to open another connection with the turf, is no common act of self-denial on his part." I read this nonsense last week in one of the evening papers. As a matter of fact, Lord Rosebery's "connection with the turf" has never entirely ceased, and at the present time he has a number of animals in training at Newmarket, which he has no intention whatever of selling. The late Lord Derby (to say nothing of Lord Hartington) showed that it is quite possible to combine the ownership of racehorses with an adequate "devotion" to politics.

The Newmarket sales were most uninteresting on the first of the four days over which they extended, the highest price being 910gs., which was paid by Count Lehndorff for Violetta, by Hermit out of Anonyma, and she goes to the Prussian Royal stud at Graditz. A mare with such a pedigree may be regarded as an excellent bargain, considering that she is in foal to Isonomy.

On Wednesday the Duke of Portland obtained 3,100 gs. for Koorali (own sister to Semolina) from "Mr. Hartridge," who could previously have bought the mare privately for 2,000 gs., that being the price at which she was valued by her breeder. Jarvis bought The Smew, another young mare by St. Simon, for 2,500 gs., (her reserve price was 1,500 gs.), and Lord M. Beresford obtained The Task (by Barcaldine out of Satchel) for 1,000 gs., while Mr. Easton, the New York auctioneer, gave 1,300 gs. for Katherine II., and 520 gs. for Citronella, both being daughters of St. Simon. Lord Cadogan sold Lonely, by Hermit out of Anonyma, for 2,000 gs. to Mr. Cooper, while her filly foal by Isonomy realised 400 gs. Mazurka, by See Saw, was cheap to Mr. Maple for 330 gs., but the same could not be said of her foal by St. Simon, for which he gave 2,000 gs., which is the highest price ever paid for an animal of that age. Mr. Easton got a bargain when Cinderella, by Hermit, out of Mazurka, was knocked down to him for 650 gs. She is in foal to Chittabob. Of Lord Dudley's costly team the only one which realised a respectable price was Formidable, by Isonomy, and she was bought for the Graditz Stud for 1,150 gs., although she is a roarer! The Duke of Hamilton obtained 800 gs. for Bouthillier from Darling, and he was well sold, as he is a bad roarer, while only 50 gs. was paid for Bellefontaine by R. Peck, who may win some races with him if he ceases to break bloodvessels. The Duke's mares did not realise high prices, and Doncaster Belle (purchased two years ago at the sale of Lord Falmouth's stud for 2,300 gs.) did not change hands. Rosamonde, a grandly-bred mare by Hermit, out of Enguerrande, recently purchased at the sale of M. Lupin's stud, was again put up, and Mr. Maple gave 1,550 gs. for her.

Paris.—Hôtel Anglo-Français, 6, Rue Castiglioni, facing the Continental. First-class. Highly recommended for comfort, cuisine, moderate charges, and sanitary arrangements. Otis American lift.

The late Mr. Gosden's mare Last Link, who is out of Laura, the dam of Petrarch, was sold for 1,000 gs. to Lord Falmouth, for his new stud at Mereworth.

On Thursday business was comparatively slack, and the only lot which achieved four figures was Lord Penrhyn's young mare, Royal Nun, by Hermit, which was bought for 1,000 gs. by Mr. Caston. It is strange that Lord Penrhyn did not retain so well-bred a mare for his own stud, especially as she cost £1,500 gs. as a yearling. Mr. Corlett obtained only 800 gs. for Dancing Water, by Isonomy, out of Pretty Dancer, and he must execrate the hour in which his enthusiasm about Corstorphine induced him to send this mare to Foxhall, as she would have fetched three times her price if she had been in foal to a really "fashionable" sire.

On Friday the prices were still lower, and many lots were sent back. Wild Berry, by Rosebery out of Mint Drop, realised 1,150 gs., Mr. Hutton being her purchaser. She is in foal to Highland Chief.

Surprise has been expressed that so high a price should have been paid for Koorali, as she was such a failure on the turf. Koorali, however, is a splendid mare, and the real truth about her disappointing racing career is that she never could be properly trained, owing to the "groggy" condition of her fore-legs. As to The Smew, she greatly improved during the autumn, and she will, probably, win several good races next year. Katherine II. is a small-built mare, and she was well sold, and so also was The Task.

The large purchases which were made for the American market were the special feature of the sales. Americans are not generally supposed to be deficient in practical sagacity, but, to judge from certain transactions which have recently been recorded, it would appear that at least some of them who purchase horses must be mooncalves of the most benighted description. Why animals which can be bought for hundreds at Newmarket should fetch thousands at New York it is wholly impossible to comprehend, but if the purchasers were blessed with a single grain of common-sense surely they would buy for themselves in the overstocked English market. To hear of any one that is allowed to be at large giving 2,500 gs. for Simon Magus, who was thought to be well sold at Newmarket a year ago for less than a tenth of that amount, was sufficiently astounding; but now it is stated that Loyalist has recently realised 2,400 gs. at New York, which is surely just now the El Dorado of vendors of thoroughbred stock. Loyalist is an own brother to Paradox, and he was bred at Yardley in 1884. Coming up for sale just when Paradox was being eulogised as the horse of the year, Loyalist excited much competition at Newmarket, and many flighty people eulogised him as "the best yearling ever seen," the result being that the Prince of Wales was rushed into giving 3,100 gs. for him. Loyalist did not grow the right way, and he turned out such an abject failure that, so far as I remember, he never started for a race. He was subsequently sold by the Prince, and it is not worth while to trace his career until he changed hands at New York the other day for fully ten times his intrinsic value. Perhaps the purchaser had been so misguided as to believe the mendacious puffs of some American papers, which had audaciously described the creature as having been as good as Ormonde when he was a two-year-old. Loyalist, as a matter of fact, was badly beaten in all his trials, and if there had been any reason to anticipate that he would make a good stud horse the Prince of Wales would certainly have kept him at Sandringham, where, I believe, he did stand for a short time after he was sent away from Kingsclere, having been condemned as useless for racing purposes.

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is, 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

MAMMON.

MASHONALAND UP TO DATE.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has done better service in South Africa than he ever did in England. He appears to have gone out to Mashonaland in order to see whether it would be possible to invest there his own money, and that of some private friends, in mining claims. At the time of his departure, and since then, puffs of the wondrous character of Mashonaland, its advantages as a field for agricultural emigration, and the wealth of its mineral treasures, were deluding many into imagining that those who went there would soon return rich beyond the dreams of avarice. It was the Land of Ophir. Solomon had drawn his gold from there, and the very residence of the Queen of Sheba had been discovered within its precincts. I alone in the Press protested against all this interested trash, and asserted that there was no evidence that gold existed in paying quantities, whilst from all that I could learn the spots where Europeans could live and thrive were few and far between. I pointed out that the Promoters of this Elysium had formed a Company with a paper capital of four millions; that this Promoting Company had let the mining concession, which had been obtained in a questionable manner from Lobengula, to the Chartered Company, in consideration of the latter incurring all expenses and sharing all profits with the former! And I urged that, under such circumstances, the rosy puffs with which the Press was inundated were to be distrusted. I was jeered at, and I was told that I knew nothing about the country, although, as a matter of fact, I derived my knowledge of it from independent sources in South Africa. Every word that I wrote has now been confirmed by Lord Randolph. He might have professed belief in the mining wealth of Mashonaland; he might have bought claims, and resold them at a vast profit. This is the mode by means of which many unscrupulous promoters have waxed rich at the cost of the British investor. He did nothing of the kind. At the sacrifice of the money which he has expended, and of his golden dreams of future wealth, he has told the truth, and the result is that he has saved investors many millions of money. Mashonaland, he tells us, is unfit for agricultural colonisation, and the gold reefs which have been discovered are too poor to pay for the working. Thanks to him, this prodigious bubble has been pricked. The £1 shares of the Chartered Company, which, when I took this matter in hand, were exchanging hands at £8, are now unsaleable at par. All honour, therefore, to Lord Randolph. The service that he has rendered to investors merits the fullest recognition. In face of his damning report of what he saw, it is to be hoped that, foolish as are the people who are the usual victims of the financing adventurers who buy mining claims for hundreds of pounds and sell them for millions, no human being will be so silly as to contribute one farthing to the coffers of Messrs. Rhodes & Rudd, and those associated with them.

The Chartered Company has just published its report. It claims that if gold be not found in paying quantities, yet the land belonging to the Company makes the share capital fully secured. It is by no means clear that any land does belong to the Company; it is asserted that Lobengula has granted the whole land of Mashonaland to the Company. At most, however, he can only have given what is termed the right of "paramount domain," which does not involve individual possession. Lobengula claims sovereign rights over Mashonaland, because his forces have occasionally raided the country. It is inhabited by various tribes to whom the land belongs. He, therefore, can no more make over proprietary rights to this land than could the Queen make over the land of England to Mr. Rhodes, on the ground of the "paramount domain" of the Crown to England. The land, says the report, consists of eighty million acres, which is estimated to be worth 3d. per acre. This would be equivalent to the whole capital of the Company. But as half of the net profits of sale have to go to the United Concessions Company, the land, if sold at the price put on it by the Chartered Report, would

cover half the share capital of the Company, and not the whole. Against, however, this £500,000, the Chartered Company is under obligations to make roads, maintain police, &c., which obviously would swallow up the interest on this £500,000.

The report concludes with a proposal to buy out the rights of the United Concessions Company for one million shares of the Chartered Company. The Concessions Company is a Company which has a paper capital of four millions, divided into shares, which have been distributed amongst the Rhodes gang. It has a right to one-half of the net profits of the Chartered Company. Practically, the capital of the Concessions Company represents Founders' shares, and belongs to the founders of the Chartered Company. Of course, these shares are unsaleable. The proposal to convert them into shares of the Chartered Company, and thus double the capital of that Company without any monetary increase is a most outrageous one, in view of the fact that the shares of the Chartered Company are now below par. It amounts to this: that each person who has paid £1 for a Chartered share shall divide any chances of getting a return for this investment with the speculator who has let him in for this questionable investment. I suppose that the Rhodes gang want to realise, and think that possibly they may be able to sell at some price the shares of the Chartered Company, whilst they cannot sell those of the Concessions Company. Whether Government assent is required for this watering I do not know, but money has been invested by the public in the Chartered Company, because, being a Chartered Company, it is supposed that the Government is in some indirect way responsible for what takes place, and if power exists to hinder this impudent watering, that power ought unquestionably to be exercised. Unfortunately, however, the Tory Government does not dare to interfere with the wondrous financing of a Company, which numbers the Duke of Fife and the Duke of Abercorn amongst its Directors, and which has Mr. Rhodes for its Managing Director. Rather than do so, it would see any number of honest investors ruined.

I suspect that one object of this proposal to give one million in shares of the Chartered Company to the Rhodes gang is, that the intelligent Mr. Rhodes and his brother adventurers perceive that the money of the Chartered Company will very soon be exhausted. They therefore contemplate proposing to the Government to buy them out. If this were done at present, the Concessions Company would be entitled to no share in the sum paid, for it only has a right to half profits, and there are no profits. If, on the other hand, this prospective share of mythical profits is converted into shares of the Chartered Company, the Rhodes gang would get one half of any sum paid by the Government. That the present Government would be capable of buying out the Company from moneys belonging to the taxpayer, I make no doubt. But whether Parliament would consent to this, I greatly doubt. In any case, I am certain that no Government, except the present one, would dream of such an abuse of public moneys; consequently, if the bargain be not signed and sealed very shortly, there is not the slightest prospect of its ever being concluded, for the days of the present Government are numbered.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My dear Ben,—The prelude to Christmas generally is a deadly dulness in the Stock Markets for at least a fortnight. According to approved custom, everybody is supposed to refrain from entering into new engagements until the Christmas festivities are well over and the New Year is turned, when a burst of animation is looked for, but does not always make its appearance. The year 1891 is ending in a different way. Not only have the Foreign and Home Railway markets shown remarkable strength during the whole of December, but we are actually confronted in the Yankee market with

A Christmas Boom.

I have preached it for months, and until I may have almost wearied you, Ben, and your friends, that American Rails must experience a material advance, and now, at last, a strong upward movement has set in. During the last few days, the Yankee market in the "House" has shown unwonted animation, much to the delight of jobbers and brokers who had almost given up hope, and the choice spirits amongst whom were indulging in all manner of horse-play. The change is complete. Not only is New York buying heavily, but the public is beginning to send orders, shrewdly opining that if they wait until the new year opens they may have to pay 5 or 10 points more. Upon the other departments this strong movement will doubtless have a very favourable influence. It is true that for the moment Yankee Rails monopolise the attention, but we shall soon see the boom reflected in increased animation in Home Rails, Foreigners, and the Mining Market. It is, indeed, time that the long depression came to an end. Ever since the Baring collapse there has been persistent and universal liquidation. Prices in many departments are at the lowest level touched for years. There was, of course, good reason for the disinclination of the investor to embark his money in all except gilt-edged securities in the heavy losses which have been made in South American stocks, in rotten Mines, or other shady ventures palmed upon him by the promoter's greed. But the slump seems to have run its course now, and with cheap money assured and large amounts awaiting investment, the Christmas boom should gather strength with the New Year, and embrace all departments of the Stock Exchange, the South American not excluded. In that market the reconstruction of Messrs. C. de Murrieta & Co., through amalgamation with the South American and Mexican Company, and through a new Company to be formed under the title of the Securities Realisation Company, will lift a heavy weight from the Argentine section. The commercial business of Messrs. de Murrieta is a valuable one, and had been in danger of falling to pieces through the want of credit of the old firm. It will prove most valuable for the South American and Mexican Company. It is notorious that the loans on securities to the tune of £1,854,000 made to Messrs. de Murrieta were on a very insecure basis, and that the calling in of any part of them would have brought about a catastrophe. They will now be better held, and will no longer be a danger to the market. It is greatly to be desired that the Baring estate should also be promptly dealt with in a similar manner. An Assets Company ought to be formed to take over the whole concern, as I suggested a few weeks ago, and the private property included in the securities ought to come under the hammer.

Home Rails.

There is a very healthy tone in the Home Railway Market, and, although the highest prices touched have not been maintained in all cases, the clear, frosty weather, as compared with the heavy snowstorms of last year, promises to support values until the year is turned and dividend announcements are in sight. The latter will, of course, be improved by the continued traffic increases and the saving in working expenses, due to the more favourable climatic conditions. Brighton "A" are especially benefiting from these circumstances, and will, moreover, receive a small bonus in the allotment of new Ordinary stock at a moderate price. At the present quotation of 152, the rise in Brighton "A" for the week, however, does not exceed ½. If the weather holds up to the end of the year a further improvement seems probable. It is curious that the Brighton line, which has not had a chance during the eleven months of the year, should at last be favoured by the clerk of the weather in the twelfth month. Dover "A" are up to 86⅝, but dealings are restricted. Little Chathams are firmer at 18¾, and as they have been much neglected of late, they will probably revive as soon as any speculative movement sets in. An interesting feature of the week was

Arthur Forbes & Co., Australian Investment, Finance, and Mining Agency, 16, Cornhill, London, E.C., and at Brisbane, Queensland, have special business in some of the best Colonial Mining Stocks, including Brilliant, Victory, Victoria, Sunburst, Broken Hill, Raub, and other prosperous concerns. Constant information by cable. Telegraphic address, "Orpharion, London."

the statement that the Great Northern had withdrawn all opposition to the Sheffield Extension Bill. Although no positive information is available respecting the *quid pro quo*, it may be assumed that it takes the shape of running powers over the extension, and, perhaps, the use of the new station, which will be situate in the Marylebone-road. According to the plans, as now before Parliament, a connection is also made by a branch line running from the neighbourhood of the Alpha-road by an easy downhill gradient to form a junction with the Metropolitan Railway under the Marylebone-road. The goods station is to be situate in St. John's Wood, as originally planned. Should also some arrangement be made respecting the pooling of coal trade, the effect upon the Great Northern of the extension would be greatly mitigated, and Great Northern "A," now quoted 75, would be likely to come into favour again. Sheffield "A" have advanced to 37½, and will go higher if the Bill passes, about which there can be little doubt. Midlands have again maintained the lead as regards traffics, and are likely to improve upon their present price of 162½. Brums. at 174½, Great Western at 159, are steady, and Berwicks at 160¾ are higher in the face of traffic returns, which are by no means encouraging. I still am in favour of Midlands as a good investment, likely to receive a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. for the current half-year, but as a speculative purchase there is nothing to beat the Deferred stocks of the Scotch lines, especially North British Deferred. I have so frequently explained my reasons for giving this advice, that I need not again enter into this matter. There has been an important advance since I first recommended these stocks, but even at 46 for North British Deferred and at 45 for Caledonian Deferred (Coras), there is another rise of five points to come off within the next month or two, and especially in North British.

The Yankee Boom.

Last week I asked "When will Yankees Boom?" and I came to the conclusion that it was not impossible "that prices might have a sharp twist upwards before Christmas." My utterance was prophetic. Ever since Thursday a strong upward movement has made itself felt, initiated, of course, from New York, and prices are spinning irresistably upwards. The "Bears," in New York, have been covering, but a considerable part of the "short" account is evidently left unclosed yet, and now that the public, both in the States and on this side, is coming in, an important rise will take place. Addison Cammack, the veteran "Bear" leader, has been covering, and if the "Gould Boys" have not taken the same step, they will deserve what they get. How any sane person can be a "Bear" of Yankees after such a harvest, with such splendid traffics, and so easy a money market, indeed, passes all comprehension. October is usually the heavy month in the grain movement, but this year November surpassed it on account of the enormous amount to be moved, which has kept the tonnage up to the maximum throughout the month. Grain is most easily handled in October, but when the movement began this year the roads were almost immediately blocked, and during November they had a larger tonnage than ever before in any month. The far Western depots and elevators were filled, and, although an unusual amount was sent forward to Chicago, a large proportion was left over at the original shipping points for later shipment. The result has been the receipt at Chicago during November of 19,324,236 bushels of grain, an increase of more than 40 per cent. over any previous monthly receipts. The movement of hogs, too, has been greatly stimulated by the opening of foreign ports to the American products. The increase in the number carried by the railroads has been steady and constant for four years back, and during November it was more than 50 per cent. greater than the number of hogs carried by the roads in the same month of 1888. What is also surprising is the fact that corn has begun to move early enough to show a large increase in the movement of that cereal, while oats have also figured more conspicuously than ever before. As respects the different roads, the Burlington and Quincy is in the front rank with a grain movement three times as much as that for November last year, while Rock Island has a gain of about 60 per cent., and the Chicago and Eastern Illinois has considerably more than doubled its grain tonnage for the month. The Milwaukee and the Atchison lines are doing splendidly, as shown by their large traffic increases. It is evident, then, that the increase for December will be almost as heavy as that for November, and that the net profits for the last quarter of the year will be very considerable, as the freight has been moved at better prices than were obtained last year, and probably at less expense. The money outlook in New York is very favourable, the last Bank statement showing an increase in specie of 4½ million dollars, and in the surplus reserves of 3,800,000 dols. Already some 6 millions sterling of gold have returned to the United States from Europe, apart from 1¼ million sterling which has reached San Francisco direct from Australia. The following table shows a comparison of present prices with the highest quotations during the last five years:—

Highest Quotations in the Year.

—	1886.	1887.	1888.	1889.	1890.	Oct. 17, 1891.	Dec. 19, 1891.
Central Pacific ...	52⅛	45⅛	38	38	38⅛	34¾	34½
Chic. Milwaukee..	101⅜	97½	79¾	76½	81⅛	77⅛	82½
Denver Ordinary..	19⅞	33⅞	23½	19¼	22 11/16	19¾	17¾
Denver Pref.	—	70⅛	56⅝	54⅜	63¾	50⅜	47
Illinois Central ...	146½	141⅛	127	123¼	124	106	111
Louisville	70⅛	71⅞	65¾	90	95⅜	82	84½
Missouri, Kansas, and Texas	39⅛	35⅞	18⅞	14 9/16	21 3/16	18½	18¼
New York Central	120½	118⅞	114⅛	113¼	113¾	115	122
Erie.....	39⅜	36¾	31⅜	31⅝	30¼	31¾	33¼
Ontario	19¾	20⅞	18⅕	23 11/10	23¼	21¼	21⅓
Norfolk Prefs. ...	68⅝	65¼	65½	79⅜	68⅝	55¾	53⅞
Ohio	35¾	34	26¾	25⅛	28½	25	22¼
Pennsylvania.....	62⅝	61⅝	58	57¼	58¾	57¼	58¾
Reading	26⅞	36⅞	34¾	25¾	25	21⅓	20½
Union Pacific ...	69½	65⅜	68⅛	73⅛	70⅜	42¾	44¾
Wabash Prefs. ...	23¾	38⅞	29¾	35⅛	37⅛	31½	30¾

It will be seen that even now, after a rally of 2 to 4 points for the week, the full extent of the reaction which intervened in October and November has not been recovered in the case of all stocks, although some show a marked advance, especially Milwaukees, Illinois Central, Louisville, and New York Central. But, compared with quotations of previous years, the level now reached may still be considered very moderate, with the exception of New York Central.

Yankee Rails to Buy.

Since I mentioned last week Louisville and Nashville at 83, they have advanced to 85½, but with a 2½ per cent. dividend to come off in January and excellent prospects, they are still a good purchase at the present price, the view being held in influential and well-informed quarters that they will advance to 90. My old favourites, Norfolk and Western Prefs., have improved from 52½ to 55⅓, but paying, as they do, 3 per cent. dividend, with the prospect of great progress in the future, they are worth a good deal more, especially as the iron trade in Virginia is looking up. By the way, a correspondent reminds me that, in addition to my list of American Railroad bonds of a week ago, that the Norfolk and Western General Mortgage bonds at 125 are also gilt-edged, and at 125 yield 4⅛ per cent., and that he knows of no better second-class bond than Norfolk and Western Clinch Valley Five per Cents., which stand at 98 to 99. I fully agree with his opinion, although I by no means gave a full list of sound American bonds last week, but enough for my readers to select from. The best proof of the merits of my selection is, in fact, that they have improved in price nearly all round. There is a strong demand for these bonds not only on this side but also in New

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York, as may be gathered from the circumstance that the dealings on the New York Stock Exchange during the past week in bonds amounted to 14,000,000 dols., against 5,000,000 dols. a year ago. I said last week that Pennsylvania were worth buying; they were then quoted 56¾, they have now advanced to 58¾. Atchison Income bonds have advanced from 67 to 68. They are sure of their full interest of 5 per cent., and there will be a fair amount over for the shares, to judge from the splendid rate of present earnings. These Income bonds ought to stand at 75. Atchison shares have at last been taken up by speculators, after having hung fire a long time. Some one with a long purse has apparently got his fill of them now, and is now putting them up; 45⅝ is a low price for these shares as compared with many others. One of the best purchases is Atlantic Firsts (New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio First Mortgage Bonds), which have advanced a point for the week to 39¾. A dividend of over 1¼ has to come off on January 1, and 43 would be a price fully justified in comparison with other non-dividend paying stocks. I recommended Milwaukees at 80½ last week; they now stand at 82½; I said that Eries were a good purchase at 31¾; they have since risen to 33¼. In both Eries and Milwaukees "Bull" pools have been formed on the other side, and there is more than a suspicion that the purchases of Milwaukees by Mr. Frank Slavin in New York were for Mr. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Trust. Denver Prefs. have advanced 1 to 47, at which they are an excellent purchase, as they have been comparatively neglected, and a report is gathering strength that they will receive a dividend of 2½ dols. in February to be announced in January. These shares are likely to see 50 again in a short time. Ohio and Mississippi common shares are also improving, and now stand at 22½, and the Preference shares at 91 to 92, are at a remarkably low quotation, and are fully worth 100. The circular sent out by the dissentient directors of the Ohio and Mississippi Company in Cincinnati is an absurd document. As a large majority of the shareholders have adopted the deal with the Baltimore and Ohio, the recalcitrant directors will be turned out bag-and-baggage. A hitherto neglected stock is Texas "B" (Alabama, New Orleans, and Texas Deferred). But at their low price of ⅝ per £10 share they are a splendid little gamble, and ought to double their price. Canadian Railroad stocks have not been quite so buoyant of late. For my part, although I admit that the large crops will find their expression in larger traffics, and that Grand Trunks are therefore likely to improve, they are not nearly such a good purchase as Yankee Rails.

South American Stocks.

The steam seems to be temporarily out of Foreigners of the class of Russians, Spanish, Portuguese, &c., but Spain having secured her internal loan of 250 million pesetas, by a guarantee of Spanish Bankers, her immediate difficulties are probably at an end. The chances are that the Spanish market will be prepared for the issue by an advance in the External Fours on the other Bourses and on the London Stock Exchange, in which case the price is likely to touch 70, if only temporarily. But more importance attaches to the question if Spain will at last turn over a new leaf, and set her house in order, instead of going on with the improvident policy hitherto pursued. From Brazil further troubles in various States are reported. These are, however, apparently of a local and temporary nature. On the whole, Brazil does not seem likely to afford to her enemies the spectacle of falling to pieces. An important feature is the statement, which I have been able to fully confirm, that Messrs. Rothschild, who have the funds for two years' service of the interest on the Brazilian Debt in hand, refused to part with this money when requested to do so by the then President Fonseca, on the plea that the funds were specially appropriated to the service of the Debt. Under the circumstances, the interest on Brazilians seems pretty safe. Argentine Government stocks have shown great dulness, but they will probably recover with the payment of the coupons on the 1886 loan and the Funding loan on January 1, which I hear are fully provided for. Many of the Argentine Railway stocks are at present at exceedingly low prices, and, with the Murrieta incubus removed, it should be worth while to pick up some of these. Amongst the most promising and cheapest of these railway securities are Buenos Ayres and Rosario 1894 Extension shares, now at about 6¾ to 7 per £10 share. As these shares receive 5 per cent. Preference interest until the end of 1894, when they are converted into Ordinary shares, it follows that they are pretty sure of their dividend, while yet having the prospect, in three years time,—when, doubtless, Argentina will have turned round again,—of enjoying all the advantages of the Ordinary stock. The interim report of the Central Argentine Railway, just published, made a very melancholy showing, and affected other stocks, such as Buenos Ayres Great Southern and Rosario, adversely, yet the position of these two lines is immensely superior to the sadly mismanaged Central Argentine, which earns only £14. 12s. 3d. per mile per week. Ecuador bonds have advanced to 18–18½, as I expected they would. Chilian bonds are very firm, and Chilian industrial securities are advancing. Tarapacà Waterworks, which I recommended at 9¾, have advanced to 12. A dividend of £1 per share has been declared on Nitrate Railway Ordinary shares, making, with the interim divinend previously paid, 20 per cent. for the year. This means at the price of 18 a yield of more than 11 per cent. per annum on the investment. When the accounts are made up in March there is, moreover, a probability of a further distribution of a bonus of 10s. per share, or 5 per cent. These shares would be cheap at 20. The shares of the Bank of Tarapacà at 3¾ for £5 paid, are, as I have already pointed out, a good purchase. Costa Rica bonds are improving, and will, no doubt, promptly receive the January coupon, the payment of which is announced. Mexican Sixes and City of Mexico bonds show steadiness, and are likely to improve. The proceedings at the Inter-Oceanic of Mexico meeting do not seem to encourage the idea of the pooling of traffic with the Mexican Railway (Vera Cruz line), and the war of rates will, doubtless, continue until Mr. Saunders has had enough of it. In this struggle the older line has all to lose, and the Inter-Oceanic all to gain, and it will be wise to give "Mails" a wide berth.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

It is a curious circumstance that the collapse in the shares of the British Chartered Company of South Africa should have caused a decline in Witwatersrand shares and in Oceanas and similar stocks. Assuredly, the fact that Mashonaland is exploded ought rather to benefit Transvaal securities, to which Mashonaland stocks are really competitors, than to depreciate them. The jobbers in the Kaffir market probably did their best to help the depression, as most of them were out of stock, but the tables are likely to be turned soon, and already quotations are recovering. De Beers have been in strong request upon a report that an increased dividend will be paid. These rumours have been put about so persistently every half-year before the announcement of the distribution that the market does not quite believe in anything more than 10 per cent., notwithstanding the rise to 15, but there evidently is some more solid foundation for the report now. From the Oceana properties reports are excellent. The new battery had, according to latest advices, arrived on the Silati river farm of Burgersdorp, and was being erected. Crushing operations on a large scale from the Swiss and Laing's Reefs may, therefore, shortly be looked forward to. Oceana shares at anything like 4 ought to be picked up. When Mr. Henderson and Mr. Conybeare, M.P., after having started work in all directions, return home, these shares are likely to touch 6 again, if not a higher price. Sutherland Reefs have been dealt in at ⅞ to 1, and are likely to receive a good deal more attention in the new year. Advices from the Charters Towers Gold-mining properties are very favourable. According to cablegrams, dated 14th inst., the Golden Gate Mining Company has declared another dividend of 1s. per share of £1. The mine was stated to look splendid, and crushing operations were reported as going on. From the Sunburst Mine, too, very favourable crushings are shortly expected. The return

from the No. 7 North-east Queen Gold Mine was 260 tons, 468 oz., value £1,760, and the usual bi-weekly dividend of 6d. per share had been declared. Indian Gold Mines have been neglected, Mysore Gold at 5 to 5⅛, Nundydroog 2 7/16 to 2 9/16, Indian Consolidated New 1s. 6d. to 2s., Mysore Nagar 8s. 6d. to 9s. 6d. The Alaska Treadwell Gold Mining Company has announced a bonus of 3s. per share of £5 each, payable at Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons on the 24th inst. As this splendid mine has paid regular dividends at the rate of 6 per cent. for the year, the total distribution of 9 per cent. works out to a return of over 15 per cent. on the investment at the present price of the shares of 2⅞. This is one of the prizes in the mining market.

The Elmore Copper Report.

At last the second annual report of the directors of Elmore's Patent Copper Depositing Company, Limited, has been issued. It appears from it that amongst the sources of revenue were £5,000 royalties on copper sheets received in advance, £8,558 premiums and profit in land, and £703 balance of profit and loss, as the report puts it "a satisfactory result, considering that the Company had only been able to manufacture small quantities of articles at the date of the making up of the accounts—work on a large commercial scale not having been commenced." The most important announcement in the report is that of the successful completion of the 20-ton plant. The statements with regard to future profits made in the directors' report are most promising, the detailed estimate signed by Mr. William Elmore putting the profits of the works as now completed at over £45,000 per annum, being 30 per cent. upon the present capital of the Company, whilst, as the directors add, "when the time comes for doubling the output to 40 tons per week, the profits will be increased to over £95,000 per annum, equal to nearly 50 per cent. upon the increased capital that will then be required." If these estimates are borne out by results, the shareholders will be rewarded for the unusual amount of patience which they have had to exercise through countless delays in the completion of the works and of the large plant. By the way, as the French Elmore Copper Works at Dives are planned for an output of 80 tons per week, the profits, on the basis of the same estimate, would be £190,000 per annum, and I hold to my opinion that, promising as the position of the English Company undoubtedly is, the French Company will far exceed these results. Investors would do well to buy these shares while they are to be had at present prices. Once the French works commence working—and I hear that they are all but completed—the value of the shares will advance materially.

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various investors:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

H. D. S.—There is a free market in Mexican Sixes, but you cannot get close upon 7 per cent. for your money without running some risk. The danger of a revolution in Mexico, however, seems small. Why not buy American Brewery Eight per Cent. Preference shares if you are afraid of revolutions and yet want a high return?—*S. A. G. Panama.*—Although I am not in favour of Australian Government bonds, I yet think they are likely to improve with cheap money. I do not approve of your plan of holding only three instead of five different kinds—it is better to divide the risk. I like No. 5 least of all, as another huge loan is coming out in February. There is nothing to be said against your investments Nos. 6—9, which should not be disturbed.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Verax.—With all due deference to your view, I do not consider that the class of business which the Trust in question does has been very remunerative of late, and I should not select it for investment. *W. B.*—A second-class Bank recently established. No catch. *Ajax.*—You had better get your stockbroker to attend to this matter for you. *Carolus.*—Both the Banks Nos. 1 and 2 are sound institutions, although the latter has made some losses. I do not, however, recommend deposits with concerns so far from home, and should advise you rather to invest in sound securities. *Clewhurst.*—I cannot really take the trouble to get counsel's opinion on this point, although you offer to pay for it. I should say that the agreement would hold good, but I fancy I know the outside concern, which is referred to, and I should strongly advise you to deal only with a member of the Stock Exchange. A. These shares are only quoted 1¼ to 1½ (£3 paid), and I should sell out at the next opportunity. Nitrate Rails are certainly a better and more progressive investment. *Hindoo.*—1. I do not like this bank at all, it is not doing well, not having learnt a lesson from its predecessor. 2. I should advise no one to invest in the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Corporation of India as long as the management is not reformed. *Rustic.*—The talk about a famine in Mexico is grossly exaggerated, and City of Mexico Bonds should certainly not be affected by it. *A. G. M., Greenock.*—I cannot reply by letter. If you reflect yourself on the return which the bonds of the Provident Association of London will eventually give you, you will soon come to the conclusion that the Association promises what it cannot perform. *J. J., Wolverhampton.*—See above reply, and have nothing to do with the concern either as agent or otherwise. I cannot reply by letter. *W. W.*—It is a shady outside tout, to whom you should give a wide berth. I will give him some attention when dealing with similar matters. *R. M. S.*—1. Grand Trunk Guaranteed should be held as they are likely to improve with Grand Trunk stocks generally, then sell. 2. The gas shares should be sold and the money re-invested in American railway bonds, a full table of which I published last week. 3. Allsopp Prefs. may improve, as there are favourable dividend rumours about. I should sell the Australian Preference shares (No. 4), and also re-invest in American railroad bonds. Nos. 5 and 6 are unexceptional investments.

Home Rails.

Fernandez.—North British Deferred have now advanced to 46, and will soon be quoted 50. Why did you not follow my advice sooner? But it is by no means too late now. *P. O.*—Great Eastern at 90 are dear compared with most other Home Rails. *B. T., Dublin.*—Yes; Midlands are the best of the Heavy Rails, and will probably get a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum for the second half year.

American and Foreign Rails.

B. Coe.—Now that Yankee Rails have commenced to boom, you should certainly hold your Grand Trunk Guaranteed, as they are likely to improve. *W. C. T.*—You will find that Quebec Central Income bonds will recover in sympathy with American Rails, the dulness in which alone caused them to react. *Greenhorn.*—1 and 2. You should get the address of a respectable London stockbroker, a member of the House, from your banker. As a matter of principle, I do not recommend individual stockbrokers. All the bonds (*a*, *b*, *c*, and *d*) are dealt in on the London Stock Exchange. Mexican Central Railway Four per Cent. Gold Consolidated Mortgage bonds are quoted 76. 3. No, you had better deal direct in London. 4. I should prefer Peter Schoenhofen Brewery Ordinary and St. Louis. 5. The time to buy is now. An important rise in securities is likely in the New Year. *Norfolk, Glasgow.*—The Norfolk and Western Railroad is doing well now, and the 3 per cent. dividend is quite assured, with every prospect of an increase at no distant date. *Dissatisfied Investor.*—The report of last week's meeting of shareholders in the Costa Rica Railway gives you every information. You should certainly hold the First Debentures, which are again improving, and are now quoted 95. *V. A. S., Herison.*—Hold your Union Pacifics now they are recovering with the Yankee boom. *Fusilier.*—Quebec Central Income bonds are not gilt-edged. For gilt-edged American Railroad bonds, see the table which I published last week. *A. S. R. T.*—1. Atchison Income bonds have now advanced to 68, and will go much higher, as they will get their 5 per cent. interest on the current year. They should touch 75. 2. In February. It is expected to be at the rate of 7½ per cent. 3. Louisville, Norfolk Prefs., Denver Prefs., Atlantic Firsts. 4. I have a very bad opinion of Golden Gates (California), and Golden Feathers; but Golden Gate (Charters Towers) gold mining shares, on the other hand, are an excellent investment.

Mining Shares.

Ronald.—The news from the Oceana properties is favourable all round. These shares have fallen in sympathy with the reaction in British Chartered & South Africa shares. But the non-success of Mashonaland is really a "Bull" point for Transvaal properties. *Playfair, Glasgow.*—Certainly hold Elmore Gold. It is a cheap gamble, and favourable developments are on the cards. *E. W. D., Birmingham.*—I cannot make it too plain that the Golden Gate Alluvial Syndicate shares (California), quoted 4s. 6d., are quite a different thing to Golden Gate Gold Mining shares (Charters Towers, Queensland). The former are a rubbish stock; the latter, sound investment securities. Be sure to get the right sort, and buy as cheap as you can. Sunburst is also a Charters Towers Mine. *C. T., Golden Gate.*—Thanks. I am aware that Golden Gate (Charters Towers) and Sunburst shares are dealt in on the Stock Exchange, but you will find that the Golden Gate Company has an agency at 16, Cornhill, E.C. *Penman.*—There are rumours of an increased dividend in De Beers, but it is impossible to gather any positive information. *Rover.*—You must have been roving about a good deal if you do not know my view of British Chartered of South Africa. Leave them alone. *Bathearton.*—You have confounded the Golden Gate Alluvial (California) with the Charters Towers Golden Gates. The latter are a good investment, and you can buy them through your stockbroker. *P. F.*—You should sell Indian Consolidated now and avoid the final call. Before long the Company is likely to be again reconstructed. *A Constant Reader.*—I expressed the view that the Jumpers Gold Mining Company should again resume the payment of dividends

Carpets—French Cleaning, Dyeing, &c.—For particulars apply to Manager, Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-street Belgravia, S.W.

last week. The shareholders ought to bring pressure to bear upon the directors. The prospects of the Stanhope Mine are reported to be decidedly good.

Industrial Companies.

Parchment.—You will have gathered from my remarks of last week, that I consider the report favourable. *Polonius.*—Certainly, invest in Trustees' and Executors' shares (1). This is the time to buy them. The Electric Company No. 2 is also a good purchase. Coats Ordinary (3) are rather high up. I do not recommend investment in Bank shares such as Nos. 5, 6, and 7, as there is a certain risk with institutions whose business is carried on so far from home. *Saunders.*—You should hold No. 1 for the present. I do not think a great deal of the Company No. 2. Hold Eastman's Ordinary No. 3. *W. M. W.*—The report of the English Elmore Company just issued is very promising. There has been great delay, amounting to mismanagement, but matters are righting themselves now, and the French Company has even better prospects than the English Company. *Viator.*—The cheapest sound American Brewery shares are at present Milwaukee and Chicago Ordinary at 8¼-8⅜, paying 10 per cent. dividend. You might mix these with Peter Schoenhofen paying 11 per cent. at 9⅜-½.

Mixed Investments.

Delta.—I am not very much struck with the balance-sheet of the Building Company which you send me. It has evidently suffered with others of the same class, and I should prefer another investment. The report is returned by post. 1. Yes, the dividend is due to you. 2. I do not like these bonds so well as the American Railroad bonds (good second class) mentioned in my list last week. 3. You had better go further, and instead of six per cent. get eight per cent. in American Brewery Prefs., such as Milwaukee and Chicago Prefs. They are just as cheap as any foreign six per cent. securities, and safer. *Ailean.*—You should buy gilt-edged American Railroad bonds if you want a safe four per cent. investment. I gave a full list in last week's issue. Peter Schoenhofen Brewery Prefs. are a good investment. Eastman's and Hammond's should be held. *J. H. H., Maxwelltown.*—1. The depositors in the English Bank of the River Plate have every prospect of getting their money back, but the unfortunate shareholders will have to face a big call. 2. Consult your stockbroker. 3. No, I should not touch them. 4. Hold Greeks, but do not buy more. There are better investments going. 5. Yes, North British Deferred should be bought. *H. M., Oxshott,* I cannot reply by letter. *Naval.*—I do not recommend either of these stocks for investment. The outlook is too doubtful.

Various Investments.

Although some reaction has occurred in certain American Brewery shares, large dealings have taken place at the concessions, and there is every appearance of an important advance, if not before the end of 1891, certainly early in the New Year. At the meetings of shareholders of the St. Louis and Bartholomay Companies very satisfactory statements were made with regard to the present position and future prospects of these Companies, the Ordinary shares in which are quoted 9¼ and 11¾ respectively. San Francisco Ordinary shares are easier, at 4⅜, but the Prefs. are firm at 7¼. Friday's meeting of shareholders in the Milwaukee and Chicago Breweries, Limited, gave the Chairman, Sir Harry Bullard, an opportunity of furnishing interesting particulars. He stated that 31,334 of the Ordinary shares were held in America and 46,166 in England. The report made by the Chairman from personal observation on his recent visit to the States is most promising. He also stated that material (hops and malt) was not so high for thirty years as it was last year, and that prices are much lower now. The Ordinary shares at 8½ x.d., the Preference shares at 9, with the dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. and 8 per cent., respectively, still comprised in the price, appear to be remarkably cheap. By the time this letter appears the Peter Schoenhofen meeting will also have been held. The Ordinary shares, paying 11 per cent. per annum, are firm at 9¾-⅞, this being one of the best of the Companies. Allsopp's Brewery stocks have improved on rumours respecting the Preference dividend, and the supposed prospect of an arrangement with the Bass Company. The report of the Goebel Brewing Company (the late Detroit) is not very cheerful reading in view of the competition and rate-cutting which had been going on, and which, combined with dear material, kept profits down. But there is now a talk of a pool amongst the breweries, and, if this matter is arranged as well as the pool in San Francisco, the Company will soon have turned the corner. Peruvian Corporation stocks have taken a jump, especially the Prefs., which have risen to 34½. There seems to be a better prospect in Peru now than for many years past, and the speculative purchases, which are at present being made, are likely to pay well. The meetings of shareholders of the English Bank of the River Plate held this week foreshadow the payment in full of the creditors, but a heavy call upon the unfortunate shareholders. Some of the directors, however, are in the same boat, Lord George Hamilton, M.P., having stated that he held nearly a thousand shares, and stood to lose £25,000. The policy of the board was, however, a very hazardous one. The conversion scheme of Virginia bonds concluded by the Olcott Committee has finally been adopted by the English bondholders. It is a scheme of spoliation, and, I trust, will for ever close to dishonest Virginia the European market. It is impossible, too, not to begrudge to the Olcott Committee their heavy commission in view of so unsatisfactory a result. The directors of Bell's Asbestos Company have not thought fit to answer the questions which I put to them in the name of a large number of their shareholders. The course of events during the next few weeks will show what view the shareholders will have to take of this treatment by those whom they have entrusted with the management of their property. The report of the directors of the MacIvor's Patents, Limited, for the period ended November 30, 1891, states that the Company's plant at Northfleet for the manufacture of white lead is so far advanced, and that little more than the completion of the drying apparatus remains to be done before commencing practical operations. In fact, I hear that the manufacture of white lead on a large scale will now begin almost immediately. The Company has also settled its patent dispute on satisfactory terms.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

QUEER STORY.

THE INDIAN MOTHER AND HER BABE.

"OH, my baby! My sweet, brown-haired little one! How straight and firm your back is. How soft as satin is your skin. Your arms are as round as the little pillars of Parbutty. Your legs, how straight and strong! My baby, my little one!"

Thus sang a native woman at the door of her hut, as she sat beside a large copper lotta full of warm water, with which she was washing a beautiful little baby lying upon her lap. She softly rubbed it up and down, and the baby looked up at her, and cooed and gurgled in a most delightful manner. Beyond doubt it was a lovely child, brown like a little bronze statue; fat and round, all its limbs perfect, its small head covered with innumerable waving curls, soft and glossy as silk. The mother did well to be proud of it, It was the only living thing she had to love, for six weeks before its birth her husband had died of cholera. Her father and mother lived at a great distance, and her husband had had no relations. So she lived alone with her baby in this little mud hut, despised, an outcast, for was not she that dreaded thing, a widow? If she came into the bazaars in the morning for the few necessaries of her morning's meal, the people all stood aside for fear her shadow should fall on any of them, and thus bring them ill luck for the rest of the day. Still, she was intensely happy, with such happiness as she had never known before, for had not she her baby, who loved her, and crept so close to her, with her soft little brown head nestling into her neck when she fell asleep on the floor of her mud-hut at night. Yes, Anundee (Anglicè, joy) was her happiness—her delight. It was good of the gods to have given it to her, and as an offering she placed the yellow flowers of the marigold and zinnia every day round the little red stone idol resting under the mangoe tree, and kept a little earthenware saucer always full of cocoanut oil, with a wick floating in it, burning at night before the same hideous stone.

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After washing her baby carefully and drying it with the end of her lugada, she then polished it up with cocoanut oil, which she rubbed well on with the flat of her hand. Then, the baby's toilet being complete, she put it to rest in the square hanging bed, which hung from the beam in the middle of her hut. Here the baby crowed and gurgled with delight, throwing up arms and legs in its very joy of existence, while its happy mother prepared her own breakfast of chupattie and curry; after which she cleaned all her cooking vessels, and was ready to go to the bazaar to buy what other things were wanted for her evening meal. As her husband had been in Government employ, she was entitled to a pension of two rupees a month, equalling in value three shillings, or one anna a day, about the value of our penny. Small though it was, it was quite enough for her to live on, and even to save a little in order to buy herself a new lugada when she should need one, for her food consisted of the vegetables which grew around her door, and which she could have for the trouble of picking. She bought the bargarie for her bread whole at the bazaar, and ground it herself at her stones, and the daily supply of massala and salt for the cooking of her meals could be bought for a few pice.

Savitra, for that was her name (in English it means "Hope"), had, however, one unhappiness. In the same village lived a woman who had always hated her with the hatred long and deep which only savages could bear to each other. Savitra knew no reason for this, but day by day, when she went into the bazaar for her daily supplies of food, this woman would stand and jeer at her and cry out to the neighbours, "See the widow who comes to cast her shadow on us! She her who cast an evil eye on her own husband, and caused his death six weeks before her baby was born! Ah! how bad she must be! What a cruel heart! She is not fit for honest folks to speak to. How can her baby love her? It will not do so for long. When it grows up it will find out what an evil mother it has. See, take care little one, lest her shadow should fall on you!"

Poor Savitra! she had, in common with all widows, to bear many reproaches and much scorn from her luckier neighbours, from whom death had not removed their husbands. But there was another reason for the bitter antagonism of Savitra's enemy. She had no children, probably never would have any, and the sight of Savitra's beautiful little child, sitting astride on her mother's hip, laughing and crowing, filled her with the most unreasoning jealousy and hatred.

This woman Gee Gee (Bai, as her neighbours called her—Bai being a term of respect equivalent to our word "lady," or "Mrs.") was a handsome, hard-featured woman, who was never happy unless she had some plot on hand to endanger the peace of mind of her neighbours. On one occasion she caused a husband to cast out of doors, with a savage beating, his little wife, for alleged misconduct in talking too much with one of the young lads of the place—an accusation utterly untrue. She was, therefore, much feared by the neighbours, who never felt quite easy as to whose turn it would be next to incur her wrath and displeasure, and so their own unhappiness.

But Savitra was safe from harm in one direction—she had neither husband, mother, nor father, to whom Gee Gee Bai could carry stories; she could only be struck at through her child, and this precious little one she cared for so tenderly that she thought it impossible harm could come to her.

This day, of which I am writing, Savitra carried her baby on her hip down to the bazaar, which was some little way from her hut, a collection of rather better huts, on the floors of which squatted the various merchants, with their wares all around them. Here was the grain merchant, with his many bags of grain arranged around him, and showing their different colours, black, yellow, red, white, brown, in artistic profusion. There sat the seller of sweetmeats—large white balls piled one on the other like a mass of cannon-balls, or else cubes of cocoa-nut sweets arranged like the walls of a castle. Yonder, again, was the betel-leaf seller, with his pile of fresh green leaves on one side, and his strings of the white jasmine flower, ready for decorating people at weddings, or other kind of "tamashia."

Savitra came up to the flour-merchant, and for a few pice got enough grain to last her for several days; then some betel-nut, and some of the spices, and her day's marketing was done. She retraced her footsteps up the hill to where her hut stood, somewhat apart from the others of the village, surrounded by a grove of mangoe-trees. As she went up the rather steep incline, Gee Gee Bai was coming down, and Savitra shrank away, appalled at the vindictive look of hate with which the other glanced at her. But her baby, laughing and playing with her lugada, soon caused all unpleasant thoughts to leave her, as, reaching her hut, she sat down on the ground and prepared her morning meal. Gee Gee Bai was held in great respect in the village, and when she went to do her day's marketing her reception was very different from that accorded to Savitra; the people gathered round her, and talked to her with mingled respect and dislike, for they were all more or less afraid of her.

"Have you any good suparie leaf to-day? What you sold me yesterday was bad, quite rotten and sour; if that is the kind you sell me, I shall soon go to another merchant, for I do not like such stuff."

"Oh, no, Bai; indeed, what I sell you is good. It is not sour, but just picked off the tree, and quite fresh. What I give the other Bai's who are not so respected as you, that, perhaps, is not always so good; but yours," and here the betel-nut seller made a gesticulation, which showed Gee Gee Bai how much he respected her, and in how slight an estimation he held the others. Slightly appeased, she moved forward to where the flour-merchant showed his goods; as she came up she heard some one saying: "Ah, poor thing, the baby is very ill, they say it will not live long."

"What is that you say? Whose baby is near its death?"

"Kruna Bai's, at the end of the village. They say it cannot live."

"Ah, so much the better; she has already so many that one more or less, and a girl, too, cannot make much difference."

"But she cares for it more than for any, it is such a pretty one."

"Ah, but the best baby in the village is the widow Savitra's; that is pretty!" said a bright-looking woman, at that moment joining the group.

"Ah, bah, don't talk to me about Savitra's. She doesn't deserve such a good gift from the gods, and, perhaps, she won't have it much longer," muttered Gee Gee, turning away.

"What can I do? How can I get that baby into my possession? I would like to have it, that Savitra might feel sorrow. Why should she have had such a good gift from the gods and I have none?" thought Gee Gee Bai, as she again mounted the hill leading to her house. In the sunshine little Anundee was playing about, creeping here and there, and playing with the bits of potsherds scattered in such plentiful profusion close by. It was the week after an eclipse of the sun, and whenever there is a total eclipse, all the earthenware vessels are broken, and new ones bought; for the people suppose that the devil swallows the sun, and that afterwards hundreds and thousands of devils are sent down on to the earth making their homes in the earthenware lottas and drinking-vessels, and thus defiling them. So Anundee in the sunshine was happy with her playthings, while Savitra, always keeping an eye on her little one, was busy cleaning her copper cooking vessels, making them shine like so many suns.

Gee Gee passed Anundee with a scowl and frown, and the little one must have felt it instinctively, for she shuddered and looked up frightened as Gee Gee Bai's shadow fell on her.

Gee Gee went on to her hut, a hundred thoughts crowding into her mind as to how she could best work her evil will upon Savitra. To cause her unhappiness, that was her wish; and it was as if, in truth, one of the devils, which popular superstition believed had come on the earth, had

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taken up its abode in her heart, so great was her hatred to poor Savitra, whose only offence was that of being the mother of the prettiest baby in the village, while to Gee Gee Bai no child had ever been given. Suddenly, as if the devil had put it there, a thought came into her mind, a diabolical one truly, and one which required much care and consideration before it could be accomplished. But—then—if, oh, if it could be done, the desire of her heart would be satisfied, and Savitra would for ever be rendered unhappy.

* * * * *

A bright moonlight night. All the village sleeps. Savitra, with her little one nestled into her side, is in happy unconsciousness of the dark figure creeping so stealthily amongst the bushes. Closer and closer it comes; all is silence. No dog barks to let Savitra know an enemy is at hand. The figure peers in at the open door, then quietly and stealthily lays down the small bundle she is carrying, and, with one quick snatch, seizes the sweet, brown baby, and hiding its head in the folds of her lugada, moves away. It is done, the work that Gee Gee has been planning! and, now, what will be the result? One thing she knows—she must take Savitra's baby away for a time, or else all will be discovered. So on she tramps in the moonlight—the baby, all unconscious of any harm, fast asleep.

* * * * *

The bright sun is shining into Savitra's hut when she awakes next morning. Something disturbs her. She does not hear the sweet baby prattle by which she is accustomed to be awakened. What is it? Where are the little baby fingers which are generally playing with her face and pulling at her lugada? All is silence—utter silence. She does not understand it. Darting up and looking round, she calls, "Anundee, my darling!"

What is this? No baby! No voice! Her mind will not take it in. She sees something on the floor. What can it be? She looks more closely. A baby, but not hers! A baby, and—why does it not move? Dead? Yes; it is a dead baby, and hers is gone. Is she mad? Is she dreaming? It can't be true! Her baby, where is it? And, snatching the dead baby from the floor, she runs out into the village, beating her breast, and crying out wildly, "My baby is gone; Some one has stolen it! Where is it—the light of my eyes—my darling? Gone, gone! and this—this left in its place!" In her despair, she almost threw the little dead burden from her.

The men and women of the village all crowded round her, asking a dozen questions, but getting but one answer, "Gone; my darling is gone! Where is she, my darling?"

At that moment, when all was confusion, a tall, rough policeman made his way through the throng, and roughly advanced towards Savitra.

"What is this?" he asked. "A dead baby in your house? Then I arrest you, in the Queen's name, on suspicion of having killed it." And straightway the chowkedar marched her off to the "cutchery," where all such cases are tried.

Savitra, dazed, filled with but one thought—"where was her baby?"—followed by all the villagers, went up the village, rending the air with cries of despair, and beating on her breast. She was brought before the native magistrate, a young man just come from Bombay, with great ideas of his own importance and of his own powers.

What is this woman accused of? Murdering a child; a very serious offence. What is the punishment? Twenty years' penal servitude. Ah! and he thinks, with satisfaction, what a feather it will be in his cap that the first sentence he has passed should be one so severe as that. Amidst the babel of talk, he makes out very little, but that this woman has been found with the dead baby in her arms. It is enough. He will sentence her at once. A widow, too—much more likely that she should have done it. And so, in three hours, or rather less, Savitra is on her way, escorted by a company of policemen, to the Lucknow gaol, where she will have to endure her term of imprisonment.

She goes, not knowing anything, or caring about anything, her mind filled with the one idea, that her baby is lost, when, suddenly, at the turn of the road, she comes upon Gee Gee Bai, with the stolen baby on her lap. With the hunted cry of a mad woman, she makes an ineffectual leap forward,—

"My baby, Anundee, my darling," she cries; but the policemen gather round her, her feet are manacled, and though she utters long despairing cries of bitterest woe, no attention is paid to them. Are they not quite accustomed to this sort of thing? And she is hurried on to the Lucknow gaol, where she is received by the gaoler's wife, who hears and shudders at her offence.

* * * * *

Seven years have passed, and Savitra is still in prison. For this story is absolutely true to the letter. It is told here as it was told to the writer by Savitra herself in Lucknow gaol, only a few months ago, and the truth of it was attested by the prison officials.

THE "TRUTH" DOLL AND TOY SHOW.

IT is pleasing to be able to start with the assurance that this, the Twelfth TRUTH Toy Show which has been held, has proved emphatically the most successful of the series. The crowds of visitors that thronged the Polytechnic on Wednesday and Thursday last were unprecedentedly large. At times, indeed, the block became almost serious, and it was only by the exertions of the Polytechnic officials, seconded by a small army of policemen, that circulation was maintained at all through the Great Hall, where the home-made and bought toys were exhibited, and the Swimming Bath, in which the dressed dolls were on view. It is certainly under rather than over estimating the total number of visitors to put it at 55,000. It is also satisfactory to know that the Show which was so largely attended well deserved its popularity. It was admitted with one consent that a better display of Dolls had never been brought together under TRUTH'S auspices. The average of excellence all round was higher than it had ever been before. Never had the dresses, as a whole, been so well and so tastefully made; never were there so many Dolls worthy of close scrutiny. In point of numbers, perhaps, there was a slight falling off in the Home-made Toys; but this department of the Show was again full of interest. Of purchased Toys of all sorts and sizes there were, thanks to the liberality of the readers of this paper, considerably more than had been bought in any previous year. They were piled up literally in stacks all round the Great Hall, whilst at one end the larger and more expensive Toys rose tier above tier from the floor to the ceiling. At this end of the Hall, too, the glass-case full of New Sixpences, which has now become a never-missing feature of the Show, was exhibited; whilst a geometrically-designed structure, built up entirely of the 20,000 Christmas Crackers presented by Tom Smith, made an imposing display in the middle of the floor of the adjoining Gymnasium.

The first sight of the dresed dolls, which was obtained from the gallery running round the sides of the enormous swimming-bath, which had been emptied and turned for the time into an exhibition room, was an exceedingly pretty one. Down the centre of the space rose four towering pyramids, all the faces of which were covered closely with dolls. At the base of these pyramidal structures many of the large-sized dolls were grouped; the rest of them being arranged on a stand at one end of the room. The medium-sized dolls, to the number of 500, covered the opposite wall; whilst one of the side walls was in effect plastered from top to bottom with small dolls. Altogether the number of dressed dolls exhibited this year was close upon 4,000, and, as these had been attired in every conceivable style and colour by 150 different ladies, the general effect, naturally enough, was charmingly kaleidoscopic. It only needed movement, in fact, to make the scene full of fascination. Could some fairy but have waved her wand and endowed those waxen forms with life what a spectacle it would have been, as the serried rows of dolls stepped down and

mingled in polychromatic mazes on the floor! It would have been like a peep at Liliput in carnival time; a vision of fairyland in fête! As it was, the *coup d'œil* suggested a miniature Madame Tussaud's—of course, without a Chamber of Horrors.

But the purpose of this article is not so much to furnish general impressions of the Show, as to give some details of the Dolls and Toys which helped to make it so great a success. And first of all the large-sized Dolls naturally claim attention. There were in all some sixty of these, and the average standard of excellence attained in dressing them was remarkable. Fortunately, it is not at present necessary to place the Dolls in any strict order of merit. A classification of that kind will be attempted when the Prize List is published in a future number, but all I have to do just now is to reproduce, in a necessarily brief form, the jottings which I made in the course of a prolonged examination of the contents of the Show. A bright key-note of colour was struck by the very first large Doll one came upon after descending into the transformed swimming-bath. This was dressed by Miss F. Glave, in the character which Mr. Hayden Coffin has made so popular in "La Cigale," the Chevalier Franz de Bernheim; cavalier hat and feather, Steinkirk collar, flowing long cloak and sword, all were reproduced with the most charming effect. And close at hand, as was but fitting, was the heroine of "La Cigale," arrayed in the yellow satin and pearls of her more prosperous days, by Mdlle. Chesnais. Marton's next-door neighbour—for at a TRUTH Doll Show the characters are as curiously mixed as the photographs of celebrities in a stationer's window—was the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., a delightfully demure little damsel in a pearl-embroidered white silk gown with puffed and slashed sleeves, one of the many exquisitely-dressed dolls sent by Mrs. H. P. Truefitt. A happy thought was carried out with excellent effect by the Misses E. and J. Matthey, whose two large dolls represented "1791" and "1891"; the young lady typical of a century ago being in black velvet, with a white kerchief and powdered hair, while her more up-to-date companion was duly *fin de siècle-ish* in her costume of corduroy-coloured ribbed silk. Mrs. Carruther's "Coquette" was a dainty-looking doll in a quilted amber silk petticoat and a Dolly-Vardenish overdress, with long lace mittens; and she had for her *vis-à-vis* a capital reproduction by Mrs. L. E. Smith of the well-known photograph of the Princess of Wales arrayed in the academical cap and white-and-crimson gown and hood of a "Doctor of Music." This last-named doll had been photographed, a plan which several ladies had adopted this year, and one which is to be recommended as supplying a permanent reminiscence of an interesting occasion. Young ladies are almost invariably photographed now when they are presented at Court; why, then, should dolls not be photographed when they are presented to a hospital? Year after year it has been found that some particular heroine of the contemporary drama has been in especial favour amongst TRUTH's doll dressers. This season it was "Drusilla Ives," Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "Dancing Girl," that was most in evidence. Miss M. Mayhew was only one of the many ladies who utilised this picturesque character, taking for her model Drusilla as she appeared at the Duke of Guiseborough's farewell reception. Opposite Miss M. Mayhew's "Dancing Girl" was another similarly dressed by Miss Gretchen Hentschel, with the addition of the long, white fur-lined cloak which Drusilla throws from her shoulders before she commences her last dance. "The Princess Zarita" of Miss D. Swanston was a most carefully carried out study of fancy Greek costume. This black-eyed daughter of the sunny south, with coins in her hair, and glittering with spangles and bangles and beetle-wing trimming, was generally admired. There was much, too, in Miss Gillatt's spirited "La France" that challenged admiration. It was impossible to miss this very characteristic doll, dressed in white satin, with a daintily cocked-hat, and a big bunch of "La France" roses at her belt, and more of them tied to the tip of the white staff-like stick on which she so gracefully leaned. Miss C. Mayhew, confident, with good reason, in the closeness of her imitation, attached to her "La Cigale" doll the cabinet photograph of Miss Geraldine Ulmar, which had served her as a model, and thus proved past question the faithfulness of her reproduction.

Contrary to former experience "Brides" were rather rare in this year's Show; and the one which Miss Wackrill had so beautifully dressed for Mrs. Hope Johnston came in, therefore, for all the more attention. Ladies learned in such matters had much to say of the exquisite way in which this doll was dressed, and there were rumours of beaded satin skirts and orange-blossom ruching and open-work stockings and silk *pantalettes*, dainty and delicate enough to have inspired the facile pen of Mr. Ashby-Sterry, "the Laureate of Frills." Much less elaborate, but full of a charming and picturesque simplicity, was Mrs. D. W. Willoughby's "Daisy," a doll whose dress prettily typified the pink-tipped flower of spring. Mrs. A. Maris and Miss L. Croft sent Red Riding Hoods," each carrying a basket well filled with "goodies"; whilst Miss A. Blaine furnished another study of English country life in her "Gleaner," in whose tasteful dress poppies and cornflowers supplied the dominant notes of colour.

Under quite another category came the large doll dressed by Miss R. Villis as a *grande dame* in the very latest fashion. There was something really remarkable in the indefinable air of style which had been imparted to this doll, whose long white satin gored train, with its band of pale blue, edged with golden otter, swept the floor, if I may so put it, with such distinction. Her face and figure seemed in perfect keeping with her dress. She was, in short, emphatically *en grande tenue*. Her only rival, indeed, was "Nini's" "The Duchess," another exquisitely arrayed doll, whose dress of costly white satin brocade, and long cloak stiff with the richest passementerie, called forth exclamations of delight from many fair critics. In going from doll to doll, one could not but be struck with the immense pains which had been taken in even the smallest details. This feature was especially marked in such dolls as Mrs. A. B. Ebbs's "Hardanger Peasant," and Miss Walton's "La Fille du Régiment." In the former, the accuracy of the reproduction of the quaint national dress was above reproach. No detail had been forgotten or slurred over. The odd head-dress of white goffered linen, the plaits of the hair, the richly-beaded belt and bodice, the ornaments, the curious shoes, the thick knitted stockings, were facsimiles in miniature of those the Hardanger peasant-woman wears. And what time and taste and trouble Miss Walton must have expended on her *vivandière*, full of dash and vivacity from the top of the *aigrette* of her coquettishly-worn forage-cap, and the blue-fox trimming of her hussar jacket, to the gold tassels on her shapely Hessian boots. And if all the pages in this number were at my disposal, instead of but a few poor columns, there would be much to write of Miss M. Solomon's "Merry Zingara," with her pack of cards, and sequin-trimmed bodice, and be-ribboned tambourine; of a very effective representation of "La Tosca," the clever handiwork of Miss B. H. Jacobs; of Miss H. Davis's "Dancing Girl"; and of Miss B. Swanston's "Miss Decima," a realistically close copy of Mdlle. Nesville as she used to appear at the Criterion Theatre a few weeks ago.

One bay between the pyramids of small dolls was devoted to a collection of the large dolls which had been dressed as babies or as young children; and a most popular group this proved. The eye of the visitor, almost sated for the time with bright colour and glittering ornament, rested gratefully on the "dimpled darlings," in simple dresses of white embroidery, which had been sent by Mrs. Rawley, Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. H. St. Maur, Miss A. E. Spinner, "Maude," and others. The doll dressed by Miss Norah Gubbins, aged 15, had also many admirers; and as characteristic types of sturdy and healthful English girlhood it would be difficult to distinguish between the merits of Miss Turton's "Marjorie," in salmon-pink; Miss M. Payne's "Miss Gussie," in white and blue; Mrs. C. F. Rowe's "Miss Gracie," also in white and blue; Miss A. Thompson's lassie in blue and black, and Mrs. Barnett's bonny "Child of the Nineteenth Century"—a most successful symphony in brown. Nowhere in the Doll-room did the younger visitors cluster more thickly than in front of the space where "Vera," dressed by Mrs. Tomlin's nurse, presided over surely one of the completest *trousseaux* that ever doll can hope to have. What the little people would have liked to have done would have been to linger and unpack at their leisure the leather trunk in which Miss Vera's belongings were crammed, and to have played, then and there, with the fascinating contents. But the "Move on there, please!" of the firm, but courteous, policeman, was inexorable, and "Vera" had to be left with all the delightful possibilities of her apparently inexhaustible trunk. A large doll, prettily dressed by Miss May Streatfield, in pink and blue, was also provided with a most complete *trousseau*; and it need scarcely be pointed out what increased pleasure and amusement dolls thus furnished must yield when they reach their destination in the ward of some Children's Hospital or the play-room of some Workhouse school.

Passing round to the other side of the centre table one came to a fresh group of what may be called character dolls. Here, for instance, was Miss M. A. Koe's "Grace Darling" with a lantern at her girdle and a life-belt on her arm, and ready in her serviceable fish-wife dress to face any storm; and Mrs. H. Truefitt's "Matilda, Queen of William the Conqueror," a royal dame in whose historically correct costume even the late Mr. J. R. Planché would have been unable to detect any anachronisms; and Bertie's "Anne Boleyn," another admirable reproduction of a well-known figure of history. The Misses B. and E. Corry, whose taste and skill have so often contributed to the success of the TRUTH Doll Show, dressed their two large dolls this year as "Queen Elizabeth" and "The Earl of Leicester" respectively. The embroidered front of the dress of "Good Queen Bess" was a perfect marvel of painstaking skill and industry; and Miss B. Corry is to be warmly congratulated on the success with which she turned out "a right down regular Royal queen." Nor is it difficult to imagine that such a courtly gallant as Miss E. Corry's "Earl of Leicester" should have dared aspire to his Sovereign's hand. Very appropriately, as it turned out, Miss E. Satchell had sent, in the person of "The Queen's Page," a dashing young cavalier in blue, a winsome youth, well fitted to bear the train of Miss Corry's "Queen Elizabeth." And opposite him, as though to mark the contrast between bygone romance and century-end reality, was a spick-and-span "Footman in Waiting," striking a most pronounced modern note in his well-fitting livery coat, his red-plush breeches, his silk stockings, and his carefully-powdered hair.

I am not going to say that Miss E. Ridgway's "Peasant" was the best character doll in the Show, but I may certainly assert with safety that no large doll secured more general attention, or was more universally approved. By some means or another this young lady had placed her rosy-cheeked and smocked rustic in a pose which proved irresistibly attractive. There was an air of jaunty independence in the way his hand was tucked in the pocket of his corduroys, and a suggestion of happy-go-luckiness in the turn of his right foot, with its heel so planted that the sole of his hob-nailed boot was exposed to view, that could not be overlooked or misinterpreted; whilst his red tie and red felt hat supplied most effectively the exact notes of stronger colour that were required. Miss A. Ridgeway, as a foil for "The Peasant," dressed her large doll as "The Prince," and thus contributed another of the more successful features of the Show. In black velvet doublet, silk hose, and broad satin sash, with heart-shaped shoe-buckles, tricorne hat, gauntleted gloves, and long tapering sword, this doll well maintained

its princely character. Near at hand was Mrs. Herbert Mayhew's "Monte Carlo," a doll most ingeniously dressed in such a manner as to embody unmistakable suggestions of *Roulette* and *Rouge-et-Noir*. Much popular sympathy was aroused by "The Twins," sent by Mrs. Stanley Carter, and as like, in their pretty pose and tasteful costumes of green and brown, as Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Each "Twin" also carried a duodecimo edition of herself, so to speak, in the shape of a tiny doll with its head just peeping out of her apron-pocket. A typical child of the period, labelled "Nineteenth Century," was contributed by Miss Bigg; and amongst the other more noticeable large dolls must be included one richly dressed by Mrs. G. W. Fitzwilliams in yellow; one attired in a warm and cosy-looking winter dress, and dubbed "Lady Louise Egerton-Burnett;" a new type of TRUTH in pure white, sent by Miss M. L. Seligman; a young lady in a pink-and-white crochet dress from Mrs. E. Brookes; a very pretty doll in a lace mob-cap and salmon-pink merino dress from Mrs. J. Carpenter; and another in a China silk frock, dressed by Mrs. A. Robinson and her friends.

The Show was very strong this Christmas, too, in grouped dolls, such as, for example, Mrs. Carruthers' "Three Jolly Post-Boys"—a trio of rollicking lads in yellow jackets, top-boots, leather leg-guards, and high white hats, drinking beer from a real Toby-jug, with the sign of the Dragon swinging over their heads. This same lady, who thus realised a well-known popular rhyme, also sent a very pretty pair of dolls, in old English pied dresses, standing in a field of oats, and described as "The Two Magpies." Miss Minnie Mayhew, another successful exhibitor at former Doll Shows, in "A Quiet Nook" supplied a most charming scene of idyllic love-making. In a natural bower, overhung by weeping willows and catkins and tall grasses sat Chloe and Strephon, she in sage-green and he in pink, and both of them clearly of opinion that there was nothing half so sweet, even in their Arcadian life, "as love's young dream." A second group of Miss M. Mayhew's was entitled "The Milky Way," and showed Dolly on her way to the meadow with her milking-pail, with bashful "Robin" at her side. Three of Miss Caroline Mayhew's dolls were dressed and arranged so as to furnish a practical illustration of Gay's often-quoted lyric "How happy could I be with either!" There in the middle of the rustic seat sat a Georgian *beau*, whilst on either side of him turning half away in calculating coyness sat two lovely *belles*—"one a charmer in pink, one a Circe in blue." It was a case of *embarras de richesse*, and no wonder the buck in the centre should, under the circumstances, have re-echoed Captain Macheath's well-known lyrical exclamation. Another amusing group was sent by Mrs. L. E. Smith, consisting of twelve small dolls packed away in a solidly-made wooden bedstead; six of them at either end. By the bedside stood the anxious and watchful mother; whilst peering over the footboard was seen the head of the just returned *paterfamilias*, whose attitude, sad to say, unmistakably suggested that his prolonged absence from the domestic hearth had not been wholly unconnected with the worship of Bacchus. Mrs. E. F. Daffady contributed a capital "Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," in the act of administering "broth without any bread" to her numerous progeny, who were packed away so tightly in their leather domicile that it was impossible to do justice to their pretty dresses of pink and white and mauve and yellow.

The groups and costume dolls sent by Mrs. H. P. Truefitt were labelled by her "Not for Competiton," or they would most certainly have attained a very high place in the prize-list. It is impossible to imagine dolls dressed more daintily than hers; from "His Lordship" in the dress of our great grandfathers, down to "Little Boy Blue" with his shining silver horn. "Dresden China," "Sweet Flowers," "Faust," "Love's Old Sweet Song," and "For my Lady"—the last an exquisitely-dressed page bearing a large bunch of Marshal Niel roses—were all specimens of the perfection to which doll-dressing can be carried. But the happiest thought of all was a reproduction of one of Mr. William Powell Frith's recent Academy pictures, with the title "Who could resist so sweet a beggar?" By the side of a close reproduction of the artist's "Italian Girl Musician," with her outstretched tambourine, Mrs. Truefitt had placed the exact model of a Pillar-Post Box, on the white plaque in front of which, instead of the usual postal notices, one read

"Truth Toy Fund
Collections
1.30; 6.30; and 10.30."
Bis dat qui cito dat!

I am sure the lady who designed this group will be glad to hear that it was instrumental in collecting many coins for the TRUTH Toy Fund during the two days that the Show was open.

To "Nini's" large doll, "The Duchess," allusion has already been made. This lady also sent a number of small dolls, all of them dressed with the most exquisite finish in the very latest fashion, and posed on a wooden stand. No item had been forgotten. Every doll had her pair of tiny gloves, and her shoes or boots *en suite* with her costume; and even in such details as trimmings, buttons, and what the sterner sex call "fal-lals," everything was scrupulously up to date. The Misses Blanche and Florence Glave, on the other hand, found exercise this year for their often-tested skill as doll-dressers for the TRUTH Show in reproducing a number of heroes and heroines of past history and romance. Thus their kaleidoscopic group of small dolls, some thirty-six in all, included such well-known characters as "Lucy Ashton" and the "Master of Ravenswood," "Lady Teazle," and "Charles Surface," "Marton," and "De Bernheim," "Carmen" and "Romeo;" whilst a contemporary interest was supplied by a row of "Enfants Prodigues" and "Dancing Girls." "Thorough" has always been the Misses Glave's motto, and never have they acted up to it more thoroughly than they have this Christmas. There were two of Miss M. Streatfield's smaller dolls on the centre table which also merited special mention, one being a characteristic representation of "A Cowboy" on his mustang; and the other a beautifully-finished model of an Italian fisher-girl.

The fact that two of the large pyramids and a portion of a third were entirely covered with small dolls dressed by Mrs. Gerald Talbot is in itself enough to suggest to every visitor to the Toy Show the important share this generous lady again took in the TRUTH Show. In all a thousand dolls were sent to her, and they were duly returned dressed in every imaginable style, and in headgear of every conceivable shape, and in dresses of every known hue and colour. And further than this, every doll carried round her neck, or in her hand, or at her waist some gift or another for her future little mistress. Some had packets of card-games, some baskets of sweets, some tiny feeding-bottles, others toy watches, and others dustpans and brushes and pitchers and pots and pans. To even look at all Mrs. Gerald Talbot's dolls was a task that required a considerable expenditure of time. Think, then, of the thought, the invention, the fancy, the labour involved in dressing them all so gaily and so prettily for the Show! In point of numbers "Lady Lange" came next with 200 dolls dressed by her, and making another most varied and admirable collection, to which, without committing oneself to a wearisome repetition of laudatory adjectives, it is practically impossible to do justice. In fact, the task of dealing critically year after year with some four thousand dolls is becoming more and more difficult now that the average standard of excellence attained in dressing them has been so appreciably raised. To give details of every parcel of dolls is obviously impracticable, and yet close examination shows the work of well-nigh every lady concerned in the doll-dressing possesses merits fully worthy of commendation. All I can hope to do in this article, however, is to allude not to all the dolls which deserve special notice, but only to those which, by reason of some original or striking characteristics, stand out with some prominence from the rest.

Amongst Mrs. Barnett's 142 medium and small-sized dolls, for example, there were many which at once arrested attention. This is the fifth year that this lady has dressed dolls for TRUTH, but she has contrived this Christmas to surpass all her former efforts. Her twenty-two medium-sized dolls, arranged on the wall at the further end of the Bath, represented as many heroes and heroines of the nursery fiction, including such perennial favourites as "Cinderella," "Sleeping Beauty," "Old King Cole," "The Queen of Hearts," "Baby Bunting," "Jack Horner," and "Margery Daw," each provided with the "properties" specially associated with his or her name in the minds of children. Thus "King Cole" had the "pipe and glass" he has so often called for in the nursery rhyme; "Polly" had the kettle she is so peremptorily, albeit lyrically, directed to "put on;" "Jack Horner" his "Christmas pie," and so on. Amongst Mrs. Barnett's small dolls were eleven Eton cricketers who might have got up a scratch match with six Pirates of Penzance and twelve bonny Sailor boys; with an assorted crowd of steeple-hatted Welshwomen, and Gondoliers, and Hospital Nurses, and Foundlings, and Cooks, and Pages, and Peasants, and School Children to watch the game. I dare say it will surprise many of the readers to learn furthermore that every one of the dolls dressed by Mrs. Barnett was provided with a complete set of underclothing; every garment being made "to come off or on." In fact, this feature is a common one amongst the dolls dressed for TRUTH. They are, as a rule, attired not for outside show only, but for actual use; and those who know little girls best will most fully understand how immeasurably their delight is increased when they find their TRUTH doll is one they can dress and undress at pleasure.

Miss Lindo again undertook the dressing of no less than 120 dolls, and, as on a former occasion, turned white wadding in conjunction with wools of various colours to very effective account. Active fingers crocheted warm winter dresses and hoods of pink and white wool for the 72 dolls sent by Mrs. H. Lawrence; and Miss Davis showed excellent judgment, too, in dressing her 84 dolls in strong and useful costumes well adapted to the wear and tear to which they will be inevitably exposed. Many of the 50 dolls sent, dressed as Sailors, Nurses, Red Riding Hoods, &c., by Miss M. C. Fowler were provided with bags of sweets; whilst a pleasant surprise awaits each little girl lucky enough to be presented with one of Miss Walton's 42 dolls, for every one of them had a new threepenny-piece securely fastened round her neck. And now I am anxious to allude specially to the 42 dolls which, at the request of Miss Kulsoom Ahmedi, were sent to her at Bombay, and duly returned by her in the s.s. *Oriental* in good time for the Show. There is, I think, something exceedingly significant and interesting in the fact that these dolls, which will this week become the playthings of poor English children in the Hospitals and Workhouses of London, were dressed for this purpose by a party of native ladies in Bombay. Here is a fact surely worth much more than whole Blue-books full of the faddish theories of Imperial Federationists! Visitors to the Polytechnic will have noticed the group of dolls I have referred to, for they were all of them dressed with scrupulous care, to correctly represent the costumes worn by the women of Western India. Those who speak with authority on such matters assure one that amongst these costumes were several which Anglo-Indians, although they may have been for many years resident in our Indian Empire, have never had an opportunity of seeing. It is small wonder, then, that special interest attached to Miss Kulsoom Ahmedi's parcel of dolls, for, dressed as they were, they really formed a unique series, from which much about the sartorial features of female life in Western India could be obtained. Another exceptionally-interesting lot of dolls came from Mrs. Masheder, a lady resident in the historic old town of Lancaster, and who, accordingly, was inspired to dress her dolls in some of the quaint costumes associated with the public offices and institution

of the borough in question. Thus one of them wore the official attire of the Mayor; a second was dressed as the Bellman; a third as the Mace Bearer; while on others were reproduced the costumes of the boys and girls in the Grammar and Charity Schools of Lancaster. To show what pains Mrs. Masheder took to secure accuracy in every detail, I may mention the fact that her parcel of dolls having been sent off a day late, she wrote to explain that the delay was owing to her having to wait for the Cambridge M.A. hood, which had to be worn by the doll representing the Grammar-school Master; and for the fur-trimmed official robe of his worshipful the doll-Mayor.

I have already had occasion to allude to the dolls dressed by several ladies in the characters of the heroes and heroines of nursery tales and rhymes. Such dolls are exceedingly popular with the girls who are fortunate enough to get them; and the knowledge of this fact will doubtless fully compensate for the extra trouble which has been expended in dressing them. The Misses Corry must have been at exceptional pains with their dolls, for each one of the thirty-six dressed by them represented some children's favourite, such as John Gilpin, Mother Hubbard, Simple Simon, the Pied Piper, Punch, and Prince Charming, or prettily and appropriately realised such familiar abstractions as Night and Morning, the New Year and the Old Year, and the Four Seasons. Miss M. Streatfield contrived to impart novelty to her smaller dolls by making them represent picturesque national types, such as a Dutch fisherwoman, a Spanish guitar player, a Japanese girl, a Scotch laddie, and a Canadian young lady ready to start on a tobogganing expedition. Mrs. Delf introduced a novel effect by dressing several of her dolls to represent Chloe, Phyllis, and other characters in the late Randolph Caldecott's "May Queen." Amongt the more striking of the smaller dolls dressed by the Misses B. and E. Corry was a richly-attired "Catharine of Aragon," a wonderfully made-up "Cardinal Wolsey," and quite a realistic "Henry VIII." Miss E. Gillatt's small dolls were particularly well dressed, especially an "Enfant Prodigue," a "Miss Decima," and a fancy doll endowed with the whimsical name of "Tantrums." Miss Lily Croft's "Lamp Shades" were dolls dressed in costumes made of *crèpe* paper of various colours. The effect was very pretty, but I fear the durability of these dresses is open to question. This same young lady's group labelled "Robinson Crusoe & Co." proved very popular, and the dolls dressed by her as "Rain" and "Reversi" were capital.

A carefully-taken census of dolls dressed as characters to be found in contemporary plays showed, as I have already stated, that the "Dancing Girl" had served as a model more times than any other. Drusilla Ives was run close by "Miss Decima" and "L'Enfant Prodigue;" but she managed to hold her own, thanks to the fact that Mrs. Carl Hentschel dressed no less than 14 dolls as "The Dancing Girl," as she appears in the first act of the Haymarket play. But I have just received warning that my available space is rapidly disappearing, though I have many pages of notes still unreferred to. The most I can hope to do, then, at present is to still more briefly summarise my impressions. Let me, therefore, mention, in passing, as having possessed features of exceptional interest 48 dolls dressed by Mrs. Killingback; a series of nursery heroines from Miss Lloyd Verney; a capital Cook, from Mrs. G. W. Fitzwilliam; a very interesting "Austrian Peasant," in the costume worn in 1812, from Mrs. V. L. Guise; Miss N. Besley's dashing "Red Hussar;" Miss E. A. Benyon's "Beefeaters" and Greek Peasants, and fascinating Scotch Fish-wife; Mrs. S. Snelgrove's two Jolly Housemaids; Miss Nichol's "Tally-Ho!" and "Last Winter;" Mrs. B. Browning's "Bride;" Miss A. M. Koe's "Alethea;" Miss Carruther's "Night" and "Morning;" Mrs. Pritchard's "Toreadors;" Misses L. and R. Brown's "Sailors;" Mrs. H. Mayhew's "Soldier;" the Misses Heywood's "Clergyman"; Miss May Stokes's "L'Enfant Prodigue" family; Miss L. Young's row of Scotch laddies in various tartans; Mrs. A. B. Ebbs's nurses; Mrs. H. Truefitt's boys and girls, and Mrs. Arden's nursery heroines. Further than this, I can only mention the names of a few of the other ladies to whose dolls, for some reason or another, I had intended to allude at more length, viz.:—Mrs. Agelasto, Mrs. Davis, Miss Lee, Mrs. Marcheti, Mrs. Moorsom, Miss L. Prosser, Mrs. H. Smith, Mrs. A. Robinson, Mrs. O. Wilton, the Misses Stevenson, Miss A. Bolton, Mrs. A. Slater, Miss A. Blaine, Mrs. H. Strauss, Mrs. W. Stokes, Miss M. Reid, Miss Schenkenwald, Miss Seligman, the Misses Benyon, Mrs. Arlosh, Mrs. Rawley, Mrs. A. Rowe, Miss A. Schloesser, Mrs. Usman, and Mrs. S. Gore. I need scarcely add that my list is by no means an exhaustive one; but I hope to have a chance of supplementing my present comments. But, be this as it may, I am sure the ladies who have so kindly assisted in this year's Show will see how impossible it is, in a necessarily limited article, to do more than very imperfectly deal with their handiwork. And they will remember, too, that all their dolls, whether noticed in this column or not, are by this time, or will be shortly, in the hands of their happy recipients, whose gratification and amusement, I am glad to think, will amply repay all the trouble that has generously been taken.

The Home-Made Toys, as usual, occupied the centre table in the room in which the purchased toys were also exhibited. At one end of this table the exceptionally large and commodious Doll's House, presented by Mrs. G. W. Fitzwilliam, was a very prominent object. A more solidly-built structure has never, I think, been exhibited at a TRUTH Show. In addition to the numerous rooms there was a spacious entrance-hall, with a broad staircase running from top to bottom of the house, with landings, cupboards, &c.; and the furniture and fittings were complete down to the smallest details. Thus in the umbrella-stand in the hall there was a collection of walking-sticks; the windows had their valances and curtains; there were towels on the towel-horses in the bedrooms; and even carpets upon the stairs! The Doll's house sent by Mr. W. Saunders was smaller in size, but equally solid in construction, and, with its imposing bow-window, made a very fair model of a type of semi-detached villa not uncommon in the London suburbs. There was a pretty bungalow Doll's house, too, presented by "Five Little Children." At the opposite end of the table to that occupied by Mrs. Fitzwilliam's Doll's house, a large and most carefully finished model of a block of stables, very cleverly made by Miss May Streatfield, was exhibited. In this model, also, the attention paid to the smallest details was most striking. The stable-yard had its dog-kennel and dog, its mounting-block, and its trough with its bucket. Through the open doors of the harness-room one could see the harness hanging on hooks and pegs, and the coachman, whip in hand, was leading out one of the horses from its loose-box. Miss May Streatfield even enclosed with her model a bag of straw to be strewn in the loose boxes and stalls! Another very elaborate model Toy, sent by Miss Hildebrandt, consisted of four shops, each 18 in. by 12 in. in size, and all, according to the sign, supposed to form part of the premises of "Truth, Universal Provider." One of these shops was devoted to the sale of *lingerie;* a second to toys; a third was a florist's; and the fourth served as a restaurant. In each case the scores, nay hundreds, of articles constituting the stock-in-trade had been most ingeniously made by the sender, who is to be congratulated on her remarkable skill and phenomenal patience. Similar gifts must be also possessed by Miss M. S. Keast, whose model of a greengrocer's shop repaid the closest scrutiny. The versimilitude of the tiny painted oranges of putty; of the green tissue-paper cabbages; and the thousand and one other home-made fruits and vegetables was really very striking. The only other home-made model Toy of importance was "The Royal Academy," sent by Lady Lawes. The walls of this model were covered with neatly framed pictures of various sizes, whilst on the floor were displayed some specimens of statuary and bronzes. "Yoko," whose name is well-known at TRUTH Toy Shows, literally erected a monument to her own indefatigable industry by making and sending for exhibition and distribution no less than a thousand scrap-books! This wonderful achievement undoubtedly makes what in sporting circles is called "a record" in the annals of our Toy Shows.

Mrs. Sharpe contributed a model of an Indian bedstead, covered with its mosquito-net; and Mrs. Thomas sent an English half-tester, with a doll in it, and a letter pinned to the coverlid, in which the said doll excused her apparent laziness on the ground of the delicate state of her health. There was a pretty doll, too, lying in her cradle, from Miss Emily Faulkner. Most of the dolls contributed to this part of the Show have been already acknowledged in TRUTH, but a certain number of these, intended for competition, deserve a brief notice here. Especially I would allude to a capital group of six Bluecoat Boys, cleverly dressed and arranged by "S. A. S." These curly-headed little fellows were represented with their coat-tails duly tucked up, in the act of playing football, and the whole group was posed with a most spirited effect. The home-made doll which attracted most attention, however, was a very quaint representation of a weather-beaten old tar, which had been most ingeniously modelled, as well as dressed, by Miss Higginson. The way in which she had made the wrinkled and puckered face of this dilapidated old salt out of kid was exceedingly clever. Altogether, indeed, with a patch over his missing eye, and a hook in place of his missing hand, and his timber toe, this ancient mariner was a most characteristic and interesting old party. Close to him was another exhibit which was so unique that an exception had been made in its favour to the rule which governs the TRUTH Toy Show, and which lays down that everything exhibited shall be subsequently included in the distribution. The exhibit I refer to was only lent for exhibition. It was a doll which its present owners, the Misses Underwood, assure me is not less than a hundred and sixty years old! And, in truth, "Peggy," as this ancient doll is called, looked her age. Carefully sheltered beneath a large glass shade, with time-stained portions of her apparel displayed around her, there was something almost pathetic in the appearance of this still surviving relic of a bygone age. Recollections of Dickens's "Miss Havisham" sitting grimly alone in her moth-eaten finery were suggested as one looked at it; and the sight of little children crowding round to gaze at a doll with which their great-great-great-great-grandmothers may have played was full of significance to the thoughtful observer. Yes, "Peggy" was a great success, and TRUTH's thanks are due to those who entrusted this treasure to her temporary custody.

Amongst the other interesting exhibits on the centre table may be mentioned seven very quaint Chinese dolls, sent from Shanghai by Mrs. P. W. Little; an Indian rag-doll, made by a native tailor of Madras, and contributed by Mrs. Crossman; two capital Charity Girls, dressed by Miss S. Ravenscroft; and a charming Sally-in-our-Alley, walking out with her 'prentice lover, from Miss Samuel. The largest doll in the room, perhaps, was one dressed by Mrs. Perryman, in pink and white, and carrying in her hand a large satchel full of pretty Christmas cards. A number of beautiful dolls, presented by Mrs. Maxwell, came provided with little trunks of spare clothes. A doll, which I venture to predict will take a high place in the honours list of the Show, was Miss Rita Behrend's "Manuela," a highly-finished representation of a Spanish dancer, whose good figure and picturesque dress were much admired. "Manuela" was the proud owner, too, of the very shapeliest pair of feet and ankles I have ever known a doll to possess. A group of very handsome costume dolls, presented by Mrs. G. W. Fitzwilliam. the large baby ball, sent by Mrs. Blundell Maple; and a number of beautifully-dressed French dolls, from Mrs. Annie Smith, were also exhibited in this part of the Show.

Miss Mabel Chatteris having turned a recent visit to Wimereux to account by filling a number of pretty little toy-baskets with the shells collected by her during her stay at that place, very kindly sent them to the Toy Show. A model French donkey, with his paniers overflowing with scores of the newest Parisian toys,

presented by Marie, Felix, and Flora Joseph; a gross of quaint Japanese whistles from C. F. S.; and some mysterious legless Scotch dancing dolls from Dot also attracted considerable attention. TRUTH'S thanks are also due to Messrs. Sly, Dibblo, & Co. for the pretty bouquets of African grass and seaweed sent by them; and to Mr. G. Brown, of Edinburgh, and Mr. W. H. Blake for a large cake and a big box of shortbread presented to the Show on their behalf by Mr. S. Lowe of the *British Confectioner*.

Reference has been made to the very large number of visitors who patronised the Exhibition, and it is quite possible that some of these suffered inconvenience in making their way from the Great Hall to the Swimming-bath in which the TRUTH Dolls were shown. That the approach was not all that could be desired must be at once admitted; but there is an old saying that beggars cannot be choosers, and when Mr. Quintin Hogg so very generously placed the Polytechnic and its resources at TRUTH'S disposal, free of all charge, the Editor of TRUTH was only too glad to accept his liberal offer. At the same time I have reason to know that the authorities at the Polytechnic much appreciate the enormous popular interest which was shown in the recent Toy and Doll show; and I am tolerably sure that if Mr. Hogg repeats his generosity next Christmas, he and those acting with him will be only too pleased to facilitate, in any way that may be possible, the convenience of the public who may then visit the Polytechnic. Meanwhile, I have to warmly acknowledge the persistent kindness of Mr. Quintin Hogg; of his ubiquitous secretary, Mr. Mitchell; and of every Polytechnic official with whom TRUTH was brought in contact. They one and all worked loyally to make the Show a big success. Never, in fact, in the course of her wanderings about London has TRUTH been so hospitably received; and I take this, the earliest opportunity, of placing emphatically on record TRUTH'S grateful acknowledgments for kindness which could not have easily been surpassed.

Amongst the subscriptions acknowledged this week is £2 from A. M., who is sending neither Christmas nor New Year Cards. I have also received a large donkey with two paniers filled with suitable small toys from Marie, Felix and Flora Joseph; Messrs. John James & Son, Victoria Needle Works, Redditch, send a selection of their fancy needle-cases; the Editor of the *British and Foreign Confectioner, Baker, and Restaurateur*, four large boxes of shortbread and other cakes, which will, doubtless, be fully appreciated by the poor children; Mrs. W. Q. Pogson, twelve bags of sweeties and fourteen dressed dolls; Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, a large number of books.

I have received the following amounts towards the fund:—James Carr, £1. 1s.; Little Kell, 10s.; D. M., 5s.; Miss G. Harvey, £1; J. F. A., 10s.; Little Marigo, 1s. 6d.; C. F. Fellows, 2s. 6d.; C. D. A., 2s. 6d.; Late Gift, 4s.; W. R. McComas, £1. 1s.; Anonymous, 2s.; H. P., £1. 1s.; Margaret, Felix, and Gladys, 10s.; Arthur and Charlie, 1s.; S. E. H., 3s.; A. J. S., £1. 1s.; White Violet, £1; D. E., New York, £4; A. S. T., 5s.; Carl and Bert, 10s. 6d.; Isabel MacCreevy, £5; J. Colman, £5; Will, £1. 1s.; Elm Lodge, £1. 1s.; E. J., £1. 1s.; A. M., £2; the Misses Scheininger, £2. 2s.; Two Small Boys, £2.2s.; In Memoriam (Q.), £3. 3s.; Little Mary, 2s. 6d.; A. M. A., 10s. 6d.; E. C., £1 1s.; Once a Child, 10s.; A. F. W., £3. 3s.; Justin Huntly McCarthy, £2. 2s. (threepenny-pieces); Courtald Thompson (249 threepenny-pieces), £3. 2s. 3d.; Mrs. Truefit's Post-office Money-box at Exhibition, 19s. 1¾d.; Money-boxes at Exhibition, £14. 9s. 5¾d.; Anderson's Boot Manufacturing Co., 10s.; Result of Red-Riding Hood Cantata at North End, £1. 10s.; E. J., 10s.; E. M. F., 10s. 6d.; T. P., £1; E. M. R. T., 10s. 6d.; Albert Seligmann, £1. 1s.; Ed. J. Murray, £1; S. Lewis, £3. 3s.; M. E. C., £1; G. Rickman, £25; Collected at Kimberley (per Robert W. Hearle), £20; M. Wedgwood, 9s. 6d.; G. W. Muriel, 5s.; Benachie (per Editor of the *Confectioner*), 2s. 6d.; R. de S., 10s. (also 10s. to be used for an urgent case of distress); K. O. S. M., 5s.; Better Late than Never, £1; W. R. C., £1. 1s.; M. Parker and E. Parker, 10s.; Mrs. Annie Clifford-Lloyd, 10s.

The following is a complete list of the ladies who dressed Dolls for the Show. The letters "l," "m," and "s," after the figures stand for "large," "medium," and "small," dolls respectively.

The Misses Agelasto 24 s., 4 m.; Miss Arden, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Arlosh, 24 s., 4 m.; Miss Kaisoom Ahmedi, 36 s., 6 m.; Mrs. Boyes, 24 s., 4 m., 1 l.; Mrs. Barnett, 120 s., 20 m., 1 l.; Mrs. Boyd Browning, 36 s., 6 m.; Miss N. Besley, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss G. Biggs, 1 l.; The Misses Beynon, 36 s., 6 m.; Mrs. E. Brookes, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Miss A. Blaine, 4 s., 1 m., 1 l.; Miss A. Bolton, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss L. E. Brown, 18 s., 3 m.; Mrs S. Carter, 2 l.; Miss M. Chattein, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss Cave (Tootie), 6 s., 1 m.; Miss E. M. Corry, 1 l.; Miss B. Corry, 6 s., 1 m., 1 l.; Miss L. Croft, 12 s. 2 m., 1 l.; Miss J. Carpenter, 1 l.; Miss E. Complin, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. H. Casruthers, 36 s., 6 m., 1 l.; Mrs. Carey, 24 s. 4 m.; Miss Carruthers, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. Compton, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss M. Carrington, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. E. Delf, 18 s. 3 m.; Miss Davis, 72 s., 12 m., 1 l.; Mrs. E. S. Davey, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss E. Daffady, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss W. Davies, 12 s.; Mrs. A. B. Ebbs, 6 s., 1 m., 1 l.; Mrs. Ewer, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss Elliott, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss Edwards, 6 s., 1 m.; Hon. Mrs. G. Eden, 12 s.; Mrs. G. W. Fitzwilliam, 6 s., 1 m., 1 l.; Miss L. A. Fowler, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss M. E. Towlie, 50 s.; Miss E. Gardner, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. V. Guise, 24 s., 4 m.; Miss M. S. Gibbs, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss N. Gubbins, 1 l.; The Misses Glave, 36 s., 6 m., 2 l.; Miss H. Gardner, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss K. Garrard, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss R. C. Garrett, 12 s.: Mrs. S. Gore, 6 s.; Miss E. M. Gillats, 6 s., 1 m., 1 l; Mrs. Haywood (Nini), 6 s., 1 m., 1 l.; The Misses Heywood, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss Haverfield, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss Hemmerdi, 6 s, 1 m.; Miss G. Hentschel, 1 l.; Mrs. B. Hentschel, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss B H. Jacobs, 1 l.; Mrs. Hope Johnston, 12 s. 2 m., 1 l.; Miss R. H. Jamusar, 12 s. 2 m.; Miss L. Jump, 12 s.; The Misses Jardine, 18 s.; Mrs. Killingback, 48 s., 8 m.; Miss A. M. Koe, 12 s., 2m., 1 l.; Lady Lauge, 166 s., 34 m.; Mrs. Lindo, 120 s., 34 m.; Miss Len, 12s., 2 m.; Mrs. Lawrence, 72 s., 12 m.; The Misses Matthey, 12 s., 2 m., 2 l.; The Misses Marshall, 6s, 1 m.; Mrs. Marchetti, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss D. Morgan, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss C. McKevitt, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Morris, 1 l.; Mrs. Masheder, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Mrs. H. Mayhew, 24 s., 4 m., 1 l.; Miss Mayhew, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Miss M. Mayhew, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Mrs. Moorsom, 24 s.; Mrs. Maris, 12 s.; Mrs. L. Pollard, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. A. E. Potts, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Pritchard, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. J. T. M. Pierce, 6 s., 1 m., 1 l.; The Misses Prosser, 24 s., 4 m.; Mrs. T. Reynolds, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Rawley, 24 s., 4 m., 1 l.; Miss M. E. Robinson, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. C. J. Rowe, 1 l.; Miss A. Ridgway, 1 l.; Miss E. Ridgway, 1 l.; Mrs. A. Robinson, 30 s., 5 m., 1 l.; Mrs. A. Rowe, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss M. Reid, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. H. Smith, 24 s., 4 m.; Miss M. Streatfield, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Miss E. Saunders, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. H. Stevenson, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. T. E. Stevenson, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. Stokes, 24 s., 4 m.; Mrs. H. St. Maur, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Miss Seligman, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. L. E Smith, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Mrs. S. Snelgrove, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. Spinner, 1 l; Mrs. Solomon, 1 l.; Miss Seligman, 1 l.; Mrs. Straus, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Schloesser, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss E. Satchell, 6 s., 1 m., 1 l.; The Misses Swanston, 2 l.; Mrs. J. Straus, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss E. S. Slater, 12 s.; Miss Schenkenwald, 18 s.; Mrs. Gerald Talbot, 833 s., 170 m., 1 l.; The Misses Turton, 2 l.; Miss A. Thomson, 6 s., 1 m., 1 l.; Mrs. Truefitt, 6 s., 1 m., 1 l.; Miss G. Thompson, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. H. Truefitt, 12 s., 2 m. 1 l; Miss E. M. Thompson, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. Tomlin, 1 l.; Miss E. Tollemache, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss Rose Villis, 1 l.; Miss M. Lloyd-Verney, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. H. Voules, 1 l.; Mrs. Usmar, 12 s.; Mrs. Dora Willoughby, 6 s., 1 m., 1 l.; Miss J. Willoughby, 6 s., 1 m. 1 l.; Miss White, 12 s. 2 m.; The Misses Walton. 36 s. 6 m.; The Misses Wilton, 48 s., 8 m.; Miss A. Wilkins, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Wittingham, 6 s., 1 m.; The Misses Watson, 6 s.; Mrs. Halford, 6 s.; Mrs. F. T. Wilkinson, 12 s.; Miss G. Young, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss L. Younge, 36 s.

MUSIC.

WE have now finally done with the concerts of the year—a fact upon which concert-givers and audiences alike may be congratulated. Perhaps the felicitations might be extended to musical critics, were they not a class of people whose business it is to be bored, and concerning whom nobody cares. In reference to the year's work, although some 800 or 900 concerts have been given, there is little to brag about from the point of view of novelties. The frost and the influenza affected both concerts and operas in the early spring, and the visit of the German Emperor finally smashed the summer musical season. Entrepreneurs then grew frightened, and absurdly enough left practically concertless August and a part of September, when they had a chance of retrieving losses. Directly after the Birmingham Festival in the second week of October, they all with one accord rushed again to the fray, and with the inevitable result that the weakest went to the wall. In any other trade than that which deals with music, some enterprising person would rejoice at the practical monopoly granted in August, when at least a couple of million persons are left in London, and in September, when holiday-makers have returned to town. But the bulk of our entrepreneurs have no practical knowledge of music, and are content to follow each other like a flock of sheep, crowding certain selected months, and thereby creating such competition that there is little or no chance for anybody to make a living.

In regard to the music of the year, the plethora of pianoforte recitals has not been continued. We have had numerous operas ("Ivanhoe," "Le Rêve," "The Nautch Girl," "The Barber of Bagdad," "Maid Marian," "The Basoche," and "Philémon et Baucis" among others), but the great successes of the year have been Dr. Parry's cantata, "De Profundis" and Mascagni's opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana" among works, and M. Paderewski, M. Van Dyck, and Master Gérardy among artists. The chances of "De Profundis" (like those of Dvorák's "Requiem") have not been improved by the ridiculous idea that an English work should be sung in the Latin tongue, a procedure which always implies to the clergymen, who are usually the leaders of musical movements in the provinces, a suspicion of Roman Catholic proselytism. Ordinary music-lovers also object to the Latin language, chiefly owing to the extraordinary and very varied systems of pronunciation adopted by London and provincial choristers, while the general public have some easily conceivable objections to the employment of a tongue with which they are unfamiliar. It is, at any rate, the fact that "The Redemption," a musically inferior oratorio, is more popular than "Mors et Vita," also by M. Gounod, and that it is the most difficult thing in the world to work up the enthusiasm of the ordinary chorister in the Latin words of the Masses of even the great masters. Of new chamber pieces, except as to a few examples by Brahms, the year has been almost barren, while of the orchestral novelties none is likely to be pronounced a *magnum opus*.

It is reported that the Covent Garden manager is after the "Cavalleria Rusticana," but inasmuch as Signor Lago has already played it forty-five times at cheap prices, I

CHINA AND GLASS.—Messrs. GOODE, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

should imagine it would be of little more use to Sir A. Harris than "Orfeo" proved. On the other hand, "L'Amico Fritz" (for which I learn one entrepreneur was asked the modest sum of £5,000 cash) would, if the libretto were stronger, probably prove a far better bargain, and "Les Rantzau," which will be produced at the Pergola, Florence, in the autumn, would probably be the best speculation of all. As to the report that Mr. D'Oyly Carte intends to place on the regular stage the English version of Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad," I doubt it. But the work will, at any rate, have a valuable advertisement in the spring, when it is to be performed by the Royal College students before the Queen at Windsor.

I hope that young Mr. Lloyd, son of the eminent tenor, will think twice before he commits the self-evident absurdity of making his début under the name of "Dyoll"—which, it will be observed, is the name of Lloyd spelt backwards. It may be that the announcement was put forward in an evening paper by way of "feeler." But there is a sort of opéra-bouffe air about the expedient which a serious artist should avoid. Young Mr. Lloyd is an admirable musician, and, apart from his tenor voice, he is a pianist of the first class, he having been for some years a pupil of Madame Schumann.

"The Mountebanks" has been postponed till next week, although the tickets for the first performance on Wednesday of this week had already been distributed. The reason, I am told, is that Mr. Cellier had not quite completed the music, and had been seized with illness in the middle of rehearsals. If this be true, Mr. Gilbert will probably for the future stick to his original plan of not starting rehearsals till the whole work (except the overture) has been delivered. The overture of a comic opera, which is usually a *réchauffé* of the tunes of the work, could easily, of course, be written by the conductor, and particularly by so able a man as Mr. Caryll.

The performance of "The Bohemian Girl" by the Guildhall students at the Shaftesbury is one which should have been given in private. Balfe's opera is not a suitable work for students in any event, and as the young people had apparently been taught (or, at any rate, were allowed) to sing to the footlights instead of to each other, and to accept and even to give the signal for encores, it was pretty obvious that a sterner rule is necessary if the operatic class is to be useful to its members in after life. The Committee would, therefore, do well to put a stop to the revivals which, according to report, are projected of "Maritana," "Lucia," and other moribund operas, and to insist that their pupils should study proper music. The Guildhall School obviously has a capital chorus, trained by Mr. Donovan, who conducted, and a good ballet, which the Civic Fathers last week encored. Where a ballet is concerned, even a "Lor Maire" is not superior to the frailties common to humanity.

Punch is not usually caught tripping in musical matters, and I am rather astonished that so experienced a librettist as Mr. Burnand should have passed "Rustic Cavalier" as the English translation of the "Cavalleria Rusticana." The same grotesque mistake was, I learn, made in the English adaptation handed to the Queen at the Windsor performance, and was then laughingly pointed out by her Majesty. There is no "Cavalier" in the "Cavalleria Rusticana," and the title in real English signifies "Rustic Chivalry."

The Royal Academy students have this winter wisely not attempted an operatic representation, but on Thursday they tried a concert, at which they produced for the first time in London Raff's "Day Time" Ode, which, I believe, had already been given in Birmingham. Considering that the chorus consisted of over 180 lady sopranos and altos, against only a dozen tenors and twenty basses, it was obvious that so absurd a balance of parts could afford no fair idea of the music. When Mr. Barnby conducted the Royal Academy Concerts he induced a large number of the Royal Choral Society's tenors and basses to assist the Academy girls, and thus to secure a proper choral balance. Dr. Mackenzie ought to have sufficient influence with the members of the old Novello's choir to persuade them to fulfil a similar office. If not, he would do well to leave choral works severely alone. Dr. Mackenzie, by the way, is now off to Florence, but he clearly cannot stop long in Italy, for on Tuesday week he is due as chairman of the annual conference of the National Society of Professional Musicians, at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The last important concert of the year was that given on Tuesday by the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society in the presence of the Prince of Wales. On Saturday the Strolling Players, repeated M. Wormser's "L'Enfant Prodigue," Mr. and Miss Bauer performed Beethoven's posthumous quartet in E flat, and at the last of the "Pops" Brahms' new "Gipsy Songs" were repeated. The second of a series of pleasant little chamber concerts has also been given at St. Peter's Institute by two clever pianists, Miss O'Reilly and Miss Fédarb. Another concert will be given on January 21.

It is said, upon the authority of a well-known entrepreneur of Berlin, that M. Rubinstein has received an offer of £25,000 for fifty concerts in the United States next year. It is difficult to believe that dollars rather than pounds sterling are not meant, as £500 a night would be almost an impossible salary for a concert-giver to offer any pianist. It is, indeed, nearly half the fee paid to Madame Patti, who sailed on Tuesday for another Transatlantic concert tour under Mr. Abbey's direction.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Have you seen the new "Mirror and Purse Gloves," with a small pocket for money in the palm of the left-hand, and a little mirror inserted in the flap that covers the pocket? They are very convenient in these days of inaccessible pockets, for one can carry a few coins in the hand without danger of losing them, the flap fastening securely over the pocket with a patent clasp, which can be undone in a second. As to the little mirror, I need scarcely dilate upon its advantages, they are so very obvious. The gloves are made in silk or kid, in the usual colours, either plain or with gauntlets. I must mention that the mirror is of the concentrated order, in which the whole face is reflected, not one of those in which only half an eye can be seen at once.

Choosing presents at Mappin & Webb's, Oxford-street, is a task of considerable difficulty, owing to the very great number of pretty and attractive articles, making selection an embarrassment. Their new "Mistletoe Bough" sets are quite lovely, the beautifully-shaped emblematic leaves being applied in a variety of graceful ways to the ornamentation of the different articles. The cake-basket, for instance, has a rustic handle across the top, in electro of the Prince's plate, with a group of mistletoe-leaves, also in electro, at either end. In the cruet, the spoons have two forked leaves of mistletoe for handles. The fruit-dishes are remarkably pretty, being silver-gilt within, and with mistletoe-leaves on the handles. The biscuit-box and marmalade-dish are in ribbed glass, another novelty of this season, and a very pretty one, with encircling band of electro with mistletoe-leaves. Some one at Marlborough House has purchased one of the marmalade-stands. A very pretty stand for handing bread-and-butter and cakes simultaneously is in the Louis XV. style in silver-gilt. The two dishes, oblong in shape, are Royal Crown Derby, with edges in golden bronze and burnished gold. The sugar-basin and cream-jug are in silver-gilt, handsomely chased.

An exquisite toilet set, richly chased in a quite new design, is in silver-gilt, and is sold in a very handsome case of scarlet morocco, lined with white plush, with

Cash's Cambric Frillings, Names, Initials, &c. New Pattern Book (containing woven samples) free by post.—Address, J. & J. Cash, Coventry.

spaces for the various articles, which are very comprehensive, including even curling-tongs in their very ornamental little box, in addition to the usual combs and brushes, shoe-horn, button-hook, hand-glass, and trinket-box, which is in the shape of a heart. A "golf clock" would make an appropriate present for any one who is enthusiastic over the game, and no one seems able to play it without becoming very enthusiastic. We also saw a walking-stick, with silver golf-ball for handle. The tortoise-shell things elicited our warmest admiration. An exquisite blotter had the cover in this beautiful shell, with bright gold lights in the paler parts. The corners were in silver, in a very handsome open-work design, through which the deep warm brown of the tortoise-shell showed quite deliciously. The contrast between the lovely silver work of the device in the centre for a monogram and the brown tones of the shell was very beautiful. There were photograph frames, inkstands, and boxes also in this attractive combination, and quite the sweetest little clock I ever saw, in a tortoise-shell case with silver corners and handle.

As we wanted some new sort of toy or game to give Mrs. Fourstars' chickabiddies, we turned into the Kindergarten Emporium in Berners-street. They showed us a new game consisting of pieces of painted wood and cardboard, by means of which children can build a whole town of shops, churches, barracks, dwelling-houses, bridges, and museums. The fronts are all in wood, with grooves in the sides, into which the cardboard slides. There are enough to make a goodly street upon a long nursery table. Object dominoes are also new. They have the dominoes on one side, and on the other various illustrations of animals and objects, with the name of each in three languages—English, German, and French. A grocer's shop is calculated to delight the youngsters, all the jars, canisters, and boxes being practicable, so that they can be filled with groceries. A pair of scales occupy the foreground, and the shelves are loaded with parcels ready for sale. A set of modelling tools form a good present for a child with any taste in that direction. The objects to be modelled are drawn upon a card, and the medium for modelling is called plastolina. It does not soil pinafores nor fingers, nor does it crumble away.

I have never seen such a crowd as there was on Wednesday afternoon at the Truth Toy Show at the Polytechnic. How surprisingly stupid some people are in a crowd! The policemen kept shouting "Keep to the right," and the great majority obeyed the injunction, which was as much for the individual benefit as the general good. But a score or two persisted in going the wrong way, in spite of all entreaties, and we saw a small group of them actually twirl the unlucky policeman round. They naturally got buffeted and whirled about, and were extremely inconvenient to the docile people who were going the proper way, but they persisted in their evil-doing.

The dolls were lovely. The faces of the very large ones were remarkably pretty this year. In many of them the lips were a little open, showing the teeth. One of the most original and the best-dressed was sent by Miss E. Ridgway. It was the "Peasant," whilst its foster-brother the "Prince," sent by Miss Alice Ridgway, and also beautifully dressed, stood near. The peasant wore an olive-coloured calico smock and a pair of stockings evidently knitted for him in grey-blue yarn of the correct rural tint. His boots must have been made to measure. There was a capital footman in red and blue livery. A lovely doll, dressed by Miss Rose Villis, was in white satin trimmed with bands of pale blue satin of the richest texture and beaver fur; a good idea for an evening gown. Queen Elizabeth was a gorgeous figure, in a richly-jewelled gown with a coat of arms painted on either side of the front breadth, whether heraldically correct or not I am not sufficiently expert in the science to know. A high Elizabethan collar was studded with jewels. A royal crown surmounted the queen's fair head. Matilda, wife of William I., was very gracefully dressed in white canvas, bordered with gold, with flowing overdress of pale blue. She looked the least doll-like of any. Mrs. Stanley Carter had the good idea of dressing two very similar dolls as "The Twins," and placing in the pocket of each a small doll, labelled "dressed by the twins." "A Hardanger Married Peasant" was admirable, the details of costume being remarkably well carried out, even to the belt of blue and white beads, and the curiously-goffered head-dress. Mrs. Tomlin's nurse had dressed a very pretty doll as a bride, in a brown velvet and beaver costume, with a trunk containing her trousseau. One of the sweetest dolls was dressed by Mrs. G. W. Fitzwilliam, in pale yellow crêpe de chine, and a yellow velvet Puritan cap and gypcière. We had a glimpse of her undergarments, which were exquisitely made, and not at all puritanic in the matter of dainty trimmings.

You would have been interested, as we were, in a set of dolls dressed correctly after the fashion of various English schools. The Bluecoat, in 1710, was a more sensible costume than the present one, but whereas the boys wear now no hat, they had then very tall ones. The dolls from Bombay, dressed in costume by a party of native ladies, were also very interesting. We missed the ones from Shanghai.

In the Toy-room, the crowd was quite immense, and great was the desire to see the new sixpences. The musical kittens appeared to be the favourite toy among the very young. Captain Cuttle, done to the life, with the cleverest face in kid that I ever saw, was run very close in popularity among the adults by Miss Peggy, of Camberwell, a doll 160 years old, and looking quite an antique. Her garments were as ancient as herself. How many generations of children must have played with that doll!

Only those who have realised how dreary life is to many of the children of the London poor can estimate in any degree the amount of happiness that is given them by this annual gift of toys. The very anticipation is a source of joy to the little beings, the greater number of whom are in pain and suffering. The beauty of the dresses on the dolls has been commented upon by some critics as unsuited to their intended possessors; but such as these can have but small insight into the mind of a little girl whose life is set in the midst of squalor and ugliness. The possession of a pretty doll attired in velvet, silks, and laces is a glimpse into the realm of imagination. Rag dolls are very well in their way—things to love, pity, and protect; but a "lady" doll is something to worship.

Father's presents are always of the substantial, useful order. He gives people something that will last for years. Wishing to give Lilla, who is his god-daughter, a sideboard for a new dining-room she has had built out at the back of her house, he sent for the catalogue recently issued by Howard & Sons, Berners-street. The illustrations are quite an artistic treat, dealing with the various articles of furniture and the designs for decorations executed by this firm. Their antique hall furniture is beautiful in shape. An elaborate sketch of a baronial hall, in which the details are chiefly Elizabethan, shows the sort of room in which a novelist ought to live who is writing about the period of Good Queen Bess. He could not fail to feel a stream of local colour falling upon his work. Father was delighted with the ventilated book-cases for preventing mildew and yet protecting the books from dust, whilst Maud was enchanted with the lovely cabinets in inlaid woods, and I fell deeply in love with their glorious easy-chairs and couches stuffed with eider-down, and most deliciously luxurious. Lilla is going to have her new dining-room laid

Fourpence a Quart is the Aylesbury Dairy Company's price for the Very Best Milk.—Chief Office, 31, St. Petersburgh-place, Bayswater, London, W. Full particulars on application.

Redfern's Sale of all their original Models in Gowns, Coats, Ulsters, Mantles, Wraps, and Cloth Lengths will commence on December 30th, and continue for two weeks.—26, Conduit-street, and 27, New Bond-street, London, W.

with their parquet-flooring. She has had a "Chatterton" window put in the room, the seats being well-cushioned and very wide. One of the prettiest things in the whole book is a carved-oak screen in front of a recessed fireplace, or inglenook, in a billiard-room. The design is quite exquisite.

By the way, dear, is it not nice of the Royalties to have their wedding in February, a dull, dark month, in which we really need something to brighten us up? The trousseau is already in active preparation. Redfern is making the going-away dress. It is to be of white cloth of English manufacture, trimmed with sable. Does it not sound lovely? Elise is making the wedding-gown, the satin for which she is having woven at Spitalfields. The brocade for the train is being presented by the Ladies' Committee of the National Silk Association. The dress will be trimmed with Honiton lace. The train will be borne by eight bridesmaids, all of whom will be daughters of dukes, earls, or marquises. They will wear white and silver, trimmed with May-blossom, in compliment to Princess May's pretty name. The ladies will wear Court dress, but the bridesmaids will not have trains.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

Dearest Madge,—I told you last week of the renunciation of my usual grumbling ways, and of my full and free acceptance of each and every one of the articles of the Christmas creed, including plum-pudding. I have done more, gone beyond even plum-pudding. The sacrifice is absolutely complete! We are to spend Christmas with Aunt Maria, Cousin Jane, and the usual party of relations they gather around them at this season. The food on the festive board on Christmas Day will not be heavier nor more likely to disagree with us than the company assembled around it. The Lord forgive me, as we say in Ireland, but I do mostly find my relatives a severe trial! No doubt you are scandalised at the expression of feelings, so much "less than kind" for my own kindred. When one has such things it is better to express them; if pent up they might turn dangerous. After all, it is not strange that one finds the society of relations uncongenial. They are given, and must be taken, as found; one has no choice in the matter, as one has with friends. The Fates having us completely at their mercy, never indulge greater caprice than in the mixture together of the heterogeneous flesh-and-blood material, which they then bind in ties of consanguinity. Which of us has not "sisters, cousins, and aunts" whose acquaintance with us is entirely a matter of the accident of birth? Who never would have had a place on a list of selected friends? Therefore, to sum it all up, family parties are suitably added to the articles of the Christmas creed.

All last week I was hard at work getting—or rather trying to get—into the right Christmas mood. I have given a large order for holly, ivy, and mistletoe for house decorations; I am considering the "yule log"—my grates are designed only for the burning of coal, but in a matter of festive tradition, I suppose small inconveniences of such a kind must not be allowed to count. I have surrounded myself with the Christmas numbers of most of the magazines and papers, but here I have had a great disappointment. I expected ghosts, haunted castles, blood-curdling horrors, stories of belated travellers arriving in snow-storms at inns, and so on, in fact, something Christmasy—in my young days, mystery and spectres were as much a matter of course in Christmas fiction as raisins in the plum-pudding. There was nothing of the kind, however. I read story after story in vain, without being able to conjure up the old shuddering, creepy Christmas feeling. The belated traveller and the wicked innkeeper, with their awful fascinations, have passed away; gone, too, are the good old snow-storm on Christmas Eve, the wind that howled round the tower, and the red light from the window which glanced on the driven snow without. Worse, still, the plain, simple, straightforward ghost is banished for a usurper, who attempts to hold his place; the pseudo-scientific ghost, full of complex ways and psychological suggestion.

I have been more successful with the Christmas shopping than with anything else; my purse decidedly looks like Christmas now. When my rueful glance falls on it, I become acutely sensible of the season. How I envy you your glorious shops! What sight of the kind surpasses London at Christmas! Your shops not alone supply everything that wealth can desire, but also the humble needs of poverty. The one just as well as the other! Whether one has much or little to spend, where can it be more advantageously spent than in the great capital of the nation of shopkeepers?

Father Christmas, of course, monopolises the Dublin stage at present, or rather the idea of his advent does. "After Christmas" is the time to which all Society engagements are postponed. Only in the country are parties being given, and entertainments hurried on before Christmas. Lord and Lady Zetland, with Lady Hilda Dundas, spent most of last week at Baron's Court, with the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn. They came in for some fine weather, a variety from their experience in the South of Ireland, also the party had some good shooting. Lord Wolseley and his family have also been absent from Dublin, having joined the party staying at Shane's Castle with Lord and Lady O'Neill. By the way, the North is making very festive preparations for the early part of the coming year. At last, Mr. Balfour is to pay that visit to Belfast, postponed unavoidably from year to year, during the many years of his holding office as Irish Chief Secretary. At last, the great army of the North is to be marshalled before him, the "men in buckram" are to take the field. Mr. Balfour will also be amongst Lord and Lady Londonderry's visitors at Mount Stewart during January, and will stay in Dublin with Lord and Lady Zetland. The Lord Lieutenant is certainly taking time by the forelock in making arrangements for the coming season at Dublin Castle. Already the first levée and drawing-room of the season are respectively announced for the afternoon of February 2 and the evening of the 3rd. Why the beginning of the season should be put off to February, is one of those mysteries of bad management inseparably associated with Dublin Castle. Far better would it be to stimulate trade in Dublin by beginning in January, in which case also the advent of Lent would not interrupt the season. The unexpected, however, never happens at Dublin Castle; the old tradition of blunders is never departed from. "Thus runs the world away." Wishing you, in the good, old, orthodox form a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, ever yours, Clare.

Ursula writes from Edinburgh:—

Last week was signalised by a new departure in the records of the Royal Scottish Academy, when over a thousand guests were entertained within its walls at a reception and private view, previous to the Exhibition being opened to the public on the following day. In former years the Academy was opened quietly, and without éclat, so the new arrangement was much appreciated, and, though we could not boast of the presence of so many world-famed celebrities as are visible at *your* Academy private view, when, in order to avoid crushing the fashionable beauty, one steps back into the arms of a famous author, and rebounds thence against an eminent actor—still, the gathering on Friday was thoroughly representative of Edinburgh Society. In order to accommodate the numerous guests, the National Gallery, which is situated in the same handsome building as the Academy, was thrown open and from 8.30 until after 10 o'clock there was a steady stream of arrivals who were received by the popular new President and his wife, Sir George being in dark velvet Court dress, and Lady Reid wearing black and silver. Needless to say that artistic dresses abounded, some pretty and graceful, others the exact reverse. A simply-made yellow gown had frills of black chiffon round the neck and sleeves, and the sole ornament of a handsome red frock was a large, chased, old-silver buckle. Another yellow dress was draped in some marvellous fashion, to which the material, soft silk, readily lent itself; and the wife of one of the Sheriffs looked very sweet in white satin trimmed with white ostrich trimming. Let me here tell you, my dear but ignorant Madge, that to your Southron ears the word "Sheriff" conveys nothing of the dignity and importance with which it is invested here. If you can imagine the Lord Lieutenant of a county and the Chief Justice of England rolled into one, it will give you a faint idea of the awe and reverence with which we regard the individuals in question! But this is a digression. A tall dark woman wore a perfectly-fitting, simply-made, grey silk gown, which was adorned with a crystal fringe round the basque. Black dresses were plentiful, several being trimmed with bands of steel or other embroidery. Of the pictures, I am afraid I can tell you little or nothing, as there were so many distractions—not to speak of the music of Dambmann's band—but I believe it is considered a good Exhibition this year, and one of its features is a collection of the works of Sir W. Fettes Douglas, the late President. The Edinburgh season, so far, has been quiet, for the heavy cloud of influenza which has been hanging over us for so long, is only just now beginning to lift, and leaves, alas! many families in mourning. You, in the south, have escaped much more easily.

I have an enticing little dish for you in the shape of "Kidney Toast":—

Finely mince and put into a mortar a kidney with the fat attached, taken from a roast loin of veal; add to it the grated rind of a lemon, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a dust of cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Spread the paste between thinly-cut, well-buttered slices of toast, form into finger lengths, and place them in the oven for ten minutes. Lay upon the top of each piece

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of toast the half of a bloater roe that has been trailed through sweet oil, dusted with cayenne, and cooked in a quick oven for five minutes. Grate upon each a suspicion of Cheddar cheese, and place the parsley in the centre of the roe, which must be curled.

I give you but one recipe this week, as there is such a frightful lot of eating and drinking going on. By the way, have you heard of Pepsalia, which is eaten like salt with food, and effectually digests it? Next to a good appetite comes a good digestion, and, failing this, something that will digest the result of the good appetite. Many doctors recommend Pepsalia.

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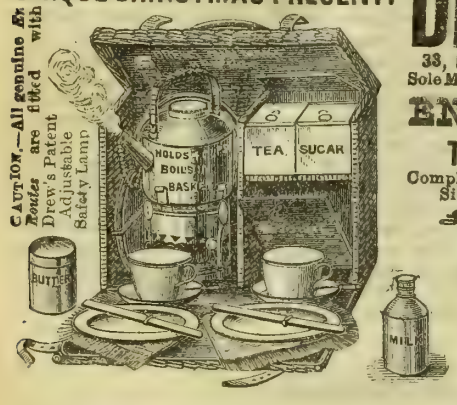

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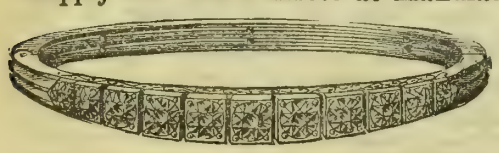
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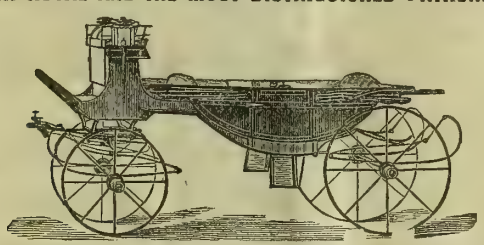

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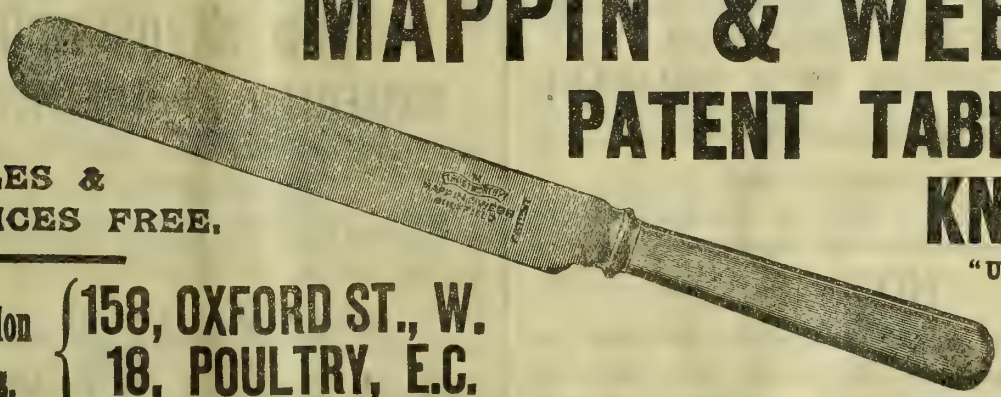

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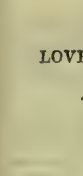

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LONDON.—QUEEN ANNE'S MANSIONS,
ST. JAMES'S PARK, S.W.
MOST BEAUTIFUL AND CENTRAL POSITION.
FLATS WITH ENTIRE SERVICE.

The large extension is now completed, and comprises furnished and unfurnished apartments. Each suite consists of living and bed-rooms with bath-room and lavatory, hot and cold water. Electric light throughout. Excellent cuisine and wines; large dining, reading, billiard, and smoking-rooms. Magnificent ball-room, lawn-tennis grounds. Rents moderate and inclusive.—Address MANAGER.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—For full particulars of EXTENSION OF TIME for Ordinary Return Tickets. The Cheap Return Tickets issued on Week-days between London and Saudling Junction, Hythe, Sandgate, Shorncliffe, Radnor Park, Folkestone, Dover, Lydd, New Romney, and Sheerness.—See Bills.

CHRISTMAS EVE.—A FAST LATE TRAIN to Chislehurst, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, Ashford, Folkestone, Dover, Canterbury, Ramsgate, and Margate, leaving Charing Cross at 12.0 midnight, Waterloo 12.2 a.m., Cannon-street 12.8, and London Bridge at 12.12 a.m. SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS to BOULOGNE or CALAIS, will be issued on 24th December, available until 28th December. Return Fares, First-class 30s., Second-class 25s.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Extra Trains will run, but the Ordinary Service will be as on Sundays.

BANK HOLIDAY.—Several Trains will be withdrawn and altered Late Trains will run to and from London. Continental Express, Mail, Club, &c., Services as usual.

For further particulars, see Handbills, &c.

MYLES FENTON, General Manager.

RESIDENCE, WITH BOARD, BY KENSINGTON PALACE, W.

Being the choicest offered and quite unique, should be seen. Recently redecorated and newly furnished. The stylish and luxurious appointments of a first-class hotel with the home-like comfort and quietude of a large priva e mansion. Spacious drawing-room, good smoking-room, five fitted bath-rooms, &c. Sanitation certified. Every room ventilated. Scrupulous cleanliness. English servants only. Excellent cuisine. Table d'hôte. Meals at separate tables, or privately.—Inclusive terms posted by PROPRIETRESS, De Vere House (Residential Hotel), De Vere-gardens, Kensington High-road, a little west of the Royal Albert Hall and Memorial. (Telephone No. 8,524.)

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RESIDENTIAL MANSIONS,

ALBERT GATE, S.W.

OVERLOOKING ROTTEN ROW AND HYDE PARK.

This Magnificent Block of Buildings will be Opened on the 25th inst.
The Whole Building is ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.
Large Rooms available for Private Entertainments.
Great attention will be devoted to the Catering Department.
The Cuisine and Wines will be of the first order, and based upon Club Prices.
Rents from £140 to £1,000 Per Annum, including Attendance and the Use of all the General Rooms.
Application should now be made to the MANAGER, on the Premises, who will supply full particulars.

HOSPITALS AND APPEALS.

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

7, HARPUR STREET, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

— PATRON—THE QUEEN. —

During the last quarter the Society investigated **2,181** complaints of cruelty to children.

GENERAL ILLTREATMENT, 426. NEGLECT AND STARVATION, 1,252. BEGGING CASES, 113. ASSAULTS, 103. ABANDONMENT AND EXPOSURE, 120. IMMORALITY, 96. OTHER WRONGS, 71.

The welfare of 5,128 Children was involved in the above. Funds urgently needed to maintain and extend the work.

Auditors: Messrs. GERARD VAN DE LINDE & SON. *Bankers:* Messrs. COUTTS & CO. BENJAMIN WAUGH, *Honorary Director.*

PADDINGTON GREEN CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

(CONVALESCENT BRANCH, WEMBLEY, NEAR HARROW-ON-THE-HILL).

Free to the Children of the Poor without Letter of Recommendation. Accident and Urgent Cases admitted at any time

During 1890—In-patients admitted, 454. New Out-patient cases, 9,146. Total attendances of Out-patients, 27,624.

ADDITIONAL ACCOMMODATION FOR IN-PATIENTS HAS BECOME ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

DONATIONS TO THE EXTENSION FUND ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.

A Friend has promised £105, provided £3,000 can be raised by Christmas. Over £1,000 has already been received or promised.

GEORGE HANBURY, *Treasurer*, 21, Portman-square, W.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN,

Great Ormond St., Bloomsbury.

— PRESIDENT—THE DUKE OF FIFE, K.T. —

FOURTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS REQUIRED BEFORE CHRISTMAS,

TO PAY BILLS AND KEEP THIS CHARITY FREE FROM DEBT.

ADRIAN HOPE, *Secretary.*

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL,

PADDINGTON, W.,

Stands in Great Need of HELP.

Its Income is at present £4,000 less than in 1890, while the demands by the sick and injured have increased.

The smallest gift will be welcomed, and will be most gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Mr. THOMAS RYAN, at the Hospital.

EAST LONDON HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN,

GLAMIS ROAD, SHADWELL, E.,

Needs Assistance in Three Ways—1. Contributions for its Maintenance. 2. **£2,000** to complete the New Out-Patients Wing. 3. Funds for a Convalescent Branch.

Cheques crossed PRESCOTT & Co. should be sent to SAMUEL WHITFORD, *Secretary.*

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL,

STRAND, W.C.

CONTRIBUTIONS are EARNESTLY SOLICITED towards meeting the EXPENSES of this unendowed Hospital, and will be gratefully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Drummond, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Messrs. Martin & Co., or by the Secretary, at the Hospital.

The deficit on 31st December, 1890, was £7,550.

CANCER WARDS at the MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL. Mortimer-street, W.—The Weekly Board make an URGENT APPEAL for Funds in aid of these Wards. There are 34 beds set apart for patients sufferin from this terrible malady. They are admitted without letters of recommendation, everything that human skill and kindness can suggest is provided, and sufferers are permitted to remain until relieved by art or released by death. Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co.

F. CLARE MELHADO. Secretary Superintendent.

THE EARLSWOOD ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, Red Hill, Surrey.

628 Patients are now receiving Care and Education.

163 Candidates are Seeking Admission.

The Income is not sufficient to meet the Accounts now due, FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

H. GERARD HOARE, Esq., J.P., Treasurer.

JAMES DOWNING, Secretary.

BANKERS: Messrs. Hoare, 37, Fleet-street, E.C.

OFFICES: 36, King William-street, London Bridge, E.C.

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"Forbes Winslow Memorial," 208, EUSTON ROAD, Established 1890.

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The only Hospital of its kind in England for the "Out-Patient" treatment of poor persons mentally afflicted. Of 80,000 registered lunatics 75,000 belong to this class. Upwards of 7,000 attendances registered since opening. Entirely supported by Voluntary Contributions.

Hon. Sec., FRANK FORBES WINSLOW.

THE FRIEND IN NEED.—TO GENTLEMEN.—The Managers of a Refuge in Whitechapel, which shelters 160 homeless men nightly, earnestly APPEAL for GIFTS of CAST-OFF CLOTHING.—Address, SECRETARY, 27, Kilburn Park-road, London, N.W.

THE HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN,

SOHO SQUARE, W.

Founded 1842. Incorporated by Royal Charter 1887.

In urgent need of Funds

TO MAINTAIN ALL ITS 66 BEDS IN CONSTANT USE.

Bankers, Messrs. BARCLAY, RANSOM, & Co.

DAVID CANNON, Secretary.

NORTH-WEST LONDON HOSPITAL.

KENTISH TOWN ROAD. Founded 1878.

The only Institution of the kind in the North-west District. Forty-seven Beds are available, eighteen of which are for Sick Children.

Last year 665 patients were treated in the wards, and 40,920 attended as out-patients.

FUNDS ARE MOST URGENTLY NEEDED.

ALFRED CRASKE, Secretary.

SALMON'S LANE MISSION,

LIMEHOUSE.

"CHRISTMAS CHEER."—Who will help us to send "Glad Tidings" into some of the Dark Homes in this part of East London? In many of the homes 'Xmas' will be a bitter mockery unless something is done.—Gifts received and acknowledged by the Secretary, J. BLAIR, 24, Salmon's-lane, Limehouse, E.

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FOR DISEASES OF THE THROAT, NOSE, & EAR,

204, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.

The Committee most earnestly appeal for FUNDS to enable them to furnish and maintain Two New Wards, which are standing empty. Annual Subscriptions are much needed.

BANKERS—Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59, Strand, W.C.

TREASURER—Major-General E. C. Sim, R.E. SECRETARY—Frank Horne.

WEST END HOSPITAL.

For Diseases of the Nervous System Paralysis, and Epilepsy.

73, WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W.

WITH SPECIAL WARDS FOR PARALYSED CHILDREN.

PATRONESS: *H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.*

Donations and Subscriptions are earnestly requested towards the Fund for Re-building the Hospital. £800 REQUIRED to complete the necessary sum. A little timely help in early life may often prevent the child from growing up to be a burden to himself and to others, and may be the means of giving to society a healthy man in place of a cripple.

H. A. DOWELL, *Treasurer.*

THE METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL, KINGSLAND ROAD, N.E. Patron, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; Chairman, Joseph Fry, Esq.; Treasurer, Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart., M.P.; Hon. Secretary, Sir Edmund Hay Currie. The New Building for 160 beds is now completed. The Hospital is conducted on strictly provident principles. Accidents and cases of urgency admitted at all hours free. This charity has an endowment of only £235 a year. Funds urgently needed for furnishing, opening, and maintaining the new wards. Bankers: Messrs. Glyn, Mills, & Co.; Lloyds Bank, Ltd.

CHARLES H. BYERS, Secretary.

"AS WELL FOR THE BODY AS THE SOUL."

THE CHILDREN OF DARKEST ENGLAND.

THE Committee of "**Dr. Barnardo's Homes**" desire to place before the readers of these pages the claims of these Institutions upon the benevolence of the thoughtful public.

At present the Homes contain the very large number of **4,200** Waif Children, for the most part rescued from the Slums, the Common Lodging Houses, and the miserable Life of Darkest England, constituting, in fact, the largest family of homeless children in the world. As may be imagined, a family so numerous demands a large sum for maintenance, education, industrial training, and Christian instruction £140 per day being required for food alone!

Three Open-All-Night Shelters are each night admitting numbers of the utterly Homeless, Friendless, Workless, and Foodless Class—pitiable Waifs and Strays. By means of these "Cities of Refuge" hands are laid upon some of the most needy and helpless children, who thus become recipients of the permanent benefits of the Homes.

Experienced agents are at work almost continually, day and night, searching throughout London for unhappy children who otherwise might escape notice, and who are suffering from want of food, from the companionship of the vicious and criminal, or from the savagery of cruel guardians.

No destitute child applying for admission has ever been refused during the whole history of the Institutions.

One fact connected with the Institutions, and not sufficiently realised by the public generally, is that children who are cripples, who are deaf and dumb, who are blind, or who are covered (as is often the case) with loathsome skin affections, are, if **Destitute,** immediately admitted to the Institutions, at any hour of the day or night, irrespective of age, sex, creed, or nationality.

There is no system of election adopted by the Managers, nor is the offer or promise of money ever necessary to secure admission for really destitute "Waifs and Strays."

About **1,600** trained youths and maidens leave the Institutions *every year* for situations at home and abroad, and their careers are subsequently watched over and followed until they reach manhood or womanhood.

Very nearly **5,000** Boys and Girls have been placed out in carefully selected homes in the Colonies, with the marvellous result that **less than 2 per cent. are reported as having failed.** **10,000** other young people have, after training, been placed out in service at home, or sent to sea. In all, **19,000** Children have been rescued and saved through the agency of these Homes.

Children of happy homes are invited to join the **Young Helpers' League,** an association of boys and girls of the upper and middle class, in aid of crippled, blind, deaf and dumb, and sick children of the Waif class (of which H.R.H. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, is the President). For forms of application write to Miss Rachel Norton, Secretary of the "Y.H.L.," at the address of the Offices given below.

£16 will support one *healthy* child for a whole year in any of our London Homes.

£9 will pay for the complete outfit and passage money of one child Emigrated to either of our Branch Homes in *Ontario*, Canada; £54 will do the same for six children.

Donations or Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Mr. William Fowler; by the Chairman of Committee, Mr. Samuel G. Sheppard; by the Bankers, London and South-Western Bank (Bow Branch), and Messrs. Prescott, Dimsdale, & Co.; or by the Director, Dr. Thos. J. Barnardo, at this address.

JOHN ODLING, *Secretary.*

Offices of "Dr. Barnardo's Homes and Mission,"
18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

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—As supplied to Clubs & Regimental Messes in India and United Kingdom.
NOTED for their MILD and delicate flavour

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Indian Trichinopoly Cigars and Cheroots.
OAKES & CO.'S "PAGODA" BRAND.

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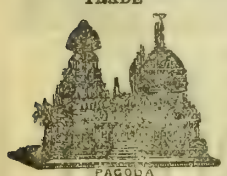

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ANGLO-INDIAN Specials | PAGODAS No. 1 and 2.
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SUPERS No. 1, 2, and 3. | FAVORITOS.
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LAIRITZ'S Pine-Wool Wadding, Oil, Extract for Bath, &c., of all the leading Chemists.
CAUTION:—Observe the Tree Trade Mark with Signature stamped on each piece

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Is the Best CHRISTMAS PRESENT for Friends.
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KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over
ONE HUNDRED YEARS,
and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post 34 stamps, from Sanger & Sons, 489, Oxford-street, London.

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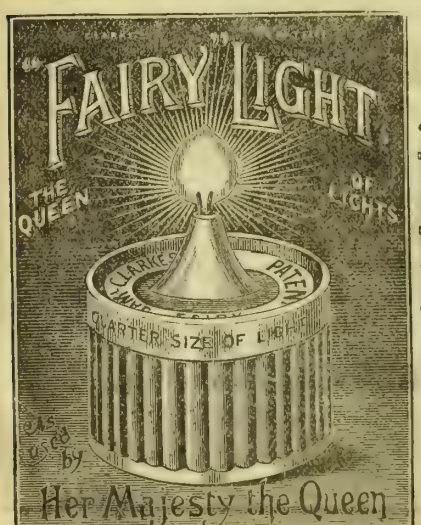

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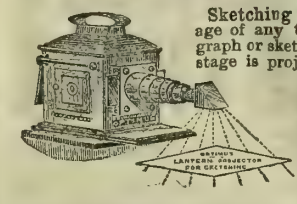

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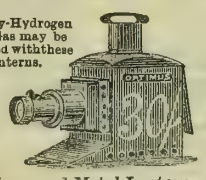

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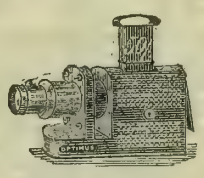

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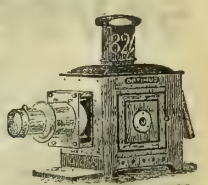

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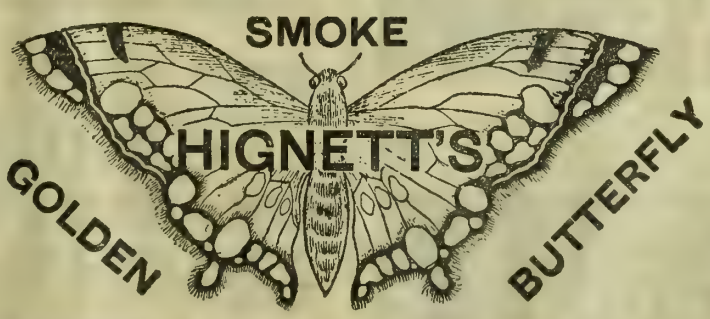

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Is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.

J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.

THE NEW REMEDY.

PITKEATHLY CUM LITHIA

The best Mineral Water

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, & SCIATICA.

It is stronger in the ingredients for the cure of these troublesome complaints than any other water now sold. It never fails to relieve, and, if continued long enough, it will dissolve Gouty deposits out of the Joints, as well as drive the *materies morbi* of Gout from the blood. It is also good in congestion of the Liver and Kidneys, for Acidity, Indigestion, and morning sickness with coated tongue.

"I use the ÆRATED PITKEATHLEY largely and value it, and find it is valued by patients."—The late Dr. MATTHEWS DUNCAN.

None Genuine unless signed "REID & DONALD" across the label. PERTH, N.B.

Blue & gold printed label. **4711** Extract of Double Strength.

EAU DE COLOGNE

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Always highest awards. To be had of all Chemists and Stores.

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21 Highest Prize Medals &c. Obtainable Everywhere.

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UNRIVALLED FOR THE SKIN.

Sole Manufacturer:—Geo. G. Blackwell, Liverpool. Price, 1s., of all Chemists Post Sample, 3d. London Agents—G. Vogt & Co., 19, Laurence Pountney Lane, E.C.

UNSURPASSED FOR OVER 50 YEARS.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR

LONDON & PARIS. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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OF

100 GUINEAS EACH

Are offered by the FRAME FOOD CO., Ld.,

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or similar Institutions, which will furnish, by the end of February, 1892, the most thorough and convincing evidence, based upon actual trials, of the therapeutic and dietetic value of "FRAME FOOD" EXTRACT and "FRAME FOOD" DIET.

It is intended to supply printed copies of these Reports to the competing Institutions, and to request the latter to vote for the Three Reports which they consider to be the best. The three gifts of one hundred guineas each will then be allotted to the Three Institutions whose Reports obtain the most votes.

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FRAME FOOD CO., Ltd., Lombard Road, Battersea, London, S.W.

SIX GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

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Non-Mercurial.

THE BEST and SAFEST article for CLEANING SILVER and ELECTRO PLATE. Sold in Boxes 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d each, by Grocers, Oilmen Chemists &c. everywher

THE LATE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD,
SIR MORELL MACKENZIE,
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and many other persons of distinction, have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established nearly a Quarter of a Century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an Inhalation and without any other bad effects. A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In tins, 4s. 3d. British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London; also of NEWBERY & SONS, BARCLAY & SONS, LYNCH & CO., J. SANGER & SONS, W. EDWARDS & SON, JOHN THOMPSON, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

THE FINEST TONIC

FER BRAVAIS most effective in restoring the vitality of the blood, and enabling the constitution to resist climatic influences.

FER BRAVAIS Invaluable in al cases of anæmia, influenza and general debility.

FER BRAVAIS Highly recommended for weak and debilitated children.

LANCET "*A beautiful and interesting preparation.*"

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"*It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth.*"

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS WITH DROP MEASURE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

CARLSBAD Natural Mineral Waters and Salts

Are used in the treatment of all cases in which the cure is recommended, viz., in Chronic Gastric Catarrh, Hyperæmia of the Liver, Gall Stones, Chronic Constipation, Diabetes, Renal Calculi, Gout, and diseases of the Spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

SOLE IMPORTERS—

INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

THE

American Tooth Crown Co.

(REGISTERED),

THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN DENTISTS,

24, OLD BOND STREET, W.

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DIAGRAMS OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH WITHOUT PLATES.

MASTICATING TOOTH. Too far decayed for filling.

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GOLD OR PORCELAIN CROWN.

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The above diagrams give an idea of the special system carried out by the gentlemen operators in attendance, who are from leading American Universities recognised by the American Dental Faculty. Specialities in Teeth without Plates, Crown and Bridge Work, Gold Filling, &c. By these methods, decayed teeth are painlessly and permanently saved and made useful. Extractions unnecessary. Fullest information and consultation without fee. Pamphlet on application to the Secretary.

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DR. GORDON'S ELEGANT PILLS

Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to

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ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: *"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."* Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors.

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A MANCHESTER CAPITALIST, MEMBER of a well-known and WEALTHY FIRM, having a considerable sum of UNINVESTED MONEY, is prepared to ADVANCE THE SAME in SUMS of NOT LESS than £20 to £1,000, to Persons of undoubted respectability, ON THEIR OWN PROMISSORY NOTE, WITHOUT ASKING for SURETIES or SECURITY, at a LOW and REASONABLE RATE of INTEREST, for short or long periods.

As this advertisement is not connected with any Loan Society, it is requested that habitual borrowers will not apply.—For full particulars apply personally or by letter to

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No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
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PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
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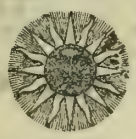
Invested Funds, £12,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.



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THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
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LIFE—ACCIDENT.
CHIEF OFFICE:—Insurance-buildings, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.
PREMIUM INCOME.

		Increase in Four Years.
1882	£7,929	
1886	86,006	£78,077
1890	226,001	139,995

Claims Paid (exceed) £420,000.
WILFRED A. BOWSER, Manager.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ASSETS OVER ... ... £24,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS ... ... 4,900,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, Jun., Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

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Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of London Banks. Deposits in sums of £10 and upwards received at rates varying with the length of notice. Terms on application.
No. 20, Budge-row, E.C. W. JOHNS, Secretary.

Established 1863.

THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,

20, BUDGE-ROW, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RESERVE FUND, £90,000.

Shares issued to 31st December, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F Shares (£30 each) during financial year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. FIVE PER CENT. paid on DEPOSITS of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice, four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851.) Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Three per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.

UNION DEPOSIT BANK.

No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.

[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
CAPITAL, £250,000. RESERVE, £120,000.
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE.
Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods.
From £30 to £5,000.

To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible person upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
Interest allowed on deposits, 5, 6, and 7 per cent.
EDWARD JOHNS, Manager.

£100 REWARD

WILL BE PAID BY THE

CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL COMPANY

To any Person who contracts the increasing Epidemic,

INFLUENZA,

Colds, or any Diseases caused by taking Cold,

After having used

THE CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL

Three times daily for two weeks, according to the printed directions supplied with each Ball.

£1,000 Is deposited with the **ALLIANCE BANK. REGENT STREET,** showing our sincerity in the matter. During the last epidemic of INFLUENZA, many thousand

CARBOLIC SMOKE BALLS

were sold as preventives against this disease, and in no ascertained case was the disease contracted by those using the CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL.

Testimonials.

The Marchioness De Sain writes from Padworth House, Reading. 13*th January*, 1890:—"The Marchioness has daily used the Smoke Ball since the commencement of the epidemic of Influenza, and has not taken the Influenza, although surrounded by those suffering from it."

A. Gibbons, Esq., Editor of the *Lady's Pictorial*, writes from 172, Strand, W.C., 14*th February*, 1890: "During a recent sharp attack of the prevailing epidemic, I had none of the unpleasant and dangerous catarrh and bronchial symptoms. I attribute this entirely to the use of the Carbolic Smoke Ball."

The Rev. Dr Chichester A. W. Reade, LL.D., D.C.L., writes from Banstead Downs, Surrey, *May*, 1890: "Although all my life I have been subject to four or five heavy head and chest colds in every year, I have been perfectly free from any **cold, cough, or other chest affection** since I bought a Carbolic Smoke Ball, in October, 1889. Also, although my duties in a large public institution have brought me daily, during the recent epidemic of **Influenza**, in close contact with the disease, I have been perfectly free from any symptom, by having the Smoke Ball always handy. It has also wonderfully improved my **voice** for speaking and singing."

One CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL will last a family several months, making it the cheapest remedy in the world at the price—10s., post free.

The CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL can be refilled when empty, at a cost of 5s., post free. Send for circular of important testimonials.

Carbolic Smoke Ball Co., 27, Princes' Street, Hanover Sq., London, W.

Premier Vinolia Soap

FOR THE MILLION! FOR THE MILLION!

4d. 4d.

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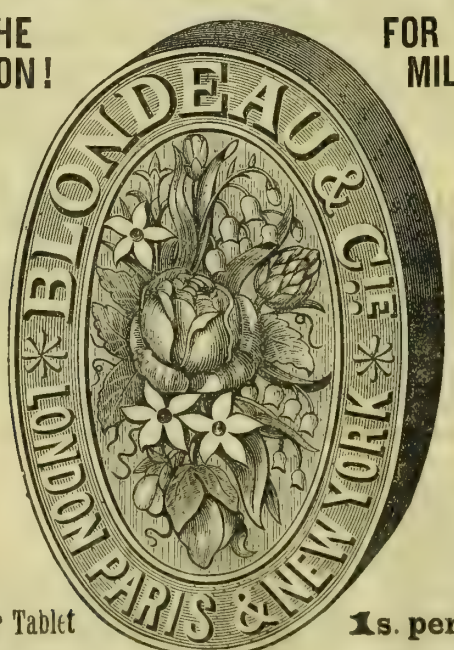

4d. per Tablet 1s. per Box.

Premier Vinolia Soap gives a profuse creamy, emollient lather, 4*d*.
Premier Vinolia Soap is of rare and most delicate fragrance, 4*d*.
Premier Vinolia Soap—no soda, sugar, spirit, irritating scents, 4*d*.
Premier Vinolia Soap keeps the skin clear, velvety, smooth, 4*d*.

A Christmas £1. 1s. Donation is Solicited,

THE COMMITTEE OF THE HOMES

OF THE

LONDON FEMALE PREVENTIVE

AND

REFORMATORY INSTITUTION.

Having received 500 Guineas in Donations, most earnestly APPEAL for the remaining 500 Guineas to complete the amount solicited in the previous Advertisement.

The Christmas and New Year's Offerings constitute the Chief Collection of the Year.

THE INSTITUTION SUSTAINS THE FOLLOWING HOMES:—

RESCUE HOMES.	PREVENTIVE HOMES.
200, Euston-road, N.W.	7, Parson's-green, S.W.
35, Eden-grove, Holloway.	459, Holloway-road, N.
Maude-grove, S.W.	461, Holloway-road, N.
5, Parson's-green, S.W.	

Open All Night Refuge—37, Manchester-street, King's Cross.

The above provide for nearly 250 inmates.

SUMMARY OF THE WORK OF THIS YEAR:—

500 admitted to the Homes, girls and young women, ranging from 15 to 30 years of age.

620 New Cases admitted to the Open All Night Refuge. In this Asylum, 6,500 absolutely FREE Lodgings have been given during this year, with necessary food at night; also breakfast in the morning.

400,000 Meals have been provided for the Inmates during the year.

£500 (at least) will have to be expended for Clothing this year.

No suitable case is ever rejected.

13,900 have been admitted to the Homes, and

15,800 admitted to the Open All Night Refuge.

£15 Required Daily to support the Homes.

All Cheques or Postal Orders of large or small amounts should be crossed as shown. Lloyd's Bank. For Friendless & Fallen.

FRANCIS NICHOLLS, Esq., Senior Member of the Committee, will receive DONATIONS at his City Offices, 14, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.

Donations may be sent direct to Lloyd's Bank, 54, St. James's-street, W.

A statement of the work of the Homes sent to any address.

Central Home and Offices—200, EUSTON ROAD, N.W.

EDWARD W. THOMAS, *Secretary.*

OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eleven days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on the morning of the second Monday succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14, letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 666.—QUAINT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

GUNGO (Real name and address will be given next week)	£1 1 0
LINTHORPE (" " ")	£1 1 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" HOME-MADE TOY AND DOLL SHOW.

In another part of this issue will be found a detailed description of the very successful Show held at the Polytechnic Institution, in Regent-street, last week. It is unnecessary to add anything in this column to that account save to announce that a list of the prizes awarded in the competition will be, if possible, published next week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 656.

As I have some spare space at my disposal this week, I think it only fair to the many who are interested in this competition to return to it. As has already been announced, the prize has been awarded to "OUTSIDER," who succeeded in giving a series of Quotations which passed muster, containing numbers 1 to 45 inclusive; and thinking the publication of "OUTSIDER'S" quotations will be a matter of general interest, I append them hereto :—

LIST OF QUOTATIONS FROM ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POETS CONTAINING NUMBERS 1 TO 45.

1. And *one* by one the bolts full easy slide ("The Eve of St. Agnes," Keats). 2. The knights came riding *two* by two ("Lady of Shalott," Tennyson). 3. And twined *three* threads of misty fleece ("Witch of Atlas," Shelley). 4. Her silver seasons *four* upon the night ("Hyperion," Keats). 5. In *five* pitched fields he well maintained ("Rokeby," canto iv., Scott). 6. I might be *six* years old ("Julian and Maddalo," Shelley). 7. The stars in her hair were *seven* ("The Blessed Damozel," Rossetti). 8. And *eight* years past, eight jousts had been ("Elaine," Tennyson). 9. Descend, ye *nine* (Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," Pope). 10. And of all the wicked *ten*, Appius Claudius was the worst ("Virginia," Macaulay). 11. 'Tis since the earthquake now *eleven* years ("Romeo and Juliet," act i., sc. 3). 12. The love of Christ and his Apostles *twelve* ("Canterbury Tales (The Good Parson)," Chaucer). 13. For *thirteen* hours he ran a desperate race ("Hart Leap Well," Wordsworth). 14. Come Lammastide at eve shall she be *fourteen* ("Romeo and Juliet," act i., sc. 3). 15. Full *fifteen* years and more were sped ("Bridal of Triermaine," canto ii., Scott). 16. *Sixteen* short howls, not over loud ("Christabel," Coleridge). 17. Fair was she to behold, that maiden of *seventeen* summers ("Evangeline," Longfellow). 18. Shows in her cheek the roses of *eighteen* ("Rape of the Lock," Pope). 19. Wordsworth informs us he was *nineteen* years ("Dedication to the Witch of Atlas," Shelley). 20. Saw we old Hildebrand with *twenty* horsemen ("Skeleton in Armour," Longfellow). 21. She thought of Julio just at *twenty-one* ("Blanca's Dream," Hood). 22. His age was barely *twenty-two* ("Bridal of Belmont," Praed). 23. I'm *twenty-three* and five-foot-nine ("Extempore," Burns). 24. And have a master of the knights and axes *twenty-four* ("Battle of Lake Regillus," Macaulay). 25. Some *five-and-twenty* years, and then we masqued ("Romeo and Juliet," act i., sc. 5). 26. Her years were ripe; they might take *six-and-twenty* ("Don Juan," canto v., Byron). 27. But strike six from *seven-and-twenty* ("Don Juan," canto xiv., Byron). 28. The woman I worshipped in *twenty-eight* ("Twenty-Eight-and-Nine," Praed). 29. *Nine-and-twenty* knights of fame ("Lay of the Last Minstrel," Scott). 30. Mature and perfect from his dark retreat of *thirty* years ("The Seasons," Thompson). 31. Days and nights has *thirty-one* ("Macbeth," act. iv., sc. 1). 32. Marks *thirty-and-two* of blessed birth ("Light of Asia," Sir Edwin Arnold). 33. So Janet and she, now about *thirty-three* ("Aunt Fanny," Ingoldsby). 34. And now, yes, I'm *thirty-four* ("London Lyrics," Locker). 35. To die at *thirty-five* in Babylon ("Tristran and Iseult," Matt. Arnold). 36. Some five or *six-and-thirty* of his knights ("King Lear," act iii., sc. 7). 37. And the swords were *thirty-seven* ("The Swords were Thirty-seven," Halpin). 38. Out of *thirty-eight* spacious and haughty states ("Songs of the Banner," Whitman). 39. In reverence to the sins of *thirty-nine* ("Epilogue to the Satires," Pope). 40. There were *forty* craft in Avis that were both swift and stout ("Last Buccaneer," Kingsley). 41. Died aged *forty-one* ("To Think of Time," Walt. Whitman). 42. Thou shalt continue *two-and-forty* hours ("Romeo and Juliet," act iv., sc. 2). 43. Or at the age of *forty-three* ("Stella's Birthday," Swift). 44. *Four-and-forty* valiant men ("The Prophecy of Capys," Macaulay). 45. *Five-and-forty* beads must tell ("Christabel," Coleridge).—Outsider.

I explained in a former number the grounds on which I rejected many of the quotations furnished by competitors whose lists claimed to be much longer than "OUTSIDER'S," and I have no doubt that the competitors in question will, without difficulty, have recalled the quotations which, so to speak, introduced a link of fatal weakness into their chain of extracts.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 670.

The prize for the best Epigrammatic Description of Christmas has been awarded to NIBS for

PRIZE EPIGRAMMATIC DEFINITION OF CHRISTMAS.

A Christian festival presided over by a heathen deity—Bacchus. .—Nibs.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 674.

On this and the following page will be found a number of Puzzle Sentences. To ask competitors to attempt the solution of all these for the current week's Puzzle would be making too heavy a demand upon their time and patience; but I think that many readers of these pages will be willing to attempt the solution of a portion of them, and the usual prize of Two Guineas is, therefore, offered to that competitor who sends in

THE MOST CORRECT INTERPRETATION OF THE PUZZLE SENTENCES NUMBERED 1 TO 25.

All answers must be received by me on the morning of Monday, January 4, at the latest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The real name and the address of OUTSIDER, winner of Prize No. 656, are Miss L. Gibson, 3, Church-street, Reigate.

*** Miss L. Gibson has kindly requested me to hand over the sum of five shillings out of her prize to the TRUTH Toy Fund.

*** The real name and address of DUMNORIX, winner of Prize No. 668, are Miss Margaret Backhouse, 52, St. James's-road, Tunbridge Wells.

T. and WANDERING JEW.—Your definitions of Christmas arrived too late for publication.

KINGSTON.—Many thanks for your note. It was, of course, intended that the anecdotes should be original.

P.—Your conundrum arrived too late for publication.

J. MCGRIGOR ALLAN.—I reciprocate your good wishes. Your rhymed answer will appear in due course.

COOEY-NA-GALL.—I am much obliged to you for your letter and its enclosure. I fear, though, that it is scarcely practicable to give a puzzle of the kind that you suggest.

SIR PAT FELIS, MALIGNANT, UNDECIDED, GEORGINA, YTREHOD, and T. S. A.—I have received a letter from a gentleman who asks that he may be placed in communication with you in reference to the words of the songs by you recently published in TRUTH. Will you please write and say if you consent to my giving your names and addresses to my correspondent, and, if so, please add the address to which a letter should be sent? THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 671.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SENTENCES FORMED ON A GIVEN MODEL.

*** It may be well to state, for the enlightenment of those who are not competitors, the principle on which the following sentences are, or should be, constructed. To explain this let us take the first specimen :—

D Y; KLIM.

The full interpretation of this is, "No air in dairy; milk turned." That is to say, the letters "air" are left out of the word "dairy," leaving only "D Y;" whilst the letters of the word "milk" have been reversed in order or turned. With this explanation, possibly many readers of TRUTH will be able to puzzle out the meaning of some, at least, of the other printed "specimens." The interpretation of all these "specimens" will be given in TRUTH for the week after next.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

1. D Y; KLIM.—Malignant.
2. Part of a cricket score: J NES.—C. F. Reid.
3. PEBACE.—Singeon.
4. POTMAN.—Singeon.
5. KAMIHAVESCKA.—Singeon.
6. SGNIHT.—Singeon.
7. PURD3E.—Singeon.
8. WN DUBDNALIN TLIFHEFEYY.—Georgina.
9. ROCHAM, WORTON; HOUNLEL, FTAHV-EEORTSHHEARM.—R. F.
10. TONE RUSNOWSIA. CITARRIES FRO STAR.—Bel Demonio.
11. GIBRAL MALANDHASTA.—Gagool.
12. LL LL SUETBURN.—Malda.
13. COHISAMANME BY S.—Wraith.
14. S SHAWELONDONREWL.—L. I. C.
THE TRUTH ABOUT "TRUTH."
15. T Spitellite of Ab; "O X X u s, manorolice."—Nodding Volet.

16. HOUSE DISSHIPTRESS.—Pompeii.

17. PTON ELEPLITTLEHAMHANT. — Coaly Tyne.

18. FERAGH TE ASRIGHTIA CHITOCOCHNA. — Garryowen.

19. SHAIP GERY LEAVES HIS M FRIENDS SAALMOSTNE.—Guellier Rose.

20. ONE FRANCANDISE.—Effiorenzo.

21. THE MEADOW; I SEE THE PEO PLE; THE P . . CE.—Bushranger.

22. DOMACE'S AC . OF DELANDAL HAS PRIRISENCE.—Bushranger.

23. (A brilliant trio!) T . N . AND T . . E.—Bushranger.

24. KINI.—Rose de Noel.

25. R. PHERISON.—Sinona.

26. FALLSBATWOMENLLOONFALLS.—Leirion.

27. THE S ER HAHOMESTE FROMRSIA ANDTHE T PAR [due LROEANCDOHN time].—Dora.

28. LIFEBONBOAT DEMAYBEAL.—Dora.

29. S ISASRAREAS THEPICILLYDAY.—Dora.

30. HI ALL IS DULL YOFORREADTHEUNG.—Dora.

D
N
A

31. AOMEMAN MENABSATUSMEN THESTREET SHOPN.

W
A
S
Hippo.

32. ER FAISSTOLENCT.—Guido.

33. JLIA Your HOAUNOTESE.—Richman.

34. U ME I.—Richman.

35. I WEN TO LABOUR BUT FOND.—Excelsior.

36. PARS CALANDAIS.—Excelsior.

37. CBRIADGEM.—Usk.

38. SCOTLAND AD S M RTIN L G AND.—Usk.

39. LON OXFORDDON.—Usk.

40. SIMEGHT.—X. Y. Z.

41. ONE THAWASFOUND MES.—Josephine.

42. DERRY LONFOUNDDON.—Josephine.

43. SHIP M.—Mona.

44. EIXLPORVESESYIBOLUY.—Montauk.

45. LIDEWERATHFE.—Godfather.

46. A ER,
THAT OVER;
THO' BLI IBSS
D I CON MYLOVE'S STANCY.
Godfather.

47. DON AND PSHED BUBUTILBOTHTH; A TOOABYE OR WETWDO.—W. S. R.

48. LELL, AFDIGHOT, PONITD AND COONS-WOLABNLERE.—W. S. R.

49. PUR BHDANDHAVETAN.—Gagool.

50. . . . . No control . . . .
Wo circumstances her husband.—Peter.

51. AMIS CLUAREDED.—The Old Mole.

52. AB.—The Old Mole.

53. TAISLY GI.—The Old Mole.

54. NING MISANDTHAVELEY.—Neewod.

55. ILA LUCAND.—Neewod.

56. OX WITHANDWASNELL.—Neewod.

57. R NEWANDHASARK.—Effiorenzo.

58. REM BAHSENDASTEG.—Bim.

59. FFIELD The Solent SHECOWES HER HOMEIS.—Microbe.

60. The TEWR CC
IS
MAINRCH
Gentle.

61. N LIVELIVERPOOL.—Er.

62. LINCOLN ISIA.—Esperanza.

63 DPEARBTAIETSE FTEONPUOURNDMN-OETEN.—Nacnud.

64. A wire from Eastbourne:—CITIED MOB BAND WIC.—Quatix.

65. P CAANDKE.—Dilaram.

66. BERRY PIITT.—Dilaram.

67. TO THE FYING P FIRE.—Da Height.

68. 4 AMERCAB 5.—Da Height.

69. NOR IBRUELAND.—A. North.

70. THE BOCKX.—Singeon.

71. MOTINTION JURANDED TERHIMSELF-NALLY.—Singeon.

72. LIMISSNK.—Singeon.

Sentences have also been received from Sal, Darby, Fay, Puppy, Wandering Jew, Spup, Plym, Posse.

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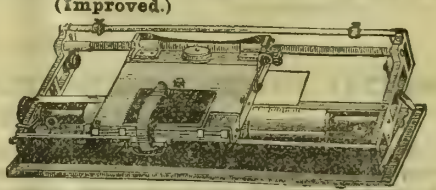

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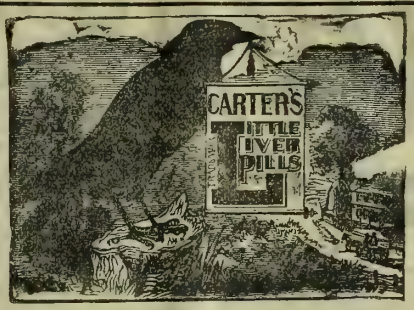

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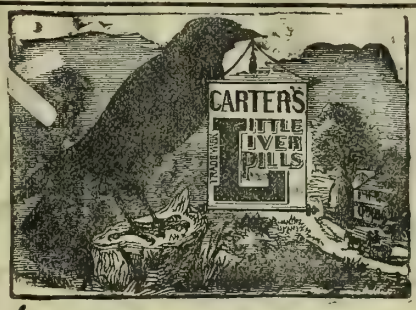

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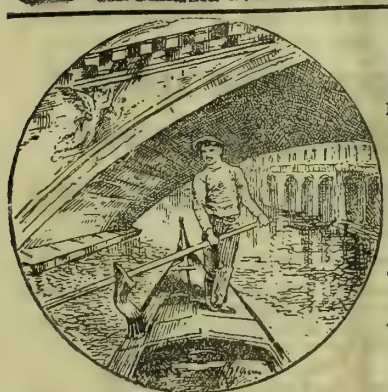

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 783. Vol. XXX. Thursday, December 31, 1891. Price Sixpence.

A List *of* Prize-winners *in the* "Truth" Doll *and* Toy Competitions *will be found on p.* 1406.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

I COULD wish that by some combination and development of Professor Edison's wonderful inventions it had been possible for all the contributors to the Truth Fund to have witnessed the distribution of the toys last week, for I am sure they would have thoroughly enjoyed the experience. By dint of hard work the 25,000 dolls and toys which were exhibited at the Polytechnic on the 16th and 17th inst. were packed up and sent out on the 18th and 19th, so that in all cases they reached their destinations in good time for the Christmas festivities, to the enjoyment of which they so considerably contributed. Of the interesting scenes which accompanied the distribution of the toys at the Hospitals and Workhouses I have received many accounts, and from all sides have come the most sincere expressions of appreciative thanks. It would, in fact, be difficult to over-estimate the sum-total of the pleasure which the seasonable generosity of the readers of this journal has occasioned; and I feel confident that a knowledge of the boundless delight which has been caused to upwards of 24,000 poor children will amply repay those to whose labour and contributions that boundless delight has unquestionably been due.

The newly-minted Silver Sixpences which formed so prominent a feature at the Toy Show were distributed on Wednesday, the 23rd inst., to the elder children in the Metropolitan Workhouses, Workhouse Schools, and Workhouse Infirmaries. To carry out this distribution the number of coins required was 10,556; and it was therefore necessary to supplement the generous gift of the anonymous donor by an addition of 456 sixpences. As the amount of the surplus sixpences has in previous years been handed over to the Toy Fund, I have thought that the extra sum of £11. 8s., which has been distributed this Christmas, may fairly be debited to that Fund, and I propose accordingly to meet the deficit in that way. I have received the following towards the Toy Fund:—

Mollie, 5s.; Rev. K. H. Barnes, £1. 1s.; Twins, £1. 1s.; M. W. C., 5s.; R. K. S., 10s.; the Officers of 10th R. Hussars, £10. 5s.; C., Better Late than Never, 5s.; B. M., 2s. 6d.; Fanquar, £1; B. & H., £1; Carrie Forbes sends 10s. School Board children's free dinners

A distribution of toys to the children in the local workhouse and hospitals took place at Devonport on Christmas-day, the fund for the purpose having been raised by the officers and men in the Royal Naval Barracks. The distribution was performed in the board-room of the workhouse by Mrs. Coombs, wife of Lieutenant Coombs, R.N., who has acted as honorary secretary of the fund. It is a subject of congratulation to me to see the example of the Truth Toy Distribution thus followed in other large towns, and still more to see the movement spreading to France, America, and the Colonies.

In connection with this matter the suggestion has been made to me—not for the first time—that Truth should next year undertake the collection of a sort of national fund to supply not only the London workhouses with toys, but all those throughout the country which are without local funds for this purpose. I am sorry to say that I do not see my way at present to undertake a task of this magnitude. But, as I see that ladies take on all sides great interest in this work, I would ask some of them why they should not form local committees to carry it out from various centres. What one humble journalist has been able to do in a city the size of London, it ought not to be difficult for a handful of enthusiasts to accomplish in any less densely inhabited district.

Extensive and costly improvements are to be carried out at Balmoral during the next four months. Several of the principal apartments are to be entirely redecorated, and the sanitary arrangements of the Castle are to be overhauled. There have recently been loud complaints at Aberdeen that the river Dee is extensively polluted by sewage at Balmoral, Ballater, Braemar, and other places on its banks, and a careful examination of the water at various suspected points was made last autumn with no very satisfactory results. The Queen is, therefore, going to have everything thoroughly looked into and all defects remedied before her spring visit to Balmoral, which will be made at a later period than usual next year, an intimation having been made that her Majesty need not be expected in Scotland until May 27 or 28.

There are vacancies in the Household for two Grooms-in-Waiting. One must be filled by a Member of the House of Commons, but the other is a permanent place, and I hear that it is to be offered to Admiral Sir John Commerell, who is now an extra Groom-in-Waiting to

the Queen. The appointment of this popular and deserving officer would meet with general approval.

Her Majesty is to hold two Drawing Rooms at Buckingham Palace during the first fortnight in March, but the precise dates of these functions will not be fixed for several weeks to come. The Queen will receive the Diplomatic Corps at the first Drawing Room, in accordance with her usual practice since the holding of an annual Court by her Majesty was discontinued.

There is not the slightest foundation whatever for the announcement of a contemporary that the Queen "is thoroughly dissatisfied with the working of the new regulations for Drawing Rooms . . . . which have not prevented the traffic in presentations." This is nonsense, for the new regulations have worked admirably. It is quite untrue, moreover, that a new series of "more drastic" regulations will be issued early in the spring.

The Queen's custom of leaving the general company at Drawing Rooms to be received by the Princess of Wales has caused a very large increase in the number of special applications for the privilege of the entrée. These "special applications" are requests for the entrée for the one day only, and they all go before the Queen herself, who last year rejected three out of every four petitioners. It had become absolutely necessary to draw the line, in consequence of the enormous number of persons who now enjoy that privilege, the majority of them officially. All ex-Cabinet Ministers, Ambassadors, and Great Officers, and their respective wives, have the entrée for life, and it has been given from personal considerations to a legion of people of all sorts and conditions.

Jane Lady Churchill, who is staying at Osborne as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, will be replaced next Tuesday by Lady Southampton, who is to stay until January 19, when Lady Ampthill comes. Lady Churchill is to accompany the Queen to the Continent, and Sir Henry Ponsonby, Major Bigge, and a Maid-of-Honour will complete the travelling suite. The Duke of Rutland will go as Minister in attendance. If the Queen does become the guest of the Emperor William, either at Coblenz or anywhere else, when she is passing through Germany on her way home, Lord de Ros and Sir John Commerell will go out to meet her, in order to act as Lord and Groom in Waiting; and also a couple of Equerries, of whom Sir John McNeill will be one.

It has been found utterly impossible to have the Royal wedding anywhere but at Windsor, although there was a very strong desire in what are termed "exalted quarters" that the ceremony should take place in London, and orders had been given to make arrangements for a marriage in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace. When, however, the business of drawing out "the ceremonial to be observed" was seriously commenced, it was speedily discovered that the most expert "packer" in Chicago could not by any possibility find room for half the company in the Buckingham Palace chapel, which was most inconveniently crowded when the Duke and Duchess of Fife were married there. The arrangements at Windsor are to be as nearly as possible the same as they were when the Duke of Connaught and the late Duke of Albany were married in St. George's Chapel.

The circumstantial statements which have appeared respecting the future household of the Duke and Duchess of Clarence are of the most speculative character, for nothing has yet been arranged, and the members of the household will be selected by the Queen and the Prince of Wales. The duties of the principal members of this household are likely to be of a very delicate and arduous nature, and it is essential that only thoroughly experienced persons, having decided tact and *savoir faire*, and a considerable knowledge of society, should be appointed to it. There is not likely to be any eagerness for selection among the kind of people whose services it is desired to obtain.

Her Majesty has commissioned Angeli, the Vienna artist, to come to England next month, in order that he may paint a portrait of Princess May of Teck, which is to be hung in the private apartment in Windsor Castle. Surely a British artist might have been selected to paint this portrait, especially as the last picture which Angeli executed for the Queen was anything but a success.

The *Observer* makes the utterly crazy statement that it is not yet certain whether the Duke of Clarence will be appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland or Viceroy of India. There is no more idea in any sane mind of sending H.R.H. to Calcutta than of making him Lord Chancellor or Archbishop of Canterbury. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is merely an ornamental figure-head, and, if it is deemed desirable to try the experiment of establishing a member of the Royal Family in Dublin, the Duke of Clarence will do just as well as any of his relatives. I announced a fortnight ago that the Duke's appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is in contemplation, but in any case it will not take place for several months to come. Lord Zetland is anxious to retire, but he would consent to hold the office until at least the middle of next summer.

The celebration of the golden wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha will be by far the most important event of next year if it leads to the meeting at Coburg, early in May, of the Queen, the Emperor William, and the Empress Frederick, the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Emperor of Austria (one of the Duke's most intimate friends), Princess Clémentine, and the other members of the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha clan.

Several papers have reported the death, at New York, of a lady who is described as having been "once a Maid-of-Honour at the Court of George IV." Whatever this lady may have been, she most certainly never could have

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 1412 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 1413.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 1414.

been a Maid-of-Honour "at the Court of George IV.," for there were no such functionaries during his reign. Maids-of-Honour disappeared on the death of Queen Charlotte, and it was not until Queen Adelaide came to the fore, twelve years afterwards, that any more were appointed.

It seems that the Committee of the British Club at Biarritz were a little too zealous in their insulting refusal to admit Mr. Gladstone to the club during his stay in the town, and that they have had to re-consider their decision in deference to the strong feeling of the general body of members. For the sake of the club, and the credit of the English colony in the eyes of their French neighbours, this is as well. A correspondent at Biarritz assures me that the idea of using this occasion to insult Mr. Gladstone was entirely confined to the Committee, who belong, I suppose, to the class of out-at-elbows hangers-on of society, to be found at most Continental watering-places which boast an English club. Doubtless, these gentry are the husbands and male relatives of the females who conceived the brilliant idea of attempting to wound Mr. Gladstone's feelings by wearing primroses on his arrival, as though he would care what they wore.

The new Duke of Devonshire is to receive his father's Garter, and he will also succeed him as Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire.

The late Duke was buried on Saturday in the picturesque churchyard at Edensor, which adjoins and overlooks Chatsworth Park, by his own express wish. The old burial-place of the Cavendish family is a vault beneath the chancel of the principal church at Derby, and the coffins of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and of her husband, the fourth Duke, were placed there. The fifth Duke, who died in 1858, left peremptory instructions that the family vault was not to be opened for him, but that he was to be buried in an ordinary grave at Edensor, and the same place was selected for the interment of the late Duke's brother and his two younger sons.

It is a mistake to describe the tragical death of Lord Frederick Cavendish as "the one great sorrow" of the late Duke of Devonshire's life. It was a terrible affliction, but "the one great sorrow" of the Duke's life was the early death of his wife, to whom he was most devotedly attached, and her loss cast a permanent shadow over him; for he never forgot her, and never ceased to lament her. Lady Burlington, who was a sister of Lord Carlisle and of the Duchess of Sutherland, was married in 1829, and she died in 1840. Her beauty, accomplishments, and sweetness of disposition were widely known. From the hour of his wife's death the late Duke devoted himself to the care of his four children, and to the management and improvement of his vast property, and he earned the reputation of being the most generous, considerate, judicious, and enterprising landowner in England.

The death of Lady Grizel Baillie, who died last week at her residence near St. Boswells, after a few days' illness, from influenza, will be much regretted by all her friends and by her neighbours of all classes, particularly the poor, to whom she was always most generous, kind, and sympathetic. Lady Grizel Baillie was a Scottish lady of the old school, clever, well-read, shrewd, charitable, and deeply religious. She was a devoted adherent of the Church of Scotland, of which she was the first Deaconess. Lady Grizel was a daughter of the late Mr. Baillie, of Mellerstone, and a sister of the late Lord Haddington.

Lord and Lady Dudley are to have a large house party next week at Witley Court, for the Hunt Ball at Worcester on Tuesday night, and the Malvern Ball on Thursday night.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who have a large family party staying with them at Eaton Hall, will receive numerous guests next week for the Chester Infirmary Ball on Tuesday night.

Lord and Lady Abergavenny have a large party this week at Eridge Castle for the Hunt Ball, which is to take place to-night at Tunbridge Wells. Lord Abergavenny goes next week to Brighton for a stay of two months.

It is rather startling to hear that Chiswick House, where Fox and Canning died, and where the fifth Duke of Devonshire gave so many splendid entertainments, including his famous party for the Emperor Nicholas, is to be converted into a private lunatic asylum. The late Duke did not like Chiswick, whereas it was a very favourite residence with his predecessor. It has been let to Lord Bute for several years, and it had previously been lent by the Duke to various relatives. The house is a very fine one, though rather gloomy, but the grounds are charming and contain many splendid trees, including seven of the finest cedars in the country.

Mr. Steel, of Camerton, Cumberland, who died last week, was one of the largest and most successful breeders of horses in the North of England. His stud included thoroughbreds, Clydesdales, and hackneys. Mr. Steel was a son of Mr. Steel, of Walby, who was in his day also a very famous breeder of horses.

The value of the prizes offered for the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Warwick next summer is £5,018, of which amount £740 is contributed by the Local Committee. It is expected that the Prince of Wales will be the guest of Lord Warwick at Warwick Castle during the Show week.

I referred recently to a proposal for the federation or amalgamation of all the farmers' clubs in the country, which had emanated from the Chester Farmers' Club. At a meeting of this club last week, the secretary put forward the details of his scheme, which contemplates the

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formation of a central club and officers with delegates from all the associated clubs. Up to the present time the proposal has been received with unanimous favour by all the farmers' clubs, and there can be no doubt that if the scheme is successfully worked out it will enormously increase the strength of the farmers in dealing with the various questions in which the agricultural interest is at present concerned.

Lord Willoughby De Eresby delivered a very sensible speech at an agricultural dinner at Bourn the other day, in which he expressed his opinion that agriculturists of all classes "must make up their minds steadily to face the present depression, instead of hankering after good times which may never return." Lord Willoughby added that "landlords must get on with reduced rents, and farmers must be content with smaller profits." This, indeed, is the common sense of the matter.

At one time and another I have given the good people of Bournemouth several practical hints for adding to the attractions of their town. It was, therefore, humiliating to hear that they contemplated such an insane scheme as the acquisition by the Corporation of the dismal "Winter Gardens" for the purpose of a "public rendezvous." Neither in itself, nor in its situation or surroundings, is this place suited to supply the gap which undoubtedly exists in Bournemouth, and this is so obvious that were I a Bournemouth ratepayer I should distinctly scent jobbery in the project for planting the concern upon the public. What Bournemouth requires is an establishment combining the attractions of the casinos at Continental watering-places, with those of Devonshire Park at Eastbourne, and a good club in London, and the proper site is obviously the garden between the Poole-road and the pier. I should myself build it immediately overlooking the sea. Every pound spent on carrying out this idea would be worth twenty devoted to acquiring such a white elephant as the present Winter Gardens.

The following passage from Ouida's "Guilderoy," published in 1889, shows how far we move in politics in the course of two or three years. I look forward to seeing the passage revised in the next edition of "Guilderoy," in deference to the future Duke of Brummagem:—

"Britons still love lords," replied Guilderoy, "and will do so even when Mr. Chamberlain, as President of the Republic, shall have decreed that all titles must be abolished."

A writer who announced that Lord Rosebery "has been caught tripping," because he states that Mr. Pitt "had no time to keep abreast of modern literature, although he knew that he delighted in Scott," has found a fine mare's-nest, the discovery of which he would not have been so eager to proclaim if he had taken the smallest pains to verify the facts of the case. It is true that Mr. Pitt died in 1806, that "Marmion" was not published until 1808, and that "Waverley" did not appear until 1814. Nevertheless, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" came out in 1805, and Mr. Pitt read it carefully, on the recommendation of his friend and Scott's friend, Henry Dundas, the first Lord Melville. In Lockhart's delightful biography of Scott is to be found a letter from Dundas, in which he tells the poet with what "delight" Mr. Pitt had perused and re-perused his work, which the Minister warmly praised to Lady Hester Stanhope. Lord Rosebery is quite right, and it is his egregious critic who has been "tripping."

Sir Edwin Arnold, who has been informing the New York Press Club that when he was "a successful newspaper-man" he wanted, and I presume had, "the hide of a rhinoceros and a hair-trigger intellect," has lately contributed to the *Forum* his admiration of Lord Tennyson's hands, which it seems "are manly and powerful in outline, but delicate and finely formed as those of a poet should be." Now, who would have thought that any particular kind of hand was wanted for writing poetry? For carpentry, I could understand there might be, or for blacksmith's work, or even for painting. But why for poetry? Perhaps some Scotchman will kindly write and tell me what sort of hands Burns (who wrote decentish poetry) had. By the way, there is only one kind of hand which I dislike—the "white hand" so common in fiction, and, I am sorry to say, in fact also. It always reminds me of trotters. It is ghostly—it is not natural—and it is produced artificially by being made to perspire under cover. Many women have it. It is an odious blemish.

The vacant Mastership of Pembroke College, Oxford, which is in the gift of the Fellows of that society, will be filled up before the commencement of Lent Term. Several of the papers state that this office is worth £4,000 a year, which must be an outrageous exaggeration. It is not easy to know what the Head of a College ever does get. Very often the Bursar himself can only guess at the total amount of the Head's official income. It used to be said by the Fellows of one Oxford College that all they knew about the pecuniary position of the famous Divine who was then their Head was that he was very much inclined to rack-rent his tenants. The income of Pembroke has been reduced (like those of all the other Colleges) by agricultural depression. The Canonry in Gloucester Cathedral, which has hitherto been annexed to this office, is in future to be separated from it, by a decree of the last University Commission. The Stall, however, has long ceased to be a lucrative piece of preferment, as the revenues of the Chapter of Gloucester are principally derived from estates which now yield a comparatively poor income. The Residentiary Canons, who formerly received £650 each, are now down to about £250, while the Dean's nominal £1,500 a year has dwindled to less than £300, so it is fortunate that Dr. Spence is a rich man.

The Chair of Conveyancing in Edinburgh University, which has become vacant by the death of Professor Fraser Tytler, is worth about £1,200 a year, and is in the gift of

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the Society of Writers to the Signet. The new Professor will be appointed in a few weeks, but he is not to enter upon his duties before next November.

Mr. Ray Lankester has been elected to the Chair of Human and Comparative Anatomy at Oxford, in succession to the late Professor Moseley. The appointment, which was fully expected, will meet with general approval in University circles.

A stately cross of red granite, with Celtic ornament, has just been placed over the grave of Archbishop Thomson in the churchyard at Bishopthorpe. Mrs. Thomson has decided to remain in her old neighbourhood, and she has taken a small house between York and Bishopthorpe, where she intends to reside with one of her younger sons, who is engaged in a bank in York.

Dean Argles, who has been a most munificent contributor to the fund for the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral, ever since the work was commenced, is defraying the whole cost of the new marble pavement which is now being laid down in the choir, the amount being upwards of £2,500. The design, which is very beautiful and elaborate, is being worked out in mosaic by a number of skilled artisans from Italy. The Dean has just announced his intention of subscribing £500 towards the fund which has been started for the enlargement and renovation of the famous organ of the Cathedral.

Lord Salisbury's latest episcopal appointment can only be attributed to the fact that he is in a state of utter despondency at the direful prospects of his Ministry. The translation of Bishop Bardsley to Carlisle is simply intended to conciliate the Lancashire Orangemen, and it can only be described as a scandalous job, which is in accordance with the very worst Tory traditions. It was hoped that the discreditable practice of making political appointments to bishoprics had entirely ceased since Mr. Gladstone inaugurated a new system, for he never thought about the politics of any ecclesiastic whom he was recommending for preferment. Bishop Bardsley is an austere Evangelical of the old Islington school, and a violent Tory of the type which is popular in Liverpool. There is not a doubt that he is indebted to the circumstance of the Duke of Devonshire's death for his translation. The Low Church party are strong in Lancashire, and Rossendale is in that county. *Verb. sap.*

That I am not mistaken in my view of the principle or motive on which Bishop Bardsley's translation has been adventured, is proved by the fact that Lord Salisbury has selected Archdeacon Straton, of Wakefield, who is now the leader of the Yorkshire Low Churchmen, and a most militant Evangelical, for the See of Sodor and Man. This appointment has, no doubt, been suggested by Lord Abergavenny, who twice offered Archdeacon Straton the rich living of Frant, and I am told that he had previously strongly urged his elevation to the Bench. Archdeacon Straton likes hard work, and he is an excellent organiser and administrator, but he will not find much scope for his peculiar talents in the Isle of Man. He is quite as strong a partisan as Bishop Bardsley, and Archbishop Maclagan certainly will not relish such thoroughly polemic appointments.

In consequence of the promotion of Archdeacon Straton to a Bishopric, the important living of Wakefield, the net value of which is £400 a year, with house, falls to Mr. Balfour, and, inasmuch as the parish church is now the cathedral of the new diocese, he will do well to consult with Bishop How before he makes an appointment. Lord Salisbury will select the new Archdeacon of Huddersfield, whose office is worth £200 a year, and, under the special circumstances of the case, this post should be annexed to the vicarage of Wakefield.

An office which was held by such distinguished ecclesiastics as Hook and Burgon could not be despised by any divine, but there is certainly a wide feeling that Archdeacon Norris had richly earned higher and more lucrative preferment than the Deanery of Chichester. The Archdeacon has been eminently successful as school inspector, parish clergyman (he held the important living of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, for several years, and did a great work there), and as the constantly-resident and only really active member of the Chapter of Bristol. He is also distinguished for his attainments as a scholar and as a theologian. He was Bishop Fraser's examining chaplain throughout that lamented prelate's episcopate. The claims of Archdeacon Norris on the dispensers of Crown patronage have decidedly met with scanty recognition, for he will receive a smaller stipend as Dean of Chichester than he did as Archdeacon and Canon of Bristol.

The Stall at Bristol which will be vacated by Archdeacon Norris is worth £650 a year, and is in the gift of Lord Salisbury, who, it may be hoped, will appoint a clergyman who will live in Bristol throughout the year, and devote himself entirely to his duties at and in connection with the Cathedral. The Archdeaconry is worth £180 a year, and is in the gift of Bishop Ellicott.

I cannot congratulate Mr. Balfour on his appointment to the important Crown living of Nuneaton, which is worth about £1,000 a year. The Church papers announce that he has presented the Rev. J. G. Adderley, who has been only three years in orders, and whose claims upon the patronage of the Government consist in the fact that he is a son of Lord Norton, who has long been prominent in Warwickshire as a zealous Tory. Mr. Adderley may be an exemplary clergyman, but it is really monstrous that so young a man should be pitchforked into such a living as Nuneaton, over the heads of hundreds of hard-working and most deserving seniors.

Canon Scott-Holland is to be in residence at St. Paul's Cathedral during January, and he will preach on Sunday afternoons throughout the month.

In reply to one or two military readers who write to me this week, and to others who write to me week by week all the year round, I really must point out that the amount of time at my disposal—especially at this time of year—is limited. Government paper, as I see, is cheap, and also large; but that does not justify warriors in bombarding an editor with documents the size of blue books, when all the facts in the volume could be boiled down into a single paragraph. The prolixity of the military scribbler is an evil which no writer on the condition of the Army has yet done justice to. With the view of combating it, I suggest that military correspondents should write to me in future on postcards, and I promise to give first attention to those who act on this suggestion.

When expressing the opinion that a soldier who has once earned his pension ought not to be deprived of it for misconduct after his discharge, I was not aware that it is the practice of a frugal Government to deduct 10 per cent. from the pay of any official in its service who holds a naval or military pension. My attention has just been called to this practice, which seems to be a triumph of shabby injustice. To all intents and purposes this is a deduction from the pension. It is a matter of no consequence to the officer whether he is told, "We shall deduct 10 per cent. from the pay of this post because you already have a pension;" or, "We shall deduct the same amount off your pension because you are going to take another post under Government." The pension is made a ground for sweating the man, although the appearance of docking the pension itself is avoided. This I maintain is grossly unfair. A pension is a payment for services rendered. It is part of a bargain, one side of which has been performed. Although the payment is deferred, it is presumably deferred in the interest of both parties alike. It is in the nature of a debt, and the discharge of this debt ought not to be made conditional upon the man's conduct after he has left the Service; nor ought it to be used as a means of compelling him to do some other work on lower terms than the ordinary rate of remuneration for such work.

One of the matters requiring explanation in connection with the Hunza War is the motives which have led to Lieut.-Colonel Durand's selection for the very difficult and responsible position he has held at Gilgit. One obvious qualification he possesses. He is the brother of the head of the Indian Foreign Department. Beyond this, however, I am unable to discover any reason for his being where he is. Has he had any previous experience as a political officer on the frontier? Or any military experience on active service beyond a few weeks in the latter part of the last Afghan campaign? If not, it will be difficult to justify his appointment.

Colonel Durand is not, as has been generally supposed, the first British Agent who has been stationed at Gilgit. There was an officer there twelve years ago, and he resided there for several years. During that time there was no friction with the tribesmen. Why is it less easy to get on with these tribes to-day?

Over the signature "Thirty Years' Service," a Staff Corps officer sends me the following remarks upon the recent operations against the Hunzas:—

"Lieut.-Colonel Durand is said to have been wounded whilst laying a gun within 200 yards of the fort. Now, why in the name of all that is wonderful was the battery ever in action at such a range? They could easily have shelled the fort without placing themselves within the very limited zone of fire commanded by the antiquated matchlocks of their opponents. Again, what was "the British Agent" doing in the subordinate duty of laying a gun—a duty which nobody but a trained gunner can efficiently perform, and which could have been so very much more advantageously left to the *personnel* of the battery? A detail like this speaks volumes The worst, however, is still to come.

"*The enemy suffered heavily.* One gun was taken, and *nine* prisoners captured." As our victorious force is stated to have lost seven men killed, and five officers and twenty-six wounded, the above sentence is about as unsatisfactory as it can well be. I know how accounts and returns are "cooked up," and the eagerness with which the losses of the enemy are usually returned as at least 100 per cent. above the number of bodies found. When, therefore, refuge is taken behind the generality of "suffered heavily," one may safely prophesy that the losses of our antagonists are something too insignificant to sound well on paper; and that in this case we have had this practical check and relatively heavy loss by an ill-managed attempt to dislodge a couple of dozen matchlockmen from a mud fort.

I see that one officer of experience has already written to state that "the enemy is quite contemptible," and that "the rising will easily be put down." This entirely supports the interpretation which any expert would put on the published despatches. As at Manipur, we again have an unpleasant reverse and loss of prestige owing to the blunder of leaving Foreign Department nominees virtually in charge of military operations.

A complaint, which seems to be well founded, has been made to me on the subject of the pensions of Army Riding-masters and Quartermasters, which are fixed at £200 a year after twenty years' qualifying service. As two years in the ranks only counts as one year in reckoning this qualification, most of these officers have served nearer thirty than twenty years. As compared with the case of commissioned officers who have served for this length of time, the pension is certainly low; but the most substantial matter for complaint is that the pension cannot be increased by further service, although, on the other hand, it is subject to a reduction of £10 for every year's qualifying service below the age of twenty. In this respect the position of the Quartermasters and Riding-masters is unique; and apparently it is as much in the interest of the service as of the men that the grievance should be redressed. As a general rule they are men whom it is most desirable to keep in the service, and who ought, therefore, to be offered every inducement to remain on the active list.

The following observations on "commissions from the ranks," as they exist at present, are worthy of attention. I regard these commissions as one of the stock frauds on the recruit. The only object of their existence is to create an impression that the whole military career, from the bottom of the tree to the top, is open to each man who joins. That impression is absolutely wrong. These commis-

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sions are gained, not by merit, but by favour; and the best soldier has no chance of getting one, if he is not rendered acceptable to his superiors by connections, education, tastes, or manners. At the same time, the commissions, as now granted, are a fruitful source of demoralisation and dissatisfaction in the lower ranks, in the way which the writer of the following remarks points out:—

The public are led to believe that the attraction to the Army of a better class of recruits, by means of a certain number of commissions from the ranks, is of great value to the Service. The precise contrary is the case. A few lads of good social position, or independent means, who, for want of brains or energy, have been unsuccessful in passing their examinations, are by this means enlisted into each regiment. But what follows? Commanding officers are expected to dry-nurse and bring them forward for commissions. Feeling in a special degree the dulness of existence in uniform, and the discomfort of barrack-room life, these youngsters are correspondingly addicted to dissipation; and if they have money there ensues in canteen or sergeants'-mess a serious loss of moral tone by reason of the incessant "treating." Tips to drill-instructors, sergeant-majors, and other officers, who are expected to wink at grave faults, and report as favourably as possible on all occasions, are among the other evils which result from the presence of this class in a regiment. If, in spite of all this, they do not find their prospects satisfactory, they are not long in purchasing their discharge. On the other hand, whenever one of them is commissioned a slight is put upon better men, and a feeling of disgust with the Service stimulated.

I called attention, not long since, to the extraordinary length of time for which certain regiments are detained on the most undesirable foreign stations. Here is a case showing the equally unaccountable way in which other regiments are perpetually kept on the move: The 2nd Battalion Suffolk Regiment were moved from Galway to Cork in 1884; from Cork to the Curragh in 1886 (August); from the Curragh to Aldershot in April, 1888; from Aldershot to Egypt in December, 1889; from Egypt to Wellington (Madras) in February, 1891; and they are to be moved from Wellington to Secunderabad in January, 1892. These incessant peregrinations are very costly to officers, and very inconvenient to all ranks; and it would be interesting to know who is responsible, and on what principle they are arranged—supposing, of course, that it is done on a principle, and not by tossing a coin in some room at Whitehall.

A military correspondent sends the following, as a further aid to the proper understanding of the phrase "free rations," as used by the War Office authorities:—

During the past summer a small party of men were detailed for duty with a Volunteer Camp, and dispatched to the headquarters of a certain Military District, some 250 miles distant, on 6d. per day. Here they packed up and received over the necessary equipment, and proceeded to the place selected for the Camp, a distance of nearly 300 miles further, on a like sum (6d.), not in addition to, but in lieu of, the daily rations. They remained in Camp for a period approaching three weeks, at the same extravagant rate per diem, working most days as long as daylight lasted, and incurring an individual expense for rations alone of about 18s. per week. The authorities ordered this duty, and at the same time granted 3s. 6d. per week to cover all expenses for messing, in a place more expensive than Brighton is in the season. As a consequence, those without the needful wherewithal to meet this unlooked-for expense have, up to the present, barely wiped off the incubus of debt they were compelled to incur. This is one of the practical interpretations of "free rations."

In the Egyptian Army of Occupation an allowance under the name of "Colonial allowance" is made to officers and warrant officers, to cover the extra cost of living in that country. The allowance is at the handsome rate of 3s. a day for officers, and 1s. 6d. a day for warrant officers. I do not suggest that it is too much, although until April, 1890, half the amount was deemed sufficient. But if this allowance is really necessary, why is none beyond a trumpery grocery ration, worth a few pence a week, made to the non-commissioned officers and the rank and file, who must—and I have reason to know, do—feel the extra cost of living severely? This is not even a question in which the British taxpayer is concerned. The Egyptian Government pays us a handsome subsidy, calculated to cover all extra costs involved in the occupation, but, in accordance with the usual practice, the benefits of it seem to be entirely absorbed by the upper ranks of the army. The extra allowance to officers alone amounts to some £25,000 per annum.

Another Quartermaster-Sergeant thus takes up the parable of a comrade whose letter I published last week:—

I was offered promotion to my present position in 1882, and having ascertained that in addition to the pay there were other allowances for marking which would make up my income to at least five shillings per diem, and further, as the Secretary of State for War had then promised there should be increased pay to Quartermaster-Sergeants, I accepted the post and severed myself from my regiment.

I found that my average working hours were fifteen a day, and I have at times worked eighteen; however, I hoped for increased pay, and as the marking allowances were good, thought I had better do the work and pocket the emoluments. The Secretary of State announced to the House of Commons that the pay of Quartermaster-Sergeants had been increased by sixpence a day (but why or wherefore I can never understand). I was disappointed, however, to find on the publication of the warrant that Cavalry Quartermaster-Sergeants' pay had been increased by fourpence only.

Now, the "marking allowances" have been cut down to an extent which means a loss to me of at least eightpence a day, so that I am now worse off than when I commenced the duties nine years ago.

A corrrespondent, writing from Constantinople, says:—

Are you sure that the Student Interpreters have been as dishonestly treated as you allege in your number of December 3 (p. 1,155)? Allow me to remind you that between 1877 and 1887 there were twenty-nine admissions to the probationary school at Ortakeni. Of these, two died, and two resigned. Of the other twenty-five, two hold appointments of £1,000 a year, one of £950, one of £700, one of £650, one of £600, two of £550, four of £500, two of £450, five of £400, and six of £300. I enclose a list of names and appointments, which you can easily verify. Mr. Guinness, one of the two who died, held an appointment at the time of his death.

With all respect to my correspondent, whose authority in these matters I fully recognise, the facts which he cites, assuming them to be correct, do not answer my complaint. The point to which I drew attention was that for some time past every vacancy in the higher Consular appointments in the Levant has been filled by the appointment of outsiders, in breach of the original understanding with the Student Interpreters. This, I showed, had resulted in a complete block in the flow of promotion in the service, as evidenced by the fact that no entrance examination has been held for three years. I also gave specific instances showing some of these outside appointments to be rank jobs. What answer is it to this to

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point to the posts and emoluments at present held by Student Intrepreters admitted before 1887?

A soldier, writing from an Infantry Depot in Scotland, inquires of me why a piece of ground in barracks is provided with goal-posts, if the men are not allowed to play football on it? It is quite impossible for me to answer that question without the assistance of the sergeant-major of the regiment. Perhaps that gallant officer will help me, for I gather that his conduct in stopping matches on one or two occasions has caused considerable soreness.

The suggestion is made to me by a military correspondent that some other punishment for drunkenness than a money fine might be adopted in the Army with advantage. I heartily endorse the idea. No man was ever cured of a propensity for drink by money penalties, and as regards the mere repression of casual drunkenness it would be easy to find other punishments which would have just as good a deterrent effect. The objections to fining a man who earns only 8d. a day, or less, are obvious. A fine of 10s. means the confiscation of his entire income for over two weeks, which must entail serious privation and tempt him to get into debt. Such penalties are unsatisfactory and futile enough in the police-courts; but there it is not easy to find a substitute for them. In the Army there ought to be no difficulty on this score.

I hear that in one regiment now stationed in Scotland there were during November eighteen desertions and twenty courts-martial, five men being discharged with ignominy. It is quite unnecessary to mention the regiment, as the authorities at Whitehall can have no difficulty in identifying it if they have any desire to do so. Such facts point to something hopelessly wrong in the regimental economy, and, if our Army were governed with any practical intelligence, there would long since have been an inquiry into the scandal, and some rough handling of the individual or individuals responsible. For, of course, some individual or individuals must be responsible.

The following advertisement appears in a paper devoted to the interests of ladies. I think it is only right to reproduce it in a place where it is more likely to catch the attention of ladies' husbands. There are certainly many queer ways in which a young man of the present day may earn a livelihood:—

A Young Retired Army Officer wishes to act as Cavalier Servante to Ladies requiring escort to Entertainments, &c.—Apply in strictest confidence in first instance to J——n.

I have always understood that Aden is about the least-desirable residence on the face of the globe, but I had no idea that washing was a practical impossibility there. A correspondent who has recently made the acquaintance of the place tells me that not only is there no water fit to drink, but that the supply of such water as there is only suffices to allow the soldiers of the garrison a wash every two or three days, while the local washerwomen are few in number and very indifferent artists. It is the reverse of creditable to the British Government that after all the years Aden has been held by us, no practical efforts should have been made to improve the water-supply.

It would save me a vast deal of trouble if correspondents would make sure of their facts before writing to correct statements which they see in Truth. On October 15 I called attention to the case of a Colour-Sergeant in a regiment stationed at the Cape who had a good situation offered him at Cape Town at the time when he was just completing his colour-service, but, being unable to pass into the Reserve while in the colony, was compelled either to purchase his discharge and forfeit £22 so-called "deferred pay," or else to decline the situation. Upon this an officer in a responsible situation "hastened to assure me" that the facts were incorrect, that he knew all about the regulations, and that the truth in regard to Reserve men in the Colonies was "the very reverse of what I had stated." Well, two months have elapsed, and, of course I have a letter from the Cape correcting this correction. If, says my Cape correspondent, any regulations exist by which a man may be transferred to the Reserve in the Colony, they are kept a profound secret in the Colony. It is not believed that any do exist, and in practice no men are transferred to the Reserve without returning home. I suspect that this necessity for returning to England is just the point overlooked by the officer who "hastened to correct" the original statement.

The elaborate letters on the German Army which have appeared in the *Times* are very interesting, and contain much valuable information. It is, however, positively preposterous for the writer to enlarge upon the "loyalty" of the Bavarian, Saxon, Baden, and Hessian troops, who fought in the war of 1870-71. Every one knows very well that these troops were fighting for their Fatherland, and that their feeling towards the King of Prussia was one of absolute indifference, to say the least of it. They cared no more for the Hohenzollerns than for the Guelphs or the Bourbons.

A passenger by the *Malabar* on her last voyage out gives me a startling account of some of the arrangements on board that ship. For instance:—

Every morning a fatigue party of four men goes into the ladies' cabin at nine a.m., whether they are dressed or not. The wives of the married N.C.O.'s and men are turned up on deck, whether fine or wet, at seven a.m., and, unless the doctor gives them permission to remain below on account of illness, they are compelled to stay on deck (except for half-an-hour) until dinner-time, possibly in drenching rain, and without any covering but their clothes.

Until we got to Suez, there was no ice to be had, except for those who were ill. The food was most indifferent. Three field officers in one cabin complained of having only two looking-glasses two washstands, and two small cans for water. There were in the nursery seventeen souls, including four ladies (some without children) and five nurses. So many indulgence passages were

Electric Light without Glare.—The new Patent Bead Ray Diffuser, the only possible means of preventing glare without decreasing the light, will fit on any existing electric lamp. Reduced price, 5s. each.—Rashleigh Phipps & Dawson, 53, Berners-street, W. Ivory Switches a specialty.

Special Notice.—Borneo Cigars.—We recommend smoker, to try Borneo Cigars, made from pure Borneo Tobacco only, excellent flavour, mild and delicate in aroma. Wholesale Prices 18s. to 30s. per 100, five sizes.—Apply for samples to Spiller & Co. 118 and 120, Charing Cross-road, London.

granted that three officers were packed into every cabin, which is hard on those who have to go with their regiments without any choice.

I have for long past called for the abolition of the present Indian trooping system on grounds of economy, and there can be little doubt that everybody concerned would gain if the business were turned over to one of the big shipping Companies.

The Admiralty have purchased the steam yacht *Capercailzie* from Sir John Burns, for £13,560. She is to be re-christened the *Vivid*, and is to become the official yacht of the Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, instead of the old *Vivid*—a vessel which was in every respect admirably adapted for that by no means arduous service, and upon which, moreover, a very large sum was expended in alterations, additions, and improvements, only two years ago. It appears that the new *Vivid* requires a variety of alterations, which, it is stated, will involve the expenditure of "a considerable sum." The vessel, moreover, is in some respects decidedly antiquated, having compound engines, so that her consumption of coal will be far greater than if she were fitted with the triple-expansion engines, which are now universal in new yachts of this type. The fact is that all this waste of money has been sanctioned simply in order to please the Duke of Edinburgh, and if any one else had just now been Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, the old *Vivid* would have sufficed very well for him for several years to come.

The Sims-Edison torpedo has been tried successfully in the Tyne from a moving ship, and I see that it is described as being "unquestionably the most formidable weapon in the world." This cannot be very pleasing news to the squandering gang at the Admiralty, who, not long ago, were so insane as to pay upwards of £100,000 for the Brennan torpedo, which, as I then pointed out, was perfectly certain to be superseded in the course of a few years by a superior weapon.

Mr. Forwood addressed his constituents at Liverpool the other day, and I see he amused himself by protesting against the "Radical opposition" to his latest job. His attempt to justify the appointment of Mr. Williamson to be Director of Dockyards was delightful. In the first place all experts agree that the post in question is entirely superfluous, and ought to be abolished; so that it is, indeed, startling to find that Mr. Forwood's Tory protégé is to receive £2,000 a year, or £500 a year more than was paid to Professor Elgar, who was a thoroughly competent man, but who, as a matter of fact, could do no good in the office, which he recently resigned. Mr. Forwood stated that the Clyde firm, in which Mr. Williamson is a partner, "employed 3,000 hands and turned out 30,000 tons of shipping yearly." But what sort of shipping does the firm turn out? I shall be surprised to hear that it has ever been concerned in constructing a single war-ship, and only a man thoroughly experienced in this class of shipbuilding ought to have been selected for such a post. Mr. Forwood was quite as irrelevant when he laid stress upon the very unimportant fact that Mr. Williamson has been engaged at Lloyd's, where it is nonsensical to pretend that he could have obtained the sort of special knowledge which the Director of Dockyards ought to possess. Mr. Forwood makes no attempt to explain why all the experienced, competent, and efficient members of the Royal Corps of Naval Construction have been passed over in favour of an outsider who has no exceptional qualifications whatever for the place. The appointment has excited universal dissatisfaction, and Lord George Hamilton will have hard work to defend such gross jobbery when he is called to account in Parliament.

Lord Knutsford has awakened lively dissatisfaction in Gibraltar by insisting, in spite of the remonstrance of the ratepayers, that the Government shall have a preponderating vote on the Sanitary Board. The ground taken up by the Government seems to be that the place is a "fortress," and that local government can therefore only be permitted within narrow restrictions. But the place is something more than a fortress. It is a town of 18,000 inhabitants, and there is no intelligible reason why these 18,000 British subjects should be less free than the inhabitants of any other garrison-town in the Empire to own their own waterworks and sewers, and make their own sanitary regulations. The Government expects the people to pay two-thirds of the cost of the sanitary arrangements, and the people consider, rightly enough, that the larger portion of the payment should carry with it the larger portion of the representation.

The attention of the Indian Government has been repeatedly drawn in TRUTH to the substantial causes for dissatisfaction existing in the Public Works Department. Most of these grievances have relation to the unfair treatment of the civilian as compared with the military element. But though the extent of the injustice has been repeatedly exposed, no attempt seems to have been made to remedy it. The following is one of the latest illustrations of this state of things which has reached me. It relates to what is called the "Upper Subordinate" branch of the service:—

> The military man, on attaining the rank of Assistant Deputy Commissary, takes rank also as Honorary Lieutenant, and is at once raised to the Engineering branch as Assistant Engineer, his name being taken off the Upper Subordinate list. The civilian's case is different. When he has served, say, for twenty-five or thirty years in the Upper Subordinate branch, he receives, if found duly qualified, the rank of Honorary Assistant Engineer, but he is not transferred to the Engineering branch. His name is put on the list of Assistant Engineers, in italics, while it also remains borne on the list of Sub-Engineers. What reason can possibly be found why two men, doing the same duties, and drawing similar salaries from the Civil Department, should hold different ranks, the man qualified by merit and service having a purely honorary title, while the one promoted by age takes the substantive rank?

If the Mission of Britain in Hindustan—concerning which I have several times expressed my views—is worth its salt, something will before long be done for the Pariah

For THROAT IRRITATION and COUGH, EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES will always be found effective. Sold only in boxes, 7½d., or tins, 1/1½d., labelled "James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

CADBURY'S COCOA.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health.*

population of Southern India. A number of interesting articles on the subject, from the *Madras Mail* and other papers (some of them Hindu), have been sent to me, and I am glad to see that there are consciences in India which are feeling uneasy about the Pariahs. The condition of these people, who are some seven millions in number, is a deplorable one—worse, certainly, than any form of slavery which has ever prevailed under a nominally civilised rule—and, if the facts were better known, I think that many consciences would feel uneasy on the subject in England also.

Notwithstanding that the majority of my readers have probably had little time for correspondence during the last week, I have been literally overwhelmed with letters in regard to the history of "The Indian Mother and her Babe," which was published as a "Queer Story" in last week's Truth. In answer to the questions put by several correspondents with regard to the authenticity of the narrative, I can only say that I have made the fullest inquiry from the writer of the story, who assures me that the facts were told, as they were said to have been told, by Savitra herself, in Lucknow Gaol, and that the prison authorities intimated their belief in the truth of the statements, which had been the subject of some inquiry. I entirely share the opinion expressed by so many of my readers that it is the duty of the Indian Government to make some inquiry into the facts; and it is with the view of stimulating such an inquiry that I have given this prominence to the case.

Several times of late have I been implored to redress the grievances of the island of Barbados. It is only by the last mail, however, that I have learned the full extent of the wrongs under which this unfortunate colony labours. Let the colonist explain it for himself:—

> We poor colonists hear that education is making great strides in England, and that we must be content to follow in her wake, at great expense to taxpayers. Judge, then, of our feelings when we find that nearly every atlas the English publishers bring out calls this colony "Barbadoes," although its name is beyond all question *Barbados*—pronounced Bar-*bay*-doz. . . .

Everybody knows what a Browne feels like when he is addressed as "Brown," or a Smyth when addressed as "Smith," and *vice versâ*. Let our map publishers think of this when they are next tempted to foist a superfluous "e" upon Barbados.

I would recommend those who desire to give their New Year's gifts in a direction where they are most likely to do good, to consider the claims of the School of Handicrafts for Destitute Boys at Chertsey. The object of this school is to educate the waifs and strays of society to useful industries. The work of management is done gratuitously, and the boys themselves contribute largely, by the produce of their labour, towards the working expenses. All additional subscriptions, therefore, will go towards the extension of the work—the value of which is beyond question. Any one desiring to know more of this excellent institution should apply to the Hon. Sec., Mr. James Noel, C.B., 8, Hanover-square, W.

The Aldermen of London have now an opportunity to distinguish themselves. Most of the Judicial appointments of the Tory Lord Chancellor have been a public scandal. The Aldermen have to appoint a Recorder of London. It is, of course, a monstrous abuse that this Judge should be elected by them: but so it is. In their selection they should carefully eschew the example of the Chancellor, and the Judge should be a man learned in the law, but not a Party politician. The election of Cheshire Cheese Charley as Common Serjeant by the Common Councillors was an outrage to the most elementary notions of judicial propriety. That the right of the Aldermen to elect the Recorder will not soon be swept away is improbable. This is the last time in all probability that they will be called upon to exercise this function. It is, therefore, all the more desirable that they should act honestly. If I were an Alderman, I should vote either for Mr. Poland or for Mr. Douglas Straight; and my choice would, I think, fall on the former, for he is a gentleman exceptionally fitted for the post, and he has kept his political views (whatever they may be) in abeyance to his legal duties.

In the latest bankruptcy case brought to my notice—that of a Mr. Gunn, of Oxford-street—the estate realised £607, and out of this, after payment of £57 for preferential debts, the unsecured creditors get £183, which works out at the rate of 4½d. in the pound. Out of the £355 swallowed up in costs, no less than £97 is entered as "auctioneer's taxed (*sic*) charges;" and as the result of this expenditure of £97 in auctioneer's charges, it appears that just over £257 was realised by sale of stock, plant, and furniture. This is all under the Act of 1883; but from what I have hitherto seen of the working of the amending Act, I should not advise creditors to look for much improvement in their position under that statute.

As a good crowning scandal to wind up the old Bankruptcy Act, the case of Mr. Tomkins, of St. Albans, could not easily be beaten. Mr. Tomkins was adjudicated in October, 1888. At the end of three years and two months the trustee is enabled to issue a final account showing that the estate realised £749 odd, and that out of this £625 has gone in costs (£385 of it in litigation), and £157 to the preferential creditors. The ordinary creditors, therefore, get nothing, and there is a balance of £38. 2s. 3d. due to the trustee. He seems to have well earned it.

I am glad to say that Alexander Robertson, the gentleman known as "Dundonnachie," who for several months has been confined as a criminal lunatic in Perth Prison, was a few days ago released by order of the Home Secretary. "Dundonnachie" was charged with assaulting a Judge at Edinburgh by knocking off his hat, and, without any regular trial, he was ordered to be detained during the Queen's pleasure as a lunatic, although the only evidence of his insanity was that given by a couple

Fashionable Stationery.—Invitations for Weddings, Dinners, Dances, &c.; Ball Programmes, Menus, Visiting Cards, &c.—Parkins & Gotto, Court Stationers, Oxford-street, London. Patterns free.

Wanted, by Vicar, a Companion Pupil for his daughter (aged nine) Beautiful situation, sheltered, very healthy. W. Riding of Yorkshire. Close to moors. Terms, £60 inclusive.—Address, Vicar Kildwick-in-Craven, Keighley.

of doctors who had seen him for a few minutes. That "Dundonnachie" should have been confined so long as he was is, as I have before remarked, a disgrace to the Scotch Judicature.

When I first heard that his Honour Judge Barber, on retirement after only two years' service on the bench, was to have a pension bestowed on him by the special favour of the Lord Chancellor, I treated the statement as incredible. From the comments of the legal papers, however, there seems to be no doubt now about the fact, and the universal chorus of disapprobation which it has evoked is none too strong for the facts. It is impossible to suppose that Mr. Barber's health has failed owing to the strain of his two years' judicial duties. The presumption is rather that it had been undermined by his work at the Bar when he was promoted. He has, therefore, no more claim to be quartered on the taxpayers for the rest of his life than any other barrister would have who was compelled to relinquish a large practice by failing health. Personally, I have no doubt that Mr. Barber is a paragon of all the virtues. That, however, I am quite sure, is the last reason which would weigh with Lord Halsbury in bestowing a reward; and even if it were an admissible ground for granting a pension, many other virtuous persons have prior claims.

I was talking to a barrister a little while ago about a case then before a Law Court. "'Thank Heaven,' he said, "that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor." This lawyer, I need hardly say, was a Tory. That there is this difference in the administration of the law is the reproach and disgrace of the country.

I was astounded at the articles that appeared in the newspapers about Mrs. Osborne, when she was admitted to have stolen her cousin's jewels. One would have supposed that she was one of the noblest and best of her sex, betrayed for one moment into a dereliction from the highest code of honour. Yet what were the facts? She had a little money, and she wanted (like many people) more. So she stole jewels in a house where she had been trusted as a relation and guest. The robbery was calmly planned and calmly carried out. She sold the jewels, having, so far as she could, arranged for an alibi. Then she spent the proceeds. Confronted with suspicion, she sought to throw the guilt on her victim, and instructed her counsel to make suggestions inplying that the victim herself, either with her husband or with a friend, had committed the theft. Not even satisfied with this, she sought to strengthen her accusation by innuendoes against the relations between the victim and the friend. An honourable man had fallen in love with her. Deliberately she married him, and thus ruined his future. A more odious and objectionable creature never appeared in a law court.

Had she been a poor woman, she would, upon her guilt being made manifest, have at once been arrested. Why was she not? Mr. Justice Denman would have better consulted the interests of justice and the dignity of the Bench had he issued a warrant against her, instead of twaddling about his having known all about her guilt, and going out of his way to compliment the counsel engaged in the case as having conducted it "nobly." On each side, the counsel honestly fought for their clients; but what there was specially noble in this (unless it be the usual habit of counsel to betray their clients) I fail entirely to see. Suppose the guilty person to have been some housemaid, and that the housemaid had had the effrontery to bring an action for slander against her mistress because she had suggested the housemaid's guilt, would not that housemaid at once have been committed to stand her trial, although she might have pleaded that she had robbed a mere trifle, and had spen it to provide food for her dying mother, instead of doing so to trick herself out in finery?

Why, too, abuse the Hargreaves, and point the moral and adorn the article by taking them as an example of vulgarity? They gave their friends nicknames, but so do many other people. The fact is that they are a fair sample of half-pay military society, settled in some provincial town. Mrs. Hargreave is herself the daughter of a distinguished officer; and nothing had ever been breathed against the honour of Major Hargreave before Mrs. Osborne sought to prove her innocence by blacking the character of him and of his wife.

One more unfortunate, after being solemnly condemned to death for the murder of her newly-born infant, has gone instead into penal servitude for life. The latter punishment seems to me only one degree—if that—less cruel and intemperate than the former. Setting aside all thought of the punishment which a girl in this position has undergone by the time she has been tried and found guilty—in Fanny Gane's case it included three months' imprisonment, besides some nine months of preliminary torture—it is a question whether this girl ought ever to have been put on her trial for murder at all, much less to have been convicted. She was tried, as most girls in this awful position are, under great disadvantage, with only a volunteer counsel to defend her, little previous preparation of her case, and no medical witnesses. But even if it had been made more certain than it was, that she had actually contributed to the child's death instead of doing, as she alleged, what she thought would assist nature, there remains the question whether a girl who kills her infan at birth under the stress of such a dreadful ordeal as this ought ever to be held fully responsible for her action.

Almost simultaneously with the conviction of Fanny Gane at Winchester, another Judge thus directed a jury in a very similar case:—

It would not be *safe* to convict the prisoner. It may be reasonably and humanely assumed that in the agony and excitement of delivery she did not know what she was doing. Nor should too much

The Tower Furnishing Co., Ltd., supply goods on hire direct from manufacturers. One, two or three years' credit, without security. Choice 100 wholesale houses.—Address, Secretary, 43, Gt. Tower-st. E.C.

Osler's Crystal Glass—China—Table Decorations—Lamps Patterns or illustrations free of charge.—Osler's, 100, Oxford-street, W. Manufactory, Birmingham. Established 1807.

reliance be placed on her own statements, for she can hardly be supposed to remember with accuracy what did occur under such distressing circumstances.

A gentleman well known for his interest in the reform of the criminal law writes to me on the same subject:—

Even if this girl (Fanny Gane) did, in her agony and desperation, attempt to kill her child, she did no more than many an honest married woman has only been saved from doing by the presence of kind watchers. I, myself, know of two cases in which women in the hysterical frenzy of parturition would have strangled their children but for the intervention of bystanders, and both these women are good and kind mothers.

This view is recognised in practice, though not in law, to the extent of commuting the death penalty. But that is an illogical and almost worthless concession. Once grant that the offence is not wilful murder, and it almost ceases to have a criminal character.

The Rev. Charles Dodson, who is reported as being a Wesleyan Minister, of Copthorne, was told by the Magistrates, at the Godstone Petty Sessions last week, that he had "committed a gross act of cruelty, and that there were no extenuating circumstances." This was strong language, but all humane-minded persons who have read the evidence will approve of it; nor would they have disagreed with the Bench had some more severe penalty than a fine of £5. 5s. been inflicted. The reverend defendant's pony—in charge of a groom—was seen near a mission-hall at Lingfield, and, the animal's neck being arched in an unnatural manner, an examination was made, with the result described as follows:—

Its mouth was covered with blood and foam. Its tongue was hanging out, being perfectly black, and hard, and swollen. The animal's lower jaw was discoloured, and its mouth was wide open. There was an india-rubber bearing-rein fastened from the top of the pad to a Liverpool curb bit, and attached to the ring were two bags of shot, which were afterwards weighed, and found to weigh 2 lb. 6 oz.

This Christian minister's explanation of his barbarous treatment of the pony was that he wanted to "arch its neck." It is interesting to note that two texts were inscribed on the carriage. But that which says, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast," was not one of those selected for display by Mr. Dodson.

What is the law in regard to the detention of derelict dogs? "A Lover of Dogs" tells, in the *Daily News*, the story of how his domestics and relations took pity upon, fed, and ultimately housed, a stray dog, which came to their door in a starving condition. They made inquiries in the neighbourhood for the owner, whose name, but without an address, was on the collar, and they endeavoured to hunt him up by means of a directory. After a week, seeing a reward advertised, the servant who had been in charge of the dog went to the advertised address, with the result that the owner came round with a detective, and took the dog away without so much as "thank you," telling those Good Samaritans that they had broken the law by keeping the dog without communicating with the police. On inquiry upon this point at a police-station, the dog-finder was informed that he might think himself lucky that he had not been prosecuted. If such be the law, it cannot be too widely known; and I should think that in the interests of dogs it cannot be too soon altered, for I do not know who will care to harbour a beast which may so easily get him into serious trouble.

A good citizen should always make a rule to look periodically at the church door for notices in regard to parochial business, jury-lists, and election registers; and at the boards outside the police-courts for notices under the various statutes and regulations by which London is governed. Only by this means is it possible to get any idea of the pains and penalties under which we live. In the above-mentioned case, the astonished householder was informed that notices warning the public of the crime of harbouring stray dogs without communicating with the police were exhibited at the police-stations. "As we do not frequent these establishments," he says, "we were not aware of these regulations." Doubtless, hundreds of thousands of Londoners would say the same thing.

A colliery worker was charged at Ystrad Police-court recently with cruelty to a pony, he having—for no apparent reason other than animosity to the poor beast—cut its tongue out. He was fined 40s., the Bench remarking that "they were sorry they could not inflict a heavier fine." Against the next time the Ystrad Bench find themselves in this difficulty, let me invite their attention to the example set by Mr. Shiel, who at Westminster Police-court about the same time passed a sentence of six weeks' hard labour on a man who had gone away into the country for a week, leaving his pony locked up in the stable without food, with the result that the animal died immediately after its release. If either of these sentences were right, the other must be outrageously wrong.

A reader sends me a circular from one of the Hamburg lottery agents, and wishes to know whether I can throw any light upon its genuineness. Some few of these touts are possibly honest, but a great many are rogues. I have no means of distinguishing between them, and I am not sure that I should attempt to do so if I could. It will be best in every way for the British public to consider them all tarred with the same brush.

A working-man in the North found some months ago a blank Postal Order. He asked the advice of his employer as to his right to deal with it, and the employer gave notice to the police and the Post-office of the finding of the order. Before the end of the expiry of the three months, for which the order was current, the employer took it again to the Post-office, and was persuaded to give it to the Post-master for the purpose of a communication to St. Martin's-le-Grand. Subsequently, the finder of the order was communicated with, and offered half the value of the order. I am asked whether the Post-office have the right

V. Benoist is now supplying the following specialties for 'Xmas festivities:—Fresh Périgord Truffles, Pâtés de Foie Gras, Poulardes Dindons & Gibier Truffés, Dressed Boar's Head, Chevreuil, Game Pies, &c. Recherché Dinners & Suppers. Catalogue at 36, Piccadilly, W.

Paris.—Hôtel Anglo-Français, 6, Rue Castiglioni, facing the Continental. First-class. Highly recommended for comfort, cuisine, moderate charges, and sanitary arrangements. Otis American lift.

to do this? Morally, I should say none whatever, and it is impossible to imagine conduct more shabby. Legally, however, I should imagine that they have a right to do precisely what they like. I never commit myself to definite opinions on difficult points of law, but I should fancy that, having parted with the possession, the finder has lost all right and title to the article. I recommend him, therefore, to take anything that he can get.

The Post Office has been becoming of late a hot-bed of jobbery, but everything in this direction that has as yet come to my notice pales before the recent appointment of a young lady clerk on 30s. a week to be Postmistress of Folkestone at £400 a year. The lady in question, Miss Spearpoint, succeeds her father, and has been employed under him in the Folkestone office. As will be inferred from the amount of her salary, she is quite a junior in the service, and there must be dozens of deserving public servants to whom her promotion involves the very grossest injustice. It is currently reported that she owes her appointment not, as might be supposed, to any new idea at St. Martin's-le-Grand of making Post-office berths hereditary, but to the favour of the Borough Member, Sir Edward Watkin, and the chief local landowner, Lord Radnor. However that may be, the appointment calls for the serious attention of Parliament. The growing inefficiency of the Post Office is notorious, and one cause at least of the evil is obvious when the most valuable posts are jobbed away in shameless defiance of every legitimate claim to promotion.

The idea of advertising by means of what purport to be misdirected private postcards has apparently been improved upon (like many of our ideas) in the United States. A lady tells me that she recently received from her son in America a letter, on the envelope of which was written, in writing closely resembling that of the address, "Read the last number of the —— Review." On inquiry, it appeared that the son had not written this inscription, which had, therefore, been added (presumably) in the Post Office. It is to be hoped that this Yankee notion will not "catch on" in this country; but I take it that most of our Post Office clerks have their time too well occupied to permit of their undertaking to inscribe advertisements on the letters which pass through their hands.

Mr. Charles Booth makes out that there are one million and a quarter of persons in the United Kingdom above sixty-five, and that of these forty per cent. derive aid from the rates. He therefore proposes that all above sixty-five should receive 5s. per week, irrespective of social position. This he estimates would cost seventeen millions per annum. As the three millions per annum now spent on persons above sixty-five would not be wanted, the additional burden would be fourteen millions. It seems to me that it is ridiculous to propose that the State should, for the sake of uniformity, give 5s. per week to those to whom the pension would be no practical addition to their incomes. Still, I regard the proposal, divested of this nonsense, as far more reasonable than that of Mr. Chamberlain, for his plan would only be possible were the personal contributions, which is the only way to secure the pension, made compulsory. I do not exactly know why 5s. per week is regarded as a sufficient pension for an old man or woman. If they are to pay out of it for their lodgings and for their clothes, it would be a starvation pittance. But assuming that this amount is deemed sufficient, surely only those who do not possess 5s. per week ought to have it.

Colonel Coulson's crusade against rabbit-coursing, to which I made a reference a week or two ago, has, I am glad to hear, elicited the sympathy of the Queen, who has written to the Colonel through Sir Henry Ponsonby, requesting further information on the subject.

The closing year is reported to have been the worst ever known in the history of the principal fire insurance companies, all of which have suffered severely by the numerous fires which have taken place, not only at home but in the United States and Canada. However, they can well afford to have a bad year, as most of them have very large reserves.

A fortune-teller addresses a notice in the following terms "To the Elite Ladies and Gentlemen of San Francisco." I fear that in this country few of us would feel ourselves sufficiently of the "Crême de la Crême" to do business with this lady; but in an aristocratic country like the United States of course it is different:—

> I take this method of introducing myself to your kind consideration, as a Card Reader of *rare and genuine merit;* catering merely to the "*Crême de la Crême*" of this city. No others need apply.
>
> Having been educated carefully and *refinedly*, speaking French fluently, therefore I only wish to deal with the *higher circles.* Can be consulted on Love, Marriage, and Business Opportunities.

I have been placed in a somewhat delicate position. A correspondent has forwarded me a selection of illustrations from the advertisement sheet of a popular lady's paper, and begs that I will enter a protest against one or two of them. Personally, I have always been of opinion that to the pure all things are pure, and I see no good reason why this maxim should not apply to illustrations of ladies' underclothing. Many of the pictures to which my attention has been now directed are graceful, and even artistic; and I am bound to add that the demoiselles depicted, if somewhat scantily clad, are in every case shapely and well-favoured. They do not offend me, and evidently the advertisers and the proprietors of ladies' newspapers find that they do not offend the British Matron or her daughters. But what the Vigilance Association may think is a different matter; and how

Mr. Litchfield, Antiquarian, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, W., has the largest collection of genuine specimens of Old Furniture, rare China, and Bric-à-Brac. Illustrated Catalogue free.

Minton's (Limited).—Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

these advertisements are left in peace, while Zæo (in her modest attire) was hounded from the walls of London, is an explicable mystery.

The following appears in a ladies' newspaper. These samples of disinterested generosity generally appear in the ladies' newspapers:—

Lady-help wanted after Christmas, to assist in small house, teach, and partly take care of girl nine. Must be a good needlewoman. One preferred with knowledge of cooking and used to children. Abstainer. Own room. Servant kept. Salary £9.

Eighteen pounds a year (with "own room") is, I suppose, a fair wage for a general servant. For half that amount the author of this advertisement expects to get a lady combining all the qualifications of a general servant, with those of a governess, a lady's maid, and a companion. Were I a lady reduced to earning my living I should prefer half the work, with double the pay, and the title of "servant."

This appears in a Stroud paper:—

NOTICE.
RAILWAY HOTEL, NAILSWORTH.

JOHN DAVIS

Begs to thank the inhabitants of Nailsworth and the public generally for past favours during the past twelve years, and to inform them that he has just added to the above a long-felt want, namely a fashionable HEARSE and MOURNING COACH. All orders will receive careful and prompt attention, consistent with moderate charges.

Of course, I have had no opportunity of judging of the attractions of this valuable acquisition to Mr. Davis's hostelry. But, on the face of the thing, I should have thought that he might have shown his gratitude to his patrons by some improvement of a more cheerful character, though he is, of course, the best judge as to the "long-felt want" for a really fashionable article in this line.

I have been asked by a correspondent in the North of England to give prominence to the following paragraph from a local paper, as a specimen of all that is most objectionable in journalism. I cheerfully comply, for a more detestable way of stabbing a man in the back while professing the friendliest sentiments towards him it would be difficult to conceive:—

It may not be generally known that the father of a man who was recently sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude in London for the manslaughter of his wife is a resident of this town. I refrain from mentioning his name, as it might cause pain to the unhappy parent, who is a very respectable man, and for whom I feel much sympathy.

Among various communications with which I have been favoured lately on the subject of sewers and drainage is one calling my attention to a patent disinfecting apparatus. It seems to me a very ingenious and effective contrivance, but the singular thing about it is that the inventor himself died of typhoid fever.

With reference to my remarks last week upon the sale of a Moldavian postage-stamp for £49, a correspondent writes:—

The bidders at these stamp auctions are invariably *stamp dealers*, who know where to place any rare stamp; and although £49 was given for this one in question, £70 or more, will be the price given by the collector to obtain this specimen from the bidder who gave £49.

My remark that the party who would give £49 for a postage-stamp "ought not to be at large," was of course based on the assumption that he was buying for himself, not with the idea of trading off his purchase upon some "auriferous simpletoñ" at a profit of 42 per cent. The real fool is one degree further back than I supposed. On the other hand, he is also a much greater fool—in the ratio of 70 to 49.

Among many suggestions that have reached me on the subject of one-pound notes, is one from a gentleman who proposes that five-pound notes should be made divisible into five independent parts by means of perforations. I only mention this suggestion for the purpose of protesting against any such scheme. If we are to have one-pound notes, let them be before everything else of a substantial and useful size, and let us on no account do anything to impair the popularity and credit of the five-pound note.

A gentleman in the suburbs who has had a very pretty notice printed on the danger of throwing orange-peel about the streets is anxious that I should advertise his desire to receive the names and addresses of all persons who are willing to exhibit this notice if he sends it to them. I really think that it would be better for this gentleman to form an Anti-Orange-Peel Association, and do the advertising in the usual way.

I would advise all who question the accuracy of my strictures on the Chartered Company of South Africa to read a letter from Mr. Baumann, M.P., in the *Times* of Saturday. Mr. Baumann points out that the charter was obtained upon the assurance that the mining concession belonged to those seeking the charter, whereas (as I have again and again urged) it really belongs to a group of speculators calling themselves "The United Concessions Company;" that had it been known that this group was to have one half of all net profits, no one in his senses would have subscribed to the capital of the Chartered Company; that all the statements in the Report published by the Directors of the Chartered Company about suppressing the slave trade, and other schemes of "disinterested philanthropy," are merely a pharisaical parade; that the disinterested Directors have spent all the shareholders' money; that none of this money has been expended in mining operations, but that £39,800 has gone in Directors' fees, office expenses, and South African expenses; and that in this latter item is presumably included the cost of Mr. Rhodes's royal progress in Mashonaland. Poor shareholder Baumann, M.P., therefore, curses the day in which he was deluded into taking shares in this Company. So, I should, fancy, do most of his brother shareholders.

712,000 Horned Cattle Slaughtered by ARMOUR & Co. last year
ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF retains the true flavour of fresh beef, in a more marked degree than any similar preparation.

I, thank Heaven, am not a shareholder. It would never enter my mind to subscribe to the capital of a Company with the Duke of Fife and the Duke of Abercorn and Mr. Rhodes secured large salaries for looking after my interests. My complaint is that when the Colonial Office found that it had been tricked out of the concession, and when it realised (as it must have done) that the entire scheme was one of the most impudent of bubbles, designed to extract money from the British public for the benefit of philanthropists, it had not the courage to put investors on their guard. The Government is primarily responsible for all the losses incurred by the shareholders. Its connection with the Company led silly people to fancy that the scheme was a paying one, and that, in any case, it was not one which, for the creation of bogus share capital, has never been equalled. A committee should be appointed next Session to investigate the whole matter. The result, unless I am greatly mistaken, would be to prove that Lobengula never really granted the alleged concession, and that the charter was obtained upon statements which were the reverse of correct; that it has been used in order to feather the nests of a few persons at the expense of innocent investors, and that consequently it ought to be forfeited.

An experienced miner, who has spent over a year in Manica and Mashonaland, sends me a copy of a letter which he has addressed to the *Cape Times* in answer to certain statements of Mr. Cecil Rhodes to an interviewer at Kimberley. As the result of his tour through the country, Mr. Rhodes declared himself satisfied that "there are plenty of gold-bearing reefs, and the only thing that is required to make them payable is quick and cheap transport." He also denied that the Beira route was unhealthy, stating that his party "were just fourteen days upon the journey, and enjoyed it very much." My correspondent points out that this has no bearing upon the experiences of the ordinary private traveller, for whom he says, the journey must take four weeks at least, lying as it does for 200 miles out of 380 "through a low, fever-stricken country," 60 miles of which are infested with the deadly "fly." In regard to the gold, this writer confirms the opinions of every independent observer:—

> My own firm conviction is that were one 10-stamp battery at work for six months on any one of the many reefs I have visited and examined, the claims and pretensions of Mashonaland to being a gold-producing country, in payable quantities, would be ruthlessly dispelled.
>
> Again, in my opinion, Mashonaland contains only second-class gold-fields. It is like buying second-hand clothes. The whole country is simply riddled with old shafts and workings, generations or even centuries old, showing that the country has been well worked and prospected before the appearance of Mr. Rhodes's Pioneers on the scene.

Mr. Rhodes also gave a denial, somewhat qualified in its terms, to the statements that have been made respecting the unhealthiness of Mashonaland. "There is no sickness," he said, "on the high veld. It was only when the men went out prospecting into the low country that they were attacked with fever." My correspondent replies:—

> If this is the case, only a few farmers will reap the benefit, as it is notorious that fever certainly exists on all the gold-fields (*e.g.*, the Kaiser Wilhelm, the Northern, and Umtali gold-fields), and by no stretch of imagination can these be regarded as being in the "low country." At Forts Victoria and Charter, on the high veld last wet season scarcely a man escaped an attack of fever.

From certain extraordinary proceedings which occurred on the return of Mr. Cecil Rhodes from Mashonaland, it would seem that this eminent gentleman has now assumed a quasi-dictatorship over her Majesty's dominions in South Africa. He reached Mafeking, in British Bechuanaland, on Sunday, November 22, travelling by the mail coach from Mashonaland. He had, however, ordered the mail-bags to be left behind *en route* in order to expedite his progress, and they followed by a passenger coach in which Lord Randolph Churchill was travelling, thus missing the outgoing English mail. This autocratic proceeding appears to have taken place within the British Protectorate, where, I take it, neither a managing director of the South Africa Company nor a Premier of Cape Colony is more than a private individual.

On reaching Mafeking, at 2 a.m., Rhodes instantly sent a message to the postmaster, requesting him to have the mail, which was timed to leave at 10 a.m., made up by 4 a.m., at which time he proposed to resume his royal progress. The extraordinary spectacle was then seen of the postmaster in a Crown colony sending round the town in the middle of the night, at the bidding of a private traveller, to announce that the mail was to start six hours before the regular time. A few free British subjects turned out and despatched their correspondence. Others continued to post until 10 a.m., in blissful ignorance that the mail had gone off with Dictator Rhodes. I understand that on November 1 Rhodes wired to the Administrator of Bechuanaland at Vryburg, blandly requesting him to instruct his Postmaster-General to keep the mails in readiness to suit his (Rhodes's) convenience on the 22nd; and that the administrator, in reply, obsequiously placed the mail coaches at the august traveller's disposal. As these officials are responsible for this monstrous derangement of the postal service, not to Mr. Rhodes, but to Lord Knutsford, and, through him, to the British Parliament, further notice will, I trust, be taken of the whole business.

Sir Charles Dilke contributed a most valuable article to the *Speaker* the other day respecting our position in Egypt. He showed, by copious quotations, that Lord Salisbury has again and again laid down that our occupation ought to be temporary, in the usual acceptance of the word. When Mr. Gladstone stated lately that our occupation is "dangerous and embarrassing," a howl of execration arose from the Tory press, and that recent convert to Toryism — Mr. Chamberlain — adorned his speeches with denunciations of the wickedness of such words. But in 1886 Lord Lyons secured the approval of Lord Salisbury by informing the French Government that H.M. Government was "anxious

'Xmas, 1891.—Especial offer. Eugene Costella's Reims Champagne, vintage 1884. Special cuvée, extra quality. Cash price, 48s. per doz., carriage paid.—Apply, Edward W. Postans, 3, Rood-lane, London, E.C

to be relieved of the burden entailed upon them by the annexation," and in 1887 Lord Salisbury himself said that even if power were granted to us to return after evacuation it would hardly be used for "unnecessarily renewing an occupation which had already imposed so many sacrifices on Great Britain." It would seem, therefore that Mr. Gladstone only reiterated the views of Lord Salisbury.

Sir Charles suggests that the withdrawal should be preceded by a European arrangement in regard to the country. By all means. He further suggests that the French would not object to a clause in the arrangement which would enable us to return, if necessary. Possibly they might assent to this in their anxiety to speed the parting guest. Such a clause, however, would be most undesirable; indeed, it would be fatal to real neutrality, which necessarily involves all the Great Powers being precisely on the same footing with respect to the neutralised country.

Were we to retain any special right to re-occupy Egypt "if necessary," the financing gang would take very good care to encourage disorder there in order to give an excuse for a re-occupation. The French, on the other hand, would insist that French interests were at stake, and would meet our return by themselves sending soldiers to protect their interests. No, no. The only legitimate solution of the Egyptian question is that Egypt shall become an autonomous country under the suzerainty of the Porte, and that all the Great Powers shall sign an agreement that not one of them will land a soldier there without the consent of all.

There are some curious inaccuracies in Captain Maude's article on "Sir Charles Dilke and the French Army" in the *United Service Magazine*. Mangin, for instance, appears as "Magny" throughout the article and in the map; and "the President" is described as being present at a battle, although he only appeared at the review which took place ten days later. Does Captain Maude really suppose that he saw President Carnot, or does he consider "the President" the proper title for the "Prime Minister"?

In the recent speeches of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chaplin, and other Ministerialists on the position of agriculture and the agricultural labourer, there has been a most significant silence upon one of the most important factors in the problem—the effect of the tithe upon corn-growing. Lord Salisbury says that wheat cannot be grown profitably in the 52nd degree of latitude. Not, perhaps, when arable land is loaded with a tax far exceeding the economic rent; but the experiment has not been tried under any other conditions. There are many causes at work to drive the peasantry into the towns, but the most potent of them is the conversion of arable into permanent pasture; and of this, again, one o the most potent causes is the pressure of tithe upon corn-growing.

I have before me some statistics relating to a number of farms in contiguous parishes of Hants, Berks, and Wilts, which were published last year. They are well worth referring to again now. In all there are twenty-six farms. Their total rent is about £2,500; the tithe rent-charge is £3,000. In very few cases does the rent exceed the tithe; in some cases the tithe amounts to many times the rent. On two farms now let at £5, there is a tithe in one case of £110, in the other £120. A farm with a net rent of £20 pays a tithe of £80; one of £55, £295; one of £50, £160; and so on. The experienced agriculturist who compiled these tables states that this is land which "is only suitable for wheat, and cannot be profitably used for other crops." Did this writer not know the latitude of this land? Or has the latitude been altered since he wrote?

Commenting upon the Waterford election, the *Times* observes that "it is likely enough that a certain number of ill-advised Unionists could not resist the temptation to prolong the faction fight in Ireland by helping the side which has hitherto proved the weaker." Very likely: for the Unionists went to the poll, and it is hardly to be supposed that they went there to support by their votes Mr. Davitt. But why blame them? They put their votes on the dead Mr. Parnell, and Lord Salisbury advised all Unionists to put their money on the living Mr. Parnell. These Waterford Unionists, therefore, only did as they were instructed by their Leaders when they registered their votes against constitutional action, and in favour of "eternal enmity." Ill-advised they personally were, but it is hard of the Tory journals to taunt them with this, considering that they only followed the advice of Lord Salisbury.

I was not surprised at the result of the election, because in all estimates that had been made of the Parnellite strength the Party had always been given three seats, one of which was Waterford. This constituency is to the Parnell legend what Mr. Chamberlain's constituency at Birmingham is to the Liberal-Unionist heresy. Every expiring political illusion has its last ditch, and Mr. Redmond represents the last Parnellite ditch, as does Mr. Chamberlain the last Liberal-Unionist ditch. Hopelessly in a minority in his former constituency, and worsted at Cork, Mr. Redmond has fallen back on the ditch. There let him lie. For the present Parliament, it signifies little whether there be one Parnellite more or less; in the next Parliament, supposing that he is returned for Waterford again, and has two or three supporters, he can do little harm. The wonder is not that Waterford has returned a Parnellite; but that Ireland, outside Dublin and Waterford, is unanimous against the Parnellites, considering the services that Mr. Parnell did for Ireland before he fell into questionable ways.

Carpets—French Cleaning, Dyeing, &c.—For particular, apply to Manager, Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-street Belgravia, S.W.

It is possible, of course—nay, probable—that the Mercier incident may come to nothing. On the other hand, it is quite conceivable that it may come to a great deal. Canada is precisely in the position of a ship half-launched. The bottle has been broken, the cheers have been given, the prayer has been said, the handkerchiefs have waved, the ship has begun to glide towards the deep, and then there has been a hitch, and the vessel has stuck fast. She may stay there for some time, or, on the other hand, the touch of a hammer may free her. The manifest destiny of that vast and ill-amalgamated conglomerate, the Dominion, is to constitute itself into States, and to become itself a new United States, or to hook on to the great Republic. While some people desire this conclusion, and others regret it, I think all people must agree with me that if, as I believe, the change is inevitable, the sooner it comes the better.

As a matter of fact, the emancipation of the grotesque Dominion and its absorption in the United States would benefit both the Canadians and us. It will benefit us because it will take a burden off our backs, and relieve us from the necessity of engaging in Transatlantic squabbles in which we have no concern. It will benefit the Canadians, because independence always benefits a country, giving to it energy, life, spirit, enterprise, things which no mere colony ever possesses. The only people whom it will not benefit are the Indians. I confess it is painful to think of these poor wretches being handed over to the tender mercies of probably the most corrupt and rascally institution under heaven — the Washington Indian Bureau.

The right thing, of course, to do with the Indians would be (the phrase seems rather absurd) to naturalise them in their own country, so to speak; to treat them not as tribes, but as individuals; to give not to each tribe its "reservation" (bound to be filched from it some day), but to each man his allotment, and then to give him the vote. The tomahawk won't protect him, nor the rifle, nor the word of his "White Father," but the vote will protect him. This is the only natural and honest way of dealing with the Red Indians. Treat them as Jews, Irish peasants, and English agricultural labourers have been treated by recent legislation, and they will become human beings, not to be distinguished, except by the microscopic eye of the scientific ethnologist, from other human beings.

Why do emigrants go from this country, and from all Europe, in torrents to the United States, and only in dribblets to Australia and Canada? Simply because one country is free and the two others are not. Everybody sees intuitively (even if he knows nothing by reading and experience) that the chances of success of a career are far better in a free country than in a colony. Hence we find that the emigrant who goes of his own accord and of his own initiative, makes instinctively for the United States.

Canada once free, no long time will assuredly elapse before Australia follows in her footsteps. Indeed, unless Canada looks sharp, it is quite possible that Australia may start in the path of freedom first. All the buncombe about Australian "loyalty" is now known to be mere buncombe. Australia has not the slightest interest in continuing part of the British Empire, nor have we any interest in retaining her. Let her go by all means, and New Zealand too. There will only be one drawback. When these countries get free, they will not freeze their meat and send it over here. They will very soon be so prosperous and populous that they will consume it all on the premises; but inasmuch as they will be aided in this gastronomic feat by Englishmen at present starving at home, I do not think we need make ourselves miserable on that account.

SCRUTATOR.

SIR GILBERT CAMPBELL, U.D.B.

A FEW weeks ago (Truth, October 22) I gave my readers a short sketch of the life and character of Sir Gilbert Edward Campbell, Bart., the individual who figures as "Chairman of the Executive Council" of the swindling "International Society of Literature," run by W. J. Morgan. At the time when the article appeared, Sir Gilbert Campbell was making his second appearance in the Bankruptcy Court. His examination has since disclosed various new and interesting facts, which ought to be known by everybody who is invited to subscribe numerous guineas per annum to the "learned Society" of which this person is the most conspicuous ornament. With this object in view, I now proceed to bring Sir Gilbert Campbell's history up to date.

Those who read my former biographical notice of this individual will remember that in October, 1881, having been at that time for five years an undischarged bankrupt, he was under remand at Marlborough-street Police Court on a charge of threatening to commit suicide. The threat in question had been addressed to the Alliance Insurance Company with a view of intimidating them into making an advance upon a policy on his life. On the second hearing of the charge, a lady appeared, and had a conversation with the Magistrate, as a result of which Sir Gilbert was released on his own recognisances, with two sureties. The lady who thus came to his rescue was a Mrs. Gattie, and the facts which follow have been in part deposed to by Mrs. Gattie in the Bankruptcy Court, and partly given to me in private communications with her.

At the time of the Police-Court incident, Sir Gilbert Campbell was personally a stranger to Mrs. Gattie. About a year previously, she had met at Brighton a sister of Lady Campbell, who had in her charge a little girl, the daughter of Sir Gilbert and Lady Campbell. Lady Campbell, herself, was at this period in Italy, with her son. Her sister and the little girl were in a completely destitute condition, and had actually taken refuge in the Brighton workhouse. Mrs. Gattie, who was a lady of some small independent means, exerted herself to get the child out of the workhouse, and, after communication with Lady Campbell, placed her in a Convent Home at Bristol. Being thus aware of the straitened

circumstances of the family, when she heard in the following year of Sir Gilbert Campbell's appearance at Marlborough-street, this lady went up to town, in pure benevolence, and procured the Baronet's release in the manner already described, getting two of her own friends to become sureties for his good behaviour. Having done this she took him to her own house at Twickenham, got him a bedroom in the neighbourhood, fed him for a week or so, advanced him money to the amount of £6 or £8, and procured him an introduction to Mr. Coward of the *Morning Post*, and others who were in a position to give him literary work.

By the end of a week, however, Sir Gilbert had rendered his presence in the house insupportable. Mrs. Gattie consequently gave him notice to quit. He then appealed to her to advance him £50, in order that he might fetch his wife back from Italy. Mrs. Gattie replied that she had not the money, whereupon he proposed to her a scheme for raising it with her assistance. In pursuance of this scheme, the lady was taken to a money-lender in Argyle-street, who passed by the name of "Lorie," or "Laurie," and who is also known, I believe, by that of Cook. This worthy appears to have agreed to advance £50 to Mrs. Gattie and Campbell, on the security of a bill of sale for £65 over Mrs. Gattie's furniture. The £65 was to be paid by Sir Gilbert Campbell in four quarterly instalments. In addition to the £15 thus added to the loan by way of interest, Mrs. Gattie paid down £2. 10s. in cash "for the accommodation." "Laurie" also appears to have made an attempt to obtain the first £16. 5s. in advance from Mrs. Gattie on the execution of the documents; but, failing in this, he insisted that he must have a receipt for a quarter's rent of her house paid in advance. In order to provide this, Mrs. Gattie deducted £16 (the amount of a quarter's rent) from the loan, and handed the balance of £34 to Sir Gilbert Campbell. On his subsequently representing, however, that £34 was not enough for the proposed journey to Italy, she handed to him a further sum of £6. He went off with that, and Mrs. Gattie saw no more of him. Needless to say, he never paid a single instalment of the loan. He gave to Mrs. Gattie's solicitor a bill for the first £16. 5s., which bill was dishonoured when it became due. Mrs. Gattie paid the first three instalments. For the fourth she gave a cheque, but stopped it on the bill of sale not being given up. At this juncture, she was removing from Twickenham to Clapham. Her furniture, plate, and other effects were warehoused, and the whole of them, valued by Mrs. Gattie at several hundred pounds, were seized in the warehouse by "Lorie," or "Laurie." From that day to this Mrs. Gattie has never recovered a single stick out of all her property. She commenced actions in respect of the seizure, but only to add to her misfortune, by falling a prey to fraudulent solicitors. She gave up solicitors, and attempted to vindicate her rights by litigating in person, but only succeeded in incurring the wrath and displeasure of her Majesty's Judges. Her last resource has been to appear as a creditor in Sir Gilbert Campbell's bankruptcy, where the amount of satisfaction awaiting her may be gathered from my former statement that the Baronet's liabilities were estimated at £8,329, and the assets at £10. To all appearance, this unfortunate lady's wrongs are now past remedy.

Of the part played by the man Campbell in this business, it would be difficult to speak too strongly. At the moment when this broken-down bankrupt is reduced to his last shift, Mrs. Gattie—a perfect stranger, whose only previous knowledge of him consists in her having rescued his little daughter from the workhouse—appears on the scene as a Good Samaritan, takes him to her own house, feeds him, fills his purse, and does her best to set him on his legs. In return he inveigles her into a usurer's den, and leaves her to be plundered, half-ruined, and exposed to years of trouble and suffering. What his relations may have been with the man "Lorie," or "Laurie," I cannot say, but no one can read the above account of the money-lending transaction without suspecting that this worthy pair were not altogether strangers. But this is not all. Campbell, needless to say, never went to Italy, so the whole pretext for involving Mrs. Gattie in this disastrous transaction was no better than a false pretence. He did, however, pretend that he had been there, and he actually wrote to Mrs. Gattie a detailed account of his meeting with his wife in Italy, of his inability to trace his son, and of his return to England in despair, with only a few shillings in his pocket. This letter was put to him in cross-examination the other day in the Bankruptcy Court. He then admitted that the story of his going to Italy was a lie, written, as he said, to pacify and get rid of the lady. Again, he swore without hesitation in the Bankruptcy Court that he had never received any money from Mrs. Gattie; whereupon he was confronted with a letter in which he thanked her for the money which she had placed at his disposal.

I have repeatedly asked in TRUTH why the police take no steps to interfere with the operations of W. J. Morgan and those who are assisting to run the "International Society of Literature, Science, and Art." It has been suggested to me in reply by a gentleman connected with Scotland-yard that there is a difficulty in proving any specific offence, unless some of those who have been victimised will come forward to prosecute. That may or may not be so. But let me now ask what obstacle there is in the way of the prosecution of Sir Gilbert Campbell for perjury on the strength of his evidence in the Bankruptcy Court? As such a prosecution may yet take place, it is not for me to predict the possible results of it. But seeing that the Registrar, after hearing the bankruptcy proceedings, stated clearly that he considered Mrs. Gattie to have spoken the truth, and Campbell to have lied, it cannot, at any rate, be said that there is no prospect of a jury arriving at the same conclusion. It is true that Sir Gilbert Campbell's discharge from bankruptcy, as I mentioned last week, has been suspended for six years. That, however, will not prevent his lending the use of his name to the first rascal who requires the assistance of a title in furtherance of any scheme for emptying the pockets of

CHINA AND GLASS.—Messrs. GOODE, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

simpletons. The fact that he had then been an undischarged bankrupt for twelve or fourteen years did not a few years ago prevent Campbell lending his name and title, for good consideration, to the promoters of various bogus Companies. The same fact has not prevented his name and title being exploited by W. J. Morgan on the prospectuses of the "International Society of Literature, Science, and Art." Even now after Campbell's history has been told in TRUTH, and sworn to in the Bankruptcy Court, the "Council," of which this worthy and Morgan appear to be the shining lights, are still inviting "a limited number of members" of various learned societies to pay down an unlimited number of guineas for the privilege of joining the circle of Morgan and Campbell. It would, I think, afford some useful protection to the public if every undischarged bankrupt were compelled to append the letters U.D.B. to his name when displaying it in public, just as public Companies are required to describe themselves as "Limited;" and it will always be a pleasure to me in future to give Campbell, and any others of the same stamp, the benefit of this distinction. But for the proper punishment of a career such as I have now described, and for the due protection of the public against the repetition of such roguery, recourse ought to be had to some Court much more drastic in its methods than the Court of Bankruptcy.

THE MISSIONARY AT HOME.

A gentleman in Southern India sends me the following account of Indian missions by a juvenile subscriber to missionary funds. "Every word of it," he says, "is absolutely true." As it accords in every particular with what I have previously heard from nearly every one who has written to me on the subject, I have no difficulty in believing this. For some reason, which I do not clearly understand, foreign missions are very largely supported by the contributions of children; and I am therefore very glad of the opportunity of letting English children see what another English child has seen.

India, November 24, 1891.

DEAR TRUTH,—I am a little English girl living in India, and I have for a long time been wanting to find out the name of some one at home who is kind to little boys and girls, and who will prevent them from being cheated, so the other day, after breakfast, I asked who it was that was kind to little sick boys and girls, and who it was that begged sixpences for little children in the Hospitals at Christmas, and was very good to them and bought them toys. Papa laughed and said, "Oh, she means TRUTH." Then I told him I was going to write to you, and he asked me what about. I told him about missionaries. He said "Nonsense." He said you were a very great person, and very busy, and had not time to attend to little girls, but I thought I would try. Now, I want you to see that the little boys and girls at Sunday-schools are not cheated as I have been. I want you to tell them never again to put their pennies and halfpennies in the "missionary-box." I will tell you why.

When I was in England I used every Sunday to get a penny from auntie, and I saved one of my own to put into the missionary-box. Every Sunday my teacher passed the box round, and we all, or nearly all, used to drop in something. I've even seen poor old Peggy's daughter put in a halfpenny. Old Peggy was our washerwoman. Then I had a quarterly-box at home, and when any of our friends—I mean my sisters' sweethearts—came in from cricket or boating, I generally got something out of them; they didn't like to refuse before Clara and Loo, you know. Once my box was the best in the school. How pleased I was that day! Our teacher used to tell us all about missionaries, and the poor heathen, and the curate used to pray for them, and once a year we had a real live missionary to speak to us. Oh, how we used to sing "From Greenland's icy mountains!" You know that hymn, I suppose, Mr. TRUTH, and I dare say you have sung it very often at your church. But since I've come to India to papa and mamma I find it is all nonsense. I've been cheated, and all the little boys and girls are being cheated, so I want you to tell them not to give any more pennies to the missionaries.

When I came out to India I asked papa to take me to see a real missionary. He did not seem to want to do so, but I begged so hard that mamma said we had better leave a card. So one day papa promised to call, and I felt so glad. I looked out all the little tracts I had given me in England, and I read all day about missionaries. When papa came from office we drove to the mission house. Oh, I was so surprised! It was not a little hut made of wood and mats like we had seen in the pictures. There was no high mountain at the back of it, and no river near it, and no tall grass with a tiger peeping out from behind. No; we saw a big place like a Board School playground, with stones, sand, and a tennis-court. When we drove round to the house, the missionary was in the verandah, sitting in a chair with long arms. He had his leg up on one arm, and he was reading a book. He had by his side a large glass filled with something yellow; papa afterwards called it "a peg." I don't know what that means, perhaps you will explain it to the little boys and girls, for I am sure we were never told that missionaries drank "pegs." I am sure it is not in the tracts. Well, the missionary asked us to go in, and I was quite astonished to see what a beautiful house he had. Tell the little boys and girls that the missionary did not sit on the floor on a mat. Tell them he had beautiful chairs and couches, carpets and rugs, and a big fan pulled by a rope to keep him cool He had a picture of himself and his wife on camels, and a servant following on another camel with their luggage, and he had written under it, "On the March." He had another picture where he and his wife were surrounded by their black servants, and he had written under it, "At Home." His house was very large—it had even two bath-rooms and six or seven other rooms. It was a bigger house than we had in England. Then he asked us whether we should like to see over the place. Oh, I was so glad! I thought I was going to see some of the little black boys and girls and old men and women that the missionaries keep; but, oh, Mr. TRUTH, tell the little boys and girls that there was not one. No; the missionary had a horse, a carriage, a stable, and a carriage-house, and houses for his servants, and a big kitchen for his cook, some beautiful ducks and hens, but no poor little black boys and girls. He had plenty of servants. He had a butler, whom he called "boy," and another who pulled the big fan to cool him, and another who dusted the furniture, and there was one called a "peon," and there was his man-cook, and a man to look after the horse, and a woman who looked after the baby—she was called an ayah—and several other servants. The missionary didn't seem at all tired with his day's work; and his wife was very careful that he should not get his face burnt by the sun, for when he went round to show us his place she said, "Your topi, dear," and she gave him a large hat with a very wide brim, and the missionary put up his umbrella to shield himself from the sun. I thought missionaries were not afraid of the sun, for I had read that day in my book that they travelled "over the burning desert and under the scorching sun." I was surprised at what I saw, and I thought that it was all so different from what I had been told in England. When we got home I asked papa why the mis-

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sionary's kitchen was so far away from his house. Papa looked at mamma, and said with a smile, "Oh, it would never do, my child, to have the missionary's studies and prayers disturbed by the sounds and smell of cooking." As he said this I saw him wink. I don't know why he winked at mamma, but I find that whenever I talk of missionaries he generally winks. I never noticed him wink in England, so one day I asked mamma why papa winked when he spoke of missionaries. She said that she did not know. "Perhaps the sun had affected his eyes, as the glare was very trying."

Well, the next day the missionary called on us. He came in his trap, and his servant, who rode behind, was very clean and nice—all in white. The missionary was dressed very nicely, and his clothes were quite as good as papa's. Tell the little boys and girls that the missionaries do not wear old clothes, patched with different coloured cloths, like we had seen in the pictures, but that they dress just like young curates. Tell the little boys and girls that they do not eat brown bread and drink water only. No, they have big dinners, and they like a glass of wine like other people.

I asked the missionary whether I might go to see him preach. He said he should be very glad and that he had divine service on Wednesday and Friday evenings, and that I might go. How I longed for Wednesday to come! Well, on Wednesday mamma took me, and, as we drove away, papa kissed me and said, "Now mind, don't be afraid of the little naked niggers." I noticed he again winked at mamma. When we got there I was so disappointed. Tell the little boys and girls at home that the missionary did not preach to naked boys and girls and men and women; tell them he did not stand under a big, tall palm-tree, and he did not play a flute to lead the singing.

There were no children or naked men and women there. The missionary had a little church, and he wore a surplice, and his wife played the harmonium. He was not surrounded by crowds anxious to hear the Word of God. No; there were only six or seven people there, and these were all people belonging to the mission. Oh, I was so disappointed! When we got home papa lifted me out of the carriage, and said—"Well, what do you think of the little niggers?" Oh, Mr. TRUTH, I could have cried to think how different it all was! How I had been deceived! Do tell the little boys and girls at home the truth; do not let them give their pennies any more.

There is one other thing I want to say to you. Tell the young ladies that make clothes for the missionary that I have not seen a single little black boy or girl wearing the clothes they make in England and send out here. When I asked papa where the little boys and girls lived who wear the things made by Clara and Loo in England, he looked puzzled, and mamma said, "I should see them some day, perhaps." Papa said, "Yes, perhaps!!" and then he winked again at mamma. Well, the other day, the missionary wrote and told mamma that there was to be a sale of work, and he asked her if she would take a stall. Papa didn't like it at first, but he gave way and we went. There were many large boxes full of beautiful things made in England, and all sent out by the steamers, carriage paid. But, oh, I was so disappointed! They did not give anything to the poor black heathen, and I did not see even one black man or woman at the sale. Perhaps they had no money, and so kept away. The only persons there were white people, and they bought the things for their own children. The missionary even had a "lucky bag" and a "bran pie," and they raffled for things just as they do in England at a fancy bazaar. I could have cried. You must tell the young ladies that the poor heathen do not wear such clothes as they send; that nothing is given away to them, but the things are all sold to others, and the money (papa says) is used for the mission. I am not sure whether he winked when he said this.

Now, dear TRUTH, you see how we are all cheated.—I am, yours affectionately, MAGGIE.

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NOTES FROM PARIS.

CHRISTMAS IN PARIS.

THE week has been given up to *l'Enfant Jésus* and *le Petit Noël*. The purely infantile character of a French Christmas (in its religious no less than its other sides) may strike English minds, fed on hard theologies as profane. Toys have been the only presents given. The papers teem with fanciful novelettes, in which *l'Enfant Jésus* is made to play the part of babe in pink saccharine stuff, lying on straw, artistically arranged. These sweety infants are unclad. But as in France people are used to *amoretti* in fine art, and the crowd visits sculpture exhibitions, one does not mind their nudity. Children are taken to look at them, and, if the parental purse is deep enough, to buy. Poor children cluster with their fathers and mothers round the windows, feasting their eyes on *Enfants Jésus*, sugary and pink. At the *Théâtre de l'Application* a dramatised carol is given for the benefit of schools, and appears on the play bill as "L'Enfant Jésus." The dramatist took for the groundwork of his entertainment a Noël by an old-world Poitevin priest named Le Moigne, who is being resuscitated, and deserves it, as a writer of popular lays based on religious traditions. No London pantomime in Christmas week, in the old pantomimic days, was more attractive than this *Enfant Jésus* entertainment has proved. In some of the churches quaint and artless carols, with not less quaint accompaniments, were brought into the services of the midnight Christmas Mass. Cafés-concerts and the *Tavernes* of Montmartre, and other noisy parts of the town where artists congregate, have also had their revivals of old Noëls, distinctly belonging to another age.

Lucas Le Moigne's carols, of which thirty-two are extant, best lend themselves to café-concert adaptation. This writer of religious lays was a parish priest in Poitou, and lived as far back, I should fancy, as the Border Minstrels whom Scott imitated. Veins of the feeling which permeate Voltaire and Béranger run through his carols. To moderns he is an odd compound of child-like faith, hard-headed scepticism, piety, and grossness. What he discards by driving it off with well-barbed shafts of sarcasm is not harder to believe than what he accepts. He loves good victuals and drink, and lots of them, finds in gluttony the source of strength, high spirits, and neighbourly kindness. Christ came to raise men to a state of brotherly love through jollity, and liked best eating and drinking with the poor because they did most justice to the viands set before them. The pen of the good priest runs on trippingly in his carols. His touch is firm, frank, and graphic, and all that he writes about the Holy Family lends itself to *tableaux vivants* in the spirit of those triptychs which were painted in his time on folding panels in the Flemish churches. St. Joseph is a cause for mirth in others, and the angels who visit his wife make him a butt for jests. The Virgin's natural graces draw down the heavenly host to her humble cottage. She has *le menton fourchu*, or dimpled chin of the good-natured and diplomatic beauty. The angel Gabriel speaks of it as one who knows the ways of her sex. The "no" of a *dame au menton fourchu*

is more pleasant than the "yes" of one who has no dimple, which is God's own mark, all the art of man or woman either being unable to make dimpled a chin which nature has left without it

Le Moigne ought to have been a City Father. He extols Christmas as a time of gluttony. The presents which wise men, shepherds, and shepherdesses bring to the stable at Bethlehem form a motley still-life picture. Puddings, saveloys, landrails, pigeons, larks, swines' heads and chops, are piled before her. Marjolet gives loaves, Gribelot capons, Louison from the marshes fat geese, Gothon a pot of broth, Roblot a peck of sweet chesnuts, and Jeanette a pot of honey to quiet l'Enfant Jésus when he cries. The poorest poor who have nothing to give divert the angels and Holy Family with their antics. Laughter being God's best gift, they are the most welcome.

You have got, it seems to me, the Le Moigne Christmas without the Holy Family and other personages in England. There is just a bare survival of it in the Boulevard restaurants and charcutiers' shops, where *réveillon* is kept by feasting on saveloys and other preparations of swine's flesh. I dare say the pig was in the good old times sacrificed on the Christmas altar to keep Jews out of festive houses, or to prove that the heads of such were Christian to the core, and not Semites, who, to disguise their Judaism, had learned to make the sign of the Cross.

Coppée is among those who have stooped this season to write Christmas tales for children. His pen may be said to adorn every subject that he touches, and on this occasion there was not an exception to the rule. The best story was one by Dostoiewsky—translated, of course—and remarkable for its strong and strange lights and shadows. Russia must be a fearful place in which to spend a Christmas for a poor widow and her orphaned boy, who have not had the luck to fall in with Good Samaritans.

What I like in Dostoiewsky's tale is that it does not ring false, though imagination is deeply drawn upon. He must have felt like writing his little story before he took up his pen. A Christmas story written to order must be the merest ephemeral, because—like competitive paintings, or, indeed, all competitive works of art and literature—a forced fruit of the brain, and hollow at the core.

Those Sovereigns enjoying swollen civil lists should, in self-defence, beg the Czar not to remain the ally of M. Carnot. The Carnots are killing the goose which lays for these august personages golden eggs, their establishment being the best appointed of any in Europe. The dignity of a great State is no where more brilliantly or worthily kept up than by them on £25,000 + £12,000 for travelling expenses + £3,000 a year for hospitality. They have useful servants, but no Court. The chamberlain is called an usher, dresses in black, understands his business thoroughly, and gets a little more than £100. On State occasions he wears black shorts, silk stockings, buckled shoes, and a sword. The secretaries and aides-de-camp are not sinecurists. M. Carnot is able to be very liberal in giving tips and helping poor people. His wife this Christmas spent £1,400 in relieving indigent widows and orphans. She was thankful at the recovery of a child of her own from a bad attack of scarlatina, and so her heart went out to them in the shape of useful presents of money and clothes. If the recipients did not sing "God save Madame Carnot," you may be sure they felt like doing so.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

MANKIND, dear Lady Betty, takes itself very much too seriously. Exalted by the possible prospect of a future world and of a higher life, we entertain an altogether exaggerated estimate of our own selves and of the importance of those things that concern us. Were it not for this the world would be infinitely happier, merrier, and more indulgent than it now is. Consider how we labour for wealth which we may never live to enjoy, for fame which is seldom accorded us till its applause is deadened by the grave, for affection which the merest trifle may instantly turn into eternal hatred! See how we fret at the neglect of our neighbours, how bitterly we resent their criticism, and how we cower before their adverse opinion! And yet, what do these things signify?

But that which surprises me most, as I contemplate the many vagaries of mankind, is the inconceivable frivolity with which we engender unnecessary bitterness for ourselves and each other. Thus:—

A cuts B because the latter has made his own money.

B cuts C because he still toils to make his.

C cuts D because of his poverty.

D cuts E because he is not received at Marlborough House.

E cuts F because he is not received at the Mansion House.

F cuts G because he is High Church.

G cuts H because he is Low Church.

H cuts I because he is no Church at all.

J, K, and L cut M, N, O, and P for trifling shades in their various political aspirations.

Q cuts R because he dresses badly.

R cuts S because he dresses too well.

T, U, and V cut each other from sheer perversity.

And X cuts Y for no better reason whatever than because Z happens to do so too!

And this after close upon twenty centuries of Christianity!

But of all the comical phenomena of human assumption, none surpasses the eccentricities of reflected importance. Thus Brown exacts extra respect, not on account of any intrinsic merit of his own, but in consequence of his fortuitous acquaintance with others more prominent than himself. Mrs. Jones assumes a position of acknowledged superiority merely because a certain Royal Personage once favoured her with five minutes' conversation. Little Smithe claims precedence over every other Smith in the universe because he judiciously added a terminate "e" to his individual cognomen.

In the face of such facts, is it unreasonable to doubt whether the world is really quite sane?

The death of Sir William White, Ambassador at Constantinople, which occurred at Berlin, on Monday, where he had gone for the purpose of seeing his son-in-law, is a serious loss to this country. No living diplomatist has the knowledge of the Eastern Question and of the Eastern character possessed by our late Ambassador, and Lord Salisbury has indeed a difficult task before him in selecting

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a successor to this important post. Sir William, some four months ago, was seized with an attack of gastric fever at Pesth on his return from Gastein, and this, no doubt, weakened his constitution, rendering him an easier victim to the influenza to which he succumbed.

Since the time of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe no public man wielded such influence at Constantinople as was latterly enjoyed by Sir William White. His rapid promotion from comparatively obscure appointments in the Diplomatic Service was in itself a token and an acknowledgment of his remarkable abilities; for Sir William was promoted direct from the minor office of Minister at Bucharest to the important post which he has ever since held, a rise for which there is no precedent whatever in the profession. The friendship of Lord Salisbury, and the marked regard of the Queen—who on every occasion showed him especial consideration—were due to his talents, his discretion, and his singular judgment. His forecast of events connected with the Russo-Turkish war will be a lasting monument to his honour at the Foreign Office. Sir William was a brilliant linguist, and none was better acquainted than he with the various Slav dialects. Gifted with an essentially kindly nature, his irresistible *bonhomie* and genial manners, attracted the affection of all whose privilege it was to come into contact with him.

The vacancy at Constantinople—especially at this moment—will be a particularly difficult one to fill, and no delay can be allowed to occur in appointing a successor to this important post. Sir Evelyn Baring, Sir Philip Currie, Sir Edward Malet, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Sir Francis Clare Ford, and Sir Edmund Monson are the six candidates most generally spoken of. Of these Sir Evelyn Baring and Sir Edmund Monson are the chief favourites, though personally I incline to think that Sir Philip Currie and Sir Edward Malet have even a better chance. Sir Edward Malet, it should be remembered, can never go to Paris direct from Berlin, and as the former post is the ambition of his life, he must necessarily first see service at an interim appointment. Against Sir Philip Currie's nomination it is argued that there is no precedent of a Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs being promoted to an Ambassadorship. This is practically incorrect, for Sir Julian Pauncefote was appointed to Washington in 1889, and, though nominally a Minister's post, Washington ranks for all intents and purposes as an Ambassadorial one.

M. Waddington leaves the French Embassy in Albert Gate for Paris to-day (Wednesday). Baron d'Estournelles being absent, Comte Xavier de Florian will act as *Chargé d'Affaires* during the Ambassador's absence. M. Waddington is expected to return to England towards the end of January, when he will be accompanied by Madame Waddington, who has now been absent for some considerable time.

The death of Mr. Ernest Bowes Lyon, third son of Lord Strathmore and Secretary of Legation at Belgrade, which occurred on Sunday, the result of an accident, will be genuinely regretted by all his colleagues in the Diplomatic Service. Mr. Lyon, who was a great favourite amongst the younger members of the service, was an excellent musician, over and above being a promising diplomat. He married in 1882 Miss Isabel Drummond, and leaves one son and one daughter.

I regret to hear that Count de Bylandt, the much-esteemed Netherlands Minister in London, has been seriously indisposed, suffering from an attack of asthma. On Christmas-Eve, Count de Bylandt was excessively unwell, and, as his Excellency is very advanced in years, his ill-health has been a cause of great concern to his numerous friends.

Rumour has it that the late Mr. Magniac's fine collection of pictures and works of art may presently be brought under the hammer at Messrs. Christie & Manson's. Should this report prove correct, the sale will certainly be one of the sensational events of 1892, for Mr. Magniac possessed numerous works of quite especial merit, whilst his collection of miniatures is celebrated. Unfortunately, on account of some slight misunderstanding, Mr. Magniac was one of the few owners of fine miniatures who failed to contribute to the loan collection held some three or four years ago at the Arts Club in Savile-row.

Golf still urges on its wild career. The latest development in this department is the "Prince's Golf Club," at Mitcham Common, which has been started in connection with the "Prince's Racket Club," Knightsbridge. The Committee is specially strong, and includes, amongst other members, Mr. Arthur Balfour, President; Lord Granby, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Captain Napier Miles, Captain David Kinloch, and Mr. Hwfa Williams. The main purpose of the new venture is, I believe, to organise a more or less exclusive golf club, chiefly composed of members acquainted with each other and within easy distance of town. Mitcham can be reached by the London, Brighton, and South-Coast Railway in twenty minutes, and the train lands members direct upon the links.

Mrs. Bolton has sent out cards for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Beatrice Bolton, to Mr. Dudley Loftus, Grenadier Guards, which will take place, at 2.30 p.m., on Tuesday, January 12, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The customary wedding breakfast will be given later in the afternoon at the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park Corner.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

PEOPLE who are interested in Orme must quake with apprehension when they read flighty rhapsodies about his being the most valuable horse that ever existed, because he now appears to have a very fair chance of winning many of the rich stakes in which he is engaged. This sort of expensive nonsense is printed almost every year about some beast or other, and, as a rule, the animal thus fervently eulogised comes to dire grief, and wins hardly anything. It will be full time to fall into paroxysms of enthusiasm about Orme in four months from the present period. Even if he does turn roarer, there is nothing in the Two Thousand entry that is likely to beat him; but his chance for the Derby would be destroyed. Considering how tragically the winter favourites of this year and last year disappointed expectations, I am not surprised that offers to bet 2 to 1 against Orme for the Derby meet with no response. It is worth while for people who fancy him for the Derby so ardently that they must needs back him now, to reflect upon the fact that if he is fit and well, he is certain to run twice at Newmarket before Epsom, and it would surely be better to wait and bet odds on him after he has won his earlier engagements than to accept now such a ridiculous price as 2 to 1, with all the manifold risks of the winter and spring to be got through, putting aside the chance either of his being beaten in the Two Thousand or Newmarket Stakes, or of La Flèche defeating him in a trial.

I understand that the only animals which have been backed for the Derby, in addition to Orme, are La Flèche, El Diablo, Flyaway, and Polyglot. If it were positively necessary to back one, I should be disposed to select La Flèche. El Diablo is a very useful colt, and he is going on well, but he certainly is not in the same class as the Kingsclere pair. Orme simply played with him at Newmarket.

There is likely to be a prodigious clearing out in both the Derby and Oaks next week. There were originally 265 entries for the Derby, of which seventy paid forfeit a year ago. I shall be surprised if more than twenty or thirty are left in after Tuesday, and if any dark animals are among the number the slightest disposition to back them will be eagerly followed. There are 152 fillies in the Oaks, out of an original entry of 194. Here again it will be astonishing if more than about twenty are left in.

The Newmarket stables have done very badly this year, and to the legion of backers that inhabit that town the season of 1891 must have proved a veritable Moscow

campaign; for when an important race did fall to a horse trained there a great public fancy was usually upset by the victory. The results to the Newmarket people were pleasant enough when Lord George and Unicorn won the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Stewards' Cup respectively, but the victories of Nunthorpe in the City and Suburban and Jubilee Handicap, Mimi in the One Thousand, Laureate II. in the Royal Hunt Cup, Révérend in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Leicester, Rusticus in the Leicester Royal Handicap, and Signorina in the Lancashire Plate cannot have been profitable to them. The training-grounds at Newmarket are now overcrowded, and all the "fashionable" trainers have twice as many horses in their stables as it is reasonably possible for any man properly to look after, however experienced, assiduous, and clever he may be. There is a mysterious tendency just now to concentrate race-horses at Newmarket, which is probably due to the fact that it is such an accessible place, and owners have excellent opportunities of inspecting their studs when they are attending the race-meetings. If I may use the language of Mr. Pott of Eatanswill, the inhabitants of Newmarket, who benefit so much by its popularity as a training-place, will be "worse than swine" if they do not some day erect an adequate memorial to the real author of their present prosperity, the late Lord Stamford, who, when the fashion of the town was at a desperately low ebb about thirty years ago, turned the tide by sending a great stable of horses to be trained there by Joseph Dawson, and Newmarket has never "looked back" since. This year has been peculiarly disastrous, for not only were the Two Thousand, Derby, and Leger secured by the Kingsclere stable, although three of the winter "favourites" for the classic races were trained at Newmarket, but such handicaps as the Cesarewitch, Cambridgeshire, and Liverpool Cup were all won by "country" horses, and these are races which several of the Newmarket stables have always carefully laid themselves out to win. Again, the principal two-year-old stakes of the season were won by animals trained at Kingsclere, so that the Newmarket prospects of gaining distinction in the "classic" stakes of 1892 do not at present appear to be particularly bright, for it is probable that Rueil, who is, I fancy, the best two-year-old that has been trained there this season, will be reserved by M. E. Blanc for his French engagements in the spring. The fact is that it would be a very good thing for everybody concerned if the principal trainers at Newmarket were to lose half their horses, as they are at present most manifestly in a state of chaotic hugger-mugger.

Next Tuesday will be the most important nomination day of the year. More than sixty stakes of all sorts and descriptions close on that day, and the final forfeits for the Derby and Oaks of next year and the first forfeits for those events in 1892 must be declared.

Among the handicaps which close on Tuesday are the Lincolnshire, the City and Suburban, and Metropolitan, at Epsom; the Spencer Plate and Northamptonshire Stakes, the Jubilee, at Kempton Park; the Liverpool Spring Cup, and the Chester Cup, as well as the Crawfurd and Babraham Plates, at the Newmarket Craven Meeting.

There are a great number of weight-for-age stakes at Newmarket, including the Criterion, Triennial, and Rous Memorial, and the Payne Stakes. At Ascot the most important are the Gold Cup, Alexandra Plate, Triennial, Rous Memorial, All-aged Stakes, and Coventry Stakes. At Goodwood there are the Findon, Ham, and Gratwicke Stakes; at Stockbridge, the Cup and the Mottisfont Plate; at York, the Gimcrack and the Convivial Produce Stakes; and many events at Doncaster, Sandown Park, and other meetings.

There are no fewer than forty entries for the Great Shropshire Steeplechase, which is to be run at the Ludlow Club Meeting on April 28, and several of the best hunters in training have been engaged, including Bloodstone and St. Galmier.

Very few English owners have patronised the Nice meeting, which commences on January 11. "Mr. Abington" has engaged Wrangler and Niagara in several of the hurdle races and steeplechases.

The most valuable stake of the year was the Eclipse at Sandown Park, which was worth £11,075, but the Lancashire Plate, which was at the top of the list in 1888, when it was worth £10,222, has come down to £8,971. The Derby came to £5,510, a decline of £420 as compared with last year; and next comes the Leicester Royal Handicap, of £5,347, and then the Leicester Prince of Wales's Stakes, which has fallen from £11,000 in 1889, and £7,750 last year, to £5,047. The Leger was worth only £4,300, as against £5,125 last year, and £4,800 in 1889; but the Oaks, thanks to the new conditions, has risen to £4,405, as against £2,600 in 1889 and £2,850 in 1888. The One Thousand has come up to £4,050, from £3,400 last year and £2,700 in 1889. Next to the Royal Handicap the most valuable race of that description was the Jubilee at Kempton Park, which was worth £2,650; and then came the Manchester Cup, of £2,107; then the Lincolnshire Handicap, £1,585; the Cambridgeshire, £1,530; and the City and Suburban, £1,495.

Of two-year-old races, the most valuable was the Kempton Breeders' Stakes, £4,350; next came the Prince of Wales's Post Sweepstakes, at Goodwood, £3,600; and then the Whitsuntide Plate, at Manchester, which has fallen from £4,400 in 1888, £3,400 in 1889, and £3,274 in 1890, to £2,740. This decline is entirely owing to the idiotic flea-skinning parsimony of the managers of the meeting, who might profitably bear in mind the practical lesson which is to be drawn from the fable of the goose with the golden eggs. The Portland Stakes, at Leicester, has also sustained a heavy fall, having gradually declined from £6,000 in 1888 to £2,550. The Middle Park Plate rose to £2,505, from £2,255 last year, £2,433 in 1889, and £2,105 in 1888, and it is by far the most valuable of the Newmarket two-year-old stakes, the July (£1,640) coming next, and then the Dewhurst Plate, £1,507. Considering the enormous revenue of the Ascot meeting, it is strange that its richest two-year-old stakes should be worth only £1,979 (the New), and £1,851 (the Coventry), and the most valuable race in the programme (the Hardwicke) came up to only £2,412, and the best handicap (the Hunt Cup) to £1,190. The Champagne Stakes, at Doncaster, which was the most important of the autumn two-year-old races until the Middle Park Plate was established, was worth only £1,200, and the once-famous Woodcote makes a doleful show with £950.

The list of French winning owners is headed by M. Edouard Blanc, who has risen from £6,200 to £23,000, and to this amount must be added the £7,977 which he won in England, so that, as a matter of fact, he is credited with the largest sum of any owner in Europe, Mr. Noel Fenwick coming second with £20,519. M. Blanc was indebted to his three-year-olds Clamart, Révérend, and Gouverneur, for three-fourths of his winnings, and the latter pair would have carried off many more races if there had been any affinity to reason in their management. It is not often that two animals have been so egregiously and so persistently messed about. M. E. Blanc ought to do well next season, for, in addition to the three-year-olds, he has the best two-year-old in France in Rueil, and a very promising lot of yearlings. M. Ephrussi has risen from £10,000 to £18,500, of which about £7,500 was won by Primrose, a very lucky mare, that is, I hear, to be raced in England next season. M. Aubert has won just £12,000, more than two-thirds of which was secured by the three-year-old Floréal, who won more than a dozen races, and by Mirabeau. Baron de Soubeyran and the Vicomte Halley-Chaparède, who are in partnership, won about £11,200, which was garnered together in small races. Comte de Juigné and Prince d'Arenberg have won £10,000, thanks principally to that wonderful horse, Yellow. Baron de Schickler, who headed last year's list with £20,000, has come down to £9,200, for which he is principally indebted to Fra Angelica and La Capricorne, the latter having been so fortunate as to win the rich Jubilee Prize

The Rough Weather Tailors, for both ladies and gentlemen, are to be found at Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

at Baden-Baden. All the most successful owners of 1890 have done badly this year, as well as Baron Schickler. M. Maurice Ephrussi, second in 1890 with nearly £17,000, and Baron de Rothschild, who was third with £16,400, have respectively fallen to £4,700 and £5,900. The grievous collapse of Hauteur was, of course, a great misfortune for the Rothschild colours, and, indeed, the Baron's stud was altogether out of form. M. de Monbel is indebted to Ermak, whose victory in the Prix du Jockey Club was one of the surprises and mysteries of the season, for most of his £10,000; and Bérenger and the Ménestrel (two sons of The Bard) won the greater part of M. Henri Say's £9,200. M. Camille Blanc, who won about £8,200, is indebted to Le Hardy and the two-year-old Kairouan for more than half of his gains. M. Delamarre and the Comte de Berteux come next, and these are all the owners who have won more than £5,000. M. Lupin has fallen from £7,600 to £1,500, but the great crash of the year in France has been with the large stud of the Duc de Feltre, who is credited with the contemptible sum of £850.

Mr. Noel Fenwick's horses have left Matthew Dawson's stables, and they will, in future, be trained by Marsh. Mimi has been blistered upon her forelegs, in the hope that she may stand another preparation, but it is exceedingly improbable that she will start for any more races, although I hear that an attempt is to be made to train her for one of the spring handicaps. Mimi was certainly the most lucky animal of the year. It is expected that Gantlet will be the crack of Mr. Fenwick's stud next season, and, if anything happens to La Flèche, this beautiful filly is very likely to win the One Thousand and Oaks, for Flyaway is almost certain to turn out a non-stayer.

Queen's Birthday is not to be sent to the stud, but he will be trained for another year, and Major Joicey intends to enter him for the Gold Cup at Ascot, and he will be prepared expressly for that race. Major Joicey has acted very judiciously in keeping Queen's Birthday on the turf, as it does not at present appear as if next year's cup races would take a deal of winning, unless Révérend develops into a good four-year-old. I suppose that Gonsalvo and Blue Green are to be kept in training, and if the four animals I have named were to meet in the Ascot Cup, the race would be as interesting as it was last year.

The value of the stakes which have been run for this year at the meetings of Chantilly, Fontainebleau, and Longchamps amounted to upwards of £100,000, of which just £80 000 was *bonâ-fide* added money, and not merely sums subscribed by ingenuous owners, as is the case at every meeting in England, excepting only Ascot. The amount given at these French meetings showed an increase of £8,000 over that of 1890, and £12,000 as compared with 1889. The first meeting at Longchamps is fixed for March 27, while the racing at Chantilly begins on Sunday, May 22, when the Prix de Diane (French Oaks) will be run, to be followed on the 29th by the Prix du Jockey Club, or French Derby. This is the Sunday before the English Derby, so that Rueil, who is certain to start at Chantilly, is, therefore not likely to be seen at Epsom. The Longchamps Summer meeting is to begin on Thursday, June 3, and the Grand Prix is appointed for the 12th of that month, being the Sunday before Ascot. The Auteuil Steeplechase is fixed for June 5, which happens to be Whit-Sunday. Neither Orme nor La Flèche is engaged in the Grand Prix, which stake now has £8,000 added to it, and it at present looks like falling to M. E Blanc with Rueil, unless Watercress trains into a good horse, for Galeopsis and Gossoon will probably be more noted next year for speed than for stamina, and neither Polyglot nor St. Damien is a flyer, although both are capable of much improvement. The largest English subscribers are Mr. D. Cooper (six), Lord Dudley (seven), the Duke of Hamilton (nine), Lord Durham (five), and Mr. Perkins, with four. It at present seems very unlikely that any of these owners will be represented in the race after the next forfeit has been declared. Of Mr. Cooper's failures, three cost £4,000 as yearlings, while Lord Dudley wasted £10,800 in purchasing six of his awkward squad.

Plutus, by Trumpeter, has just died in France, at the great age of twenty-eight. This horse was bred at Gunton, in Norfolk, by Lord Suffield, who sold him as a foal to the late Count Lagrange, for whom he won a few races, including the Great Eastern Handicap of 1866, in which he beat a large field. Plutus sired Flageolet to La Favorita, by Monarque, shortly after he went to the stud, and this horse was the best of his stock, although Monsieur Philippe was very highly tried in the autumn of 1879, before he came over from Chantilly to win the Criterion Stakes at Newmarket. Flageolet was a very good horse, and, having shown excellent form as a two-year-old, he was the winter favourite for the Two Thousand of 1873, when the betting was exceedingly heavy. Flageolet ran very badly in the race, and his ignominious collapse excited many acrimonious comments, and Mr. Corlett's criticisms in the *Sportsman* were so indiscreetly vivacious that T. Jennings brought an action for libel against that journal, which, however, never came to trial, as an explanation or quasi-apology was presently forthcoming. Flageolet was not entered for the Derby, and he had no chance with Boiard in the Grand Prix. There was but little merit in his Goodwood Cup victory, as Favonius was not half-trained, while Cremorne was lame. It was unlucky for Flageolet that he chanced to be racing in an exceptionally good year. He is now at the Graditz stud in Germany, having been long ago sold by M. Lefevre, whose colours he carried on the turf, and he has been a most successful sire. Plutus had no other flyer among his progeny, but he got plenty of winners every year until quite recently. Count Lagrange sold him to the late Comte de l'Aigle, after whose death he was purchased by the Duc de Feltre, at whose Fercocq stud he died.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—First and foremost, let me wish you, Ben, and all your friends who take an interest in my letters, a Happy New Year. The year which has now nearly run its course has not been favourable to those directly or indirectly connected with the Stock Exchange. Instead of the expected recovery from the Baring panic of November, 1890, we have had to face continued liquidation and depreciation in almost all departments. But even the "Bears" have not taken much by their persistent efforts, and during the last month or two they must have dropped in Foreigners, Brighton "A," &c., the larger portion of the profits which they had previously been able to clear. For it is the nature of the "Bear," when he has made successful hauls "on the short side" of the market, to grow more daring in his operations. He knows, in fact, as little when to stop as does the "Bull" when flushed with success.

The Year 1892.

For the sake of the general public it is to be hoped that the year 1892 will not prove a happy hunting-ground for the ursine party. Holders of nearly every kind of security have had to deplore a shrinkage in values, which was severest in South American stocks, but extended over the whole of the markets. The last few weeks have, however, brought a marked recovery, and although such stocks as Argentine, Brazilian, and Uruguayan still remain in the dumps, the tone of the American and Home Railway departments has been stronger than it has been for years during the week immediately preceding Christmas. The long-looked-for boom in American Rails appears to have set in at last, and the singular strength shown and the material advance established will probably

Arthur Forbes & Co., Australian Investment, Finance, and Mining Agency, 16, Cornhill, London, E.C., and at Brisbane, Queensland, have special business in some of the best Colonial Mining Stocks, including Brilliant, Victory, Victoria, Sunburst, Broken Hill, Raub, and other prosperous concerns. Constant information by cable. Telegraphic address, "Orpharion, London."

bring the outside public into the market, for the public never buys until stocks are well on the upward course. Frequently, in fact, it happens that it comes in at the top, but in view of the exceptionally promising position in the United States, prices of Yankee Rails cannot be considered near the top yet. I look for a further rise, but it is more than ever necessary to be careful in the selection of stocks to operate in. Home Rails have rallied to a considerable extent, but more animation may be looked for in January with the announcement of the dividends. After that stimulus is removed, all will depend upon the course of our trade, and on that subject I am not over sanguine, as we seem to be on the down grade at present. Foreign stocks, especially Russians, Spanish, and Portuguese, had best be left alone. The recent activity in these securities, caused by a Bear squeeze of unusual severity, is certain to be followed by a reaction. The outside speculator can do little good with these gambling counters of the *haute finance*, and the head of the investor who puts his money into them will rest uneasily on the pillow. The course of prices of South and Central American stocks will greatly depend upon the solution of the political and financial problems in Argentina and Brazil. Should any decided progress be made in this direction, an important recovery would doubtless make itself felt in most of these securities. The mining market is still in the slough of despond, and Kaffirs do not answer to the whip. There will be an improvement some day, but it is impossible to say when. Many cheap stocks are to be picked up amongst stocks of both Home and Foreign industrial enterprises, and, although I do not anticipate any revival in Company promoting in this department until such deplorable fiascos as those of the Bread Union, the Hansard Union, &c., are forgotten, the sound concerns, which have passed through a heavy ordeal, are well worthy of attention. It may be said of the year 1892 that it will open with a low range of prices in all except the foreign market; that money promises to be fairly plentiful and cheap; that after a protracted period of depression brought about by the financial delinquencies of the Barings and others of that ilk, a rebound is probable with the revival of confidence; and that, should we be spared any great war or other calamities of a far-reaching nature, a more prosperous period and a higher level of prices may, therefore, be looked forward to.

My Letter-Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various investors:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

G. W.—The half-yearly drawing of bonds of the Argentine, 1881 Railway loan is to take place shortly, I should not sell these bonds at the present low level. *K. L. M., Southsea.*—1. Sell Italian Rente at the present improvement. 2. Why hold French Rente; you can do better with equal safety by investing in Gilt-edged American Railroad bonds. 3. I do not believe in these debentures; the concern was formed in relief of the bank, and the colony is not prospering. 4. No; you will do well to keep out of Spanish, although the success of the internal loan may give them a temporary fillip. 5. Yes; sell. 7. Some of the American Railroad bonds named in Truth, December 17, say Denver and Rio Grande First Mortgage bonds, Nashville, Florida, and Sheffield, or Oregon and Californias, yielding about 5 per cent. 8. Yes; the best plan is to keep them; South American and Mexican will improve considerably in time. I am not in favour of Elkhorn, or Gold Fields of South Africa, or Pahang Corporation. Hold Mexican Sixes (9). Hold also Greeks (10).

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Ratcatcher.—Percy Barclay & Co., of 110, Cannon-street, are outside stock and share dealers, and not members of the Stock Exchange. You must be aware that I do not believe in the so-called syndicates or pools got up by firms of this class. *Starcross.*—It is a respectable country bank, but there is a heavy uncalled liability, and personally I do not like this. *T. Clark.*—A very third-rate bank. Should not advise any dealings with it. *D. H. W.*—Hold River Plate Trust, Loan, and Agency Co., A and B shares; they are likely to recover with an improvement in River Plate finances. *K. E. D.*—I should not advise investment in these so-called Land Trusts stocks. You will do much better and will be safer with second-class American railroad bonds selected from my list of a fortnight ago. *Cymro*—I have a very poor opinion of the Indian Trust in question. Sell if you can. *Vicar, Ixworth.*—The circular has all the indications of a proposed swindle. *J. S.*—I should say that the result would be more favourable than you seem to anticipate. *H. J. C.*—I have for some time held but a poor opinion of such Australian land companies, and should advise you to get out of the shares at the next opportunity.

Home Rails.

Expectans.—Caledonian and North British Deferred have again improved a point, and are likely to advance to higher prices. *N. O. S.*—Brighton "A" are more than ever subject to weather influences, and a few weeks of mild and bright weather would help the stock up. *R. O. S.*—North Eastern seem to be high enough, in view of the traffic decreases and the depression of the local industries.

American and Foreign Rails.

Illinois.—The Illinois Central is doing well, and the stock is likely to improve, and I consider them, with you, a better purchase at their price than New York Central. *R. S.*—If you intend to buy Buenos Ayres and Rosario stocks you should rather choose the 1894 Extension shares which are very cheap at 6¾, and are fully certain of their interest, while eventually convertible into Ordinary shares. *R. S. A.*—Hold Ohio and Mississippi. The moment the London Committee carry their point—which they are certain to do—they will recover. I do not think well of the mining shares referred to. *H. M., Bradford-on-Avon.*—I fully approve of your proposed investments Buenos Ayres Great Southern Five per Cent. Prefs. (No. 1), Costa Rica B bonds (2), and Atchison Topeca and Santa Fé Four per Cent. First Mortgage bonds or Five per Cent. Income Bonds, but I do not recommend No. 3. *A. B.*—You should hold Texas B. They will eventually join in the general advance of American Railroad stocks.

Mining Shares.

E. H.—1. There is no market for these shares. 2. Prospects of the Mine are gloomy. There has been a loss every year hitherto. Write to the Secretary, 57, Moorgate-street, for information. *Anxious One.*—You should hold your Great Gold Zone and Sheba shares. They are likely to improve. You will find what you want by reading my articles. *P. O. P.*—De Beers shareholders will get a distribution of one British Chartered share to every five De Beers, which works out to 158,000 shares. The fall in Chartered shares was partly due to sales by insiders in anticipation of this distribution. *Constant Reader, Piccadilly.*—The *Times* made a stupid blunder. The distribution of British Chartered shares to De Beers shareholders will be at the rate of five Chartered to one De Beers share. These shares are a bonus to the shareholders, who retain their De Beers shares all the same.

Industrial Companies.

W. J. T.—You should place the Johannesburg Waterworks debentures into the hands of your stockbroker for sale. They are of £100 nominal value and are quoted about 94-95. *N. D.*—There is very little market for the shares in a small industrial Company of this kind, and a large sale will depress them unduly. Perhaps unfavourable dividend rumours account for the fall. Write to the secretary for information. *A. W. T.*—Although there is some force in your remarks, I consider that the Company has excellent prospects for the current year from the extension of electric lighting and other electrical work. *Yorkshire.*—1. I do not think that the Bears have covered yet. 2. Yes, I hear that the Company has done well, but I cannot tell you what dividend the directors will pay. *J. A., Glasgow.*—No. 1. A second-rate Trust. You should sell on a recovery in prices. No. 2. No reason to sell the Otis Steel Debentures now. 3. I do not care for this Assurance Company. *Anxious, Horsham.*—No reason to sell St. Louis, Denver, or San Francisco Brewery shares now. *E. C.*—Sell the shares if you can.

Mixed Investments.

Yarmouth.—It is impossible to tell you if you will be able to realise a substantial profit in a couple of months. That must depend upon the course of the markets. But No. 1 (Golden Gates, Charters Towers), No 2 (Tarapacà Bank), No. 3 (Village Main Reef) are promising investments. I should not buy Yankee Girl (4) or Eastman's Ordinary (5) now. I do not like Tobacco Companies like No. 6, or Australian Land Companies like No. 8. I should not like to advise you about No. 7. *Plume.*—1. The Life Office in question is wealthy, and, although it has made grave mistakes, there is no reason to fear a collapse. But you should not insure with it unless you are quite certain that you will be able to keep up your payments. 2. I am afraid that there is nothing of a favourable nature to communicate respecting the liquidation of the Bread Union. The promoters and directors will come up for trial early in the new year. 3. The firms in question are outside dealers. You should employ a member of the Stock Exchange. But as a matter of principle I never recommend individual stockbrokers. *War.*—I do not believe in a European war for the present, and, at all events, not in a participation of England in it. Should such an event, however, occur (1) the stock markets would, of course, decline all round, especially Foreigners. No. 2 (Home Rails), and especially No. 3 (American Rails), would, however, no doubt, eventually recover, but not so No. 4 (Continental securities). If England should not be involved the course would be the same, but the fall less severe, with the exception of No. 4. *Bumble.*—I have not a good opinion

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of the Mauritius concern in question, but you should write to the secretary for information. The Trust mentioned is second-rate. No reason why you should not take up the shares in the Copper Company.

A Brief Look Round.

You will not expect a long letter from me, Ben, considering that we have had only a few business days during the past week. But I will briefly touch upon the most salient futures. The liveliest stock amongst Home Rails has been North British Deferred, which has jumped up to 46⅞ upon Scotch buying. I told you all along to look for a rise in this stock, and I do so still. The tip is also being passed round that North British Preferred will rise to 75. Brighton "A" are inactive for the moment at 151¼, but with a 7 per cent. dividend to come off next month, their course is likely rather to be up than downwards, especially if the weather should favour the line. Midlands are my favourite stock amongst the "Heavies," and I also fancy Coras (Caledonian Deferred Ordinary) at 45⅞. As a general rule, the "Bulls" of Yankee Rails buy the Christmas-boxes for the "Bears;" but the positions are reversed this year, and the "Bears" will no doubt also contribute to the New Year's presents of the "Bulls." Mail advices from New York fully confirm the view which I have repeatedly expressed that the "Bear" account in Northern Pacific Prefs., Union Pacifics, and Louisville was especially strong in Wall-street, and it is not nearly eliminated yet. Atchison stocks have begun to move up, the shares to 46¼, the Income Bonds to 68¾, and these stocks will, with Milwaukees, Erie, Louisville, and Norfolk Prefs., doubtless lead the rise on this side. Denver Prefs. are one of the cheapest stocks at 47⅛, and Atlantic Firsts at 39¾, with 1¼ dividend to come off on January 1, also deserve special attention. Amongst the low-priced shares, Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Ordinary (now quoted 19¼) are, in view of the progress made by this road, likely to receive considerable attention. The Vanderbilt stocks, Lake Shore, New York Central, &c., seem to be high enough. The last disappointing traffic return has put the bulls of Grand Trunks out of humour, and it will require a few bumper traffics to revive their spirits. Brazilian and Argentine Government and Railway stocks should be closely watched, as there are great bargains to be picked up. The question is, of course, when the turn will come? Chilian bonds will eventually reach higher prices again, and Nitrate Rails show already (at 18⅛) that firmer tone which seems to be fully justified by the position. The shares in the Nitrate Companies, on the other hand, may well be left alone for a while. Kaffirs and other mines generally show increased weakness before the settlement, and enjoy a short revival after that ordeal is got over. Whether the rallies will be less shortlived in the new year remains to be seen. There is room for an improvement now, but the market wants a few leaders. Amongst industrial investments, American Brewery shares remain in favour. Foreign and Colonial Bank shares mark a considerable fall for the year, and are losing favour with investors, in consequence of several collapses in this section. The stocks of Trust Companies are also much lower than they were a year ago, especially those of second-rate concerns, against which I have repeatedly warned correspondents in "My Letter-Box."
—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

P.S.—Tuesday Morning.—The new account has opened auspiciously with a further marked rise in Yankee Rails, especially in the stocks recommended by me. Then, again, North British and Caledonian have continued their advance, Brighton "A" are up, Nitrate Rails have touched 19, and several other favourites of mine are preparing for a rise. On the other hand, Foreigners are lower, as I also anticipated.

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is, 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

SPECIAL QUEER STORY COMPETITION.

In view of the enormous public interest aroused by the Great Pearl Case, and the disappointment excited in many quarters by the untimely collapse of the mystery, it has occurred to me that I may afford my readers much harmless amusement at this festive season by providing them with a mystery on the same lines for their own solution. With this object I publish the following unfinished story, and leave to my readers the task of solving the problem which it presents. It will be understood, of course, that though the robbery on which the story turns is committed under circumstances closely resembling those described in the late trial, the characters and incidents are purely fictitious, and readers are expected to exercise their imagination in inventing a conclusion without any reference to the facts disclosed in Mrs. Osborne's action. The termination of that case disposed of that particular mystery once and for all; and it would not, therefore, be right, in constructing a new story of a jewel robbery, to point, however indirectly, to personages who have figured in the original case.

What I now ask for is, as I have put it in connection with previous competitions of this kind, "the most probable and convincing solution" of the question, Who stole the rubies? subject to the following conditions:—The answers must state (1) who committed the theft; (2) by what motive the thief was actuated; (3) by what evidence the criminal is to be discovered and convicted. No answer must exceed three hundred words, and in every case brevity will be considered as a merit. In other respects answers should conform to the rules of the Truth Puzzles (see Puzzle Page), particularly in regard to their being written under a *nom de plume*, and accompanied by name and address under a separate cover. They should be marked on the cover "Queer Story Competition," and should reach Truth Office not later than Monday, January 18. Finally, for the best solution in accordance with the above terms, I offer a prize of Ten Guineas, with further prizes of five and three guineas for the next two in order of merit.

I may add that, in completing the story, competitors are at liberty to introduce any fresh incidents, facts, or characters that they please. But, for the sake of brevity and simplicity, I would suggest that they should confine themselves as closely as possible to merely developing the materials supplied to them in the text. So much by way of preface. Now for the story.

WHO STOLE THE RUBIES?

Sir George and Lady Ringmar entertained a party for Christmas, 1890. They lived in Sussex within easy reach of Brighton, and maintained a small but sufficient establishment made up of two men and five women servants.

The company consisted of Lord Francis Rashdale, Lady Sarah Ogle, Captain Baxter, Miss Edith Graham, and Mr. Lionel Price, Lady Ringmar's brother. They all arrived on Christmas Eve by various trains. These, with the host and hostess, comprised the dinner-party on that and subsequent days. The Christmas festivities passed off more pleasantly than usual when it became known that Miss Graham had listened to Captain Baxter's addresses, and that the outcome of the seasonable meeting would be a wedding. Naturally, this event created con

siderable excitement in the little circle, and a good many letters found their way to the post during the 26th.

Various amusements passed away the time. The 28th was Sunday, and on the following morning the party dispersed. Miss Graham remained one day more, and so did Captain Baxter, but he removed from the house, and took up his quarters at a neighbouring hotel, for Sir George, who was delicate in the chest, left home for Monte Carlo. He went to London by the 9.40 train on the morning of the 29th, intending to go to Paris the same night, and thence on to the South. Mr. Price had left suddenly on Friday, the 26th, for some reason not explained at the time.

So, after ten on the morning of Wednesday, the 31st, Lady Ringmar found herself alone with her domestics, and proceeded to do some tidying up and arranging necessitated by the conclusion of the party. A few minutes later the household was thrown into a state of the greatest excitement. Lady Ringmar had missed some valuable jewels—her set of rubies, which had been the admiration of the whole party at dinner on Christmas Day. A telegram quickly brought to the house Captain Shaver, the Chief of the Police in the district, who, from Lady Ringmar's statements, at once perceived that he had before him the unravelling of a mysterious and intricate case.

There was no doubt about the main facts. The lady's explanation was quite lucid, and a diligent search had already been made for the missing valuables, but without result, under the superintendence of an intelligent police officer who had arrived before Captain Shaver.

Captain Shaver's first duty was obviously to track the thief, if possible, before he or she had time to convert the rubies into money. He telegraphed the particulars to the principal police centres, whence the customary notices were distributed amongst jewellers and pawnbrokers. Then he proceeded to take down Lady Ringmar's statement in writing, and to interrogate her so as to enable him to form his plans for the detection of the crime. The substance of this statement was as follows:—

"The rubies were valued at about £1,000. They consisted of a necklace and a pair of earrings. I seldom wore them. The last time I wore them was on Christmas night. I kept them with other trinkets, though none so valuable, in a safe in the wall of the boudoir which opens out of my husband's dressing-room, on the opposite side to my bedroom. There is one other bedroom on that floor which, on the nights of the 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th, was occupied by Miss Edith Graham. There is a leather-case for the gems, which has not been taken. I took the jewels from the safe on the afternoon of the 25th, and replaced them before mid-day on the following morning. To-day I went to the safe to put away some articles of silver which have been in use this week, but for which I have no present occasion. The leather jewel-case was at hand. I happened to open it, and discovered my loss, when I at once put the matter in the hands of the police. I have no suspicion whatever of any of the servants. They have all been with us for periods ranging from one to five years. At their own request, their boxes and effects were all examined by the constable who first arrived on the scene. This does not, however, apply to Hodgson, the butler, who was taken ill on Saturday morning (the 27th). Dr. McFarlane, our usual medical attendant, was called to see him early on that day, and suspecting that he was about to have an attack of influenza, recommended his removal at once. He was driven into Brighton the same afternoon. The only outdoor servant who was ever likely to be inside the house was Timbs, the gardener, who comes in early every morning to attend to the indoor plants."

In reply to further questions from Captain Shaver, Lady Ringmar gave him the following particulars concerning her guests.

Lord Francis Rashdale was the son of an ex-Minister of State, and was supposed to be waiting for a diplomatic appointment. In the meanwhile, he was, as she had heard her husband say, wasting his time in London. She had never heard any definite ill about him, except that he affected Bohemian society, sat up late at night, and was generally connected with a fast "man-about-town" set. He was a very dressy man, wore a good deal of jewellery, talked about burlesque and those engaged in its performance, and, so far as she could make out from the badinage of the dinner-table, had one special favourite, a dancer named Miss Lottie Slender. Lord Francis was not a rich man; his father probably allowed him five or six hundred a year, but Lady Ringmar had never heard that he was particularly in debt or was unduly extravagant. She could not speak from personal but from her husband's knowledge.

Being an inquisitive woman she was in the habit of cross-examining her husband about the affairs of all their friends, and she thought she knew anything he might know. She remembered that during dinner on Christmas-day Lord Francis had admired her rubies, and they had been the topic of general conversation. In fact, the talk had led to a general discussion on precious stones.

Captain Shaver wished to know who was the richest of the party, and Lady Ringmar modestly confessed that she herself was. Her income was over £2,000 per annum. Sir George's was only about £500. By family arrangement, she kept up the establishment and paid all expenses, leaving him his money for dress, cigars, pocket-money, travelling, &c. He had been better off once, but entered into some disastrous speculations, which had greatly reduced his means. He had still, however, besides a little land, about £12,000 of capital intact. This his wife knew, for the stocks representing it were deposited at her own banker's, in her name, and she paid him over his dividends as they came due. She had insisted on this arrangement since he had proved himself unfit to have command of capital and for other private reasons. She need not state these, but there had been a year ago a marital difference, which had been settled, and this had been part of the terms. Sir George Ringmar always went away from England in December. The doctors insisted on a warm climate for him. On the day he left, Lady Ringmar had received from him a telegram despatched before he started for the Continent. It was addressed from Charing-cross Station, and had been sent out at ten minutes to eight from the Strand office. She believed that he played at Monte Carlo, but he was not what could be called a gambler. He could not afford to be. To the best of her belief he went away with about £200 in his pocket, which she had drawn for him out of the bank on the 24th inst. Occasionally he incurred debts, which she had paid. That was one cause of the dissension which had led to the adjustment of financial affairs between them.

Captain Shaver, who was watching her ladyship very closely at this point, delicately hinted that her words implied that there was another cause. After some hesitation, Lady Ringmar admitted that there was. The cause was, in fact, that Sir George had paid too much attention to a lady, and the lady in question was Miss Edith Graham. He had been seen with her abroad last winter, and had stayed away two days longer than he had promised, in Yorkshire, so as to go to a ball at which Lady Ringmar happened to know Miss Graham also was present. However, she did not think much of this now, since Captain Baxter was engaged to Miss Graham, which, she added, "was a curious coincidence."

"Why, curious?" asked the Chief Constable.

"Well, it may have nothing to do with the case," replied Lady Ringmar, "being purely a family affair, and a very stupid one; but, at one time, my husband was strangely, and, I need not add groundlessly, jealous of Captain Baxter. He thought I flirted with him during last Brighton season—which was rather absurd considering our intimacy."

"You were very intimate?"

"I and my husband have known him well since our marriage. He is a very old friend of my husband—they were at school together, I think. He was best man at my wedding, and has been *ami de la maison* ever since."

"Is Captain Baxter rich?" queried Captain Shaver.

No. Lady Ringmar thought him very poorly off. He was a Captain in a marching regiment, with a very small allowance, and nearly as much debt as he could manage without going into the Bankruptcy-court. For the

marriage, which had just been arranged, he must depend on the generosity of an old uncle, whose money he was eventually to inherit. She did not know if at the present moment he was more than ordinarily hard up, but she should think so, because instead of making her a Christmas present of some value, as was his custom, he had this year only sent her a bouquet. He often used to confide his troubles to her, but not during the last few months. Once she had offered to lend him some money, but he had declined. Her husband had been much displeased at this. There had, in fact, Captain Shaver gathered, been several differences of opinion between husband and wife in regard to Captain Baxter.

The next of the guests to whom Captain Shaver directed his attention was Lady Sarah Ogle, a spinster getting on in years, daughter of an Earl and aunt of the present possessor of a proud title. She, too, was comparatively poor, but terribly stingy and grasping; and, in Lady Ringmar's opinion, was "a spiteful old cat." She was the only person at the dinner-party who had not admired the gems. Lady Ringmar had taken off the necklace and handed it round while the discussion was proceeding, and Lady Sarah Ogle had deprecated it, saying she knew many better, and complaining of the colour of the stones. The only reason she was asked to join the party was because she had plotted for an invitation. She had called on Lady Ringmar and grumbled at the hardness of the fate that attended a poor old maid. Nobody ever asked her out, she said, and she was even obliged this year to eat her Christmas dinner at home and alone. Lady Ringmar had taken pity on her, but afterwards found there was no need of sympathy, since her ladyship had an invitation to pass a few weeks with a niece in London, and had positively gone to her on December 29. It could not be said for certain that Lady Sarah was poor. She was, however, reputed poor, and certainly lived in the most humble style, and never spent a penny without mature consideration and a good deal of grumbling. Lord Francis Rashdale declared she was a miser, but this must have been a joke.

The next visitor on Captain Shaver's list was Miss Edith Graham. What of her?

"I am afraid I cannot tell you much about her," replied Lady Ringmar, with a curious change of tone, which Captain Shaver was not slow to perceive. "She came here on my husband's invitation. I know little of her, but, of course, she would not steal jewels. Such an idea is ridiculous. She lives in Yorkshire with her brother, who farms some land, and is supposed to do pretty well. She is connected both on her father's and mother's side with first-rate people, but they are inclined to give her the cold-shoulder. In spite of her age—she must be twenty-seven—she is a great flirt. She dresses most expensively and in a great diversity of styles. I don't know where she gets the money for such extravagance, I'm sure. She came down here with half a dozen wicker dress baskets, as though she had come for a month instead of four days. It is a mystery to me what Captain Baxter can see in her to admire, and I wish him joy of his bargain."

Upon further investigation, it appeared that Miss Graham had an engagement in Yorkshire on the 31st, and had remained with the Ringmars in order to travel down by the night-mail on the 30th. Captain Baxter had promised to accompany her to the north to obtain the formal consent of her brother to their engagement, and had also intended to make a call, while on his way through London, upon the rich uncle on whom he was dependent. They left for London by a train starting at 8.45, on the 30th.

Now came the question of how the thief could have obtained possession of the rubies. Captain Shaver accompanied Lady Ringmar through the house and went over every inch of ground minutely. On the ground-floor were a dining-room and library on one side of the hall, a drawing-room and smoking-room on the other. There was a largish square landing on the first-floor. On one side of it was Lady Ringmar's bed-room. A door opened from that into Sir George's dressing-room, from which another door opened into a room on the other side of the landing, used as a boudoir. This room also had a door opening on to the landing, and in the wall, just inside this door was the iron safe which had contained the jewels. On examination, the doors and locks showed no trace of violence; the key glided easily into its place, and evidently had not been tampered with. Lady Ringmar had plenty of other jewellery, but none of special value; and there was a goodly store of plate; none of these articles had been touched. The chamber in which Miss Graham had slept was next to the boudoir. The door between the dressing-room and boudoir was usually locked, and was covered by a *portière*. Above were four bedrooms, occupied by the guests, and above these again were the servants' apartments.

Once more interrogated, Lady Ringmar stated that she usually kept the key of the safe in her dressing-case. Occasionally her husband had it. As she was busy and frequently using the safe on the 24th and 25th inst., it was probable that she had left the key about, but only in her own bedroom. Of this she was certain. She remembered opening the safe on the 25th just before dinner-time, and afterwards she went with it in her hand to her husband's room and had a chat with him. She also went into Miss Graham's room to see that she had all she required, and then upstairs into Lady Sarah's room for the same purpose. When she retired for the night on the 25th the key was on her dressing-table. She had no doubt on this point. When she put the jewels back on the 26th, she left the safe open for a short time, as the butler was bringing back some silver that had not been wanted. Anybody who was in the house might have seen the safe open as they passed up or downstairs.

"There is just one other person about whom I must ask your ladyship a question," said Captain Shaver, after they had concluded the tour of the premises. "I heard accidentally from my assistant just now that your ladyship's brother was in the house for Christmas, but left on the 26th. You did not mention that circumstance."

"It is a painful matter," said Lady Ringmar, "which I did not wish to discuss unless necessary, and I did not think it material to this affair."

"I think, perhaps, it would be better for me to hear all," replied the Captain.

"It is soon told. My brother, Mr. Lionel Price, arrived with the other guests on Christmas Eve. On Christmas Day my husband's attention was called to a strange man who was hanging about the premises. This man had made some inquiries of the servants for my brother. On my husband interrogating him, it appeared that he was waiting to serve a writ upon Mr. Price."

"For any considerable amount?" asked Captain Shaver. It was interesting to see with what avidity he noted down the points in this statement.

"For two or three hundred pounds, I believe. But I did not inquire into details. I was too shocked and disgusted. My brother has been a great trouble for years, but he had never put us to such annoyance as this."

"And he left in consequence?"

"There was a scene between him and my husband. Sir George was very angry, for, in addition to this matter of the writ, it had also come to our knowledge that my brother had been carrying on a flirtation with my maid. Sir George said that he would not have such scandals, especially at Christmas, with the house full of people. He ordered Lionel to leave the next morning, and he left accordingly."

"Many thanks. And now, Lady Ringmar, so far as you can remember, was there any one else in the house, other than those I have heard of, during Christmas Day, and the two or three days immediately following?"

"Of course, there were callers. There was skating and shooting on the 26th and 27th, and one or two people just looked into the house for a few minutes."

"But did any one go upstairs?"

"Not so far as I remember. Stay! Yes, there was one. Mr. Nugent, of Summerhill. He drove over on the morning of Boxing-day. He was formerly engaged to Ethel Graham, and it was broken off. Thinking that there would be a great awkwardness in their meeting just after her engagement to Captain Baxter, I ordered Mr. Nugent to be shown up to the boudoir."

"Was he there long?"

"Perhaps five minutes before I joined him. But it would be absurd to suppose that he had anything to do with the disappearance of the jewels."

This was all the information which Captain Shaver could acquire for the present. He accordingly left Lady Ringmar and went to his office to ponder over the matter. An hour or two later, as he was on the point of going home, the following telegram from Scotland-yard was handed to him:—

Necklace answering description has been found. Selstone will be with you by next train.

Mr. Selstone arrived late in the evening in a state of great trepidation. He was a jeweller of reputation, and carried on his business in Bond-street, London. He brought with him a necklace corresponding to Lady Ringmar's, but he had not seen or heard of any earrings. His statement was as follows:—

"Last night about four o'clock a gentleman, accompanied by a lady, called at my shop, and asked me if I would buy this necklace, which he produced. In reply to questions, he gave his name and address as James Mackenzie, 196, Grosvenor-gardens. While I was examining and valuing the jewellery, a clerk looked up the address in the Blue Book, and found that Mr. James Mackenzie lived at the house named. After a little haggling over the price, I agreed to buy the necklace for £500, and paid for it by cheque. At the request of the gentleman I gave an open cheque, on his representing that he did not wish his bankers to suspect the transaction, as they might do if they saw my signature to the cheque. I wrote out a receipt, which he signed 'James Mackenzie.'" (Mr. Selstone produced this receipt.) "About noon to-day an inspector from Scotland-yard called and gave notice of the robbery, and I at once recognised the description of the necklace. The gentleman was about 5 ft. 10 in. in height, and strongly built, dark, with a moustache but no whisker. I cannot tell the colour of his eyes. It was just getting dark when they entered the shop, and the lights had not been lit. I took the necklace into my private room to examine the jewels by the electric light. The lady wore a veil, which she did not raise, and I could not recognise her features again. She scarcely spoke during the negotiation. She was of medium height, stylishly-dressed, had a good figure, and looked young—I should say certainly not over forty years of age, and perhaps not over thirty. The man wore a tall hat and an ordinary dark-coloured walking-coat with velvet collar. He carried a silver-mounted stick, and had generally the air of a thorough gentleman. My assistant observed him as closely as the light permitted, and believes that he could identify him. I called at my bankers this morning, and found that the cheque was cashed in gold by a gentleman within half an hour of opening time. The bank clerk did not take particular notice of the gentleman, but might recognise him again. The gentleman did not produce any earrings while in my shop, nor did he mention that he had any to sell. On my way to the station, I called at 196, Grosvenor-gardens. The house was shut up, and in charge of a caretaker. I ascertained that Mr. James Mackenzie was the proprietor of the house, but had not been there for two years. He is an invalid gentleman, seventy years of age, who lives at Bournemouth. This is all I know of the business."

Captain Shaver then took Mr. Selstone to Lady Ringmar, who at once identified the necklace. She then showed the jeweller portraits of Lady Sarah Ogle and of Miss Edith Graham. Mr. Selstone did not recognise either, though he thought that the portrait of Miss Graham resembled in style the lady who had been in his shop on the previous afternoon. While he was turning over the album, however, which contained these photographs Mr. Selstone suddenly stopped at the likeness of Sir George Ringmar, and inquired who it was.

"That," he said, "is extremely like the gentleman who sold the jewels. I could not say that they are the same, but the moustache and type of features are strikingly alike."

"Do not go off on a false scent," said Lady Ringmar, with a laugh. "Sir George was on the road to Monte Carlo last night. I have just received a telegram from him announcing his arrival at Monte Carlo this morning." And her ladyship produced the telegram as she spoke, and handed it to Captain Shaver.

Whatever Captain Shaver may have thought, he prudently held his tongue. The situation was growing too complicated to be hastily discussed. He glanced at the telegram, and, with Lady Ringmar's permission, placed it in his pocket-book. At the same time he inquired whether her ladyship was familiar with the handwriting of her various guests, and asked Mr. Selstone to show her the receipt for the £500. Lady Ringmar examined the document closely, and appeared to hesitate for a moment.

"No," she said presently. "I thought at first I saw a resemblance. But, on looking at it more closely, I see that I am mistaken. It looks to me as if some one had been trying to imitate—but perhaps it would not be fair to say more."

"Very well," said Captain Shaver; "I will not press your ladyship. And am I now to understand that I have heard all your ladyship can tell me respecting the movements of the various parties who were in the house at the time of the robbery?"

"There is one other matter," said Lady Ringmar, taking him aside as she spoke, while Mr. Selstone took the hint, and retired out of hearing. "I did not wish to mention it, if possible, but it would now be unwise to conceal it. I myself travelled to town yesterday afternoon. In the morning I received a telegram informing me that Sir George was at a certain address which was mentioned in London, and that I should hear of him if I inquired there. I left by the 12.35 train for town, and went to the house referred to, only to find that Sir George had not been seen there. I returned by the 6.15 train. I was ashamed of my suspicions, and of being so easily hoaxed, and I, therefore, made no reference to the matter this morning. As, however, it may now be of importance, I tell you the fact, merely asking that you will not mention it, except so far as may be necessary for the elucidation of the case."

"Have you this telegram?" asked Captain Shaver. Lady Ringmar produced it in reply. It had been handed in at Victoria Station at 10.25. This document also was transferred to Captain Shaver's note-book, and then this officer took his leave, more puzzled, excited, and interested than he had ever been in the previous course of his professional experience.

His perplexity was not diminished when he received, early next morning, the following telegram from Scotland-yard:—

Earrings to match necklace pawned in Edgware-road same afternoon by lady partly answering description of lady who called at Selstone's. She was accompanied by gentleman, who remained in cab. Pawnbroker did not see his face.

* * * * *

What Captain Shaver and his colleagues did after that point, and how the Great Ruby Mystery was ultimately solved, I now leave my readers to determine for themselves in accordance with the terms and conditions stated above.

THE "TRUTH" DOLL AND TOY SHOW.

THE PRIZE-LIST.

THE fact that such exceptional taste and care were displayed this year in dressing the TRUTH Dolls has rendered the task of awarding the Prizes unusually difficult. In accordance with the announcement made in July last, and since repeated, it has been determined not to award money prizes this Christmas, but to present, instead, to the successful competitors specially-designed Brooches of various values, which can be retained in permanence as suitable mementoes of the Show. One hundred and fourteen Brooches have accordingly been prepared, and the allotting of these has proved, as has been said, a by no means easy operation. And, after all, it has been

found necessary to leave many deserving competitors unrewarded, not because their dolls were not well dressed, but simply because it has been impossible to further swell a Prize list already containing 50 per cent. more names than were included in that of last year. But I am sure that all the ladies concerned, both those who have taken prizes and those who have not, will not fail to understand that TRUTH is equally obliged to them all for their kindness, and that their real reward consists, not in the Brooches which are to be presented, but in the heartfelt thanks of the thousands of poor children who have been made happy this Christmas by their disinterested labour of love.

After due consideration it has been decided to award Two TRUTH Gold Brooches, set with Pearls, Rubies, and Emeralds, of the value of £4. 4s. each; Two Gold Brooches, at £2. 12s. 6d.; Ten Gold Brooches, at £1. 8s. 6d.; and 100 Silver-Gilt Brooches, at 7s. 6d.; and below will be found set out the names of the ladies to whom these brooches will be sent. But, first of all, it may be stated that next year, guided by the experience which has been gained this Christmas, the Prizes will be arranged in a somewhat different manner. That is to say, a separate series of Prizes will be offered specially for the dressing of the Large Dolls; a second series for the Medium-sized Dolls; and a third for the Small Dolls. By this means it is hoped that much of the difficulty which has arisen this year in apportioning the Brooches will be obviated. It will be seen that one of the Four Guinea Brooches has been awarded to Mrs. Gerald Talbot, the lady who so successfully carried out the work of dressing no less than 1,000 Dolls for the Show. The other Four Guinea Brooch goes to the Misses Glave, who also distinguished themselves so especially, both by the quantity and the quality of their work. Mrs. H. P. Truefitt would certainly have received the third Prize had not the Dolls so beautifully-dressed by her been, by her own special request, labelled "Not for Competition." This being the case, the two Gold Brooches, of the value of £2. 12s. 6d., will go to "Nini" and to Mrs. Barnett. It is quite possible that many of the readers of TRUTH will be disappointed at not finding the name of Miss Rose Villis at the head of the Prize List; but whilst fully admitting that the large doll dressed by her was almost universally admired it is necessary to remember that only this one doll was sent by the lady in question. Miss E. Ridgway also, whose large doll dressed as a Peasant, achieved such exceptional and, it may be added, such well-deserved popularity, only dressed one doll, and it is for this reason that her name, with that of Miss Rose Villis, will be found included amongst the ten ladies to whom Gold Brooches of the value of £1. 8s. 6d. have been awarded. But here, without further preface, is

The Prize List for Dressed Dolls.

TWO "TRUTH" BROOCHES OF THE VALUE OF £4. 4s.—Mrs. Gerald Talbot and the Misses Glave.

TWO "TRUTH" BROOCHES OF THE VALUE OF £2. 12s. 6d.—Mrs. Barnett and "Nini."

TEN "TRUTH" BROOCHES OF THE VALUE OF £1. 8s. 6d.—Miss Rose Villis, Mrs. H. Carruthers, Miss Davis, Mrs. L. E. Smith, Miss Kulsoom Ahmedi (Bombay), Miss E. Ridgway, Lady Lange, Mrs. Killingback, Miss M. Mayhew, and Miss B. E. Corey.

ONE HUNDRED "TRUTH" BROOCHES AT 7s. 6d. EACH.—The Misses Agelasto, Mrs. Arlosh, Miss Arden, Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Boyd Browning, Miss G. Biggs, The Misses Beynon, Mrs. E. Brookes, Miss A. Blaine, Miss A. Bolton, Miss L. E. Brown, Mrs. S. Carter, Miss M. Chatteris, Miss E. M. Corey, Miss L. Croft, Miss J. Carpenter, The Misses Carey, Miss Carruthers, Mrs. Compton, Mrs. E. Delf, Mrs. E. S. Davey, Miss E. Daffady, Miss W. Davies, Mrs. A. B. Ebbs, Miss Elliott, Hon. Mrs. G. Eden, Mrs. G. W. Fitzwilliam, Miss L. A. Fowler, Miss M. E. Fowlie, Mrs. V. Guise, Miss M. S. Gibbs, Miss N. Gubbins, Miss K. Garrard, Miss R. C. Garrett, Miss E. M. Gillat, The Misses Heywood, Miss Haverfield, Miss G. Hentschel, Mrs. B. Hentschel, Miss B. H. Jacobs, Mrs. Hope Johnston, Miss R. H. Jamieson, Miss L. Jessup, The Misses Jardine, Miss A. M. Koe, Mrs. Lindo, Mrs. Lawrence, Miss Lea, The Misses Matthey, Mrs. Marchetti, Miss D. Morgan, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Masheder, Mrs. H. Mayhew, Miss Mayhew, Mrs. Moorsom, Mrs. Maris, Mrs. L. Pollard, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. J. T. M. Pierce, The Misses Prosser, Mrs. Rawley, Mrs. C. J. Rowe, Miss A. Ridgway, Mrs. A. Robinson, Mrs. A. Rowe, Miss M. Reid, Mrs. H. Smith, Miss M. Streatfield, Miss E. Saunders, Mrs. H. Stevenson, Mrs. T. E. Stevenson, Mrs. Stokes, Mrs. H. St. Maur, Mrs. S. Snelgrove, Mrs. Spinner, Mrs. Solomon, Miss Seligman, Mrs. Schloesser, Miss E. Satchell, The Misses Swanston, Miss E. S. Slater, Miss Schenkenwald, The Misses Turton, Miss A. Thomson, Mrs. Truefitt, Miss E. M. Thompson, Mrs. Tomlin, Miss E. Tollemache, Miss M. Lloyd-Verney, Mrs. Usmar, Miss Dora Willoughby, Miss B. Willoughby, Miss White, The Misses Walton, The Misses Wilton, Mrs. F. T. Wilkinson, Miss G. Young, Miss L. Younge.

The Home-made Toys, &c., have still to be dealt with, and for these, as the available Brooches have been exhausted, it has been determined to award a series of extra prizes in money. At the same time, should any winners of these money prizes prefer to receive TRUTH Brooches instead, arrangements will willingly be made to carry out their wishes in this respect. A certain amount of delay would, however, be unavoidably incurred. With regard to the Home-made Toys, it may be said that neither in number nor in quality did they quite come up to those which have been seen at former Exhibitions. Nevertheless, there were about a dozen which certainly deserved special recognition, and the following Prizes have accordingly been awarded:—

The Prize List for Home-made Toys, &c.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA, to Miss M. Streatfield, for Model of Stable, Coachhouse, &c.

PRIZES OF HALF A GUINEA, to Miss Hildebrandt, Miss M. S. Keast, and Mr. W. Saunders, for Model Toys; and to Mrs. Perryman, S. A. S., Miss Higginson, and Miss Rita Behrend, for Home-dressed Dolls; and to "Yoko" for 1,000 Scrap-books.

PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS, to Lady Lawes, for Model Toy; and to Miss Samuel, for Home-dressed doll.

It may be pointed out that the admirable dolls' house presented by Mrs. G. W. Fitzwilliam would certainly have carried off a first prize had it been intended for competition.

The total amount distributed this year in Brooches and Money Prizes totals up to £71. 3s., as compared with a sum of fifty guineas awarded in prizes in connection with the Show of 1890.

By an oversight which was quite unintentional no reference was made last week to the music which so appreciably enlivened the Toy Show during the time that it was open. This extra attraction was supplied gratuitously by a brass band and a string band, both of which are connected with the Polytechnic Institution, and many thanks are due to all those who thus kindly volunteered their valuable services. Since last week many letters have also been received at this office the writers of which, in complaining of the fact that they and their friends were unable, owing to the crowded state of the Polytechnic, to inspect the Toy Show, make various suggestions as to how a similar disappointment may be avoided next year. All these suggestions shall have the most careful attention, for it is obvious that, in view of the extraordinary popularity to which the TRUTH Toy Show has now attained, different arrangements will have to be made in future. But it will, of course, be necessary to consider the whole question very closely before any decision is arrived at, and this during the next six months will be done. With regard to some three or four letters pointing out certain inaccuracies in the details published in last week's article on the Toy Show, readers are referred for particulars to the first of the Puzzle Pages in this number.

MUSIC.

MR. G. MILNE, the lady's brother-in-law, writes, "In your kind notice of Mdlle. Yrrac, a sentence seems to imply that she had entered the musical profession against her parents' wish." I do not think anybody would so read it. What I actually said (page 1294) was "Her father had objected to the use of the family name for concert-giving purposes," and as it seems the name of her father (who was a native of Holland, and, unfortunately, died on the day of her English début) was Dr. Mess, I think his objection was sound. But lest it might be imagined that either Dr. or Madame Mess had any foolish feeling against their daughter adopting the honourable career of a concert violinist, I may add that they even encouraged her to follow the musical profession by presenting to her a Guarnerius violin at a cost of £1,000.

The death on Christmas-day, at the age of 63, of Mr. Weist Hill has brought forward some good men (among them Mr. Barnby, Precentor of Eton) and the usual rabble, who, for various reasons, are always anxious to apply for any berth, as candidates for the vacant post of Principal of the Guildhall School of Music. Mr. Hill latterly received £1,000 a year, but ten years ago, when the students numbered a few hundreds instead of thousands, he was paid only a nominal sum, and the high salary was in part the well-deserved reward of success. A new Principal, if one be appointed, is not likely to be offered more than half the income. But the duties have now become so almost exclusively administrative that it seems hardly necessary to appoint a principal at all. Such duties really pertain to (and have, indeed, latterly been performed by) the secretary, Mr. Smith; and, apart from the conductorship of the orchestral and choral classes, the Principal's easy work could now far better be performed by a board of professors under the control of the Ward Committee. This sound plan will probably be followed, even at the risk of disappointing some estimable person of the largest salary open in London to any English musician.

Fourpence a Quart is the AYLESBURY DAIRY COMPANY'S price for the Very Best Milk.—Chief Office, 31, St. Petersburgh-place, Bayswater, London, W. Full particulars on application.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—You have little notion of what we Londoners have undergone during the last week of fog. Can you imagine our situation, knowing that every delightful novelty the world could produce was within a few streets of us, longing to sally forth and make our purchases, and yet unable to face the dismal, doleful weather without being semi-asphyxiated? In desperation, we wrapped ourselves well up and went out one afternoon, and being afraid to go in a cab for fear of a collision, we groped our way to one or two West-end shops, finding them pitifully empty in comparison with the crowds that would have filled them had the weather been even tolerably fair. It was just the same in the week before Christmas last year, I remember. It is really sad to see so much preparation wasted on the part of the shopkeepers, and to think of the actual loss their Christmas preparations entailed upon them. The fog gave us dreadful headaches just across the forehead, and several people told us afterwards that it had the same effect on them. Perhaps this brow-ache is caused by straining the eyes through the fog to try to see what is going on ahead. We both had sore throats as well, but I fancy this was caused by laughing so heartily that we swallowed a pound or so of fog apiece. It was so absurd to be groping along, trying to identify the squares by their railings, and the streets by the glimpses of hall-doors that occasionally shone through the gloom, lighted from within by some of the more public-spirited of the citizens. When Maud toppled off the kerb into the roadway once or twice, we were afraid we should be run in by some policeman as being incapable of commanding the movements of our own limbs. In the middle of a crossing I found myself clutched by a nervous woman, who hastily explained: "I was afraid something would run over me, as I am all in black; but your light coat emerges well from the fog. The cabmen would not run over *you*." She seemed to share the delusion of all nervous people, that cabmen spend the greater part of their time in trying to run over individuals at crossings and in the roads.

Fuller's window in Regent-street was lovely. It represented a farmyard in snow, the idea of the latter being conveyed by white wool powdered with something glittering like hoar-frost. The roof of the farmhouse was all white, and the figures dotted about in the yard wore brown clothes with bits of red, just like robin red-breasts. The effect was very pretty. We went in and asked if there was anything especially new this Christmas, and they told us that dough-nuts and coffee were their principal specialty. The former is a kind of cake or pastry. The sweets looked tempting, as usual, and the numerous purchasers had the same greedy look that seems the correct aspect in a bon-bon shop.

Remembering your commission to inquire about the latest thing in riding-habits, we groped our way to Brook-street and interviewed Busvine, from whose decision in matters sartorial there is no appeal. The chief novelty of the present season is the long-basqued riding-jacket, which, for the present, has quite taken the place of the short-basqued bodice. The figure is not shown to so much advantage in the former, and it is probable that there will be a reaction in favour of the latter when warmer weather comes. The longer ones are very protective and cosy. The Duchess of Fife's pretty figure looks very graceful in hers, the skirts of which reach quite down to the horse's back. These coats are made either double-breasted or single. Those made for the Beaufort Hunt are tight at the back and loose in front, so as to show the whole front of the waistcoat. Others are made to button across below the bust, showing a good bit of waistcoat above and below. But this can be varied indefinitely. Sometimes, as in the case of the Quorn yellow, there is the merest peep at the neck and waist. The name of the material of which this particular waistcoat is made is "Berlin," and it looks just like the canvas on which slippers are still sometimes worked in Berlin wool. Some of the "vestings," as they are technically called, are very pretty. We particularly admired a very becoming pale-blue with much grey in it that would exactly suit you. We asked to see Lilla's riding-jacket, which Busvine is building, and when it was brought in we could not help smiling at the contrast it presented to her far from perfect figure. How they manage it I cannot think. The jacket represented a lovely figure, with long, slender waist, a beautiful line of shoulder, and exquisite proportion of bust, waist, neck, &c. What a disappointment some girls must be when they take off their habits and don an ordinary gown. Men must wonder at the remarkable difference in their figures. Small wonder that girls are fond of standing about in their habits and lunching in them, teaing in them, and residing in them for half the afternoon, now and then. There is more demand than ever for the Busvine safety skirt, which has averted so many accidents. Did you read of that awful case last week, where a poor girl, becoming unseated, was dragged across Piccadilly by her habit, her face knocking against the roadway at every step of her frightened mount? If she had only had a safety skirt the accident could not have happened. I fear she is sadly disfigured, poor thing.

Charlie told us that a friend of his, a barrister, who spends much of his time in the country, wanted to come to tea some day to tell us about his stockings. This was rather surprising, was it not? Charlie, seeing our mystification, would not explain further, but said he would bring his friend next day. We were rather alarmed, despite our confidence in Charlie. What could the man have to tell us about his stockings? We were half inquisitive, half apprehensive.

He came, and proved a very nice fellow, full of fun. His grievance about stockings is in connection with knickerbockers, which he wears occasionally. He wants us to suggest to Scotch and Irish knitters to make the feet of knickerbocker stockings of much finer wool, retaining the usual heavy, thick stuff for the legs, the junction of the two wools being hidden when the boots are on. He declared that a day's tramp makes his feet look like bits of corrugated-iron roofing, and that the discomfort is very great, as I can well imagine. I have often wondered how any human skin could bear contact with these thick stockings. Our new acquaintance also complained about the weight of the very large boots that these stupendous stockings necessitate, about three sizes too large and heavy in proportion, no joke after a day's tramp. I shall write to Lady Alice Leslie and ask her to persuade her Harris knitters to adopt his view of the matter, with which, doubtless, many other men agree. The stockings would, perhaps, occasionally require refooting, but this could be done more easily than the refooting of the wearers.

How glorious and delightful was Sunday's sunshine after the gloom and blackness of the preceding days! How little we appreciate the blessing of clear, pure air until we have been deprived of it for awhile. When the fog departed on Saturday, Sarah begged us to go out somewhere so that she might throw all windows wide open and cleanse the rooms of the sticky dust that clung to everything—even the very walls. It was a Bank Holiday, as you will remember, so we took a long country walk, having cleared the town by train. Unfortunately, our pleasure was spoiled by the number of intoxicated people we met, some with wives trying to induce them to go quietly home. A woman, very much gone, had a poor little girl with her, about nine years old, who pitifully entreated her to go home. "Oh, mammy, come home," she cried. "Father's not there, and it will be all right. Oh, *do* come home." What a home tragedy the child's words revealed. The poor little thing was crying dreadfully, as she tried to draw her mother away from a public-house she wished to enter. What martyrdoms are the

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lives of some of the little ones, Amy. It makes angels of them, it is true, but through suffering that we grown-ups cannot even conceive.

The horses had a bad time of it on Bank Holiday. We counted eleven persons mounted upon a conveyance, drawn by one poor, thin little horse, which looked dreadfully distressed. I used to think the law a hard one which obliges a man to pay a tax for using his trade cart for giving his wife and child a drive, but now I see that the same regulation must often prevent much cruel overtaxing of the unfortunate horse that draws it.

This recipe for a dry curry has been given me by a great authority on cookery:—

Fry the onions, powder, and raw meat till tender in good stock, but before serving drain off nearly all the gravy; grate some raspings over the meat, which must be tossed about in the stewpan till well dried, and then serve. This ought not to take much more than an hour to cook. The meat should be cut into rather large dice. A very favourite dry curry is made with sheeps' tongues, but in this case the tongues must be first cooked, as they require skinning, and this is the one exception with regard to using cooked meat.

This native batter for frying fish is very appetising, and comes from the same source as the dry curry recipe:—

Chop garlic, onion, green ginger, and salt all together, *very* fine, mix it with either rice, flour, or *dhal* (this can be procured at Morel's, in Piccadilly). Roll your fish well in this, and fry in oil or very good lard.

I wonder if you will like this way of cooking codfish:—

Soak a thick Newfoundland codfish all night. Next day boil it. Then pick off all the flesh from the bones. Mince it and mix with mashed potatoes, butter, and cayenne. Knead it well, roll it out and form it into balls, and dip them in egg and bread-crumbs and fry. Very cheap and excellent. Eat with bread and butter.

Another way:—

Soak and boil. Then put it in hot wine vinegar with cayenne, minced parsley, and a little garlic and fine oil. This will keep a long time. Fish done in this way is excellent.

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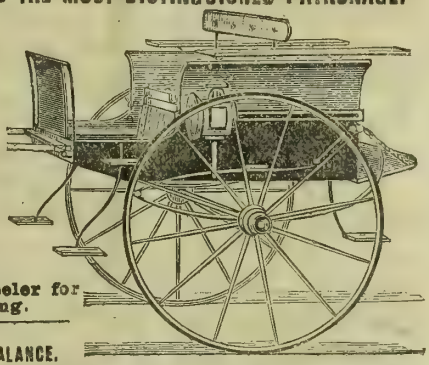

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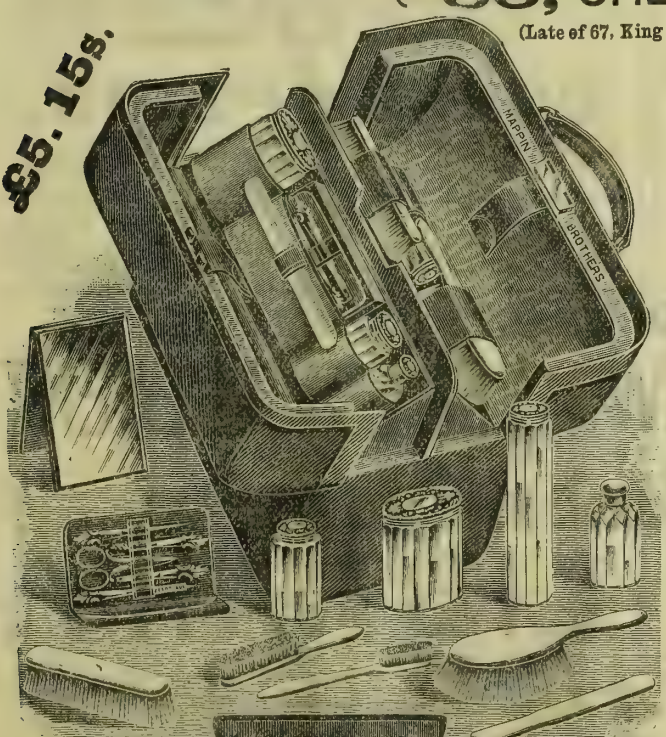

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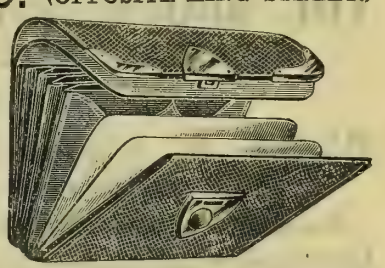

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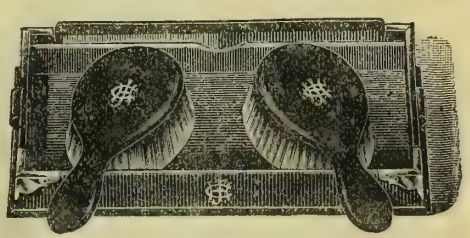

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For January.

CONTENTS.

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2. **PASSAGES FROM AN OLD DIARY.**
3. **A GUILTY SILENCE.** A Serial Story, Illustrated by M. L. Gow.
   Chap. I. Hugh Randolph at Home.
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8. **A CHRISTMAS VOICE.**

SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

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NOTICE.

Second Edition of "The Argosy," for December, now ready, also "The Argosy," for January, which commences a New Volume, and the opening chapters of two Serial Stories.

THE

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A Monthly Review.

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— PATRON—THE QUEEN. —

During the last quarter the Society investigated **2,181** complaints of cruelty to children.
GENERAL ILLTREATMENT, 426. NEGLECT AND STARVATION, 1,252. BEGGING CASES, 113. ASSAULTS, 103. ABANDONMENT AND EXPOSURE, 120.
IMMORALITY, 96. OTHER WRONGS, 71.

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— PRESIDENT—THE DUKE OF FIFE, K.T. —

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STRAND, W.C.

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The deficit on 31st December, 1890, was £7,550.

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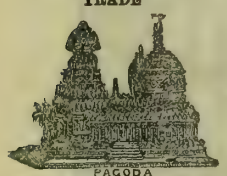

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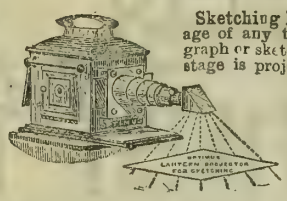

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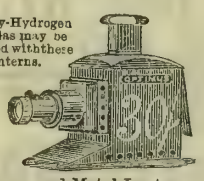

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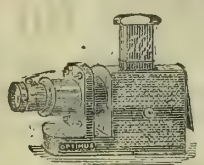

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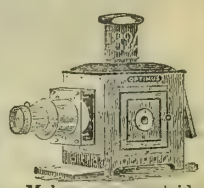

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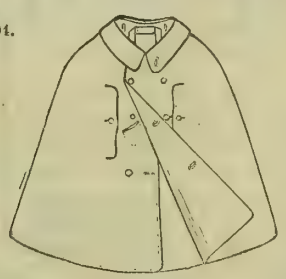

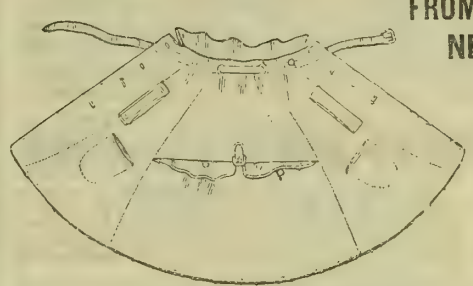

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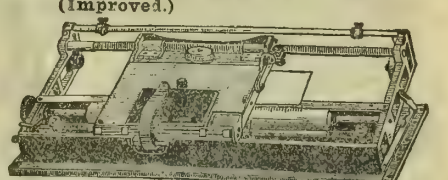

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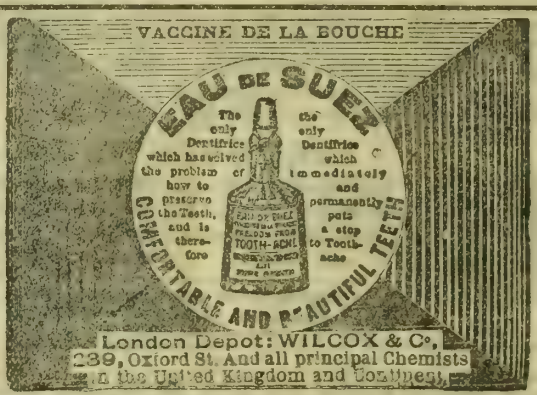

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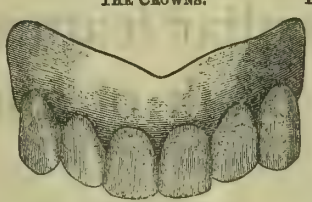

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DISPOSE OF THE DEAD AS NATURE DIRECTS.—"Let us take part in the fulfilment of this great law, and not by ignorance or prejudice try to retard it, for we cannot frustrate provisions which were established by the Creator to keep mankind in purity and sanity."—SIR LYON PLAYFAIR.

As Mr. HADEN says in his letters on "Earth to Earth" burial—"A body properly buried, that is to say, in such a way that the earth may have access to it, does not remain in the earth, but returns to the atmosphere. The body, in fact, literally as well as figuratively, ascends from the dead and fulfils the cycle of its pilgrimage by becoming again the source and genesis of life."

This natural system is also advocated by the Church of England Burial Reform Association, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury is and the late Archbishop of York was a president.

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According to the testimony of Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN, and other eminent authorities, The Necropolis, Brookwood, Woking, Surrey, is the only place where the burial of the dead is properly carried out.

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MONEY.—Householders or Lodgers desirous of obtaining immediate advances upon their Furniture or other Negotiable Security, are invited to call at the Offices of the Consolidated Company, 43, Great Tower-street, E.C., and arrange. Bills of sale and executions paid out. No fees, the full sum advanced without deduction. An old established and genuine firm.

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C. HARDING, Manager.

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W. D. MASSY, A. VIAN, } *Secretaries.*

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Established 1868.

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As this advertisement is not connected with any Loan Society, it is requested that habitual borrowers will not apply.—For full particulars apply personally or by letter to
ARTHUR WYNDHAM HADDON, Esq.,
10, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

Look in the Glass!

WE get so used to our faces, we do not know how ugly we are—most of us.

Colour of hair we never become insensible to; of eyes, any peculiar feature. What we cannot mend we think of and grieve over.

Strange to say, we tolerate faults of skin, which are almost always directly within our control. We do not know how happier people pity us!

Look in the glass! Can you see no use for a soap that purges the skin of pallor and pimples and oil, that softens and smooths it, brings out the rose and alabaster?

The secret of **PEARS' SOAP** is that it has no excess of alkali in it. You may use it, no matter how much, you cannot roughen the skin with it.

Health is always beautiful. Other beauty there is none.

OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eleven days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on the morning of the second Monday succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14, letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 670.—EPIGRAMMATIC DEFINITION OF CHRISTMAS.

NIBS (Real name and address will be given next week) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" TOY AND DOLL SHOW.

In another part of this number will be found a list of the Prizes awarded for the TRUTH Dolls, Home-made Toys, &c. It may be added here that several inaccuracies crept into the detailed account of the Show which was given last week. Thus Miss B. E. Corey writes to point out that the number of small dolls really dressed by her was six, in addition to one medium and one large doll, and that her sister dressed a similar number. The name printed as *Mrs.* D. Willoughby should have been *Miss* D. Willoughby; Miss "J." Willoughby should have been Miss "B." Willoughby; whilst the name of "Miss Willoughby" should have been added as the dresser of twelve small and two medium dolls. These mistakes are much regretted, but it will be readily understood that, under the circumstances, it is not very surprising that a few such errors of detail should have occurred.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 675.

At this season of the year, when long evenings are devoted to pastime, it will, doubtless, afford some amusement to many of our readers if the usual Prize of Two Guineas be offered for

THE BEST ORIGINAL CHARADE.

That there may be no mistake in what is meant by charade, I will append a sample for the guidance of those who may take part in this competition. Here, then, is a specimen of the kind of thing which is required :—

"My first whilst setting my second was caught in my whole;" the answer being "Man-trap."

This is a very simple specimen, and it is hoped that competitors will, by the exercise of their ingenuity, considerably improve upon this model in making their charades, which may consist, of course, of more than two syllables. It will be necessary to send the answers with the Charades in every case, and all replies must be received by me by the morning of Monday, January 11, at the latest.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 671.

As a further competition has been founded on the Puzzle Sentences received in connection with this Puzzle, the name of the Prize-winner will not be announced this week.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of LINTHORPE, winner of a half of Prize No. 666 are Fredk. Williams, Esq., Cleveland Club, Middlesborough.

TAN-TUN.—I duly received your letter and added your *nom-de-plume*, in accordance with your wish.

MERCY.—Many thanks.

CERES (*Malta*).—Your puzzle sentence arrived too late to be published last week, so I print it now :—

"T ANDISBOAZ."

The interpretation of which is, "'Ruth' has departed from Truth, 'and is joined to Boaz."

CURLY.—The puzzle is hardly suitable.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE No. 672. ANSWERS TO ORIGINAL CONUNDRUMS PUBLISHED IN "TRUTH" FOR DECEMBER 10.

*** The Answers sent in by competitors will be dealt with next week; meanwhile, a complete list of the replies furnished by the authors of the conundrums is appended.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

1. Why! a German (germ man) of course.—Chiripa.

2. Because we always see a Mackintosh on the stage.—X. Y. Z.

3. "A Sailor's K-not (negative) at Drury Lane.—X. Y. Z.

4. The Chamberlain (s)-crew of course.—Foy.

5. Because he sticks to "Truth," and denounces the "World."—Bushranger.

6. Because up to the present he has failed to obtain Home Rule.—Bushranger.

7. Sir John Lubbock taught his dog to read, but Messrs. Huntley & Palmer have produced thousands of Reading biscuits.—Bushranger.

8. Because when they want help they go to their "uncle."—Crosspatch.

9. She had little "on 'er" in her own country.—Justinian.

10. Because they would "take the cake" when we had ate ours (eight hours)—Bobus.

11. His "little game" made a *furore* in the House, and his big game a few roars in the forest.—Bobus.

12. Because only the "schoolmasters abroad" would (o' Broadwood) approve of it.—Bobus.

13. The Georgia Magnet.—Esperanza.

14. Some burnoose (Boer news).—Esperanza.

15. Because we have aneurism instead (a newer ism in "Stead").—Darby.

16. Truro, because it is forgot (for Gott); Lichfield, because it has only a leg (A. Legge) for its Bishop.—Excelsior.

17. Because it was a Mayor's tale ("mare's tail").—Icknield.

18. The Crusaders (crew's-alders).—Icknield.

19. He Pitted him.—Icknield.

20. Because it's a serious litter at your (literature) place.—Icknield.

21. Split P's (Parnellites, Anti-Parnellites).—Aen. Nas.

22. An Abbott's cell (sell).—Risk.

23. The Dancing Girl.—Risk.

24. Because it is a "Daly" (daily) affair.—Guelder Rose.

25. Because he is partial to spirits, and loves to bet (Thibet).—Wraith.

26. Because they have often drawn won (one), and been licked.—Dick.

27. Because, when you are "down," they will always give you a "lift."—Dick.

28. Because they are both over (eighty) ate, eh?—Dick.

29. Because it's rather shaky.—Dick.

30. The one can stand frequent lickings, but the other can't.—W. H. J.

31. A dolman (doll man).—Murdoch.

32. The fact of finding himself "up a tree," and having "to climb down."—A Black Ace.

33. They have sent a Dufferin (duffer in) to the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, and a Curzon (curse on) to the Indian department.—Olivastro.

34. One fails at the big game, and the other succeeds at the little game.—C. F. Reid.

35. Because the Empress set her face against it.—G. Repton.

36. Because the liver is always on the edge of a pool.—Ipse Dixit.

37. Because they have only to write L instead of D to have a lover.—Ipse Dixit.

38. The Earl of Dartmouth, because he's a Legge (leg).—Cæsar's Corner.

39. Turm-oil (turmoil).—Cæsar's Corner.

40. The letter M.—Cæsar's Corner.

41. Because its leaves are quickly turned and I always read (red).—Cæsar's Corner.

42. Because it will be 92 (90 too).—Cæsar's Corner.

43. Because it prefers tall figures, and knows how to make the most of them.—Elf.

44. Because the Georgia Magnet is exercising the most elevating influence on the music-hall stage that has probably ever been witnessed.—Mona.

45. When it is going fast on the way to wreck and ruin.—Wobbles.

46. The Liberal-Unionists.—Wobbles.

47. When the cover shows a fox and the leaves are red (read).—Malignant.

48. Truth; because "truth is stranger than fiction" (although TRUTH may contain Queer Stories).—Enid.

49. Said her Majesty "Really, we pay without ceasing
For bridges, asylums, free school rates fast increasing;
And the City's all sixes and sevens.
I trust the new Mayor will act his part well,
To bring it to order—his name prithee tell?"
She was told, and exclaimed, "Oh, good Evans!"
Emily Culverhouse.

50. One is (or rather was) the Fourth Party and the other the Bal-fourth party.—Wandering Tyke.

51. Because Tommy made room for his uncle, but his uncle made room for Arthur.—Wandering Jew

52. Because he turns up like a bad shilling when he is not wanted.—Wandering Jew.

53. He thinks himself a god, his subject a dog.—Wandering Jew.

54. A magnet can draw steel, but Miss Abbot can draw men, attention, and audiences to her.—Wandering Jew.

55. Because it is in-carnation, transmigration, makes dearth of death, and finds itself in Nirvana.—Whim-wham.

56. Because we are in Sultan (insultin') Abdul Hamid's way (sway) there.—Whim-wham.

WOMEN IN HEAVEN.

57. "There was silence in Heaven about the space of half an hour," 8 Rev. 1.

In Heaven silence!—what does this declare?
How silence women, or Salvation drum?
We must conclude there are no women there.
Or else the blessed women all are dumb.
J. McGRIGOR ALLAN.

58. One is a Chancellor (chancel l'or), and the other is a chancel l'eau.—Nunc Dimittis.

59. Why, one is a Lord amongst the Boers, and the other is a bore amongst the Lords!—East Auglia.

60. A barrowtone (a baritone).—Chiripa.

61. Because "Magnets" are always attractive, and are certain to draw.—Rollo.

62. Because from time immemorial shepherds of the flocks have been allowed free play with the pipes; and how can they comfort the most afflicted, unless they can have full access to "weeds"?—Eneksa.

63. Because, as a soul (sole) cleanser, it is a thing beneath the understanding.—Colocynth.

64. Mr. Balfour in his early days was a jade (A'Jd), *i.e.*, he was chistened or registered Arthur James (A. J.)—Sinona.

65. Because the (politically) wicked "fle(a)"* when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion.—Wandering Tyke.

* Mr. Gladstone described Randy as a flea in the House of Commons.

66. Five days for the ill-bred-one,
That kicks open a mother's head,
Five years for the ill-fed-one,
That picks up a loaf of bread.
Osnum.

67. Because the loss of a "pony" breaks his heart (almost).—Wandering Tyke.

68. Because it is all about Labouchere (La! bushy 'air). See?—Siriol.

69. Because he is Ajax' (a Jack-) son, and will represent "North Leads."—Efflorenzo.

70. Because, after lying and kicking on two stools for five years, he has at last gone over to the majority.—Auntie Piggott.

71. When its moulting (Molton).—Vixen.

*** To save readers of TRUTH the trouble of referring to a back number, it is thought well to reprint here the Conundrums to which the above answers refer. They were as follows:—

1. What countryman is M. Pasteur (the great hydrophobia specialist)?—Chiripa.

2. Why is the Garrick Theatre suggestive of rainy weather?—X. Y. Z.

3. Which of the London theatre pieces reminds one of the photographic art?—X. Y. Z.

4. What instrument does my Lord Salisbury find the most effective in holding the ship of State together?—Foy.

5. Why is Mr. Labouchere a safe guide in morality and religion?—Bushranger.

6. What reason have we to suppose that Mr. Gladstone is "henpecked"?—Bushranger.

7. What large firm of manufacturers have extended the cause of education furthest—more so even than Sir John Lubbock?—Bushranger.

8. Why are Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lowther like the poorest London people?—Crosspatch.

9. Upon the arrival in Mashonaland of the Prophet of the Tory Democracy, what was the resemblance which struck him as existing between the native female and himself?—Justinian.

10. Why would the foreign manufacturers profit at our expense by the Eight Hours Labour Bill?—Bobus.

11. Why is there little difference between Lord Randolph Churchill's "departure" in politics and his arrival in Africa?—Bobus.

12. Why would our Board School masters object to the introduction of the piano?—Bobus.

13. What is the newest appliance for elevating the masses?—Esperanza.

14. What will Lord Randolph Churchill bring home most probably from Mashonaland?—Esperanza.

15. Why may spiritualism be said to have given place to a fresh malady?—Darby.

16. Which English diocese seems lately to have passed out of mind? and which is at present but partially manned?—Excelsior.

17. Why was Alderman Savory's historic delivery of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon sure to be followed by a breeze?—Icknield.

18. What popular play do the men of a life-boat most resemble?—Icknield.

19. What did Mr. Morley do to show his sympathy with Lord Rosebery in the latter's domestic affliction?—Icknield.

20. Why is your "spring-cleaning" like Paternoster-row?—Icknield.

21. What vegetable does the Irish Parliamentary Party resemble?—Aen-Nas.

22. What room does the "Magnetic Lady's" performance most resemble?—Risk.

23. What young lady attracts the greatest number of admirers?—Risk.

24. Why does the erection of the last new theatre cause so little excitement?—Guelder Rose.

25. Why is the Mahatma an undesirable acquaintance?—Wraith.

26. Why is the Canadian football team like a pack of hounds after a badger?—Dick.

27. Why is the Electric Railway Company like a true friend?—Dick.

28. Why is Gladstone like the stoutest Member of Parliament?—Dick.

29. Why is an electric railway car like the present Government?—Dick.

30. What is the difference between the present Government and a stick of sugar-candy?—W. H. J.

31. What lady's garment is eligible for the TRUTH Toy Show?—Murdoch.

32. What episode in Lord Randolph Churchill's travels often finds a parallel in a politician's career?—A Black Ace.

33. Which are the two most extraordinary Acts recently effected by the Salisbury Government?—Olivastro.

34. What is the difference between Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Wells?—C. F. Reid.

35. Why did the German Emperor shave off his beard?—G. Rapton.

36. Why should the inhabitants of Liverpool be always in terror of their lives?—Ipse Dixit.

37. Why is Dover an excellent town for young ladies?—Ipse Dixit.

38. What nobleman could most suitably fill up the Duke of Cleveland's vacant Garter?—Cæsar's Corner.

39. What "oil" should you never "throw on troubled waters"?—Cæsar's Corner.

40. What is the last letter that every one should write in the Old Year?—Cæsar's Corner.

41. Why is a popular novel like autumn?—Cæsar's Corner.

42. Why will the New Year take us back to the year '90?—Cæsar's Corner.

43. Why is the TRUTH Toy Fund like a fashionable dressmaker?—Elf.

44. Why is the sensational exhibition at the Alhambra deserving of encouragement on moral grounds?—Mona.

45. When does a life-boat resemble a profligate?—Wobbles.

46. To what political party should Mormons belong?—Wobbles.

47. When is a book like fox-hunting?—Malignant.

48. What journal ought one to read if one would wish to be startled?—Enid.

49. What exclamation did the Queen make when she was told who the present Lord Mayor was?—E. Culverhouse.

50. What is the difference between Lord R. Churchill's first band of followers and the Conservative Party in the present House of Commons?—Wandering Tyke.

51. What is the difference between Tommy and the First Lord of the Treasury?—Wandering Jew.

52. Why does Lord Salisbury think Grandolph a counterfeit coin?—Wandering Jew.

53. Why is the Emperor of Germany's opinion of himself the reverse of his opinion of one of his subjects?—Wandering Jew.

54. What is the difference between Miss Abbot and an ordinary magnet?—Wandering Jew.

55. Why is Theosophy like the letter R?—Whim-wham.

56. Why ought we to scuttle out of Egypt?—Whim-wham.

WOMEN IN HEAVEN.

57. In "Revelations" you a text will find,
Which logically makes it very clear
To ev'ry thinking, right-reasoning mind,
No women, unless dumb, in Heav'n appear!
J. McGrigor Allan.

58. What is the difference between the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen and a flooded church?—Nunc Dimittis.

59. What is the difference between the Member for Paddington, in the Transvaal, and the greatest talker in the House of Peers?—East Anglia.

60. Which is the most appropriate voice for a costermonger?—Chiripa.

61. Why is there such a rush to the Alhambra just now?—Rollo.

62. How can we prove that there is no harm in parsons smoking?—Eneksa.

63. Why is a door-mat like Theosophy?—Colocynth.

64. It was said lately, I think in the House, that Mr. Balfour was less "lady-like" than usual. What good ground is there for calling the present First Lord of the Treasury "lady-like"?—Sinona.

65. Why did Lord Randolph get up a tree out of the way of the lions?—Wandering Tyke.

66. Why are English courts of justice becoming ridiculous?—Ornum.

67. Why is the racy, racing, reckless Randolph only a very half-hearted speculator after all?—Wandering Tyke.

68. Why has the Editor of TRUTH such a particular liking for the song, "Get yer 'air cut"?—Siriol.

69. Why is the new Irish Secretary peculiarly a "strong man" (after Lord Salisbury's own heart) and likewise an Irish representative (not after Mr. Gladstone's)?—Efflorenzo.

70. Why is Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons politically dead?—Auntie Piggott.

71. When does a constituency best represent the present condition of the Government?—Vixen.

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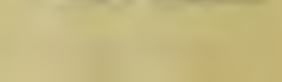

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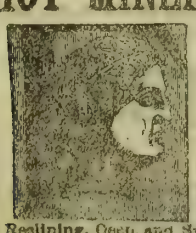

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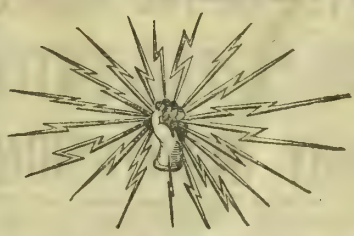

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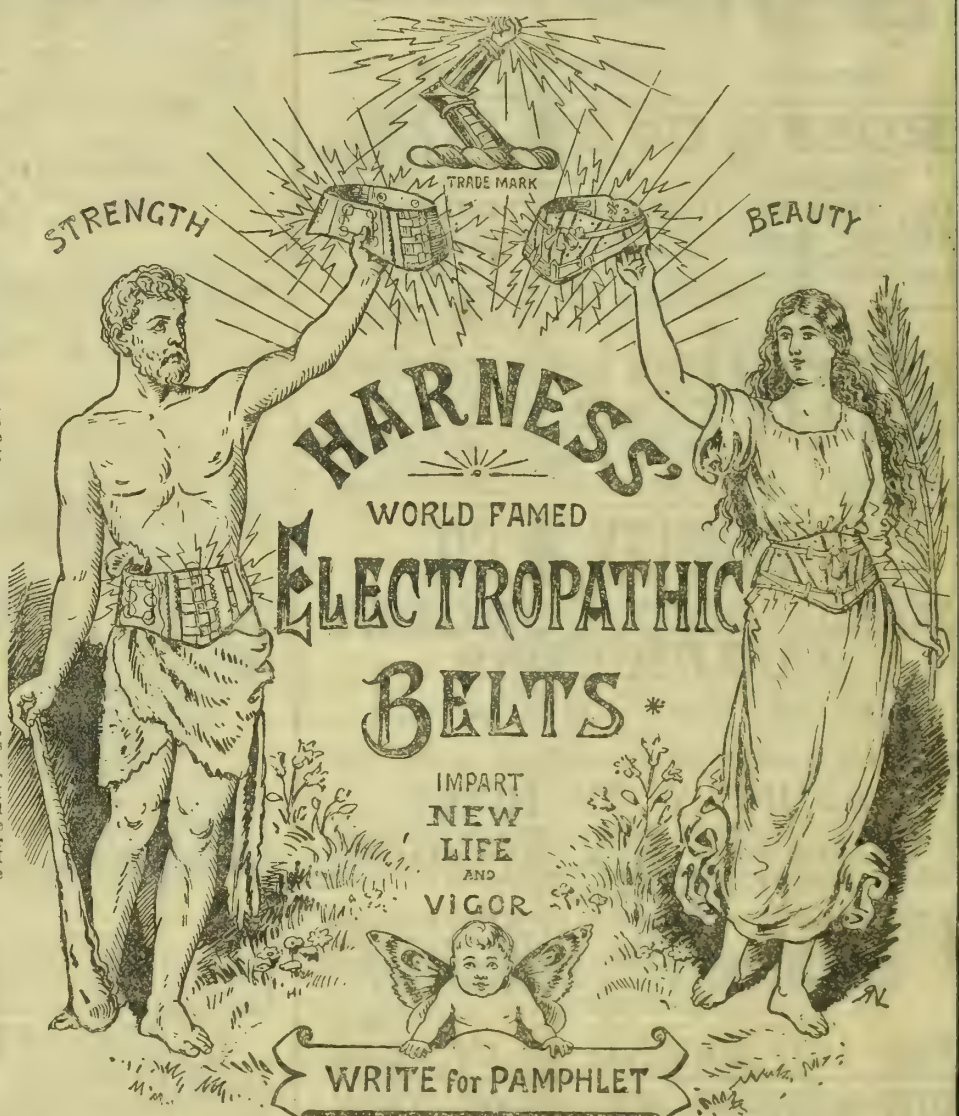

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